The Greater Vancouver CHINOOK

Vol. III, No. 22 — SOUTH VANCOUVER, B.C., CANADA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1914 — Price 5 cents

A Chance At Last for South Vancouver To Have A Say In The Running of The Affairs of British Columbia

Commission Which Will Lay Out New Electoral Divisions Which Should Give South Vancouver From Three to Four Representatives at Victoria Meets Tuesday Night at 8 p.m. at Municipal Hall. Municipal Council, Board of Trade and All Other Local Organizations Should Attend

Atlin, with a voting population of less than three hundred persons, has one representative in the Provincial Legislature.

South Vancouver, with a population estimated at 30,000, has no representative in the Provincial Legislature.

The City of Victoria has four representatives in the Legislature. Vancouver has her solid five.

South Vancouver hasn't any say in the conduct of the affairs of the Province. Neither has Burnaby or Point Grey. We might just as well be off the map as long as these conditions exist.

There is now to be a redistribution of the constituencies of the Province. If you are interested in the affairs of the country, attend at the Municipal Hall, South Vancouver, at 8 p.m., Tuesday, October 13.

The Redistribution Commission appointed by the Government will meet at that time and place to hear from all persons desirous of expressing their views upon the question of the Redistribution of Provincial Electoral Districts. This commission is made up of the following: Mr. Justice Morrison (Chairman) and Mr. Justice Macdonald, and W. P. Ogilvie, Secretary.

You will remember that in the past, South Vancouver has often approached the Provincial Government for what the people thought were their rights. There is no case on record where the Provincial Government ever paid any attention to the prayers and petitions of the people of South Vancouver. This is largely because we have had no representation over at Victoria. True, Mr. Carter-Cotton has represented Richmond. But then Richmond embraces nearly the entire coast of British Columbia, barring Vancouver and New Westminster. It runs from the Fraser River north—so far north that it is said that part of Richmond has not yet been discovered by the whites.

It is necessary to make proper representations to the commission which will sit Tuesday evening. This is a matter where all parties are interested. South Vancouver is one of the most important centres in the Province, is entitled to representation and should have it and will have it. The point is that facts and figures must be placed before their Lordships of the commission and it is up to every organization interested to have representatives before the commission.

Collingwood District News

Mr. Thomas White has rented his home, corner of Tyne Road and 43rd Avenue, furnished, and he and Mrs. White are going back East for an extended visit.

* * *

Mrs. Eberhart, wife of Capt. Eberhart, of No. 1 Firehall, who has been in the General Hospital, Vancouver, undergoing medical treatment, is improving nicely and will be home this week.

* * *

Mr. George Hutchins, of 3366 26th Avenue East, met with an accident while cutting wood and had to go to the General Hospital.

* * *

The Young Peoples' Guild of Knox Church, corner Joyce and School Roads, are arranging a Thanksgiving Social and Concert for Monday evening, October 12, at 8 p.m., when a splendid programme of music will be rendered. Refreshments will be served.

* * *

The Red Cross Society have opened a branch to assist in the collection of material and contributions for hospital purposes at the residence of Miss E. Lister, 351 Aberdeen Street, Collingwood East.

* * *

The Business Men's Association of Collingwood, which was to have met on Thursday, has been postponed indefinitely. The secretary will notify the members when arrangements are made.

* * *

At Knox Church, corner of Joyce and School Roads, on Saturday, October 11, Thanksgiving services will be held and special sermons will be preached, the pastor taking for his subject at the morning service "Thanksgiving," and at the evening service the subject will be "Harvest." The church will be suitably decorated and appropriate music will be rendered by the choir.

* * *

A successful entertainment was held in Knox Church under the auspices of the Women's Society, Rev. G. C. F. Pringle in the chair. The following artists taking part: Miss Elsie Alexander, Mr. Geo. E. Chaffey, Miss E. Reid, Mr. Wm. Thompson, Mr. A. Milne, A. R. C. M., Mrs. P. L. Bingay and Prof. Jas. Tait.

* * *

Mr. Oliver, of School Road, has removed to Port Haney, where he has secured steady employment.

* * *

The Home Guards of Collingwood East are holding weekly drills every Monday and Friday in the Bursill Institute. The members take a keen interest in their drills and they have provided themselves with wooden model guns so as to perfect themselves in sighting and handling arms. Instructor Gagen is much pleased with the progress that is being made by this corps.

The Joyce Road pavement is nearing completion and is a credit to the contractors who have brought it along so well in spite of the adversity of the weather.

* * *

Mr. Sam Williams intends holding a series of dances in the Bursill Institute every Thursday evening during the winter months.

* * *

The Municipal employees are shaping up the boulevard on the north side of the tracks at Collingwood East Station and when completed on the south side will be a good advertisement as it will make it look like a business street and will reflect credit on the municipal fathers.

* * *

Thanksgiving Anniversary Services in the Collingwood East Methodist Church Sunday, October 11. At the morning service the Rev. J. W. Davidson, B.A.,B.D., of Mountain View Methodist Church; at 2.30 p.m., Sunday School rally; special program by the children, and at 7.30 p.m. Rev. W. W. Abbott, of Queen's Avenue Methodist Church, New Westminster, will preach.

On Monday evening, October 12, a lecture, "The Greatest Combination in the World" will be given by Rev. R. N. Powell, of Vancouver. The lecture will be supplemented by a musical program by the choir and outside talent. Program begins at 8 p.m. Refreshments served. Collection taken. Everyone welcome.

CENTRAL PARK NOTES

At St. John's Church, by the Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Geo. Taylor and Miss E. Cooper, of Joyce Road, were united in marriage in the presence of a large number of immediate relatives and friends. Miss Lyle was the bridesmaid and the groom was supported by his brother, Mr. Charles Taylor. After the ceremony was performed the happy couple with guests went to their new home, corner of McKinnon and School Roads, where a sumptuous repast had been prepared after which the guests enjoyed themselves with music and mirth.

* * *

Next Tuesday evening at Agricultural Hall, Central Park, a subscription dance will be held under the directoship of Prof. Jas. Tait. Dancing will commence at 8.30. Good orchestra in attendance.

* * *

Park Lodge, No. 63, A.F. and A. M. will hold their monthly meeting in the Masonic Temple, corner Kingsway and Boundary Road on Monday evening, at 7.30. Visiting brethren always welcome.

* * *

The Women's Institute will hold their annual meeting on Thursday, 15th inst., at 2.30. A full attendance is requested as matters of importance will be dealt with.

LIBERAL MEETING

At the Main Street Liberal Club on Thursday evening, October 1, the annual meeting was held, when a report of the year's work was given by the secretary, which showed that a very prosperous year had been completed. After the secretary's report the annual elections of officers was held which resulted in the election of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, hon. president; Mr. H. C. Brewster, hon. vice president; Mr. Geo. M. Murray, president; J. B. Holden, vice-president; D. Grimmett, 2nd vice-president; Geo. Moore, secretary treasurer; Executive, A. E. Chamberlain, D. M. Stewart, S. F. Henderson, W. Winram, R. F. Miller, H. Kay, J. M. Stewart, J. Jackson; Auditors, J. J. Fitzpatrick and J. B. Wilkinson.

Mr. Geo. M. Murray reported on the work of the club during the past year, stating that all organization work inaugurated during the past year had emanated from this club.

Mr. Henderson reported that the social work of the club during the past year had proved exceedingly successful and had been the means of drawing large attendances and bringing in a number of new members.

BOARD OF TRADE CONCERT AND BALL FOR WAR FUND

Will be Held on October 16 at Little Mountain Hall and Promises to be a Brilliant Success

Members of the South Vancouver Board of Trade will on next Friday evening, October 16, give a grand patriotic concert and ball, proceeds from which will be donated to the War Fund.

The Oddfellows' Hall, corner of Thirtieth Avenue and Main Street, has been donated by the lodge for the evening and there are being invited all the civic officials of the Municipality and the City of Vancouver, with their ladies, together with members of the local and Dominion parliaments for the Lower Mainland.

The details of the affair are being arranged by a committee made up of Messrs. W. J. Prowse, W. J. Allen and H. N. Halberg.

An excellent programme has been provided and everything possible is being done to make the ball an unprecedented success.

It is likely that there will be in attendance officers from the Vancouver garrison with their ladies.

The D. O. K. K. orchestra are donating their services.

Thanksgiving Service

On Sunday, October 11, a Thanksgiving Service will be held in the Mountain View Methodist Church. The pulpit at the morning service will be occupied by the Rev. E. Wesley Morgan of Collingwood East Methodist Church. At 2.30 a Rally of the Sunday School with special services. In the evening the pastor, the Rev. J. W. Davidson, will preach.

* * *

Mrs. Dr. Wark's bible class of young ladies are giving an entertainment in Mountain View Methodist church on Thursday evening, October 15. All who attended their last concert will be pleased to go again.

CARD OF THANKS

Rev. J. R. Robertson, captain of the St. David's team that canvassed Ward III for the South Vancouver Patriotic War Fund hereby wishes to thank the following persons who were members of the team for their good services in support of this worthy cause:

Mrs. F. Henley, Miss L. Lee, Miss P. McGillivray, Mrs. W. L. Francis, Miss M. Sibbald, Miss M. Thomas, Miss C. Bigelow, Mrs. W. E. Fraser, Mrs. W. G. R. Kerr, Messrs. M. Lanner, Wm. Hutton, A. C. Purdy, Jno. McMillan and W. R. Walling.

He also wishes to thank all the citizens of Ward II for the kindly reception given to all the collectors, not only for the money contributed to the fund, but for the interest and sympathy manifested by all those who were not able to give. Both money and sympathy are greatly appreciated by the executive officers of the fund.

J. R. ROBERTSON.

Correspondence

Editor "Chinook":

In response to your invitation to "local poets" I submit the effusion enclosed—a suffrage song. I do not consider myself a poet, and you may not consider my attempt patriotic, but some of the equal suffrage ladies have been pleased to compliment it, and I shouldn't object to seeing how it looks in print.

Yours truly,
CAMILLA A. WRIGHT.

The Purple, White and Green

We have donned our coats of mail,
We have joined in Freedom's fight,
And the Purple, White and Green
Is our flag of equal right.

Chorus

Then rally round our banner, friends,
On her folds, see, victory floats;
Yes, rally brave and strong, friends,
And ever work for votes.

We are armed with courage true,
We'll press on through thick and thin,
Night and day we'll work and pray
'Till our noble cause we win.

In the Purple's royal flash
Is eternal justice's claim,
Equal rights and equal laws
Are our watchwords and our aim.

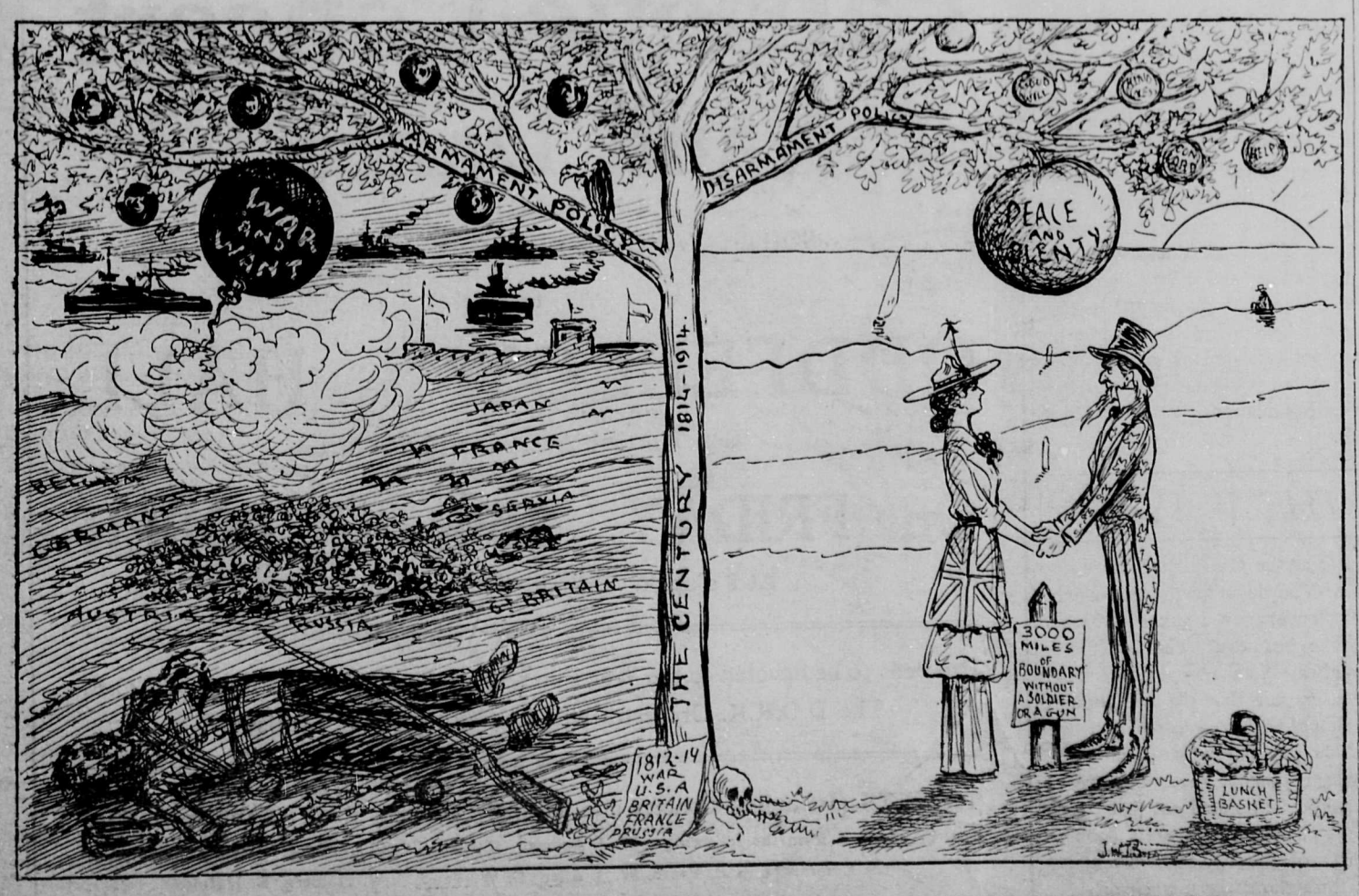
In the White's celestial light,
Purity's fair, snowy sign,
Giant wrongs will be set right,
Darkest clouds be turned to shine.

In the gleaming of the Green
Is the hope that never dies,
Spurs us on to action fresh,
Wins at last the longed for prize.

Mrs. Ernest Snow returned from the hospital Monday, October 5, very much improved in health.

* * *

Mr. J. Nelson, manager of the "News-Advertiser," gave a very interesting lecture on the War at Ferris Road Methodist church Tuesday evening. Rev. Mr. Powel and Rev. Mr. Hartwell also spoke. Miss Hartwell sang.



THE FRUITS OF THE CENTURY TREE. WHICH IS THE WISER POLICY—ARMAMENT OR DISARMAMENT?

Cedar Cottage Snapshots

Mrs. Sam Jackson of 36th Avenue has returned from a delightful trip to her girlhood home in Ontario, and a visit to several of the larger Eastern cities.

* * *

Mr. Southgate, of 18th Avenue, left last week for a trip to Saskatchewan, while Mrs. Southgate has gone to visit friends in Agassiz.

* * *

Mrs. Purvis, of Gore Bay, Ontario, is visiting at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Sam Jackson.

* * *

The ladies of St. Joseph's Church are making great preparations for a mammoth bazaar to be given in the church at an early date.

* * *

Under the auspices of the Political Equality League of Cedar Cottage, an afternoon tea for the benefit of the local poor was given last Monday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Rose Wiggins, on 35th Avenue East. There was a good attendance and a satisfactory collection, while all present enjoyed the excellent musical program given, and the dainty refreshments served in sweet charity's name.

* * *

An interesting feature of the Epworth League meeting at Robson Memorial Church on Monday evening was the splendid report given by Mr. Gregg, president of the Mount Pleasant League, on the recent National Epworth League Convention, held in Buffalo, to which Mr. Gregg was a delegate.

* * *

On the evening of October 12th, there will be given at the Presbyterian Church by the Young People's Society a concert and entertainment which promises to be far above the average, while an appetizing supper will be served by the Ladies' Aid. This is a treat which should not be overlooked, and it is hoped there will be no vacant chairs.

* * *

Next Sunday will be Rally Day for the Robson Memorial Sunday School. There will be an interesting program, special music and special decorations.

* * *

At Cedar Cottage Theatre on Commercial Street, there was a very successful concert given on Sunday evening last in aid of the War Fund. The fifteen-piece symphony orchestra rendered excellent music while the quartettes, duets and solos given were greeted with liberal applause from a large and appreciative audience. There was a generous collection given at the door.

* * *

Mrs. Josh Jackson, of Thyne Road, gave her house for the regular monthly meeting of the Robson Memorial W. M. S. on Tuesday afternoon the 6th, and for the Sunshine Mission Circle Tuesday evening. Both meetings were well attended and full of interest.

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"The truth at all times firmly stands
And shall from age to age endure."

MR. MARTIN AND SOUTH VANCOUVER

IF Mr. Joseph Martin is prepared to unfurl the flag of democracy and consistently hold its folds up to the breezes, there are many thousands of voters in South Vancouver who will readily come to the standard.

The people of South Vancouver are for the most part believers in the principles of Liberalism. They are too intelligent, however, to blindly follow any party. They know that wolves in sheep's clothing are more dangerous than plain undisguised wolves. Judging from the status of the Liberal party in British Columbia today, this knowledge is not monopolized in any one section of the province.

The people of South Vancouver have been practically without the franchise for many years so far as representation in the Dominion and Provincial houses are concerned. When the next election comes round conditions will have been improved in this regard. South Vancouver people believe that the Lord never created one class of His people to rule and one class to be ruled. Therefore the Conservative friends may be expected to fare poorly in South Vancouver. On the other hand, the sort of Liberalism that the people of South Vancouver will support is a Liberalism within their reach and understanding—a Liberalism which has something definite to offer them.

To have the respect of the people of South Vancouver the Liberal leader must be an honest man who lends himself as an instrument for the expression of sound Liberal policies. He must also be a man of ability and a fearless fighting man. Such a man is Mr. Martin, and if he succeeds in awaking the people of British Columbia before the Province is completely stripped of its wealth, he will have performed a great work for the nation.

HON. JOSEPH MARTIN'S RETURN

IT is interesting to observe the reception Mr. Martin is meeting with upon his return to active service in the Liberal party in Western Canada. The announcement from Winnipeg of his appointment by Sir Wilfrid Laurier to lead the forces of the party in British Columbia was published exclusively in the Vancouver "Province" on Thursday of last week. The "Sun," the only professedly Liberal daily in Vancouver treated the announcement with grim silence.

The "News-Advertiser," the personal organ of Sir Richard McBride, expressed the feeling that it was strange that Mr. Martin should have to go to national headquarters for his appointment and that he was likely unable to secure the endorsement of local Liberals. The Vancouver "World," the oldtimer Liberal paper which was read out of the party by a group of members of the Liberal party after the reverses of 1911, printed the following editorial on the front page under the caption, "A Real Liberal Once More in the Field":

"The 'World,' and, we are convinced, the majority of the people of British Columbia who take an intelligent and wider than party interest in political affairs, will welcome the return of Mr. Joseph Martin to politics. No one who pays any regard to the relative position of parties today can shut his eyes to the fact that political life in British Columbia, even in war time, stands in urgent need of the reinvigoration which a man of Mr. Martin's vigor, fearlessness, experience and proved ability cannot fail to impart to it.

The political situation in the Province is well known to most residents, and it may easily be discerned and understood by such of our number as have hitherto found it too uninteresting, and too much lacking in variety, to attract study. It is merely this: one party, by sheer weight and force of numbers, is; the other party, for reasons that are various, is not. This, in plain words, is the situation.

That, in circumstances like these, the return of Mr. Martin to politics will mean much to the progressive forces in political life in the Province—the bracing up of politicians of all classes, and the reinvigoration of political life in all its agencies; so, also, is his possession of that indispensable quality in a leader—the power to inspire others with confidence and courage. He is no mere King Frog in a small puddle; he has the experience and the imagination which give men wide knowledge of events, wide grasp of affairs. His knowledge of human nature has been proved in his conduct of many an important legal case, and in his handling of unsympathetic audiences. In addition, he possesses in his make-up a strong dash of Puritanism; as a politician, he is honest.

No doubt serious and heavy work lies to Mr. Martin's hand if he turns it to the constructive task of rehabilitating the Liberal party in British Columbia. This work will call for readjustment of relationships among individuals; it will mean the receding into the background of some who have hitherto been active in party politics, and it will mean the bringing forward of others who have not hitherto been in the fighting line. Friction will be generated by these measures, and feeling that is strong may be aroused; but movement always generates friction, and, after all, progress is infinitely preferable to ineffectiveness and stagnation. Mr. Martin is not the sort of man to shrink from unpleasantness provided he is convinced of the value of the task in which it is incurred. That the task which we see ahead of him will be valuable to the Province and the country, we do not doubt. Possibly neither does he.

The return of Mr. Martin to politics is an excellent thing for British Columbia. Men of independent mind will wish him success in his work."

Following the appearance of the "World" editorial the "News-Advertiser" again made reference to Mr. Martin as follows:

"In one of his interviews Mr. Joseph Martin explains that though he was in favor of reciprocity he voted at last election against the Laurier ministry. Mr. Martin will doubtless in due time explain why he was so anxious three years ago to destroy a ministry which he now desires to restore. Sir Wilfrid has repeatedly explained that his character and policy have not changed, and since Mr. Martin did all he could to turn Sir Wilfrid out it will be interesting to hear him explain why he wants him back. It may be suspected that Mr. Martin's objections were not so much to Sir Wilfrid or his administration and his policy as it was to the control of the party in this province and to the character and conduct of the leaders and managers in this city and elsewhere on this coast. An exposition of these matters will doubtless be given when the time comes. It will explain among other things the offensively hostile welcome offered to Mr. Martin by the Liberal organs here on his return from England."

FINANCING RELIEF WORK

THE Toronto "Mail and Empire" suggests the creation of a special "Patriotic Unemployment Fund," to provide the money for financing relief improvement works this winter in Ontario cities. This is in line with the "Unit Bond" proposal put forward by Building Inspector Turnbull for New Westminster. The Toronto paper's plan is to issue government or municipal notes or debentures for subscription by the public at home, since there is likely to be difficulty in floating bonds or debentures on the money markets at present. In support of this plan, the "Mail" says: "If these securities, returning 4 or 4 1-2 per cent, were earmarked for unemployment construction exclusively, half a million or a million dollars could readily be obtained. Private individuals who have no means of giving work to others, but who have willingness to advance money on public security for creating work, would have an opportunity for liberality.

"In late years some municipalities have sold their securities to their own citizens in the course of ordinary financing. Under the present exceptional conditions, the plan would be assured of real success."

While there is more success for such a plan of financing for civic relief work in the moneyed East than in the West, there is something to be said for its trial. Locally at least the proposals are worthy of thorough discussion.—"Columbian."

THE B. C. SETTLERS' WINTER

WORK on Government roads and trails in Northern British Columbia has been suspended for the season. The Omineca "Miner" in referring to the subject says that most of the men employed have ranches in the neighborhood.

But for the money these men earn on road building the winter would be full of hardships for them. The Government does not assist the settler in any respect whatsoever. In many cases high prices have been paid for the land. The settler, single handed cannot clear his property and so it lies in its wild state while he strikes off with his team to earn a livelihood building government roads. With the money earned thus, he buys from Prince Rupert or Vancouver New Zealand butter and mutton, American tinned beef and hams and bacon, Manitoba flour and those other necessities upon which he will subsist during the winter. About the only foodstuffs he is able to produce on his quarter are cabbages, potatoes, onions and whatnot. He may have a few hens, but this industry is a precarious one in the Interior Northland because of the high price of chicken feed.

BY THE WAY

IT WAS PROPOSED at the Council the other day to make the owners of Vancouver motor trucks who operate in South Vancouver pay a tax of $50 per year. This sounds like business. The big motor lorry ruins more roadway than two dozen lumber wagons. It doesn't seem fair that the workingmen of South Vancouver should be forced to repair streets ruined by individuals who pay, in most cases, no taxes, yet enjoy all the privileges of good roads and streets. In this connection it might be pointed out that South Vancouver's permanent pavement is a great boon to the departmental stores of the city, whose wagons now appear in fleets throughout the municipality.

WEDDINGS

Mr. Robert Lamont and Miss Ellen Hutchinson, both of South Vancouver, were married on Saturday, October 3, at 8 p.m., by the Rev. J. R. Robertson, of St. David's Church. The bride was attended by Miss Bessie Dougherty and Mr. Wm. Davison attended the groom. There were a few immediate friends present to witness the interesting event. In partaking of the bride's cake the officiating minister proposed the health of the bride and spoke words of high appreciation of the young couple who start life together with bright prospects for the happiness and prosperity. Mr. Lamont is one of the popular mail carriers in South Vancouver. The young couple will take up residence at 4168 John Street.

On Saturday evening, October 3, a pretty wedding was celebrated at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Newman, 4581 Quebec Street, South Vancouver, when Miss Maude Dive, of London, England, was united in matrimony to Mr. Arthur George Newman by the Rev. George D. Ireland, of Westminster Church. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Lucy Dive, and Miss Evelyn Newman, sister of the groom rendered Lohengrin's "Wedding March." Mr. and Mrs. Newman will reside at 4796 Quebec Street.

The Rev. George D. Ireland solemnized the marriage of Miss Isabella Carnie Williamson, eldest daughter of James Williamson, Newhaven, Scotland, and John Scott, of this city, on Friday evening, October 2, at 7.30 p.m. Miss Robina Drybrough attended the bride, and the groom's brother, Alexander Scott, was groom's man. The wedding took place at the home of the groom's father, Mr. Alex. R. Scott, 1858 Harris Street. A large number of relatives and friends witnessed the ceremony.

* * *

Mrs. Rankin McLardy, of Woodstock, New Brunswick, is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. George D. Ireland, 275 23rd Avenue East.

St. David's Presbyterian Church Third Anniversary

The Third Anniversary of the church opening of St. David's will be observed by special services next Sunday, October 11 and by a grand concert on Tuesday, October 13.

Communion services will be held on Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, at which it is desired that every communicant member will be present if at all possible. For this service Rev. R. G. McBeth, M.A., recently of Paris, and now of Vancouver will be present. For the evening service the special anniversary sermon will be preached by Rev. Prof. Pidgeon, D.D., of Westminster Hall. The choir will render special music.

The anniversary concert on Tuesday night is under the direction of the organist, Mr. D. S. Milligan and the names of the following artistes will assure the public of a fine concert: Mrs. R. Stirling, soprano; Mrs. L. J. Raby, contralto; Mr. J. Dunlop, tenor; and Mr. Chas. J. Bgorke, baritone. All members and friends of St. David's Church are asked to co-operate for the success of all these services.

The Diocesan Board of the Women's auxiliary to the number of eighty assembled in the Agricultural Hall, Central Park, on Tuesday. The president, Mrs. C. C. Owen, was in the chair. Rev. C. B. Clark gave the noon hour address.

Trey of Hearts at Dreamland

At the Dreamland Theatre, Mr. Dean, the manager, has arranged for the famous Trey of Hearts series of pictures. The first film was shown Friday night of this week and the following sections of this marvelous picture will be put on the screen from week to week hereafter.

MARTIN'S
FLOUR AND FEED STORE
49TH AVE. and FRASER STREET
We have just opened up with a complete line of Flour, Feed and Poultry Supplies.
We Sell at the LOWEST PRICES for CASH
ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

CENTRAL PARK SHOE STORE
R. SEEDS & CO.
Cor. JERSEY AVENUE and KINGSWAY
Boots and Shoes and Gent.'s Furnishings
AT LOWEST PRICES
We specialize in Children's Strong wear School Boots. We are Agents for the celebrated "Leckie" Brand Boots and Shoes, Made in B.C.
We also carry a line of Men's Furnishings. Our stock of Rubbers is complete.
A TRIAL SOLICITED. A SQUARE DEAL ASSURED
WATCH OUR WINDOWS

PROGRESS THE WATCHWORD NO TIME TO RETRENCH

Among New Offices Being Opened in Twenty-fifth Avenue District is that of Coast Lumber and Fuel Company

This week the Coast Lumber and Fuel Company open a new office at 4186 Main Street, in the building erected by Mr. Richard Street on the east side. From the new premises orders will be forwarded to the large plant on Bodwell Road and Ontario Street. The new arrangment should be of great convenience to the many customers of the Coast Lumber and Fuel Company, who will from this branch deliver single sacks of coal from stock on hand. This concern since opening its doors in South Vancouver some three years ago, has made rapid headway and has proved a valuable addition to the business life of South Vancouver.

New Store on Fraser Street

Mr. Jas. B. Martin has opened up a new store at 49th and Fraser Street with a complete line of flour, feed and poultry supplies. It is the intention of Mr. Martin to sell at the lowest market prices for cash, and by giving prompt service he hopes to receive the patronage and support of the citizens in South Hill. Small orders as well as large will receive Mr. Martin's prompt and careful attention.

New Picture Theatre for South Hill

Patrons of the newest and best in motion pictures will be glad to learn that the new Variety Palace at 45th and Fraser will open its doors on Monday, October 8. Mr. Young, the proprietor, has gone to a great expense in fitting out one of the finest motion picture houses in South Vancouver with a seating capacity of 300. The theatre both inside and out has been very prettily decorated and furnished with most up-to-date fittings. It is Mr. Young's wish to give full value for the money.

Heligoland's Forts

It is just over three years ago that the German Government decided to make Heligoland the strongest of all their coast fortifications, and to adapt it for use as a depot for munitions of war. Extensive dredging operations have been carried on at the mouth of the Elbe, and the sand taken up transported to Heligoland and carefully added to the island, where encroachments by the sea had given cause for much anxiety. The new deposits have been found to "grow to" the original bulk of the island in a satisfactory manner. Great buttresses of granite now protect the crumbling cliffs against the waves, and rifts and crevices have been filled in with ferro-concrete.

THE CORPORATION OF THE DISTRICT OF SOUTH VANCOUVER

In the matter of the Special Assessment Roll for the Cost of Local Improvement Work No. 2 Main Street, from Centre of 25th Avenue to the South Side of 34th Avenue, authorized by "Main Street and Fraser Street Local Improvements Construction By-Law No. 1, 1913."

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Court of Revision will be held on the 6th day of November, 1914, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at the Council Chamber in the Municipal Hall, at the corner of Fraser Street and 43rd Avenue, in the Municipality of South Vancouver, for the purpose of hearing complaints against the proposed above-mentioned assessment or the accuracy of frontage measurements and any other complaint which persons interested may desire to make and which is by law cognizable by the Court.

Dated the 8th day of October, 1914.

JAS. B. SPRINGFORD,
C.M.C.

THE CORPORATION OF THE DISTRICT OF SOUTH VANCOUVER

In the matter of the Special Assessment Roll for the Cost of Local Improvement Work on 34th Avenue, from the East Property Line on Main Street to the West Property Line on Fraser Street, authorized by "Thirty-fourth Avenue Local Improvement Construction By-Law No. 1, 1914."

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Court of Revision will be held on the 6th day of November, 1914, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at the Council Chamber in the Municipal Hall, at the corner of Fraser Street and 43rd Avenue, in the Municipality of South Vancouver, for the purpose of hearing complaints against the proposed above-mentioned assessment or the accuracy of frontage measurements and any other complaint which persons interested may desire to make and which is by law cognizable by the Court.

Dated the 8th day of October, 1914.

JAS. B. SPRINGFORD,
C.M.C.

Patriotic Concert and Dance

Under the auspices of the
SOUTH VANCOUVER BOARD OF TRADE
Will be held in the
ODDFELLOW'S HALL
Cor. Thirtieth Avenue and Main Street
On FRIDAY, 16th OCTOBER
At 8 o'clock. Dancing will commence at 9.30

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BOSTON BLACKIE STORIES

By No. 6606

The Story About Dad Morgan

Boston Blackie, the master cracksman of the "mob" of safe-blowers that had given the detective force the most strenuous and profitless month's work in its history, emptied tray after tray of diamonds into the chamois-skin sack held by his youthful assistant, the "Cushions Kid." The haul was a gigantic one. The door of the big strong box lay wrecked on the floor. Inside the safe the stock of gems that had attracted thousands of Christmas shoppers to the window display of Lundstrom & Company lay at the mercy of the thieves. Rapidly Blackie searched the safe, throwing aside gold bracelets, watches, and costly trinkets of every description. He took only diamonds and money. Both are well-nigh impossible to identify.

The crime was a climax in effrontery. Forty feet away from the safe on the main street of the metropolis the night traffic of the city flowed past the store's front doors. Within half a block the presses of three big morning dailies had just commenced to roar. On the corner an eager crowd of newsboys, a dozen or more pallid-faced night-hawks and a couple of policemen laughed and bandied jests as they waited for a paper and the "owl" cars. In the midst of all this Blackie had cracked the safe undetected.

With a skillfully-made skeleton key he and Cushions had entered the candy store next door to the jewelry firm. In a half hour they had burrowed through the wall of plaster and lath and were beside the jewelry safe. The glazed windows of the office in which the safe stood hid them from the street. It was Blackie's task to blow the safe without breaking this glass. With a manufacturer's plan of the safe before him he had spent long hours studying the problem, computing the risk. Blackie was a crook who reduced everything to simple arithmetic. For a one-thousand-dollar job he took a certain amount of risk, for ten thousand dollars exactly ten times that risk. But if the trick involved ten times the unit of danger and promised but nine times the money, it was abandoned. The Lundstrom job was more risky—it was all but foolhardy. But, though the danger was great, the loot was greater.

And now the "trick" was accomplished. The noise of the explosion, slight though it was, had been effectively drowned by the staccato explosions of an automobile engine apparently stalled a few doors away. Emptying the last of the diamond drawers Blackie motioned Cushions back through the wall and noislessly followed. Standing at the street door of the candy store, they stopped, listening. Seemingly intent on his reluctant carbureter, "Jimmy the Joke" whistled cheerfully as he worked, giving theme thereby the safety signal.

Blackie unlocked the door, stepped out and turned to relock it. In the middle of a bar Jimmy's tune changed suddenly, sharply. Now it sounded the dreaded warning "coppers." The safe blower turned the key like a flash and stepped away from the door toward the middle of the sidewalk. He was too late. A gray-clad Pinkerton watchman had turned the corner less than a dozen feet away and had seen the cracksman at the door.

Cushions, white to the lips, slipped his right hand into his left sleeve where he carried a revolver after the fashion of the gunmen of the Chinese tongs. The watchman reached for his whistle. There was a tense half second in which life and death hung on equally balanced scales. Then Blackie strode forward, gripping Cushion's elbow in imperative negation as he passed.

"Whey, here's the very man we want!" he cried out, glad surprise in every tone. "Watchman, I'm Mr. Archibald, manager of our other candy store on Mission Street. Here's my card. Our cashier telephoned me an hour ago that she was not sure she had locked the safe and was worried about it. I thought it best to come down and make sure. It was locked, but, my man, it might not have been. That brings me to my business with you. We are carrying considerable money just now, and I'll appreciate it if you would give us a little extra care until after the holidays. The safe is in plain sight from the windows, you see." He motioned the watchman to the window of the candy store and indicated the safe, which was manifestly intact and locked. Blackie jingled the keys he had used in locking the door and dropped them into his pocket.

"Just look out for us for the next fortnight, and ah, drop in and present that card to the cashier on Christmas Eve. I think she will have a little token of our appreciation for you. Have a cigar? Good night. Chauffeur, drive me home—1816 Page Street." The address was spoken loud enough for the watchman to hear.

Blackie and Cushions stepped into the car. Jimmy threw in the clutch and it leaped forward.

Behind them the slow-witted Pinkerton underling stared at the card in his hand in indecision. It bore the name "B. S. Archibald" and the address was 1816 Page Street. That was where the gentleman had told the chaffeur to take him. The lingering doubt vanished.

"Gee, that there was a close shave," the man muttered to himself, wiping his dripping brow. "I hadn't no doubt I'd run foul of a gang of burglars right in the act. I might 'a' known he was too well-dressed and educated-like to be a burglar. Suppose I'd tried to arrest him—the manager of the store! They'd given me the sack, sure, at the office. A man can't be too careful in this business. He's got to go slow. Anyway, I've got the number of their auto, if I ever want it. Yes, the safe's sure all right." He studied it carefully, and then, satisfied, passed on down the block, trying the doors.

The automobile sped on unhindered toward the outskirts of the city. In a conveniently isolated spot Jimmy stopped the machine, detached the false number dangling behind and substituted the real one. It was a precaution invariably required by Blackie. The car was left in a garage, where Blackie was known as a wealthy Easterner with decided inclinations toward the night sports of the idle rich. Turning into a side street, the three let themselves into a detached cottage with a large, vacant lot on either side. They had rented it furnished. With a big "job" on hand, the mob leader did not care to risk the danger of meeting each night in the comparatively publicity of a known opium "joint."

K. Y. Lewes, fourth member of the mob, had the layout ready, the bowls hot, and a half-dozen "yen poks" (cooked pills) waiting to be smoked. He had not participated in that night's expedition, as it was a part of Blackie's creed never to endanger more men than he actually needed. Had his companions gotten into trouble it would have been Lewe's task to free them.

The pipe made the circle twice, easing the strain on the tense nerves of the men before the night's work mentioned. Then Lewes asked the question.

"What luck?" he queried.

"Rotten luck, but great results," answered Blackie. He drew the chamois bag from an inner pocket and laid it beside the layout. "All sparks," he continued. "A couple of thousand in dough, too. It's a big haul. There'll be a frightful squawk in the morning. We're done in this town. Under cover here is our program until it's safe to travel. Then a jump to New York, for it'll take old Rosenbaum himself to 'fence' as big a lot of stones as are in that bag. One of 'The Eye's' watchmen stopped us, but I slipped him a quick package of "bull con," and for fear of making a blunder he let us go. Give me a couple of pills out of turn, and I'l go down and plant these diamonds where they'll be safe in case the impossible happens and this place is raided."

While he was gone Cushions related the experiences of the night.

"And after making the 'copper' believe he was manager of the store, Blackie promised him a Christmas present for guarding the safe. Can you beat it?" concluded the youngster as Blackie re-entered the attic where the layout was spread.

"I wonder which will be the worst disappointment, the cigar Blackie gave him or the Christmas present he promised him," chimed in Jimmy the Joke.' Cushions laughed. The other two, as usual, bore their companion's alleged humor in grim silence.

For an hour they smoked without exchanging a dozen words. Then, the opium having brought them the temporary contentment and relaxation which costs such a bitter price in the end, little snatches of conversation began to enliven the circle—a story from Lewes, a few of the Joke's lugubrious witticisms, an anecdote from the Kid at the expense of a green pickpocket who had tried to "crack wise" (use thieves' slang) and, not knowing what he was saying, had floundered into all manner of pitfalls. Blackie lay silently staring through unseeing eyes, unconscious of the merriment around him.

"Blackie is as funny as one of Jimmy's jokes," said Lewes at last. "What's the matter, Chief? You act like we were all inside looking out through the bars instead of lying here with a fresh can of 'hop' just opened and enough sparks planted down below to let Broadway know we're in town when we hit the bright lights in little old New York."

"I was thinking of different Christmases I have spent," Blackie answered, the far-away opium stare still in his eyes. "One in particular I was thinking about. I was in the 'stir'" (penitentiary) "and something happened on Christmas night and I've never been able to forget it quite. Cushions started me thinking about it by talking about Christmas presents a while ago.

"It was while I was doing that five spot in California," he began, after Lewes, always politic, had given him two pills in succession. "They had more men than cells at the prison and had to use big dormitories holding a couple of hundred 'cons' apiece in order to house all the prisoners. I was in one of the dormitories, being a short-timer with only a few months left to do. There was an old man bunking next to me with whom I got to be friendly. He was no thief. He was as much out-of-place in stripes as I would be in a copper's harness, star and all. He never should have been in the penitentiary. That's the trouble with the courts, they don't use any judgment in sentencing men, and so make criminals instead of curing them. I rob a bank, for instance, because that's my business. I go to the penitentiary. You rob another bank because your wife and children need a doctor, or food, or a roof to shelter them, and you'll work in stripes right beside me. When we come out we're both criminals—usually.

"The old man and I got chummy. Morgan was his name—"Dad' Morgan we called him. He was sixty-nine years old and was just starting on a five-year jolt. His hands and deeply-lined face showed he had worked, and hard too, all his life. He was doing time because he'd borrowed five hundred dollars from a loan shark on his little home, saying it was unencumbered when in reality it was already mortgaged. He couldn't give the money back, so they sent him over the road for false pretenses.

"It was months before he told me his story and then it came out piecemeal. He had a daughter, an only child. Her mother was dead and he had taken care of the girl ever since she was born. He didn't just live for her—she was his life, all of it. At the time he was arrested for bilking the money lender, she was engaged to be married and came to him for money for a trousseau. I gathered from between the lines in his talk that she felt she was marrying above her station in life and was very much in love. Dad Morgan didn't have the money she needed.

"'But, Father, I can't go to Rob without clothes, like a beggar girl,' she told him. "I wish I were dead.' Then she began to cry. That settled it. Dad went out and got the money from the loan shark, and the girl kissed him and they were both happy.

"'I would have paid the money back, every cent of it,' the old man told me in his quavering voice, 'if they'd given me a chance to work. I'm good for several years yet and I was waiting to take a job on one of the aqueduct gangs when they arrested me. Maybe I did wrong, but I didn't intend to. You see, Millie needed the money and there was no one but her old dad to get it for her.'

"That was his whole philosophy of life. Whatever Millie wanted he had to get. One night he showed me her picture. He kept it in a little old locket hung round his neck. One look at the photo would have given me the key to the whole story even if the old fellow's unintentional disclosures hadn't betrayed it

"Women sure are a puzzle. There's nothing half-way about them. They're either all right or all wrong—pure gold or common brass. The brass ones help fill the penitentiaries, but I'd rather have one 'right' woman who loved me working to free me than the best lawyer money could hire.

"Old Morgan's picture showed a pretty doll-like girl with big coils of yellow hair and a petulant, willful mouth. There was something I can't just describe in her eyes, too, that tipped her off to me. Vanity and selfishness were stamped on her face plain as a cattle brand. But to old Dad she was perfect.

"After her father was arrested she visited him once at the jail. She cried and talked about the 'disgrace' he had brought on them and how 'noble' Rob had been about it. They were going to be married right away and go to San Francisco to live. She begged him to plead guilty and avoid the publicity of a trial: 'That is, if you are guilty, Daddy,' she said, 'because it might come out in court that you gave me the money for a trousseau and I know that would mortify Rob terribly. He's so sensitive.'

"And so the old man pleaded guilty, offering no excuse or explanation, and came up to the Big House with his five years to put in. Millie lived in 'Frisco, just an hour's ride from the prison, and when I first knew Morgan he was still rejoicing because he had been sent there where Millie could come over and see him on visiting days.

"During visiting hours on Saturdays and Sundays the Captain's runner came through the gate with passes for the lucky ones who had friends in the reception-room. The runner came into the yard where the men were loafing, being off duty at those hours, and called the numbers from his slip. Then the lucky ones, all smiles and happiness for the moment, took their passes and went out for a half hour with wives and mothers and children—everything we 'cons' mean when we say the 'outside.' And how the neglected ones envied those whose numbers were called! It used to get me sometimes, too, and I was an old-timer at the game even then.

"An hour before the visitors were due, old Dad would plant himself where he could get the first glimpse of the runner as he came through the gate. There he waited, anxious, expectant, picking flecks of dust off his striped coat or brushing and rebrushing his shoes with an old bandana handkerchief. Finally, in would come the runner, a sheaf of passes in his hand. Dad's number was 22,492. Often there would be a number commencing with the same figures as Morgan's.

"'Number twenty-two thousand four hundred—' the runner would call, slowly. At each word the old fellow rose from his bench, inch by inch, his dim old eyes lit up like a boy's, with the hope in his heart.—'And seventy-six,' the runner would finish, while Dad dropped back on his seat with shaking hands and an agony of disappointment in his eyes.

"This went on week after week, month after month. Every visiting day Dad was there, bathed, cleaned, and brushed long before the visitors' hour. And he waited long after there was the slightest chance of any more passes. He always took his place on the corner bench, hopeful, and always left it at lock-up time utterly crushed, with drooping shoulders and the eyes of a hurt animal.

"Each week found him a little frailer, a little more tremulous. He

(Continued on Page 4)

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Night Schools Will Soon Open For Pupils In South Vancouver

Municipality Lives Up To Its Reputation of Being Second to None In all that Pertains to Education of Rising Generation

South Vancouver's night schools will commence their winter session shortly. During the next four months here is an opportunity which should be taken advantage of by hundreds of young men and women in the community.

As the News-Advertiser says in a recent issue: Up to the present insufficient attention has been paid to this branch of development in Canada. Its importance as a factor in our material growth has not been recognized. In these days of competition in every phase of material endeavor it is not necessarily the nation with the greatest resources that is bound to succeed. The human element must be trained and organized so as to get the best results from its energies. The object of night classes is to supplement the knowledge gained in the schools; and also, and what is more important, to add to, and as it were, put a finish on, the practical knowledge that is acquired in daily avocations. There are few, if any, branches of trade or industrial employments to which the value of the night schools cannot be applied. In Vancouver already the syllabus embraces very many subjects, but it might, if the encouragement were forthcoming, embrace many more. This city is handicapped because the energies it is devoting to this movement have not been concentrated. Some time it is hoped that it will be possible to have one building devoted solely to night classes, and capable of providing accommodation for from 600 to 1,000 pupils. The movement is one which caters to the ambitions of its votaries, for it encourages energies, makes success more readily attainable, and is an instrument which increasese the productive facultics of the race.

The night schools do not only appeal to the young but to all who wish to advance themselves in the trades in which they may be engaged. The studies are divided. They may be either pre-vocational or vocational. Properly trained teachers in the various courses are provided, and the equipment in the Vancover schools where these classes are held is of a complete character. We hope during the approaching winter and in the coming years to see the movement to better equip our manhood and womanhood for the struggle of life obtain a wider scope. Where hundreds in this city are availing themselves of the opportunities offered, there should be thousands. The authorities can do more than they have done to attain this end but it is the public that must be persuaded that the movement is deserving of its support.

Wellington Had No Fixed Programs

The map found on a captured Uhlan marked with the prearranged marches of the German troops reminds one that Wellington distrusted fixed plans of campaign. Asked on one occasion how he managed to capture Napoleon's marshals one after the other, he replied: "They planned their campaigns just as you might make a splendid set of harness. It looks very well, it answers very well, until it gets broken, and then you're done for. Now, I made my campaign of ropes. If anything went wrong, I tied a knot and went on."

The Story About Dad Morgan

(Continued from Page 3

was failing fast, and we boys all knew it."

The "hop" lamp burned low and Cushions at a signal from Lewes rose noiselessly and filled it rfom the can of peanut oil. Blackie went on with his tale. Opium had taken him back to the days of which he told. His half-closed eyes saw only the prison yard, walled in on every side and hundreds of striped figures tramping, tramping endlessly back and forth with the hopeless restlessness of cages creatures.

"Sometimes Dad got a letter from Millie, but as the months dragged by they came at longer and longer intervals," he continued. "He gave me one to read once, a short, perfunctory note, hastily written and as chilling as a slap in the face. But the old man read into the lines what had never been there. I used to humor him and praise the girl, inventing excuses for her failure to visit him. That was the reason he liked me better than the rest. I always pretended to believe in her and her love for her old father in stripes. It never for an instant occurred to him to criticize or blame her. We spent hours thinking up reasons for her absence. Her husband needed her at home; she had friends to be entertained, and then there was the baby—for old Dad was a grandfather now. In rainy weather, of course, she couldn't bring the baby out and on bright, sunshiny days Millie and Rob naturally would want to take him for a sunning in the park. These and a thousand other excuses we invented, I encouraging him and helping him to fight down the doubt that he would not let grow in his tortured old mind. We talked aboud the kid, wondering whether he had blue eyes or brown—Millie never thought to say in any of her letters—and then sometimes he would open the locket and gaze at it with love-hungry eyes, hoping that the youngster looked like 'my little girl.'

"Before the holidays the old man was taken sick. He had a cough and at night his breathing was terrible to hear. The doctor said 'asthma' and gave him some ill-smelling stuff to smoke in a pipe. That was like the 'croaker.' He'd give a man a pill to mend a broken bone and a pipeful of weed for a broken heart.

"One day, just before Christmas Morgan came to me trembling like a leaf, but with eyes bright with happy excitement.

"'She's coming, Blackie,' he said, waving a letter at me. 'She's coming on Christmas Day and she's going to bring the baby. Do you understand? She's going to bring the little fellow over here to see his old granddad. Maybe they'll let me hold him on my knee. Oh, Blackie, what a Christmas I'm going to have! Think of it! I'm going to see my little girl and her boy at last.'

"I shook his hand, patted him on the back and enthused with him, but there was fear in me. I knew he couldn't stand much more disappointmen without losing all hope, and once a man loses that the better part of him is dead. Still, I argued that the girl couldn't fail him on Christmas Day—not even a girl with those petulant, selfish, pouting lips.

"Christmas Day came, a bright, sunshiny, glorious day. Even a penitentiary's bolts and bars and bitter, rankling hatreds disappear under the spell of the Christmas spirit. Guards and convicts both feel it, and greet each other with a smile and a nod on that one day. Dad was like a kid going to his first school picnic . He spent the whole morning cleaning his clothes and getting barbered. He even got a man in the tailor shop to crease his striped trousers. He had a merry greeting for everyone. He gave away all of his carefully saved tobacco, and when I protested at his generosity he told me he wanted too the boys to have as perfect a Christmas as his was to be.

"'You know, a little gift, even a sack of tobacco, that shows someone is thinking kindly of you, means a lot to a man in here, Blackie,' he said. 'And after I've seen my little Millie and her boy, I won't care if I never have tobacco again. Only two more hours to wait, Blackie, but every minute seems a week.'

"At last the gates opened, and the runner came through with a thick packet of passes. There were a lot among us who were not forgotten that Christmas Day. Old Dad was perfectly sure that at last he was to get his reception. He edged up to the front of the crowd that surrounded the runner. If he had been a millionaire instead of a convict his face couldn't have beamed with greter happiness.

"One by one the runner cried the numbers and each time someone stepped forward, seized his pass and hurried off. There were only a dozen left, then only six, then three, and still there had been no call for Morgan, Number 22,492. Dad stood facing the runner with trembling, sagging knees, and the look in his eyes was pitiful to see.

"The last pass was gone. Dad had not been called. He wilted like a nower thrown into a blazing grate. Then the runner drew a white slip from his pocket.

"'Number twenty-two thousand four hundred and ninety-two, Morgan,' he called. Dad leaped forward like a race horse when the barrier rises. He couldn't speak, but he held out both trembling hands toward the slip of paper that was more to him than anything that gold can buy. The runner put it into his hands gently.

"'It ain't a reception, Dad,' he said kindly. 'I wisht it was. It's just an order to report to the Captain tomorrow for change of work. He's goin' to give you a swell, easy job for a Christmas present. And say, Dad, I think sure you'll get that reception tomorrow—sure I do. I gotta hunch.'

"I put my arm around Dad and led him over to the bench. He hung a dead weight on me.

"'She didn't come. She didn't come,' he said over and over to himself. 'She didn't come to see her old dad—and it's Christmas Day.'

"I sat with him on the bench a long, long time. I tried to comfort him. I lied to him, saying that there was such a crowd of visitors that many had been turned away till the next day, and that Millie certainly was among them. He didn't even hear me, I think. The last half hour had made him an old man, very feeble. Just before lock-up time he looked up at me.

"'I mustn't be unreasonable just because I'm—I'm so disappointed,' he said. 'Millie would have come if she could. Maybe Rob or the baby is sick or maybe something's happened. You know Millie would surely have been here if she could possibly, don't you, Blackie?'

"'Sure, Dad,' I said, but I had to turn my head away.

"All that evening up in the dormitory he lay on his bunk, staring at the picture in his locket, while the 'cons,' light-hearted in that one day's forgetfulness, frolicked about the room. His asthma was worse, every breath was an effort.

"'I hope she's had a happy day,' he said to me just before 'taps' sounded and the lights went out. 'I hope she hasn't worried because she couldn't get over today. I've been thinking tonight of the other Christmases we've had together when she was just a little tot on my knee and—'

"His voice failed him and he turned away his face to hide the tears that were dropping on his white beard."

"Damn that girl," came involuntarily from Cushions. Then, realizing that he had voiced his thought, he dropped back, red and embarrassed.

"You don't need to. She did that for herself, son," Blackie went on. "There isn't much more to tell. Away along in the night I was wakened by a horrible gurgling, choking sound. It reminded me of the noise a man who strangled himself with his suspenders made in a cell next mine long ago. I sat up wide awake. The noise continued. Other men were awake too, whispering and wondering where it came from, for the room was in black darkness. Suddenly I thought of Dad. I leaped out of my bunk and struck a match to a paper spill. By its light I saw old Dad Morgan lying on his bunk, gasping for breath. His eyes were glazed. He was unconscious.

"My call brought a dozen men to his bunk. They propped him up with pillows while I bawled for the guard. When he finally heard me and came to the window angry at the racket inside, I had hard work to convince him that the man was sick enough to necessitate routing out the doctor at that hour of the night. Finally he went away to the hospital and after a long time came back with two trusties and a stretcher. The doctor had sent word to bring the sick man over to the hospital. The big steel doors were unbarred and the trustees came in. Around old Dad's bunk half the convicts in the room were kneeling, some making and burning paper torches while others bathed his face and worked his arms up and down.

"The hospital trusty laid his hand on the old man's breast, then put his ear to his heart.

"'He's dead, boy,' he said. 'Poor old Dad. He's done his time quick.'

"They laid him tenderly on the stretcher and crossed his hands on his breast. In one of them was the locket with Millie's picture. Then they carried him away. We never saw him again; but two days later they took him out to Cell House Seven" (the prison burying ground) "and he's lying out on the sunny hillside now doing his time, like you and I and all of us will do it sometime, boys. Maybe he's better off. He must be at peace there and maybe he's dreaming, untroubled, of the Millie he thought he knew but who never existed.

"The day they buried him, a letter came from her to her father. She said Rob had decided to have their Christmas dinner in the middle of the day instead of the evening, so, of course, she hadn't been able to keep her promise for Christmas Day. Then she hoped he wasn't disappointed, and said she'd try to get over on New Year's. When I heard that letter I thanked God that old Dad was living at peace out on the brown hill. Centuries out there are shorter than that first half hour after he knew Millie had failed him—on Christmas Day."

"If there is such a thing as justice or right anywhere, here or in some other world, that old man has a lot coming to him," said Cushions reverently.

"I wish the four of us had his chances on that last Great Day when the graves in Cell House Seven will open," answered Blackie as Lewes blew out the opium lamp and put away the layout.

Summer Race Meeting

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THEATRICAL & MUSICAL

Empress Theatre

For next week at the Empress Theatre, Messrs. Lawrence & Sandusky have kindly consented to take in the famous Drury Lane spectacle "The Whip."

This great production with the original company which ran two years in London and over one year in New York, will be here for three nights and two matinees, starting with the Thanksgiving Day matinee, Monday, October 12. It will be given in its entirety at the Empress as was possible on no other stage in Vancouver, and the wonderful scenes depicting the race track, Madame Tussaud's, the great railroad smashup and others will be put on in their entirety. There are ten horses with jockeys and a pack of forty fox hounds used in the production which is a continuous thrill from start to finish. It is positively the greatest melodramatic production ever staged in Vancouver, and capacity houses are the prospect, to judge by the advance sales.

For Thursday, Friday and Saturday evening and Saturday matinee, the Lawrence Stock Company will present the rollicking musical play "The Three Twins." It will be remembered as one of the greatest successes in the musical comedy line ever staged. Its song hits are numerous, two of them at least, the "Yama-Yama Girls" and "Cuddle Up a Little Closer" having a world wide reputation.

The Lawrence Company presented this piece last season to tremendous business and its members will nearly all have their old parts in which they were so successful. Miss Lucille Palmer, who has now become an established favorite with all Empress patrons will have the role of Kate Armitage, and will, of course, add it to her other triumphs. Miss Daisy D'Avra will have another weeping part in Mrs. Winters and the "Three Twins" will be portrayed by Messrs. Layne, Russell and Kirkwood. Leslie Wallingford will be seen in the role of the laughing girl Miss Summers. Mr. Collins will have his old part of Ned Singleton and Mr. Caldwell will assume the role of the proprietor of the sanitarium.

That prime artist, Edw. Lawrence, will have his old role of Gen. Stanhope, in which he made such a hit in the previous production. "The Three Twins" as a laugh fest has no superior and as its run is for only three days and one matinee, seats are sure to be scarce, so make your reservations early.

Pantages Theatre

Unquestionably the most popular stock actress who has ever appeared in Vancouver is Isabella Fletcher, who for several seasons played at local theatres at the head of her own company. Miss Fletcher's remarkable fine artistry, her versatility and her delightful personality won for her the love and admiration of the entire population of this city. As an evidence of the esteem in which she is held it need only be cited that when the "Sun" and "Sunset" conducted its memorable contest last year, Miss Fletcher was voted the most popular woman in British Columbia by an overwhelming majority. Another great favorite is Charles Ayres, the young and handsome leading man, who is so well and favorably remembered here.

This preface is leading up to the announcement that the extraordinary attraction at Pantages next week will be these two splendid stars in the powerful new playlet by Willard Mack, called "Be Game." It is a tale of the Canadian North. Judging from the opinion of critics, it is one of the most remarkable dramatic sketches ever seen in vaudeville. It is a foregone conclusion that immense audiences will turn out to welcome Isabella Fletcher and Charles Ayres during their forthcoming engagement.

Another attraction in the headline class is a feminine minstrel show with its end men, interlocutor, bones, tambourine and quartet, which renders with feeling several old classics. The Colonial Minstrel Maids, an aggregation of 11 pretty and lively girls, are to assume the various characters.

Hugo Lutgen is a monologist, who styles himself "The Swedish Preacher." His "preaching" is not a religious burlesque. In fact, the sacred things of the church are left alone, despite the smile which arises sometimes due to the accuracy of his impersonations.

Leon and Adeline Sisters will offer a mirthful pantomime in which they promise some ludicrous juggling, dancing and instrumental playing.

The team of Elwood and Snow will be seen in a novel ventriloquist act.

A Keystone comedy picture will complete the programme for the week.

Leslie Wallingford, at the Empress

Correspondence

FIRE BRIGADE APPRECIATED

To the Editor of the "Chinook":

Sir,—I feel it my duty as a ratepayer of South Vancouver to give a word of praise for the promptness in which our fire department at Municipal Hall turned out to a call on Saturday evening, October 3. I phoned to say there was a fire at 64 32nd Avenue East, and as soon as I got on my verandah I heard their siren as they left the Hall, and in two minutes from when the call was given they were on the spot. Luckily it was a small fire started in the basement, and after a few minutes it was stopped from perhaps being a serious outbreak as the houses are so close together. I am proud to think we own such fire fighters.—Yours, etc.,

MAURICE HORTON.
79 32nd Ave. East.

MESSRS. PERCY WILDFIER AND PAUL BUNYAN

Both gentlemen have come out flatfooted against giving anything to the War Fund. "What has John Bull done for me?" Wildfier asks. Both handsome young men are wife deserters from Bellingham.

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A long-felt want has been filled by Messrs. R. Seeds & Co. in opening a shoe and gents' furnishing store here. The store is on the corner of Jersey Avenue and Kingsway and is stocked with up-to-date goods. Everything is marked in plain figures and a comparison of the prices with the city prices will show the people of the district that they can save from 20 to 30 cents on every dollar expended. The reason that they can do business in this manner is that they are out of the high rent district and can give their patrons the benefit. They will specially cater to the wants of the people in this district, giving them guaranteed strong wear boots at the lowest possible prices. They will carry a full line of the Leckie brand suitable for men and boys' winter wear.

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Sidelights on the Warpath

Not since the turbulent times of the Napoleonic wars has Europe been plunged into such a maelstrom as that in which she struggles today, and it is extremely interesting, besides being practically incumbent, in order that an intelligent grasp be made of the principles involved, that some study, even though random and superficial, be made of the underlying conditions, which lead up to and culminate in these regrettable cataclysms. In connection with that under which the world is now suffering, the idea seems to prevail among many of the thinking and reading public, that the war now raging in Europe was for many years deliberately planned by the German Kaiser and his people. In a sense this is obviously true but it is a negative rather than a positive truth—casual and not strictly speaking intrinsic. That a war was planned, even desired, is undeniable, but it was not the kind of a war which has, and is, actually taking place. It is inconceivable, and inconsistent with human nature, that Germany should have devised the means of her own undoing, and desired the visitation on her head of the crushing calamity with which she is on every hand confronted. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and any one who thinks for a moment that Germany is enjoying her meal, ought to be compelled to eat from her table for a while and they would soon form another opinion.

Grappling single handed with a combination of three on her west, and save for the miserable semblance of resistance offered by Austria, bearing the principal weight of the overwhelming armies of Russia on her east, she has still to contend with the colonial contingents of Great Britain, with Canada alone capable of despatching 300,000 equipped troops. Added to this, Japan sole representative of strictly Asiatic power, overwhelms her in the province of Kiao Chau and applies herself to the task of ousting the western invader from Tsing Tau—that city of costly fortifications which is alone Germany's proud claim to consideration and recognition as an influential factor in the commercial development of the far East.

With all these odds against her, how can she ever entertain the hope of final victory. Already her western army is in retreat. No longer the cry is sack Paris, but save Berlin; not domineer Europe, but flee from the wrath. If Germany then did not build for herself this uncomfortable nest, what were the means and in what way does she find herself occupying it. It is the object of this treatise in as brief a manner possible to outline a few of the outstanding features in the history of modern Germany, and to trace the main currents of European politics up to the abandonment of the offensive on Paris in the present war.

In order that the point of departure may be made from a sound and unquestionable premise, we will fall back to the year of grace 1807. When Germany in that year, under the leadership of Bismark, emerged victorious from her war with France, the era of her insatiable aspiration may be said to have set in. The preliminary steps were undertaken while Bismark still held control, but the actual work only really began when the Emperor William, then a young man, dispensed with the services of the great statesman. Working in marvellous harmony with his people, he launched himself upon the task of building up that military and commercial system which was to afford Germany her celebrated place in the sun. That place he was wise enough to know would sooner or later be bitterly contested, and it was his persistent and unalterable determination to be prepared for that contest when it did come that has overwhelmed Europe with the burden of excessive armaments, and kept the nerves of the nations continually at the breaking point.

Stepping down the decades to what might be called semi-recent history, that is about twenty years ago, the place in the sun may be said to have become an actual achievement and jealous eyes began to turn towards the guarded German gates. It was about this time also that the Kaiser gave birth to yet another of his many pregnant utterances, the yellow peril. The phenomenal leap of the new and modern nation into the sun, had encountered no serious resistance, and for a brief and fatal moment the Kaiser may have consoled himself with the comforting reflection that possibly his apprehensions were devoid of any real or actual foundation. We can even imagine his dreams upon such a memorable night, dreams of the glory of German conquest and of the brilliance of German achievement. But from his complacent sleep a rude hand awakes him; he sits up in his imperial couch; the perspiration oozes from every pore and stands in beads upon his body, for that old and undefinable terror is vivified and again upon him. The yellow peril! The white peril of Europe failed to materialize, but what of the yellow peril. For ten years he clung to this delusion till his mind was again disabused as in 1904, he watched Japan vanquish the Russian colossus and return like a dove of peace to the security of her orient isles.

The day of doom drew on, the first faint shafts from the quiver of an awakening dawn, shower their magic beams across the distant fears; the vague apprehension slowly changes into a feeble, a growing and then a full and final comprehension: the peril is from the east but it is a white and not a yellow peril. Japan returns in silence to her home, but the Russian bear, wounded and morose, growled at the Prussian gates. Already a round million Germans had been lured beneath her grasping paw, and still she smacked her luscious jaws as she contemplated the plump and thrifty body of German commercialism. Henceforth to the German mind the situation was clear and defined, and plans were laid accordingly. The peril lay in Russia: the bear with her horde of cubs must be hurled from the gate. How could this be accomplished? What were the plans which we say were devised. Simply read history. They were a marvel and a masterpiece. To exploit the advantages of her success over France in 1870, at the expense of France; to scoop like an eagle on Paris, the French vital, ere that nation could free herself from that pronounced caution which very naturally and excusably might be expected to influence her policy, and line of action. With France prostrate and hopelessly paralyzed, to reach the Russian and demoralize him ere he could complete his cumbrous and laborious mobilization. Preparedness versus unpreparedness, that was the watchword in the German camp. Germany allowed for all these things, but she did not count on Servia's defiance of Austria—an insignificant thing, but pregnant with every significance in its effect upon the outcome of the war and the success of the German plan. If the plan had succeeded as there was every reason to expect it would, then Bethman-Hollweg might have spoke with more finality when he asked, "By what means does England hope to wage war on Germany?" In a military war England's half million had no manner or means against Germany's five million men. France then is prostrate, Russian demoralized, England has no means. There would remain but one obstacle to the Kaiser's eldorado, the happy hunting grounds of Asia Minor. This lay via the Balkans and the Bagdad railway, which Germany has almost completed. Turkey and Bulgaria were willing to come in, Servia alone barred the way. To Servia, the Russian policy of Slav unification was eminently satisfactory. With Russia this policy was raised to the level of a fetish. The German fetish was for expansion. The cry for room was primary and imperative. If the military plan of Germany had succeeded, then Servia with a little admonition, a little spanking and perhaps a little toffee, might have been induced to perceive the error of her ways, and removed firmly, though politely, out of her sulky position. The question to decide was whether the influence of Russia, or that of Austro-Germany was to predominate in the Balkans. This was the pivot on which the war storm opened its flood gates. The original quarrel was between Servia and Austria and if Russia was entitled to support her friend Servia, then Germany was equally entitled to support her friend Austria, and in the diplomatic struggle which preceded the war, it was the wavering and befogged attitude of Germany diplomacy on this all-important point, which administered to her a hopeless diplomatic defeat and paved the way for the defeat of her arms.

Resuming our thread, we find that Servia instead of being the butt became the breach of the German gun, when doubtless the official attitude in regard to the assasination of the Austrian Crown Prince, provoked Austria to open hostilities. That Austria allowed herself to be provoked is another matter. Her il-advised haste in that matter not only disturbed the nice distribution of diplomatic penny-weights, but it all but ruptured her relations with Germany as an ally, for her tactlessness allowed Servia to enter at the outset of the war and thus to play into the very hands of the terror, Russia. Russia mobilizes; Germany demands an explanation. The ultimatum expires and Europe is at war. "The plan" unfolds itself and the descent on Paris begins. Instead, however, of the passage through Belgium being conducted with calm and equanimity, Germany, aware of Austria's initial blunder, passes through, enveloped in an aura of excitement if not exasperation. This not only aroused Belgium's suspicions but, inspired by the Servian success, decided her to offer her daring and heroic resistance at Liege. Liege and the Drina, these were the boulders that upset the Austro-German caravansary. The slaughter on the fields of Belgium should, according to the scheduled plan, have taken place in France, and at the psychological moment when Brussels was taken, Paris should have been occupied. The German looked for bread and he got a stone. He took Brussels but the attempt to take Paris was hopelessly abandoned. Thus we have seen the causes of the German failure, for the plan has failed, irretrievably and for ever. The arbiter of war and the dispenser of human destiny, as at Moscow and Waterloo, interposed his hand, and out of the suffering of the few, wrought inestimable benefits for the many. What these benefits will be cannot all be forseen, but doubtless the pressure caused by the insane competition in armaments will be immeasureably relieved. If the outcome of the war is fruitful of nothing save the removal from humanity's back of this insufferable burden, then the blood and treasure spent so lavishly will be spent wisely and well.

—JAMES COOK.

Cedar Cottage.

WEDDING

On Saturday evening, the 3rd inst., at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Payne, 85 14th Avenue West, the marriage of Miss Elizabeth Sheriff Smail, formerly of Galashiels, Scotland, and Mr. Peter Anderson, of this city took place in the presence of a number of relatives and friends. The Rev. George D. Ireland performed the wedding ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson will live at 284 23rd Avenue East.

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In daylight the great German airships make too easy targets to be able to approach near to foe—Tales of prowess but myths

The exploit of a Zeppelin dirigible airship, which rained death and destruction up on the city of Antwerp, has aroused new world wide interest in these aerial engines of war. In this, the first authenticated instance in which a Zeppelin has been successfully used by the Germans, ten small bombs containing powerful explosives, were dropped.

Ten persons, including six women, were killed, and thirty, including several children, were injured. The purpose of the Zeppelin crew was evidently to destroy the Royal family of Belgium. The killing of non-combatants has everywhere raised the question whether the use of Zeppelins is not beyond the pale of civilized warfare.

This is the only instance in which the huge, floating warcraft invented by Count Zeppelin, whom the German Kaiser designated the greatest inventor of the age, have proved successful. Despatches from the field of war have already shown that six of the German aerial fleet have been easily destroyed by the Belgians end French.

What Will Be Their Role?

Just what part in the final outcome of the European war will aerial forces play?

There is no doubt that the air fleets have made a powerful appeal to the imagination. And this appeal has been greater in the case of the big German dirigibles, the Zeppelins, se called after their inventor, Count Zeppelin, who has expended twenty years of his life and a private fortune of more than three millions of dollars in bringing them to their present efficiency.

The Zeppelin is an impressive thing because of its size. The great bulks floating and moving swiftly in the upper air have never failed to impress the man who has seen them, and he hasn't forgotten that impression in his description.

And Germany hasn't overlooked the appeal her giant air craft make to the imagination. The Zeppelin Legend, if so it might be called, has been effectively pushed by all Germany's well-handled instruments of publicity.

Every extraordinary performance of the big dirigibles has been spread broadcast through the world, and some, it is suspected, that never happened, or at least never in quite such brilliant style. And the publicity campaign has been more than repaid by the panic it has created in the last two years in England alone. In fact, it has been carried on by folks of other nations who should know better, but who in their fears have forgotten that every human machine has its limitations, the Zeppelin among others. Yet there is no doubt that the big air craft are finding their uses in war, as the despatches from Europe every day are showing.

Construction of Zeppelin

Having gone so far in the explanation of the Zeppelin, a simple description of the actual construction of one of the type may suffice to complete it.

The typical Zeppelin consists of a cigar-shaped framework of steel and aluminum, worked out to the last possible degree of strength and lightness, about 600 feet long and 60 to 80 feet in diameter. "Cigar-shaped" scarcely describes it accurately, however, as except for the ends, bluntly pointed like a shell for a rifled gun, the framework is cylindrical. It is covered with strong, tough canvas, weatherproof but not necessarily airtight, as its only object is the reduction of the air resistance and protection to the contents of the framework.

It is generally believed that in the newer Zeppelins this covering has wire woven into its texture, for increased strength and resistance, and that in the nose and on top of the frame are lookout stations.

Inside this framework are the "nine-lives" of the airship, nine spherical gas bags or balloonets, each separated from the others by partitions, so that one might be pierced without destroying the others. There is space at the sides and top of the frame where members of the crew can climb to examine for leaks or to make repairs when required. And inside each balloon is a smaller balloonet filled with air, and connecting through a tube and valve with the atmosphere. That little device is meant to keep the pressure of gas always at the same point, so as to avoid strains upon the texture of the envelope by rapid expansion or contraction.

Car 400 Feet Long

From the under side of the framework is swung the long car. It is about four hundred feet long, leaving a hundred feet of bow and stern. There are four sets of engines, two at the bow, two at the stern, and they operate four propellers, or rather two propellers and two tractors. The engines are models of lightness and strength, and in spite of the need of leading exhausts as far as possible from the neighborhood of the explosive gas overhead and of the provision of mufflers they drive the huge ship at speeds over forty miles an hour—over fifty, the Germans claim.

Nobody but the German general staff knows just what is the armament of the latest Zeppelin, but it is believed they carry from four to six small rapid fire or machine guns, and more or less elaborate bomb-dropping devices. The under side of the car, near the engines and gun positions, is armoured with enough Krupp steel to resist rifle fire.

Moreover, this airship carries several hundred rounds of ammunition per gun, and food, fuel, and so on besides. It is certainly a formidable wounding machine. But it is now necessary to point out the Zeppelin's limitations.

Its Load is Limited

In the first place, the Zeppelin's useful load is as rigidly limited as that of any ship at sea. So many cubic feet of hydrogen, so many pounds of weight that may be lifted into the air. And in obtaining speed and manoeuvring power by its rigid framework just so many pounds of handicap over the non-rigid type must be conceded at the beginning in the weight of the frame itself.

The remaining useful load is allotted by the designer—so much for guns, so much for engines, so much for crew, so much for fuel, and so much for reserve buoyancy. It is in that allottment that the delicate problem has to be worked out. If you carry one more machine gun your capacity for destruction is increased by just so much—but in the inexorable arithmetic of nature's laws you must pay for it with just so much fuel capacity, hence with so much cruising radius.

Most of the arguments advanced regarding the terrible offensive power of the Zeppelin are based on the theory that for some reason fire from above must be more accurate or more effective than fire from below. It may be granted that, for the same type and calibre of gun, fire from above, with the same accuracy, will be more effective. But the biggest gun that can be mounted in the Zeppelin is a tiny weapon compared to the guns that can be directed upon it from below.

Airship at Disadvantage

As a matter of fact, you must see that in a gun duel between the airship and a fort or a ship beneath it the airship is always bound to be at a disadvantage, for the simple reason that the air will not support sufficient weight of armor or of guns to offset those that can be mounted on the substantial surface of Mother Earth or upon the comparatively substantial support of the ocean. Armor for armor and gun for gun, the people who have to economize by the ounce to keep themselves aloft are bound to be outclassed.

In the question of accuracy volumes have been written to prove that the Zeppelin, circling above a fort or ship at high speed, could pour in a rain of shells with terrible precision, while the gunners below would be unable to hit her. Any man who has shot ducks on the wing should know better. Accuracy is purely a matter of choice.

Nor need anyone argue that because the gunners below must aim at a background of sky their accuracy will suffer. Smoke-tracers by day and fire-tracers by night, to enable spotters to follow the flight of shell, have been in use these fifteen years.

As to Bomb-throwing

Bomb-throwing? Were you ever up in a balloon? Did you ever drop so much as an ounce of sand over the side, and see her shoot us as though bound straight for Jupiter? To drop a bomb of sufficient size and weight to accomplish serious damage to the armored deck of a warship or the casement of a fort, from a Zeppelin, would be to incur grave danger of wrecking the Zeppelin by the tremendous rebound.

Bomb-dropping from the air, therefore, is reduced to the proportions of throwing hand grenades. And it has been proved over and over again that such weapons, dropped from above on troops in the open, are apt to bury themselves in the ground, all but innocuous, unless thrown with an accuracy only attainable by coming so close as to afford an easy mark for rifle fire.

Nobody knows better than the Germans themselves the truth of these things. They may encourage the Zeppelin legend for its effect on the nerves of their enemies, but it is safe to say that never once has the general staff thought seriously of using its precious fabulously expensive, fragile airships in a real attack on an enemy on the ground.

For Night-scouting

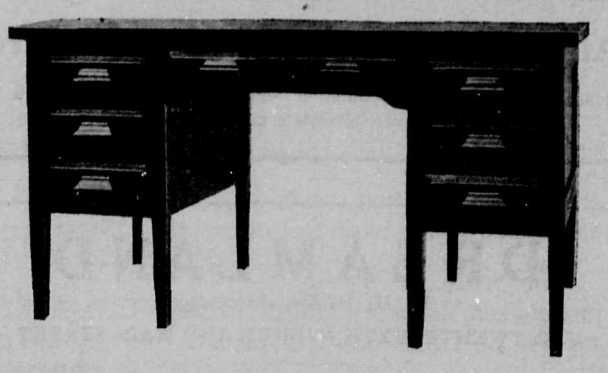
What then are they good for? Just before the real outbreak of the war the writer of this article had a long conversation with Capt. Tom Baldwin, who has been connected with the flying business for forty years, who invented the first practicable parachute, and who now, as constructing engineer for the Connecticut Aircraft Company, may be considered an authority on dirigibles.

"They're good for just one thing," said Capt. Tom, "and that is for scouting and at night. I shall be very much surprised if we hear of any dirigibles making any real effensive moves in daylight or doing more than a bit of annoying long-range fire, to pester the other fellow, at any time.

"You can't bring such beautiful targets as that, and fragile as they are, close enough to an enemy's batteries, in broad daylight, to see anything. But at night they are practically invisible and inaudible. It's at night that they work all the time. Remember how, before the war began, the French caught two of them scouting over the border and unable to get back before sunrise?"

But if the Zeppelin is so much overrated, and if it will not be used to attack fortifications, why the guns? To drive off the enemy's air scouts, and for no other purpose.

Jockeys and horses waiting for the start. Scene from "The Whip," Empress Theatre



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