The Greater Vancouver CHINOOK

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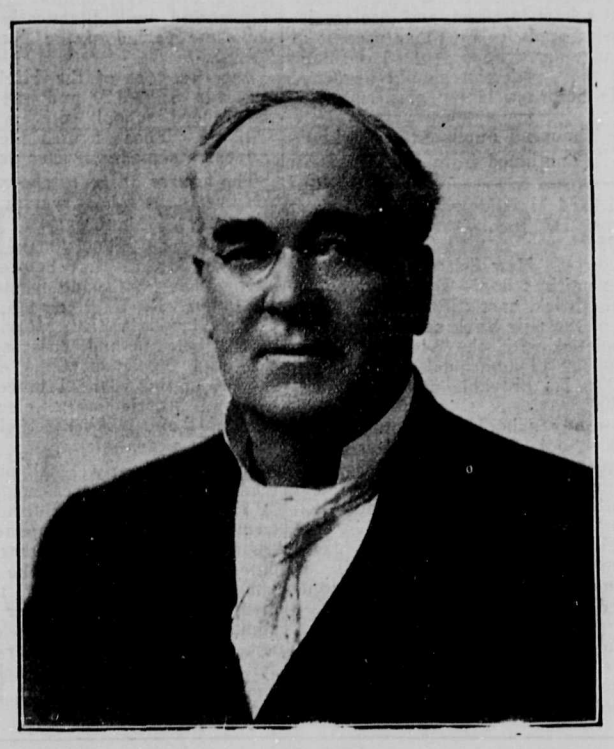
Five Thousand Pupils Attend South Vancouver's Schools
One Quarter Million Dollars Is Teachers' Annual Salary



Mr. William Kirkland, Secretary Board of School Trustees, South Vancouver

Fifteen Big, Modern School Buildings, Containing One Hundred and sixty-eight Class Rooms, Accommodate this Army

Schools Cost Ratepayers Nearly Million and a Half and Are Finest in British Columbia

Some years ago a bright young man was sent out to report a meeting of some description or other in South Vancouver by the city editor of one of the more influential Vancouver newspapers. The reporter boarded a Fraser street car and got as far as 51st avenue when the conductor put him off and went back to the city with the motorman.

The car did not go any further but the reporter had to. The meeting which he had to cover for his paper was about nineteen blocks beyond the car terminus, and being a good reporter the prospect of a long walk there and back did not annoy him unduly.

The city editor said that there was a story, a great big story, to be obtained in the little school house at the end of the street.

The story was never written. One of South Vancouver's notorious "ratepayers" had promised much on a postcard to the newspaperman. There was to be a row, charges and counter charges and the best feature writer on the paper was to cover the story. He didn't, and instead he wrote a bitter and heartfelt resentment over the failure of the ratepayers to meet and provide news.

This is how it ran in part:

"Except for the rude chalk drawings on the walls, the fitful flicker of a coal oil lamp and the faint atmosphere of learning there was just nothing and nobody at the —— school last night when Mr. —— was ready to announce that the meeting was open for discussion."

There was some more like this but the poor little school building has long since been torn down with its rude chalk drawings, coal oil lamps have given away to electric lights and the street cars now run right by the site of that ancient building.

But the reporter's little "story" of a fruitless mission to South Vancouver contained almost the first mention of a school building in South Vancouver. Since that time reams and reams have been written about the South Vancouver schools in the daily newspapers and even at that nobody outside of the school teachers, school officers and the school children themselves know how big South Vancouver's school system really is.

Five Thousand Pupils

More than one million dollars is invested in school property for the accommodation of nearly 5,000 boys and girls of all grades. These pupils are taught in 168 separate class rooms by teachers whose salaries yearly aggregate one-quarter of a million dollars.

Does that tell you anything, Mr. Grumbling Ratepayer?

Where has the money gone, what have we got for it? These and similar questions have been fired at the heads of school trustees and others, particularly around election time.

The ratepayers have authorized the expenditure of several hundred thousand dollars on schools and school sites in South Vancouver. It is interesting to see how much these sites are worth now, how much the buildings are valued at, how much has been paid out for equipment and other statistics of school management.

Interesting Figures

Accounts compiled for the year ending June 30, 1913, show that the trustees are administering a great big business. The buildings, fifteen in all, are valued at $785,000. The sites are valued at $566,650, and the equipment in the schools, always a big item, cost $36,830. These figures were compiled by experts. They show a total of $1,388,480, and that is really what the assets of the school board are worth.

For the six months ending June 30, 1913, the school board paid out $113,054.25 in salaries to teachers, and for the six months ending December 31, 1913, the total will be very much greater by the reason of the employment of additional teachers so that the total for the year will run well up to the quarter-million mark.

Incidentals and salaries to school officers for the first six months of this present year total $51,635. For the whole of last year the figures for incidentals and officers' salaries were $134,252.02. This year the board economized in incidentals at least.

For the same period the extraordinary expenditures, the money paid out for school sites, on new school buildings, equipment of new class rooms and other similar expenses totaled $349,924.52 and the ordinary expenditures, the money paid for upkeep and administration totaled $169-256.86.

The South Vancouver school system is on a solid foundation in very truth. The school system in Vancouver is perhaps more elaborate and it represents bigger expenditures but even Vancouver failed to make so splendid a showing as South Vancouver has made with school system in five or six years. The school system of Victoria, the capital city of the province, can hardly be said to be superior to that of South Vancouver.

Attendance Increasing

On Wednesday of next week, probably sooner, the school board will be provided with statistics of school attendance that will show increases in every school. It is difficult to say how much of an increase this will be and because exact figures are obtainable for the last month previous to the summer vacation these figures will be quoted instead. June is admittedly a poor month in attendance because many pupils leave school during the last closing days.

The names of the schools, the number of class rooms administered by the principals of each school, the number of pupils attending in June of this year, the kind of school, whether brick or wood and the total cost of both school and site follows:

Lord Selkirk school—Twenty-four class rooms, 541 pupils, brick, cost $113,992.21.

Walter Moberly school—Fourteen class rooms, 290 pupils, brick, cost $69,423.50.

Tecumseh school—Sixteen class rooms, 464 pupils, brick, cost $74,-499.06.

General Wolfe school—Sixteen class rooms, 370 pupils, brick, cost $91,369.93.

Sir William Van Horne school—Eight class rooms, 261 pupils, brick, cost $56,449.34.

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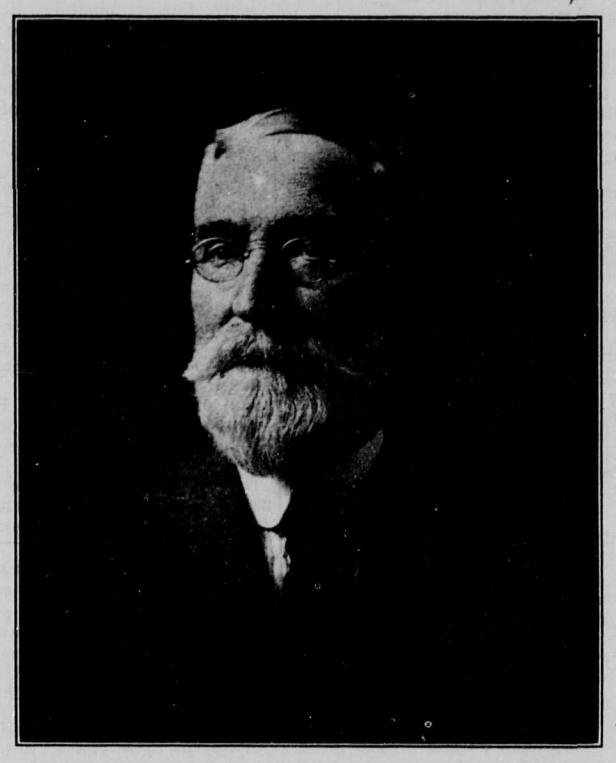


Mr. J. C. McArthur, J.P., Veteran Member Board of School Trustees, South Vancouver

Municipal Solicitor is Prosecuting "Chinook" for Alleged Libel

Mr. Colin H. Clarke Places His Case in Hands of Attorney-General Bowser's Law Firm and Demands Unstated Damages From Greater Vancouver Publishers Limited, for Calling Him Inefficient

Mr. Colin M. Clarke, South Vancouver's solicitor, with offices at the Municipal Hall, through his lawyers, Messrs. Bowser, Reid and Wallbridge, of Vancouver, has brought a libel action against the editor of the "Chinook" over an article appearing on the editorial page of this paper last week.

Mr. Clarke, who was appointed to his present position about one year ago, and whose tenure of office has not been one long season of peace and tranquility, branded the "Chinook's" statements as being false and cowardly, and declared that unless an apology and retraction was promptly made, or the truth of the statements proved, he would resign his position.

It is quite probable that the matter will go to the courts, and if such developments take place, the newspaper will be forced to prove wherein Mr. Clarke, as a public servant, is inefficient. Much interest is centred on the libel action. It is believed testimony will be required of many persons associated with municipal life in the district.

Mr. Justice Morrison, according to the alleged libel, reprimanded the solicitor, and in the event of an action, His Lordship's exact words in rebuking the South Vancouver man may be repeated as evidence.

The article in question was as follows:

"Inefficiency"

"It is unfortunate that from the great army of lawyers doing business in British Columbia that South Vancouver should select for the position of municipal solicitor a man whose deportment in court should be described by Mr. Justice Morrison as both childish and insulting.

"Last week's incident when the council endeavored to have set aside an injunction got out to prevent a start being made on paving operations on Main and Fraser streets is only one more blow to the municipality. It seems incredible that a body of supposed business men should go into court trusting a very important case to the hands of a barrister of so questionable ability.

"It is the same old story. Inefficiency. A municipality of 40,000 people is held up to ridicule of the world because a cheaply paid employee blunders."

The defense of the publishers of the "Chinook" will likely be that the criticism was of Mr. Clarke, not as a private individual, but as a public servant in the employ of the Municipality of South Vancouver.

It may be pointed out that Messrs.

(Continued on Page 2)

MR. EDWARD GOLD WAS ONLY BLUFFIN'

Councillors Campbell and Humphries Emerge with Reputations Unalloyed and Charges Die as the Last Leagues Fell

The attempted impeachment of Councillors Ralph Humphries and C. S. Campbell was evidently one of the products of the dog-days, for with the coming of cooler weather we find both legislators back in the councils of the municipality, unimpeached, unimpressed, unabated in carrying out the onerous duties of an office which carries with it $250 worth of salary and $250,000 worth of abuse.

It is understood that the chief charge against Councillor Campbell was that he held two shares of stock in the Canadian Pacific Railway, and as a councillor of the municipality had purchased a ticket over that road. It was stated that thus favoring the Canadian Pacific by buying said ticket, the councillor rendered himself liable.

Against Councillor Humphries was a more serious item. His lot seemed very bad. But there were no grounds upon which the insurrectos could reach him.

Messrs. Campbell and Humphries are occupying their places on the council as usual and it is clear that the attempt made to dislodge them must have died simultaneously with the leagues which committed suicide by hanging last week.

A lecture entitled "Under Italian Skies" will be given by Rev. D. James, in Carlton Hall, Collingwood East, on Friday, September 12, at eight o'clock, under the auspices of the Young Peoples' Guild of Knox Church.

There will also be other musical and vocal solos. A collection will be taken.

LIBERAL ORGANIZATION DOWN TO BUSINESS

Various Committees of the South Vancouver Association Meeting and Preparing for What Future May Have in Store

Members of the organization committee of the South Vancouver Liberal Association met Tuesday night at the "Chinook" offices when a lively discussion took place over the plans for the coming year.

It was decided to hold, within one month's time, a general Liberal rally at Kalenberg Hall or some other central meeting place, when there would be on hand one or two of the strongest Liberals in the Province.

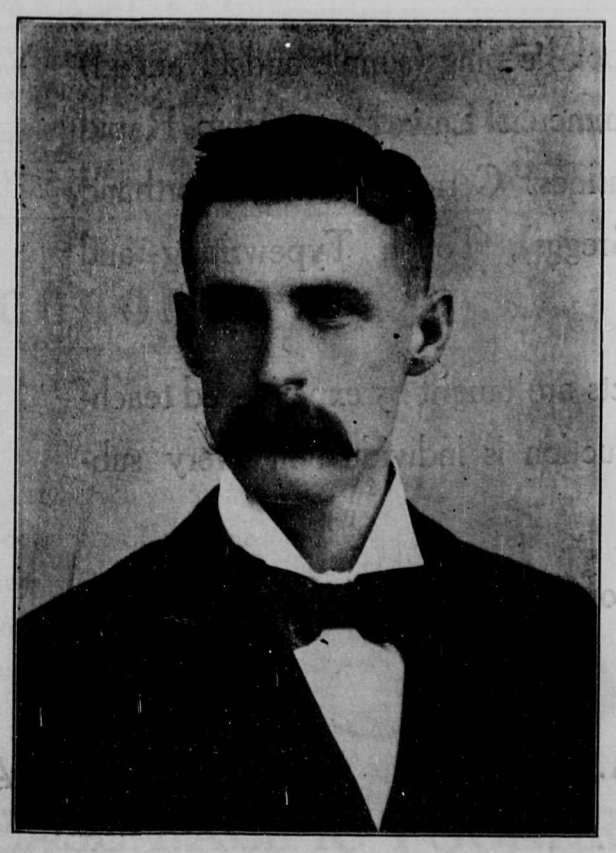
Encouraging reports were brought in from the field force, and it is planned to assist the Cedar Cottage Liberals in the organization of a strong Liberal unit in that centre.

A committee was appointed to secure permanent headquarters for the South Vancouver Liberal Association, and the plan is to develop club quarters later on where the young men of the community might gather to spend social evenings.

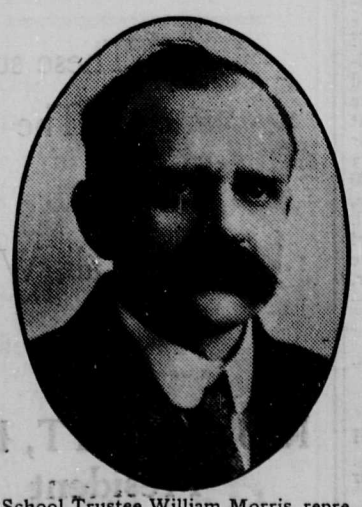
It was reported at the meeting that all indications are that behind the Liberal movement in South Vancouver there is awakening a public sentiment bound to place the Liberal organization on a most substantial footing.

Among those present at the committee meeting Tuesday were President McGeer, Secretary Harry Kay, Messrs. D. A. Stewart, Henderson, Holden, Chamberlain, Lamond, Flemming and Jackson.

The stork has been busy around Collingwood lately. The Tyson family has had an addition, making a round dozen. There has also been an arrival in the family of Mr. and Mrs. Lowe.

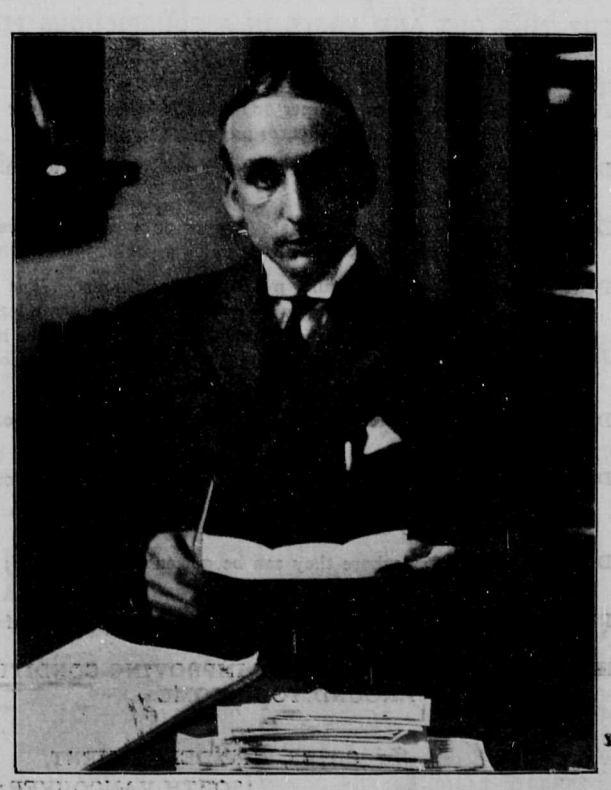


Mr. C. M. Whelpton, chairman Board of School Trustees, South Vancouver



School Trustee William Morris, representative from Collingwood, enthusiastic educationist

School Trustee R. H. Neelands, prominent labor man and energetic worker



Mr. J. B. Springford, treasurer Board of School Trustees, South Vancouver

Exhibits Worth While at The Vancouver Exhibition

Tobacco Growing in Canada

Much to the surprise of pioneers entering the now world-famous Okanagan valley a number of tobacco plants of Indian planting was found and upon enquiry it was learned that the Indians had grown tobacco for their own use as far back as their traditions and folklore reached in the dim past.

It was soon recognized that the district now called Kelowna contained the great essentials necessary to produce the soothing weed in its finest form, namely, soil of the right texture, perfectly adapted to the plant, fertile beyond imagination and climate ideal in every particular. Steps were taken to prove the discovery commercially, both as to growth and manufacture. A business was carried on for a number of years; financed in a small way by local capital, until the product attracted the entire attention of the Province of British Columbia, calling forth many encomiums both from the press and trade, being highly recommended by Earl Grey, Mr. Charlan, chief of the tobacco division, department of agriculture, Ottawa, and receiving the highest award in the gift of the Province at the Vancouver Exhibition in 1910.

Having been brought to the notice of a number of men quick to see a sterling opportunity for investment, the proposition was thoroughly investigated, proved, and in March, 1912, was taken over by the British North American Tobacco Company Limited for the purpose of placing the undertaking on the plane which it deserved.

This company, with headquarters in Kelowna, the garden city of British Columbia, situated in the heart of the tobacco district, is capitalized at $500,000 and owns extensive plantations upon which it grows various types of first quality tobacco for the manufacture of cigars, cigarettes, pipe tobacco, etc.

Under the expert management of Mr. A. W. Bowser and with large financial resources, this business has grown by leaps and bounds and is now recognized as one of the greatest industries in that part of British Columbia.

The company's present area of over 800 acres is situated in the most highly developed territory in the province and in the opinion of experts, will, within a very short time be worth dollar for dollar, the present value of the best seed Havana tobacco lands in Connecticut, viz., $2,000 and upwards per acre. The company has this year been awarded the Gold Medal and highest diplomas for an exhibit of growing plants, leaf and cigars at the Vancouver Exposition, this being the fourth time that they have received this distinction.

The tobacco crop is transplanted by machinery, five acres per day being the capacity of one machine with two horses and three men, doing the work of forty-five men setting plants by hand, as in Cuba and Porto Rico, the wonderful texture of the soil in this district, freedom from weeds and stones allowing this method.

In addition to tobacco for cigarettes, pipe smoking, etc., pure-bred Cuban tobacco is grown for filler, Zimmer Spanish Wisconsin, the recognized high-grade material for binders, and high-grade Sumatra under shade for wrappers, constituting the the entire raw product necessary for the manufacture of the highest grade cigars, thus eliminating the importation of inferior foreign tobacco and saving the protective duty of 28c per pound imposed on imported raw leaf. Thousands of yards of cheese cloth are used in the growth of Sumatra tobacco under shade.

The exhibit of the British North American Tobacco Company Limited at the Vancouver Exhibition this year is again one of the biggest attractions of the fair. Plants at all stages of growth are displayed to the thousands of sight-seers who flock to the stand where they are shown the various phases in the development of the weed until it is placed on the market. One of the finest grades of cigars which is now on the market from the British North American Tobacco Company Limited is the B-Nat-Co. brand which is a happy combination of the initial letters of the company name.

The Vancouver branch of the company is located at 438 Hornby street and Mr. L. B. Emery is manager.

Crown Broom Works Ltd.

One of the made-in-Vancouver exhibits which is creating a great deal of attention at the Vancouver Exhibition is the display of the Crown Broom Works Ltd., of 332 Front street East. This exhibit chiefly embraces brooms, and whisks of various kinds arranged in a most artistic and striking manner and it is an object of close inspection by the throngs of sight-seers.

One of the most interesting features of the display is the raw corn from which the brooms and whisks are manufactured. From this it is quite easy to understand why the Crown Broom Works is able to put such a superior article on the market.

While the display of the company is to a certain extent limited, its output is anything but confined to certain lines. Glass, brass and zinc washboards, ironing, pastry and sleeve boards, clothes racks, and tub stands are a few of the articles which are produced at this Vancouver factory. There is a distinctiveness about the brooms manufactured by this company in that they have polished handles for which no extra charge is made.

One of the special brands of broom manufactured by this company is the "Mother Goose Broom." This broom is made from the choicest and finest and most expensive broom corn procurable and is a great favorite with housewives and housekeepers.

The Crown Broom Works now serve a large territory with their products. Almost the entire trade west of Regina and as far north as the Yukon purchase their stock of brooms from this company. It is a noteworthy fact that the only carload shipment of brooms out of Vancouver was made by the Crown Broom Works to Alberta last February. Last year the company imported no less than twenty-five car loads of raw material.

Canada Whole Wheat Flour Co.'s Exhibit

A man stepped up to the exhibit of the Canada Whole Wheat Flour Company. It was more by accident than by design. He was given a taste of delicious tarts, small cakes and then a sample of bread made from this splendid flour. There was a delightful taste of old-times. Upon inquiry he learned that the cooking was made from Canada whole wheat meal made in Vancouver at 1230 Hamilton street, it being manufactured by the same process as used by Dr. Bennett in Halifax for the past eighteen years.

The meal is made from the whole of the wheat and nothing but the wheat and by their own peculiar process retains all the nutritious elements of the wheat. Dr. Ernest A. Hall, of Vancouver and Victoria, says "The meal contains the necessary ingredients for bone and muscle and is especially suitable for those troubled with bowel inactivity or indigestion." It makes the sweetest and most nutritious and healthiest bread, biscuits or gems, and as a porridge is unsurpassed.

Ramsay and Pinchin use this meal for their "Dr. Bennett's Health Bread" and Hampton Bros. use it in making their "Digestible Brown Bread." Both these brands of bread are wrapped guaranteeing that Canada whole wheat meal has been used in their manufacture.

Samples of the Canada Whole Wheat Meal are being given away at the Vancouver Exhibition. The meal is put up in packages and small sacks and can be had at all grocers.

The $20,000 Investigation

Shortly after the sensation broke in South Vancouver alleging municipal grafting, it was discovered that certain officials connected with the administration of the schools in the City of Vancouver had gone wrong.

A commissioner was appointed to investigate the affairs of the Vancouver board on much the same basis as the local commissioner was appointed. Much evidence was taken and after the enquiry had been thoroughly prosecuted, in due time a report which took up many columns in the newspapers was given out by that commissioner.

This report gave the whole facts of the situation as regards irregularities in that particular department of the city's administration. Those members connected with the board who had committed no wrong were exonerated by the commissioner, and the blame was placed at the door of the proper parties.

Not so in South Vancouver.

As far as the people know today, the administration of public affairs in this municipality since its inception has been perfectly regular in every respect.

Evidence given before the commissioner during his lengthy sittings pointed to the fact that there had been much graft in certain quarters.

How about it, Mr. Bowser?

The people want action on their $20,000 investment.

Municipal Solicitor is Prosecuting "Chinook"

(Continued from Page 1)

Bowser, Reid and Wallbridge, the firm of which Hon. W. J. Bowser, Attorney-General, is the senior member, has been retained by Mr. Clarke personally, and that their relations with the case have absolutely no political significance.

On Wednesday, Mr. H. A. Stein, Managing Editor of the "Chinook" and Mr. G. M. Murray, President of the Greater Vancouver Publishers Limited, publishers of the paper, were both served with writs.

Mr. Clarke demands unstated damages.

Mr. W. H. Kent, Collingwood Lectures Before Business Men

Mr. W. H. Kent, the well-known Collingwood business man gave a most instructive paper before the Collingwood Business Men's Association at the meeting Thursday night. Mr. Kent's paper dealt with the value of organized citizenship. In the Collingwood Association, he declared, he saw working the same germs that were the beginning of the British Constitution. He urged the development of ratepayers' and business men's clubs throughout the municipality, not for the purpose of winning ward political ends, but for the constructive purpose of assisting local government and making better local conditions. Mr. Kent's paper was a most scholarly effort, and was received with applause by those present at the meeting, who expressed the hope that the gentleman should be heard again before a larger gathering.

Five Thousand Pupils Attend Schools

(Continued from Page 1)

Richard McBride school—Ten class rooms, 317 pupils, brick, cost $54,097.75.

New Schools

Sexsmith school—Two rooms, 76 pupils, brick, cost $27,989.92. This is one of the new brick schools recently completed with the addition of six rooms at an additional cost of $24,555.00. Its probable attendance will be 300.

Norquay school is another new brick school. It has eight class rooms completed at a cost of $72,986.31. It was opened for the first time last month. Its attendance has not been reported as yet.

The Secord school is the third school to be opened last month. It is an eight-room brick school completed at a cost of $43,608.61.

The High School

The Gordon school has been improved with the addition of six class rooms, making it an eight room brick school costing $77,385.20. It has been turned over to the use of the high school pupils who require all its accommodation.

The General Brock school—eight class rooms, 330 pupils, wood, cost $21,337.14.

The Mackenzie school—Fourteen class rooms, 503 pupils, wood, cost $51,734.68.

The Connaught school—Two class rooms, 64 pupils, wood, cost $19,731.50.

The school board has established manual training centres at the Selkirk school, the Carleton school, the Brock school and the Mackenzie school. The total costs of those schools include the equipment of those manual training centres.

Because the cost of school sites, located in widely different sections of the municipality and purchased at intervals of several years, is included in the total cost of schools the figures are liable to be confusing.

For instance, the Secord school is reported as costing $43,608.61, and the Gordon or High School cost, having the same number of class rooms and built practically during the same period of the year, cost $77,385.20.

But the cost of the High School site was $39,363.20 and the cost of the Secord school site was only $5,123.50. These figures include improvements made on sites as well.

The figures all go to show how big and fine is the school system in South Vancouver.

This year's school board is composed of Mr. C. M. Whelpton, chairman of the board, and trustees J. C. McArthur, R. H. Neelands, J. G. Campbell and William Morris. Chairman Whelpton and Trustees McArthur and Neelands terms expire at the end of this year. Trustees Campbell and Morris were elected for two years and will serve their second year next year.

Meantime nearly 5,000 pupils attend South Vancouver schools and fit themselves for their future. The term has not been opened long enough to enable the trustees to compute the exact totals for the different schools but it is believed that the municipality has a bigger school population this year than ever before. It certainly has finer schools, better equipment, more teachers and a brighter outlook than it has ever enjoyed.

: Correspondence :

Municipal Lighting

Editor "Chinook":

It is with great pleasure that I am allowed to take this opportunity of talking municipal lighting and power, knowing full well that I do not stand alone in my attitude toward this beneficial utility. I say "beneficial" because every ratepayer in the Municipality of South Vancouver whether he burns electricity or not receives the same benefit from the revenue derived therefrom, in much cheaper light and power and reduction in taxes. For our Council to take speedy action and draft a bylaw would be a step in the right direction. Give us something that is revenue producing and we should have no trouble to dispose of our bonds. Take every other municipality or city in Canada that has its own light and power plant. They never want for investors who are always on the look out for this kind of investment wherever there is a good revenue producing utility. I have correspondence from a number of municipalities and cities throughout Canada and the rates in every case are less than half of ours. Some are as low as three cents per K. W.

I know at the present time Reeve Kerr nearly lives at the B. C. E. Ry's offices trying to get our light and power rates reduced, and from the way he is working at it, I know he is determined to be successful. But that as it may be (but many thanks to him for it) we shall not get the rates reduced sufficient to be in a position to ask big manufacturers to locate here in South Vancouver and supply them with cheap power that would enable them to cut their expenses to a minimum. By having our own plant we could offer such that a private company would find it impossible to operate, and the municipality would receive the profits. We are charged at the present time, if we are owners of a house, three dollars for connection, and over and above that, if we are tenants, three dollars deposit for the meter. What a grand beginning that would be for this municipality to have, to buy a plant! And still we are charged 20 cents for rent of meters per month, then car fare to go and pay your bill. What an asset for South Vancouver! Mr. Editor, trusting we shall have further correspondence on the matter, and thanking you for the space.—Yours truly,

J. THOMAS,
Central Park.

MADAME YULISSE AT MT. VIEW CHURCH

Will Give High Class Concert Under Ladies' Aid Auspices

The Ladies' Aid of Mountain View Methodist Church are to be congratulated on having secured the services of Madame Yulisse and her choir for a grand concert to be given in this church on the evening of Tuesday, September 16. Madame Yulisse has won for herself a reputation on two continents as a soloist of exceptional merit and has been spoken of as "Our Own Canadian Nightingale."

The Mt. Pleasant Methodist church choir, which, under her training has already obtained a high state of proficiency will assist on this occasion. Don't fail to avail yourself of this musical treat.

Tickets, which will cost 50 cents, will be on sale at local drug stores and from members of the Ladies' Aid.

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ALL KINDS OF KILN DRIED LUMBER, MOULDINGS AND FINISH.

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NIGHT SCHOOL OPENS

MONDAY SEPTEMBER 8, 1913

IN THE

Vancouver Business Institute

(SPROTT-SHAW)

336 Hastings Street W.

¶ We teach book-keeping (simple and advanced) Arithmetic, Commercial Law, Penmanship, Rapid Calculation, Business Correspondence, Shorthand (Pitmans & Greggs), Touch Typewriting and Salesmanship.

¶ These subjects are taught by experienced teachers. The instruction is individual in every subject.

¶ Call, Write or Phone for further information.

R. J. SPROTT, B. A.
President

J. R. CUNNINGHAM
Vice-Pres.

Warning to Housewives

CUT THIS OUT AND PASTE IN A CONSPICUOUS PLACE

DON'T start your fire with parafine or kerosene.

DON'T treasure up old rags, paper or rubbish of any sort under stairways, in attics or basements, or anywhere in your home.

DON'T put ashes in a wooden box or barrel, or close to walls or fences.

DON'T neglect to overhaul your stove pipes once a month; see that your chimneys are swept at least twice a year.

DON'T use gasoline for cleaning purposes in the house. It is more dangerous than powder; powder will remain where you leave it, gasoline vapor is shifted by air currents to all parts of the house, and being heavier than air, lodges in out of the way corners making trouble when you least expect it.

DON'T place your stoves or pipes within twelve (12) inches of any wood or partition.

DON'T forget that ninety-five per cent. of our fire losses are caused by poor and dirty stove pipes, and the placing of stoves, pipes and furnaces too close to wood work.

DON'T have matches where they can be gotten at by children; keep them in a covered tin.

REMEMBER, an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure.

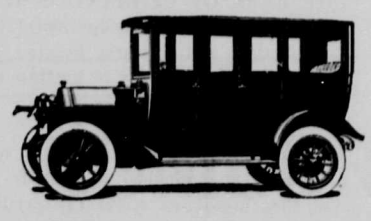
HELP US TO PROTECT YOU, BY IMPROVING CONDITIONS AROUND YOUR HOME

CHIEF, FIRE DEPARTMENT,
SOUTH VANCOUVER, B.C.

MOTOR TRANSFER

We do all kinds of Transfer. Special attention paid to
EXPRESS AND BAGGAGE

ALL KINDS OF REPAIRING



AUTOS FOR HIRE

AUTOS STORED

A special car is run to Capilano on Sunday, starting from Garage, 1 p.m., Return at 5 p.m.—Fare $1.75 return. We pay Ferry charges

Fraser Street Garage & Motor Transfer
6184 FRASER STREET (Opposit 48th Avnu)
TELEPHONE FRASER 251

TABLE VINEGAR

Now that the time of salads and green stuffs is here you will want vinegar that is pure and wholesome. We have this week put in a stock of the finest vinegar procurable. It comes in strong glass jugs with a handle, in half gallons and gallons.

Blue Grass Bell Cedar Vinegar, half-gallon jugs 50c
Blue Grass Belle, White Pickling, half gallon jug 50c
Pacific Belle Codfish Tablets, the package 20c
Fisher's Home Made Peanut Butter, the jar ..... 15 to 45c
Pioneer Minced Clams, the can 20c
Clark's Pork and Beans in Chili Sauce two cans for 25c
French Peas, two cans for 25c
Swift's Borax Soap, the cake 5c
Old Dutch Hand Soap, the bar 5c
Sheriff's Jelly Powder, all flavors, three for 25c
Deuerr's Jams, two pound pots 40c
Strawberries, Cherries, Plums, Peaches

Fraser & MacLean, 26th Avenue and Main
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NOTICE

TAKE NOTICE that "The Cement Products Company, Limited," intends to apply at the expiration of one month from the first publication hereof, to the Registrar of Joint-Stock Companies, to change its name to "Whites, Limited."

Dated at Vancouver, B.C., this 31st day of July, 1913.

THE CEMENT PRODUCTS COMPANY, LIMITED.

8—9, 16, 23, 30; 9-6

C. M. WHELPTON
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THE WORKERS' PAGE

All Communications should be Addressed to "The Labor Editor"

The strike on Vancouver Island, despite the withdrawal of the militia last Saturday, does not seem any way nearer a settlement. The cause and meaning of the strike is almost entirely forgotten in the meantime, the scenes at the courthouse at Nanaimo for the moment absorbing all attention.

That the men who have been brought to trial are not looked upon as "criminals" is only too evident by the way in which they are cheered and encouraged whenever they make their appearance on the streets.

The withdrawal of the militia last Saturday, despite the government's statement that they would be kept there until the trouble was over, did not come as great a surprise. The job at any time was none too much to their liking and this with the dollar a day created a dissatisfaction which, according to newspaper accounts, almost threatened mutiny.

The B. C. government have not added any lustre to their record in this conflict with organized labor and the militia question will be a hot item of discussion at union meetings for a time to come.

Meantime the government makes no attempt to bring the parties to an understanding with one another. History surely points out that no settlement of a dispute was brought about where one side had to be bludgeoned to submit to the other, and we consider a little of the same strenuousness displayed by Mr. Bowser in the military business would go a long way towards bringing about a peace pact between the two opposing factors. We will see what we will see.

* * *

The Street Railwaymen of Vancouver, Victoria and New Westminster have come to an amicable understanding with the B. C. Electric. While the majority report was not to their liking in many details, the men were of the opinion that with one or two other concessions in the meantime granted by the company, their better policy would be to sign up.

One important detail to which the men attach some significance is the fact that the new agreement expires at the same time as the line men, two years hence.

* * *

The Labor Day celebration at New Westminster on Labor Day was attended by a large crowd. The committee in charge of the event had everything well in hand and the whole proceedings went off without a hitch. Space will not allow a record of the winners of the various events on the sports programme, but they were well contested events and added much to the day's enjoyment. Some very interesting addresses on the labor question, as it now is before us, were delivered and the result should be a general fillip to the labor movement in the West.

* * *

The German Union of Employers federation, which numbers 50,000 members and covers 1,300,000 work people (employed by its members) has recently been amalgamated with a second combination of employers, called the National Centre of German Employers' unions.

The latter numbered 6,664 members who employ 1,092,789 work people. The new organization, which is known as the Association of German Employers union, has no other purpose than to oppose and fight the organizations of the workers. It numbers 56,664 members, employing 2,392,789 work people.

These figures, however, merely include the main part of the combinations recently created by the employers. According to the official statistics covering the whole of the German empire, the employers' organizations now number 132,485 members, covering 4,378,275 workers of both sexes.

* * *

The editor of Masses says that the minimum or living wage reform is "the meanest conception the reform spirit ever gave birth to" and adds, "If I were a girl working all day and suffering the imposition of a bare living wage in a rich country, I trust I would be either a prostitute or a thief." The Ladies' Garment Worker points out the fact that this academic gentleman has apparently not thought of the practical alternative of raising wages by means of the trade union. There are some startling implications in the contention that has recently been raised that there is a relation between low wages and white slavery. For example, one alarmed New York editor cries: "If these crude and crude and hasty assumptions were true, if this relation between wages and virtue is accepted as established, if we must believe that the bulwarks of morality are to be sought in ecomomic conditions, then millions upon millions of sermons that have been preached through the long centuries and are preached today, are shown to be false and futile." Yes, pity 'tis, 'tis true.

* * *

The Allied Printing Trades of Vancouver held their "Ocean Roll" to Ganges Harbor on Labor Day. The picnic was a huge success, being voted "the best ever" by the 500 who took part. The sports were of a very lively nature and the Photo-Engravers were the conquering heroes in the two classic events, they winning both the Relay race and the Tug-of-war. The committee of the allied trades who had made all the arrangements are to be congratulated on this, the first of what is meant to be an annual event in the printing profession of Vancouver.

The Bonnie Purple Heather

Sandy comes gey near spendin' a "Laborin' Day" on the holiday

Weel freens, I hope yae a' enjoyed the holiday on Labor day. It wis a gey bleak day a' the same an' I guess quite a wheen wud prefer tae stay at hame nursin' themsels or nursin' somethin' else—what's your's?

I had made up my min' tae gaun owre tae Westminster on the holiday tae help them tae celebrate, but, as usual, when it comes tae a holiday, I coonted my chickens afore they were hatched. I'm sorry tae say the yins I hae are maist a' roosters—the sons o' guns.

That's wan thing I aye feel vexed wi' mysel since I got merried, is when it comes tae a holiday. When yae were coortin' yae generally fixed on the place yae wud gaun yaersel, an' it wis mare or less determined wi' hoo much yae had saved in the interim between the last. But when a fellie gets merried it's a different story. Insteed o' yersel an' the wife, or raither yaer sweethert, yae hae wan or twa, sometimes mare, lineal descendants as the lawyers say tae help yae tae dae the choosin', an' they mak their voice heard in nae uncertain mainner.

I made the moshun for Westminster an' it wis seconded by the rest, if I except the wife. It's a funny hoose where yae get everybody unanimous, but I must say they weemen tak some peculiar noshuns at times. The wife had been readin' aboot the threatened strike o' the B.C. Electric men an' when I broached the subject tae her aboot gaun owre tae celebrate she cam doon on me like a hunner-weicht o' bricks.

"Yaell no get me gaun ony jaunts on Labor Day, an' espechially Westminster," she says; "yae sharely hae read in the papers aboot the strike that's gaun tae be on the B.C. Electric an' I dinna want tae be left owre there. Wha kens but the men micht mak up their minds tae work in the mornin' an' get a' the folk oot the toon an' then come oot on strike an' leave us a' stranded. I wudna be the least surprised if this wisna a dodge o' you an' yaer labor freens tae try an' get a' the folk owre tae Westminster an' gie them a lecture on Sochielism an' keep us owre there until they had got their demands."

Weel, what dae yae think o' that kin' o' logic? In vain I tried tae convince her that there wud be nae strike an' that even if there wis wan we wud manage a'richt. I telt her if the worst cam tae the worst we could hire a boat an' paddle doon the North Airm. That didna appeal tae her though. "You tae row a boat," she says; "dae yae think I dinna min' the last time I wis in a boat wi' yae doon at Portobellie, when yae near drooned us a'." Weemen folk are the limit for rakin' up yaer past life. A' the same I could see it wisna the threatened strike that wis keepin' her back. She jist didna want tae go. If it had been tae gaun an' pey a veesit tae some o' her "society freens" (for the luv o' Mike) car strikes or ony ither kin o' strikes, even gold strikes, wudna hae kept her back.

Tae cap a', what dae yae ken if she hadna the gall (I'm slowly pickin' up the real English language) tae tell me that she wis intendin' tae wash the blankets on the holiday an' she could keep me fully employed strampin' them. I've nae doobt maist o' yae 'll hae seen the picter postcairds o' the weemen washin' blankets in some faur off Heilan' glen. Wi' their coats kilted up tae their knees it looks a fascinatin' occupation for a man tae be takin' pairt in. But when it comes doon tae brass tacks it's no sae romantic as it appears. A mairried man sune gets a' the romancin' knockit oot 'im. Hooever, I stuck oot for my richts this time, bearin' in min' the last holiday I spent attemptin' tae pent the hoose. "Naethin' daen," I says; "if yaer gaun tae wash blankets on the holiday I'm gaun oot on my ain; yae sharely hinna got the nerve (fine I kent she had) tae ask a man tae start in on a job like that on a holiday. If the blankets need washin,' send them oot tae the laundry—yaell save money an' spare yaer temper.

Hooever, tae cut a long story short, I decided tae spend the holiday at hame. There wis a wheen odd jobs tae be dune roond the hoose an' I thocht I could weel spend the time fixing them up.

I've been workin' on the latest kin' o' ideas in chicken hooses this while back. The design has been the result o' wan or twa argyments I've heard among a wheen men as tae hoo tae keep hens warm in the winter an' yet keep them in condeeshun for layin'. It's no' a new argyment. I'm pretty weel share, a' the same, I've struck on the richt idea this time an' I intend tae let my readers in on the secret as sune as it has proved a success, if no' this winter then the next. Had there been ony wey o' shippin' the whole shootin' match oot tae the exibishun I'm pretty weel share it wud hae been awarded a prize—if no' for its utility then for its varied style o' buildin'; I think there wis a specimen o' aboot every kin o' wud in the forest in its compisishun. There wis even some bits had come frae faur off China, they had brocht it owre when they were bringin' the tea. It's a hard job buttin' in on work yaer no' accustomed tae, a' the same, an' it's a hunner times worse when yaer handicapped wi' the scarcity o' tools, an' even the nails.

Hooever I managed efter mony hairbreath escapes in the wey o' near knockin' wan or twa o' my fingers off an' near breakin' my legs when I fell off the leather. The funniest predicament I wis in wis when I had got it a' nailed up. I wis workin' frae the inside an' in my hurry I had forgot tae pit on a door. It wis only efter I had the last length o' shiplap fastened up that I discovered I had nailed mysel in.. That's wan o' the penalties o' scabbin' on another fellie's occupashun an' a taen my medicine.

Weel I've got it a' fixed up noo an' the hens are as snug as a bug in a rug. If they dinna lay eggs this winter I'll knock the whole o' their blocks off. Yae should see the grateful look the puir animals gie me every nicht when they hop up on their perch.

I'm gaun oot tae the exibishun this week tae see if I can pick up ony mare tips in that line.

Yours through the heather,
SANDY MACPHERSON.

Not all government employees, despite the widespread belief to the contrary, are anxious to spend government money. Here is a verbatim copy of a letter received at the Treasury Department in Washington from a patriot who wants to save money for his country:

"Sir, I started in at this postoffice on the 13th of February, 1911, as Janitor an Custodian— And when I came, I found some Ink. dropped on the Marble Floor (not exactily Marble.) a Concreete. Any way I tryed different things to take the Ink. Out but failed.

"But I accidently stumbled on to a compond that took, the Ink. Out, and I have been useing it to scrub with, and found it a most excilent article, and compariatively cheap. and does not injure the hands like these different componds. I can scrub the floor and take some of the same compond.. and take a bath.. wash my hair. scour my teeth in fact, it is simply fine. I scrubbed 720 scquare feet of this concreet floor today, at a cost of 2 cents, and took ink and all out.. not 2 cts per 1 square foot but 2 cts for 720 scuare feet.

"I thought possibly the government would like to get hold of something.. like this, as it surely would be a big saving to the Government please advise me as to this

"Verry Resptcl
_____"

There would be fewer regrets if we did not close the door of the wise.

* * *

Jack Raftery, reporter, who has worked in many places, went to work on the Seattle "Post-Intelligencer" under Scott Bone about the time a grand jury was called. Raftery was ordered to cover the grand jury. The judge and the district attorney warned the grand jurors about the necessity for secrecy "Raftery, Young man," he said, "you have been asking those jurors questions. Who has been informing you?"

"I can't tell you, judge," Raftery replied. "It wouldn't be right to the juror. He didn't know he was talking to a reporter."

"But you asked him questions," said the judge heatedly.

"Not questions, judge," soothed Raftery. "I only asked him one question—just one—but I asked that one frequently."

"What was that question?" demanded the judge. "What was it?"

"Why," Raftery replied, "my question was: 'What will you have to drink?'"

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AUCTION SALE

Under instructions from Messrs. Buttar & Chiene, Chartered Accountants, London Bldg., Vancouver, Liquidators for the Hatzic Prairie Co., in voluntary liquidation, I will sell by PUBLIC AUCTION on

Sept. 15, 1913

At 2.00 p.m., in

DOMINION HALL,
Pender Street, Vancouver

2160 Acres of Lower Fraser Valley Bottom Land

This land is situated about 45 miles east of Vancouver and is dyked by the double-tracked embankment of the main line of

The Canadian Pacific Railroad

which is reinforced by the PROVINCIAL GOVERNMENT'S

Dewdney Trunk Road

This property has splendid drainage, and has a SOUTHERN ASPECT, and is known as THE HATZIC PRAIRIE, and in order to WIND UP the estate it has been placed in my hands by the above chartered accountants to sell by Public Auction.

This RICH FRASER RIVER ALLUVIAL SOIL, over 1900 acres of which is absolutely clear and fit for the plough, and nearly 700 acres of which was sown to oats, and grew a phenomenal crop last year, possesses magnificent natural drainage and an abundant supply of pure water, is intersected by a small navigable stream, with an outlet by way of Hatzic Lake and reinforced concrete SLUICE LOCK to the Fraser River, thereby affording the cheapest transportation for crops. Is bounded on the west by the famous MISSION and HATZIC Fruit Districts, on the EAST by DEWDNEY and NICOMEN dairy centres, and is distant one and three-quarter miles from DEWDNEY Station, two miles from HATZIC Station, six miles from MISSION JUNCTION, all on the main line of the C.P.R. and proposed W.C.P. carline to Vancouver, and situated only

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This Land Will Be Sold in 28 Lots of from 23 to 315 Acre Parcels. About Five Miles of Water Front

The 315-acre parcel contains the majority of the farm buildings, consisting of barn, root cellar, 100-ft. stable complete, horse stable, harness room, carriage house, all with concrete floors and foundations. Blacksmith shop, workshop, tool shed, wagon shed, separator house, 5-roomed bungalow with bath, 8-roomed dwelling house, bunkhouse for 20 men, Chinese labor house, store, 8-roomed log house, all with water laid on and fire protection. Practically new.

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The 195-acre parcel contains 120x100 corrugated iron barn, double-sided.

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On one 50-acre parcel there is about eight acres of orchard.

In event of a request from a sufficient number of intending buyers, the auctioneer will consider the advisability of selling some of the parcels in smaller acreage.

For anyone wanting land for mixed farming this is a unique opportunity, such as has never before been offered to the public at an auction sale, combining as it does the exceptional advantages of the richest soil, easy cultivation, no clearing to be done, nearness of the markets, mildness of the climate in this sheltered situation, shipping facilities, etc.

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Unrivalled Terms

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10 per cent. in.....3 years
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Personally conducted parties will be arranged to inspect the land, dates of which can be obtained upon application.

PLANS, PHOTOS, ALL PARTICULARS, ETC., ON VIEW

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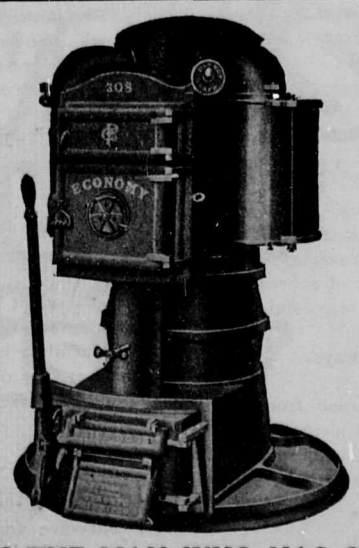

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TO CORRESPONDENTS: We will not print anonymous letters though inviting communication on current events, to be published over the writer's signature.

APOLOGY DEMANDED

IN the last issue of this journal was published an editorial article charging inefficiency on the part of the man at present occupying the position of municipal solicitor at the South Vancouver Municipal Hall. Scarcely was the paper on the street before there was received at this office the following communication from Messrs. Bowser, Reid and Wallbridge, the well-known law firm:

The Editor, "Greater Vancouver Chinook," Greater Vancouver Publishing Co., Ltd., corner 30th Avenue and Main Street, South Vancouver:

Dear Sir:—Our attention has been called by Mr. H. Colin Clarke, the Municipal Solicitor for South Vancouver, to a scurrilous attack upon him in a leading article under the heading "Inefficiency," in today's issue of your paper.

In the article you misconstrue what actually took place before Mr. Justice Morrison—you proceed to state that Mr. Clarke is not fit for the position he holds—that through him the Municipality suffered a blow—that his abilities are questionable—that he is inefficient and that through his blunders the Municipality is held up to the ridicule of the world.

It would be difficult to imagine an attack more cowardly or one calculated to do more harm to a professional man holding the position of our client, and in our opinion (unless you are prepared to substantiate your statements) such as would entitle Mr. Clarke to heavy damages at law.

The circumstances are such that Mr. Clarke feels he cannot continue to hold the position he does, and at the same time ignore the attack, and he has instructed us to demand an immediate complete retraction and apology, to be drawn up by us, and to be signed and published by you in your next issue—the publication to be in the same type as the article complained of, and on the corresponding page.

Our instructions are to give you until 12 o'clock noon on Tuesday next (Monday being a holiday) to sign the apology at our office, and to pay our costs, failing which a writ for libel claiming damages will at once be issued.

Yours truly,
BOWSER, REID & WALLBRIDGE,
Per W.M.

If it be true that unless we apologize for having made this criticism of Mr. Clarke, it will be necessary for that gentleman to resign his office, then we would suggest that this particular public servant resign his office forthwith and so save himself, the Municipality of the District of South Vancouver and the publishers of this journal further trouble and expense.

Our article was founded upon what we have every reason to believe is the truth, and was printed for the benefit of the ratepayers, who pay Mr. Clarke's salary—printed with the belief that "the truth at all times firmly stands and shall from age to age endure."

PROPOSED BOARD OF CONTROL

THERE is only one argument against the proposed Board of Control for South Vancouver, and it is that municipal government by commission would be better. Of course the instituting of a Board of Control would be a step towards the commission system, and as such will be welcomed by the people of the municipality who wish to see South Vancouver lifted out of the sloughs of despondency.

One of the greatest problems with which the Board of Control would have to grapple is that curse of civic politics, the patronage system, the agency that has done more injury to the government of the municipality than all the other evils of the past combined.

If a Board of Control were appointed in South Vancouver, the members would doubtless be the implacable enemies of the patronage system from the first, and might succeed in finally wiping it out. It is possible that under a Board of Control only a few nominees of councillors would then get jobs as compared with the hosts that have in the past been made so happy.

One thing that the Controllers would especially frown upon—that is if they were the right kind of men—is the employment of more men than are necessary to do a certain piece of municipal work.

Under present conditions we find that this has been done, and when any effort is made to stop the practice, somebody comes along with charges against officials, chiefly because they refuse to load up the service with useless men. Sometimes officials are too compliant? One reported not long ago that he took on seven men who were sent to him by a councillor till his gangs were full. The councillor kept sending more applicants for work, and when these were told that there were no more vacancies, their patron the councillor raised a loud protest of unfair discrimination.

Thus the councillors, when money is flush, permit to flourish the old evils which have so greatly impaired the efficiency of the outside service, and resulted in past years in the squandering of so much money. It may be expected, if a Board of Control comes into existence, that the councillors will be very angry if the Controllers refuse to allow them to plant their proteges as pensioners on the civic treasury.

LIMITING THE AMOUNT OF A DAY'S WORK

AN honest, well-meaning clergyman talked the other day on labor unions, and wandered out of his depth. As a rule, clergymen, having studied the teachings of Christ, are aware that they ought to be on the side of the workingman. Hence the strongest supporters of the union are found among the clergy.

The mistake of the clergyman whom we mention is discussed here, because it is often made by well-meaning but narrow-minded citizens.

He spoke of "the custom union labor has of limiting a day's work and other dishonest practices."

By limiting a day's work, the reverend gentleman referred to the rule existing in certain unions regulating the maximum day's labor.

That rule does exist, and sometimes undoubtedly—labor union men not being angels or cherubim—the rule may be pushed to extremes.

But on the whole the rule is necessary, and it works for good.

We shall tell this clergyman and other citizens one special reason for limiting the day's work.

The contractors want to make all the money they can. When the unions forced them into recognition of certain hours of labor as constituting a day's work, that was looked upon as a dishonest practice. It was felt in the old days that a workman should be only too glad to get out of bed at daybreak and work until dark. Now even the stupidest and most selfish have come to recognize limited hours as a feature of organized industry. And the enlightened gladly admit that the well-paid, well-rested, independent worker usually does more in his eight or nine hours than he used to do in his twelve or fourteen.

After the inauguration of the limited-hour day the contractors invented what is known as a "rusher."

The "rusher" is a young workman, in his prime, marvellously quick in his work, as compared with the ordinary, good, capable workman.

On a job of bricklaying, carpentering, or other work, it was customary for the shrewd contractor to hire one or more "rushers." Nominally the "rusher" was paid regular union wages. But secretly the contractor paid him double wages, or more than double wages. The "rusher" worked at high-pressure hour after hour, day after day. The others could not possibly have kept up with him had he worked his fastest. But his instructions were to keep just a little ahead that the others might struggle and do their best to keep even in their task, in order not to lose their work for apparent idleness. Thus the "rusher," a man of unusual skill, getting double wages, went along well within his forces, while the others were working themselves to death in order to keep up and not lose their jobs.

The limitation of the day's output is based originally on the desire to squelch this "rusher" idea, or to put the quietus on the very young and able workman anxious to curry favor with the "boss" by making the pace too hot for the men working beside them.

Our friend, the clergyman, and many others say that it is dishonest to limit the day's output. But is it dishonest? What is the difference between limiting the day's output and limiting a year's output?

In the middle of the summer the clergyman says, "I have worked enough; I ought to go to Europe," and he goes.

The bricklayer does not criticize the clergyman for limiting his year's output to forty sermons. He does not say to him, "You are able to preach fifty-two sermons a year. If you preach only forty, you are dishonest and rob your parishoners."

What business is it of the clergyman's if the bricklayers, among themselves, decide that it is better for them in the long run to set only a given number of bricks per day?

The trouble with some clergymen and many others is that they forget one important thing—namely, that the workingmen now have something to say.

When it comes to a question of laying brick, it is no longer the squire or the local clergyman who decides what shall be done. The bricklayer decides what shall be done.

And when it comes to carpenter work, the carpenter decides what shall constitute a day's work.

In olden times the clergymen, the lawyers, the rich, the lucky class in general, decided for themselves what they should do, and then they decided for their so-called inferiors what those inferiors should do.

Our prosperous class are having a very painful time indeed getting into their minds the fact that such a thing as the right of the majority really exists. And they find it very hard indeed to believe that the doctrine of human equality is to be taken seriously in matters of business.

Labor unions are performing an important educational function when they drive into the heads of these would-be superiors the fact that this nation is becoming actually a country in which the workingmen shall decide for themselves questions affecting themselves, and in which they shall no longer be guided by the whims of financial interests of would-be "superiors."

BY THE WAY

SOME TIME AGO it was proposed in the United States War Department to omit the fore and aft salutations of respect from letters. An American business concern recently decided also to adopt this change and now prints a line at the bottom of its letterheads explanatory of the omission. This is a grand move in the wrong direction. Courtesy—as Mr. W. J. Brown, South Hill P.O. would put it—goes further, considering the price, than anything yet discovered. It does not pay to save lubricating oil even in business affairs.

* * *

"WHEN WOMEN RULE," The Little Minister," "His Last Dollar," "The White Slave" are some of the headliners at Vancouver's theatres this week.

* * *

SOME OF THE PEOPLE who have interested themselves in the block paving question in South Vancouver have as many faces as one of the creosoted cubicles.

* * *

THE DIGNIFIED and business-like adjustment of issues between the B. C. Electric and its army of employees only goes to show how easily it might have been to settle, at the proper stage, the coal strike at Nanaimo.

* * *

SEVERAL TONS OF rotten potatoes from Seattle were shipped last week to Prince Rupert to the order of Messrs. Foley, Welch and Stewart, railway contractors. Though the spuds were only to be used to feed bohunks on the Grand Trunk Pacific, the Provincial Government's fruit inspector, refused to allow the consignment to be landed on British Columbia soil.

* * *

ONE OF THE MANY arguments in favor of paving Main and Fraser streets is that the road to the Mountain View Cemetery is not desirable. Drivers of hearses say that every trip is a case of "rattling the bones over the stones."

* * *

IN AN ITEM LAST WEEK referring to the new President of the South Vancouver Liberal Association we stated that he attended at one time "Dalhousie Law School, New Brunswick." The Honourable Robert Rogers has a perfect right to start the MacKenzie, Columbia, Fraser and Amazon Rivers in the Kootenay country, but we have no right to move Dalhousie Law School to New Brunswick, and we hereby move that institution back to its proper location in the Province of Nova Scotia.

* * *

A REPRESENTATIVE of the dear old London "Times" is in our midst and he is getting out a British Columbia supplement to "The Thunderer" to be printed shortly. He will doubtless find that between the "Sun," the "World" and the New Westminster "Columbian" the local special edition field has been pretty much worked to a frazzle.

* * *

MEXICO OR NO MEXICO, Secretary of State William Jennings Bryan will see the camp-meeting season through to the finish.

* * *

THAT ONE OF THE LOCAL councillors had lunch one day with a paving contractor was advanced in court recently as sufficient grounds upon which to throw out the paving contract subsequently awarded. No information was available as to who paid for the lunch, however.

* * *

COUNCILLOR DICKINSON is suffering many indignities these days. Some time ago Councillor Thomas insulted him by turning his back while Councillor Dickinson was addressing him as chairman of a committee meeting. Last week, the Cedar Cottage man endeavored to contest the B. C. E. R. tram franchise with a conductor on the interurban and was promptly escorted from the car.

* * *

IT IS UNFORTUNATE that Harry K. Thaw didn't land at Coquitlam. Advertising Sherbrooke, Quebec, over the face of the entire earth is a distinct waste of printers ink.

* * *

BECAUSE VANCOUVER has the highest flagstaff in the British Empire is no reason for the city to continue in achieving the distinction of being the greatest flagwaver in the Empire.

* * *

THE SOUTH VANCOUVER insurrectos are composing a campaign song to be entitled "Silver heads with Edward Gold."

* * *

ONE OF THE BOWSER medals refused by the Indian chiefs in the interior will be presented to Ellis, the hangman, another will be awarded to Songhees Matson and the balance will be distributed among the heroes of Nanaimo.

* * *

WHEN THE SOUTH VANCOUVER Milk Bylaw now being compiled is put into force, the present heavy demands on the local water supply will be considerably lessened.

* * *

COUNCILLOR MacPHERSON, of Burnaby, has put in an objection to the municipality paying the expenses of councillors who went abroad to inspect street pavements. A councillor who would pay his own or his ratepayers' money to visit Spokane or Victoria to look over work done by the Canadian Mineral Rubber Co. should be promptly examined as to his sanity.

* * *

A DRAUGHTS' CLUB has been organized in Mount Pleasant. The checker players will go through the season without interference from the police and with the full consent of the ministerial association and the moral reform league.

* * *

THE EARL OF CLARENDON is staying at the Hotel Vancouver. If his lordship owns all the hotels between Port Arthur and Victoria bearing his name, he should have very little difficulty in getting a night's lodging during his Western tour.

* * *

WHERE TO GO ON Labor Day was the subject of an advertisement published by the B. C. Electric Ry. Co. Had the threatened street railwaymen's strike materialized we in South Vancouver know where we might have gone.

* * *

THE "NEWS-ADVERTISER" says the Provincial Government is seeking to rid the city and province of misrepresentations on the part of dealers in eggs. If the government is successful in this policy it would not be a fair minded electorate that would fail to support Messrs. McBride and Bowser indefinitely.

* * *

AN AGED INDIAN BRAVE took a ride on a wooden horse on a merry-go-round at the Vancouver Exhibition while his squaw and grand-children looked on from a distance. Hyas Tyee no more bad tum tum.

* * *

ON THE ENTIRE PATRONAGE list of British Columbia Torydom there does not appear the name of one single South Vancouver business house—that's how much trouble this municipality has been to the Bowser machine.

* * *

GENERAL FELIX DIAZ, the Mexican envoy, after looking over the political situation in British Columbia, it is stated, offered Attorney-General Bowser an indefeasible title to any three Mexican states if the British Columbian would but resign, go south, and put Huerta's house in order.

* * *

SIR RICHARD McBRIDE'S proposed "Panama to the Pole" railway would be a popular institution among certain citizens of the United States at present resident in Mexico if it were in operation today.

* * *

THE VANCOUVER and New Westminster Exhibitions are but preliminary events to the annual exhibition of the Central Park Agricultural Association.

* * *

BANK OF MONTREAL ten dollar bills carry the likeness of Mr. H. V. Meredith, General Manager, at present on the Coast. Pictures of the gentlemen published in the Vancouver dailies received the largest circulation locally during the past week.

* * *

OUTSIDE OF AN annual niggardly grant to the school board and a small contribution to the paving of Kingsway, South Vancouver has never received anything from the Provincial Government but a municipal audit for which the municipality paid $20,000 and has received so far in return about the same value as Songhees Matson gave for the $45,000 of the people's money he has successfully salted.

THE HIGH-GRADER'S CORNER

Usefulness of the Horse
Cleveland "Leader"

The horse is a useful animal. He provides entertainments to which people drive in automobiles.

Well, We Should Worry
Minneapolis "Journal"

A Chicago editor rises to enquire whether a policewoman's uniform buttons up the back.

What Good Are They?
Nankato (Minn.) "Free Press"

Why mosquitoes? What are the bugs created for? What good can they accomplish, anyway?

All About a Few Square Miles
London "Advertiser"

All this blood has been shed in the Balkans over the possession of 6,700 square miles. There are over 470,000 square miles in Ontario alone.

A Casualty in Chicago
Duluth "Herald"

A new protest against the extreme fashions. A Chicago woman wearing a slit skirt was bitten by a bull dog. She was not bitten on the arm, either.

Wonders in Calgary
Melfort (Sask.) "Moon"

A deaf mute has recovered his speech and hearing at Calgary. Well, we once heard of a blind man advertising in the "Eye Opener."

No Such Waste This Year
Montreal "Telegraph"

This year's apple crop will not be a large one. We shall, therefore, be spared the pictures of thousands of tons of fruit rotting on the ground because it didn't pay to market.

The Other Way On
Louisville "Courier-Journal"

An "advanced" woman tells the New York "Tribune" that "women are headed straight for trousers." We beg to inform the dear girl that the manner of approach must be reversed before the effort can be successful.

French and English Railways
Montreal "Herald"

An Ontario engineer who has returned from a visit to Europe to study the most approved methods of road-making, states that France has the best built roads in the world, and the best maintained roads are to be found in England.

Current Sentiment
British Trade "Review"

The return of the Duke of Connaught to Canada as governor-general will be not only politic, but of benefit to the trade of the Mother Country with the Dominion. With his knowledge of the colony, his popularity, and interest in industry and commerce, the duke will be able to do much towards strengthening the relations between the two peoples on each side of the Atlantic. Canada is becoming one of our best customers.

A Temptation to Ontario Farmers
Guelph "Mercury"

A Hamilton controller says that boxes of berries are sold on the market there in which a green apple is placed at the bottom, and that a pound of butter is known to have a turnip in it. Of course, the farmers are to blame, but it's an awful temptation to put one over the folks that of their own free will bug glass diamonds, poor whiskey for patent medicine and town lots under the ocean.

A Man of Remarkable Capacity
Ottawa "Citizen"

A charge against a number of temperance hotel proprietors in the province of Quebec of selling beer without a license has been dismissed. An analysis showed that the beer on sale contained not more than 4.3 per cent. of alcohol. This was enough to disprove the charge, but one man afforded further proof when he testified that he had drunk 23 bottles of the beer within a few hours without becoming intoxicated.

Practical Jokers in Hamilton
Ottawa Evening "Journal"

In Hamilton some of the citizens are being pestered by a party of prominent youths, who, under the name of "The Big Four," met each Sunday and plan a trick for the week. One of their pranks was to send the undertakers to the residence of a citizen in the middle of the night. The press has taken the matter up and publicity is threatened. If it comes, not many will sympathize with the jokers. Their folly might be the better cured if a little extract of the big club were applied to their thick hides.

Western Mathematics
Edmonton "Journal"

Vice-President Bury, of the C.P.R., says his company never knows how to estimate for this western country, it is so difficult to keep pace with the growth. In problems of this sort the only handy rule is to think of a number, double it, subtract the number thought of, and multiply by x.

The Village Cut-Up
De Kalb (South Dakota) "Tribune"

Twenty-five young people, all dolled up in their glad rags, were highly entertained at the Mallet home Saturday evening. Both indoor and outdoor games were played. When they had played most all the games they knew, Henry raised a little excitement by pouring lemonade on two of the girls.

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Offices: 51st Avenue and Fraser Street. Phone: Fraser 36.
Main and 29th Avenue. Phone: Fairmont 1940.
Fraser Street and North Arm of Fraser River. Phone: Fraser 84.

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HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY
SOLE AGENTS FOR B. C.

FACTS YARNS TALES — THIS IS AN OLD ONE BUT—

The other day a dairy company's clerk was called to the telephone. A woman's voice was heard.

"This is Mrs. Mixin," said she. "I want to know if your cows are contented?"

"Wha-a-t?" asked the amazed clerk.

She repeated the question.

"I see that your rivals advertise that their cows are all contented," said she, "I shall begin to take their milk unless I am assured that your cows are all happy."

The clerk begged her to hold the phone a moment. Then he went away and gnawed a corner off his desk. When he got his voice under control he returned to the phone.

"I've just been looking up the books, mum," said he, "and I am happy to say we have not received a complaint from a single cow."

* * *

Arthur was spending a day with his aunt.

"I am going to do something to please you on your birthday," she said to the little boy, "but first I want to ask the teacher how you behave at school."

"If you really want to do something to please me, auntie," said the boy, "don't ask the teacher."

* * *

A newly married lady was being interviewed by the reporter of the local paper just after the ceremony. "And after the honeymoon where do you intend to settle down?" was his final question. "At the Old Manse," said the bride, as she hurried away. The reporter thought it sounded a bit familiar, but he decided to use it in his interview, so when it appeared in print the report finished up: "After the honeymoon the happy couple intend to live at the old man's."

* * *

The general manager of a certain railway had a dreaded reputation for laying off men whenever he found the slightest excuse. He appeared in the yards one day, and two switchmen discussed him. "He don't look like the man we hear he is," said one. "What do you hear?" the other asked. "Why, they say when he was at the funeral of Flannely's wife and the six pall-bearers came out carrying the coffin he raised his hand and said: 'Hold on, boys! You can get along without two of them!'"

* * *

"Yes," said the shopkeeper, "I want a good, bright boy, to be partly indoors and partly outdoors."

"That's all right," said the applicant; "but what becomes of me when the doors slams?"

* * *

A Boston minister tells of a little girl friend of his who one day proudly displayed for his admiration a candy cat.

"Are you going to eat it?" the minister asked.

"No sir, it's too pretty to eat. I'm going to keep it," the little girl replied as she stroked it with a moist little hand.

Several days later the minister saw her again and inquired about the cat.

A regretful look came into her eyes.

"It's gone," she sighed. "You see, I saved it and saved it, till it got so dirty that I just had to eat it."

* * *

The man who can convince a monologist that he is wrong has a hard job on his hands.

* * *

"Edward Everett Hale," said a lawyer, "was one of the guests at a millionaire's dinner."

"The millionaire was a free spender, but he wanted credit for every dollar put out. And as the dinner progressed he told his guests what the more expensive dishes had cost. He dwelt especially on the expense of the large and beautiful grapes, each bunch a foot long, each grape bigger than a plum. He told, down to a penny, what he had figured it out that the grapes had cost him apiece. The guests looked annoyed. They ate the expensive grapes charily. But Dr. Hale, smilingly extended his plate and said:

"'Would you mind cutting me off about $1.87 worth more, please?'"

* * *

Once in a while a man doesn't forget his old friends after acquiring wealth and fame.

* * *

Governor Sulzer said in Albany of a notorious politician: "This man deems himself honest, but his honesty is a good deal like some husband's idea of devotion.

"Two husbands were talking about a third. 'Blank,' said the first, 'is a devoted, conscientious and considerate husband, I understand.'

"'Yes,' said the second; 'whenever he is going to be home to dinner he always notifies his wife beforehand.'"

* * *

This incident is related of a Scotch doctor, new to the gun, who adventured upon a day's rabbit shooting.

Chased by the ferrits, bunny was a rather quick moving target, and the medico was not meeting with the success he anticipated.

"Hang it all, man!" he exclaimed impatiently to the keeper who accompanied him, "these beasts are too quick for me."

"Aye, doctor," the keeper replied, "but ye surely didna expect them tae lie still like yer patients till ye kill them."

* * *

There is an old lady living in a small town in Southern Pennsylvania who makes great efforts to keep abreast of the times. Her opportunities, however, are circumscribed, and she is sometimes compelled to resort to her imagination. She went to a church social lately, and as she entered the room one of the attendants said:

"Good evening, auntie. I am glad you came. We are ging to have tableaux this evening."

"Yes, I know," replied the old lady; "I smelt 'em when I first came in."

SOUTH VANCOUVER NEGLECTS BEE-FARMING

Government Official says Burnaby and South Vancouver Offer Exceptional Advantages for Bee-Keeping

"Though facilities for bee-farming in South Vancouver and Burnaby are excellent, it is surprising that so few follow this very interesting and most productive industry. At the present time British Columbia is importing 80 tons of honey each year. I am convinced that with a little attention we could easily produce that extra quantity of honey and not import a single pound. My reason for the statement is that in this province, and most of it near this city, there is enough fireweed—one of the best honey producers—to produce an immense quantity of honey."

The above statement was made by Mr. F. Dundas Todd, of Victoria, who is spending the summer in instructing bee-keepers in the best method of honey production. He is doing this work on behalf of the Department of Agriculture. He is staying at the Hotel Dunsmuir.

"The end of the clover season has been reached," he continued, "and the poor bee-keepers will have little to show for their trouble this year. On the other hand, efficient bee-keepers, notwithstanding an unfavorable season, have got from 50 to 60 pounds of honey per hive and that is equal to the production in the best years in Ontario. The honey crop from fireweed runs close to 100 pounds per hive where the bee-keepers are efficient.

"I have spent the present week in the Burnaby Lake district and I was simply startled with the vast acreage of fireweed in that district which is not being utilized.

"It seems to me as if several thousand hives could do well along the tracks on the B. C. E. R. between here and Westminster. I found the bee-keepers in that district anxious to learn, especially the men with small holdings, who are looking to it as a source of income. I believe that very soon this province will be one of the greatest honey producers in the Dominion."

Cricket News of the Week

The Central Park Cricket Club on returning to their headquarters for the match with Cedar Cottage had a hearty welcome from many of their prominent supporters including Councillor and the Misses Wilbers, Mr. J. B. Todrick, the Misses Todrick, Mr. Wm. Kirkland, and others, fine weather doing justice to the occasion. The club has had a very successful season under Capt. Shaw, not a match having been lost away and but two at home, and it owes quite a lot to the Park Board who through Mr. Todrick's influence has fixed up the ground on several occasions. The Cottagers brought a strong eleven and losing the toss were sent to defend the stumps first, Cullum and Reed giving them a very good start by putting 40 on the board before Cullum fell for a hard and well hit score of 37. Phillips, Roper and Co. took the score along at a steady pace till it reached the respectable total of 87, considering the smart work in the field of the home team, Nelson and Beale especially doing fine work. The interval was occupied by an adjournment into the Park to enjoy refreshments provided by the ladies of the Presbyterian Church, after which Hilling and Draper started to knock up the runs for the Park team. The latter soon rattled up 19 with the help of Radford and King the score went along to 43 for 5 wickets and things did not look too good for the leaders in the league, but a smart effort by the Jack Bros. altered the complexion of the game, the total being taken to 85 before another wicket fell. Beale, Nelson and Tripp carrying the score to 96 before the last wicket went down, the verdict in a hard match leaving the Central Park team victorious by 9 runs. Howerdew carried off bowling honors for the visitors, taking 3 wickets for 8 runs in three overs, Cullum none for 47 being very expensive. Secretary White, who has bowled throughout every match this season for Central Park took 5 wickets for 37 and G. Draper 4 for 42.

OUR COUNTRY

Facts About Canada

The first Canadian bank was the Bank of Montreal, established 1817.

The average Canadian farmer in 1912 spent $10 per acre on labor on his farm, and reaped crops worth $15.50 per acre.

Canada has an estimated water area of 125,755 square miles.

Customs revenue of Halifax, 1912, $2,117,107.

Percentage of growth of some Canadian cities, 1910-11: Ottawa, 44 per cent.; London, 22; Qeebec, 16; Halifax, 12; St. John, 5.

Number of post offices: At Confederation, 3,638; 1912, 13,8599.

British capital placed publicly in Canada up to March, 191939, 463,000,000 pounds sterling.

Canada's oyster production decreased from 64,646 barrels in 1882 to 33,102 barrels last year.

Last year's immigration included 13,346 Ruthenians, 3,295 Bulgarians, 6,247 Chinese, 5,522 Italians, 765 Japanese, 632 Turks, 144 Syrians, and 138 negroes.

There are 119,415 members on the Canadian international labor roll; and 13,717 in purely Canadian unions.

The Panama canal will shorten the water route between Liverpool and Vancouver 5,666 miles.

Canada has paid in mining bounties $538,530.

Vancouver - Nanaimo

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FREE DELIVERY TO YOUR DOOR IN SOUTH VANCOUVER EVERY THURSDAY
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Where T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia were entertained.
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H. LARSON, Manager. P. LARSON, Proprietor

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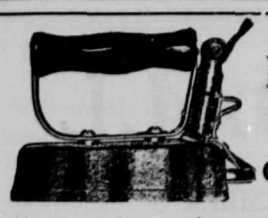

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B.C. Electric

CARRALL AND HASTINGS STS. PHONE SEYMOUR 5000 1138 GRANVILLE ST. (Near Davie)

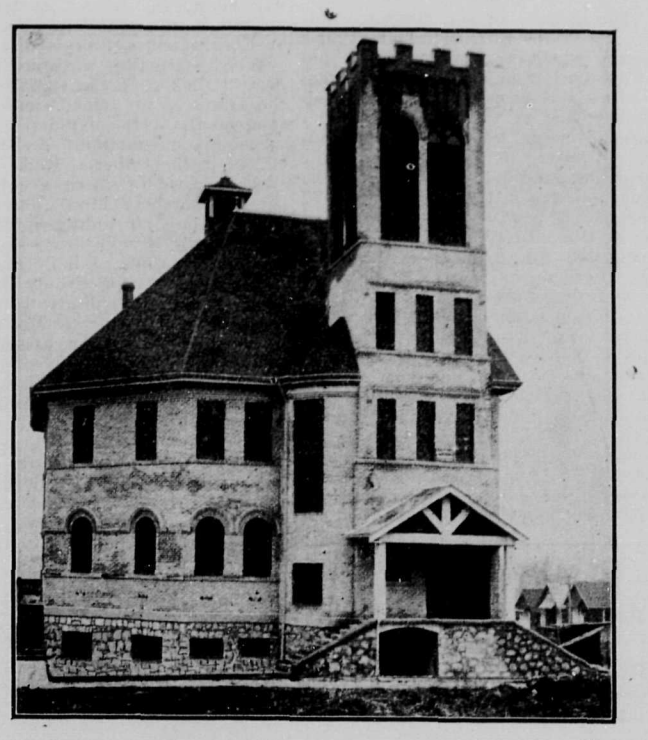
Mountain View Methodist Church Prospers

Public religious services were first held in this locality by the late Rev. E. Robson, D.D. Having obtained permission from the public school trustees to hold services in the old school house near the corner of Twenty-eighth avenue and Main street (then known as the Horne road and Westminster avenue, respectively) he preached there on the 28th September, 1902. There were about twenty persons present all told, and his text was I Tim. iv, 8.

About a month after this a Sunday school was started in the same place by Mr. George Beavers, B.A., and his wife. Seventeen children were present at the first session, and these were about half the number of children of school age in the West Vancouver school district (as it was then called) Mrs. Beavers took the small children as an infant class, and Mr. Beavers the older ones, and acted as superintendent as well. The school gradually increased in numbers, and other Christian workers joined in. After a few months Mr. Brodie began to teach the bible class and continued to do so for about five years.

Religious services conducted by Dr. Robson once a month and by various Methodist local preachers three times a month and the Sunday school every week were continued to be held in the same place until July 1904, when the public school trustees forbade the use of the school house for these purposes any longer. The Sunday school and preaching services were then held in Mr. Beaver's house until the building which was afterwards erected on the corner of his land on Prince Edward street (then Seacomb road) was prepared. This building was opened as a Sunday school hall on October 23, 1904. All religious denominations joined in the Sunday school, and combined to do so until the autumn of 1907, when both the Presbyterians and Baptists began services and Sunday schools in the locality. The religious services and Sunday school then became distinctively Methodist, but continued to grow until an addition to the building had to be made in 1908 to accommodate the numbers in attendance. During these years the various religious services had been conducted occasionally by Dr. Robson, sometimes by students from Columbian College, but generally by local preachers. At the Methodist Conference of 1908 Rev. C. W. Whittaker was appointed to take charge of the work in this locality and the Mount Pleasant Methodist Church contributed liberally to his support. During his pastorate a society was organized and steps were taken to secure the site where the church now stands. He was succeeded by the late Rev. J. F. Betts, who endeavored to formulate plans for the immediate erection of a church. This he did not succeed in doing until the following year, when work was begun, and the corner stone was laid on August 27, 1910, by Mrs. Beavers in the presence of a large congregation who had assembled to witness the event. The building was completed at a cost of $16,000, and opened for public worship on December 18,1910. The pastor and congregation now felt that they had a good work accomplished and could set themselves to building up the spiritual life of the community. How rudely were their hopes shattered, when on the 8th day of February following the whole structure was destroyed by fire and they were left without a place to worship in and with a debt of over $6,000 resting on their shoulders. However, they bravely, yes heroically set about replacing their former structure with a more permanent one, and with the help of a sympathetic public, the present handsome structure was dedicated for worship on November 27, 1911. The extra work involved in the erection of this structure imposed a very heavy strain upon the strength of the late Rev. J. F. Betts, but he cheerfully gave his life to the accomplishing of the work; and now he rests from his labors. Too much laudation cannot be given to the devotions to duty which he displayed.

Now the Sunday school is under the charge of an able staff of officers and teachers and has an enrollment of over 450. The society under the able pastorate of Rev. J. W. Davidson, B.A., B.D. is increasing by leaps and bounds and is expected soon to reach the 300 mark They have a property which has been estimated to be worth $35,000, with a debt of only half that amount against it. This pioneer religious cause has always stood out strong to a man against the encroachments of the liquor traffic, and all kinds of Sunday trading, believing that these are twin evils that destroy not only spiritual life but also the best interests of a community.



Mountain View Methodist Church

LOT NEAR CAR $550—Easy Terms

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Collingwood Business Men's Association

The Rev. Mr. Pringle, who has just returned from a trip East presided at the meeting of the Collingwood Business Men's Association, which was held at the Collingwood Library. There was a good attendance and the meeting turned out most interesting. Considerable disappointment was expressed that the B. C. E. R. had not yet carried out the improvements they promised at the Collingwood stations. Mr. John Redman said the condition of Vanness avenue was a perfect nuisance and it seemed likely that it would remain a nuisance for some time to come.

The municipality in carrying out some grading operations had shut some good residences in with unsightly bulkheads and people could not get into their houses except by a kind of climbing, which only active members of an Alpine club could perform. He had himself commenced legal proceedings in the matter and the result had been a letter which he now produced from the South Vancouver Municipal Engineer. In this letter the engineer said that he had stopped the grading work on Vanness avenue and that no further work would be done until he had consulted with the residents affected.

Mr. Orrell said that commonsense would have suggested such a consultation before the grading operations were commenced and Mr. Forman added that it looked as if Vanness avenue would prove such another expensive and useless bit of work as had been carried out in Rupert street.

Three delegates were appointed to attend a conference on the possibility of getting a Municipal Light and Power plant.

There was considerable discussion over the question of licenses for South Vancouver. There was a general concensus of opinion that Collingwood does not need, does not want, and will not have any liquor licenses, and it was agreed that the association should by resolution and also by the voice of delegates oppose the application.

At the conclusion of the meeting the chairman inspected the new books on Sociological subjects, and which have recently been added to the library and expressed his high approval of them. He also gave a donation towards their purchase.

The Collingwood Socials

Special attention is drawn to the fact that the social gathering, so popular at Collingwood Institute last autumn and winter, will commence for the season on Tuesday, September 9. The fact that they will be under the management of Mr. and Mrs. Price is sufficient guarantee that they will be pleasant and select.

The library has been painted and arrangements made for the comfort of visitors.

Announcement of general interest is also made that Mr. Price will be associated with Mr. R. Thomas and Mr. Wellsman in conducting a series of socials in O'Brien Hall, Homer and Hastings street, fortnightly, during the winter months, on the first and third Thursdays of the month. The opening event will take the form of a grand whist drive and dance to be held on Thursday, September 18. Some delightful evenings are in store for Vancouver during the next few months.

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THE OTHER HOUSE

By JAMES HOPPER

Powerful Story of one of Those Domestic Tragedies never mentioned in the Public Press --- A Wife, A Husband and the Devil of Lust

We who live reasonably and calmly, a little torpid as if from birth the law had marked us for its own by the simple expedient of rapping with a club the tops of our soft skulls, are apt to slip into the assurance that, about us, all are like us. Yet at our sides, brushing our elbows, though invisible as if under an enchanter's wand, other men and women live lives that are strange, violent, and red. A film like a perpendicular curtain is between us and them; sometimes, by chance, we break through it, gain an instant's lurid visioning—and forever after remain astounded and troubled.

We pierced this film once, Ruth and I; a wonder since then lingers in our souls.

It happened one summer; we had taken on an island off the eastern coast of the country, a cottage on a bluff, well above the decayed fishing port and the camp of a religious sect, in circle about its ugly "tabernacle."

But still farther above us, on a higher rise, was the other house. It stood in the centre of vast grounds, a large and beautiful house, given somehow an expression of drowsy aloofness by the hypnotising pantomime of many lawn sprinklers, eternally turning and turning in silence above the sloping reaches of bedewed and sunlit grass. From our windows the building itself was hidden; only the frail pinnacles of its Victorian Gothic showed above tall trees massed blackly. Crows cawed in these trees, and at times clouds of them whirred suddenly out of the tops, like handfuls of black confetti hurled by a child-giant, at play below, under the foliage.

A man and a woman lived in this house. Down the white, hard way, across the sloping greens, swinging roundly first to the left in the first loop of the great S, then swinging to the right into the lower loop, with the slowing increasing heaviness of a pen making its black stroke, a powerful automobile would slide smoothly, pass the gates, and disappear down the highway in a golden whirl of dust. The man and the woman sat side by side on the back seat. Her garments heralded a certain magnificence; her purple veils in the wind were like banners; and the gentle droop of her head, inclined slightly forward, promised grace and beauty. The man was slight and tall; he seemed young. Woman's beauty; man's youth; splendor of wealth; we saw them in a haze of romance.

Sometimes they came back during the day. The machine assaulted the slope, rolled the road up within itself as if it were a ribbon, came to a smooth halt, and the two descended, slowly, in ceremony, between two liveries; the portals crashed shut. Sometimes the return was late—simply a honking in the dark, and a rapid curving ascent of a large moon of light which slipped swiftly along the grasses, marked luminously trees, flower-beds, and shrubs, and let them slip aback, one by one, into the maws of the night, patient but close behind.

Then again for days, not a sally, not a movement gave sign of life. The blinds were down; the crows in the trees cawed more loudly; a spell crept about the house, behind the ceaseless turning of the sprinklers on the lawn; the portals were hermetic.

A swarm of servants moved about the two, insulating them from the rough details of living. These were all blacks, but blacks such as we had never seen. They came from British islands; their speech was liquid and pure. And in the large silence of noon some of their voices came to us at times, in caressing notes; from their unexpected intonations, we drew an added sense of strangeness and of dream.

Upon the house and its inhabitants our timid attention centred itself little by little.

We would watch them out of the windows more than we realized; unconsciously we ambushed them along the roads, to have the whir of their machine go by, and gaze a bit stupefied at her veils disappearing swiftly in the distance, guidons of a fancied cavalcade. Shyly our imaginations settled upon them and built about them airy castles of romance. Of pure, naive, and respectable romance; I remember that once, when we sought to give the situation a spice of diabolism, our invention went no further than to suggest a defiance in love of some crusty old father, or despotic uncle!

So that the sudden revelation of what really was came down on us like a ton-breaker upon an idle swimmer's head.

The house had gone through another of its periods of immobility and silence. Its doors closed, its blinds lowered; it had stood there behind the ceaseless and hypnotising gestures of its hundred lawn sprinklers, as with drooping lid, dizzied, in the thrall of an enchantment. Then one morning, there was a disorder, a hushed tumult in our kitchen beneath our room, and up the stairs came a black girl, followed closely by our servant.

The black girl's eyes were dilated; she seemed at the fag end of a worry beyond her solving; she broke out immediately in excited speech.

It took us some time to catch a half understanding. She was from the big house. Everything was in disorder over there. No one knew what to do. There was some telegraphing to be done; a certain man must be found right away; a Mr. Mortimer. For the mistress of the house was dead.

"Dead! Good God!" We saw abruptly the automobile, the purple veil in the wind; the gentle droop of her head. "Dead; that gracious being dead!"

"She has been dead thirty-six hours." The black girl wrung her hands. "We've wired and wired; we can't reach Mr. Mortimer. Oh, can't you help?"

"Mr. Mortimer? But what is the matter with her husband? What is he doing, where is he; yes, the husband?"

The girl gave us a look which had in it almost a pity. "Mr. Grant," she said, "oh, he isn't her husband. He's called her cousin. He's—oh, he's useless! Please come and help us."

I put on my hat and went out behind the black girl, toward the house, now the house of death. Upon the sunlit lawns the sprinklers still turned, impassively, in a stupid and circular benediction.

As we walked I was questioning her, in an effort to get a new vision out of the wreck of the old. But from her running stream of talk, facts came not very clear, or too singular. Several facts appeared. That man whom we had taken for the young husband, and about whom we had woven a fabric of idyll, the "Mr. Grant" was not a husband. He was known as a cousin. There was something about him which made him useless of this crisis. And it was a matter of extreme urgency that the distant "Mr. Mortimer" be reached. Again and again she came back to this. Mr. Mortimer would see to everything if only he could be found, he would see to everything—that mysterious and efficient Mr. Mortimer.

For a moment I was in the house, with its disorder, its idle servants standing about, its hint of unmade beds and pillaged pantries; behind the impassive facade, the sprinklers, geometrically spaced, turning above the impeccable lawns, this demoralization suddenly became a symbol; a symbol of the more subtle and dreadful disorder of souls which had been here all of the time, hidden from our eyes behind a curtain of rigid formalism. "Where is Mr. Grant?" I asked.

They were searching for him through many apartments. Finally an answer was given to the black girl. She passes it on to me. "He's gone back down there," she said with a gesture toward the fishing port below.

"But where?"

"You must find him," she said urgently. "He has addresses."

"But where will I find him?"

Then she said: "In a drinking-ship. Go through the public houses, and you will find him, sir."

So I went through the drinking-shops of the little port; and at last found him—in a condition which, under the circumstances, was, to say the least, highly—indecent. I placed him in a carriage, drove to the cottage, deposited him there like a sack, and spent the morning and part of the afternoon trying to accelerate the sobering process so that I could get something intelligent out of him. It was past noon before I obtained what I wanted and again I went down to the port to wire.

I was there three hours, using telephone and telegram. The address I had was of a business office in New York. A certain number on Broadway which from the first puzzled me as something fatidic, significant of some immense power, and which I should have known but did not know. I got the telephone—only to be led on from voice to voice, there, at the other end, each reticent, full of canny precautions and evasions. It was only by the word death that finally I seemed to move all that ponderous discretion; I was given the address of some secretary, labelled private. And then he was not at home but at some restaurant. A feminine voice, expressive at once of curiosity, concern, and a sort of passive humiliation, gave me the name of twelve possible restaurants. It was at the eleventh that finally I found the private secretary's voice. His enunciation was full of shocked, warning hisses; behind it I could hear the silken shimmer of a festive orchestra. At first he refused all information, nearly hung up at once. At last the word death on him also made its impression. He became immediately immensely anxious to help me. But the best he could do was somewhat indefinite; I must reach a yacht, the "Natoma." It was cruising along the coast, no one knew just where.

I hung up, and getting a map and a telegraph directory, with the aid of the operator sent wired messages to every port from Florida to Halifax addressed to the Natoma and that Mortimer who, if he came, would "arrange everything" and who, so powerful, seemed so little anxious to exercise his powers.

The sun was near its setting before, toiling up the S, I arrived at the big house. Grant was there, walking to and fro before the steps with a timid, uncertain air. "Let us go in," I said. But he grasped my arm; "Stay out with me awhile, will you!" he begged, like a child, and led me away from the house, behind a screen of shrubs. Looking sideways at him in the twilight, I was astonished to see him, now, so different from what I had imagined him. He was smaller. His eyes were close set. He wore a checked waistcoat of bad taste. His forehead was low and made still lower by plastered bangs beneath his bowler hat.

Walking at my side up and down, he began suddenly to tell me all about himself—an extraordinary story. Cheap, I suppose, but still with a wonder to it. He was not the dead woman's husband. He had never been that. But he had been her chauffeur!

"I came to them, she and Mortimer, five years ago. They lived up on Fifth Avenue—a grand place they had!"

He went on with a description of the house and its treasures, and then abruptly said: "And she fell in love with me!" I started at the intolerable caddishness of this; but looking down at him, through the gloaming, I found on his face an expression of stupefication. "She fell in love with me," he repeated again with a sort of dazed passivity—and I knew that this man, this little man, had never gotten the essence of what had happened to him, that his soul had not been of a fabric to draw up level with it—and that someone had been cheated—dreadfully cheated.

He continued his story: "We ran away. He came after us. He caught us."

Having caught them, Mortimer had acted—well, with originality. The storm of wrath, the revenge they had dreaded had not come. He had merely built them a house.

"This place." Grant's hand ran over the gables, the trees, the wide lawns. Mortimer had bought them this place, had furnished it, had given them servants, horses, automobiles; had assured them an allowance (Grant told me the amount; I will not repeat it for fear of not being believed) and then he had left them—to their passion—if such it was.

"So we lived here," said Grant, "like princes; just like princes."

He stopped, faced me with legs apart. "Why did he do it?" he asked with a new and sudden directness. "Why, why? Why did he do it? What do you think?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "Perhaps," I hazarded, "it was the fine thing to do."

He resumed walking. His hands were behind his back; his head bent forward; he stepped with a moodiness that gave illusion, almost, of profound intelligence. "I have been looking for a trap," he declared. "You don't know Mortimer. I've been looking for some trap in it."

I became curious and cunning. "You were happy, then, you two?" He did not answer right away but slowed up a moment in his walking.

"It was fine," he said at length, but without animation. "Fine!" Then, after a moment, as if speaking to himself: "The house was too big."

"Too big!" I exclaimed questionly.

"You see, I had no cronies."

The tone was wistful. Suddenly I had the feeling of that house—that great house with so many, many rooms; with so many, many servants; and in that great house, these two alone with their idleness and their love, their physical passion, their caprice—their slowly curdling caprice.

"I drank," he mummured. "Drank, drank. She drank." His thumb jerked back in a gesture toward the house, and within it, the dead woman. "That's what killed her. Drink, drink, drink. Also morphine!"

So this was the story—the simple, sordid story! Again I had the rapid vision of the two, alone in that immense house, alone with their wealth, their idleness, and their curdling love. And suddenly I wanted immensely to know Mortimer, that Mr. Mortimer who "saw to everything," who played at being God, that large philanthropist who so generously, so dexterously, and so invisibly catered to other's bliss.

But I came down to practical details. I told Grant what I had done, to the stream of his hurried, over-easy acquiescences. Then I left him there, still hesitant before the steps, and returned to the cottage.

That night a storm broke upon the island. It came from the sea. We had seen it in the twilight, the sea, opaque, dull-hued, and perfectly immobile; yet from it now, not on the wind, unheralded by the slightest stirring of the air, merely upon a mysterious displacement, storm after storm moved over and broke upon the knoll. We could divine the heavy vapor, swirling with a slow, vicious movement, settle above us like a lid; and then clap upon clap of thunder rent the silence—a strange, flat thunder, like the mad, insistent beating of a bass drum by some dervish god. The tenth detonation brought with it a soft wailing and groaning as of hurt spirits in the earth beneath. The black servants of the big house had avalanched down the hill and were pressing, frightened, into our kitchen. It seemed that Grant had gone again to the village, and they had been afraid to remain alone in the big house with its still presence. We were at the window, Ruth and I, our brows on the cold panes. And now we saw, to the violet flashes of light, more than the mass of the trees up there, the pinnacles of the other house. We saw through the trees, through the walls. We saw hallways and rooms, countless apartments, and in the centre of it as it in state, the kernel of all that empty magnificence, the dead woman. She lay there, high, as if on an altar, that woman once so precious, so treasured, that clay once so delicately fashioned, animated so exquisitely; she lay there alone and abandoned, in a huge fracas of thunder and swaying of storm. She lay there—we could see her well—her delicate nostrils, once so eagerly dilated to all the promises of life, for which toil of thousands had distilled perfume, now pinched and disdainful; her eyes, for the fugitive alightings of which all beauty had been unrolled, now sealed, the hauntiness of eternal sleep oozing out of their long shadows; and her bosom marble cold.

With the morning the storm disappeared; the little band of West Indians stopped their murmuring and swaying; in straggling groups they went up the hill We prepared to get a little rest—and then, within an hour, the black girl who first had come was back again. Again there was trouble. The undertakers had arrived. They were waiting. And they couldn't get the body, because of the dog.

I put on my hat and went up the hill again. The girl was explaining. It seems that the dead woman had not been alone in the house that night after all. The dog had had the decencies which man had forgotten. He had been there with her, her guardian all night. Only now he wasn't going to quit. Now that man claimed once more responsibility as his, the dog refused to pass it over; he failed to understand this sudden zeal.

So I went up to the room with one of the undertakers. This was a weird, little man. He had long white, slovenly beard, altogether out of proportion to his stature. One of his legs was shorter than the other, and because of his profession he had caught a trick of bowing constantly. Whenever he bowed, his unclean beard spread fanwise upon his greasy frock, and his shorter leg, suspended, swung to and fro, with small scrapings of the floor.

With him I entered the room—and hesitated, appalled.

She lay there—but why describe it. It was a vision that utterly belied that which we had had in the night. She lay there, utterly abandoned. I remember a black stocking, incongruously drawn trim and tight—and in her posture, in the condition of the bed, of everything about it, lay an eloquence of disorder symbolic of her death. Of her death and of her life. I moved forward with an impulse to draw over her a sheet—and sprang back swiftly. From beneath the bed, a flash of yellow teeth had darted out like a flame.

The dog was there, a miserable, hairless Mexican. But the timidity of his race had melted in a sort of silent, automatic fury. Whenever we approached, the teeth flashed out, noiselessly, with the furtive violence of the hyena. We could not approach. Some one from behind the door passed us a broom, two brooms. For a half hour, that weird clod-hopping little undertaker and I, we tried to dislodge the dog with our absurd instruments. We paddled, ridiculously, holding our handles at arms' length. The bed, animated by our efforts, began to dance along the polished floor; the body with the black stocking danced; it was insane. Finally we had to shoot the dog—fill that room, already sufficiently desecrated, with flame, powder smell, smoke, detonation, and the dying yelps of that too faithful cur—so that the undertakers could do their work.

They had done it well by the next day. I think that by this time the all-powerful Mortimer had taken hold; over the wire, from a distance rapidly lessening, we got the directions of his clear and masterful intelligence. The casket stood in the centre of the big reception hall, a very simple, black and compelling emphasis in the centre of the daintiness, the lavender and grays, the whites and golds, the gracious frivolity of that Louis XVI salon. Her face, behind the glass, was composed, its ravages smoothed, its past beauty like an assertion of marble beneath the slight film of lying color; she slept as if content. Someone—the deus ex machina Mortimer—or Grant, piteous hero—or perhaps the black girl who had taken already so much upon herself—someone, anyway, in a naive effort (it was so late now!) to replace that life, at its last scene, in the bosom of convention and punctilio, had sent out invitations, and the villagers had responded with alacrity. On the slender-legged chairs, in an atmosphere of silver and rose, little old women sat stiffly, their mittened hands crossed on their wrists. Their lips were tight with disapprobation; their sharp noses, mobile, sniffed the air, suspicious of scandal; but at times we could see their little, narrow flattened chests rise, rise, rise in a sigh which, after all, was not self contentment, which held a wistfulness, a faded and dim desire.

The short service was just ending, the pastor—poor man, he had been at such pains to gain from ignorant informants, such as I, facts for the necessary flattering biography of the deceased—was mopping his brow, when the whir of a machine sounded outside, and a man came in. Right away we knew, Ruth and I, that here was Mortimer.

He went swiftly across the floor, as though sure of owning it, ignoring us all, a big, powerful man with grizzled hair, and stood like a pillar at the head of the coffin. Hat in hand he looked down. His big face was clean-shaven. The skin was thick and sallow and inert. And now, beneath this skin, so well made to hide, this skin like the last improvement in comfortable masks, I saw a black flush pass, pass almost imperceptibly, and be gone almost instantaneously, a flush—of what? I am not sure. God knows, though, it seemed to have something of triumph, subdued and tenebrous.

He raised his head and again, impassively with the same tranquil ignoring of us all, went across the floor, this time back to the door. The service was over. We rose and trooped out. As the small procession formed behind the hearse, we could see his machine, in dust, far ahead. When we reached the cemetery, he was there before us. He stood on a little mound of loose earth above the narrow black hole. The hearse approached.

But from now on everything we did took on a strange character of being not in spontaneity, but in obedience. Beneath that commanding, massive figure on the mound, its gray, filmy, expressionless eyes, every gesture, every movement, seemed ordered. The hearse approached, the casket was taken from it—all this seemed prearranged by his authority. We lowered the casket with the ropes, there was a short prayer, a clod of earth rubbled—all this seemed as if he had preordained it. Someone—the black girl, I think—broke out in a wail; a little, old woman knelt—she knelt as if with a projection of his hand irresistible upon her shoulder.

I felt Ruth trembling by my side and whispering: "He knew it all, not only this, but what came before. He knew it all would come this way; he planned it all!"

A crooked man with a spade approached with an excuse on his lip. Mortimer went down the little mound, passed through us, and rose in his machine.

We never saw him again, nor Grant, nor anyone. The house, the next day, was closed, its blinds down, and on the lawn the sprinklers motionless, their arms at all angles of stupefication. And thus, vague, but half understood, food for infinite surmise and secret thought, the life of the other house went out of our lives, leaving in us an astonishment, and—God help us—something else, which stirs at times far within us, which stirs and is quieted, and then stirs again.

For all passion and sin and disaster, after all, are red. And life within the laws is gray and gray and gray.

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Is it necessary for them to practice a system of looting estates of the deceased whenever possible? Is it fair for them to have in their employ someone who has access to some hospital and who will keep them informed as to the probable time some of the inmates will die—are all these things necessary in order to make the undertaking business pay? We do not believe they are, and will try to prove it.

Often death comes after a protracted illness with its many unavoidable expenses and when economy should commence, extravagance begins—the result is that helpless wives and children are deprived of the necessities of life because of these follies.

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Geo. B. Howard
Manager

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Empress Theatre

Starting with the two overflowing houses of Labor Day the Empress Theatre has entertained hugely delighted audiences for every performance of "His Last Dollar." No better racing play has ever been presented in this city and the third act with the race track and paddock and two racing horses in keen contest is the acme of realism and arouses intense excitement, even though the play-goers feel assured that Mongrel will win. The piece has made a distinct hit, with its handsome settings and fine acting and the few remaining performances including the Saturday matinee are sure of capacity audiences.

Next week Messrs. Lawrence & Sandusky will offer the sensation of the local dramatic season, in a superb production of a dramatizaion of Victoria Cross' novel, "Life's Shop Window." This famous book made its appearance shortly after the publication of Elinor Glyn's noted "Three Weeks" and immediately overshadowed it in the public estimation. It at once aroused a storm of criticism which was met by equally as remarkable a storm of praise and the contest over its merits and demerits has raged violently ever since. The author has treated the problems of our present day civilization with a frankness truly Elizabethian, with her a spade is a spade, and she calls it such with a boldness, that shocked and horrified Mrs. Grundy and her coterie. Whatever may be the personal opinions of the individual as to the delicacy of introducing such questions there is no debate as to the literary quality of the romance. It sparkles with witty epigrams, brilliant dialogue and delicious humor—the tense situations are handled splendidly and the climaxes are reached by a logical series of episodes cumulatively interesting and sensational. The adaptation for the stage has been wonderfully well done, all that is vital to the proper telling of the story having been retained and none of the important characters omitted. The full strength of the Lawrence Company will be utilized in the cast with Del Lawrence and Maude Leone in the most exacting roles they have had since their opening at the Empress—roles which will tax their emotional powers to the utmost. While not absolutely necessary for the enjoyment of the play that the book should be read in advance, this is suggested, if opportunity permits, and a further piece of advice would seem opportune, secure your seat reservations early.

Scene from "Life's Shop Window," at the Empress Theatre

* * *

Avenue Theatre

William Dowlan, Vancouver's favorite leading man, will again make his appearance at the Avenue theatre after a two years' absence, opening next Monday evening in Alfred Sutro's brilliant English society drama, "The Walls of Jericho." Mr. Dowlan will have the support of the regular company and several new members who have been secured especially for this piece, which requires an unusually long cast for its proper presentation. The usual midweek matinee day at the Avenue has been changed from Wednesday to Tuesday for the balance of the season commencing with next week's matinee of "The Walls of Jericho." The regular Saturday matinee will be given as usual.

Another innovation will be the introduction of a Bargain Monday Night, at which time all orchestra and balcony seats will be sold at 25c and the gallery at 10c.

* * *

Orpheum Theatre

A big welcome is being extended to Karno's London Comedians along the route of the Orpheum theatres on their return from London. Charles Chaplin, the "souse" who has many friends all over the country is again with the aggregation. They presenting that screaming farce, "A Night in a London Club." There are 20 people in the cast. This act will headline next week's Orpheum bill.

A frolicsome farce called "The Tamer," with Mabel Florence and Beresford Lovett in the title roles will also be presented at the Orpheum as the added feature attraction.

Geo. F. Hall, noted character comedian and late star of "A Raged hero" will offer some of his splendid characterizations.

Songs, dances and conversation will be offered by Maurice Brierre and Grace King, both former musical comedy favorites.

Dingle and Corcoran, two well-known eccentric dancers and singers will turn on the giggle switch when they begin their act.

The Nagyfys present a novel act, Dan Nagyfy touches white hot irons to his tongue and various other freak exhibitions.

Hastings and Gore Ave.

EMPRESS

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Lawrence & Sandusky, Lessees

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The Del. S. Lawrence Stock Company WITH Miss Maude Leone

In Victoria Cross' Dramatized Novel

LIFE'S SHOP WINDOW

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THE THEATRE BEAUTIFUL
Sullivan and Considines Vaudeville

Week of September 8

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in that screaming farce

"A NIGHT IN A LONDON CLUB"

20 people in the cast

Other Big S. & C. Acts

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SHOW STARTS--2.45, 7.15, and 9 30 p.m.

Week of September 8

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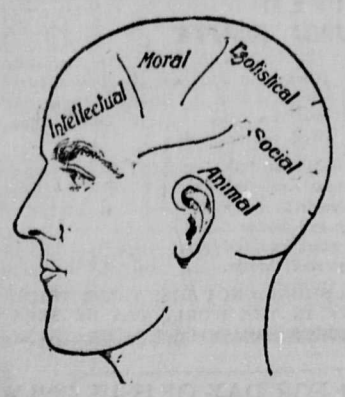

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GRAND STAND VIEWS IN SPORTING ARENA

BOXING

The division of the picture profits of the Willie Ritchie-Freddie Welsh battle, which has threatened to put an eleventh hour ending to the negotiations, was successfully solved Wednesday, and at the finish of a conference Harry Pollok, Welsh's manager, declared in the presence of the promoters and newspapermen that he was now satisfied with all details of the match, and would start his real work immediately for the battle, scheduled for Brighouse Arena on the afternoon of September 20.

According to the agreement Ritchie gets fifty per cent. and the club twenty per cent. The interests of the club and of Welsh are pooled, so as to prevent any possible combination for absolute control. This was the point on which Pollok hinged his last protest.

Ritchie will take a couple of days' rest in the mountains, while Manager Harry Foley and James J. Stack, Ritchie's chum, will take a little excursion into the woods after bears. Then the champion will start his actual training Friday at the Eburne Hotel, and continue working right up to the day before the bout. At least five sparring partners and trainers will be at Eburne under Foley's direction.

Welsh started his work just the moment Pollok gave the signal early in the afternoon, at which time the arrangements were completed to the manager's satisfaction. Welsh worked out in the Imperial Rink, English Bay, a crowd of about five hundred persons watching him. Three sparring partners, including Eddie Moy and Tommy Brackin, worked with him. Percy Cove of Bellingham will join the camp and Ernie Barrieau, brother of Frank, will also be a member of the Welsh outfit. The unusual spectacle will then be presented of two brothers in rival championship training camps, Frank already being a member of the Ritchie outfit.

* * *

Although Frank Barrieau, Northwest welterweight champion, has met and defeated some of the best boys who ever drew on a glove, Seattle fans dispute his claim to the title because he has never given Ray Campbell a chance in a return bout. They point out that Campbell had a shade over Barrieau when the boys met here several months ago. This is not so, however, Campbell was lucky to get a draw. In view of the claims set forth by Campbell, and just to satisfy the Americans that Barrieau is no fluke champion, the local promoters should hitch them up again within the next couple of weeks. Vancouver fans have no doubt of the result, and it would give the Seattle sport writers something more to talk about than pen sarcastic reports on the Vancouver boy's performances.

Campbell is an old 'Frisco four-rounder, and more experienced in the game than Barrieau, but in a fifteen round contest, with Barrieau at his best, as he is now, the Californian would have his troubles staying the limit. But for the good of the game and to satisfy the Seattle anvil contingent, let the Brighouse promoters match them.

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NOTICE

LIQUOR LICENSE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that at the next regular meeting of the Board of License Commissioners for the District of the Municipality of South Vancouver I shall apply for a shop license for premises known and described as Lot 6, Block 2, D.L. 745, Cedar Cottage.

W. P. ARMSTRONG,
251 21st Ave. E.

South Vancouver, August 9, 1913.

LIQUOR LICENSE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that at the next regular meeting of the Board of License Commissioners for the District of the Municipality of South Vancouver I shall apply for a shop license for premises known and described as Lot 1, Block 1, Subdivision of 15-28, D.L. 631, corner of 26th and Main.

M. J. McKENZIE,
456 Dufferin West.

South Vancouver, August 9, 1913.

LIQUOR LICENSE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that at the next regular meeting of the Board of License Commissioners of the District of the Municipality of South Vancouver I shall apply for a shop license for premises known and described as Lot 1, Block B, re-subdivision of 26-27, D.L. 391 and D.L. 392, corner of 26th and Fraser.

WILLIAM FRANCIS
Cedar Cottage P.O.

South Vancouver, August 9, 1913.

APPLICATION FOR LIQUOR LICENCE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the License Commissioners of South Vancouver for a shop licence for the purpose of selling spirituous and fermented liquors on the premises situated on Lot H, Block 49, D. L. 3651. Dated at Collingwood East, B. C., this seventh (7th) day of August, 1913.

JAMES CHAPMAN.

NOTICE TO CONSUMERS

Water Works Department

MUNICIPALITY OF SOUTH VANCOUVER

Water for garden sprinkling will only be allowed between the hours of 8 and 9 a.m. and 7 and 9 p.m. on the following rates:—

Up to 33ft. lot, $2.50 for season
Up to 66ft. lot, $5.00 for season

Anything over 66ft. to be specially rated by the Superintendent. These rates are net, payable in advance at the Water Works Office, Municipal Hall.

Any person using water for this purpose without a permit leave themselves liable to having the water shut off without further notice.

Notice is also given that at a meeting of the Fire, Light and Water Committee it was decided that seven days' grace be allowed ratepayers to pay tax for garden sprinkling, after which date water used for this purpose and for which rates have not been paid will be turned off.

J. MULLETT,
Water Works Superintendent.

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RECORD ENTRY FOR CHAMPIONSHIP MEET

Forty-four Track and Field Stars Entered in National Championships at Hastings Park on Saturday

Forty-four track and field stars, including representatives of Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and Calgary organizations, are entered for the A. A. U. of C. championships, which will take place in conjunction with the Vancouver exhibition at Hastings Park this afternoon. Halpenny is coming as a representative of the Montreal A.A., Jack Tressider represents the Central Y. M. C. A. of Toronto, while Army Howard and Joe Keeper head the Winnipeg delegation. Edmonton is sending nine men, including four from the Police Association and five from the Y. M. C. A., Calgary has entered one man. Victoria three, while the Vancouver A. C. will have eighteen athletes on the field.

Duck Shooting in Manitoba Marshes

Duck shooting in the marshes of Lake Manitoba is certainly the sport of kings. The present ruler of England will vouch for this from his personal experience. His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, Earl Grey, and many other titled celebrities have spent many pleasant days on the creeks and bays adjoining this noted lake. Quite a few prominent Americans have also enjoyed the sport found in the marshes of this province. William Jennings Bryan, the many times aspirant for the presidency of the United States, when he visited Manitoba three years ago, lectured on Saturday, preached on Sunday and shot ducks on Monday. A child could guess which of these diversions was the most pleasurable to him.

Shooting on the bays of Lake Manitoba is not confined to the masculine sex; many ladies participate in the sport. Last year H.R.H. the Princess Patricia, the charming cousin of King George V., was an enthusiastic participant.

Nearly every frontage that contains a creek leading into the marshes has been purchased by Manitoba sportsmen, who have erected home-like quarters on their holdings. The shooting box owned by Senator Kirchhoffer and a number of prominent men in Ottawa is probably the most elaborate one. Sir Daniel McMillan and Mr. J. A. M. Aikins, M. P., now own the lodge built by Mr. C. C. Chipman, late commissioner of the Hudson's Bay Company. Mr. G. F. Galt and a number of associates are owners of the biggest preserve in the province. Their holdings comprise nearly twenty thousand acres. Mr. George Spurgeon has a most comfortable lodge at St. Mark's. Mr. Peter Lyall and ex-Mayor Thos. Sharpe have a splendid place near Red Head bay. Mr. John Baird and Mr. Henry Baird each have a preserve north of High Bluff on which excellent shooting is to be had. Mr. Fred Brydges has a shooting preserve and summer bungalow near Westbourne; the latter is said to be a dream. There are a number of others, but probably the cosiest quarters and where the best shooting is to be had is owned by Thos. Johnson, and is located north of High Bluff, and which he has named "Fairfield Lodge." His preserve consists of eleven hundred and sixty acres, all fenced in. It has long distance telephone connection, and, being on the fringe of civilization, this is a big convenience.

A Wealthy Prince

The Prince of Monaco is paying a visit to America. H.R.H. is anxious to see the country whose sporty citizens have helped to swell the revenue of his Monte Carlo resort.

Emma Carus

Emma Carus, after years of making popular songs still more popular, has decided that hereafter the music publishers must get along for a while, at least, without her. No more will she be heard singing "the latest and most popular" of the many songs which flow out of New York and Chicago every year. Miss Carus, who scored a tremendous hit during her recent appearance in Vancouver, will head the list of famous actresses who have decided to use only restricted songs in the future, and discontinue the use of a song after it is released to the general run of performers.

A baby-elephant comedian on one of the opposition vaudeville circuits caused the decision, according to Miss Carus.

"I had an open week recently, and spent the greater part of it in attending performances at other theatres," says the popular comedienne. "At one of the houses I groaned and suffered while a 300 pound man was attempting to sing one of the songs I have been using for the past three months. During that week I attended four theatres, and at every one of them I heard every song which I thought that I, alone, was using. I have one more week of this vaudeville tour left, and after that I will sing only my own songs. If the music publishers do not like this plan, they can get another girl to make their songs popular."

In "The Broadway Honeymoon," the new musical comedy which Miss Carus will head this season, opening at the Joe Howard Comedy Theatre in Chicago on September 25, Miss Carus has been provided with five songs, written exclusively for her by Joseph E. Howard, and restricted to her own use for the entire run of the piece. All five of the songs are typical Carus numbers, and are expected to become the song sensations of the present season.

BASEBALL

WEEK OF SEPTEMBER 8

Vancouver vs. Portland

RACING

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Seven Races Daily

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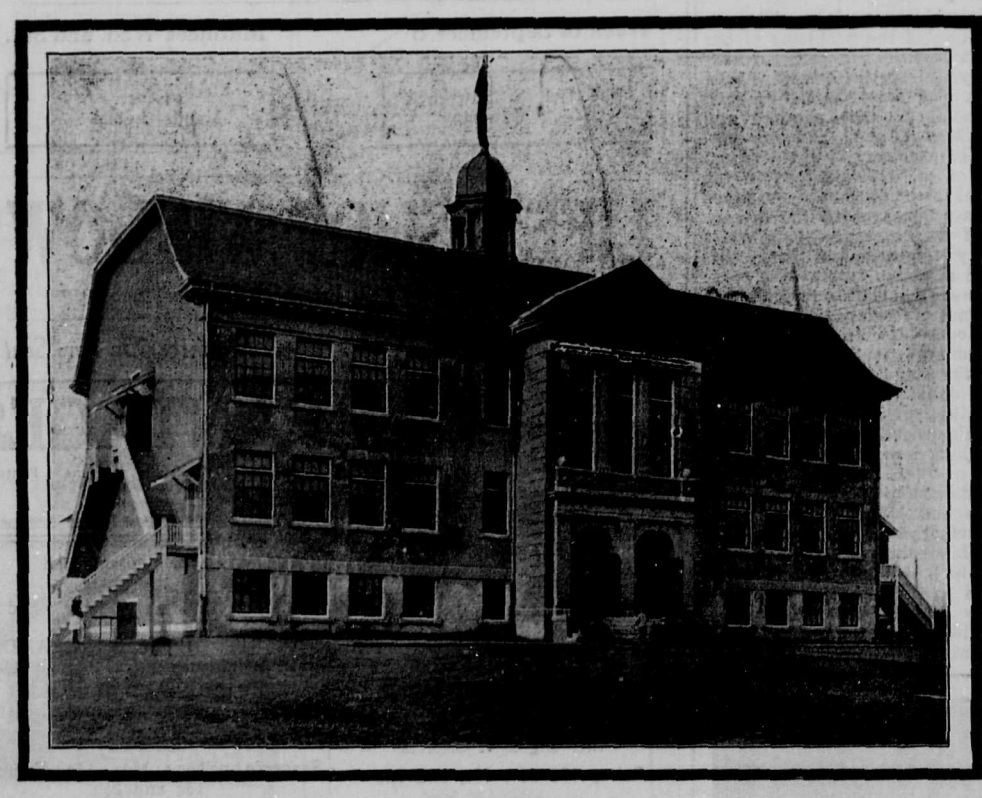

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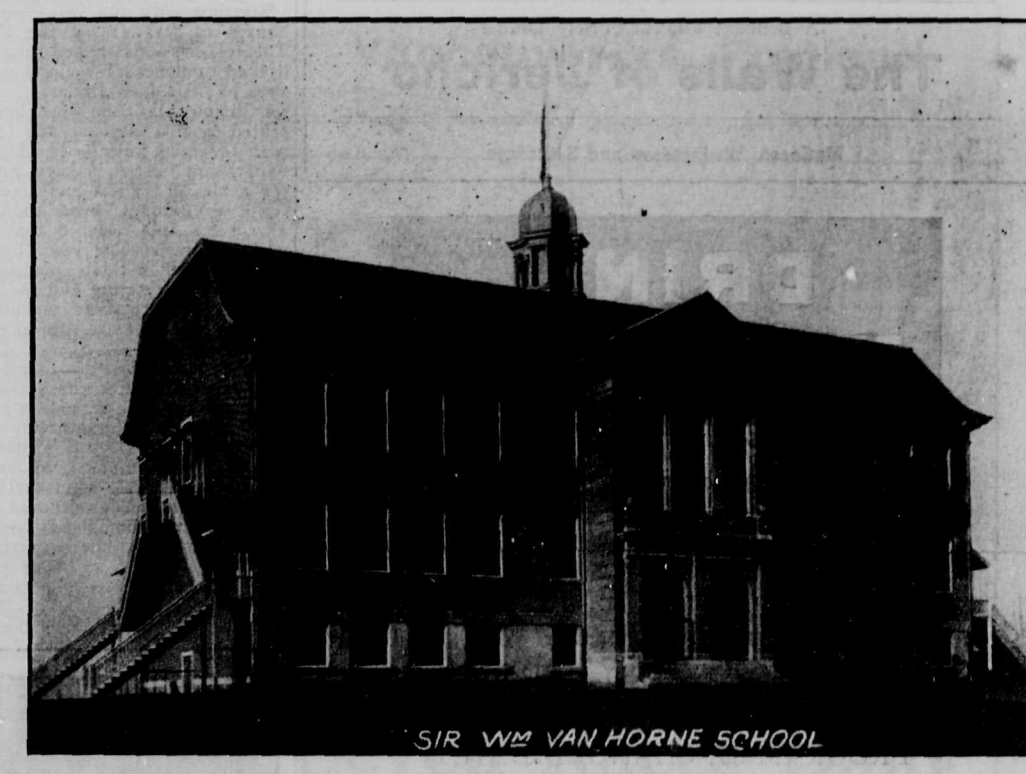
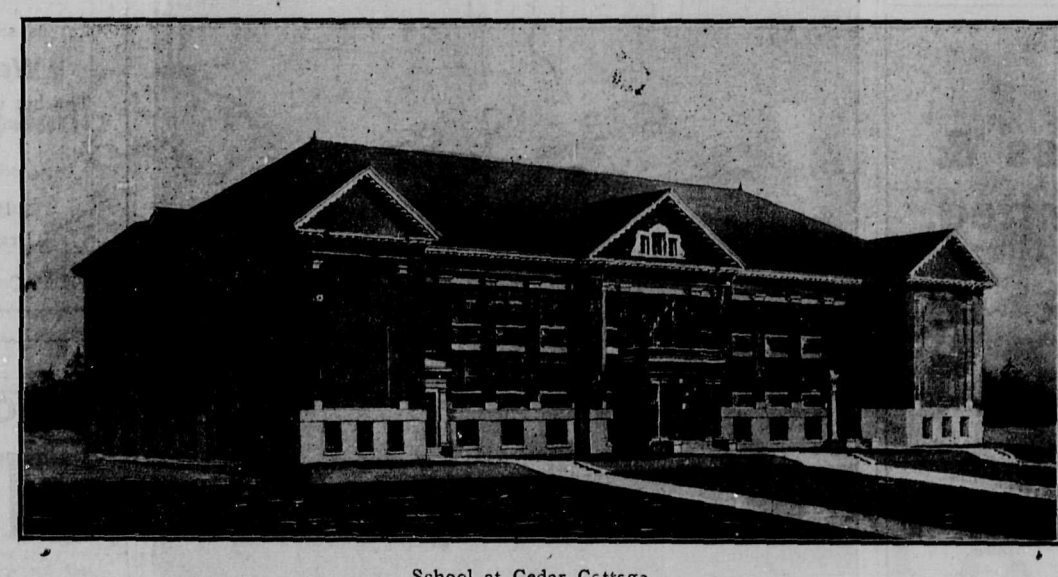


Sir Wm. Van Horne School

Alexander Mackenzie School



School at Cedar Cottage

General Brock School

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

WILL BE DAYS OF

EXCEPTIONAL BARGAINS AT THE CLOSING OUT OF LEES LIMITED $140,000 STOCK : : : : : : : : : :

New goods are being brought forward daily from our warehouses and reserve stock. These are being placed on sales floors and sales tables and all are marked down to prices that ensures a speedy clearance.

We have new and exclusive lines of our own coming forward, and it is our wish to dispose of as much of the Lees, Ltd., stock as possible before the end of the sale, which will positively close on Saturday, September 13th. There will be no extension of time. This sale will end on the advertised date.

We advise intending purchasers to call as early as convenient and make their purchases while the assortments are complete. The article you require may be sold at any hour of the day. To avoid disappointment make your selections early.

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