The Greater Vancouver CHINOOK

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South Vancouver's Destiny Rests With South Vancouver's People

Strong Article in Favor of Incorporation ---"The Fraser For Ever"

When incorporation was brought before the people and submitted to them to vote upon, its defeat was mainly caused through ignorance on the part of the ratepayers. The majority who then voted against it have now altered their opinion on the matter, and if the opportunity was again given, the verdict would be no uncertain vote.

Last week we dealt with the benefits that would arise from annexation, and after carefully analysing them the only conclusion one could arrive at was that at this juncture annexation is not desirable for South Vancouver.

That an alteration from a municipality is a necessity and a very urgent one for South Vancouver is beyond dispute. Port Moody, Port Mann, Coquitlam, Fraser Mills, Lynn Valley, and many other municipalities are all seeking to be incorporated as cities. If all their inhabitants were grouped together you could lose them in some of the districts of South Vancouver. Why, then, should South Vancouver stand and blubber like some overgrown child?

Surely she does not require the maternal care of Vancouver. A feeling of uneasiness is at present permeating the whole municipality. That the Council are showing an inability to grasp the situation, that a spirit of inertness and lassitude is creeping over their vitality, and that they are falling into a trance of somnolence over this most pressing question, seems evident.

The Council say that they were returned on annexation, and must fulfil their promise, or at least make an honest endeavor to do so. While we grant that the Council did receive this mandate, and that they are now trying to arrive at some basis on which to begin the drafting of an agreement with Vancouver, yet even after that basis is arrived at, it will take many long months before a full working agreement can be reached. Supposing everything is settled satisfactorily, we are up against the Government, which has already turned down annexation. We have no promise from it that it will not again throw it out when it comes before the House.

With incorporation it is entirely different. The Government have already granted us this, if we will only accept it. Many and diverse are the reasons given by those who last voted against incorporation. The principal one was, How could two cities be run so close together? Also, that the official staff that ran Vancouver could also run South Vancouver, and thus economize expenses.

Others voted against it because at the last moment the churches denounced it, saying that if granted it would enable the Council to grant licences for hotels, and that we should have them built all over the municipality.

This argument turned a very large vote, as from the launching of it till the election no time was given to show the absurdity of the contention of the temperance party. It was a cute move on the part of the anti-incorporationists, and proved of more service than they ever dreamed of.

Many instances, both in Canada and the Old Country, can be given of two cities being run successfully alongside each other. I will give one instance, almost of a similarity with the present case. Edinburgh and Leith are situated much as Vancouver and South Vancouver are. Nearly 20 years ago Edinburgh thought it would be better to annex Leith. Many of the Leith merchants, also some of the Councillors, thought that by annexation Leith would assume the name of Edinburgh, and it would give the former a better business prestige.

A motion was put through the Town Councils and carried; a Bill was drafted and sent to the House of Commons. The best legal talent of the day was engaged to frame the Bill and see it safely through the Committee stage of the House. However, the promoters of the Bill had returned without taking into account the sentiments of the Leith people. Indignation meetings were held throughout the burgh.

Committees were appointed to oppose the measure, and so strong was the opposition that the Bill was rejected when it came before the Committee of the House of Commons. Since then Leith has gone on prospering. She has enlarged her docks, and is at present again adding new large docks to her already extensive dockage; she stands in the forefront of progressive towns; in the utilization of public utilities she takes no second place; she owns her own tramways and electric light; has a joint commission with Edinburgh to work the gas and water; she leads in all the latest sanitary arrangements; takes the initiative in all that is beneficial for a town. Leith people are proud of the town they belong to, and have every reason to be so. No one in Leith would ever dream now of allowing themselves to be annexed to Edinburgh.

Anyone who has the slightest knowledge of civic affairs know that South Vancouver officials are worked to the breaking point; that the work performed by them would still require to be done even if annexation did take place. When the churches launched their bolt against incorporation we believe they did it from a pure but misconceived conception as to the powers that were to be conferred.

South Vancouver could grant a hotel licence tomorrow if she desired it, but her citizens have always taken a stand against liquor licences being introduced into South Vancouver. Under annexation we should require to submit to the powers that be. Vancouver is increasing her licensed premises. South Vancouver has only one for nearly 30,000 people.

Vancouver recognizes a red-light district. Do the wives and mothers desire to see this encouraged? We want South Vancouver to remain apart from the evils that have grown in the older city. In this the Church must do its duty with no uncertain voice: must warn its members and adherents when the question of annexation is ripe. What has Vancouver ever done for us, or what can she do for us, that we should seek to annex with her. From the first we have always been plainly told that we must not expect too much. On the new docks she has plainly told us that Burrard Inlet must come first, although we have the making of the finest fresh-water harbor in the world.

One of her Councillors lately said that ships would be unable to wait long enough in the Fraser River for the barnacles to drop off. Surely he was aware that these would die as soon as they came into fresh water, and that though the ship only remained 48 hours in the Fraser, as soon as the boat commenced to rush against the waters these barnacles would drop off and the ship would clean herself, saving her owners a large sum of money.

Hence we know that every ship will prefer to come to South Vancouver for the sake of fresh-water dockage.

The Government have recognized the value of the Lulu Island site. Why is Vancouver desirous of a meeting of South Vancouver and Point Grey

(Continued on Page 9)

TURNING THE TABLES

Spencer Robinson at Board of Works

On Thursday afternoon Spencer Robinson attended a meeting of the Board of Works at the Municipal Hall and took his seat. Prior to the commencement of the business Mr. Robinson asked that the seats be so arranged as to allow the representatives of Wards I and II to sit together in order to facilitate the transaction of business. So far as he was concerned he did not much care where he sat.

Councillor Third: You want to get to a seat.

Councillor Thomas said he had no objection to having his desk removed near the window. The desks were then rearranged and the business proceeded with.

STEVENSON BENEFICIARY

Health Inspector Pengelly reported to the Health Committee on Thursday morning that Mrs. Harding had been awarded an amount of $20 a month by the trustees of the late Dr. Stevenson's estate. The first payment will be made this week. Inspector Pengelly took the case up last August and has been working on the matter ever since. Mrs. Harding's husband has been in the asylum for the insane at New Westminster for two years, and she was left with the care of four children, totally unprovided for.

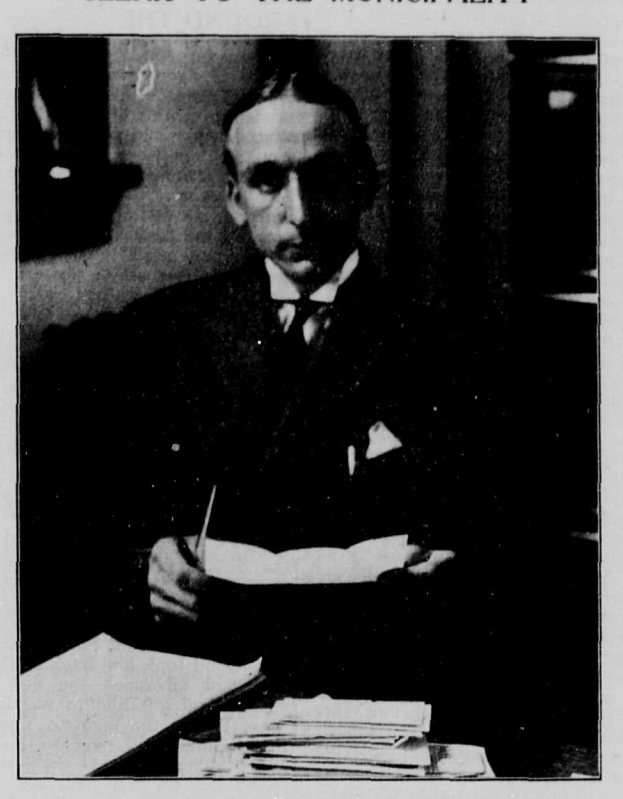
MEETING POSTPONED

Owing to the absence on holiday of Magistrate McArthur and the inability of Reeve Kerr to attend, the meeting of the Licence Commissioners called for Wednesday night had to be indefinitely postponed. There were several important matters to be dealt with, including the licence of the Gladstone Hotel, Cedar Cottage, and an application for a poolroom licence in South Vancouver. The meeting will not be held until the return of Mr. McArthur, which may be some time next week.

THE COST OF THE AUDIT

Commissioner Crehan's audit will prove expensive to the municipality, but many think it will prove cheap in the end. It was expected to cost about $10,000, but that sum will be much below the actual cost. Commissioner Crehan will return in about a fortnight.

CLERK TO THE MUNICIPALITY



MR. JAS. B. SPRINGFORD

A sketch of Mr. Springford appears on Page Ten

"A Study in Black and White"

"As Good as Any in Vancouver"

An extraordinary story was told to the police committee at the Municipal Hall on Thursday morning, when a discussion ensued upon a letter read from Mrs. Minnie Vincenzi, in which she alleged that Chief Jackson had made disparaging remarks respecting her son and other members of her family, for which he had no just or reasonable cause. She considered she was entitled to some explanation.

Mrs. Vincenzi said her son had been keeping company with a girl named Randall. When out together, she alleged that the Chief of Police told the girl she would have to keep away from him, and he added, "If she wanted a man, why didn't she find a white man; there were plenty in the country." This was the first time, added Mrs. M. Vincenzi, that anyone had dared to say anything reflecting upon her family.

Councillor Thomas: I have known these people 22 years. They have lived out there, near where I live, and I have never heard anything wrong in regard to them. If these remarks were made, I can't understand why.

Mrs. Vincenzi: My husband has been in British Columbia 30 years, and my father was an old pioneer of British Columbia. We consider ourselves as good as anybody in Vancouver. What she wanted to know was, Was Chief Jackson paid to go round talking to people in this way, discriminating between white and black, or was he paid to do municipal work?

The girl Randall was called, and stated that Chief Jackson told her she would have to keep away from the young man, and if she wanted a sweetheart, why didn't she have a white man? She wanted to know why he should say that?

Councillor Elliott said this appeared to be a very delicate question. It was explained that the girl is 15 years of age.

The girl, in reply to a question, said the young man had always treated her with proper respect, and the only thing he had ever given her was a box of chocolates.

Chief Jackson: Did he ever ask you to do anything? Yes, he asked me to marry him.

Chief Jackson said he received a complaint from Mr. Randall, the girl's uncle, who asked the chief to try to arrange the matter without taking it into court.

Councillor Thomas: Do you understand, chief, that in circumstances of this kind you cannot go into a resident's house or upon his premises and say anything of this kind.

Chief Jackson: You have to prove that. It is only hearsay. I told the young man that we had a complaint from the girl's uncle, who objected because she was only a child.

Councillor Thomas: If her uncle was clothing and maintaining her, and the girl was not at work, then the uncle would have something to say.

Councillor Third: This is a case for private inquiry. This is the first time such a case has been heard in public.

Councillor Elliott also contended the case was one for private inquiry.

Reeve Kerr: Yes, I think we ought to take it up in private.

An old lady appeared before the committee and stated she was the girl's grandmother. She was going East, and wanted to take the girl with her.

Councillor Campbell said Mrs. Randall, the grandmother, had an excellent character and was a fit and proper person to have charge of the girl. Whatever Mrs. Randall said was entitled to respect, and she ought to have charge of the girl. The statement regarding the Chief was another matter altogether. There was no question about Mrs. Randall's ability to take charge of the girl. The committee decided to consider the complaint against the chief in private.

TWO MEN ARE FOUND DEAD IN BOAT

Lashed to Mast and Died of Exposure

A great deal of mystery surrounds the death of two South Vancouver men, supposed to be T. Cooper, aged about 45, 61st Avenue, and Hugh Edwards, aged 22 years, of the same address. They were found in a fishing boat off Pender Harbor, seventy miles up the Northern coast. The boat was nearly filled with water, but floating sturdily enough, and a dog, very thirsty, but still living, had strength enough to bark loudly and attract attention to the boat.

The elder man, an Englishman, was lying in the bottom of the boat. The other had evidently been lashed by his companion to the mast.

The men had not been dead more than a day or two. On the collar of the dog were initialled on a brass plate: "Gsv. D. A. P. 1912. 66." Alfred Gonsoilves, the man who found the boat, is under the impression, judging from the position and size of the letters, that "Gsv" were the initials of the owner of the dog.

Provincial Constable Taylor went north on the steamer Comox on Thursday morning, and took charge of the bodies at Pender Harbor in the evening. The exact point where the boat was picked up was a mile to the southwest of Point Francis.

Miss Fairburn is visiting in Nanaimo for a few weeks.

A MONTH'S PLUMBING WORK

Plumbing Inspector Thurreson submitted his monthly report to the Health Committee on Thursday, which was as follows:

Number of plumbing permits issued 126; number of calls to inspect new plumbing, 279; number of fixtures inspected, 1149; number of calls found not in accordance with bylaw, 36; number of calls to inspect septic tanks, 173; number of septic tanks O. K.'d, 104; number of septic tanks ordered to have cement tops, 24.

Amount of cash received June, 1912, $159.40; amount of cash recived to date, $3,961.80; cash outstanding $58.20.

THREE MONTHS' POLICE WORK

Chief Constable Jackson's quarterly returns show that the total fines imposed in the court for various offences was $865.50, and the number of licences taken out 48. $783.00 was collected in dog taxes.

The Police Committee of the Municipal Council on Thursday granted a poolroom licence to Messrs. Hilton & Webster for premises situated on Lot 22, block 3, subdivision of district lot 645, known as the Hilbert block, Fraser Street. Petitions were presented for and against the licence. Chief Jackson said poolrooms in the district were well conducted, and he offered no objection to the application. The applicants were most respectable people.

Ward III Rallies Round Its Member at Crowded Meeting

Plain Speaking by Councillor Thomas---Vote of Confidence Passed

On Tuesday evening a public meeting was held in the South Hill School, at which Councillor Thomas was the principal speaker, and who in the course of his speech defended his action in not taking his seat on the Council last week, at which Spencer Robinson made an abortive attempt to sit during the transaction of Council business. It will be remembered that when it transpired that Spencer Robinson was present, the other members of the Council held a meeting in another part of the Municipal Hall, at which the unexpected development in municipal matters was discussed, and when the Council meeting that had been convened was abandoned. It so happened, however, that last week's Council meeting was a "special," and not the regular bi-monthly, which falls on Friday evening, July 5.

In view of the probability that Mr. Robinson may again sit in Council on Friday evening, Councillor Thomas, on Tuesday evening, took the opinion of Ward III (which he represents) as to whether he shall continue to attend the Council meetings or resign his seat. There was a very large attendance, and the proceedings were of an enthusiastic character. Mr. J. W. Campbell took the chair temporarily, until the president of the ward (Mr. Kay) arrived.

Mr. J. W. Campbell opened the proceedings in a vigorous speech, which many times stirred the audience to enthusiasm. He said there was an audit taking place as to the financial conduct of the late representatives on the School Board, and also an audit of the Council accounts. Generally speaking, he might say that the whole conduct of their municipal government was passing through a severe test of investigation by Commissioner Crehan, and although it was not being so rapidly accomplished as they might desire, yet at the same time, as a ratepayer, he felt justified in saying that no matter what the audit might cost the ratepayers, or how long it might take to accomplish, it was one of the best things that had ever happened for the ratepayers of South Vancouver. The more he knew

The More Astonished He Was

that the ratepayers of the municipality had not taken a greater interest in the spending of their money. He considered the apathy of the people in the affairs of the municipality was a disgrace. A more monstrous indifference could not be imagined than that at the last election, when out of a total register of 14,000 resident electors the paltry number of about 700 turned up to record their votes on one of the most insane pieces of municipal legislature ever placed before a constituency. He referred to the last sewerage bylaw. When such things were done merely for the sake of providing work and spending money, it did not reflect much credit upon the ratepayers of the municipality. It seemed to him that in the past their municipal representatives and the members of the School Board had got some vague idea into their heads that they had no masters, and it was only lately they had been obliged to realize that the ratepayers were someone after all. Had it not been for the election of Councillor Thomas for Ward III, there never would have been any audit at all—(applause),—and the same game of indifference, not to speak of

Graft and Corruption

would have gone on. He had never come across a more extreme case of absolute rottenness and corruption than that which existed in South Vancouver. Even now, he said, there was a want of intelligence and lack of business ability which they would not expect to see in their representatives, and there were many matters that demanded the serious consideration of the ratepayers. Even now, in the School Board contracts were awarded without due consideration of the ratepayers, and for reasons, perhaps, which the Board were afraid to tell the ratepayers. What was the position on the Municipal Council at the present time? The speaker then referred to the deadlock brought about last week by Spencer Robinson. He did not deny Mr. Robinson's legal right to sit in the Council, but he blamed the present Council for the present position, because when Spencer Robinson sent in his resignation the Council ought to have accepted it and not let it be on the table for a week, and when he wrote again the thirty days had elapsed and he had then a legal right to continue to represent the people. The representatives in the Council and on the School Board had responsibilities other than financial towards the ratepayers. Every public man in holding a public position carried with that position

A Moral Responsibility

If our public men could not exercise it, and show the ratepayers that they had a moral code, then it followed that they had no right to sit on any public body. There must be honesty and morality in the management of municipal matters.

In regard to the investigation now proceeding, he looked upon that as "a clean sweep" and a fresh beginning. The cost of the audit was as nothing, because they wanted things shaped up in a way that would give honorable men a chance to represent the ratepayers. So far as party and municipal government was concerned, Councillor Thomas had worked honorably for the advantage of South Vancouver. (Applause.) He had done his best for the working-men and all who were working under the Municipal Council, and he had carried out his election promises to the letter. Councillor Thomas had worked hard in connection with the B. C. E. Railway, and it was no doubt through his efforts that they would have Fraser Avenue double tracked in a very short time. With regard to the water and sewerage schemes he had carried his card right through. How many of the representatives, he asked, had a card like that to place before their constituents? South Vancouver wanted a complete and efficient water supply, and then it would be time enough to talk about sewerage. More than anything elese they wanted

Purity of Government

Any man, however smart or intellectual he might be, was not carrying out the ideals of democratic government if he was not doing it according to the spirit of the Municipal Act and according to the oath he took when he took his seat. Unless they could have men of honor and integrity to represent them in the Council, then they did not want them at all—men whose work reflected the men they were. Councillor Thomas had done everything according to the ideals of democratic government, and he believed the auditor was now doing his work in a fair and efficient manner. He had arrived at the fact that there was somehow a shortage of some $70,000 dollars, and if any man had handled public money, he was deserving of all that came to him.

Councillor Thomas, who was received with applause, said he had come there to hear an expression of opinion in regard to himself, and as regarded his action on the previous Thursday when he refused to sit in the Council with Spencer Robinson.

(Continued on Page 10)

DAY LABOR versus CONTRACT WORK

A deputation attended the Board of Works on Thursday afternoon on the question of day labor and asked that as far as possible contract work should be dispensed with.

Councillor Thomas was in favor of day labor, provided the same results could be obtained. The Council were there to do the best they could in the interests of the ratepayers.

Reeve Kerr said he believed in day labor if the same results were obtained, but to say that the members of the Council ought to go to the ratepayers with every little detail was absurd.

Councillor Campbell said there were certain parts of the work not giving satisfaction and they were trying alternative or comparative schemes.

Councillor Elliott said the small contractor was the salvation of the advocates of day labor if they would only see it. The Council promised to consider the matter.

ENGINEERING WORK

Engineer W. A. Clement submitted a lengthy report to the Board of Works on Thursday afternoon. It recommended that a box drain be constructed in John Street from 28th to 30th Avenue at a cost of $500 and that the $6,000, appropriated for grading 63rd Avenue, from Fraser Street to Windsor Street, be transferred and credited to the grading work on Fraser Street from 52nd Avenue to Fraser River, the work on 63rd Avenue having been carried out some time ago and charged to Fraser Street, where the earth was required for filling purposes.

GOOD HEALTH REPORT

Health Inspector Pengelly's report for the month of June shows that scarlet fever was prevalent during June, but that several of the cases were brought into the municipality by new arrivals from England. Whooping cough has also been prevalent, there being at the present time twenty-seven cases. One case of diphtheria was reported, and one of typhoid fever.

No deaths occurred from infectious diseases during the month, and the quarantine on scarlet fever has been raised. The diphtheria case in also out of danger.

Mrs. Fairburn, 26th Avenue and Main Street, is on a visit to Que Ellen, Wash. U. S. A.

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SOUTH VANCOUVER POLICE COURT

Saturday, June 29

Reeve Kerr and Magistrate Thomas on the Bench

Something must have proved very satisfactory to both gentlemen before they put in an appearance, or was it the fear of the sword of Damocles which was already vibrating above their head that caused them to be so very lenient with the delinquents who appeared before them?

Frank Rae appeared, charged with threatening his neighbor, J. Brinnen. The quarrel arose from trouble with the children. Rae came along to Brinnen and told him that "if he would do that again he would blow holes in his legs," at the same time putting his hand to his hip pocket as if he had a gun there. For this action he could have been sent up for a long term of imprisonment. He pleaded ignorance of the law, and said the only weapon of offence in his pocket was a foot rule. He was allowed to go after paying a contribution of $9.50.

No sentence can be too severe on men who threaten with a gun. It is a coward's action. We have no objection to a man using his fists in a quarrel, but the instincts of all Britishers are against the cowards who use either a knife or a gun.

* * *

Drunk and found lying on the street was the charge read out against Alex Trembly. "Guilty," or "Not guilty," was the question asked. "I am guilty, gentlemen," he said, "but I want to tell you my story. I worked here over 20 years ago. I contracted, and also worked for contractors. My wife died. I buried her here in the cemetery. I was working up country. I wanted to put a stone on her grave. I came out yesterday to select one. I had some drink with me, met some old friends. We took one, two, three drinks. I had no food. The sun was hot. I fell asleep. The policeman came and said I was drunk."

During the recital Magistrate Thomas leant forward in his chair so that not a word of the pathetic story might escape him, while the big frame of the Reeve moved uneasily in his chair.

Trembly was fined only $2.50. He had not this amount till he went to Vancouver. The magistrates allowed him to go, on his promising to return with the fine. In fact, so much had his story touched them that if he had asked the loan of the money from them they would have given him the amount.

* * *

For weeks past the inhabitants near the corner of Wilson Road and Fraser Avenue, also pedestrians who happened to be passing the Municipal Hall, have been kept in a state of terror and anxiety at the constant fusilade of stones and roots that were hurtling through the air, while the blasts going off resembled a miniature warfare. Strangers to this part of the municipality would imagine we were besieged by a foreign army. For this state of affairs T. W. Strange made his bow before the magistrate. On giving his promise that greater care would be exercised in future, and after receiving a lecture and warning, he was allowed to go.

* * *

Pease, Scott & Bligh ought to know better than send out to South Vancouver to do expressing without a licence. For doing so the police funds of South Vancouver received an addition of $4.50. The charge against their teamster, John Oliver, was withdrawn on the request of Chief Jackson.

* * *

An old man named Silverstein was summoned for keeping a dog without paying the tax. The old man explained that he kept a female dog, and that a son of hers, which he had given away six months ago, came back and visited the mother, and sometimes extended the visit for a week. He paid a tax for the female dog, but would not pay for the other. He was allowed a week to get rid of the other dog.

Tuesday, July 2

J. E. Carson had been liberated on a bail of eight dollars. He was charged with assault, but failed to put in an appearance, so his bail was declared forfeited.

Wednesday, July 3

Fred Swinerton seemed at first as if he was going to dispute the charge as to where he was found, but when he was told it was in a lane, he said, "That's all right." Fined $2.50 and costs.

AROUND THE MUNICIPAL HALL

On Tuesday the usual humdrum existence of the Municipal Hall was altered, when the police brought in a drunk. Once he was under lock and key he commenced to show off his vocal powers. Coon, comic and sentimental songs followed in rapid succession, until exhausted nature stepped in and put a finish for the time being to the vocal powers of the singer.

* * *

On Tuesday afternoon Magistrate Thomas was called upon to listen to one of those silent tragedies that is daily being worked out besides us here in the Far West. The facts are: A logger came to the city on Friday last with cheques on him to the amount of $140. One cheque was for $100; the other was for $40. The smaller cheque was cashed on the Friday. By night it was all gone. On the Saturday morning he attempted to cash the $100 cheque, but could only get $10 advanced on it. In an hour or two this melted. Meeting with a friend from South Vancouver, this friend took him back to the party that had advanced the $10 on the cheque and got him to pay over the other $90 to the logger. The logger then handed $10 over to his friend, and told him to treat the boys. His friend did so. On Monday morning the friends met again, and the South Vancouver man invited the logger out to his home. This invitation the logger accepted. So, purchasing some bottles of rye whisky and bottles of beer, the pair came out here. The logger, whose money had now all been spent except two twenty dollar bills of the Bank of Vancouver, for safety put these in his tobacco pocket and lay down on his friend's bed. He says he was wakened some time after by feeling a hand in his pocket. Getting up, he saw a woman going out of the room, and feeling for his money he found it gone. Making his way to the Police Station, he told his story. Being under the influence of drink, he was locked up till the effects of the drink had worn off. On Tuesday morning a warrant was issued for his friend's arrest, but no proof could be got to connect him with the theft, so the case was dismissed. The logger's story is the same as many a one here. Coming with the rush to the Klondyke about 14 years ago, he left behind him in the East a thrifty, sober, well-doing wife in a small business of her own. He was to come on and make the money. She was either to join him, or he was to return as soon as he had made some money. It is the old, old story: away from home influences—from the influence of the woman who loved him, he fell an easy victim to the sharks who prey around the mining camp. Again, and yet again he made his pile, intending to hie homewards, but something came and always swept it away. A few drinks at night, and it was gone in the morning, or it was put into the hands of a friend and it was gone. Only last week he had a letter from her who is waiting the wanderer's return. He wrote back and said, "I will be home next spring." Will he return then, a wreck of the strong manhood that left 14 years ago? Or some day will he be carried to the hospital and die and be buried there as a stranger, while the lonely watcher will wait on and on to the end, waiting and hoping for the return of him who will come no more?

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SOUTH VANCOUVER IMPROVEMENTS

It is reported that in consequence of the action of Attorney-General Bowser, road and street improvements in South Vancouver will have to wait, and this includes road improvement schemes that were contemplated. Mr. Bowser was written to by the Council asking him to grant what is known as "enabling legislation," which in other words means a loan for improvements over an extended period. This would enable the Council to carry out street improvement work under the local improvement plan, and would give the Council power to finance these improvements accordingly. Attorney-General Bowser states that he cannot accede to the Council's request.

ANOTHER NEW SCHOOL ASKED FOR

A deputation will wait on the School Board at their next meeting and petition for the building of a school on the school site owned by the Board in Beaconsfield district. Parents contend that the distance to the Carleton School is too great, and ask that school accommodation be provided in their own district for 60 to 70 children.

Messrs. Shaw & Chell, Central Park

Messrs. Shaw & Chell, lumber merchants, Central Park, invite inspection of their varied supply of lumber. It will pay intending builders of small houses and bungalows and those who have large contracts on hand to visit the lumber yards of this firm, where they can be supplied with every requisite at the shortest possible notice, and at competitive prices. The goods supplied are of first-class quality, cut to any length or thickness required, and delivered to all adjacent districts. The firm also deal in all kinds of building material.

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South Vancouver, in the Twenty-fifth Avenue district, is developing into quite a metropolis. Thousands of people change cars at this point every day. Main Street, at Twenty-fifth Avenue, is as busy almost as the thoroughfare at Broadway.

The Walden Building is one of the largest business blocks at this busy point. The stores are occupied by Messrs Robinson & Hoag, hardware merchants, and J. Walden, grocer. Findlay Place is adjacent to the Walden Block. This building is occupied by the City Heights Post Office and the People's Drug Company. George P. Findlay owns Findlay Place, and is one of the most progressive men in the district. Several dozen business structures are being erected in the Twenty-fifth Avenue district, and the section is taking on a very metropolitan appearance.

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THE FAITH OF A FOOL

Friends and a Desert Terror---*By Clarissa Dixon*

The relentless chill of a desert night clogged the slow-moving currents of life. Williams lay blue and shivering, vaguely conscious of an oncoming blaze of sunshine that would dissolve the chill, replacing it with a long daytime horror of thirsty, skin-searing heat. Next he became more acutely conscious of some deadly new depth in the silence. Not mere absence of whispering leaves rustling stealthily to the covert industries of wild creatures; that had become a familiar void; but— had the oxen gone into league with the desert in a hatred of sound that outdid the ardors of berodded schoolroom tyrants? Had the men lost their voices? Had they even stopped breathing? His own breath disturbed the peace like a whistling locomotive; yet he was ill, and it must be that the elixir of life trod softly among his air passages.

With a swift movement of his stiff arms he brought himself to an upright position and stared incredulously about him. Not a living thing was in sight. The men were gone. The oxen were gone.

He had known that the situation was growing desperate. He had urged the men to save themselves and leave him to follow them later, when he should grow strong enough to walk. He had urged them, knowing that nothing would drive Billy Miner from him; but he had not besought them to go like thieves and cowards while he slept, saying nothing of their intention, taking his supplies to reduce a little the scantness of their own; leaving him a small can of water and a short strip of dried ox-meat; nothing more.

Where was Billy Miner? The others were of common clay. He could conceive of them, driven by desperate need, gripped in the desert's devil-clutch, robbing and abandoning a fellow-man in the hope of saving their own lives.

What of Billy Miner? His gun was gone. There was nothing to shoot; not even one of those dark birds that hover in the wake of tragedy. No one but a fool would misinterpret the meaning of that. No one but a fool would believe that Billy had not gone with the others.

When Williams suffered from slight irritations he had been wont to stamp his right foot emphatically and speak a blasphemous word. When deeply disturbed he had smiled a startling beware-of-the-dog sort of smile; when his mind floundered among solvable problems he had fumigated his befuddlements with the smoke from a good black pipe. Now, the fountain of words was choked with too many for utterance. His mouth closed tighter by the very effort to open it, like a school-house door in a fire-panic. He had neither strength nor desire to stamp his foot. His awful smile faded on the threshold of his immovable lips; and the pipe, the good old pipe, even had the tobacco supply not been long ago exhausted, was not for insoluble problems; it was not for clearing up the fragments of a wrecked universe.

Doubt the facts? He could not. They were there, like daylight and hunger—plain, staring, primitive facts.

Doubt Billy Miner? He could not do that, either. Yet he must doubt either one or the other.

Confronted by all that the body instinctively shrinks from; chill nights, broiling days, pain, thirst, starvation, yet desertion by Billy Miner was the fact that his mind grasped acutely. Other truths about his situation could be met by and by when they began to compel attention. First he must struggle with the main fact, wrestle with it, down it, disown it; for it could not be true; it must not be true. It was a brain-mirage, born of hardship, belonging to this foolish journey by untrodden ways toward the new land of gold in California. It was a nightmare. He should wake in the morning and find himself sharing a woodman's hut with Billy in a sweet-smelling forest; not alone in a desert part way between Minnesota and California.

Perhaps it would help matters to review his friendship with Billy. Then he would know beyond doubt that Billy could not have deserted him. He would know himself insane to have admitted such a possibility, even while denying it.

He sank back upon the ground. His mind rummaged among old years. He was a boy of ten, anæmic, helpless in the burly strength of his mates as a threadbare rag in a spring gale. A New Boy with feline agility, adult strength, Lapp endurance, declared war on his tormentors and stood by him with steadfast loyalty from that day forward through childhood, youth, manhood. Equally pommeled in the mortar of hard conditions, the boys had turned more and more toward each other and become inseparable comrades. Williams, older and stronger, nursed Miner through smallpox. Miner saved Williams from drowning. Each preserved the other from that loss of faith in human goodness which is worse than fevers or floods. In manhood they lived and worked together, whether as choppers or raftmen in the lumber regions, or stokers on lake steamers, or coal miners on the banks of Nemuchakinock. Through good and bad luck, sickness and health, frozen north and burning south, they had been more than brothers.

And now? Any one but a fool could read the lesson of the facts. They pointed one way. There was no other interpretation. Billy had gone, like the rest, leaving him to die alone in the desert.

Very well, he admitted steadfastly, he was a fool, for he did not believe it. He might be delirous, or dreaming. Anything else might be, but Billy, he knew Billy, knew the very heart of him. He had asked Billy to leave him and save himself, and Billy refused. He had not wanted Billy to stay and face this awful hazard with him. He had wanted his friend to go forward and seek a place where men and beasts could live, and to go soon, before supplies were entirely exhausted and hope was folly; but he had wanted to continue believing in Billy. He had wanted to send him away with a brave god-speed, seeing him go reluctantly, torn by womanish pangs; not to be deserted and robbed by him without a word to smooth the edge of jagged truth.

This all served to show that Billy had not really gone. By and by the nightmare would end. Then he should see his friend beside him.

Feebly he drew the water-can toward his mouth and moistened his lips. Leaning upon one elbow he sent his eyes outward and back again, out and back until they had traversed the whole of his horizon and all that lay between him and its grim circle. No moving thing was in sight. No man was there, living or dead.

Williams threw himself backward and lay quite still, resolved not to think. The quietude of his body was not relaxation. It was rigidity. His members strove to continue their habit of obedience to the centre of command and only half succeeded. Neither did his brain-cells submit to be officered. This was not mutiny. It was an example of life's unity. The will being active, there was no real rest anywhere; but there was determined semblance of it, as children endeavor to extract happiness from the costly play-houses supplied, with an air of consequence, by their elders while their secret hearts turn to domiciles by the gutter outlined with grimy chips from the pavement.

Thought, like the incoming of breath and the laborious thud of arterial pumping, moved ahead, disorganized, but never entirely arrested.

Sometimes he seemed to see the glitter of axes, to hear the keen impact of them upon yielding trees, to smell inciting, penetrating, woodsy fragrances, to feel a delicious trickle of cool water purring its way toward his outraged vitals, washing out the memory of warm, slippery, alkaline substitutes, to taste the sustaining fare of fertile midland states while the softly rough voice always had a ring in it of solid qualities—integrity and faithfulness and unselfish devotion that could not be questioned. As well argue and reason about the moon's seasons, doubting the regularity of their sequence, as cut your soul with pin-pricks of uncertainty about Billy. The thought of not believing in his friendship could not occur to a sane man, wide awake and in full possession of his senses.

And yet—— Where was Billy's ox? Where was Billy's gun? Where was Billy?

Suddenly he turned his face downward, placed his palms and knees against the ground and got upon his feet.

"Billy is dead. I must find his body and bury it."

He sipped water from the can. He chewed some of the dried meat, striving for strength to act. Ah! He was awake! He could taste the meat! He tried to remember whether he had ever dreamed of tasting anything. He was seized with a great horror of the loneliness and the silence. With Billy dead, why submit to the torture of life? Why not do something to hasten death?

But he had forgotten : the body of Billy must be found and buried. He staggered forward, unconscious of the fact that he was following the westbound trail that must have been taken by his deserting fellow-travellers. His movements were curiously stiff. His knees scarcely bent as he walked. He did not feel the ground excepting as an obstacle that rose or fell, billowing under him unreliably, like water. Some alien self, mechanical, unsentient, seemed to carry him forward, leaving his bruised mind to grope into its hideous budget of facts.

Thus he made his way to the top of a slight ascent, the edge of the saucer-shaped valley in which the camp had been made, encouraged by a few tufts of grass and a water-hole of uncertain supply and ill-tasting content. Evidences that men and cattle had passed left him unimpressed. He knew they were gone. He was not searching for verification of the truth. He had told them that he had not strength to walk with them nor to cling to the back of an unwilling ox, even had one of the starving creatures been able to support his weight. He had counselled them to save themselves and leave him behind. Evidently they had listened to his counsel and super-added some greedy wisdom of their own, leading to that silent flight and appropriation of his effects which changed their going to desertion and their disposal of his goods to robbery.

He paused on the top of the ascent with a sharpening of consciousness in that department which takes cognizance of detail and minor, detached facts. A scrap of blue rag fluttered against the corner of a salt-rock. Let it flutter. It was a piece of Cormal's handkerchief. He was not looking for Cormal. And there was a print of Old Hobble's broken hoof. Old Hobble was Blendon's ox. Lost creature; defrauded victim, hobble on. He was not looking for Old Hobble nor for Blendon.

For what, then, or for whom was he looking? Billy Miner? Not here. Not among the traitor-band whose tracks were fresh before him. Billy's body? It must have dropped on the spot to which Billy had urged it, and Billy, dead or alive, could not be found among the Cormals and the Blendons.

Feebly he faced about, resolving to return to the water-hole. It was damnably clear in his sight, where he stood. Not a flicker of life nor a shadow of death broke the glistering circlet of its rim. Nevertheless, Billy must lie there. Why? Because it was so utterly improbable that he was anywhere else. It was a ploblem in elimination. Billy must have gone after water. There was nowhere else to go. Not having returned to camp, he must have died there beside it.

The ground that had risen at every step as a stubborn, silent but smooth-faced obstacle presented a slight inequality. Williams set a foot upon it, wavered, recovered himself and stooped to examine it—a small sheep-skin bag roughly cut but tightly sewed, with a closing-string of the same material attached near the top. It was an empty purse. Williams knew it well. He had made it and presented it to Billy long before the beginning of this mad journey.

Fiery arrows, shot from everywhere, pierced his eyes. Crickets chirped in his ears. The fire changed to darkness, the crickets to swarming bees. Williams knew the symptoms. He lay down to forestall falling. He was fainting.

Consciousness did not return gradually; it smote him sharply with a taunt : "How now, thou fool of faith? Here is Billy's purse on the path that leads toward the west. Where is he if not robber and traitor, like the others?"

Williams, as if a voice had spoken, answered aloud, angrily : "I know hunger, myself. It takes the heart and strength and character out of a man. It leaves him like a beast, with a body that urges to any measure for relief, and no power of soul to curb it. I would not blame him if he had become a cannibal and taken my flesh for his needs. It would not have been Billy that did a thing so foul; it would have been hunger-madness. But this is wild talk. I need not excuse Billy for going. He did not go. Would not the men who took his ox take his purse? Billy is dead. I must reach the water-hole and find his body."

Speaking aloud was labor. The sound of his own voice deepened his sense of the desert's awful loneliness and uncanny silence. A shudder passed over him. His lips ceased to move.

Thoughts and speculations about Billy passed to the undercurrent of consciousness. Thirst and hunger became pre-eminent. The water-hole was no longer a place to find Billy; it was a place to drink. He thought regretfully of the bit of dried meat left behind and the water-can he should have brought with him. He tried to rise, that he might return to the camping-place, but found that he must wait.

His mind travelled backward and found a day of his boyhood, a day of feasting on spring chicken and green corn and red June apples and hot biscuits. He had been chaffed because he laid his book down reluctantly; he had been so fond of reading. Should he ever feast again? No book could tempt him from the table, now. Not even "Robinson Crusoe" nor "Gulliver's Travels." And a baked potato would be a feast; or a slice of bread, even unbuttered. He had lived so long on ox-meat, alone.

All day he lay there in the sun. Toward nightfall his strength increased with advancing coolness. He rose and set his face toward the water-hole. He found it, drank freely, and fell asleep beside it.

Some time in the night he was waked by sounds like the tramping of an army. Were Indians coming to the water-hole? If so they were welcome, whether friendly or unfriendly. In one case his suffering would soon end. In the other he would have help. He sat up, peering across the dimness, searching with clearing eyes where deeper shadows moved down the slope from the southwest toward the deserted camping-place. No army; no tribe, that little bunch of moving darkness. His ears had been the sport of outraged desert silence. A familiar yodel fairly lifted him off his feet.

"Billy! Billy!" he cried.

"Hello, mate. Bully luck!" The voice was roughly soft, broadly cheerful. "I didn't catch the thieves, but I found a good chief and swapped my watch for a tough pony and two week's grub. Lone Rock knows the route. He told me. We'll beat them skunks to the Pacific yet, if you can ride the pony."

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

INCORPORATION

WE welcome the disposition on the part of the public to regard with approval the suggestion made in these columns last week, that a plebiscite be taken on the question of annexation versus incorporation. All sorts and conditions of men in the municipality recognize that a plain, clear and strong expression of public opinion as it is today on this question is what the situation urgently demands. In a matter like this the good of the community as a whole, because it involves the good of every individual in the community, is seen to be paramount; and a declaration of public opinion made in certain circumstances, a considerable time ago, cannot be regarded now, in other circumstances, and with opposing views strongly held and daily gaining ground among the voters, as sufficient and indisputable warrant for the Council proceeding with annexation. The great bulk of the evidence available goes to show that the decision given at last election does not express and reflect contemporary public opinion in South Vancouver. It may, of course, be reasonably contended that the evidence, so far as available, is not conclusive. With that contention we agree. A plebiscite—the declaration of the will of the people now that public opinion has ripened on the question, can alone give authority and direction for the Council proceeding to annexation, a step which, once taken, is likely to prove irrevocable.

At the present stage of the negotiations with the City Council, the Municipal Council leads in the play. A few days ago the South Vancouver body was graciously admitted to audience of the City Council. The latter interposes no obstacles; individual members, trained in debate, explain away such objections as threaten to become obstacles. The city Press is eloquently silent, or evinces a restraint of utterance so uniform, so harmonious, as to be masterly. Cityward no voice of discord breaks a silence so dignified as to excite the envy of younger communities. There is a reason, of course. In this matter things are going the city way : which is one way of saying that they are going away from South Vancouver. A rural Council approaches a city Council; the city Council occupies a commanding position. All the city Council has to do is to let the other fellow make the running. Now and again, out of sheer goodness of heart, some city member may stoop down and remove an impediment from the path of the runner to make the running easier.

It is plain that South Vancouver should pause to improve its position. Most persons will agree that if South Vancouver had the status of an urban Council—a status equal to Vancouver's own, its representatives in the course of negotiations looking towards annexation would be relieved from the humiliating, tiring, dispiriting, unremunerative exercise of making sport for its urban and urbane brothers. Incorporation is advocated as a preliminary to the opening of negotiations with a view to the union of Vancouver and South Vancouver as an important step in the making of Greater Vancouver.

THE SASKATCHEWAN CAMPAIGN

THE Editor of the "News-Advertiser" says that Laurier's victory in Saskatchewan at the last Federal election was not a reciprocity triumph, but a victory of homestead inspectors, immigration officials, interpreters and government land agents.

This is a splendid tribute to the intelligence and honesty of the people of the great wheat province. It is almost as striking a compliment as was paid the British Columbia electorate by a leading Vancouver Liberal following the last McBride walk-away.

In reviewing the Saskatchewan campaign, the "News-Advertiser" takes it for granted that Saskatchewan has a population made up only of Doukhobors and Galicians, and declares that "the man on the homestead, the pre-emptor, the settler who comes from middle Europe and does not know much about English, are all good raw material for the political campaign official."

We understand that Hon. Bob Rogers is taking a hand in the Saskatchewan provincial campaign. In view of this, and in view of the splendid training Robert has had with the rural Slavonic areas of Manitoba and among the free and unwashed proletariat of North Winnipeg, the "News-Advertiser" editor should assuage his fears as to the chances of his party in Saskatchewan.

For, as the great Luther Burbanks causes six blades of grass to shoot where before only one grew, so, when it comes to getting the vote out, will the Manitoba political horticulturist undoubtedly apply his wizardry to those "who do not know much English" in Saskatchewan.

"THE MOVING FINGER WRITES"

WITH the ratification of the reciprocity agreement between Canada and the British West Indies, another rose has been placed in Vancouver's escutcheon —one more condition has been brought about to force Vancouver to a favored place among the great cities of the day.

Vancouver, by the Panama Canal route, will be nearer to the West Indies than Montreal. Thus Vancouver will be the port through which the West Indies trade will pass.

Among the products from Canada which, by the new trade arrangement, will enter the markets of the West Indies under preference, are fish, wheat, lumber, coal, iron and paper. These are the natural products of British Columbia and the prairie west. Right at Vancouver's hand there is sufficient coal, lumber, fish and iron to keep the West Indies supplied for ever.

Under the new agreement almost every product of the tropical islands is included save rum and tobacco. Such products as cotton, sugar, and rubber will enter Vancouver practically free. Tropical fruits, now bought in California and the Southern States, will in future be supplied from British plantations in the Indies. It will be hard to calculate the great benefit the agreement will be to Vancouver as a manufacturing city alone.

In 25 years' time, conservative men have predicted that Canada will have as great a population as the United Kingdom has today. By that time the balance of population will have been shifted to the west, and Vancouver will be the big city of the west and its chief seaport.

Universal conditions are combining to favor Vancouver. The trade agreement that sets the Indies at our feet is but one of many arrangements that will be carried out in that same line. And all these things combine to press upon the minds of the people of Greater Vancouver the necessity of having the lamps all trimmed and burning when the Panama Canal is opened.

TRUSTEES JUSTIFIED

SOME comments were made when the South Vancouver School Trustees gave one of the additions of the school contracts to a South Vancouver contractor, because his figures were about 12 per cent more than the City firms.

There was a difference of about $654 on a $36,000 contract. That the confidence of the Trustees has been justified in giving the contract to Mr. Charles Harrison is already demonstrated.

He has placed orders for over $17,000 for material with the South Vancouver merchants. In his advertisement for carpenters he distinctly states preference given to South Vancouver residents.

This is the correct spirit in which to carry out municipal work. The ratepayers have to pay for the work, and it is but right that the money be turned over in the municipality. It is surprising how even the turning over of the money within the municipality will assist our merchants in every section of it.

It is different with the city contractors. All their material will be bought in Vancouver, the majority of their workmen will hail from there. South Vancouver will see a large wage bill leave her borders every month, while many of her own ratepayers will be unable to obtain work.

Instead of censuring our School Trustees for their action, they should be highly commended for it. The only fault we find is that for the sake of the small difference in price the whole of the contracts were not given to South Vancouver contractors.

PURE MILK

MILK supplied to the householders of South Vancouver does not grade very highly, if the complaints which have recently been made go for anything. It is stated that adulterated milk may be sold in Vancouver and South Vancouver, and that the vendors need fear no punishment, for there is no law governing the matter.

One of the Vancouver civic officials told a newspaperman some time ago that Vancouver's milk supply was about the worst on record. He declared that 90 per cent of the infants who die in Vancouver every year are poisoned by impure milk.

At a recent meeting of the Federal Public Health Conference, a Western Senator expressed his opinion on the subject of regulating milk vendors. He said :

> You do not need any change of the law. In all organized municipalities they make their own city bylaws, and under those bylaws they regulate the sale of milk. In most places you can control all the people who supply milk. They have to apply for a licence to the city health officer, and in the application they sign their names to an agreement that they will abide by all city bylaws and the decision of the city health officer in regard to their licence. If they break their agreement the licence is cancelled. For instance, in most cities they establish a certain standard of butter fat—three or three and a half per cent. Samples of milk are gathered from the milk vendors in the street and are examined. I know in Lethbridge, I have taken samples from every vendor once a week. If he goes below three per cent—which we will raise to three and a half per cent. next year—the licence is cancelled. Two of them were below the three per cent., and I cut their licences right off. There is no kick coming; we do not have to try them. They enter into an agreement with me to perform certain conditions; if they do not, their licences are cancelled, and they agree to that. The only case where we look for any help from either provincial or other authorities is in putting a tuberculin test to the cow. As a city we are not in a position to do that. We are trying to get the Provincial Government to go to different places and apply the tuberculin test. Otherwise, we feel confident that we can control the milk.

In Winnipeg, Ottawa, and other progressive cities the plan outlined by the Senator is followed, and such a system might well be placed in operation on this coast.

Father Vaughan, the great English Jesuit, who is in Vancouver this week, says :

"What the empire needs is not more men, but more and better mothers."

"The big family is the happy family."

"The motto of an empire should be, Liberty, Equality, Maternity."

"Some people have automobiles who ought to have babies."

Some enterprising member of the South Vancouver Board of Trade might pilot Father Vaughan through the residential districts of South Vancouver. Only in Quebec have they larger families than we have in South Vancouver. And our birth-rate at present is considerably higher than that of any city in Canada.

Though the motor-car is becoming very popular on Main Street and Fraser Avenue, Cedar Cottage and Collingwood, the baby carriage still predominates.

* * *

When the Reeve of South Vancouver and two of the Councillors left the Council board rather than sit in company with Spencer Robinson, their action was not to be wondered at.

One would consider that Robinson, finding himself in the delicate position he now occupies, would think twice before taking any steps that might further aggravate the public disfavor which has been roused against him.

Yet his voice is heard at the meetings of the School Board; he gives interviews to the newspapers, and would fain break back into the haunts of the Municipal Council chamber.

Of course, Robinson is merely the product of a condition; but most people will agree that he is playing a most unwise game.

* * *

According to a Paris despatch, Fashion has doomed the hobble skirt. New York has it that peek-a-boo hose for the ladies is to be the next novelty. The hose are described as "stockings with interstices about an inch square which cannot be darned," and are said to have been designed apparently for the convenience of the hungry mosquito.

SIX MONTHS' BUILDING PERMITS

Building Inspector Young completed his statistics of building permits in South Vancouver on Tuesday last for the month of June. This completes the first six months of the current year. His figures show that there were issued some 235 permits, and the buildings for which these permits were granted will cost $211,-700. The figures for May were 233 permits for buildings costing $207,-750. In April there were 304 permits for buildings, to cost $256,170. There was less activity in the building trades during the month of March, for the permits issued then numbered 282, and the work cost $310,995. February was not so busy as March; the permits numbered 206 and the buildings cost $223,287. January's permits totalled 138 and the buildings erected represented an investment of $150,075.

The total number of permits issued in the six months is 1398, and the total value of buildings $1,358,975. These figures indicate pretty clearly the remarkable progress South Vancouver is making.

AUDITOR'S REQUEST COMPLIED WITH

The documents asked for by Mr. M. J. Crehan, Municipal Auditor, from Messrs. Bowser, Reid and Wallbridge, solicitors to the South Vancouver School Board, in connection with the Government audit of the accounts of the Board now proceeding, have been handed to Mr. A. E. Bull, the solicitor who is acting for the prosecution in the charges that are being brought against Mr. Spencer Robinson. The date of the resumed inquiry has not yet been fixed, and it cannot be held until the Auditor returns from work in the Upper-country municipalities, which is expected to be in about a fortnight. The third session will probably prove to be very interesting to South Vancouver ratepayers and all who are following the investigation as it progresses. The work to be gone through is likely to last until the end of November.

CORRESPONDENCE

SCHOOL TRUSTEES AND REMUNERATION

To the Editor :

Auditor Crehan, in the course of his public examination of the School Trustees, asked one of them why he did not look after certain work, and received the answer that he (the trustee) had not the time to look after it.

"Why, then, did you accept the position?" asked Mr. Crehan.

This brings the matter of School Trustees to a point.

They receive no remuneration, yet they are expected to devote their time to the whole of the affairs of the Board, or they are held liable for any wrong payments that are made.

Following out the logical reasoning of Mr. Crehan, these offices must become class offices, only to be held by those who are in a monetary position to devote the time. This, then, reduces those eligible to hold the position to a very small percentage of our ratepayers. The contention put forth by the auditor is that if a certain piece of work is to be done for the Board in a certain district, and that district is under the supervision or control of a trustee, he is bound to see that the work is properly and faithfully carried out, or the trustee is liable for anything that may be wrong, irrespective of whom the trustees have appointed to supervise the work.

This debars the working-man, the small merchant, and the busy business man from accepting office as a School Trustee. They may have the time to devote to the general affairs of the board, but in the interests of their family and their business they cannot afford to devote the time to look after the work of the Board which does not come under their eyes.

They can devote a certain amount of time to the financial interests and the shaping and guiding of a certain policy to pursue, but after that responsibility should cease and fall upon the shoulders of the party or parties employed by the Board to look after that work.

If we are going to saddle the trustees with this responsibility, then we must remunerate them. By doing this we will enlarge the field of aspirants for office.

It will enable working-men to come forward as candidates; but as at present what mechanic can devote the time to the affairs of the Board? At present there is one workman on the Board of Trustees, a printer by trade. We understand—at least we have heard it—that his Trade Union remunerates him by a weekly allowance, otherwise he could not in justice to his family have spent so much of his time at the Municipal Hall during the public inquiry, as Mr. Crehan kept him in constant attendance for nearly two weeks.

Many hold forth that in matters relating to education, trustees should not be remunerated, that the work should be done for love, for the best interests of the community. When you follow this you narrow your selection. You confine that selection to a few elderly gentlemen who have retired from business, also to another class, those who desire to get on the Board for motives of their own, who have their own purpose to serve in the shape of graft. Can we, then, wonder that in the past the affairs of the School Trustees have got into the shape they have? Several times good business men got on the Board, but so soon as they got an idea of the work that was expected of them, and the state that the affairs were in, they cleared out on the first opportunity. If we want efficient service, let us pay for it. What right have the ratepayers to expect that these men will give their time and labor gratuitously? Most of the trustees are forced into the position by the pressure and solicitation of friends. Surely the workman is worthy of his hire.

SCRUTATOR

South Vancouver, July 1, 1912.

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Do you remember the beautiful rose beds you have seen? Well, for a small outlay we can furnish the most beautiful roses— Roses from the best grower in the Old Country. All up-to-date varieties; strong, well-rooted plants.

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FIGURES THAT COUNT

A Year's Estimates and General Expenditure

Clerk Springford's Municipal Budget

Municipal Clerk Springford has compiled a financial statement which will no doubt be the subject of much future reference and discussion. It gives in a lucid way the borrowing powers and the estimates for this year's expenditure. It will be seen from the complete statement published below that the amount necessary to finance the municipality is estimated at $486,585.16 this year, while the interest and sinking fund totals $153,341.03. The interest on School loans is $39,787.13 in addition, and the School Board's ordinary expenditures are placed at $80,957.00. The estimated rebate on taxes is $30,000, and the current arrears will amount to about another $50,000 this year. The total of these amounts is $486,585.16, and this is the actual amount which the municipality will have to provide for municipal purposes for a year, and this will pay interest and provide sinking funds on bonded debts. It will also allow for shrinkage in taxation as defined by arrears and rebates, and pay donations to charity, which this year are estimated at $4,000.00. The present existing debt is $4,660,214.69. The total assessment $38,995,285.44, and the municipality can borrow twenty per cent of its assessment less its bonded indebtedness, and when this is figured out the borrowing power is $3,138,842.39. The money needed to defray the cost of running the municipality will be raised by taxation. The millage is 12½ mills on improved land, and 22½ mills on wild land.

Appended is the statement in detail :

ESTIMATE FOR TAX LEVY

Interest and Sinking Funds on General Loans		$153,341.03
Interest and Sinking Funds on School Loans		39,787.13
Ordinary Expenses, School Board		80,957.00
Rebate on Taxes, Estimated		30,000.00
Arrears of Taxes, Increase		50,000.00
		$354,085.16
General Expenses out of Revenue		
Election Expenses	$ 2,000.00	
Printing and Stationery	1,000.00	
Advertising	2,000.00	
Telephone Rental	750.00	
Postage	750.00	
Furniture and Fittings	3,000.00	
Legal Charges	5,000.00	
Salaries, Finance and Board of Works Proportion	30,000.00	
Indemnity	1,300.00	
Interest on Temporary Loan	8,000.00	
Government Audit	10,000.00	
General	700.00	
General Interest	2,000.00	
Insurance	1,000.00	
Sundries, Claims, etc.	10,000.00	
		$ 77,500.00
Public Safety		
Health Department	$ 7,000.00	
Garbage	3,000.00	
Inquests	300.00	
Funerals	200.00	
Police Department	12,000.00	
Fire Department	10,000.00	
Street Lighting	13,000.00	
Departmental, Plumbing, Building, Wiring,	4,000.00	
North Arm Bridge	1,500.00	
		$ 51,000.00
Charity		
Donations		4,000.00
Total		$486,585.16

REVISED ASSESSMENT

Wild Land	$ 7,084,435.00	
Improved Land	26,174,830.20	
		$33,259,265.20
Value of Improvements		$5,736,020.24
Total Assessment		$38,995,285.44
Money required for General Rate	$212,196.20	
Money required for Loans Rate	153,657.81	
Money required for School Rate	120,731.15	
Total	$486,585.16	
22.50 mills on $7,084,435.00 will raise	$159,399.78	
12.50 mills on $26,174,830.20 will raise	327,185.38	
Total	$486,585.16	
Total Debenture Debt in 1912, Loans		$4,716,881.35
Less two-thirds of $85,000.00, Point Grey share, 1907 Division Act		56,666.66
Present Existing Debt		$4,660,214.69
20 per cent on Total Assessment—$38,995,285.44		$7,799,057.08
Less Present Debt		4,660,214.69
Present borrowing power		$3,138,842.39

MILLAGE

Improved Land		Wild Land	
General	4.25	General	14.25
Loan	4.62	Loan	4.62
School	3.63	School	3.63
Mills	12.50	Mills	22.50

AROUND THE MUNICIPAL HALL

In my rambles on Sunday last, along with my friend, we set out for Cedar Cottage and along Victoria Drive. What a change in the district at the point where the car stops at the corner of Wilson road from what it was two years ago! Often during the summer evenings I used to take the car to this point and enjoy a quiet walk down to the river, returning as darkness set in. Sometimes, however, I made the walk longer than I intended, and found myself a long way from the terminus, when the last rays of the sun had gone. Rarely in those days did you meet any pedestrians after nightfall. There was an eeriness in the bush that got on one's nerves, and unless out on business most people preferred to be where things were a little livelier.

Points like the corner of Wilson and Victoria Roads show one how the municipality is growing. Where two years ago there was nothing but bush, there is now a large Public School and quite a large village clustered in and around it. We learned that large as the school is, and although only built in 1910, it has outgrown the present requirements and is being enlarged.

So well were we satisfied from an investment point of view as to this locality that we made enquiries as to the width of the street, prospects of double carlines, etc. We were very much surprised to learn that the street was only 66ft. wide, and that the property owners were making no efforts to have the street made wider and so prepare for the double tracking which one day will assuredly come.

Surely the property owners along Victoria Drive see what it will be one day. Or do they not realize the importance of this thoroughfare? See what New Westminster is doing. The C. N. R. are going to spend millions upon millions, as Mayor Lee says, on the terminals on Lulu Island. Those streets that are best able to handle the traffic from there into Vancouver will get it. If Victoria Drive wants its share, get alive in time. We went over and saw where they were boring for water at this point. We then proceeded down Wilson Road to get to Main Street.

Strange as it may seem, of all the roads and avenues in South Vancouver, there are few that I have not traversed. Yet I had never walked from Wilson Road to the Municipal Hall before, though on different occasions I have walked from Main Street to the Hall. To say the least of it, we were very much disappointed with this stretch of the road. Knowing that beautiful road from Main Street to the Hall, we expected a continuation right through.

The road is being graded. The contour is switchback. Bulkheads are being put in in the lower parts. The bulkhead near Knight road is in a very bad condition. Wilson road may become a carline, or it may not. We were pleased to see the Chinese gardens. It is worth walking a piece to view with what neatness and uniformity these gardens are kept. It also teaches one what Nature will produce for man as the result of intensive gardening.

* * *

Auditor Crehan is daily receiving a number of letters charging ex-School Trustees and Councillors with graft. As these letters are anonymous, no action is taken on them. Mr. Crehan would like the whole of the ratepayers to understand that if anyone has a charge to make or wishes to have a point investigated, he can with all confidence wait on him. Everything will be treated confidentially and privately.

* * *

Mr. Crehan, Government Auditor, will commence his public examination again in the course of a few days. After that he will take up the Municipal Accounts. In all probability it will be near the end of the year before the full report is completed.

* * *

Amidst a scene of wild jubilation, the figures on the bylaw for the furtherance of the dockage scheme was announced at New Westminster. The ratepayers have shown their confidence in Mayor Lee. They let it now be known that they are prepared to go forward with any developments that are necessary. While Vancouver and South Vancouver discuss dockage as a future possibility, New Westminster shows that they view it as an urgent necessity. We give the people of New Westminster all credit for what they have done and only wish that South Vancouver was following suit.

SCRUTATOR.

ONE ON THE EDITOR

The editor sat at his desk one day, and he looked uncommonly blue; for to edit a paper like 'What's-its-name' is a strenuous thing to do.

He'd interviewed writers and poets galore, and he'd sent 'em all off with a run; the last fellow came with a hoary jest that was born in the good year One.

And the editor's brain was weary and tired; he was sick of the same old jokes; for although he wielded a pencil blue he was human like other folk.

As he heaved a sigh for a swift airship, for to scoot was his present mood, a visitor creakily climbed the stairs and broke on his solitude.

"I've here," said the stranger, "a little thing——" and he drew from his pocket a scroll; the editor shook in his crimson socks and groaned in his inmost soul.

But he braced himself with a sudden jerk, on the visitor nimbly spun, and bumped him into the corner where the rejected jokes were flung.

He tossed him over the poem pile and rejected stories' stack, and finished by kicking him down the stairs and into the cellar black.

Oh, the boss felt good for a minute or two, but the joy died out of his eyes when they told him the fellow he'd trifled with simply wanted to advertise!

And the office-boy to Colney Hatch hurried off with a knowing grin, to say the matter was urgent, and would they please take that editor in?

The Dignity of a Free Press

In one of his speechmaking tours Mr. R. L. Borden stopped in a small Albertan city, and, in the course of his stay, was standing on the street corner talking to a lawyer. There walked past the couple, a man who wore the bandages and bruises which indicate the activity of the human fist.

"My!" exclaimed Mr. Borden. "That fellow's been beaten up."

"Yes," said the lawyer, without concern. "He's the editor of a scandalous paper that's printed here. He writes stuff abusing prominent men and women."

"Who beat him up?" asked Borden greatly interested.

"Oh, I don't know," replied the other. "His paper comes out every Tuesday evening, and he looks that way every Wednesday morning."

A Scotch Revolt

Hon. Frank Cochrane, the Minister of Railways and Canals, is a man of few words, and capable at times of using language. The story is told that when he was on a tour of inspection of the Intercolonial Railway in the Maritime Provinces a few weeks ago he was waited on by deputations at Sydney in the county of Cape Breton, which is possessed by the unspeakable Scot. They pestered him first with one thing and then with another. "These repairs," to one deputation, "are pretty small things; they will probably cost $10 or $15. I'll pay for them out of my own pocket." The next deputation was pretty much on the same scale, and again the Minister said : "This is a very small affair. I will pay for it out of my own pocket." Then the Scotch rose in revolt, and said : "Take your pocket and your money and give it to the paupers of Ontario, and tell Mr. Borden to send a Minister down here with some intelligence."

A South Vancouverite Weds a City Damsel

Annexation—in the form of a wedding—was duly solemnized between Grace Elizabeth Tarling, of 115 8th Avenue West, and George Wright, of 4523 Quebec Street, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Tarling (the parents of the bride), the Rev. B. H. West officiating. The ceremony was quietly observed, in accordance with the wishes of the bride and bridegroom. After the pleasant and social gathering Mr. and Mrs. Wright left for Victoria on their honeymoon. Good wishes and good gifts were in evidence in abundance. On their return the newly married pair will locate in South Vancouver.

At an inquest held at Winchester a boy of twelve was stated to have had two stomachs.

CHURCH NOTICES

All persons interested in South Vancouver Church work are invited to contribute to the columns of the "Chinook" items of interest, such as notices of services, reports of sermons, meetings of church societies, entertainments, etc. All that we ask is that the items be posted to the "Chinook" office before Wednesday of each week.

THE "CHINOOK" GARDENING GUIDE

The Flower Garden—Watering Lawns

To maintain a green lawn of closely packed grasses throughout a hot and dry summer is not easy even with a hose and sprinkler, and impossible otherwise. Where a lawn is frequently saturated during droughty spells of weather, permanent or prolonged injury to the turf is avoided, although in spite of artificial watering it will turn somewhat brown. However, a watered lawn will after a day or so's rain become fresh and green with the newness of spring. The lawn that has been allowed to dry up several inches beneath the surface will, on the contrary, develop bare places; the body of the plot will indeed change its brown and dead appearance after rain, but the turf may be entirely destroyed in patches. Now, beyond spoiling the effect of the garden for the remainder of the season, this neglect increases the labour required in renovating work the following spring. Moreover, doing without a hose is not true economy, seeing that one pays for their length of hose in having a green turf of grasses during the greater part of the summer, and in reducing the spring work on the lawn to the minimum.

To secure the greatest possible benefit from watering, a little system is necessary. We will assume that more than the surface is dry, which will be evidenced through a gradual "browning" of the weeds. Should the plot be narrow and a sprinkler employed, starting at one end of the garden and shifting the sprinkler every two hours, the whole lawn can be soaked during the course of a couple of evenings. Howbeit, when the rose of the hose is used, and the plot is fairly wide, the rose, which may be supported on an upturned flower pot, will have to be moved up one side of the lawn and down the other. The rose is as effective as the sprinkler, but with two-hourly shifts of position will take much longer. Whereas a sprinkler may cover a wide circle, the rose will only flood about half that space. When buying a sprinkler for small lawn, obtain one whose spray will reach from side to side; and if for a broad lawn, get a sprinkler the diameter of whose spray is fully half the lawn's breadth.

Having thoroughly drenched a lawn, giving it by means of rose or sprinkler two hours' heavy and continuous artificial rain, such a soaking should last out a week's dry, tropical weather. When a summer is only ordinarily dry, and but moderately warm, the rose or sprinkler may be moved every hour instead of every other hour, and one thorough saturation may provide the roots with moisture for over a week. During the two summers previous to 1911, the lawns only needed several soakings in the whole of the summer and autumn; whilst those lawns which were not watered at all wore the greenness of spring during most weeks.

Concluding the subject of securing beautiful lawns by systematic watering, the amateur gardener should be advised against spraying. By spraying we mean applying water at the rate of, say, a canful to several square yards of surface. These light aritificial showers are actually harmful until an hour or so before sunset, and even then are not of much service. It is recognized by lawn experts that lightly watering under a powerful sun is damaging to a lawn of fine grasses. At the same time, a shower of one or two hours' duration, given by revolving sprinkler or rose, can work no injury at all; a lawn may be heavily watered under a tropical noonday sun, but never lightly sprayed. The word "lightly" is not intended to refer to the fineness of holes in rose or sprinkler (the smaller these are the better), but to the quantity of water used.

The Fruit Garden

The term "bush" fruit really only includes the currant and the gooseberry, raspberries and blackberries with their hybrids being brambles. Bush fruits are easier of culture, and the chances of a good crop much more certain, than tree fruits; nevertheless, thorough gardening, even with these reliable bush fruits, makes success a certainty.

The bushes may have already been manured with animal manure, or with an artificial fertilizer. If not, dress the surface liberally with half-decayed manure now, burying the food to a depth of two or three inches with a trowel at once. Cow material is to be preferred for light soils as being more retentive of moisture, but the sun should be allowed time to dry the stuff before attempting to dig it in. The powdery foods are only advised where the fruit borders are to be mulched with short grass clippings, or watered with the hose during droughty weather. Sunshine is needed for ripening and coloring the berries, but moisture about the roots is yet more necessary that sizable produce may be gathered.

Some sort of pest is almost sure to be making itself a nuisance, and suggested cures will be welcomed. Take the "big bud" on the black currant for instance : A mixture of lime and sulphur sprayed over the bushes is a good check upon the troublesome black currant mite, that wretched little insect which will transform a healthy bud of normal size into the abnormal—a "big bud." A spraying should be given at once, and followed by another application within the fortnight. The solution is made by boiling 1lb. of lime and ½lb. of sulphur in a gallon of water. This insecticide is concentrated; to dilute for use, add eight parts of pure water to one of the mixture.

The gooseberry caterpillar (sawfly) is a formidable foe. Approved remedies for its destruction are dusting the damp foliage with black pepper, or with soot. A reliable liquid insecticide is equally effective when applied in sufficient strength. These gooseberry remedies may be tried upon the magpie moth and the red spider; still, the latter insect pest is more quickly cleared off the bushes through generously mulching with natural manure and heavy drenchings with the hose.

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:-: In the Assiniboine Valley :-:

We get an early start, the blush is still on the morning and on our good resolves. We are going to attend strictly to duty. Fort Pelly is ancient and full of interest, and the Highlander—first name Duncan—who has hilariously passed the three-score-and-ten limit, and who knows the legends of the place, the history of it, and can tell about Louis Reil as a youth and a man, is all our host has painted him, and more. O joy to have him at our campfire in the heart of this wonderful Assiniboine Valley, smoking his pipe, warming to his task of picturing the bad times and the glad times of those early days! But nothing shall make us forget the missions. Last night our host remarked that we would see one of the finest forts in the country, and his better-half chimed in with: "And three mission schools."

Three missions to one fort, even so noted a fort as Pelly, does not seem a fair proportion, and we say as much; whereas she impresses on us the good work done, the self-sacrificing lives of the men and women who have left behind the joys of civilization, to bury themselves alive here in the wilds and teach the redman godliness, and that cleanliness which ranks next to it; also a knowledge of books.

"Once an Indian, always an Indian," comments the lady doctor in her decided way.

"But not always an ignorant one, you'll see," smiled the little woman, who has learned to look on the reserve folk as her neighbors and to be deeply interested in their welfare. The smile and the earnestness convert us. Nothing shall make us forget to visit the missions.

Not because it is noon, but because we are hungry, we build our first campfire at the foot of a roly-poly hill which spreads out its green skirt to make a lap for us to rest on. To one side is a hedge of shubbery, green and pale green, vivid red, yellow, and the purple or over-ripe saskatoons; on the other the swirl and spray of a river too wild to be well-behaved.

One thing our hotess has learned from her Indian neighbors is how to build a fire. She knows the kind of crotched stick to use as a foundation, where to put the dry twigs, and how to point and place the piece of green wood around which the fire centres. By-and-by the crackle of flames is in our ears, the smoke is in our eyes, the scent of scorching grass and leaf enveloping us, and we are learning our first lesson in campfire cooking.

Such a dinner! Even the lady doctor, who is only half in love with camp life, admits that it is uncommonly good, adding, with a wise nod of her head, "Or it may be the sunshine and ozone which have given us uncommonly fine appetites." What's the difference? The potatoes come out gold brown from the ashes. The coffee pail in an unwatched moment boils up, throws the cover off, and sends far and wide an aroma which makes the saskatoons and flowering shrubs blush a deeper red over their faintness in the way of smells. The bacon, whether from being fried in a sheet-iron pan, or wrapped in the smoke of wood and leaf, is no more a common artical of diet, but a delicacy so rare that nobody is surprised to hear the lady doctor remark with proper relish that she is glad she isn't a Jew or a dyspeptic.

Now as to the missions. The first one takes us unawares. From the prairie we step into a big garden, fruit, flowers, vegetables. This is Crowstand, the largest of the mission schools. It is a busy place and an interesting one. The schoolroom is full of children intent on their lessons, brown, sleek little things fairly shining with cleanliness. On the blackboard a pupil had written out, in a round hand, a verse from a reader. It is about furrows in the ploughed field and the breath of the fresh earth when the sun shines on it.

"Where was the poem written?" asks the teacher, willing to show off her scholars. Either they are too bashful to respond or have forgotten her tutoring, for nobody answers. Then at the back a dark hand goes up.

"Yes, Sidney," she says encouragingly, "it was written—"

"In a field, me know; the ground looks warm dirt, and smells—" a pause which threatens to last; "smells warm dirt. Me know: me smell him, too." The funny little things all giggled, and even the teacher smiles, but the writer of verse will never get a finer tribute than the little Indian's "Me know: me smell him, too."

The larger girls are in kitchen, laundry, and sewing-room, etc., learning the noble art of housekeeping. They all seem happy. If they tire of rules and tasks and long for the freedom of the teepee, it does not show in their faces. The Superintendent is kind and courteous, so are his fellow-workers. Faith in their calling is the keynote of these useful lives.

It is mid-afternoon when we come to the Catholic mission. The church, built of logs, lifts its cross bravely in a land of loneliness. Beside it is the graveyard, a place of many wooden crosses, and mounds so covered with wildflowers they seem but meadow knolls spread out in the warmth.

The city of the dead has been long in building. There is a teepee at its gate, a teepee yellow, wrinkled and decrepit as the Indian who issued from it. Yes, it is a good place, he tells us, as he holds his meagre hands out to the sun; he is old, his squaw is old; they live up the river till both get sick, much sick, then they come home. Both die soon; it is well to be near the bed when last sleep comes, eh? He waves an arm toward the one small corner of the graveyard yet unoccupied, and over his wrinkled, terrible face flashes a distortion meant for a smile.

'I wonder," says the lady doctor, "why amid the vastness of the prarie, the burrying-grounds are so small and meagre?" She does not address the Indian, but it is he who makes reply: "It is only live man want much land —the dead done wanting," he says. "See, there lies big man, Lucien, the Boisbrule. He take all things, make much fight and noise. 'Mine, mine, it's mine!' he is always say. Ho, old Lucein, you is quiet now; you sleep like papoose all tire out, eh?" Again the terrible face twists into a smile.

It seems good to hear laughter and the sound of singing. The school is closed, and the children are holidaying in the wood, making swings of the boughs, jumping about as swiftly as the grey gophers on every hand. When we try to join them they fall silent, and melt away in the shadows after a fashion peculiar to Indians, old and young.

After a while comes the Highlander—first name Duncan—walking fast and evidently under the influnce of some pleasing excitement. "It is to the Fort that we will be going," he begins, "instead of to another mission. For why? There is sickness at the mission and it is not time for visitors. Too bad! Too bad! It was an Indian that gave me the word; these Indians they know all things. It is to the Fort we will be going; yes, and it is fighting we will be talking about, and not dying, which is a waste of time whatever. The kirkyard's no a pretty place for live folk to camp in—and the boy is bringing round the team. If it is graves you will be taking an interest in," here he doffs his bonnet to the lady doctor who still loiters; "over behind that fringe of wood it is Duncan will be showing you one with a story to it. Yes, yes, it is a trapper's grave, and it wass dug by the wife who loved him and laid him in it. She had a strong heart and a strong arm. Not only did she make her man's bed by her lone, but fenced it in with young saplings. Duncan will be showing it to you tomorrow. No hurry whatever. You can see graves at home, but it is not a fort with a palisade and a lookout you can find every day, I'm thinking. It is no playhouse the Fort."

Playhouse! It is made of logs roughly hewn, a squat building with something in its grimness as in its strength which brings home to one that it is a relic of troublous times. It had much to guard, and a crafty foe to guard against. The palisade, surmounted by sharpened stakes, is extra high; the lookout spells incessant watchfulness.

This is when we are gathered around the campfire later on. Duncan, his bonnet on the very back of his white head, his pipe lighted, and all of us hanging on his words, is in his glory.

"We had our troubles, The Injun is like the Highlander, he gets a grouch when the notion takes him, and he is after trouble when there is no need whatever. There wass a bad one, Long Arm, a big brave, but poor pay. The Company carried him and his people over the hard time, and when the hunters began to come into camp they took their skins to our rivals, the Northwest Fur Traders, which wass not fair or honest."

"Do you mean the conduct of the Indians or the trading company?" somebody asks.

"Both, both," Duncan assures us heartily. "It went on until Ross, who was head man with us, shut down on Long Arm and all his tribe. 'You'll get no flour here,' says he, 'nor bacon, nor anything else till you square up—not if your tongue hangs out. Go! get your goods where you sell your furs, and be—well, do it whatever,' says he Long Arm gets ugly, his people gets ugly. He goes back to camp, where a dozen more of his bucks have just come in from the hunt. By-and-by, from the lookout we are seeing them hold a big pow-wow. We was not fearful, but in that camp was more than a score of Indians, and in our post was but four, not counting Jock Andrews, who wass no use whatever. We had goods aplenty and we didn't desire that these bucks would sport our blankets, eat our grub and fire our ammunition without paying for the same in coin of the realm, namely, furs. There wass no money, you understand—a skin's worth o'this, six skins' worth o' something else. By-and-by came Long Arm and a dozen of his own men, riding hard. 'Close the gate!' called Ross, and shut she went with a creak of timber and bang of bolts. For the first time this post, belonging to that Anciente and Honorable Companie Trading into Hudson's Bay, refused to open at the Injun's touch. He wass mad all through, this Long Arm, and talked so much foolishness. We let him talk. If he wass stubborn, so wass the wall, and so wass the Fort, and so was old Ross, for that matter. They rode off next day and didn't come back for two weeks maybe. They were all right then."

"Did they offer any excuse or apology?" asks the lady doctor, drawing nearer the fire.

"No need, they brought their furs and their families," says Duncan. "Long Arm bought his squaw a red and yellow shawl—they that wear gorgeous raiment are not always in king's houses, you understand. Ross threw in a string of green beads, and it wass peace between us."

"But afterward?" persists the lady doctor, who would like to smell the smoke of battle.

"Oh afterward"— Duncan's smile is complacent—"he charged the beads to Long Arm's account. He had a great head for business, had Ross."

While our host is replenishing the fire the lady doctor calls us aside to ask if we have any doubts as to Duncan's veracity. "These tales of his, I would like to tell them to the home folk, but I make it a rule never to repeat anything I am not absolutely certain of," she add with an air of virtue.

Duncan's veracity! Why, it's like saying your host's bread is sour, and his salt savorless, to have a doubt in the matter, we tell her, and she looks relieved.

When we return to the circle Duncan is telling how Louis Riel used to chum it with him a little in the early days. "In the Red River Settlement, it wass, before I came to Pelly—old man Riel had a mill there, and Louis, who was in the early twenties, wass around all the holidays, indeed"—with a chuckle—"he wass sometimes around when it wass not holidays, having a way of playing truant from the Jesuit College at Montreal. I remember once—it was when he wass in love with a red-haired Scotch lassie at the settlement, he came in the middle of the term. Archbishop Tache sent a father after him, and what did Louis do but dress himself in the glad rags of his foster-cousin's wife, and go fishing under the father's very nose. He wass dare-devil all through. It will be his pride that wass his curse. The notice and the book-learning turned his head and—"

"What," someone breaks in with an exclamation, "a Scotchman decrying education!"

"For an InJun, yes—his book it is nature. The college didn't make a spoon, no, no, it spoiled a horn, and a fine horn it wass. If his father had put him in the mill to work, and kept him there it is little trouble he would have made, so thinks old Duncan."

"He wass no model whatever in the days I speak of, but neither wass he what we Scotch call 'by ordinar' bad. His eyes would be looking through you; his smile had always mockery behind it, and when you wass hearing him laugh you would be thinking of the tumult soft, but mad, of a river in a spring freshet. What is't? No, I wouldn't say that he wass handsome whatever, but with an air to him, yes, an air. And it wass himself could sit a horse. I've seen him gallop into the Settlement, dismount and saunter away as if the fifty or sixty mile ride wass nothing at all."

The campfire, an eye of light in the purple haze of the valley, seems winking up at a star which creeps out in a sky of wonderful lights and shades. The wind has blown itself out of breath and is babbling to the flowers in broken whisper. The brown earth is full of harvest heat. Mingled with Duncan's voice is the singing of some live, glad thing in the grass. We have been up since break of day, but we are not sleepy; it is the smoke from the logs which makes our eyes heavy and—

We must have dozed off and missed much of the story, for when, after a sharp nudge from the lady doctor, we sit up and try to look wide-awake, Duncan is emptying the fire from his pipe and remarking as a finale: "Yes, yes, as I wass saying, if he'd been kept a Mitsi, with the woods and prairies for a college, and a woman of his own people for a mate, Louis would have made no trouble. But he wass a little too big for—for himself. It is a bad thing for a man to be too big for himself, whatever."

MR. ANDREW MACK
Who will open another season at the Empress Theatre on Monday, July 8

The fame of Andrew Mack has spread to the uttermost ends of Vancouver and its suburbs, to judge from the number of seats bought at the box office of the theatre so far for the season of this romantic actor and sweet singer. Nearly every person who comes to the window wants to know when he will appear in "Tom Moore" and "Arrah-na-Pogue." The thousands who saw him in these plays have told their friends, and it looks as if thousands more will endorse their verdict. But interest is also keen in "The Bold Soger Boy" and "The Shaughraun."

The enterprise of Mr. Walter Sanford, of the Empress Theatre, in giving Vancouver theatregoers another summer season of this delightful actor and golden-voiced tenor, will be appreciated, according to all indications, and the same old tale "Standing Room Only" will be repeated every evening of Mr. Mack's stay at the Empress. During the past winter season Mr. Mack has had a long, hard tour of the big Eastern cities, where he has appeared in the leading theatres at the highest prices. He is as fond of Vancouver as this city is of him, and when Mr. Sanford wrote him asking him to return for a summer season, he answered, "There is only one place that could keep me from a European vacation tour, and that is Vancouver." He enjoyed every moment of his engagement last summer in this city. He is a unique star, as rarely does one person combine the gifts of acting coupled with a magnificent singing voice. His rendering of some of the famous ballads of the world, as well as his own compositions, is one of the biggest features of the performances. Mr. Mack will be seen in his play "The Bold Soger Boy" for the opening week. This is one of his biggest Eastern successes and will give him an opportunity to display his best comedy ability.

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The Government Auditing Commissioner of the above-named Municipality will have his office open from 10 to 11 in the forenoon of each day (except days on which the Public Inquiry is being held) for the purpose of passing accounts; and any Ratepayer or Owner of real property may be present and may make any objection to such accounts as are before the Auditor.

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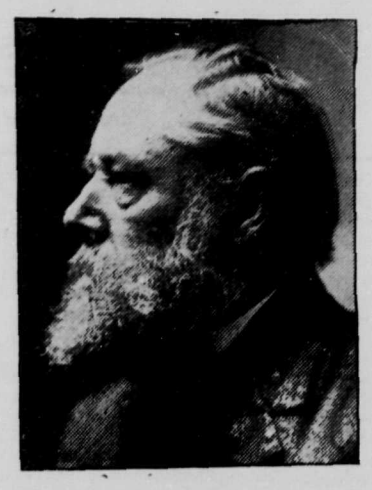

No! I would not lose my memories of the stage.

I saw Charles Kean—once—and once only, and that was in "The Wife's Secret," at the old Princess Theatre, long afterwards the scene of many a glorious night with Wilson Barrett. I have seen twenty-eight Hamlets. Sarah Bernhardt and Miss Marriott are spoken of as the only female Hamlets of our time worth talking about, but I saw Julia Seaman play Hamlet wonderfully well, at the old Bower Saloon in Stangote near the foot of Westminster Bridge. There you could get a private box for one shilling (25 cents). Seats in the pit were fourpence (8 cents) and it was "tuppence" to the gallery. Shakespeare for tuppence! Yes! And jolly good Shakespeare, too. I walked from the North of London right away to Lambeth to see "Othello" at "The Royal Bower.' James Fernandez, John Arnold Cave and other actors who afterwards became celebrated, acted there then. I stayed from Saturday to Monday with Victor Hazelton, the lessee of "The Royal Bower Saloon," and where there is now a slum of sordid street, I have fed a tame eagle in the Saloon tea gardens. Pretty Polly Hazelton used to sit on the seat beside me while I read "The Lady of the Lake"—and at another time my companion was Henrietta Hodson, who became Mrs. Henry Labouchere—of whom more by and by.

"Pretty, black-eeyed Mrs. Hodson'"—so she was always called—Henrietta's mother, was leading lady at "The Bower" at about twenty-five shilling a week—and her husband fiddled in the orchestra.

Oh! those glorious nights at the "Old Bower"—no problem plays—but plays "with a purpose"—I am perfectly sincere when I say that "The Betting Boy's Career" and "The Bottle" which I saw as a child at this "tuppenny" theatre have kept me from gambling and drink more than all the goody-goody sermons I have ever heard.

I dwell upon old Captain Raven because two incidents in connection with him have influenced—I think for good—my whole life.

I was emerging from boyhood into a very impressionable age—I am now looking a little ahead—when my two elder brothers—Fred and George—"got converted." There was a certain Rev. Doctor Dugard who carried on "Revival Services"—and had scores weeping and wailing in religious hysterics at "The Penitents Form."

I need scarcely go into details. "Hell Fire Doctrines" were freely preached then—and I was frightened into such concern about my soul that I grew nervous, then, melancholy miserable.

"What the duece is the matter with you, Jack?" said Captain Raven, slapping me on the back one day. "You are not the same boy that you used to be. You're too young to be in love. If its money troubles—tell me—what the Devil IS the matter with you? There's something wrong I know!"

"Oh, Captain, my soul," I cried, bursting into tears—"How shall I save my soul?" "Ho! Ho! That's it, is it?" said the Captain. "D——d if I didn't think so. Well, my boy, religion is good for you—nothing so good. Here is some religion for you. Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you'—Remember that every woman but your mother and your wife is your sister,—remember, Jack, that a liar is a coward, and remember that a coward is the meanest thing on earth. Remember, Jack, that everybody is born to become a gentleman—be a gentleman, Jack, and remember Jesus Christ was a gentleman—God Almighty is a gentleman—and he will treat you as one—He made you. He won't be so mean as to torture you. God Almighty is a gentleman. That has been My religion for sixty years—and its good enough for you."

The Bower Saloon, Lambeth, London

I have never gambled—I have been always a temperate man—thanks largely to the precepts of a dear old friend.

I mentioned a little while ago Captain Raven. He was one of my father's dearest friends. Now and then he visited us and I know that he was always hailed with delight by my brothers and sisters—for he was liberal with presents and "tips" and liberal with practical jokes—good stories and recitations.

I remember once hearing Dan Leno—in the character of a shop walker declare he earned "good money—not much of it—very little in fact, but what there is of it is—good." The same could be said of Captain Raven's recitations. He had two, "The Razor Seller" and "The Chestnut Horse"—but he gave them with such unction, such droll force—in his singularly deep voice—at times exquisitely musical—that we never tired of hearing him. In an appendix to these Reminiscences I will print these, and other pieces which are stamped upon my memory. A little man was Captain Raven, a sort of Captain Kettle—as I remember him. I believe that to protect a woman or child he would have tackled a giant or a dragon. He was the soul of honour.

I remember that on his death my father draped the big room of our house at Highbury, in black. There was no gas in the suburbs of London in those days—and our room was lit with great wax candles. We were all strictly Protestant but my father's love of music and art often led him to somewhat adopt a kind of Roman Catholic Church Ritual. My father played a dirge on his ivory flute—some great singers of the day were engaged and we had a solemn service in memory of our old friend.

That night—when my brothers talked to me about hell fire and eternal damnation, I said "God Almighty is a gentleman—no gentleman would put a poor beggar in a fire!"

Old Captain Raven's religion has been my religion for over fifty years and it has made me tolerant to every other religion. I have entered St. Paul's in London, the Roman Catholic Cathedral at Knightsbridge, a Budhist temple and a China Jass House with revenence.

"God Almighty is a gentleman"—it cannot please Him to see men cutting each others throats in the name of religion.

A Jew went to the Opera House to see "Les Huguenots"—in which the massacre of St. Bartholomew is represented. When the opera was over he was chuckling with delight. "You seem to have enjoyed tht Opera" said a friend. "Enjoyed it my tear poy!—I should rather tink so." said Moses. "There was all the Christians cutting each others throats—to the music made by a Jew!"

Captain Raven was a gentleman—he lived and died like one. He had known poverty—in his latter days he had had a modest competence, he died not a penny in debt, he left enough for a mourning ring for his friend and a modest funeral—the boys and girls he loved and who loved him had some little present to remember him by and there was not a poor man or woman he had known but missed his humble charity and his kind word. But the Vicar of the parish—to him Captain Raven was that old reprobate "Captain Raven the atheist!"—God bless his memory!

(To be continued)

Materia Medica and Anatomy

The last time Mark Twain was in Atlanta, Georgia, he went through a factory and got so much oil and grease on his trousers that he had to send them to an old colored man to be cleaned. The following morning the negro appeared before the great humorist with this lament:

"'Deed, sah, I don't think I gwine be able to clean dese here pants. I done tried gasoline and pearline and naphthy, and don't any of them seem to do any good."

"Have you tried ammonia?" asked Mark.

"No, sah," said the old darky, "I ain't tried them on me yet, but I reckon they'd fit me all right."

Another Kind of Finance

One of the mayors of Vancouver, who is a politican, and who, therefore, never tells anything but the truth, relates this story about himself :

On one of my trips to Seattle I had to visit a bank that is not very well known. I got mixed up in my sense of location, and finally I asked a newsboy to direct me to the building, telling him I would give him half a dollar for his services. He agreed, and led me to the bank which was only four doors away.

"That," I remarked, as I gave him the money, "was half a dollar easily earned."

" I know it," he said, "but you must remember that bank directors are paid high in Seattle."

The Liberal Education

Sir Horace Plunkett, chum of Colonel Roosevelt, once delivered a lecture in Dublin, Ireland, on the best way to improve conditions among the poor. At that time Sir Horace was not exactly a finished speaker. His tongue could not do justice to the riches of his mind.

The day following his address he received from a lady a note containing this statement :

What you need is two things : (1) a wife, and (2) lessons in elocution.

To this Plunkett sent this reply :

I have received your letter saying that I need two things : (1) a wife, and (2) lessons in elocution. Those are only one.

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JOYCE ST., COLLINGWOOD EAST

On account of limited space, we are sacrificing our present lines of boots, shoes, hats, and caps

AT COST

To make room for a large line of new goods soon to arrive.

COME WHILE THE BARGAINS LAST

EAST COLLINGWOOD
Carleton Sash and Door Factory
(Opposite Carleton School on Westminster Road)
Equipped with up-to-date machinery.
Every order receives our prompt attention.
First-class work done.
CITY PRICES

Pioneer Dry Goods Store
J. BRINNEN, Prop.
COMPLETE LINE OF
LADIES', GENTS' AND CHILDREN'S
WARES, NOTIONS, ETC.
JOYCE ROAD, COLLINGWOOD EAST

Deal at the
Main Meat Market
Corner 25th Ave. and Main Street
The Store of Quality
PHONE: FAIRMONT 1543

J. Shaw E. Chell
Shaw and Chell
LUMBER MERCHANTS
All Kinds of Building Material
Dealers in Lumber, Brick, Sand, Lime, Gravel, Tacoma Plaster, Satin Spar, Etc.
CENTRAL PARK

WESTMINSTER ROAD BUY
A 33ft. Lot on Westminster Road, at Ferguson, with fine new 5-room Bungalow, set back, allowing for store on front. $4,200. Terms Arranged.
Black & McDonnell
418 Abbott Street Phone: Sey. 6377
Branch Office: Westminster and Wales Rd.
Phone: Collingwood 52

FOR SALE
One and three-quarter acre, in Burnaby, for $4,000. $1,000 cash, and 2½ years for the balance. This is certainly a cheap buy.

Two Lots, 33½ by 160ft., close to Central Park Station. $475 each; $75 cash, balance $10 a month.

Westminster Road Lot, 68 by 175ft., all in grass, for $2000. $200 cash, balance $60 every three months. This is the cheapest Lot on the Westminster Road.

GEORGE HORNING & CO. CENTRAL PARK STATION

:-: Hands Across the Sea :-:

Paragraphs on the Fusion of Interests of Greater Vancouver and the Home-land

What is the attraction that draws people out to this portion of the globe from across the Atlantic? The question has often been asked, but there never seems to be a satisfactory answer to the query. Even those who have made the West their permanent home appear to be unable to give the why and the wherefore. They have come out, and that is all they know about it. And the peculiar part of it is, that once here they never entertain the remotest idea of returning to the land of their fathers. We (the writer) not many months ago conceived a strong feeling of doing the six thousand miles' journey back. The conception died in its infancy, however, for this reason. We were assured that the moment our feet trod the old soil again, that moment would witness a yearning for the "wild and woolly west." It is ever thus. There is a magnetism about the Pacific slope that no one can describe, and while that magnetism exists, it were useless for any immigrant, be he or she Irish, English or Scotch, to try to resist it. In a word, the air out here seems to be freer than anywhere on the face of God's earth.

* * *

"East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." Did the inimitable Kipling, when he penned those words, have in mind the Orientals and the whites, or far away Britain and the country on this side of the Rockies? Certain it is that they can have no direct application to the latter, for when did mortal man ever see the encompassing of space in such a short period of time as the days and hours that are taken up in the journey across the western ocean, as it is known in the Old Land, and the piece of the earth known as the Dominion of Canada? Fifty years ago, it was a matter of months to do the trick. Today it can be covered in twelve days, icebergs and mountains notwithstanding. Speaking to your representative the other day, a former Lord Mayor (with the emphasis on the Lord) of Belfast dropped in to see us in Vancouver. Though many moons have waned since his lordship was the head of civic affairs in the linenopolis of Ireland—the United Kingdom for that matter—"age hath not withered, nor custom staled his infinite variety." Despite his patriarchal appearance, he is as lithe and active as a kitten. Needless to say, he was impressed not a little with all that he saw here, and as he is by no means devoid of the filthy lucre, it is just as likely as that tomorrow's sun will shine that he will part with a check of considerable dimensions either for real estate or on behalf of some industry that may strike his fancy. We all know that Vancouver and the environments are the hub of the North American continent, but to be so told by a former chief executive of one of the most go-ahead cities of the United Kingdom, is sure going some. Call again, Sir Robert Anderson.

* * *

No more appropriate time could have been selected by the party of British manufacturers to arrive in Vancouver than this week. With their money bags bursting, they have come all the way from England, to see how we do things out here. They have been seeing right across the continent, and for two days they did a bit of sight seeing in the Terminal city. Of course, it was up to the City Fathers and others to do the thing in style, and they did it in a way that must have given the financiers "furiously to think." There was feasting ad lib, and the visitors had to rush about in a way that would have surprised staid old stay-at-homers, could they have seen them. Well, well, it's a fine thing to be a financier, but it's finer to be the recipient of his wealth. And Vancouver is sure to benefit in that connection. The members of the party did not come here for the benefit of their health. Their bank accounts are the first consideration. May they grow fatter—the bank accounts, not the financiers.

* * *

Strange that this visit should coincide with the formation of a society in London to take into consideration ways and means for the promotion of better trade intercourse between the United Kingdom and the Dominion. Reciprocity between Canada and the Motherland is to be given a fillip thereby, and the sooner it receives it the better. The eyes of the English-speaking world, not to mention a big slice of the world who don't speak that language, all seem to be turned Canadawards. Though it is peculiar that at the present time, money is mighty scare. An explanation of this has been offered by one in the know. It is to the effect that the money grabbers in England have suddenly conceived the idea that they are not getting a sufficient return on the amounts they have invested. There is no question of the value of the security; that is as good as the Bank of England, but it is clear that when Englishmen have a flutter with the cash, they want not only gilt-edged securities, but a fat dividend as well. The one outstanding feature in all this business is, that they come all the time, and never yet has Canada, and particularly this western part of it, gone back on them. That puts the reason in a nutshell.

* * *

Patriotism is a fine thing. In the Mother-country a little of it goes a long way. Here, we are never tired talking about it. To see the Union Jack floating in the breeze over there every day of the year one would require a telescope. With us it is different; it floats all the year round, and on holidays there is a bit of extra. In recent years there has been a tendency on the part of a certain section of the community across the sea to sneer and jeer when patriotic sentiments are being referred to. Of course, in parts of Ireland to sport a Jack is courting murder and sudden death, with a stick of dynamite thrown in. It's a positive relief to an exile from Erin to see that miles of the good old bunting can be flaunted openly, without hiding it under a bushel, so to speak. Dominion Day was a case in point, when the old rag did double duty during the twenty-four hours. Strange, isn't it, that when some who were Nationalists in Ireland throw in their lot with other sons of the ould sod in British Columbia, how quickly they forget their bitterness of former days for the flag, but wave it like good men and true. Yet so it is.

RUTH MORTON MEMORIAL CHURCH

Interesting Stone-laying Ceremonial—The Building-up of a City

Owing to the generous bequest of the late Mr. John Morton, the members of the Fourth South Vancouver Baptist Church have been enabled to make the necessary arrangements for the erection of a new church, which will shortly occupy the corner of Prince Albert Street and Twenty-Seventh Avenue. Up till now services have been held in stores, private houses and tents. The laying of the corner-stone of the Ruth Memorial Church took place on Saturday by Mrs. Ruth Morton, widow of the late Mr. John Morton, and she was presented with a silver trowel by little Miss Ethel Caldwell.

Among those present were Rev. B. H. West, pioneer of the Baptist ministry in British Columbia; Rev. P. J. Wilson, president of the Baptist Extension Society; Rev. A. P. McDiarmil, D.D., president of the Brandon College; Rev. Everett W. Sawyer, Ph.D., principal of the Okanagan College; Rev. I. W. Williams, secretary of the Sunday School Association of British Columbia; Rev. A. A. McLeod, Canadian Foreign Missionary Society; Rev. Dr. Perry and Rev. A. N. Miller, representing the Western Baptist and Methodist Churches; Rev. W. H. Redman, pastor of South Hill Baptist Church; Rev. Willard Litch, B.A., pastor of the Ruth Morton Memorial Church; Rev. Mr. Vansickle, who started the cause in August, 1911; Reeve Kerr and many others interested in the Baptist cause in Vancouver.

Addresses were delivered by several of the ministers present, and by Reeve Kerr, who expressed his satisfaction that there were still men willing to give of their wealth to the building-up of the church. While the civic authorities were working to make South Vancouver beautiful, the church was working to beautify the characters of the inhabitants, and one of the most important matters in the building-up of a city was not so much how many people they could attract to the city, as the kind of people who become its citizens.

BAILEY—KIRKLAND

A very pretty wedding took place on Saturday, June 29, at 10 o'clock, at St. John's Church, Central Park, Rev. W. H. Johnson officiating, when Miss Irene Louise Kirkland, niece of Miss Lister, of Collingwood, was married to Christopher T. Bailey, son of the late E. T. Bailey, of Greenwich, Eng., and Mrs. Gunton, of Collingwood. The church was very prettily decorated by the friends of the bride, and the splendid music rendered by the choir and by Mr. Cook, the organist, added greatly to the harmony of the ceremony.

The bride was beautifully gowned in white satin, with an overdress of Spanish lace, a gift of her grandmother, Mrs. Lister. Her veil was fastened with sprays of orange blossom, and she carried a shower bouquet of white roses. She was attended by Miss Doris Evans, who wore pale pink with a figured chiffon overdress and picture hat to match. The bride was given away by her uncle, Mr. Herbert Lister, F.R.G.S., while the groom was supported by his brother, B. B. Bailey.

After the ceremony a reception was held at the Cedars, where many friends and guests congratulated the happy couple, who then left for Buccaneer Bay, where they will spend their honeymoon.

REAL ESTATE MAN WINS CASE

H. H. Stevens, M.P., Sues for Commission

Mr. H. H. Stevens, M.P., appeared as plaintiff in a county court action heard by Judge Grant on Saturday. The defendant was Robert Stevenson, executor of the late Mrs. Elizabeth McCarthy. Mr. Stevens appeared in his private capacity of real-estate broker, and he sued Mr. Stevenson for $375 as commission on the sale of two lots in the east end, of which Mrs. McCarthy gave his firm exclusive listing in May, 1911. Shortly after the lots were advertised Mrs. McCarthy herself found a purchaser for $1000 less than the $7,875 which the brokers could have obtained for the property. His honor decided that Mrs. McCarthy had destroyed the defence by making it impossible for the agents to sell on any terms, and he held that the agent was entitled to his commission by such an arrangement. Mr. L. B. McLennan appeared for the defence, and Mr. W. H. D. Ladner for the plaintiff.

Kisses Missent

The superintendent of the dead-letter office at Ottawa is now getting on in years, but he sees more of romance than almost any other man in this country. He looks through the love letters which are missent, either through wrong addresses or through incorrect spelling, by the Romeos of the Dominion. He came across one not long ago which had been in an envelope bearing the following address:

A Big, Blue-eyed Strawberry Blonde.

Although it is his business to try to locate the senders of missent letters, he can make no progress in the work when the communications bear such signatures as "Your darling," "Oceans of kisses," and "Your baby, dear."

The Big Smoke

Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, was being discussed in connection with his famous trouble with the District of Columbia courts.

"You know," said one member of Congress, "Gompers was once a cigar maker."

"From the smoke he raises now," said Representative Sulzer, of New York, "you would think his real trade was manufacturing gunpowder."

Collingwood
is Going to be the Centre of a Great City

Prices in this district will advance and advance, and then advance, and we will think with wonder of the time that we could buy at present prices.

Share the prosperity of this district by buying a lot in one of our new subdivisions.

BAILEY, TELFORD & CO. LTD.
317 Pender West Collingwood East

Beaver Lands Ltd.
Successors to the Collingwood Land Company
Real Estate and Insurance
Head Office
505 Richards St.
Branches
Collingwood East
2653 4th Ave. W., Kitsilano

Before having your House Wired get in touch with
J. TRIPP
Electrician, Collingwood E. and Central Park
All orders promptly attended to The price is right

Collingwood Sash and Door Factory
(Clements & Tufnail)
Dealers in
SASH AND DOORS
FRAMES, SHEET GLASS, ETC.
Collingwood West Station
Get our prices before placing your order. First-class work. Prompt delivery. Estimates most cheerfully furnished.

LARGE LOTS
No. 1 Road and Grant (Close to Park)

$100 below any other property in this vicinity. Small cash payment. These lots are cleared, and some have been resold at nearly double the price originally bought at.

Westminster Road

Double corner on Westminster Road, near Park Avenue. Cleared. Splendid Business Site. Away below market value.

The widening and paving of Westminster Road are now an assured fact, and prices will soon be on the jump. Get in and buy now.

J. B. Todrick & Co.
CORNER PARK AVENUE AND WESTMINSTER ROAD
Phone: Collingwood 13R

A. ROBINSON
Corner ALMAS & WELLINGTON AVENUE
COLLINGWOOD EAST
Pioneer Transfer Co.
PROMPT DELIVERY Phone: Collingwood 32

Screen Doors and Windows
Add to the comfort of your home and save doctors' bills by equipping your house with screen doors and windows. Our stock is large, and prices right.

COOKING UTENSILS
Furnish your kitchen from a large shipment of cooking utensils which have just been received.

C. B. FEARNEY Formerly Manitoba Hardware Co.
HARDWARE, PAINTS, OILS, STOVES, RANGES, ETC.
Joyce Street, COLLINGWOOD

T. Craig - Fresh Meats of all descriptions at prices that are right.
Collingwood East **Westminster Road**

LOOK!

Be sure and visit our Store on Saturday.

Special Bargains

Children's Hats, going at cost. Some very nice styles to choose from, trimmed and untrimmed. From 35c.

Large quantity of odd lengths of Prints, Ginghams, Muslins, and Ducks. Will be sold at half-price. Don't miss this opportunity.

Chas. Owen

3516 Main Street Cor. 19th Ave.

BRYANT BLOCK

Phone : Fair. 945 Vancouver, B. C.

RACES! RACES!

The Summer Season of Racing is now under way at

MINORU PARK

Special trains leave over B. C. Electric double-track system from Granville Station at 12.30, 1 o'clock, 1.30 and 2 o'clock.

SIX RUNNING RACES DAILY

Over 400 of the best horses ever brought to British Columbia to be seen under silk.

Admisson including Round Trip Tram Tickets $1.25

Your Daily Round

HAS it occurred to you how largely advertising influences your habits, your tastes, and your surroundings?

Just follow a day in its course.

In the morning you jump out of bed. And lo, if you are a man of the century, you are in pajamas bought of an advertiser.

You hurry into the bath. In a few minutes you are in the room, encounter fixtures, soap, a flesh brush, sponge and towels; a razor, talcum, dental cream, and a tooth brush; and wind up with a nail file and military brushes—well advertised articles, every one of them.

The bath over, you slip into a union suit, a coat fitting shirt, hose, garters, shoes, clothes, all advertised, and, hurrying downstairs, are soon in the library, listening to a famous record or two.

Meanwhile, milady is upstairs, and oh, what man would dare try to fathom the influence of advertising in that wonderful world of hers!

Presently breakfast is served. An advertised range yields a well-known cereal. That removed, the maid brings in a familiar bacon, and an equally familiar coffee, while the griddle cakes and ———, I almost spoke the name of the syrup!

Down to the office you go. The motor? Advertised? Yes?

Arrived there, your wife reminds you, by phone (advertised), that you are to take her party of friends to the theatre in the evening, and, looking over the announcements, you are again brought face to face with advertising.

Night comes. The day ends. But even then advertising follows you. The button at your bedside turns off an advertised light!

:: *Comment on Sporting Events* ::

Injuries to the Vancouver club have no doubt played a very important part in the showing of the champions against the Westminster club this year. With Lalonde on the sick list ever since the first game, the home of the champions has not been able to give the best account of itself, and the general effectiveness of the club has been seriously impaired. The scoring end is a very important one in any matches with the old champions, and the absence of their star goal-getter has lately been a discouraging feature of the fortunes of the Vancouver club. With Lalonde back in the game, however, there is no doubt but that the whole Vancouver team will take on a new lease of life, and the supporters of the cup-holders in Vancouver are looking for them to turn the tables on the old champions in future games

* * *

Over in the Royal City the old champions are playing desperately in the hope of again having the Minto Cup on exhibition in that city at the close of the present season. There were many who thought that the Minto Cup had gone forever with the passing of the mug last summer and a deterioration in the playing of the old guard. The Royals at the present time, however, are showing that they can come back, and with more attention to the game by players and greater harmony throughout, they just now look to be equally as formidable as at any time in their history. The club is imbued with the desire to pile up a big lead in the race, and if once they acquire that the Vancouver club, even granting that the champions might have just an edge over the Royals, will find the task of their lives in cutting down that advantage. With the season only nicely started the champions will have to take eight of the remaining twelve games, which is no easy job for any combination of players.

* * *

Rarely have the fans had an opportunity to witness such lacrosse as was displayed by the Vancouver and New Westminster clubs in the big holiday match at Recreation Park on Monday afternoon, when the Westminster club defeated the Vancouver Minto Cup-holders in extra time by a score of 4 to 3. One of the greatest crowds which has ever witnessed an exhibition of the national game at the Coast was out to see the contest, and they were richly rewarded by seeing what will go down in history as one of the greatest struggles ever waged on a lacrosse field in Canada. From a Vancouver standpoint there was only one disappointing feature, while the cup of joy in New Westminster was filled to overflowing.

* * *

It was a contest which any team might be proud to win or lose. With both clubs fielding their strongest teams, the struggle at once emphasized the fact that there is little, yes, very little to choose between the two clubs. Up to the last moment it was anybody's game, and even if the Royals did win, the veriest tyro at the game must have felt relief when "Doughy" Spring slipped the deciding shot past Hess.

* * *

While the game was remarkable for its brilliancy and spectacular features, none the less was it remarkable for its almost entire absence of roughness and unpleasant incidents which only too frequently mar the game at the Coast. While it was a match in which the defences of both clubs scored heavily, it is worthy of special note that there were but few incidents to incur the displeasure of the officials. It was the most eloquent testimonial that the players could offer that the game can be played cleanly. It is to be hoped that in all future matches the players will be as careful to attend strictly to the game as in the match on the holiday.

* * *

The loss of the match no doubt seriously affects the chances of the Vancouver team holding the cup against the old champions. Vancouver must now take two out of three of each of the remaining games to be played to retain the silverware, and with the two clubs stacking up so evenly this is no easy task.

* * *

While the result of the match was more or less disastrous to the chances of the Vancouver club, there is one refreshing incident which must not be lightly passed over, and that is the fact that those who have been crying that the games have been fixed have received a decided jolt. It is not reasonable that with a pre-arranged programme either the Vancouver or Westminster club would be allowed to assume such a commanding lead as now enjoyed by the Royals, while nothing could have been more acceptable under such conditions than a victory for the Vancouver club on the holiday. Considering the result on that occasion, it is to be hoped that the spectators will satisfy themselves for all time that the matches are being played perfectly on the square, and the club which earns the cup at the end of the season will have done so purely on its merits.

* * *

Will somebody please stop the rush of the Seattle club in the Northwestern League race? The Giants seem to have acquired the habit of winning almost any old contest, and a race which up to the past week looked to be an open one is now assuming more definite shape. Both the Beavers and the Victoria club have been slipping during the past week, and the Giants and Spokane club are stepping out at a rate which will take some stopping. Trouble with the pitchers in both the Canadian nines are responsible to a large extent for the falling off of these clubs. The Vancouver club is adding to its strength in this department, and the Beavers may be expected to hit a faster clip from now on.

S. Vancouver's Destiny Rests With S. Vancouver's People

(Continued from Page 1)

municipalities just now on this question? Has Vancouver got an early copy of the Government engineer's report? H. H. Stevens, M.P., may have warned them on his return from Ottawa, that the Fraser is considered by the Government the most suitable place for docks on the Pacific Coast. We see from the Press that Mr. Stevens spoke pretty plainly, and said this conference must take place. We will watch with interest the outcome of it.

In regard to tramway fares : Vancouver has refused to entertain the 5c rate in the city, so that it might be extended to the suburban districts. All she is concerned about is the reduction of her franchise and electric lighting. The Western Canadian Power Company have offered to supply South Vancouver for half the price, both for power and lighting, they are paying just now.

Block paving our principal streets : under incorporation we could commence this at once. We have sufficient money on hand to do it. When would Vancouver do it?

Sewers : this is the most serious matter in the municipality, and can only be worked through a commission of the various municipalities and the Government.

Vancouver can in no way assist in this. We must grapple with it ourselves, and that without a moment's delay, or we will have bitter cause to regret it. Let us get the main branch sewers put in, so that they can become connected with the trunk which the Commission will have to put in.

Water : Vancouver has already intimated that she can let us have no more than we are at present getting, and even that may be withdrawn from us.

However, we are pushing forward a scheme for a supply for South Vancouver alone.

Taxes : South Vancouver, 12.50 mills; Vancouver, 22.50 mills. Under annexation you will have to pay nearly double taxes.

Borrowing powers : Vancouver has borrowed to the limit.

South Vancouver has nearly $4,000,000 which it can yet borrow. Rather a nice nest egg for Vancouver to get hold of.

Under incorporation, with this money you could lay sewers, get a water supply, block pave your principal thoroughfares, get power to obtain public parks and other necessary improvements. But greatest of all, the Council would be enabled to at once commence the piling of the Fraser River. The street ends could be made into wharfs, and the work of the dredger would become effectual then.

The Canadian Northern are going to spend millions upon millions on terminals, as Mayor Lee, of New Westminster stated.

These terminals will be within your city. It will bring work and prosperity to South Vancouver. New Westminster Council and citizens are teaching us a lesson. With an optimistic feeling for the future, their enthusiasm is unbounded. See how they voted their money bylaws last week for the preparation of the new docks!

Let us try to imbue our own Council with some of this optimistic feeling. Drop the bogey of annexation, and go forward with the determination to carry through incorporation. Only by doing so can South Vancouver work out the destiny that Nature is calling upon her to follow. The gods have given her a unique geographical position.

She is the funnel-mouth of the great hinterland of wheat-growing countries. She is the gateway of the Pacific. Lulu Island, with its level plain, is indeed an ideal terminal.

It is suicidal for us to neglect the great opportunity. Since we first drew attention to the possibilities of the North Arm of the Fraser, the daily press have been full of the matter editorially, and commentary notes have appeared in almost every issue of them. Why, then, should we seek to become annexed to a city without a cent to put up in improvement? The money is ours: let us spend it well and judiciously on the furtherance of the best interests of South Vancouver, and not let us hand it over to make Burrard Inlet or a City Beautiful for Vancouver.

Remember, South Vancouver has a population of nearly 35,000 and is growing at the rate of nearly 1000 per month. So when the question of incorporation or annexation comes before you—as it will do so in a short time—sure and strong let your slogan shout be,

"The Fraser for Ever! South Vancouver the leader shall be!"

"Billy," which is the attraction at the Avenue, opened on Monday last to two of the biggest houses ever gathered into that popular playhouse. It is admirably staged and acted, and those who do not see it, miss one of the best theatrical entertainments offered in Vancouver this season.

For next week the offering will be a dramatization of Mary J. Holmes' popular novel, "Tempest and Sunshine." Everyone has read the book, and will naturally be anxious to see it in its dramatic form.

Following this production the Avenue will be dark for four weeks, as it will be in the hands of the builders, decorators, etc., for long-contemplated changes and improvements. It will reopen on Monday, August 12 by the Lawrence Stock Company. The opening bill has not yet been selected, but it will be a high-class one.

Rev. B. H. and Mrs. West, of the Jackson Avenue Baptist Church, visited Captain and Mrs. Easter, corner of 38th Avenue and Chesterfield Street, early in the week.

A Month's Work in the Garbage Department

Health Officer J. Pengelly on Thursday submitted the following report to the Health Committee :

July 2, 1912

To the Health Committee, South Vancouver, B. C.

Dear Sirs,—I beg to submit herewith the first monthly report of the working of Garbage Department during the month of June.

During the month of June there have been about 250 houses and stores placed on the regular calling list, Ward IV being the largest contribution, Cedar Cottage district coming well into line; also a general collection from merchants along Fraser Street, and a few from Joyce Road, Collingwood. There is a growing demand for service from the more thickly populated districts, but the response from outlying places is very slow. A quantity of refuse has been collected from various lanes and public places where no responsibility could be attached to anyone for its accumulation.

This includes 4 loads from lane between 25th and 26th W; 1 load from lane between 29th and 30th E. of Main; 1 load from lane between 47th and 48 E. of Fraser; 2 loads from Hall grounds; 2 loads from Wilson Park; 5 loads from stable; 2 loads from rear of Waterworks shops, C. C.; 2 loads from lane between 16th and 17th E. of Main; 4 loads from lane west of Commercial Street; 2 loads from lane between Gartley and Miller; 1 load from lane between 25th and 26th W. of Fraser. Also several loads of earth required for covering.

Owing to the heavy accumulation of long standing it has been necessary for two men to accompany several carts, but with regular collections this will become lighter. The horses being unaccustomed to the carts and car and motor traffic required extra care at the commencement. Even with this attention two accidents have resulted in broken shafts.

A considerable attention has also been given to the burning over of the dumps once each week.

The serious attention of the Council should be called to the necessity of providing some permanent method of disposal of the collections, as the dumping at present followed is causing much complaint. It has been found necessary to forbid any further deposits at the ravines on 27th Ave. near Gladstone, and at Government Road, near Earls Road, on account of danger by fire to the bridges.

The dump at 27th and Fraser and at 30th and Gladstone, also at 30th and Godfrey, have been discontinued.

There remain yet in use 29th near Gladstone, 38th through cemetery, 17th and Yukon Street, but protests are coming in from these two last places.

The sale of tags through the hardware stores has given great convenience to the public and been appreciated to the extent of about $30 and is still being allowed.

Trouble in collecting has only once been experienced. This was with Mr. Shirley, sen., who promised to pay $1.00 as his share for removing garbage at the rear of Mrs. Shirley's property on 25th Avenue, near Main Street. Four loads were taken from here and $2.00 collected from other owners adjacent. After repeated evasion, Mr. Shirley flatly refused to pay, and Mr. J. Shirley, jun., expressed himself in a most insulting manner.

Now that we have our garbage system fairly under way would it not be well for the Fire, Water and Light Committee to introduce a bylaw preventing storekeepers from making fires and burning garbage at the rear of their stores? This diverts quite an income, besides being a grave danger to frame buildings.—Respectfully submitted,

J. PENGELLY, Health Inspector.

The report was adopted without any important discussion. The total amount collected on garbage was $200.65.

Not the Slightest Chance

The following is a true story of what took place in a Midland town, England. After giving a rousing address at a crowded meeting General Booth looked over the edge of the platform at the young man who was taking notes at the reporters' table and said, "Excuse me, my friend, but are you saved?"

"No, sir," replied the nervous fellow, "I'm a reporter." The veteran Salvationist, who was unprepared for such an answer, indulged in a hearty laugh.

Probably the baddest boy in America lives in South Vancouver, in the Knight Road district. His parents are at a loss to know what to do with him, and the neighbors want the local police to take a hand in correcting him.

Here are some of the acts the lad has recently committed.

Broke into a neighbor's house and stole several articles, and with hatpins stabbed a parrot to death, the parrot's eloquent appeals for mercy being absolutely ignored.

Stole black powder with which he endeavored to blow up a South Vancouver School.

Painted a baby with red paint in an effort to make an Indian out of the child.

Cut off the tail of a cat.

Visited a house in the neighborhood that was being shingled, and kicked several thousand loose shingles from the roof.

Tried repeatedly to set fire to the parental home.

Hit his uncle over the head with a shovel.

Stuck a pin in an aged gentleman who lives nearby.

The lacrosse match between the Carleton School and Earl's Road teams, played on the Carleton school grounds, East Collingwood, on Saturday, resulted in a win for the Carleton school boys by a score of 9 to 2.

A NIGHT AT THE BURSILL INSTITUTE

Zealandia's Crew Gave Splendid Concert at Collingwood East

At Collingwood East on Wednesday night, the classic halls of the Bursill Institute were thronged with South Vancouver people who came to be entertained by Mr. J. T. McDougall and his Zealandia concert party.

Mr. J. Francis Bursill has organized many entertainments for his South Vancouver friends, but in bringing to Collingwood East the brilliant company of artists from the good ship Zealandia, now in the harbor at Burrard Inlet, he excelled all former efforts.

Following was the programme :

Overture .....F. Brinkley
Song ..... A. Cavalier
Comic Song ..... B. Wood
Song ..... C. Ivison
Instrumental selection, L. Ivison, C. Ivison and J. Hewson
Song ..... J. T. McDougall
Comic Song ..... J. Hewson
Song ..... G. Ramsay
Comic Song ..... B. Mills
Duet..... C. Ivison and McDougall
Piano Solo ..... F. Brinkley
Comic Song ..... B. Wood
Song ..... G. Ramsay
Comic Song ..... J. Hewson
Song ..... L. Ivison
Song ..... J. T. McDougall
Comic Song ..... B. Mills
Song ..... A. Cavalier
Medley .... J .Hewson and C. Ivison
Duet .....Ramsay and McDougall
Recitation ..... Noel Robinson

During the evening the chair was occupied by Mr. Murray, of the "Chinook."

One of the features of the evening was the farewell to Mr. McDougall, musical director, who has sailed between Vancouver and the Southern Cross for four years on board the Zealandia. Mr. McDougall is shortly to give up the sea, and this will be his last trip to Vancouver.

It was generally agreed at the close of the evening that the event was one of those happenings which go to forge together a splendid Imperial chain. With the exception of Mr. Robinson, all those whose names appeared upon the programme claim as their native land either Australia or New Zealand.

Riggs-Higgins Co. Ltd.

Builders and bungalow builders generally in want of sash and doors should obtain a price list from the Riggs-Higgins Co., Ltd. of 860 Cambie Street, Vancouver, who are in a position to supply any quantity of sash and doors and builders' extras at prices that will compete with any house in the district. Stock sizes are offered at exceptionally low prices. All material is guaranteed the best, and estimates are furnished free of cost. Prompt delivery is one of the firm's specialities, and orders by phone or mail receive immediate attention. If goods ordered are not up to quality, the Riggs-Higgins Co. undertake to make good.

Auditor Crehan turned up for a short time on Tuesday. He seemed utterly tired with the exertions of the three previous days. He was enthusiastic over the manner in which the 6th Regiment and the Highlanders had carried on the fight against Victoria. Along with many others, Mr. Crehan is of the opinion that the decision of the fight was not given on the practical results.

* * *

Congratulations to Health Inspector Pengelly, whose daughter Helen, nine years old, secured the roll of honor for class proficiency at the closing exercises in South Hill school on Friday last. For the past twelve months Helen has never been late or absent on any school day.

BURNABY SPECIAL

Five-room house, on double corner, 100x125; all in garden, near cars; open road, water, and sidewalks. Price only $2,500.—Apply

Hazlett Brokerage Co.

Cor. 15th Ave. and Westminster Road
Tel. : Fairmont 1575

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ARCHITECT
520 Metropolitan Building
(Student at the Beaux Arts)

WEBB SHOE CO.

FOR GOOD SHOE REPAIRS

You'll say so, if you try us.

25th and MAIN STREET

WANTED:

Carpenters, laborers, etc., General Wolfe School, 27th and Ontario. South Vancouver residents preferred.

C. HARRISON, Contractor

CLERKSHIP

JUNIOR CLERK wanted at once. —Apply F. N. Hirst, Bank of Hamilton, Cedar Cottage.

CORPORATION OF THE DISTRICT OF SOUTH VANCOUVER

WATERWORKS DEPARTMENT

NOTICE TO CONSUMERS

THE USE OF WATER for lawns, gardens, streets and sidewalk sprinkling is strictly prohibited. Any persons violating this rule will subject themselves to having the water turned off and leave themselves liable to be charged with wilfully wasting the water supplied.

J. MULLETT,
Waterworks Superintendent

PLAN YOUR EASTERN EXCURSION

OVER THE

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

The Scenic Route of America

Special low Round-trip Tickets on sale to all points East on various dates during the Summer months.

For a most delightful trip during the warm weather take a trip on the new fast

SS. Princess Patricia

Now making two trips daily between Vancouver and Nanaimo.

For rates, reservations, and further information apply to:

C. MILLARD, Depot Ticket Agent, Vancouver.
J. MOE, C. P. A., 434 Hastings St., Vancouver.
H. W. BRODIE, Gen. Pass. Agent, Vancouver.

Terminal Steam Navigation Co. Ltd.

Howe Sound Route

S.S. BARAMBA

S.S. Baramba leaves Evans Coleman Dock every morning at 9:15, Sunday 10:30 a.m., for Bowen Island, Bindley's Ldg., Invercraig, Anvil Island, Britannia Mines, Newport, Squamish and Mill Creek. The Baramba arrives at Newport at 2:15 p.m. and leaves at 2:30 p.m., arriving in Vancouver at 7:00 p.m. Meals on board, 50 cents. Fare to Bowen Island, 50 cents each way. All points above Bowen Island, $1.00 each way. Special Excursion Tickets, good for day of issue, only $1.00 Round Trip.

S.S. BRITANNIA

S.S. Britannia leaves Evans Coleman Dock every morning at 9:15 a.m., Sunday at 10:30 a.m., for Great Northern Cannery, Caulfields, Larsons, Fisherman's Bay, Alberta Bay (Tuesdays only), Porteau, South Valley, Britannia Mines, Newport, Squamish. Arrives at Newport 1:00 p.m., leaving at 1:30 p.m. and arrives back in Vancouver at 5:30 p.m.

On Sundays the Britannia will only go as far as Bowen Island. Meals on board 50c. Special excursion tickets good for day of issue only, $1 round trip.

Evans, Coleman & Evans, Ltd., Agts
Phone: Seymour 2988

North Arm Steamship

Company Limited

ROUND TRIP $1.00

Meals and Afternoon Tea Served on Board

THE S.S. SKEENA

The large, comfortable stern-wheel steamer refitted entirely for this run will make a DAILY TRIP to THE NORTH ARM, Burrard Inlet on week days (except Saturdays) at 9.15 a.m., Saturdays, at 2.30 p.m.; Sundays, at 10.30 a.m., calling at Roslyn Park, Lake Buntzen and Indian River Park, arriving back in Vancouver at about 6.30 p.m. Steamers sail from Ferry land—Foot of Main Street.

Dr. A. J. Brett

DENTIST

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SOUTH VANCOUVER

D. W. Grimmett

Pioneer Real Estate Broker of South Vancouver

I sell nice Building Lots from $10.00 up

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IF YOU LIKE

FRESH FISH

BUY IT AT THE

Main Fish Market

Try us for BUTTER, EGGS, VEGETABLES, and FRUIT

Prices Right

25th Ave. and Main St.

:-: PEN PICTURES :-:

Mr. J. B. SPRINGFORD, Municipal Clerk

No one has been brought more prominently into the public limelight of late than the subject of our sketch this week—J. B. Springford. He is an Englishman, and left that country when thirteen years of age. The family lived in Devizes, Wiltshire, which has long been famed for its brand of bacon.

* * *

Mr. Springford went first to Montana, where he was engaged in clerical work for nearly four years with Senator Gibson's firm. Later he went to Calgary, where he engaged in the same class of work. He obtained a situation with the C. P. R., and remained in it for about three years. Always stirred with the restless ambition that animates every young man just entering the early 'twenties, he left there and pushed on for Edmonton, where he remained for nearly two years, during part of which time he worked for Revillon Bros., general merchants.

* * *

Over the mountains there was being wafted to him the call of the Coast. Slowly at first it came—just a tinge of curiosity to see the place, then a longing for a holiday, then at last the call, clear and strong. He was impelled to go to that place which magazines lauded and people praised. About five years ago he packed his suit case and took a ticket for Vancouver. He secured a situation with McLennan & McFeely shortly after his arrival here. He remained with this firm and held the position of cashier in the department he was in until he received the appointment last year as Municipal Clerk, in succession to Mr. Peake. Mr. Springford's parents live on Vancouver Island.

* * *

It seems to run in the blood of the Springfords to manipulate figures. He has one brother engaged with a large commercial firm in Milwaukee as auditor, at a salary of $6,000 per annum, while he has another brother who holds a responsible position in much the same class of work. "There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will": if Mr. Springford knows these lines, they must have come often to his mind of late.

* * *

Shortly after arriving in Vancouver he realized that it was not good for man to be alone, so like a good Christian he followed out the biblical instructions and took unto himself a wife. Four and a half years ago we find him purchasing his lot and building his home out on 47th Avenue. Little dreamt he then that one day he would be the pilot of that ship which he was coming to settle on, and that it would be in its darkest days, when every man's action would be viewed with doubt and suspicion.

* * *

Mr. Springford had troublous times through which to come. He has had worries and anxieties to contend with. So far he has acquitted himself as a man. The Council is satisfied with his work, the ratepayers have every faith in him. His integrity is unimpeachable. He has evolved order out of chaos; he has introduced a system of bookkeeping that is a credit, not only to himself, but to the municipality. The auditors have commended his system; there could be no better mead of praise than this commendation.

* * *

Mr. Springford is young and full of energy; there is a bright career before him. He is at the helm of a growing city; already it is beginning to proudly rear its head as one of the future great leaders. What greater ambition could a man have than to think his life's work is to be spent in the shaping of the destiny of such a city? In years to come the foundations he lays in financing will either be praised or condemned. Long will his work remain. We may rest assured he will see to it that upon the foundations he lays will be reared a structure which no man can destroy.

* * *

Early in life Mr. Springford reached high up the ladder, but it should never be forgotten that there are many climbers behind, all of which requires a firm hand and a sure grasp. In his hands the Council have placed great powers, and there is no danger that these powers will be abused in his dealings with the public. They will judge by results. In all that is just and right they will accord ready support.

Mr. Springford is also treasurer-secretary to the Licence Board and inspector of licences, while in a private capacity he is a director of the People's Trust Co. We may easily see he has his hands full of work.

Ward III Rallies Round Its Member at Crowded Meeting

(Continued from Page 1)

As they knew, a special meeting was called for that evening, and he (Councillor Thomas) was the first member of the Council to arrive in the Council chamber. He had just sat down when Councillor Robinson put in an appearance. The Reeve and other members of the Council were then in another part of the hall, and he had heard they were averse to sitting with Robinson while a cloud was hanging over his head. After referring in detail to the various phases in the inquiry now proceeding, Councillor Thomas said that until the case was decided in the higher court it would be very unbecoming on his part to express any opinion upon the matter: he would be doing an injustice to Spencer Robinson as well as to himself. In the meantime he wanted to say this: From the evidence adduced in the law courts he would not put his head in the Municipal Hall or Council Chamber until the law had removed the cloud from over his head. But as Mr. Robinson seemed determined to take a different view, and as the law said that the Council had no power to prevent him, why, then he supposed it was the duty of the Council to accept the position and do the best they could for the municipality as a whole. He could not see any other way out of it. Any member of the Council could resign, but whether the ratepayers thought that would be wise or not, it was for them to say. If he refused to sit on the Council, but still continued to look after the business of the ward, then the people who elected him would not suffer. What he wanted was an expression of opinion whether they thought he did right or wrong in refusing to sit with Spencer Robinson. Of course every man was innocent until he was proved guilty, and he would be very sorry to say anything derogatory to Spencer Robinson.

What He Found Out

Continuing, Councillor Thomas said when he had been elected about a month he happened to find out that the audit of the accounts appeared to be unsatisfactory. In fact, he came to the conclusion that there was something very wrong. He could not tell how an auditor could make up a sheet of that kind and sign it as correct. He spoke about it in the Council, and the result was that although some members of the Council began to think, no action was taken. When the general meeting of the Council came round he told the Council that he did not like the way the audit was put before the people, and he wanted them to put himself on record that either a specific audit of the books was necessary, or otherwise they have a government auditor. He was sorry to say that not one member of the then Council would support him. As time went on he learned something day by day, and as a result a special meeting of the Council was called, the result of which everybody knew. But when Spencer Robinson forced himself on the Council he not only insulted the representatives of the people, but the ratepayers and the whole municipality. Did that meeting think he was doing wrong in not going back to the Council and sitting there with Mr. Robinson? All they had to do was to inform him of the fact and he was ready to resign tomorrow. He was not elected by the Council, but by the people, and he was working in the interests of the people who elected him, and in the interests of the whole municipality. (Applause.) Reverting to the question of the municipal accounts, Councillor Thomas said, the more he considered the matter the nearer he got to

A Solution of the Riddle

He came to the conclusion that if there was one thing required more than another it was a proper audit of the books. He was of the opinion that it was one complete chain of misdoing and misdeeds. Thirty thousand dollars of the people's money had been wasted on school sites alone. No matter how poor a man was, if he could keep his hands and his heart clean there was no fear of his going very far wrong. (Applause.) He had been as low as anyone financially, but he had never done a dishonest or dishonorable thing in his life. No one could ever charge him with having robbed his fellow-man out of a single cent. His old grandfather once told him if he wanted to be a smart old man, he must not be too smart when young, and he had endeavored to carry that out, and he would be 76 years old in a few days.

Mr. Ferris: If Mr. Thomas does not continue to represent us, is Spencer Robinson going to carry on the business of the municipality? (Loud applause.)

Mr. Hilton pointed out that Councillor Thomas, as their representative, had nothing to do with Spencer Robinson. They wanted Councillor Thomas to attend to their business, and the whole business of Ward III. He advised that if Robinson came to the Council meeting the other members should ignore him altogether.

Mr. James, Rev. Mr. Pye, and several other ratepayers spoke in support of the action taken by the Council in refusing to sit with Councillor Robinson, and in regard to Councillor Thomas in particular the meeting was unanimously agreed that he had served the ratepayers well in the past, and that his services were needed now more than at any previous time. The following resolution was therefore adopted: "That this meeting of Ward III ratepayers express their continued confidence in Councillor Thomas," and an intimation was given that if Councillor Robinson again attends the Council his presence should be ignored.

The Chairman, Mr. Kay, in conveying to Councillor Thomas the wishes of the meeting, said he should be sorry to see Councillor Thomas away from the Council meetings. It would be a great loss, not only to Ward III, but to the municipality, were he to resign from the Council. And, he concluded, "we cannot but regret Councillor Robinson's action; one would have thought that in public decency he would stay away from the Council."

THE DUST NUISANCE

As a means of abating the dust nuisance during the months of July and August, Engineer Clement recommended that the principal thoroughfares be sprinkled with a solution of calcium of chloride, as he understood they were receiving benefit from its use in the municipality of Point Grey.

ROOMS TO LET; reasonable rates; near 25th and Main. 318 28th Ave. East.

LUMBER TENDERS

There was a scene at a meeting of the Board of Works on Thursday evening, when tenders for lumber were opened and considered. In response to the advertisement, asking for tenders, there were two replies, one from the Coast Lumber Co., Bodwell Road, and the other from the Eburne Lumber Company. Their quotations were $15.50 and $15.00 respectively. The tender of the Eburne firm was accepted, Councillor Thomas, who proposed the acceptance of the local tender, failing to get a seconder.

In the past it has been a rule of the Board to accept the lowest tender, and in this instance the rule was adhered to. During the proceedings Councillor Thomas complained that he was not treated fairly by his colleagues, and left his seat in the meeting, but soon afterwards returned.

MORE SCHOOL TRUSTEES

It is not unlikely that additional School Trustees will be elected at the next election. A plan is now being formulated which will probably come up for discussion and settlement.

The election of two trustees in addition to the five men who now comprise the Board would, it is stated, enable the school business to be handled more expeditiously and with less possibility of mistakes.

ORANGE LODGE MEETING

Loyal Orange Central Lodge met in Bingay's Hall, Central Park, last Wednesday night, Worshipful Brother J. B. Appleby in the chair. One member was admitted by certificate, and seven degrees conferred. Rt. Hon. Bro. J. W. Whittey, provincial grand organizer of British Columbia, and Rt. Hon. County Master E. Elliott, were present.

Auditor Crehan is a man of many parts. One day he is absorbed in official statistics; the next he is assisting at a fire, or out with the Volunteers at Vancouver Island. Last week end he went volunteering and experienced a most enjoyable holiday, except that perhaps the cooking was not quite up to the standard of the Hotel Vancouver. However, that is only one of the little drawbacks to volunteer work, and no more than many anticipate. He took part in the manoeuvres as Press censor. In an effort to break through the lines of the opposing forces, Mr. Crehan was compelled to ride thirty miles, and eventually got through. He returned to South Vancouver on Monday morning, but left again during the day on business explained in our last issue.

Magistrate McArthur will resume his duties on Saturday morning. Reeve Kerr and Acting Magistrate Thomas will not require to give any further attendance at court. To the Reeve it must have been quite a little experience to peer into the seamy side of human nature as shown in the limelight of a police court.

The Bargains Are Going Fast!

Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!

Why go down town to buy FURNITURE when you can do better at home?

Get our prices and terms and then compare with down-town stores—you'll come back THEN, and BUY **SURE**

The finest line of quarter-sawn dressers in Vancouver

AT COST

Centre Tables from $1.25 to $5.00.

A very special Bargain: Cheval Wardrobes, $12.50 and $14.50.

Fine Library Tables, in fumed and early English.

Office Furniture

Sanitary Desks, leather tops, $10.50 and $12.50.

Special Buffets $16.50

Iron Beds, Springs and Mattresses, $8.75.

Lace Curtains. While they last, regular $5.00 for $2.25 a pair. Only a few left.

Blankets and Comforters at cost.

Linoleums, Carpets and Rugs, way, way down.

We **MUST** sell to make room for new shipments.

Get the bargains while they last.

South Vancouver Furniture Company

FRED ARCHER

3723 Main St. South Vancouver

Flying Machines and Speed Motor Boats to be Manufactured in Vancouver by the Helic Aerio Navigation Company Limited

The day is rapidly approaching when "travel by air" will be as popular as automobile or yachting.

With the introduction of the

Helicplane

aerial navigation has been made safe. The great danger to life and limb is the only obstacle that has kept "flying" from being one of the popular sports.

The Helicplane has three safety attachments, each of which works independently of the other, and each "safety" is capable by itself of saving the machine from destruction in the event of accident.

Another great advantage that the Helicplane has that no other machine can boast of, is its power to make a perpendicular ascent without a running start being necessary. It can also make a straight descent.

These two features of the Helicplane—that is, perfect safety and its power to make a perpendicular ascent—place it above any other machine on the market today, for no other machine has either of these advantages.

The Hydroplane Skipper

is a speed boat capable of covering 35 miles an hour. It is equipped with a 75H.P. 6-cylinder 6in. stroke engine. Speed boating is a most fascinating sport, and is bound to be popular in Vancouver where such wonderful boating facilities abound.

The Helic Aerio Navigation Co. Ltd. are going to

Manufacture in Vancouver

both the Helicplane and the Hydroplane Skipper.

This means an industry for Vancouver that will be a monopoly. There will be no competition, for the Helicplane is the only safe machine on the market.

Besides selling these machines, the company intend giving flying exhibits and entering their speed boats in the large races on the coast where handsome cash prizes are given.

A firm in the States operated 7 machines in giving flying exhibits and cleaned up over $1,000,000 gross profits in one years. Parmalee and Turpin, the "bird men" who were in Vancouver recently, made $10,000 for one day's flying. This will convey some idea of the wonderful possibilities of this unique business.

Aerial navigation is going to be the wonder of the twentieth century, and the manufacturing of air machines will be a great industry like the automobile.

The Helic Aerio Navigation Co. Ltd. are capitalized at only $200,000.

A few weeks ago they placed 30,000 shares on the market at par value $1.

Special Offer

We have 5000 shares that we are selling at $1.25. After July 6 this price will be raised. Look into our proposition at once. You will want to buy when you realize what we have. Why not buy now? Get an interest in this industry. It has no competition and is in your own province.

Call at our office and see our models and get particulars.

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