The Greater Vancouver CHINOOK

A Half Million in 1917

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Fertile Fraser Valley, The Garden of British Columbia

Opening Up of This District a Boon to Greater Vancouver —What the Valley is Capable of Producing

For fertility of soil and variety of its agricultural products there are few, if any, districts of the same extent which surpass the Fraser Valley. Comparisons while often "odious" from personal points of view, are sometimes helpful when they relate to material conditions. They constitute the barometer of a country's progress. Comparing, therefore, the Fraser Valley, which is the agricultural hinterland and garden of Greater Vancouver, with other districts of British Columbia, its pre-eminent position is undoubted.

In a recently issued bulletin of the Provincial Government, the average production per acre of grain, hay, roots, etc., in the various districts of British Columbia in 1911 is given. These districts are the following: Islands (Alberni, Comox, etc.); Lower Mainland (Fraser Valley); Thompson River Watershed (Ashcroft, Kamloops, etc.); Northern (Cariboo, Hazelton, etc.); Dry Belt and Boundary (Fairview, Okanagan, etc.); East and West Kootenay. These figures show that in nearly every agricultural product the Fraser Valley considerably heads the average yields. As regards wheat, the Fraser Valley average per acre was 36.8 bushels, the next nearest being the Islands, 29.5. In oats, the Fraser Valley yield was 55.9 bushels, the next highest being the Dry Belt district with 38.4. In rye, the Fraser Valley yielded 40 bushels per acre, the next highest being the Dry Belt district with 25.0 bushels. In hay, the average is given as 2.1 tons per acre for the Fraser Valley, Thompson River Watershed and the Dry Belt. Since these figures were prepared, however, extensive dyking in Langley, Matsqui and other districts has considerably raised the average of the hay yield in the Fraser Valley. Last season, for instance, as high as from 3½ to 5½ tons per acre were easily obtained in the Matsqui municipality. In potatoes, other root crops and market garden crops, Fraser Valley and the Dry Belt are credited with nearly similar averages, which are considerably higher than all the other districts.

There are, of course, some districts of the valley more fertile than others. The Delta district is probably unrivalled throughout Canada for its potatoes and other root crops. It has, indeed, successfully challenged the world, in the person of Mr. Asahel Smith of Ladner, by winning the Stillwell trophy. But the significant point is that the average production of all agricultural products has risen more rapidly in the Fraser Valley than in any other part of the Dominion.

With regard to fruit cultivation, remarkable progress has been made during the past few years in particulars parts of the Fraser Valley. Small fruits such as strawberries, raspberries and currants find a congenial soil and climate in Mission, Hatzic and the Maple Ridge districts. Those fruits, indeed, reach the Vancouver market about two or three weeks earlier than from any other part of the province, such as the Okanagan Valley. Early apples, pears and plums are also being now extensively and most successfully cultivated in both the lower and upper Fraser Valley. In Chilliwack and adjacent territory the growing of small fruit has reached a high water mark, and Vancouver can take all that is yet produced. The difficulty, indeed, is that Vancouver can not get a sufficient supply of fruit or market garden produce from the Fraser Valley to even approach the demand. That condition, of course, is largely a matter of inadequate transportation facilities as regards some districts, but is also caused by lack of enterprise on the part of land owners.

Transportation, however, is the alpha and omega of the development of the Fraser Valley as in other new countries. It is the beginning in taking settlers and their goods to the virgin soil; and it accomplishes the end of such enterprise in bringing the much needed produce of the land tillers to the city toilers of Vancouver or elsewhere. Much has already been achieved by the C.P.R., G.N.R. and B.C.E.R. in the settlement of the Fraser Valley and more is promised by the C.N.R. But it is the B. C. Electric Railway which has done the lion's share in the remarkable development of the lower mainland. From Vancouver to Chilliwack it has blazed the way for the opening up of magnificent residential, agricultural and industrial districts through South Vancouver, Burnaby, Surrey, Langley, Matsqui and Sumas. It was the making of Chilliwack and its fertile locality. It has peopled and helped develope the agricultural and industrial resources of numerous towns along its lines from Vancouver to Chilliwack and from Vancouver through Eburne to Steveston. And it is constantly extending its lines of communication.

What the B.C.E.R. is doing for the southern side of the Fraser Valley, the C.P.R. has been performing for the northern portion. From Vancouver, through Coquitlam, Pitt Meadows, Maple Ridge, Mission, Dewdney and Nicomen the C.P.R. has helped much in the exploitation of the wonderful resources of these municipalities. In numerous towns and settlements along the track of the railway, saw mills, brick yards and other industries are being established. Port Haney, Port Hammond, Whonnock, Ruskin and Mission City are rapidly

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Sewerage Commissioner

It is now announced that a Sewerage Commissioner has to be appointed from each of the municipalities interested. As a certain salary is attached to the office and the duties will be light, we consider that at this time the Council will only be making recognition of the sterling qualities of Reeve Kerr, by appointing him as their Commissioner. The duties of Commissioner will in no way conflict with his civic duties as Reeve of South Vancouver, and as he has shown himself a man capable of undertaking such duties, the Council will only be showing their commonsense by making such an appointment.

SETTLEMENT OUT OF COURT

The charge against William Yates, of Cedar Cottage, of stealing a Pomeranian dog, the property of Jennie Craig, has been withdrawn by consent of all parties concerned. Mr. Campbell, who appeared for the defence, said his client only wanted compensation for what he had expended and for services rendered. It was decided to call in a third party with Mr. Campbell and Mr. R. L. Maitland, Jr., who prosecuted, to decide what the owner of the dog should pay, upon the dog being handed back to her.

WARD VII CONSERVATIVES

A meeting of the Ward Seven Conservative Club was held at the North Arm School, River Road, under the presidency of Mr. H. B. A. Vogel. Addresses were given by Reeve Churchill of Point Grey, and Mr. Cluxton, president of the Richmond Central Conservative Association.

The meeting then went into the question of the registration of voters, and arrangements were made to secure as far as possible the registration of all Conservatives in the ward. A further meeting will be held on March 26.

Brilliant Scene at St. Patrick's Night Fancy Dress Carnival

Patron Saint of Ireland Fittingly Honored at Collingwood Function—A Kaleidoscope of Color

"There was a sound of revelry by night." Really one ought to use the poetic language of Byron to do justice to the gay, festive and brilliant St. Patrick Night festival at the Collingwood Institute. Mr. and Mrs. Price, Mr. and Mrs. Musto, Miss Sutherland, Miss Peggy Muirhead and all who took part in the arrangement must be heartily congratulated on a splendid success. The pretty little hall was decorated with hunddreds of colored streamers, green predominating. Mr. J. W. Burness must be thanked for his skill and taste as well as his generosity in making these. The committee provided excellent refreshments, the Pierce Orchestra played charming music, Mr. Langford contributed capital songs, and from about 8 until some hours later (no matter how many) all went "merry as marriage bells," and the best sort of bells at that. The company numbered over 200 and nearly all wore fancy dress. Cold black and white print cannot do justice to a description of the costumes. Imagine all the rainbows you ever saw, shining on an acre of orchids and then an Oriental procession winding through the centre and you will get some idea of the scene, when Mr. and Mrs. Price led the Grand March.

Mr. Thomas and several friends, well known as officers of "The Lions," acted as judges. They awarded the 1st ladies' prize, and a handsome prize it was, to Miss Delora, who wore a beautiful Spanish costume, complete in every detail, and she bore herself with such graceful dignity in keeping with the character that nobody could possibly dispute the justice of the award. The first prize for gentlemen went to Mr. A. C. McCormack, who was the very type of a fine "Ould Irish Jintleman" of the olden times. There was plenty of shamrock in evidence, and it is difficult indeed to pick out for special mention any of the costumes. Let it be stated in terms of warm praise that most of the beautiful dresses were home-made, and showed conclusively that the people of Collingwood have taste, skill, and industry. Many visitors were present from the city, and they were warm in their congratulations that Collingwood could give such a really splendid dress carnival.

Here is a list of the company and the costumes as far as our representative could compile them in a room which was a perfect kaleidoscope of color and a symphony of sweet sounds:

F. Price .... St. John's Ambulance
Mrs. F. Price ..... Quakeress
Mrs. Musto ..... Spanish Gipsy
C. H. Benton..Adj. London Volunteer
L. Hattun ..... Clown
Miss H. Owen ..... Summer
Miss Annie Kerr ..... Morning
Mrs. E. Langford Flags of all Nations
B. Pegg ..... Queen of Hearts
Eleanor Hague ..... Ireland
James Muirhead ..... Pierrott
Miss Clements ..... Irish Colleen
Stanley Cocroft .... British Admiral
Mabel Price ..... Broncho girl
H. Osborne .... Shakesperian Jester
H. S. Bailey ..... Cavalier
Mabel Flack ..... Geisha girl
Marion McCabe ..... Cowboy girl
Florrie Jones ..... Indian girl
Mrs. V. C. Russell .. Wild Irish Rose
Edith Wilkinson ..... Milkmaid
Mr. John Jones ..... Indian chief
H. S. Kent ..... Jack of Hearts
E. Sutherland ..... Redwing
Mrs. F. Buckle ..... Geisha girl
Miss Jones..Little Lord Fauntleroy
L. Holmes ..... Spearmint
"Kiddie" Brown Flags of all Nations
Mr. Flack ..... Japanese
Miss Nightingale..Red Cross nurse
Mrs. Cocroft ..... Lady Teazle
Mrs. Oswald ..... Nurse
Dorothy Eagan ..... Sailor
Martha Anderson ..... School girl
G. F. Jameson ..... Spearmint
P. S. Smith ..... Cadet
E. S. Sims ..... Coon
A. Jameson ..... Flunkey
C. Battison ..... Hallowe'en
Chester Holmes ..... Coon
S. Anderson ..... Sailor girl
Miss Marclay ..... Evening dress
Misses Smith ..... Irish twins
G. F. Livingstone ..... A senator
Eva Hague ..... Baby mine
E. A. Bayford ..... Sailor
E. B. Langford ..... Fireman
Ethel McCabe ..... Folly
F. Major ..... Country school girl
Mrs. J. H. Foster ..... A Boquet
J. Francis Bursill..The Scotchman who found the North Pole (A small mixture of Capt. Cook and Harry Lauder)

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Today the Forests Primeval Line the Shores of the North Arm of the Fraser River --- There are Few Industries on the Broad, Fresh Water Stream.

North Arm of the Fraser River from Mitchell's Island

What Will the Future Have for the North Arm? Close Observers Say The Awakening is at Hand. Here are the Only Cheap Industrial Sites in Greater Vancouver.

:: Around the Municipal Hall ::

BY SCRUTATOR

Discrimination against a man or a nation is at all times to be deplored. In our opinion it raises obstacles that should never exist in the free interchange of commodities or labor, and is at all times detrimental to the best interests of mankind as a whole. It is through the free interchanging of commodities and the blending of peoples' opinions, whether in business or labor, that tends towards the world's peace.

At the same time, there must always be certain privileges to the native-born citizen of any nation or community, and our smypathy is with the resolution passed by the School Board of Vancouver on Monday evening, viz., that nothing but British subjects be employed by the Board. The motion would have pleased us better had it gone a little further, and also embraced contracts. Alien labor has itself to blame for this. We have many good and reputable citizens from across the line, citizens whom we are proud to have amongst us and who have been allowed equal rights along with ourselves whilst remaining in Canada, yet they never allow an opportunity to pass of showing that while they are partaking of all we have and reaping of our wealth, they consider themselves a people apart.

To see this a person has only to visit one of our picture shows. The moment a star-spangled banner is shown applause is heard from many quarters. No objections can be raised to this cheap loyalty if it were allowed to stop there, but disparaging remarks are often made about British subjects and British institutions whenever the opportunity occurs. The flag, to the British subject, is a sacred emblem not to be made a mockery of in the dime show.

We never advocate our School Board to copy Vancouver, considering Chairman Whelpton progressive enough to strike out on lines suitable for his own board, but in this case we would advocate the insertion of the clause in all contracts, as it would save us from the humilation of seeing nearly all our schools being built by alien labor, whilst many of our ratepayers in South Vancouver can not obtain employment.

* * *

We are pleased to see that Commissioner Crehan is putting his foot down on the useless waste of the Commissioner's and officials time by the asking of silly questions. If a few more would take the firm stand of F. E. Elliott and tell Mr. McBride that it was none of his business to ask for such information it would help some. Nearly the whole time of the present sitting has been entirely monopolized by Mr. McBride, making it look more or less like a farce. The Commissioner should charge him up with the costs of the court, also the loss of time to those attending. Whilst Mr. McBride would fain pose as the figure of "Justice and Purity" in South Vancouver Municipal affairs or seem to pose as such in the ratepayers eyes, yet the many transactions that he has attempted to inveigle the Coun-

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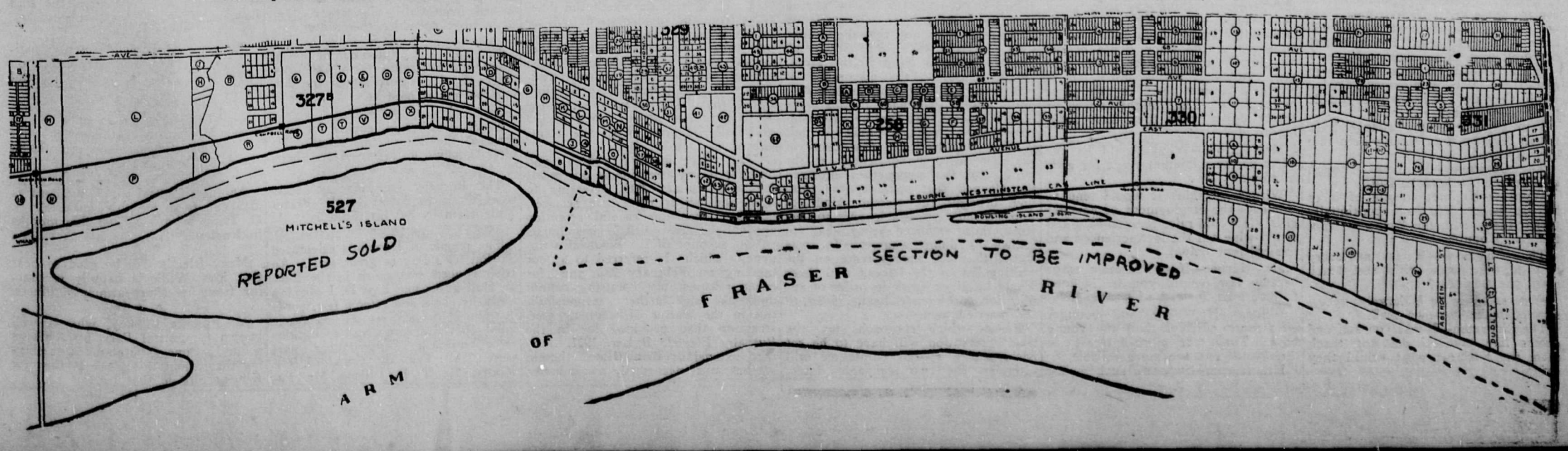
Our Map Shows Portion of South Vancouver Affected by Canadian Northern Railway Plans—Property in "330" Changed Hands This Week at $5,000 Per Acre



In Vancouver the Girl Who Toils in the Great Shops is Treated With Canadian Fairness

M.. H. T. Lockyer, of the Hudsons' Bay Company, Testifies Before Provincial Labor Commission — His Willing Statement Regarding Working Conditions in the Company's Large Store Should Set at Rest Fear That Vancouver, as Far as the Larger Department Stores is Concerned, has a Girl Labor Problem —Is Thanked by Members of the Commission for Giving Evidence

That section of the American and Canadian Press which panders to that class of the public which loves the sensational and the sordid, strive to bring out a kinship between the modern departmental store and many of the ills from which the social system suffers.

Wild leters in the Vancouver Press from those who would style themselves reformers, and from others more erratic, would lead the casual reader to believe that Vancouver, as regards the departmental store, was on a par with those congested centres of Eastern United States.

Conditions of employment of girls and women in the large stores of Vancouver were ably set forth last week before the Labor Commission in order that the public might have a clear conception of the facts. Those testifying in this connection before the commission were the managers of the large stores. Among others, Mr. H. T. Lockyer, general manager of the Hudson's Bay Company in British Columbia, gave evidence with the authority of seventeen years at the head of Hudson's Bay commercial activity in the West. In his evidence he frankly placed all the facts at the disposal of the commission, the members of which thanked him heartily for attending.

Mr. Lockyer's examination was as follows:

The Chairman—What are the minimum wages paid to the girl employees in your store?

Witness—We have girls who start at 14 or 15 years of age, who are virtually apprentices, who receive $3 per week and in six months are raised to $4. They are taking the first step toward store life. Further progress depends upon the aptitude shown in the different positions.

Mr. Harper—Do all girls of that class live at home?

Witness—Yes, all live at home. We do not engage any girl who is not living at home. They come voluntarily to apply and in a great many cases are accompanied by their mothers, who urge us to give them employment. We always have a larger supply than a demand to fill. As far as we are concerned the new girls for a month or two are more trouble than they are worth.

Mr. Stoney—How many girls do you employ?

Witness—About 150.

Mr. Stoney—What proportion of these are in the younger class?

Witness—About ten per cent.

The Chairman—How do salaries go after the first raise to $4? Does it depend on their ability?

Witness—Yes. They get $6 and from that graduate upwards to $25 per week.

Mr. Jardine—How long are they in your employ before they get $6 per week?

Witness—From a year to eighteen months.

The Chairman—What is the lowest wage you expect a girl to work for when she does not live at home? Do you drop that condition after she is raised to $4?

Witness—When any one is engaged, particularly a woman, the most complete enquiries are made as to their standing and respectability, both for our protection and theirs.

The Chairman—I suppose you understand what we want to get at? There has been a good deal of complaint made about the girls, especially the young ones, and we would like to have your view of it.

Witness—It was largely to remove misapprehension in the minds not only of this commission, but of a certain section of the public that I volunteered to come and give this evidence. There seems to be an impression on the part of the public that girls who go into these big stores are paid starvation wages and have to engage in an irregular life to earn a livelihood. I am perfectly satisfied such is not the case. In twenty years in Vancouver I have never heard of a girl employed going wrong from the fact that she was not paid sufficient wages or otherwise as far as our employees are concerned. I have yet to come in contact with one myself.

The Chairman—What would be the result if you refused to take these girls whose parents bring them and ask you to give them employment? Suppose you refused to employ any one not worth $10 a week?

Witness—The larger stores are adopting mechanical equipment to replace these girls. In our new store we will have equipment which will largely do away with the necessity of employing these young girls.

The Chairman—Suppose you did'nt give these girls employment, what would they do? What would you do to fill their places?

Witness—We would simply have to fall back on the available help that offers.

The Chairman—Is there enough experienced work to be had?

Witness—No, not enough of it to be had here. We have continually to get them from the East and from the Old Country.

The Chairman—It is necessary then to take these girls and teach them the business?

Witness—Yes, it is largely necessary to train our own staff.

The Chairman—If you yourself and others like yourself did not teach them the business what would they do?

Witness—That is a difficult question to answer. They certainly have to serve a preliminary training or apprenticeship in order to be eligible for these positions. They have to make a commencement the same as in any other business.

The Chairman—I suppose there are many girls without a home who have to compete with those better situated?

Witness—Well, a young girl of 14 with no parents or home or guardians, and no experience would certainly be placed in a very awkward position here or anywhere else.

Mr. Harper—Are you in favor of a compulsory half-holiday every week?

Witness—Absolutely, if it is compulsory. You will find the large stores are in favor of it. But the smaller stores will have to be compelled to observe it also. It is still a question whether Vancouver is ripe for a Saturday half-holiday. Saturday still seems to be the shopping day in Vancouver. If there is to be a weekly half-holiday Saturday is the best day for it, because you can close at noon, and do not have to open your store until Monday morning. To close for half a day in the middle of the week must dislocate business.

Mr. Stoney—If all had to do it would it not work itself out after a little?

Witness—I think it would. The conditions would have to shape themselves to meet the new arrangements.

Mr. Stoney—Nearly every one likes to get a half-holiday on Saturday afternoon?

Witness—Yes. The unfortunate part is that some of the people who should be enjoying that kind of thing are the worst offenders. I have seen clergymen and leaders of social movement often in our stores on Saturday night. How do you account for that?

Mr. Stoney—What are the hours of your employees?

Witness—Fifty-two hours a week, 8:30 to 5:30, and on Saturday to 9 o'clock.

Mr. Stoney—Do the younger girls work the same hours?

Witness—Yes.

Mr. Stoney—In the case of overtime, do they get paid?

Witness—Yes.

Mr. Stoney—Do they have holidays?

Witness—After they have been one year in our service they get one or two weeks' holiday, according to their position.

Mr. McKelvie—If one girl asks for an increase in salary and another equally as good does not, would they be treated both the same.

Witness—Yes. We keep careful records of everyone in the service and we make increases voluntarily. That was done recently at the end of our fiscal year.

Mr. Lockyer then read from the books of the company a list of wages paid to salesgirls in the store during the year. These ran from $537 to $1189.

The Chairman—Is a woman getting $800 or $900 a year the head of the department?

Witness—No. These are ordinary salesgirls.

The Chairman—What time do they have for a meal in the middle of the day?

Witness—A very serviceable lunch is served at a small rate, and by that means we are able to do with a 40 minutes lunch period.

The Chairman—Are they expected to stay in to lunch?

Witness—It is not compulsory at all. We did it to meet a demand coming from the employees themselves, who preferred to take a wholesome meal on the premises rather than go out in the rain and slush and have to hurry to get back in an hour.

Mr. McKelvie—It has been asserted that while seats are provided in many of the stores, the act is, nevertheless, a dead letter because the girls are not allowed to sit down.

Witness—It is obviously a fact that a man or woman engaged in a selling capacity has to work standing up. When they are not busy there is nothing to prevent them taking a rest as the opportunity may offer.

Mr. McKelvie—You have no objection to any of your girl employees taking a rest when they have a chance?

Witness—None at all. Of course, you appreciate the fact that when they are not selling the stock must be attended to, but there is no discrimination against their sitting down. In some of the slack hours of the morning I have repeatedly seen women employees sitting down. It is not held against them in any sense of the word. They might as well be sitting down when they have nothing to do.

Mr. Harper—What would be the effect of the minimum wage for girls in stores?

Witness—I think it would tend to eliminate the employment of younger girls. It would raise the standard and would wipe out the inexperienced and less-efficient help.

Mr. Harper—If a minimum wage became law, would you be inclined to hire boys instead of young girls?

Witness—No. We find younger girls more efficient than the young boys. They take more interest in their work and are more reliable.

Mr. Harper—Suppose such a law were enforced, would it affect your business to any great extent?

Witness—I don't think it would. If you adopted a minimum wage of $5, it would simply mean that the employer would discriminate more in the selection of employees than he does at present, and the same thing would apply to a minimum wage of $10 for the sales clerk. As a matter of fact, we have few engaged in a selling capacity below $10 per week. It is all the other way about.

Mr. Lockyer explained that in addition to their salaries the selling clerks receive a commission on their sales and a premium as well.

Mr. Jardine—What is the amount of the commission?

Witness—The commission is paid on their own individual sales during each week.

Mr. Jardine—Is there much difference in the commissions paid?

Witness—Yes. Obviously the more expert they are from a selling standpoint the more commissions there are. The commission is 1 per cent.

Mr. Jardine—What do you mean by the premium?

Witness—It is a charge fixed on the sale of certain goods. For instance, if there is a new line of goods the firm wants to introduce, the firm may pay a premium on it. Or it may be, at the end of the season, that a line of goods is to be cleared out, and a premium is paid on that.

Mr. McKelvie—I do not know of anything in this enquiry which has pleased me so much as the statement you made a few minutes ago in regard to the moral condition of the employees. You stated that during twenty years' experience you never knew a girl to go astray.

Witness—It is absolutely so. I have never known of any one of our employees who has taken up an irregular life during the twenty years. I think this is something that can not be given too much publicity because, unfortunately, there has been a lot of talk along that line. We welcome investigation into wages paid. The criticism which is made along these lines is quite misdirected. It is not true at all that the girls are driven into wrong-doing through not receiving such incomes as would place them beyond temptation.

Mr. McKelvie—Do you believe this applies to other establishments?

Witness—Yes. I think it does. The situation is that there is not enough experienced help to go around. Any woman who has been trained in the store business can command a good salary.

Mr. McKelvie—Would you consider a $10 minimum salary per week about right for a girl who has no home of her own to live in?

Witness—It is little enough.

Mr. McKelvie—Would you consider $12 too little?

Witness—I think myself the higher you place the minimum the more you will discriminate against the semi-efficient and semi-experienced help. At the same time if you establish any at all you want an equitable one. I should think it a very reasonable minimum.

Mr. Stoney—Do the girls get any discount on the clothing they buy?

Witness—Yes. In some cases the girls in the departments have dresses furnished them.

Mr. Stoney—That is a dress to use while they are in the store?

Witness—Yes, but they don't have to leave them in the store. We give a liberal discount to employees on all their purchases. In the case of married men that is extended to their wives and family.

Mr. McKelvie—What is the average pay of male clerks?

Witness—It is practically impossible to secure any man at less than $16 per week. It would range from that to $25 per week. Window dressers range from $1200 to $1800 a year.

The Chairman—We are very much obliged to you, Mr. Lockyer, for coming here and giving us this information.

Bounteous Burnaby's Bonnie Banks and Braes

Contracts have been let during this week by the Board of Works for the supply of lumber for sidewalks in the various districts as follows: Edmonds and East Burnaby district, Burnaby Lumber Co.; Central Park district, Shaw & Chell; Central Burnaby and outlying parts of East Burnaby, Bradford & Taylor; North Burnaby, Burrard Lumber Co.; Broadview and southerly parts of North Burnaby, Enterprise Saw Mills.

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The question of continuing Sixth street to Burnaby Lake was the subject of a deputation, and a special committee was appointed to look into the matter and report to the Board.

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The Kingsway paving operations being now in full swing a labor bureau has been established by order of Reeve MacGregor at the Municipal Hall, where ratepayers may register names and addresses. The subject of the contractors for the paving employing local men was before the Board of Works, the Reeve stating that the contractors were perfectly willing to do so, and that they hoped very shortly to be able to employ all available surplus labor in the Municipality. During the discussion it was remarked that while some were quite willing to engage in this work others did not care for the hard contract work, and very quickly left it. The engineer said that many of the men were inexperienced at the work, and the contractors informed the Council that some of the local men brought the wrong kind of wagons, quite unsuitable ones for the work, those required being what are known as dump wagons. It was stated that 300 names were on the waiting list of the bureau, and these would be given work in order of application, preference being given to the married men.

Fences which encroach on the road reservation will have to be set back, and a special committee will interview the two companies interested with regard to the setting back of any power and telephone poles.

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The members of the Council constituting the sewerage committee, at their meeting on Monday, strongly criticised the way in which the business of the joint sewerage committee is being carried on. Councillors MacPherson, MacDonald and Fauvel freely expressed their opinions, and Councillor MacPherson, the chairman of the Burnaby committee, not having been notified of a meeting of the joint committee, the clerk was requested to write the joint committee pointing out that fact.

The possibility of the expenses exceeding the $35,000 was regarded as a serious one, especially by Councillor MacPherson, but Reeve MacGregor said that the only sum with which Burnaby could be charged was its share of the original expenses, $7000.

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A special meeting of the Council has been called by Reeve MacGregor to consider the new proposals of the B. C. E. R. Co., at which the delegates from the various wards will also be present. It is very possible that these proposals will necessitate a fresh appeal to the electors on the subject of the street railway franchise. In his letter Mr. Sperling stated that "The terms which my board authorize me to agree to are practically identical with the terms offered in October last.

"The other matters which you brought to my attention at our meeting on February 28th, referring to light and power rates, car services, etc., are receiving careful attention and will be dealt with in due course.

"On account of the financial stringency which I referred to at our meeting on February 28, and for other reasons, my company cannot undertake any further responsibilities in the matter of tramway construction than provided for in the Burnaby Electric Bylaw, 1911. Further extensions than those therein set out must necessarily await better financial conditions and justification, by increased settlement and industrial development."

In the event of the aforesaid by-law receiving the assent of the ratepayers the following reductions in settlers' fares were to operate at once: Between Vancouver and Central Park, ten rides 80c; fifty rides $3.50. Between Vancouver and Royal Oak, ten rides $1.00; fifty rides $4.00. Between Vancouver and Power house, ten rides $1.25; fifty rides $5.50. Between Vancouver and Westminster limits, ten rides $1.50; fifty rides $6.50. Between Westminster and Royal Oak, ten rides 60c; fifty rides $2.50.

The charge from Vancouver to Central Park applies to all stations in what used to be known as the Central Park reserve, that is, up to and including Jubilee station, and the rates respecting Royal Oak are applicable also to Highland Park and Gilley.

HARRY CORNELL, at the Avenue Theatre

Edmonds Notes

Mr. and Mrs. McFee were the host and hostess of the Edmonds Whist Circle last week. The prize winners were Mrs. P. B. Brown and Mr. Appleby, Mrs. H. Sworder, booby; Mrs. Disney, consolation. A number of songs concluded the evening.

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J. R. Wilson & Co., a company of local actors, presented a piece entitled "The Imperials," in the Burnaby Public Hall, on March 13. The entertainment was enjoyed by an appreciative audience.

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The members of the Edmonds Baptist Church regret to hear that the Rev. Reid McCullough is leaving the district for the upper country. He intends to fill a position at Fort George.

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The Ladies' Aid of the Baptist Church are holding a Cap and Apron Social this afternoon in the Heather Block, opposite the Municipal Hall.

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Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Patterson gave a delightful whist drive to their many friends last week. The lucky ones in the contest were C. B. Brown and Miss M. Armstrong; Miss G. Bailey was the winner of the booby prize.

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Mr. and Mrs. Chas F. Sprott and family, of Burnaby Lake, have returned from California, where they have been spending the winter.

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Mr. and Mrs. Pummell, of Wise Road, are returning from Californa, where they have been sojourning during the winter months.

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R. A. Heather is leaving for Victoria at the end of this month. He intends taking up his residence there.

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The Burnaby Ice Hockey team went down to defeat to the Fraser Mills team by 8-0 last Saturday.

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The people of Edmonds celebrated St. Patrick's Day in great style. An Irish concert was given in the Public Hall at 8 p.m. Rev. D. J. Gordon took the chair, and after a few words introduced the various artistes. Some good old Irish songs and recitations were rendered. Those taking part were: Mr. Fry, Mr. Crawford, Mr. Moore, Mr. T. R. Wilson, Mr. Paton, Mesdames Currie, M. Grier, G. and Morrison. The sketch entitled "Biddy from Cork" was a great success.

* * *

The East Burnaby Auxiliary gave a delightful concert and whist drive in aid of the Victorian Order of Nurses in the Moreton Hall, W. T. Weart occupying the chair. The artists, vocal and instrumental, who took part in the concert were Mesdames Mansfield, Gildersleeve, Mitchell, Miss M. Smith, Messrs Gildersleeve, T. Graham and W. J. McClay. The hall was decorated with bunting and flags of real Irish color.

* * *

Mr. B. G. Walker was the guest of honor at a meeting of the Overseas Club, held in the Conservative Club, New Westminster, on March 17. He was the recipient of a case of handsome gold-mounted pipes as a mark of esteem on his retiring from the honorary presidency of this branch. Mr. P. B. Brown presided and made the presentation, and moved that a vote of thanks be also given. Mr. James R. Duncan seconded, and it was carried with enthusiasm. The meeting closed with the National Anthem.

Central Park Jottings

Two young ladies of Central Park, Miss Norah Alcock and Miss Olive Thompson, graduated as fully trained nurses on Wednesday night, the occasion being the closing exercises of the first graduating class of the training school for nurses, Royal Columbian Hospital. The gathering was held in the Richard McBride School, Sapperton, New Westminster, and was followed by a reception in the Nurses' Residence, Royal Columbian Hospital, both affairs being largely attended and thoroughly enjoyed.

* * *

A meeting of ladies was held last week to promote the interests of the newly-formed Presbyterian Church at Beaconsfield, in the house of Mrs. Preston, where a new branch of the Ladies' Aid Society was formed. The meeting appointed Mrs. Peters as president, Mrs. Baxter as vice-president, Mrs. Fisher, secretary, and Mrs. Murray, treasurer. A monthly meeting was arranged for the first Tuesday in each month, and a special 10c tea will be held on Friday, the 28th inst., at Mrs. D. Robertson's house.

* * *

The Central Park Women's Institute will meet on Thursday afternoon at Mrs. Toderick's house, Central Park.

* * *

Mr. Tom Prentice is expected to arrive in Vancouver this week after his holiday of nearly four months in the Old Country.

* * *

Another Central Park resident is also due to arrive this week, Mr. J. O. Tripp, who has been five months in England.

* * *

Many friends will be glad to hear that Mrs. Willis is happily recovering from her sharp attack of illness.

* * *

Mr. George Chaffey, who is well known to Central Park residents as a fine baritone, is announced as singing throughout this week at the new Kinemacolor in the city.

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THE WORKERS' PAGE

Edited by J. W. Wilkinson, to whom all communications should be addressed, Room 210, Labor Temple, Vancouver, B. C.

Nelson, B. C., is the best organized town in this province from the trade union standpoint, and for some time past various plans have been afoot having in view the erection of a Labor Temple. The matter is to be vigorously pushed this spring, and it is hoped to incorporate a company with a share capital of $20,000.00.

* * *

The union bill-posters of Montreal are on strike for a raise in wages.

* * *

The Twin Cities of Port Arthur and Fort William have a labor paper known as the "Wage Earner," owned and controlled by the trade unionists of those cities. A special edition is to be issued in conjunction with plans to erect a Labor Temple, and it is expected that the project will result in boosting both propositions.

* * *

A strong local of the Musicians Union has just been established at Nelson, B. C.

* * *

A meeting was held in the Labor Temple, Vancouver, last Wednesday night with the object of forming a union of all women engaged in the various domestic services in the city.

* * *

Plans are afoot to bring the convention of the International Typographical Union to Calgary in 1914. The local members have put up $1,000 and the Industrial Bureau has put up another $1,000 for the purpose of furthering the project.

* * *

If you reside in the City of Vancouver and your name is not yet on the new Voters' list, you can get on the list at Room 210, Labor Temple. The lists will be closed for revision on April 17.

* * *

That portion of the membership of the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters, which is situated in the Old Country has decided not to take any further part in plans for the amalgamation of all unions in the building trades over there.

* * *

The strike of the employees of the Bradford Dyers' Association which has lasted seven weeks, is now at an end. A ballot of the men has been taken upon the question of accepting the provisional terms of settlement agreed upon by their representatives with the result that 1668 voted for acceptance and 1667 against. The substance of the settlement is that a system of piecework is to be introduced based on collective work and collective payment, by which is meant payment for work performed by groups of men. The Bradford Dyers' Association guarantee that the rates of payment for piecework shall not be less than will enable a full rated man to earn a minimum of 14 cents per hour. There is to be no displacement of adult labor consequent on or subsequent to the introduction of piecework, but the association are to have full liberty to transfer men between their various branches. The strike has been remarkable in many ways. It has been described by trade union officials as the quietest strike on record considering the number of men involved. The cost of the strike to the district involved has been great. Calculated on the figures given in the reports of the Bradford Dyers' Association for 1911 and 1912 the association has lost in profits alone $250,000. The men have lost a similar amount in wages during that period, and in addition the funds of their union are reduced by about $100,000 disbursed in strike pay.

* * *

The strike at the Britannia Mines is still on. From the reports of the official strike committee there are now about fifty men working at the mines among them being many negroes. The full working staff before the strike was about seven hundred men.

* * *

A union of carriage and waggon-workers has just been formed at Victoria, and a charter has been sent for from the American Federation of Labor.

* * *

From reports received there is possibility of trouble in connection with the vessels of the Union Steamship Company whose boats travel between New Zealand, Australia, Canada and the United States. The engineers are asking for an eight-hour day, but the company shows no inclination to accede to their request. Efforts have been made to settle the differences by friendly conference, but up to the present have failed.

* * *

The retail clerks in Victoria are making great efforts to organize, and with the assistance of the Victoria Trades and Labor Council they have succeeded in getting together two hundred members.

* * *

The employment of white girls by Orientals has been fought by the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada for many years. Legislation covering the evil has already been enacted in Manitoba, and now the fight is to be commenced in Ontario by the introduction of a bill by Dr. Godfrey.

* * *

The State of Washington has the best Workmen's Compensation Act in the world. The principle feature wherein it differs from all other legislation of its kind is, that industry is taxed according to the risk there is in it, and any compensation due to an injured workman goes direct to him. For the six years previous to the passing of the Act it has been shown that out of $64,088,748.38 in premiums collected by employers' liability companies, men and women injured got approximately 24 per cent, lawyers got 24 per cent., and the insurance companies got 52 per cent. No wonder the latter were the most vicious opponents the measure had to meet during its passage to law.

* * *

At Winnipeg a labor representation committee has been formed during the last month for the purpose of securing labor representation upon all public bodies for the purpose of organizing the working class into one consolidated political body. Officers were elected as follows : Chairman, W. B. Simpson; vice chairman, A. E. Moore; secretary, R. A. Rigg; treasurer, A. W. Puttee; and the following as executive committee : R. S. Ward, W. S. Bartlett, G. Barlow, J. V. Johnson, G. Reynolds, J. R. McBride, and E. McGrath.

* * *

The Vancouver local union of the Municipal Employees has made application to the Labor Department for the appointment of a board of investigation under the Industrial Dispute Investigation Act. They allege discrimination on the part of certain officials in the scavenging and waterworks departments.

* * *

It is rumored that some prominent labor official will be appointed as Minister of Labor under the new Wilson government in the United States, and it is further stated that the choice will be either John Mitchell, of the United Mine Workers of America, or James Lynch, president of the International Typographical Union of America.

* * *

A general election is expected in Alberta shortly, and it is rumored that Clem Stubbs, president of District 18, of the United Mine Workers of America, will be the candidate of the workers in Lethbridge.

* * *

The Trades and Labor Council, of Vancouver, at its last meeting instructed the secretary to write asking for the appointment of six of their number as commissioners for placing the names of citizens on the voters' list, and the commissions have been received from Victoria.

* * *

The secretary of the Stevedores Union of Great Britain states that all ports throughout the kingdom are being visited by various leaders with a view to the amalgamation of all the unions connected with transport. The question is to be submitted to a vote of the membership. If the scheme is adopted the Amalgamated Transport Workers' Union will include a quarter of a million members. The ultimate object is fusion with the Railwaymen's Union with a view to ending partial strikes. The leaders consider the failure of the dock strike of last year was due to the multiplicity of unions.

* * *

The strike of carters at Ashton-under-Lyne in Staffordshire has been settled on the following terms. The union is to be officially recognized. Rates of pay to be, single horse carters, $6.25 per week; double team drivers, $7.00; coal bag salesmen, $7.00. Three days' holiday are to be given each year as compensation for stable work on Sundays. The trouble had caused a number of mills and factories to be closed down for lack of supplies.

* * *

A mass meeting of carpenters was held last night in the Labor Temple for the purpose of considering ways and means of securing a rise in wages in May.

* * *

The local lathers are holding open meetings regularly for the purpose of gathering their forces together to negotiate a new wage scale in the spring.

* * *

The local union of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners has submitted an amalgamation proposal to the local union of the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners.

The Mexican Cadets at Chapultepec

Many incidents in the Mexican War are still recounted to fire the hearts of Mexicans. One of these occurred during the defence of Chapultepec, a defence that was as gallant as was the attack. In this attack forty-eight Mexican cadets among others, lost their lives. The story is a stirring one.

For many years the celebrated Castle of Chapultepec, where Montezuma held his barbaric court in the surrounding groves of cypresses where, during nearly three centuries lived the successive viceroys of Spain and where Maximilian made his imperial home, has been the West Point of Mexico.

When General Scott had taken the place by storm and General Bravo had surrendered, a Mexican cadet only fifteen years of age, seeing the flag of his country in peril, most of his comrades being already slain, climbed the flagstaff, tore the banner from its place, wound it around his body, and slid down, intending to plunge over the precipice in order to save the colors from falling into the hands of the enemy.

The act of heroism being frustrated, the brave boy, with the banner still wrapped around him, fought until he was cut in pieces. Forty-eight of these schoolboys, ranging in age from fourteen to twenty years, lie buried in one grave at the foot of the hill. Year by year the cadets of Chapultepec strew flowers upon this sepulchre.

The College Man of 1413

Oxford University is composed of twenty-one colleges. Among the largest of these is the one that, although it has stood for five hundred years, is still called "New." It was built a hundred years before the discovery of America by William de Wykeham and was an expression of the most advanced ideas of education entertained in his day. So far as the architecture and plan of the buildings are concerned, the five centuries that have since elapsed have suggested but little that is better. English and American college-builders still follow de Wykeham's model.

The undergraduate in de Wykeham's time, in order to obtain his B. A. degree, studied the logic of Porphyry and Boethius, something of Aristotle, and enough of arithmetic to enable him to find Easter. Three years more were usually spent in studying geometry, astronomy and astrology.

He lived in college. His allowance of money was one shilling a week. His breakfast was a piece of bread and a pot of beer at dawn. His dinner was eaten at ten in the morning. He was given one suit of clothes yearly. Three times a year each student was required secretly to tell the masters of the misbehavior of his fellows, who then received "competent castigation."

The rules laid down by de Wykeham prohibited visits to taverns or "spectacles," the keeping of dogs, the playing of chess and other "noxious and illicit sports, shooting with arrows or other missiles, dancing, running, wrestling, or other incautious and inordinate amusements."

The only recreation permitted was the assembling around the fire on winter nights to indulge in "singing, or the reading of poems and chronicles of the realm and of the wonders of the world."

The college was summoned to dinner by two poor scholars, who ran around the quadrangles shouting in bad Latin and French, "Tempus est vocandi a manger, O seigneurs!" The "seigneurs" were obliged to eat in absolute silence.

Almost any man can succeed if he has a little good sense and a little good nature.

CENTRAL PARLIAMENT

Discussion Continued on King's Speech—Mr. Plemming, Liberal Member for Saanich, Delivers a Telling Speech—Attorney-General Resigns

The second session of the Central Parliament opened punctually at 8 o'clock last Friday night. Prior to the house sitting the labor party had a meeting in camera, the result of which was not made public. Mr. F. Way, speaker, was in the chair when proceedings started. The house was crowded and the ladies' gallery was occupied by a dozen women who evinced keen interest in the proceedings.

The following is a list of the members and the constituencies they represent :

Seats	Names
Atlin	Mr. Christie
Alberni	Mr. Graydon
Cariboo	Mr. K. Lamond
Cariboo 2	Mr. R. J. Norris
Chilliwack	Mr. Batchelor
Ymir	Mr. C. Feast
Comox	Mr. Houston
Cranbrook	Mr. J. Jackson
Columbia	Mr. R. Neise
Delta	Mr. N. B. Neise
Dewdney	Mr. Hurry
Esquimalt	Mr. J. W. Franklin
Fernie	Mr. R. B. Champion
Greenwood	Mr. Young
Grand Forks	Mr. A. J. Phelt
Islands	Mr. Payne
Kamloops	Mr. Neelands
Kaslo	Mr. B. C. Bracewell
Lillooet	Mr. W. Thompson
Newcastle	Mr. Way (Speaker)
Nanaimo	
Nelson	Mr. G. W. Thomas
Yale	Mr. James
Okanagan	Mr. Henderson
Revelstoke	Mr. Jacques
Richmond	Dr. Murphy
Rossland	Mr. J. J. Robertson
Skeena	Mr. H. Kay
Saanich	Mr. Plemming
Similkameen	Mr. J. Henderson
Slocan	Mr. Payne
Vancouver 1,	Mr. J. H. Lester
Vancouver 2,	Mr. J. J. McGeer
Vancouver 3,	Mr. J. G. James
Vancouver 4,	Mr. J. Rankin
Vancouver 5,	Mr. C. Hill
Victoria 1,	Mr. Diffin
Victoria 2,	
Victoria 3,	Mr. Messenger
Victoria 4,	Mr. Jenkins
Cowichan	Mr. Lewis

The leader of the Opposition (Mr. McGeer) took the floor in the opening of the debate, and criticised the speech in detail. Mr. Kay (Skeena) followed, and referred to the Attorney-General's previous speech in which he had stated that the previous Liberal Government in the Province had done absolutely nothing. Mr. Kay refuted that, stating that the only time the Liberals had been in power was with a coalition.

Mr. Plemming, Liberal member for Saanich, was in fine form. Taking the clauses in the speech seriatim, he went over it from start to finish in a style which was not particularly pleasing to the government. One clause in particular, wherein it referred to the high esteem in which British Columbia fruit was held in the markets here and in the Old Land, he asked if the printer had not made a typographical error. He thought it should have read "high price." This witty sally "brought down the house," and going on in a racy vein he practically tore the speech to pieces. He declared that it was more remarkable for what it did not contain than for what it contained. This was easily the best speech of the evening, and the Liberals are to be congratulated on their stalwart.

The Prime Minister replied, and endeavored to show the House that while the speech did not cover the whole ground they had purposely brought forward the three bills mentioned believing that if they could carry them through they would do inestimable good to the Province.

He then moved that the question be now put. The division showed the Government had a substantial majority, which was as follows : For the speech, 15; against, 7. The labor party abstained from voting, giving as their reason that they did not wish to defeat the Government at this juncture.

The House then went into committee, Mr. R. H. Neelands, labor member for Kamloops, being chosen unanimously to take the chair.

Mr. Lamond, Liberal member for Cariboo, chairman of the House Committee that had been formed at the opening session, and which was composed of all parties, brought in a report in which he stated that they would like their duties to be more fully defined. It was unanimously agreed to that the committee have complete charge of the finances, along with that going the arrangement of halls for meetings, printing, and various other things. The committee's duties were quite apart from the Government, which might change at any time. The committee was then made a permanent one. They will be known as the Ways and Means Committee.

The constitution was then taken up, and after some discussion the Clerk was instructed to read through the Collingwood constitution, clause by clause. They were almost unanimously adopted with some slight alterations. One clause that caused a great amount of discussion was that fixing the number of members at 42. The member for Cariboo (Mr. Lamond) moved that it be 62, and in doing so intimated that there were twenty gentlemen who wished to join but who were unable to get seats, the forty-two seats being all taken. This caused a lively discussion, the Attorney-General (Mr. Thomas) hotly disapproving of such a move, but despite his efforts the House agreed to increase the membership to 62. Mr. Thomas immediately handed in his resignation to the Prime Minister. This is the first sign of dissension in the cabinet. The Attorney-General usually has the fattest salary in all governments, and it was rather surprising that Mr. Thomas should throw up such a cinch. The twenty new members will have to go under the process of balloting, to be provided for in the Elections Act.

The committee having risen, the Speaker then again took the chair, and on the motion of Mr. Campbell, Provincial Secretary, the main question was put to the House, and the Constitution Act as amended was agreed to.

The House adjourned at 11 o'clock, the members being well pleased with the night's work.

The next session will be held on Thursday, Good Friday being the usual meeting night.

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FALSE CREEK

THE passing of the False Creek agreement signifies that the people are anxious to make terms which will attract railways to the City of Vancouver. While much was said for and against the terms of the agreement, the popular feeling was that the way should be made clear for the Canadian Northern Railway to make its Pacific Coast terminus at Vancouver. Whether the C. N. R. should occupy the False Creek flats or not was after all more or less of a secondary consideration; the main issue was that Vancouver was in need of the C. N. R. and that that railway should come to that city.

South Vancouver will be a large benefactor by the ratification of the agreement by the voters of Vancouver a week ago. Not only will it mean that the terminus of a second transcontinental line will be located close to the borders of South Vancouver, but the fact that the C. N. R. railway will probably enter the city through this municipality will excite activity incidental to all railway construction.

The passing of the bylaw must also be construed as a victory for Mayor Baxter. Mayor Baxter was one of the keenest supporters of an agreement with the C. N. R. before his election to the Chief Magistrate's chair. Since that time he has not wavered in his convictions, but has consistently been one of the foremost fighters to have it passed. Its success at the hands of the voters a week ago therefore is a tribute to Mayor Baxter who waged a vigorous campaign in its favor.

With the False Creek tide flats problem now solved and an early coming of the C. N. R. railway, Greater Vancouver should enter upon another era of prosperity. Railroads are a big factor in the upbuilding of any large city. The C. P. R. will always be the recognized pioneer. If the C. N. R. can only accomplish as much as the C. P. R. did in its early stages there will be no reason to regret the C. N. R. agreement.

BLOODLESS BATTLES

OWING to the use of high-velocity projectiles and other things the wars of the future may be bloodless, so thinks Garrett P. Serviss, who writes :

"The experiences of the surgeons at the field hospitals in the Balkan War have again demonstrated what was shown during the Spanish-American War, namely, the combined mercifulness and effectiveness of the modern small-calibre, high-speed bullet.

"It is merciful because it produces small wounds, which heal rapidly, even when important organs are penetrated, and it is effective because, when it does not kill outright, it renders the victim of its stroke unable to continue fighting while it leaves him in condition to quit the field and to become a serious charge upon the resources of the enemy, since his friends must, necessarily, nurse and care for him.

"It costs more, both in labor and in money, to care for wounded soldiers than to bury dead ones. And so the modern rifles, which dart bullets that resemble short, thick needles, with velocities that might almost be compared with those of meteors, tend to abolish war by making it more costly. . . .

The humanity of war could be promoted by substituting for bullets some other form of projectile which would merely stun without wounding or killing. If it were possible to shoot some kind of stifling smoke, or vapor, into the faces of the enemy, which had the effect of rendering them temporarily incapable of action, a glorious victory might be gained without the shedding of a drop of blood.

"Who can be sure that something of this kind may not be done before another century has passed? Then a great battle would become no bloodier than a fight with snowballs, and yet the result might be just as decisive, for one side is victorious and the other beaten even in a snow battle. It is the moral element that controls in either case, for the side that can stand the most pounding is the side that wins, whether the missiles consist of balls of lead or balls of snow."

GUNPLAY

WHEN Herman Rosenthal was murdered in New York, and revelations as to police crookedness ensued, every writer in the country seems to have snatched his pen, dipped it in blood, and started to write gunplay fiction. While the daily newspapers were still screaming forth the wickedness of Lieut. Becker, and the moral reformers denouncing the corruptness of the administration, these white-hot manuscripts began to pour in upon the magazine editors. With their own minds keyed up to a keen interest in the exposures, the editors seized upon the stories as "great stuff." Large checks were written and mailed. It was "good hunting" for the writers who had grasped the opportunity; good hunting indeed.

The shooting took place last July. Magazines nowadays are printed months ahead of time, so it was fall before the epidemic of gunplay literature reached the public in full virulence. It has raged ever since. Readers at first welcomed the stuff with that mild interest which attaches to events a month or two old. Then they became irritated by it. It was too much of a good thing to find a shooting in every dozen pages, and a corrupt policeman lurking around every corner. A lot of people are hungry for the good old stories which were sweet with romance that did not smell of gunpowder.

It is to be hoped that the smallpox of killings has spent its force. It has done much to give the public a false idea of the dangers of great cities. The real perils of these places are not the armed bandits who occasionally take life at the bidding of political bosses. Rather does the menace lurk in the manifold temptations which assail the newcomer; temptations to live beyond his means, to lose his all in efforts to get rich too quickly; temptations to squander his patrimony in ways which city life make easy.

FEMININE HEADGEAR

EVEN angels might well fear to walk in where a controversy concerning feminine headgear, or any other kind of feminine wearing apparel, for that matter, is raging; but the late announcement that women are to wear smaller hats is too tempting to pass masculine notice.

The big hat has had a long and variegated tenure.

Millions of dollars must have been squandered annually on headgear surplusages; and the worst of it is that women have gained nothing in beauty by a resort to extravagances which have made purses lean; on the contrary, often the lines of fine, fair faces have been broken and marred by too much hat.

It would not be fair or truthful to say that the big hats worn by women in recent years are immoral; but are they not unmoral?

They deface beauty; they have been prolific breeders of headaches; they swelter the scalp and thin the hair; they have increased the pad bill and the rat bill; they have bulled the Oriental hair market, and have ushered in upon us that monstrous projection, the swollen and elongated Psyche knot.

What with their deep recesses, blind passes, floundering feathers, long pins, buckles, birds, flower gardens, elusive horizontals, mysterious curves, flubdubberies, grotesqueries, sympolisms and rioting colors, we shall gladly say good-bye to the big hats.

CIVIC CO-OPERATION

FOR some time past there have been propositions made looking to the co-operation of the various Municipalities of the Lower Mainland in adopting the idea of the County Councils of England. Ex-Reeve Weart, of Burnaby, has been a persistent advocate of this idea with regard to Burnaby and the adjacent Municipalities of Richmond, South Vancouver and Point Grey, believing that such a body could co-operate with a view to dealing with the many important matters which affect these Municipalities jointly. There is no question but that some such method of solving the various inter-municipal questions must come in the very near future, and it is to be hoped that at no distant date this very important question will be considered very carefully with a view to evolving some legislative body along the lines suggested. This same idea has been further promoted by the Council of Maple Ridge, which at its last meeting suggested that adjoining Municipalities affected might get together to approach the Provincial Government with a view to the establishment of a rock crusher at Pitt Lake for the supply of crushed rock for road making purposes which might be secured more cheaply and conveniently than hitherto. There are many such problems which the various Municipalities and cities of the Lower Mainland might get together upon by the establishment of a central council made up of an equal number of representatives from the various communities represented. At the present time there is very little cohesion or co-operation in the solving of the many municipal problems which confront the various civic bodies, and which in many instances are interurban, and as a result each community tackles and solves in its own way the questions before it, and often without regard to the rights or interests of the adjoining communities, with the result that time and money is lost, and the best results difficult, if not impossible, of attainment. With the rapid development that is going on in this section of the Province it is imperative that some immediate steps be taken with a view to co-operation in the solving of the questions of sewerage, water supplies, franchises for public utilities and the building of main highways. By the getting together in this manner the people could be better protected in many ways, and much time and money saved. As the various communities on the Lower Mainland continue to grow and prosper, their interests will become more identical, and it will become more and more imperative for concerted action looking to the preservation of their rights and interests. Such a movement should therefore be encouraged, and it is to be hoped that in the very near future some one person or council will see fit to move actively in the matter with a view to making this co-operative body an accomplished fact.—"Coquitlam Star."

LOCAL PARLIAMENTS

THE "Leader of the Opposition" in the Central Parliament paid a visit to Collingwood on Saturday, had a cordial reception and gave some very sensible advice. Mr. Jas. McGeer gave as his opinion that in its "Constitutional Bill," Elections Bill," and "Naval Bill" the Collingwood Government had been a little too ambitious. The visitor gave the very sensible counsel that an amateur parliament would do well to pay most attention to the matters which affected their daily lives—wages, hours of labor, good roads, extension of markets, pure food, education, encouragement to art, literature, education, all these are matters which can be discussed with zest, and their discussion will have an educational effect on the debaters, and may even have an influence in moulding the lives of the people.

Mr. McGeer spoke to the point, too, when he advised "honorable members" to think about and study the subject on which they speak. "Get your facts from the best authorities, get the latest statistics, verify your quotations, put your arguments in the most telling order, and learn to condense so that every moment of your time may be effectively occupied." This was quite a little treatise on the art of public speaking, and it may be said of our local parliaments that they are not only eloquent themselves, but that they incite eloquence from the lips of very welcome visitors.

The curator of the Collingwood Library has received from Mrs. C——, of Port Haney, a very pleasant letter and a welcome present of books for the Reference Department. The books are on Mining, Arithmetic, and Mechanics, and will prove very useful. The lady who has kindly remembered that books are always welcome at a public library, reads "The Chinook," and like our other readers, near and distant, she appreciates the column "Men, Women and Books." The letter, a truly and sweetly feminine epistle, gossips of Old London, "the little village for which she has the affection shown by 'Felix Penne.'" "The Chinook" is glad to be the means of awakening memories of the Old Land. We are glad, too, that we can call attention to the fact that the Collingwood Library welcomes gifts of books and magazines. Our friend, the "gentle reader" at Port Haney has set an example we hope many will follow.

Canadian Ideals
(Toronto Star Weekly)

Francis W. Grey, writing in the University Magazine, on education and nationality, thinks there is some danger in our system of Provincial control of education. Our provinces, he says, lack the three supreme bonds of unity—race, religion, and common education. There is "no real, but only a superficial and political unity or community of ideals and interests, and without that common mentality which goes to make a nation, just as surely as blood and blood only goes to make a race."

Mr. Grey's remedy is a national council of education and a more thorough study of Canadian history through a Dominion Historical Commission, which would publish and distribute free in every province a "documented" history of Canada.

I do not wish to antagonize these ideas, but to point out that those who fear that the bond of Canadian unity is too weak, do not always take into account two great unifying forces—Canadian nationality and common humanity.

Nothing could be more foolish and dangerous than the attempt that is being made by some people to belittle and discourage Canadian nationality—to endeavor to show that Canada can never be a British nation, but must be a provi[illegible] of the Empire. Such an idea inv[illegible]s a confession of inferiority to the United States, and thus weakens one of the strongest defences against annexation.

But the greatest bond, after all, is common humanity. If we think of our fellow-Canadians, not as Nova Scotians or Albertans, Catholics or Protestants, French or English, but as men, women, and children, we shall not quarrel or be cold-hearted.

For this reason, all our Parliaments and municipal councils ought to pay great attention to social reform—to all those movements which help to uplift humanity; to give every man, woman, and child in Canada a fair chance to grow. This is the essential thing, which is at the root of all movements for housing the poor, and for abolishing food taxes, and for better wages, for insurance against sickness and unemployment, and for old-age pensions, and for sanitation, physical and moral—for the fight against the white plague, and the fight against white slavery.

If the Dominion Parliament, and the Provincial Legislatures, and the city and county and township councils, will pay more attention to these things, they will find new temptations to quarrel and many opportunities to co-operate.

I have just been reading again some of Carlyle's furious diatribes against the spirit of his age—against democracy and the extension of the franchise, against free and abundant food. Carlyle was right in saying that men could not be saved by the franchise alone, nor by plenty to eat alone. What he failed to see was that these are both elements of growth, and that the cure for gross materialism is more growth.

Some splendid speeches against gross materialism have been made by men who were inspired by turtle soup, Burgundy, mushrooms, peas, and asparagus out of season.

Workingmen do not demand these things, but they and their children must have abundance of wholesome food if they are to become strong men and women, citizens who would make Canada strong. They must have convenient, spacious, and sanitary houses, their children must have playgrounds. All these are elements of growth.

The franchise is of little use if it merely means marking a piece of paper with a cross. But the franchise is a tremendous thing if it means the record of the thought of millions of men, and evidence of the growth of millions of souls, and a means of stimulating that growth. That is the problem of democracy. There lies the hope of making Canada the greatest democracy in the world.

Child Labor
(Ottawa Citizen)

The story of child slavery in the New York canneries is a reminder that Ontario has similar establishments, with similar perils to the young lives frequently employed. Ontario cannot afford to make a cent of profit by the employment of cheap child labor. Child labor is always dearest in the end, so far as society at large is concerned.

Might Do It Well at That
(Amherst, N. S. "News")

Sir William Meredith, in his report on the Farmers Bank, makes the significant statement that the incorporators had no experience in the business of banking or in any other business in which they would have acquired the knowledge essential to the successful launching of a bank. The commissioner is evidently of the opinion that a banker should understand farming. Most people think as he does, although there are individuals who talk at times as if they thought an amateur without experience capable of managing successfully anything under the sun from a one-man establishment to a nation.

A Warning to the Doctors
(*Medicine Hat "Call"*)

In the Dominion House the other night the doctors came in for some hard knocks. We do not believe they were all deserved, but there is some ground for some of them, and the doctors would do well in their own interest to see that all possible grounds for such criticisms are removed so far as possible. In every body of men some black sheep are to be found, and we believe that the proportion amongst the doctors is very low. By a united effort it might be made lower still.

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OUR QUALITY IS THE ESSENCE OF CHEAPNESS

George H. Doran, the New York publisher, had a call not long ago from a young friend just out of college, who confessed to an ambition to write a modern novel. He wanted to know Doran's views touching on a popular treatment.

'Well," said Doran, "it seems to me that in a novel such as you contemplate writing you should endeavor to enlist the attention of the reader from the very start. Try to make your opening paragraph unusual and bright."

The prospective author thanked him and departed. Shortly thereafter he sent Doran for consideration the finished draft of his novel. When he saw the first sentence of chapter one Doran realized how thoroughly his young friend had absorbed his advice. It read as follows:

"'Oh, hell!' exclaimed the Duchess, who up to this point had taken no part in the conversation."

FACTS YARNS TALES THIS IS AN OLD ONE BUT-

"Then I'm to tell the firm," the bill collector said, making a memorandum in his note-book, "that you'll probably settle this account next week?"

"Well, I'd hardly put it that way," hesitatingly answered the other. "'Probably' is a pretty strong word. Better make it 'possibly.'"

* * *

A witty judge of the municipal court of Boston stoutly declared that "a patriot was a man who refused to button his wife's lingerie waist."

"A martyr," he went on, "is one who attempts and fails, while a hero tries and succeeds."

"Then what is a coward?" asked a curious bystander.

"Oh, a coward," replied the judge, "is a man who remains single so he won't have to try."

* * *

"A cat sits on my back fence every night and he yowls and yowls and yowls. Now, I don't want to have any trouble with neighbor Jones, but this thing has gone far enough, and I want you to tell me what to do."

The young lawyer looked as solemn as an old sick owl, and said not a word.

"I have a right to shoot the cat, haven't I?"

"I would hardly say that," replied young Coke Blackstone. "The cat does not belong to you, as I understand it."

"No, but the fence does."

"Then," concluded the light of law, "I think it safe to say you have a perfect right to tear down the fence."

* * *

The little man had taken his wife and children to see the traveling show. After viewing all the sights that could be viewed for nothing, the entire family lined up in front of a large booth, which advertised in huge letters on the outside: "The Grand Elk—the wonder of the world."

On a small ledge in front of this booth paced the showman himself entreating all and sundry to "come up an' view." Presently his attention was attracted by the little man who gazed earnestly and wistfully at him.

"'Ere, you," he called. "Ain't yer comin' up? It's only sixpence."

But the little man only shook his head.

"Can't," he whispered. "It 'ud cost me eleven shillins' if I did. Yer see, there's me an' my wife an' twenty children."

"What!" exclaimed the showman, hoarse with incredulity, and pointing to the long line of earnest faces. "Are all of them yours?"

A nod was the little man's sole answer.

"Good heavens!" cried the man of the booth, as he bounded to its entrance. "Don't yer move, gu'nor! Just stay where y'are. I'm going to give the Great Elk a treat. I'm going to bring 'im out to 'ave a look at you."

* * *

Tommy had commenced again.

"Dad," he asked, "does it cost much to keep a lion."

"It does, my son."

"A wolf would make a good meal for a lion, wouldn't it, dad?"

"Yes."

"And a fox would do for the wolf, wouldn't it, dad?"

"I suppose so; go and play."

"A fox would be satisfied with a hawk, and a sparrow would be enough for a hawk, eh, dad?"

"Yes. If you don't go away——"

"And a spider would make a meal for a sparrow?"

"Yes, yes. Now——"

"Wait a minute, dad. A spider, would be satisfied with a fly, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, my son."

"And a drop of treacle would be enough for a fly?"

"Well, supposing it would?"

"Yes, that's just it, dad. Now what I want you to tell me is this. Could a man keep a lion for more than a year with a pound of treacle?"

And then the sound of a falling slipper awoke the echoes of the stilly night.

* * *

It was in one of the garrison towns where a gun is fired every evening at sunset. An aunt from London came down on a visit to her young soldier nephew, and they were out walking together the first evening, when the sunset gun went off. The old lady was greatly startled.

"What was that?" she gasped.

"Oh, only sunset," replied the nephew.

"Sunset," repeated the old lady. "Dearie me! I suppose it's because I live in London, where there are so many other noises, that I never heard it before. I'd no idea the sun went down with such a bang."

* * *

"Say, Snibbs, let me use your 'phone, will you?"

"Certainly. What's the matter with yours?"

"It's all right. I want to telephone to my wife that I'm going to bring a man from out of town to dinner."

"Well?"

"He's sitting in my room now, and I hate to have him watch my face when my wife tells me what she thinks of the proposition."

* * *

Angry old gent: "Constable, didn't you see that boy hit me with a snowball?"

Policeman: "Oi did, sorr. It's wonderful how straight them young varmints can throw, begorra!"

* * *

"Now, Jim," said the old lady to her son who was about to leave the countryside to try his luck in London, "there's plenty of money in that big city, for the streets are said to be even paved with gold."

Jim, like the Scotchman, "had 'is doots," but these were quickly removed, for he had barely got out of Euston Station when, to his surprise, he espied, slily reposing on the kerb, a bright, glittering sovereign.

Eagerly he picked it up, and walked a little further on, when he came across a blind man who was begging.

At once his sympathetic heart went out to the unfortunate man, and as he put the sovereign into his hand, he said: "Take this, my friend. I can see 'em, thee can't."

* * *

"I've got a poem," he said, when he had secured the attention of the editor.

"My dear, sir, that pigeon-hole is filled with poems awaiting publication."

"But this describes the virtues of the Ache Destroyer, and I will pay five dollars a line to have it printed," said the author.

"Ah, charming! I'm glad to see you turn your attention to verse. I wish all had your gift."

* * *

He saw her sitting in the dark corner, and knew that his chance had come. Noiselessly he stole up behind her, and almost before she was aware of his presence he had kissed her.

"How dare you!" she shrieked, delighted. "You saucy boy, you!"

"Pardon me," he bluffed, readily stepping out into the light, "I thought you were my sister."

"You silly idiot," she snapped, stepping into the light beside him, "I am!"

* * *

The mistress came downstairs and tried the door of the sitting-room, only to find it locked against her, while the key, which was usually in the lock, was missing.

"Bridget, I can't get into the parlor," she cried.

"Shure it's meself knows that; an' ye won't, fur I have the kay in me pocket."

"Open the door immediately."

"Will yez go in if I do?"

"Certainly I will."

"Then yez don't get the kay."

"Open the door immediately! What do you mean?"

"Shure it's by your orders. Ye said yesterday, 'Don't let me come downstairs in the mornin' an' see any dust on the parlor furniture!' So I just puts the kay in me pocket, an', says I, 'Then she sha'n't.'"

* * *

At the close of his talk before a Sunday school the bishop invited questions.

A tiny boy with white eager face at once held up his hand. "Please, sir," said he, "why was Adam never a baby?"

The bishop coughed, in doubt as to what answer to give, but a little girl, the eldest of several brothers and sisters, came promptly to his aid.

"Please, sir," she answered, smartly, "there was nobody to nurse him."

* * *

"What an extraordinary curve your horse has in the spine," said a gentleman to an Irish farmer. "Can you account for it?"

"By the powers, sir, and to be sure I am able. I have heard, sir, that before the beast was my property he was backed against another horse, your honor, who beat him hollow, and I daresay it's the reason that his back never got straight again."

* * *

It was early in the history of the new household. "What have we got for breakfast, dear?" asked Mr. Newlywed.

His wife looked at him with troubled eyes. "It was to have been bacon," she said, "but poor cook's burnt it."

"Poor cook! I should think so, indeed," exclaimed Mr. Newlywed. "Confound her! Have you given her notice?"

"Oh, no; we mustn't be cross with her, darling," said his wife. "She's so young and inexperienced. Won't you be satisfied with a kiss for breakfast?" she coaxed.

"All right, dear," replied Mr. Newlywed, suddenly pacified, "call her in?"

* * *

"I understand you went over to Crimson Gulch and lynched the wrong man."

"No," replied Three-finger Sam. "You can't lynch the wrong man in Crimson Gulch. We jest got Piute Pete a little bit ahead of his turn."

* * *

Mulline was quite bald, with the exception of a single lock which he combed carefully over the side of his head. A short time ago some young ladies asked him for his photograph, and, having a peculiar sense of humor, he had a picture taken of the top of his head. About a week afterwards he went past the photographer's shop and noticed an immense crowd studying a picture in the window.

He looked and found that the discourteous artist had printed a greatly-enlarged picture of his bald head, with the black lock running around the edge, and had labeled it:

"Eclipse of the Moon. The phenomenon as it appeared at a quarter-past eleven."

* * *

The tramp sat, serene and dirty, on the backdoor step eating the breakfast for which he had asked, and the servant stood looking at him curiously.

Presently the knight of the road observed the attention she was paying him.

"Wotter yer lookin' at me for?" he asked in idle curiosity. "Think I'm a long-lost cousing?"

"No," replied the maid, cooly; "but I must say you remind me of a man I used to know."

"Sweetheart?" asked the tramp, coyly.

"None of your business!" was the maid's retort. "But something happened to him which'll never happen to you."

"What's that? Died a millionaire, did he?"

The maid's reply was crushing.

"No; he was accidentally drowned while bathing."

JIM THORPE

Jim Thorpe, who was proved to have accepted money for playing baseball and whose fall from the ranks of amateurism has created a profound sensation, is undoubtedly one of the greatest athletes the world has produced. At the Olympic games last year the King of Sweden grasped his hand and said, "You, sir, are the greatest athlete in the world."

In a moment of enthusiasm eulogies are apt to be passed that second thought would not approve, but in the case of Thorpe it is to be admitted that he is the greatest athlete of his day, if he is not the greatest all-round man of all time.

There are men today who can run faster than Thorpe at all distances, men who can jump farther and higher, throw the shot farther, swim better, and hurl the javelin a greater distance. There is no one man who can do all these things as well as the young Indian. He is also a basketball player of the first rank, a good skater, a lacrosse and baseball expert, and a first-class swimmer.

Hundreds, if not thousands, of the readers of this article saw Thorpe play football on that memorable occasion when the picked Canadian team was made to look like untrained schoolboys playing against the Carlisle Indians. On that day Thorpe did not have to exert himself, but he did not fail to impress the critics as the greatest football player who had ever been seen. His punting, tackling, and dodging were so remarkable as to leave Canadian critics with no Rugby heroes of the past to compare with him.

At the close of the football season last Fall several authorities picked what they considered to be the best team in the United States. Thorpe was placed on every team. Captain Devore, of the West Point team, which played a game against Carlisle, said after a game that Thorpe was the greatest player he ever saw. "He is superhuman, that's all," he said, and further expressed the view that Thorpe was as good a man as two of the redoubtable Ted Coys.

This athletic marvel is now 24 years old. He was born somewhere in the Middle Western States, and is a full-blooded member of the Fox and Sac tribe. When the tribe moved to Oklahoma the Thorpes went along, and it was in Oklahoma that young Jim first attracted local attention as an athlete. He was fonder of hunting and fishing than of other sports, and had no idea that his ability to run and jump and swim were at all extraordinary, until after he became a member of the Carlisle School, at the age of fourteen.

At that age the statistics show that he was five feet and half an inch tall, and weighed 115 pounds. At the present time he is 6 ft. 1½ inches, and in condition weighs 181 pounds. Incidentally his inspiration and expiration measurements are 42½ and 35½ inches. It was one day in the spring of 1908 that Thorpe was "discovered" by Glen Warner, the coach and trainer of the Indian athletes.

Warner was putting his training squad through a stunt at the jumping bar, and when the point had been reached where none of them could clear it, one of the spectators, dressed in a working blouse and overalls, loped out of the crowd and sailed over the bars. It was Jim.

Thenceforth, it may be said, Thorpe belonged to athletics. Everything else was subordinated to the task of making a great athlete out of him, and how well Warner succeeded is shown by the wonderful results at Stockholm when Thorpe, against the best amateurs in the world, won the pentathlon and the decathlon, the two events that demand all-round athletic ability.

His victories were all the more gratifying to his countrymen because they had little hope of winning the all-round championships. The Swedes had paid particular attention to these events, and were reported to have developed some great champions. So when it was announced that Martin Sheridan, who had won the all-round championship of the United States in 1909, would not compete, the last hope of the Americans fled.

However, when Thorpe won first in four out of the five events in the pentathlon, and as second in the fifth, it was plain that a greater than Sheridan had been discovered. He won the decathlon just as easily.

On his return to the United States Thorpe captured the all-round championship of America, just to show that there had been no fluke at Stockholm. In doing so he rolled up a total score of 7.478 points, which surpassed the previous record of Sheridan by 91 points.

Thorpe has run the hundred yards in ten and one-fifth seconds; the 120 yards high hurdles in fifteen and three-fifths seconds, and the 220 yards low hurdles in twenty-five seconds. He has run a quarter of a mile in fifty-two and three-fifth seconds, has put the 16-pound shot 45 feet 1 inch; has scaled the discus 125 feet 8 inches, has thrown the hammer 125 feet, has pole-vaulted 10 feet 8 inches, has jumped 6 feet 4 inches high, and has covered 23 feet 3 inches at the broad jump.

Athletic records fail to reveal any other man who approached this all-round performance. Incidentally, it is worth noting that last fall Thorpe broke training in Washington, and was "painting the town red" when caught by Glen Warner, who went after him in a rough and tumble fashion, and soundly thrashed him on a bar-room floor.

In a certain town the local forecaster of the weather was so often wrong that his predictions became a standing joke, to his no small annoyance, for he was very sensitive. At length, in despair of living down his reputation, he asked headquarters to transfer him to another station.

A brief correnpondence ensued.

"Why," asked headquarters, "do you wish to be transferred?"

"Because," the forecaster promptly replied, "the climate doesn't agree with me."

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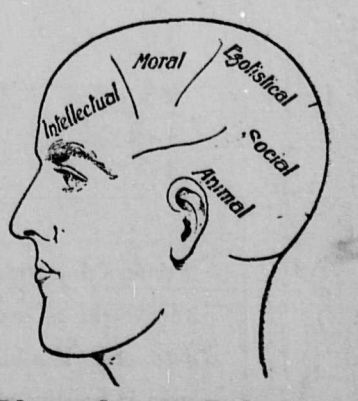

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Clara—"May I borrow your beaded belt, dear?"

Bess—"Certainly. But why all this formality of asking permission?"

"I can't find it!"

ONLY A RUNT

By Helen Topping Miller

Jim Bates' wife set her iron down upon the brick by the side of her little cob fire. Pushing back her limp hair, she gazed off down the glaring trail.

"I 'low Sim's comin' down yan," she said, shading her eyes with a hand as red and gnarled as the foot of a turkey. "I heerd the wagin a-screakin'."

On the cabin doorstep, Simeon Bates the younger, sixteen years old, and known to men as Buddy, withdrew a greasy rag from the barrel of a long rifle he was cleaning, and, smoothing the black iron of the gun with caressing fingers, set it against the door.

"Mammy," he said warningly as the sound of the approaching wagon came to his ears, "don't you dast to tell him I was down to the still."

The woman poked the little blaze, and changed her iron.

"I reckon thar's enough beatin' and tattlin' goin' on round hyar 'thout me helpin' out," observed, with a scornful twist of her thin lips. "But I tole you to keep away from that thar still."

Buddy hid the cleaning rag carefully under the doorstep. Then he regarded the creeping progress of the coming wagon, and mentally measured the time before it should arrive.

"I reckon he'd beat me plumb to death ef'n he knowed I went down to that still," he remarked. "He said I were a white-livered runt, and didn't have sense enough to keep my mouth shet."

The woman flung the iron down with a sullen thud in the middle of her husband's best blue shirt.

"Well, you're his own young one," she snapped.

Buddy humped his shoulders with a patient movement. He was a wizened little fellow, with the peaked face of a very old man and the body of a child. It had been bitterness in Simeon Bates' cup that his only son had grown up dwarfed in body and childish in spirit.

"He alwus 'lows I'm kin to the Weavers," Buddy continued bitterly. "He 'lows all the Weavers is white-livered."

A red flame flared in the woman's face. The Weavers were her people, and the knowledge that one craven Ulick Weaver was known to the mountain people as a coward and a spy, and that the reproach of his cowardice had descended to her son, bit into her soul like acid.

"I reckon the Weavers is as good as the Bates!" she retored, thumping the iron down sullenly. "Ef Sim Bates didn't think so, whut fur did he give you a Weaver for a mammy?"

Sim Bates drove leisurely up the rocky lane toward his cabin, his gaunt mule flapping its patient ears at every step, the agonized wagon wheels shrieking at every turn. Sim sat at the back of the wagon bed, danging his long legs over the side, his elbows crooked about his knees. Nature in making him had been sparing of tints. His hair, ragged and long, his loose skin, his stubble of beard, and his little vulture eyes were all a monotonous shade of sun-baked yellow, a hue that was repeated in his shabby garments.

In the tiny patch of shade in front of the cabin the mule stopped and planted its four feet out squarely, its head hanging down. Sim lurched forward, shifting his tobacco to a more advantageous position, and surveyed his family indifferently. Then he shook himself as if there were a remark concealed somewhere within him that he wanted to dislodge. At last he spoke.

"Ole Mis' Morgan's daid," he said.

For a long minute his wife left her iron sitting upon the bosom of the shirt where it smoked, unheeded, while she stared in palsied amazement at her husband. Buddy sat a frozen image of astonishment upon the doorstep, his lips parted wide, his face a ghastly yellow. If old Bald Knob, perched so grim and gray against the eastern sky, had suddenly flown down upon the cabin roof, his small world could not have been more upset.

"Waal"—Simeon's voice broke the spell upon them—"'tain't no use stanin' thar gawpin'. She's plumb daid, and you all cayn't bring her back nohow. Shet up you' mouth, you, Bud, and give this here mule some cohn."

Mechanically Buddy obeyed. He led the listless animal out of the shadow of the rail pen, and fed it a sparing meal of soft white ears. But continually, as if a mill wheel were turning in his head, he heard over and over: "Ole Mis' Morgan's daid."

Dead! The word had a strange and numbing sound to him. Nobody whom he knew had ever died before, and a sense of personal loss was upon him. He wondered what old Daddy Morgan would do now—poor, old, lonely Daddy Morgan, who was to Buddy more like father and mother than the boy's own, and whom the youngster loved with the passionate loyalty of a lonely and ill-treated child.

Daddy Morgan was Buddy's solitary friend. He it was who had taught the boy to shoot—straight and true, as the hillmen shoot. He it was who had initiated him into the mysteries of the great dripping "worm," and the making of mash—and all the other mingled material, method, and machinery of the moonshiner. He had even hidden Buddy away in the loft of his cabin on a day when Simeon Bates stalked the hills, drunk and ugly, seeking his son.

With old Mis' Morgan Buddy had not been so intimately acquainted. He had known her only as the loud-voiced, hard-handed wife of old Daddy Morgan, a woman with a tongue of vitrol, who brewed dissension and strife even as her patient, silent old husband brewed corn liquor.

Buddy was not much concerned on her account. He was not sorry for her. All his grief was for the old man left desolate. Who now would cook Daddy Morgan's greens and wash his shirts?

He tied the mule to the wagon wheel and walked slowly back to the cabin. His father sat on the doorstep, smoking.

"I reckon hit's a good thing that old woman's daid," Sim was declaiming from the midst of a pillar of cloud. "She was about the meanest old piece on this yere mounting. I 'low she led the old man a dawg's life; her tongue was a plumb yard long, and p'son cl'ar to the ind."

His wife ironed, her thin, red hands, swollen and inflamed at the joints, moving swiftly along the board.

"They do say," she agreed, "as how she druv her son Danny out, and that hit like to broke the old man's heart."

Sim spat into the cob fire. "They cayn't nobody blame her for that," he argued. "Dan was sich a triflin' scoundrel, jist like the old man his daddy. Alwus settin' round and readin' books. These here scholards is alwus no 'count."

Buddy winced. This last remark he knew was intended for his particular benefit. He cast a cautious glance at the chink in the logs where he had hidden his precious first reader, but the green cover was still safely out of sight.

"Ad Kite says," Sim continued, "as how the old man is teched in his haid sence the old woman died—says he jest sets on a bench and says nary word to anybody. I reckon he's grievin' after Danny. 'Tain't natural he's frettin' after the old woman—such a triflin' old rip as she was."

"Mammy!" Buddy's voice sounded very thin and far away as he sidled up to his mother. "I reckon I better go down to Daddy Morgan's. 'Pears like he must be lonesome all by hisself."

His father's voice rose like a blare of trumpets. "I reckon you'll git a hoe and git out to that thar cohn patch!" he shouted. "Old man Morgan kin 'tend to his own business without no triflin' runt like you pesterin' round. Git that hoe! You hyar me?"

Buddy shouldered the hoe, and trudged down the hot hillside, rebellion consuming his very soul. If only the strength of his body were as great as the might of his spirit, so that he could order his own going and coming! Other mountain boys were men at sixteen, while he must remain a child, beaten and despised for his weakness.

He crossed the rocky turnip patch to the distant cornfield, a tiny square of sun-baked earth, where young corn sprouted, sparse as pinfeathers on the breast of the mountain. The spring sun was hot on his back, and burned his skin through his thin shirt. The rough hoe handle blistered his hands.

At the end of the second row he halted and glanced up toward the cabin. He saw his father swinging off down the eastern path a small jug in his hand. "Pap's goin' to the still," he said to himself. His mother still ironed under the walnut tree. Before him stood the crooked rows of corn, green between springing weeds, the dry soil crying out for the cool stirring of the hoe. And over there beyond the crook of the trail Daddy Morgan sat, desolate, in his cabin.

Only a moment Buddy hesitated. Then, flinging the hoe into a swarming clump of honeysuckle, he leaped off down the hill as fleet as a rabbit.

The Morgan cabin stood, dreary and lopsided, at the very top of the trail up from Lower Turkey. The door was tight shut, the window curtained with a yellowing wisp of stringy muslin. There was a strange air of solemnity about it that Buddy felt instinctively.

A few curious men and snuff-dipping women sat on the doorstep in the sun. He slipped through them without speaking, and lifted the latch.

In the front room the dead woman was laid out upon a window bier of calico quilts. Buddy shrank back. He had never seen a corpse, and even in life the old woman had inspired a wholesome fear within him. He slipped around the wall, his eyes upon her, and pushed himself through the door into the kitchen.

There, upon a bench by the back door, gazing off into the purple distance, where unnumbered hills leaned their misty heads against the sky, sat old Daddy Morgan. His long, white hair and beard swayed a little in the breeze.

Buddy slipped to the bench by the old man's side, and straightened his spine, patting his old friend on the shoulder. But Daddy paid no heed to his presence. The old man's eyes, sunken and black as night, were fixed upon the far pine-rimmed hills, where, beyond their cloudy brows, lay a strange world of which he had heard much, but which he had neved beheld. By profession, Daddy Morgan was a distiller of a nefarious beverage, but his soul was the soul of a seer and a prophet. And now that soul wandered in alien paths. In the world of cities and of marvelous and awful wonders, seeking and seeking through unfamiliar places for the lad who had been his son.

He did not hear Buddy's timid whispers beneath his elbow, nor the voices of the neighbor women tiptoeing in to look upon his dead. His old ears were tuned to strange voices—those which left no echo in the empty rooms—the shrill chatter of the boy who had played there, and the voice of his wife laughing as she once had laughed.

Ah, desolate laughter that lives only in memory!

The mountain women peered in at the door, awed by his silence; and Ad Kite's giggling wife, bolder than the rest, came into the room.

"We-all air wantin' to know when the buryin' is goin' to be?" she said.

"The old man's teched in his wits," the others tittered behind her. "He cayn't hear nothin'."

Resentment flared in Buddy's face. But Daddy Morgan roused himself like a sleeping lion.

"Thar ain't goin' to be no buryin', Sallie Kite," he said, in the booming voice they knew. "You-all mought as well go home. I don't aim to bury maw tell Danny comes home."

"The old fool's plumb crazy!"

Ulick Weaver voiced this sentiment of all the ridge as, on foot and horseback, the mountain folk set out down the trail. "Dan Morgan ain't comin' back up thisaway. I heerd he was down to Knoxville, and had a right smart job with the gover'ment."

"I 'low we jest better bury the ole woman to-morrer ef Joe Danels gits the box done," Ad Kite advised, as he dangled his long legs from the rear of his wagon. "Hit's goin' to be powerful hot when the moon changes, an' I aim to plant sorghum come a Sat'day."

Back in the kitchen, Daddy Morgan rose and shook himself as one who shakes off a bad dream. Then he began searching among the litter of a shelf.

"Sallie Kite never did have good sense," he observed as he turned a collection of tin cans upside down and shook them each industriously. "Buddy, kin you write plain writin'?"

Buddy slipped from the bench. "I kin make all the letters," he answered, turning his back to shut out the grisly view in the front room, "but I cayn't spell much long words."

"Thar uset ter be a leetle scrap of a pencil up hyar." The old man still rummaged busily. "I 'lowed we'd better write Danny a letter and tell him his maw's daid."

The pencil proved to be a tiny stub, remnant of Danny's "scholard" days. But with its aid Buddy painfully negotiated a message presently upon the flyleaf of an old spelling book.

"I jest says 'Mammy is daid; come home,'" he said, wiping the dampness from his brow. "D'ye reckon that's enough? I'll put 'Pappy' to the ind of hit."

The old man nodded. "I reckon Danny'll come a-runnin' when he sees that thar," he assented, watching the laborious pencil tracing the wavering line of the signature, which bore no meaning to his untaught mind. "Now, put Knoxville to the outside of hit, and we'll go down to he railroad and give it to Jed Haslett that tends the water tank. He'll git it to Danny."

The sun was setting, sending its slanting rays over the top of the ridge, when the two set out down the tangled trail which skirted the crest of the hills above the river. A warm wind came down from the uplands; the air smelled of grass and of blooming briers, and over the top of Bald Knob hung a tiny, thin moon like a silver thread.

They walked slowly, threading their way through the thick cedars, the boy ahead, lugging the long rifle which had served Daddy Morgan through three-score years. He had pulled a great coonskin cap down over his ears so that his thin little face looked out like the face of a squirrel. The old man trudged wearily behind. At the top of every rise he would stop, breathless and panting, while his knees shook under him and moisture stood out upon his face.

"'Pears like I must be gittin' old," he sighed as he sat down on a rock at the crest of the ridge and wiped his face with trembling fingers. "I've tramped this here trail for sixty year, and I never got so beat out before."

Far down below them, gray and still, ran the river. Behind them Buddy could see the familiar slopes of his native hills stretched out like a map, and his father's cabin resting like a martin house against the slant of the ridge. Smoke waved faintly from the chimney.

"I reckon mammy's cooking supper," he said to himself as he watched the gray wisp float upward. "I reckon she's hollerin' at me right now, and pap's a-cussin'. I wusht I had a piece of bacon and pone right now," he added rather sadly. For something in Buddy's small soul had swelled, making him feel very weary and homesick. As he looked at the feeble, tottering figure of Daddy Morgan, and thought of the long miles before them, he wished that he had stayed and finished the hoeing of the corn patch.

But no weakness of the flesh could utterly subdue old Daddy Horgan. Clutching the letter in his fingers, he struggled to his feet and hitched his heavy pistols about him.

"We better be getting along," he said. "Hit's a powerful long ways to the railroad, and hit's comin' on night."

Before they reached the river, with its swaying footlog, darkness was upon them. Buddy tried the uncertain log with his foot, and then regarded the wavering, breathless old man, who leaned against a tree, exhausted. A troubled fear grew to a certainty in the boy's mind. Daddy Morgan could never cross on that log. His feeble limbs would not carry him a man's length from shore. It was evident that he must go on alone.

So, establishing the old man, now too weary to protest, upon a dry rock upon the bank, he tucked the letter into his shirt, and sprang upon the log, teetering and balancing himself as it swung.

Then, sudden and sharp through the night, a single shot rang out upon the ridge.

For a moment Buddy clung, wavering and holding tight to the rope, while his limbs shook. Then an answering report came from the lower hill. He could see the flash of it through the cedars.

"That was mighty near," he said to himself. "I kin smell the powder."

War seemed to have broken out upon the hills. Shots echoed among the rocks and roared upon the

(Continued on Page 9)

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The Bonnie Purple Heather

Sandy Passes His Opeenon o' the False Creek Deal an Takes a Bit Jab at the Kirk

Weel frien's, I've nae doobt you've a' been followin' the discusshion that's been gaun on this week or twa in the papers aboot this False Creek bisness. I never mind o' ony bylaw bein' sae much discussed afore. Wherever yae went yae heard it an' noo that the votes went in favor o' it I think the folk in Sooth Vancouver can afford tae shake hauns wi' themsel's.

At the start o' the negoshiashuns I wisna very favorably disposed tae it mysel', an' even efter 't passed the Cooncil I thocht Vancouver wis gien awa ower muckle. But there's aye twa sides tae a story, an' efter attendin' wan or twa o' the meetin's an' readin' through the bylaw I came tae the conclushion that it wis a guid piece o' bisness for Vancouver an' Sooth Vancouver.

The main question that resolved itself in my mind wis "Could Vancouver dae onything in the wey o' fillin' in the heid o' the Creek hersel'," an' a fellie disna need tae gaun very faur oot frae the hert o' the city tae see that she has got quite enough on her hauns in the wey o' sewerage, water, roads, pavements an' ither things tae keep her spendin' a' she can get for the next ten years onywey. During a' that time we wud hae that stinkin' muk-hole there Wan or twa o' the speakers for the opposishun got their puggy up when the Mayor referred tae it as such, but it's easy seen they dinna live within twa or three blocks off it or they'd sune change their tune. Yae jist want tae be ridin' on the car when the tide's oot an' the sun's shinin' tae ken that the Mayor was raither complimentin' it. It disna smell like sweet peas. Many a time hae I sat on the car wi' a fellie an' a lassie coortin' in front. They wud be busy sayin' sweet things tae yin anither till the car wis within a block or twa an' then the fun wud begin. I aye carried a bottle o' the wife's smellin' salts in my trooser pocket (no mentionin' ither bottles I hae cairried hame), an' it kept my hert batin' till we got ower. But it wis different wi the couple. The chap wud gie a cough an' the lassie wud suddenly fin somethin o' interest in the advertisements. They kent there wis somethin' wrang an' they wudna look at each other or say a word till they were weel up the hill. It wis a tryin' time.

Apairt frae that Sooth Vancouver stauns tae benefit in a big degree an' it disna require me tae go intae ony explanashun here. It's patent tae a'body.

Wi' the passin' o' the North Arm Harbor Bill an' the Creek bylaw, it wud look as if the next move wis Sooth Vancouver's.

I wis at twa o' the meetin's during the time the bylaw was under discushion an' I must say that Vancouver is tae be congratulated on her choice o' Mayor whether it wis by accident or no. He's the best yin they've had for a long while, an' he deserves a' credit for the wey he's managed the bisness.

* * *

Tae be a "journalist" a fellie has got tae hae a pretty thick hide. It wudna be sae bad if yae thocht yae were appreechiated, but the amount o' abuse yae hae tae staund is no canny. There wis a letter came to me this week addressed Alexander MacPherson, Esq. Gee whiz! it's a long time sin I wis ca'd by my Sunday name. The last time I was so addressed was when I wis up afore the bailie wi' some mare o' my chums for playin' fitba in the street wi' a tin can.

I wis startin' tae open the missive when the editor came ower. His hert was in his een tae see what was in it. It disna maitter hoo much yae dae for they fellies they aye seem tae be feared there's onythin' gaun past them. He got a nice caird the ither week requestin' him tae send tae a certain distillery. They had a bottle o' whuskey lyin' there that they'd like him tae sample. That lets yae see the graund reputashun he has acquired. Yae should hae seen the tears rinnin' down his cheeks. "Oh!" he says, "that folk should be so badhearted." On the quiet, atween you an' me I kent he didna mean it, an' wud yae believe me, I saw that bottle staunin' on his table hauf empty the next week. I thocht he wud hae the ordinary commonsense tae offer a fellie a dram, but he never said "Collie, wud yae lick."

Hooever, tae get back tae the letter, it wis frae a lady subscriber tae the paper. She said she'd been grievously disappinted aboot my writin' a couple o' weeks ago advocatin' that a hotel should be established up in Sooth Vancouver. She said I wis tryin' tae undae a' the guid work the church had been daen in the wey o' temperance an' she intimated pretty strongly that unless I mended my weys she wud discontinyae her subscripshun tae the paper. Well, I'm no gaun tae take that lyin' doon, onywey.

In the first place, it's jist a moot pint wha's the maist temperate, an' if her langwidge in that letter was a sample o' her natur then I'm a teetottler, which is an honest fact, besides. Yae maun bear in mind that that bottle o' the editors' wis Canadian rye, an' yae can hardly expect that tae dae ony harm tae a man that likes "a wee drappie o't."

But, jokin' aside, dis the kirk honestly believe that there daen ony guid by tryin' tae prohibit the establishment o' hotels up here. It's a recognized fact that yae'll no mak a man a teetottler by Act o' Parliament, an' sae long as a man wants a dram or a gless o' beer he'll tak weys an' means o' gettin' it. If it wis here when he wanted it there wud be less temptashun, but when a man had tae gang doon toon for it there wis aye a fightin' chance that he wud tak mare than wis guid for him. Apairt frae that, I think it wud be a michty guid thin~ for Sooth Vancouver the establishment o' twa or three guid class hotels. Felix's auld pal, Shakespeare says :

"To thine own self be true
And it must follow as the night the day
Thou can'st not then be false to any man."

Wan o' the prime factors in intemperance is the competitive system under which we live an' work. Everybody's up agin it—the boss an' the workin'-man, an' if the kirk wud get down an' dae some spade work in the wey o' tryin' tae pit things on a proper, equitable level it wud dae mare for the temperance cause than anything else. But the kirk is wan o' the greatest sinners themsel's in this respect. A fellie wis tellin' me jist the ither week that a big member in wan o' the denominashuns had askit him tae feegur on a certain job he wantit dune for the church. He gave him as sma' a quotashun as he possibly could, wi' a very sma' margin o' profit. There wis practically naethin' in the job an' he wis asked tae gie a discount intae the bargain. He agreed, but jidge o' his surprise when walkin roon the next week tae see anither contractor on the job.

Noo, the question comes tae this, that if a contractor has tae pay his men a dacent wage he must get a reasonable price for the job. Otherwise, the workin-man has tae suffer in the shape o' reduced wages an' longer hoors o' work. Noo, I think the kirk could show a guid example in this respect. They maun bear in mind that we canna live on religion alone, we've got tae hae beef an' spuds wance in a while. The kirk are aye cryin' that poverty is the result o' drink, but I think if they turn it roon aboot an say that drink is the result o' poverty they'd come nearer the truth.

Naw, naw, my fair frien, yaill no frichten me wi yaer threats. There's waur vices in the world than drink, an' when vae eliminate the cause o' poverty in the shape o' this rotten competitive system then a man 'll be able tae devote himself tae somethin higher an' maybe turn his attenshun tae the breedin' o' prize cocks an' hens. But irrespective o' that, the big majority o' men that likes a dram noo an' then are the maist respectable citizens, an' for you an' the likes o' you tae come an' say yae wunna let them git it is no hauf guid enough. Because wan or twa go aside is nae reason why we should condemn it holus bolus. Whiles yae even hear o' a minister gaun aside, no wi' drink either, but that's nae reason why we should condemn religion. A wee bit mare tolerashun wud dae a hale lot o' guid.

Yours through the heather,
SANDY MACPHERSON.

ODE TO A LYRE

Parody on the latest "Chicken Story" as told by one of the members of the Burnaby Municipal Hall staff.
(By a "side-kick")

Dick Turpin is a truthful chap.
He never told a lie
In all his innocent young life;
I think he'd sooner die
Than take a liberty with Truth,
Or say what was not right.
But once he fell away from grace,
This poor and luckless night.

He said he knew a man at home
Who kept some cocks and hens.
A real good breed, it was a treat
To see those chicken pens.

One day his wife said, "Jack, my lad,
Go out and kill a cock,"
So off Jack goes and gets the bird,
And puts him on the block.

He took his trusty keen-edged axe
And smote him on the neck.
The head flew off, the noble bird
Ran home to roost—by Heck!

In passing through the little hole
While served him for a door,
A cobweb struck the gory place
Where his head had been before.

This stopped the flow of his red blood
And saved his blooming life.
The wound healed up, and now Dick says
He's married to a wife.

They feed the bird by dropping corn
Right down his little crop,
With bits of sand and broken glass
To help him grind it up.

The question is, suppose that he
Is father of a chick,
Will it have a head, or will it not?
You'd best consult friend Dick.

Mrs. McWhuskey (watching a couple spooning): "Et's juist disgustin'. I'm verra glad ye didna mak' sic a fool o' yersel' when ye were walkin' oot wi' me, Sandy."

Mr. McWhuskey: We manna juidge, wife. I hadna the same provocation."

"Good marnin', Mrs. O'Brien. How are ye? How is 't ye're not at yer job this marnin'?"

"Good marnin' to ye, Mrs. Fitzgerald. Oi'm fine. Oi'm sorry oi can't be standin' talkin' to ye. Oi'm on me way to Jay Parepoint Morgin to borry a thousand dollars."

"Are ye crazy, gone out o' yer sinses? What's the madder with ye?"

"Did Oi say a thousand? Oi mint a million. Oi've got es foine a character es enny on the block, an' Oi nade the money."

"Ye're shure gone mad," Mrs. Fitzgerald."

"It's only character is needed, he sis, Tin childer—a no-'count man—hard workin'—al'ays paid me bills—eggs is high—an' Oi'm short this week. Good-bye—Oi can't be loiterin'! 'Tis office hours is horter'n me own. Meet me 't the corner o' Fift' Avenoo and Tharty-fourt', we'll have a boite at the Walldorf after me seein' him—Good-bye!"

A Scotsman went to a solicitor, laid before him a question, and asked him if he could undertake the case, reports the Birmingham "Weekly Post."

"Certainly," replied the solicitor. "I will readily undertake the case. We're sure to win."

"So ye really think it's a good case?"

"Most decidedly, my dear sir. I am prepared to guarantee that you will secure a favorable verdict."

"Ah, weel, I'm much obliged tae ye, but I dinna think I'll go tae law this time, for, you see, the case I've laid before ye is my opponent's."

Mrs. Timothy Talker was an ardent upholder of lost causes, and a consequent ardent neglect of her home and her Timothy Talker. Now she was reading a treatise on electricity, and, after perusing it through, she removed her glasses, and remarked:

"Wonderful, Timothy!" glancing at her better half, immersed in his evening paper. "Do you hear? Soon we shall be able to get everything by merely touching a button!"

"Umph!" grunted her husband, "wouldn't do here!"

"Why not, I should like to know?"

Mrs. Timothy waited to crush her spouse with the sledge-hammer of an incontrovertible argument.

"Because," murmured Timothy, as he sidled to the door, "nothing would ever induce you to touch a button. Look at my shirt!"

"I was walking down a street once," said the hypnotist, "when I saw a man just in front with whom I wished to speak. So I just straightened out my arm, concentrated my will, made a pass—thus—and the man stopped instantly, and waited till I overtook him."

"Well, you don't call that much of a trick, do you?" said one of his listeners.

"Personally I call it a very fair demonstration," affirmed the hypnotist. "But perhaps you are not familiar with the science?"

"No, I can't say I am," replied the other, who happened to be an American, "though one day I saw a man slip, and fall from the top of a sixteen-storey building. When he had got about half way down, I made a pass just as you did, and he stopped falling instantly. However, being busy at the time, I went on without thinking any more about it; which reminds me—next time you're in New York, you might look out for him and rescue him!"

Margaret, dear, tell me what was your principal reason for accepting me?"

"Well, Percy, you see, some girls have money and could marry brains, while others have brains and could marry money. I had neither."

It's surprising how surprised a girl can be when a man tells her he loves her—just as if she didn't know it all the time.

"Has your wife many speaking acquaintances?"

"Not very many; they are nearly all listening ones."

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ALL KINDS OF GLASS

A young married lady one morning gave her husband a sealed letter, which he was to read when he got to his office. He did so, and the letter ran as follows:

"I am obliged to tell you something that may give you pain, but there is no help for it. You shall know everything, whatever be the consequences. For the last week I have felt that it must come to this, but I have waited until the last extremity, and can remain silent no longer. Do not overwhelm me with bitter reproach, for you will have to put up with your share of the trouble as well as myself."

Cold perspiration stood in thick drops on the brow of the husband, who was prepared for the worst. Tremblingly he read on:

"Our coal is all gone. Please order a ton to be sent this afternoon. I thought you might forget it for the tenth time, and therefore wrote you this letter."

But he didn't forget it that time!

The fat man puffed up to the window of the ticket office. He looked at the clock and saw that it was 2:31.

"Have I time to catch the 2:30 train?" he gasped.

"You have time," smiled the ticket agent. "But I don't think you have the speed."

Squashed

Miss Clara was young, and decidedly fat,
One day she went out, in a tram-car she sat
With a youth she had met, close beside her.
He was empty of head, very lanky and thin,
And he ogled the girl with an ignorant grin.
Then he said out aloud, to deride her:

"What food do you take, now, to make you so stout?
I'll try it myself, for there is not a doubt
What you eat is remarkably feeding.
Pray tell me the secret, I'm longing to know
The way to get fatter, and rounder to grow,
Your advice is just what I am needing."

"Indeed," said Miss Clara, "the thing I'd advise
Is there in that advert. in front of your eyes."
He looked up at the words—('twas most riling)
"'Tis the best patent food for young puppies," he read.
Then the passengers laughed, and the young puppy fled,
And Miss Clara rode on, sweetly smiling.

NOTES OF INTEREST TO THE LADY OF THE HOUSE

For the Baby

Nothing makes a more appropriate gift for the baby than an embroidered article of some description. An exceedingly dainty little bonnet, simple in design, can be made by anyone who embroiders at all. Cut the linen over a pattern which laces up the sides with ribbons, so that it can be easly laundered. Trace a simple design on the front and back of the cap and embroider it in eyelet and solid embroidery. Round or square medallions of Irish crochet lace make an effective addition where set in the cap. Rosettes and tie strings of ribbon complete this pretty bit of headgear.

Bootees of embroidered linen are simple in construction, and can be purchased at the needlework shops, stamped ready to work, for a small sum. Work the design with the eyelet stitch and on the top of each bootee set a square motif of Irish crochet. Make the straps and bows of pale or blue ribbon. Bibs have an annoying habit of creeping up about the neck unless there is danger of tearing the little dress.

Now there is an attractive bib made with a belt which fastens about the waist. Embroidery and buttonhole-stitch the edges. Border the bib and belt with narrow valenciennes lace. Baby's mother will be delighted with such a gift.

* * *

Cod Fish

Because cod costs less than halibut is no argument that it is cheaper or more economical to buy.

For instance, five pounds of cod contains more than two-thirds of its weight in waste in the sape of head (which is large in proportion to the body), skin, tail, and bone, while two pounds of halibut is solid fish, with practically no waste at all. It costs more a pound than cod, it is true, but in the end it is quite as cheap, if not cheaper.

* * *

Stained Floors

It is said that sawdust makes the best cleanser for a waxed or varnished floor that has become too dirty for the usual treatment. Soap and water will ruin the polish, but if clean sawdust is scattered over the floor and a person gets down and uses a scrubbing brush with the same movements as though using water, every bit of dirt and soil will come way. The sawdust is then swept up and destroyed, and the floor polished in the general way.

* * *

Recipes Worth Trying

Potato Tea Biscuit—Mix well together three-quarters of a cup of hot, sifted potato, a quarter cup of butter, a teaspoonful of sugar and one of salt. Add to this a cup of milk that has been scalded and cooled, a quarter ounce of compressed yeast, and the white of one egg slightly beaten. Again mix well and add enough flour—about one quart—to knead smooth. If this dough is set about ten o'clock in the morning it will be ready to shape and bake for tea. The sponge should be cut down once, and when it rises again should be cut with a small biscuit cutter, each biscuit being given plenty of room in the pan and let rise in a cool place till very light. Bake in a quick oven.

Buttermilk Biscuits—Mix a teaspoonful of soda into a quart of flour with half a teaspoonful of salt and form a dough with a pint of buttermilk. Take care to make the dough as soft as possible in rolling it out, pressing flat with the hands to knead it. Set aside for ten minutes and knead again. Cut into shapes and bake in a moderate oven.

Egg Cromeskies — Boil hard six eggs and when cold, shell. Mix three tablespoonfuls of sifted bread crumbs, three dessertspoonfuls each of chopped onion and parsley, a teaspoonful and a half of mixed herbs and a seasoning of pepper and salt. Sprinkle this over six slices of lean bacon, each slice being three inches wide and eight inches long. Place one of the hard-boiled eggs in each slice of bacon and fasten with small skewers. Then bake in a moderate oven for three-quarters of an hour.

Eggs, Aurora—Hard boil and shell half a dozen eggs, cut them in halves, remove the yolks, and run the latter through a fine sieve. Put four ounces of butter in a saucepan with a breakfast cupful of cream, a teaspoonful of flour, a little grated nutmeg, salt and pepper and simmer the whole gently until thick. Throw in the whites of three of the eggs, chopped fine, and stir well. Put the remainder of the whites on a dish, pour over the mixture, add a little butter and place in the oven for a minute. When the butter is melted serve.

Omelet, Celt—Take three of four large boiled potatoes, peel, drain and mash them. Beat four eggs in a teacupful of milk, mix in with the potatoes and flavor with salt, pepper, and herbs. Cut four ounces of lean bacon into dice and fry them crisp and brown with a lump of butter. Then mix in the potatoes and stir over the fire until well set. When nicely browned on both sides fold the omelet over, place on a hot dish and serve.

Baked Stuffed Ham—After having soaked a small ham in a good supply of water for from twelve to fourteen hours, trim off the uneatable parts from the underneath side and boil it till it can easily be skinned. Remove the skin, gash the ham to the bone, and fill up the cuts with a force meat made of bread crumbs, a little thyme, finely chopped parsley, a seasoning of salt and pepper, and enough butter to mix these ingredients to a paste. Brush the ham over with the well-beaten yolks of eggs, dust it with bread crumbs, and bake slowly until quite done. If a hot boiled ham is desired in the first place and only a portion baked, the spaces where the slices have been cut away may be filled with the force meat, brushed over with the egg, dusted with bread crumbs, and this put into the oven merely until browned, because in this case the ham is already sufficently cooked.

* * *

How to Make Good Tea

That the drinking of tea in Canada is steadily on the increase is proved by the fact that 1912 shows a consumption of from four and a quarter pounds to four and a half pounds per capita, against three and a half pounds per capita for 1911. In Great Britain there is more consumed than in all the European countries put together, about 600,000 pounds of tea, or 4,000,000 gallons, being used daily.

Tea is obtained from a shrub or plant called Thea, often growing from eight feet to thirty feet in height, but kept pruned to a convenient height for picking. The varieties of tea depend upon difference in age and leaf, time of gathering, and position of leaf on the stem. Differences in soil, method of manipulation before and after gathering leaves from the same tree, produces black and green tea, according to treatment.

The young shoot of the tea branch has two small leaves at the tip, which contain the least fibre and most juice, and therefore produce the finest tea. In Ceylon and India tea produced from these leaves is called flowery and orange Pekoe. The tea from a somewhat larger leaf just below is called Pekoe. The next largest leaves produce Souchong; the leaves below Congou, and the leaf at the base of the shoot used to yield Bohea, which is seldom seen now on the market.

In the production of black tea the leaves are brought to the point of fermentation, but no fermentation takes place, as the leaves are then dried and subjected to heat. In the production of green tea the leaves are not allowed to approach the fermentation stage at all.

After the tea is cured it is packed into boxes lined with lead, each box weighing from ninety to a hundred pounds, and shipped. London is the largest tea market in the world, handling one-half the trade; Colombo and Calcutta the other half. After the tea reaches the wholesale house, it is mixed according to blend. All so-called dust, which really is the tea leaf broken during shipment, is driven off by air, the various blends are sent through shoots to the packing room, where it is put up in one-half to two-pound packages and labeled ready for shipment to all parts of the country. It is one of the most interesting sights in Toronto to go through one of the large tea houses and see the method of mixing, packing, and distribution. The men work in khaki uniforms in rooms constantly supplied with fresh air.

It is advisable to always buy good tea, because the adulterations used in cheap teas are many. Sweepings of tea houses and almost any kind of leaf rolled and dried can be mixed with it.

The making of a cup of tea depends on the kind of tea used, the water, the teapot, and the length of time the water remains on the leaves.

The water is of first importance. It should just reach the boiling point; prolonged boiling makes it soft. One teaspoon of tea was once the general rule to one cup, but now the teas on the market are so much stronger, one teaspoon of tea will make enough for two or three cups. Two teapots should be used, one for making the tea in and the other for keeping it hot. An earthenware teapot is the best for making tea.

In the directions given for making tea the use of two teapots is always emphasized. Yet their use is generally ignored. People make tea in such an indifferent way. Sometimes the teapot isn't even heated, and very often the tea is allowed to stand on the leaves for an hour or more.

Heat the teapot, put in the tea, pour out the freshly-boiled water and let stand for not longer than five minutes, when it may be poured off the leaves into another teapot and kept warm with a cosy. How many people use this method? Doesn't the tea always stand on the leaves? If allowed to stand on the leaves longer than five minutes tannic acid is extracted, which has a harmful effect upon the lining of the digesting organs, coating or tanning them, thus impairing digestion. In making tea the object is to get as much of the delicate flavor as possible from the tea leaves with the smallest amount of the harmful products.

To illustrate the amount of tannic acid left in the leaves take the method employed by the Chinese in making tea. They simply pour the water on the leaves and then off immediately. They then use the tea leaves for tanning leather. The drinking of too much badly-made tea (tea that has stood on the leaves) is something which requires serious attention. People drink from four to eight cups daily and then wonder why they don't feel well. In Ireland a great number of the people in the asylums are there from tea drinking.

CODFISH AND HUMAN LIVES

A few years ago, when the United States was engaged in one of those periodic disputes which arise with England over the fishery rights off the Canadian coast, a representative of the State Department went to the scene of the trouble to ascertain points which could not be settled from Washington. He went from Boston on a revenue cutter, and Dr. Thomas W. Salmon of the United States Public Health and Marine Hospital Service was medical officer of the vessel.

Word passed about the fishing fleet in the treaty bay in Newfoundland that a doctor was aboard the revenue cutter. It was unexpected luck for the fishermen, and the doctor soon found his hands full setting bones, administering medicines, and treating stubborn "gurry sores."

No other nation allows her fishermen to run the unnecessary as well as the necessary risks of the trade. The neutral fishing-banks of the North Sea are patrolled by three hospital and four dispensary ships sent out from England, and each spring when the French fleet sets sail there sails with her the St. Francois d'Assise, with her complete dispensary and hospital equipment and her seventy-five cots amidships. All summer she cruises off Iceland and the Grand Banks, and schooners from all ports, when they have a sick or wounded man abroad, hail her with a half-masted flag. Many a schooner out of an American port has been fortunate enough to fall in with her in time of need, and there is but one opinion among those who have experienced her hospitality as to the kindness and expert care dispensed by their French host.

Codfish costs something like fifteen cents a pound to you and me who eat it. Obviously it is not you and I who eat it who really pay for it. For in the terms of risk of life and limb it is the most expensive article of food in common use today. Undoubtedly those who begrudge the fishermen this appropriation for the hospital-ship will point to the fact that most of them are not citizens. Well, on shore we do not leave an injured workingman to die by the roadside because he is a foreigner. We rush him to a hospital as fast as if he voted regularly. Either our common instincts of humanity get the better of us, or else we consider that he is engaged in digging ditches or laying rails to facilitate the transportation of citizens, and that, therefore, he has some rights. The men of the fishing fleets are contributing five million dollars' worth of food to the markets of the United States every year. If the Newfoundland Banks should rise out of the sea tomorrow and be thickly planted with grain, they could feed only a small proportion of the people who now subsist on the tons and tons of cod which are taken each year from the cold depths of the Atlantic above these submerged islands.—Harper's Weekly.

The kindly familiarity of the negroes of Barbados shines out in a brief excerpt from Mrs. C. Cameron's "A Woman's Winter in South America."

An old colored woman, whose head was wrapped in a stately red-and-yellow turban, and who carried a basket of yellow and red bananas, accosted an English officer on the street and proffered her wares.

"Not today," he replied, shaking his head.

"It's all right, sweetheart," rejoined the smiling old woman; "you buy another day."

What a star instructor in an American school of salesmanship that old black woman would make!

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An article in the "Journal of the American Medical Association," which charges that American college athletes die young because of the training system followed, has started a lively debate on the merits of the training methods employed in the prominent colleges in this country. The coaches and trainers who have been priding themselves on the development of a system that enabled them to turn out the best athletes in the world have come right back in defence of their methods in an effort to ward off the blow that was aimed at the very root of the system that has made America great in athletic competitions.

The article states that men who make the great records seldom live beyond middle age, that sprinters frequently die of heart failure before they are forty. "Instead of building up the body the prevailing method of training tends to break it down," the article reads. "Europeans have a far happier expression for the employment of their bodily activities in the word 'sport,' which implies the combination of a healthy spirit with what we call exercise. Such an attitude is almost unkonwn here. Instead there exists a form of overdoing that finds its chief reward in the applause of the multitude and later physical trouble.

"Athletics have long been under the influence of so-called 'trainers,' frequently men of keen judgment and technical skill, but without any systematic acquaintance with physical truths. The best intellectual feature of rival contests—the encouragement for each man to put forth the best that is in him and to exercise his own ingenuity in the development and maintenance of an efficient, superior body—is suppressed by the advent of that guardian saint, the trainer."

Replying to the statement, Dr. R. Tait McKenzie, one of the most noted men in the world on physical development, said:

"I have statistics of the men who have won their 'Y' at Yale, the oarsmen at Harvard for many years, the track and field men of Oxford and Cambridge, many club runners, jumpers, and vaulters, and they prove past all doubt that the athlete lives longer than the average man. Insurance companies, the closest tabulators of facts, assert that the athlete outlives the average man. Now and then a sprinter dies at thirty from heart trouble, but he would probably have died at 25 had he not taken up athletics. I am firmly in favor of athletics as a prolonger of life, health, and manhood, and a general benefit to all communities."

"Look here, now, Harold, said a father to his little son, who was naughty, "if you don't say your prayers you won't go to Heaven."

"I don't want to go to Heaven," sobbed the boy; "I want to go with you and mother."

"I believe that phrenologist is a fake."

"Why?"

"He asked me in an absent-minded way if I didn't want a shampoo. Tried to laugh it off immediately, but I have my suspicions."

A young man should learn to paddle his own canoe, even if his father does own a motor boat.

GRAND STAND VIEWS IN SPORTING ARENA

The hockey season will close with bells at the Coast this year. With Quebec at Victoria engaged in a struggle for the world's championship with the Coast champions, and Art Ross' All-Stars clashing with a picked team from Vancouver and New Westminster there should be plenty of excitement for the hockey fans.

The series at Victoria will be the first of an annual world's championship series between the champions of the East and the West patterned after the annual baseball argument between the champion clubs of the National and American leagues, and for that reason just as much interest will attach to the series as though the historic Stanley Cup was at stake. Three games will be played at Victoria. The first will be on Monday, March 24, and the next on Thursday, March 27, with a final game if necessary on Saturday, March 29. The winner of two games will take the championship, and both eastern and western rules will be used, one game being played with the seven-men-aside style, and one with the six-men fashion.

The mainland all-stars left for the East on Saturday. The party included both the Vancouver and Westminster teams. They played in Calgary Monday night and in Regina on Tuesday night. In Winnipeg the Vancouver team will probably be sent against the Eastern All-stars, first on Thursday night, with the New Westminster club taking on the N. H. A. cracks on Friday evening. The first real game between the Eastern All-stars and the Western picked squad will be reserved for Vancouver on March 25.

The Eastern All-stars left Montreal on Monda under the leadership of Art Ross of the Wanderers. The N. H. A. All-star team will be composed of the following players: Benedict, Broadbent, Ronan (Ottawa), Cameron, Neighbor (Toronto), McNamara (Tecumseh), Ross, O. and S. Cleghorn (Wanderers).

* * *

Cut off from the outside world during the long winter months, residents of Nome, Alaska, are busy just now discussing the chances of the various entries in the annual dog team race, probably the strangest sporting event held in any part of the world. Drop into Nome, the starting and finishing point of the race, along about this time, and you will hear the coming race discussed on all sides, the contest overshadowing every other event up that way. When one considers that the race is virtually an endurance contest for the men and beasts it is easier to understand the great interest of the natives.

Some time between April 1 and 15, when winter is beginning to relax its grip anywhere from a dozen to a score of dog teams will start from Nome over the dreary course of 404 miles, and the one that crosses the finish line first will receive $10,000 and a five hundred dollar loving cup. The team that finishes second wins $5,000 for its driver, while the third prize is half that amount.

Occasionally there is a fourth prize, the hardships endured by the contestants and the weather conditions governing this award. Every man that enters the contest realizes he is flirting with death, and it is this risk that adds to the interest.

Drivers and dogs are being conditioned for the race and the residents of Nome are spending most of their time at the respective training camps. Every team has its admirers and a great deal of money changes hands on the result. Save for a stretch of thirty-six miles, says E. R. Hinman, an Arctic explorer, the course lies through a barren, treeless waste and the contestants are compelled to cross a mountain range twice—going and coming—before the end of the journey.

Loose, dry snow covers the course and the entire country as far as the eye can reach. Kept in a constant swirl by the bitter Arctic winds, it blinds dogs and drivers and compels them to stagger along and trust to luck. The trail is staked with bits of bunting, but the shifting snow frequently buries these guides and the teams wander around aimlessly for hours at a time.

Leaving Nome the first fifty-two miles of the journey lie across the ice of Bering Sea. Candle, 202 miles away, is the turning point. Every precaution is taken to see that the race is honestly run. Each driver is photographed with his team at the starting point and he must bring under the finish wire all the dogs with which he starts, dead or alive. The receipt of any assistance on the journey disqualifies him and he must have all his dogs with him every foot of the journey. At Candle each outfit is photographed again and the pictures must correspond. The race is a go as you please affair, the teams being started within fifteen minutes of one another.

There are nine dogs to a team. Most of the animals are the native dogs of Alaska, but occasionally there are teams of Siberian hounds and bird dogs in the race. Teams composed of the latter breed won first and second prizes five years ago, and that race was run under conditions that make it the most famous in the history of the event. Soon after the start a blizzard set in which continued for two days, and it was feared that all the contestants had perished.

The winning team covered the 404 miles in 61 hours 7 minutes and the actual travelling time, after allowing for brief rests, was 42 hours 16 minutes, and average speed of 9 1-4 miles an hour.

* * *

"Georgie" Gibson, backstopper of the Pirates and credited by fond fandom with being the peer of living wearers of the bird cage and breast protector, is a fairly sturdy wielder of the bludgeon, as the record is writ, but——

Once upon a time in his home town, London, Ont., were gathered his cousins and his aunts and other rich and poor relations, and thousands of ardent admirers who were such merely because they happened to stick around in the same town with the celebrity. They sung the Halelujah chorus of baseball in expectation of seeing the Pittsburg demon in action. Yet Gibson struck out twice with men on bases. And the hurler that caused this home town calamity never was within a mile of pitching professional ball in a good league.

It was this way. When the National league season ended and the Pirates were deprived of the pennant because Hans Wagner couldn't win it himself, Gibson hied himself to his home hamlet, where honors came to him with the ease of a hen laying eggs when the laying is good.

Every year, if the northern weatherman is not suffering from indigestion, there are a few playing days left after the regular big league season is over. This is a windfall for a local manager, who immediately gets to work and gathers a conglomeration of mastodonic beauts from the celebrities that live within hailing distance.

This personage thought he would do a great thing for London, Ont., because besides the great Gibson, three others, players of first-class calibre—two from the then Eastern league and one from the Western league—abided in that section.

It looked to London folks as if no town in the province could muster as much talent as that. The local magnate figured that any backwoods team within a radius of 100 miles surely would have to bite the dust so hard that it would lose its collective teeth, should it stack against his 18-karat combination.

It didn't require much coaxing to fix up a combat with a team that represented the best to be found in Chatham, Ont., a smaller town eighty miles away. London deemed the Chatham gents to be quite superior athletes, and what-not because without Gibson and the other stars no particular trouble had been experienced by Chatham in putting the Indian sign on London. In fact, the Chatham bunch was recognized as the champion amateurs of Ontario.

But with Gibson and the other big guns in the line-up—particularly Gibson—there would be a difference, all right, said London. After a year's grind in the big league, "Georgie" would be in fine fettle, argued the prognosticators, growing happy in mere contemplation. "Come out and see Gibson in action," read the local magnate's ads. in the local papers.

The rabble "came out" with the strength of an army corps. Nobody had any doubts how about the game would go; rubes slipped in the treasury merely to see "Georgie" knock the ball over the fence several times and nip embryonic base-stealers with that marvellous whip of his.

When the battle started, all there was to the Chatham toilers was eight scared men that wobbled in the field like the pendulum of a clock, and a rube topped pitcher that was determined to stick to the ship till it foundered and then die wih a smile on his beak.

The name of the Titian-hued person was Hubert Higginbotham, a bank clerk—which he is yet—and it was due to him that the able-bodied Londoners, led by Brother Gibson, did not make fifteen runs and thirty hits in the first inning.

By the time the first round was nearly history, somebody in the bleachers hissed the allegation that the hated Chatamites had employed a ringer from the big league. This charge was based that not a Gibsonite made a hit, including none by the mighty prime favorite himself.

Things slipped along at a lively rate, the afternoon party quickly being branded as a pitcher's battle, with the odds in favor of the brick-topped person.

By the time the hostilities were half over, the hopes, aspirations, expectations and plumber's cinch of the crowd filtered to exasperation, surprise, discomfiture and sorrow. For in that time the visiting outfit had put two runs over the pan. Also, in that time the home machine once got two men on the sacks, and Gibson came to bat amid deafening plaudits. At this moment it looked like three runs sure; at least, that was the expectation of both Gibson and his townsmen.

But the red-head on the firing line merely took an extra hitch at his trousers, gave three extra twists to his bony fingers, wound up with the dignity and precision of a clock and put as much stuff on the sphere as Gibson cared to look at just then. The gladiator from Smoky Village hit hard once, twice, thrice, and even the home umpire didn't get a chance to say more than "Out." This retired the side.

"Tain't because I didn't have a mind to slam it hard," intoned the depressed Pirate on getting into his clutching machinery; "I just couldn't see 'em. But I'll do better next time."

In due course Gibson's opportunity came again, and while talented sprinters were on the cushions. With a glare in his eye that matched the effulgence of the hair of Higginbotham, Gibson pushed his bread basket out of the way and tried to lean on the ball. It was a bold attempt, but frustrated by the diligence of the herculean hurler down in front. The same thing happened twice again—Gibson again had struck out.

Now, honestly, isn't this a terrible thing for a big league star to do in his home town with the immediate family, relatives, friends, and would-like-to-be friends looking on?

The howl that went up from the crowd when the Pirate missed three for the second time was fit to accompany a funeral. And on the promontory stood Heaver Hubert Higginbotham wreathed in smiles for the nonce.

The second Gibson fiasco rammed home the certainty of defeat into nearly every faithful rooter, those who were just a little extra faithful being the exceptions. The team behind "Higg," at first nervous and scared, picked up courage when they noted the fine way in which their slabman was performing, and offered a solid defence.

There was nothing doing for Gibsonville until the ninth inning when frenzied rooting caused the sterling Chathamites to develop a few errors, when the Gibson clan saved itself from a shutout by putting one run across. But Gibson and his big leaguers were let down with only four hits, which is pretty good for a bank clerk. This story of Gibson's only downfall has never been printed outside of the Gibson-Higgville papers, where the game is dubbed a "classic."

Now one might ask, why hasn't Connie Mack grabbed the bank clerk? Probably he never heard of him. And it will be noticed that Pittsburgh didn't get him either, or didn't want him.

The truth is, the slinger has never slung in the fashion since. He was offered a berth in the Michigan league, but refused saying the salary was not sufficient and that he figured working in a bank was a life job and that some day he might be a bank manager.

But the glory of that feat—striking out Gibson twice in one day—sticks with the lad, though his arm prowess has since declined.

If there is any moral in this tale—in spite of the fact that it is distinctly unliterary and a sign of out-of-date taste to hook a moral on to any story—it is this: That you can't tell what a big leaguer will do on a back lot.

—"Montreal Standard."

ONLY A RUNT

(Continued from Page 6)

heights; and a stray bullet, singing through the cedars, whined above his head and dropped, splashing, into the river.

He thought of old Daddy Morgan alone upon the shore. Suppose a wandering ball should strike the old man and send him toppling into the river He clutched the long rifle tightly, and made his way back to the shore. Daddy sat huddled upon the rock, too utterly exhausted to trouble about the shooting.

"It reckon hit's Ad Kite huntin' wild turkeys," he replied to Buddy's puzzled questions. "You jest go 'long with that letter, and don't you fret about me. I been whar thar was shootin' before now, and never got kilt yit."

There came a rending of branches from the hillside, a roar of repeated shots, and, half running, half falling, a man came crashing down and roiled, panting, to their feet.

"Damn it! Throw up your hands!" he cried, springing to his feet as he discerned the two figures against the rock. "I see you thar agin' them bushes. Put up your hands, and keep 'em thar!"

By his voice they knew him. It was Ulick Weaver, the coward.

"Put down your gun, Ulick," Daddy Morgan drawled in scorn. "Hit's nobody but me and Buddy, and we hain't goin' to hurt you none."

Ulick put down his gun and staggered toward them. He was still puffing from his flight down the hill; his clothes were torn and streaked with soil, and his hat was gone.

"Gawd! I thought you-all was revenoors!" he gasped. "The revenoors is on the ridge. The woods is full of 'em. They've tore up Lem Swithin's still and shot Lem in the laig. He's layin' up thar now, and his wife settin' screamin' with her apern over her haid. They're goin' toward Bald Knob now. I reckon they're after Sim Bates."

Buddy sprang up, the thrill of battle in his soul.

The revenue men—those arch enemies of the peace of mountain folk—were on the ridge! Ah, now he would show them whether he were white-livered or a coward!

He straightened his bent spine, and the weight of the old gun in his hand made him thrill with savage satisfaction. It was as if he had grown to be a man—a hillman in one breath.

"Come on!" he shouted, ramming a cartridge into the gun. "They doin't no revenoor git my pap's still—not this corn-plantin' time!"

Ulick fell back, fingering his pistols. "Who you got with you, Margon?" he asked. "Is that thar Sim Bates' runty brat?"

Buddy drew himself up, quivering with rage. "This here is Sim Bates' son," he stated slowly, "an' I ain't no runt, nor no coward, ef I am kin to the Weavers." He turned to the old man. "You comin' with me, Dad?"

Old man Morgan would have risen from his grave to fight the federal officers; so, forgetting his tremulous limbs and dim old eyes, he drew both his big, black pistols, and loaded them. Then he sprang up as lightly as a boy.

"I'm with you through hell and high water, Buddy!" he cried. "Jest as long as I kin tote a gun and thar's a pesky revenoor walks this yere 'arth! Come on, Ulick!"

But Ulick hung back. "I—I ain't got no ca'tridges," he stammered. "You-all go on, and I'll go by the house and git some."

"Ef Ulick could shoot as fast with a gun as he kin with his mouth, thar wouldn't be a revenoor left this side of kingdom come," Daddy Morgan observed dryly as the two climbed up the steep slope through the tangled vines and cedars.

The pale moon shed a faint gleam upon the night, but under the trees the darkness was thick. Twice Daddy Morgan fell crashing among the rocks and briers, but each time he struggled up again, shaking off the dew and cursing the darkness.

"Yander they be!" he cried, as they gained the crest at last. "I heerd a shot over thataway toward your paw's cabin."

The underbrush was thick on the downward slope, so Buddy trailed the long gun behind him. He had thrown away the fur cap, and his ragged hair stood upright. At last they staggered into Sim Bates' turnip field and stood for a minute, spent and breathless.

"Thar's a man yender; git down, quick!" the old man hissed.

They dropped into the soft dirt and crawled noiselessly toward a pile of rock covered with swarming honeysuckle. The man stood on a little rise, his form dimly outlined against the starlit sky. With the inborn instinct of a hillman, Buddy knew him for a stranger and an enemy.

He pulled the great gun slowly to his shoulder, a savage hereditary joy in his heart. The man was standing still, a broad target against the sky. Buddy glanced along the sights of the weapon, and raised himself to his knees, while he old man crouched behind him, grunting with murderous glee, like an old Indian who hears the scalp yell of his young braves.

The man on the hill turned suddenly. The rustling of the honeysuckle had reached his quick ears. Three shots rang through the air, and lead spattered upon the rocks before them.

The blood of generations of mountaiin fighters boiled in Buddy's veins. Scorning an ambush, he stood boldly upright, and sighted the heavy gun across a rock. Twice he pulled the stiff trigger, and twice the old weapon sent its roaring challenge up the hill.

The man above staggered a little. Then he fell, and rolled into the turnips just as Sim Bates came charging up the hill, scattering the earth in his wild climbing and curdling the air with muttered profanity.

"Stay back here, pap!" Buddy ordered briefly. "I've got him! I hit him!"

Climbing the rise, Buddy found his quarry where the man lay bleeding in the soft dirt.

"He ain't hurt much," he observed to his father, who came panting up behind him.

Sim bent and swiftly felt the officer's wound. "He's bleedin' bad," he said. "Thar's a right smart hole in his laig. We better tote him to the house and let maw fix hit."

There was a strange new quality of respect in Simeon's tone that Buddy had never heard before. Old Daddy Morgan marked it, and shrugged his old shoulders in triumph. At last the lad he loved had come in to his heritage—the brave heritage of the hills.

Together they lifted the revenue man and bore him off down the hill. The other men had evidently gone away down the ridge, for scattering shots marked their progress through the domain of Ad Kite.

Into the cabin they carried the limp form, the old man staggering after them, carrying the guns. Buddy's mother, terror-stricken and trembling, laid out her best bed, and they put him on it, his streaming wound making a widening circle upon the quilt.

"I'll sw'ar that old gun makes a hole you kin put your haid in at," Sim remarked as he straightened the twitching limbs of the enemy. "He'll come to directly. Maw, you put some cold water on his haid."

Buddy came close to the bed and surveyed his capture coolly. The man seemed very young to be a revenue officer. Somewhere Buddy had gleaned the idea that government men were old, fierce, and piratical; but this one's hair was the color of ripe wheat, and his face, drawn and damp as it was, was the face of a boy of twenty. Buddy noticed his hand which picked restlessly at the quilt. On one finger was a ring—a strange ring made from a flattened bullet. The boy looked at it curiously. Daddy Morgan knew how to make rings like that.

He stepped back to make way for his mother. But her hands shook so that she spilled the water on the bed; so Buddy took the gourd from her and bathed the hot forehead and the great, gaping wound, smiling proudly to himself to see how steady his hands were, and because the blood did not make him sick. Then the man opened his eyes and looked at him.

"Hullo, son!" he said faintly. "Did they get me?"

"I shot you," Buddy announced briefly. "Don't move, or you'll make hit bleed wusser."

The man laughed and stirred a little. But the movement brought a tense look of agony to his face, and great drops of perspiration came out on his forehead.

"We'll tie hit up," Buddy said, "and then you kin move all you want to."

With rude surgery, Sim bound up the wound, while Buddy held the light close and occasionally moistened the patient's brow with water. Then when it was done they called Daddy Morgan to see that it was right.

The old man came slowly, dragging his tired feet across the floor. His face was white with fatigue, and his long beard matted and powder-stained; but at the sight of him the man on the bed sat suddenly upright, forgetting his wounded limb and spilling the moist cloth from his head.

"Dad!" cried the revenue man. "Dad!"

And then old Daddy Morgan reeled a little, and fell upon the bed, gathering the wounded lad up in his arms.

"Gawd!" he cried, and the cry was like a prayer. "Gawd! Hit's my Danny come back again!"

Buddy, stumbling out of the cabin, ran into his father, who came around the corner with a gun and a hatchet in his hands.

"Come along, you, Bud," ordered Simeon Bates. "We-all got to go down and see ef they got we-uns' still. I reckon you mought l'arn to run hit now as well as any time. Gwad knows you're old enough ef you hain't nothin' but a runt."

Buddy trudged obediently behind. But in his small heart there rang a wild anthem of joy. His father had never spoken like this before.

"You carry this yere gun," Sim ordered bluntly. "And recollect thar ayn't no coward carry my gun."

Buddy sighed in ecstasy as he cuddled the cold barrel in the hollow of his arm.

"Thar ain't no coward goin' to git to carry this here gun," he replied earnestly. "Don't you fret, pap."

—"The People's Magazine."

Progressive Men and Firms who are making MAIN STREET Greater Vancouver's Big Business Thoroughfare

Main Street is taking a decided spurt these days. With the coming of spring, real estate activity has set in with a bang and while we have heard of one or two big deals in revenue producing property, prices have also remained very steady.

If anything was required to set a crackerjack pace, the passing of the False Creek agreement will do it. Numerous enquiries on the part of the investing public will now take definite shape and before long we will see a rush for Main street property that will knock all previous efforts into a cocked hat.

The fact of the new C. N. R. station being located on this main thoroughfare, its easy grade, and its being one of the widest streets in Vancouver, will all tend to make it more and more the great main artery from river to rail.

Needless to say, the various business houses located there at present will all participate in this advancement and before long the property that has been held waiting will be built on and become a factor in the business life of Main street.

An Enterprising Store

Main street is a thoroughfare of big things and among the many that are to be found there special mention might be made of the Winnott Stores, corner 46th avenue and Main street. Situated in a large, roomy block, with an immense area for storage pnrposes, they are able to handle all kinds of articles that go to make up a general store.

While dealing more generally in the grocery line, they handle almost everything that is required in the modern home. To use the old proverb: from a needle to an anchor—although we don't know that they have got any of the last mentioned article in stock yet, but with the development of the North Arm, that also might become a necessity. A thing to be borne in mind in this rapidly building district is that they also handle stumping powder by the carload. Coupled with the store, which is run on modern lines, is the Winnott Post Office. Reeve & Harding are the proprietors, and they announce a pre-inventory sale for one week only, commencing March 24th.

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"James, there's a burglar downstairs. I'm going for help."

"Wait a minute. I'll go with you."

Experiences of the Pay Clerk

Talent, like wooden legs, runs in some families. When Felix Penne goes to his "rest," a long time hence we all hope, the pen name he has used so long will probably descend to his son, Bernard Bursill, who seems to have the skill with the pen his brother Noel, while in Vancouver displayed with the pencil. The following racy, descriptive article is contributed by Mr. Bernard Bursill to the London "Tit-bits." It will be read with interest not only because of the name of the writer, but because of the picture it gives of municipal employment in London. We commend the article to the attention of South Vancouver municipal employes and regret we are not able to give the clever illustrations.

—Editor Chinook.

"Please, father says he can't come for his money, as 'is chest's so bad. Can I take it?"

"Got his ticket?"

"Yes, sir."

A thin little arm discloses itself from beneath a threadbare shawl, and the metal ticket is handed up. I empty the wages tin on the pay board.

"Thank you, sir—oh, sir, is this all? There's only half here. Poor daddy!"

Borough councils cannot help bad chests. If it had been an accident while on duty it might have been full pay, but a bad chest! Why, scores of men with chests like steel are waiting for jobs and cannot get them.

The grimy workmen shuffle up a little to fill the gap caused by the retreating maid, and before I can get the piping voice out of my head a burly, blustering navvy plants down his brass ticket with a force that bends the pay-board, and grunts, "My brads, guv'nor!"

I turn out the small tin box corresponding with his ticket.

"What's this?"

An angry grunt this time.

"Brads you called them, didn't you?"

"Where's the other 'alf hour?"

"I'll see. What's your name?"

"'Ampton." It is wonderful how a man cannot pronounce his own name after bearing it for half a century.

"Well, that's all that's booked for you. See the timekeeper. Next!"

So they come and go. The long line gets shorter and shorter as the different hands are thrust through the pay-box window. And what hands! It needs no expert palmist to read them; they tell their own story. Here is a carpenter's hand—a careless man, probably, from the cuts about the fingers. Here is the battered hand of a fitter, the black hand of a "slopper," or dustman, the tarred hand of a wood pavior, and the massive, horny hand of the picker and sweeper. It is quite a sight to watch the huge digits struggling to pick up a half sovereign as it lies flat upon the board.

Some Curious Rates

Sometimes the workmen complain how much is due to them; and no wonder, when some boroughs pay such extraordinary rates. There is one London municipality which pays paviors at ninepence and eleven-eighteenths per hour, laborers at sixpence and two-thirds, and other workmen at the rate of sevenpence of short money, not knowing exactly and two-ninths! The municipal workman's wages average something between twenty and thirty shillings per week, and it is gratifying to note that some boroughs are very considerate to their employes—Camberwell, for instance, having humanely laid down the rule that 30s. being the minimum living wage, all workmen should receive at least that amount per week.

It is remarkable how spruce and smart some men keep themselves and families on a small wage, while others, even skilled mechanics paid at Trade Union rates, will live in perpetual squalor and misery. One Saturday I noticed a mason, a repulsive-looking individual, was unable to pick his money up from the board. He had been drinking on his way to the depot.

I put the money in his fist and told him to clear off before the foreman caught sight of him, or it would be his last lot of wages there. There is a tavern near the depot, of course, and I have seen many anxious wives looking for their husbands in the vicinity when passing homeward after paying. But I noticed a marked improvement of late years, many borough councils having popular athletic clubs, which induce the men to rush away to the cricket or football field instead of hanging about in the public-houses.

There is one borough in the suburbs whose club netted $250 profit on their annual sports, and the amount was used subsequently for the purchase of a set of instruments for a brass band. It was certainly a surprise to me at a garden party I once attended to see the dustman who removed the refuse from my house bedecked in a smart uniform and piping a few bars solo from "Lohengrin."

Paying wages is a big operation. The money is usually put up in small tins, 500 of which are placed in trays in an iron box of convenient size to be carried from the town hall to the various depots. By this method the workmen can be paid very quickly and mistakes avoided. However, errors do creep in occasionally, but I have always found the men very honest in such cases.

Workmen's Tragedies

Some time ago I was paying a man, and I noticed he was a day short in his wages. He looked very troubled, and very soon told me the cause. The previous day he had just finished his breakfast on the job when his little girl came running up saying that "Mummy was tied to the ceiling." He rushed home and discovered that his wife had hanged herself directly he had left home that morning, leaving behind a baby a week old. On the facts being laid before the borough engineer the poor man recovered the lost day's pay. In London municipalities accidents are very frequent and illness prevalent. It is certainly no uncommon occurrence to pay a man one Saturday and be told he has gone to his last account the next.

Pay-clerks see a deal of the sordid side of life. To me the unemployed cause the most trouble and provoke the deepest sympathy, although we get fairly used to the most heartrending poverty cases. The "out-of-works" come sneaking into the yard, and it is a cruel task to turn hungry men away when they come begging for work.

"I'm starving," one fellow said to me once. "I'm a lawyer by profession, but if I could get a broom I'd be content. See here"—he lifted his foot up under my eyes and showed it absolutely bare beneath the shabby uppers. "I've a wife and five children at home, and if I don't get work we shall all have to go to the 'house.'" And they did.

Another time I had closed down and was preparing to go away when a man knocked gently at the small window. It was an "out-of-work" knock, trembling and servile. I opened the window, and a nervous-looking little man asked for work, and, of course, was duly referred to the town hall. He told me that he had just completed fifteen years as a Portland convict. In his younger days he had "done for" a comrade in a foolish love quarrel, and was sentenced to penal servitude for life, but liberated after serving fifteen years. Prison life had taken all the bravado out of him, and he looked incapable of killing a mouse, let alone a man.

"Prison's better than this," he said, "and I wish I was back again."

I believe work was eventually found for him, as he was a skilled pavior and mason, which was not surprising seeing he had received such an excellent apprenticeship in the quarries at Portland.

At the depot I keep a small hospital collecting-box on the pay-board, and many of the men drop a copper in when they have received their money. I have noticed, however, it is the older men who contribute most. One old fellow told me he could not eat his Sunday's dinner contentedly if he had missed putting his copper in; and as he fumbled for the coin with a shaky hand I wondered if another year would still see him at the window—indeed, whether he would not be better off at rest than dozing in the dead of night before the unhealthy glow of a watchman's fire.

Then there is a carman, quite a John Bull type, whom I noticed always looks remarkably smart and clean. He has a full, round face, generally shaved to shining point, although I have seen him at times suffering from an epidemic of cuts and scratches on his chin. He confided to me one day that during the evenings he hired himself to a local barber who trained youthful tyros to shave on his face. I congratulated the man on his nerve. That is heroism of one sort, and we are not without examples of heroism of greater magnitude.

A Hero in a Man-Hole

A man once stretched out a bandaged hand to receive his wages. I observed he was receiving accident pay, and asked him what had occurred. It appeared that the tar-pot had caught alight and he had rushed forward to shut the lid. He succeeded, but his hands and arms were enveloped in boiling tar.

Only a short while ago four borough sewermen were almost suffocated in a man-hole. A young laborer who was passing at the surface descended, and at the risk of his life brought the four men out almost dead.

The council, as a reward, gave the laborer a permanent job as a sweeper and a five-pound note. The sewermen were presented with a small sum each, and when receiving the gratuity at the hands of the council one of them modestly said, "Thank you, gentlemen, and I 'ope it won't occur again!"

The cheerful agent stepped into the business man's private office and set his grip on the floor.

"I have here," he said, "a patent glass cutter for 25 cents. It is known as——"

"Don't need any glass cutter," snapped the business man.

"Ah, you don't need a glass cutter! Well, then I have here a vacuum cleaner that sells for $40. It is now in use in thousands of homes. It is ——"

"I don't need a vacuum cleaner."

"Well, perhaps not; but then I have something else here that will certainly interest you. It is a phonograph that retails for the small sum of $11. There isn't another phonograph in the world that——"

"I wouldn't buy a phonograph on a bet!" growled the business man, getting red in the face.

"Well, I am surprised! But then, I have here a camera that sells for $27. It will take the widest scope——"

"No camera today!" yelled the business man.

"Well; then, I have a four-hundred-and-twenty-three-dollar automobile, which combines all the necessary points of the higher priced machines and——"

"For the love of Mike!" screamed the business man, "I'll take a glass cutter. Here's your quarter. Now, get out!"

"Thank you," said the agent. "Thats' all I had to sell in the first place."

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Furnaces a speciality—installed by experts. Cornice, skylights and roofing, electric signs and all kinds brass and copper fixtures
Cor. 27th Ave. & Main St., South Vancouver
Phone: Fairmont 2386

WINNOTT STORE
AND POST OFFICE
General Merchants
Stumping Powder Our Specialty
Phone: Fraser 100 46th Ave. & Main
Reeve & Harding, Props.
Pre-inventory Sale Starts March 24.

PEOPLE'S CARTAGE
Cor. Bodwell and Main
Phone: Fairmont 1544

W. J. PROWSE
Real Estate, Loans, Insurance
4609 Main St. Phone: Fair. 783

See
M. A. BEACH
FOR SPRING SHOES
26th Ave. & Main St.

For Everything That's New in MEN'S AND BOYS' FURNISHINGS
Go to
LAWSON'S
Next door to Temple Theatre
Cor. 26th Ave. & Main St.

The Gardening Season is Near
Get your supply of Tools from us
ALL SORTS OF HARDWARE FOR BUILDING PURPOSES
C. B. FEARNEY Formerly Manitoba Hardware Co.
HARDWARE, PAINTS, OILS, STOVES, RANGES, ETC.
Joyce Street, COLLINGWOOD

5 ROOM HOUSE
On 48th Avenue, modern; only $2,800;
$200 cash, balance arranged.
Lot is 34 x 126.
R. J. McLauchlan
4123 Main Street Phone: Fair. 1607

MONEY CAN'T BUY BETTER
All Grocers
Kelly, Douglas & Co. Ltd.
VANCOUVER, B. C.

Not an Enterprise for the "Quitter"

¶ "If there is one enterprise on earth," says John Wanamaker, "that a 'quitter' should leave severely alone, it is advertising. To make a success of advertising one must be prepared to stick like a barnacle on a boat's bottom.

¶ "He must know before he begins it that he must spend money—lots of it.

¶ "Somebody must tell him that he cannot hope to reap results commensurate with his expenditure early in the game.

¶ "Advertising does not jerk; it pulls. It begins very gently at first, but the pull is steady. It increases day by day and year by year, until it exerts an irresistible power."

Geo. B. Howard, Mgr.

AVENUE THEATRE

Main and Harris
Phone: Sey. 7012

WEEK OF MARCH 24 MATINEES WED. & SAT.

THE DEL. S. LAWRENCE STOCK COMPANY WITH MISS MAUDE LEONE

IN THE SENSATIONAL COMEDY-DRAMA

DOWN BY THE SEA

PRICES: 25c, 35c, 50c MATINEES: 25c Any Seat

Mere Selling

Of merchandise is not our whole desire. We aim to give more in exchange for dollars and cents; absolute and unconditional satisfaction. We are never satisfied until you are.

SOME HANDY SPECIALS FOR THIS WEEK

DILL PICKLES, 3-lb. cans	the can	$0.25
ONION SALT, something new	bottle	0.20
GOLDEN EGG MACARON	the package	0.25
HOLBROOKS' GREEN PEAS	two packages	0.25
BISTO, "The Gravy Maker,"	the tin 15c and	25c
NOELE'S BLACK CURRANT JAM	large jar	0.45
FINEST HIGHLAND SUTTON POTATOES,	the sack	1.00
RIDGWAY'S 5 O'CLOCK TEA	the pound	0.60
FRENCH PEARS	two cans	0.25
BROWN BERRIES COFFEE	the pound	0.50
NEW SEASON'S JELLIES	the jar	0.25
PEEK FREAN'S BISCUITS	the package 15c and	20c

Fraser & MacLean, 26th Avenue and Main
Phone: Fairmont 784

TEMPLE THEATRE

Cor. 26th AVE. AND MAIN ST.

FIRST CLASS MOTION PICTURES

PROGRAMME CHANGED DAILY

LADIES

A few words about your

EASTER HATS

Before going down town call at the

Richmond Stores

45th AVENUE AND FRASER STREET

And see what we can do at $4.50, $5.50 and $6.50. All that is new in millinery. Don't forget the address. The

RICHMOND STORES

Specializes in Ladies' and Children's Outfitting.

Garden Tools

We have a large stock of the following
Just arrived

Lawn Roller to Rent

Vacuum Cleaner to Rent

Hose
Rakes
Spades
Shovels
Scythes
Buck Saws
Cultivators
Lawn Mowers
Pruning Knives
Wheel Barrows

We Guarantee any and every Tool sold by us.

G. E. McBride & Co.

Corner 16th Avenue and Main Street
Corner 49th Avenue and Fraser Street

Week's Building Permits

The building permits issued from the office of Building Inspector Young for the week ended Wednesday, numbered forty-three, and called for buildings of a total value of $40,000.

New Fraser Avenue Store

Mr. C. M. Whelpton has just commenced to build a new store for Mr. W. H. Hilbert on Fraser Avenue, between Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth avenues, at an estimated cost of $4200.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA AT VANCOUVERS LEADING PLAY HOUSES

Mutt and Jeff

The record-breaking musical comedy hit of the season comes to the Imperial Theatre for two nights and Saturday matinee, March 21-22. It is "Mutt and Jeff," cartoon play made from Bud Fisher's famous newspaper cartoons which appear daily in five hundred cities of the United States and Canada. The piece will be presented here by Gus Hill's fine company of fifty people, including a Broadway chorus of young women handsomely gowned for each of the fourteen song numbers with which the piece is replete. The stage settings and costuming are all new this trip, and the production in its entirety is easily in the front rank with the dollar and a half attractions on tour this season.

* * *

Pendleton Round-Up

A wonderful record of Western range life, wild bucking bronchos, plunging steers and daring riders are the motion pictures of the 1912 Pendleton Round-Up, which will be seen for the first time in Vancouver at the Imperial Theatre four nights, commencing Monday, March 24.

There is a matinee also every afternoon at 2.30. There is not a feature of the big festival that has not been caught by the moving picture man at this last round up. Frequently in the pictures themselves one will catch a glimpse of the operator of another machine calmly working under the very feet of the rearing horses.

* * *

Avenue Theatre

Versatility is the prime requisite for every high-class stock actor and that the members of the Lawrence Company possess it in a marked degree is shown by their splendid presentation of Geo. M. Cohen's famous musical play, "Forty-five Minutes From Broadway," at the Avenue this week. Since the opening night it has been greeted by capacity houses at every performance and for the few remaining like conditions will undoubtedly prevail. It has been one of the greatest successes ever achieved in stock in this city, and the production has gone with a snap and precision that has made it wonderfully attractive. Maude Leone has made a tremendous hit as "Mary," she has never looked prettier and her singing was a delightful surprise. Del Lawrence made a great hit as "Kid Burns," and the rest of the company were admirable in their respective parts. It has been a splendid production of a very difficult show. A word of praise is due the stage force for the scenery and settings and also to the Avenue orchestra, under the direction of J. Percy Harvey for their splendid work.

For next week Lawrence & Sandusky announce an elaborate production of the sensational comedy-drama, "Down by the Sea." It is a romance of the New England coast and contains every requisite for a successful and popular play. It is especially strong in the heart interest, has a sweet love story, plenty of thrills and an abundance of good clean comedy. There will be some very elaborate scenic effects and practically every member of the company is fitted with a strong role.

* * *

Empress Theatre

One of the most gorgeous scenic dramas ever seen in this city is being presented at the Empress Theatre this week. This is the Russian drama "Siberia," and it tells a powerful story of life in the land of the Czar. It is in six acts and tableaux and the many dramatic situations are magnificently illustrated. The first act shows the Jewish quarters at Moscow, and the plot develops immediately. Nicolia Niagoff, a student, is in love with Sarah, the daughter of David, a Jewish patriarch. But the girl's beauty has attracted the attention of Jaracoff, the Governor-General. He tries to force his unwelcome attentions on her and Nicolia strikes him. In Russia this is a treasonable offence. Nicolia is condemned to Siberia in consequence. The next tableau shows the burning of the Jewish quarters. This is followed by the palace of the Governor-General. Then is seen the prison of the Palace of Justice and the condemned Nihilists and political offenders, on their march to Siberia. The next act presents a wonderful scene. This shows Siberia and the mines where the convicts work. There is a revolt and the convicts attack the soldiers who are guarding them. The last act takes place at Odessa. This subject is a novel one, as Russia is seldom treated in drama. The entire company did splendidly, and the whole production is a difficult one and worthy of fine patronage.

Next week will be another banner week at this theatre as that celebrated comedy drama "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" will be the attraction. When given last season at this theatre hundreds were turned away nightly and it is now reproduced owing to the large number of requests received at the box office. Mrs. Wiggs, that cheerful philosopher, who finds life happy, although she lives in a shack between railway ties, will again be played by Mary Stevens, who was so successful before. V. T. Henderson will repeat his very funny performance of Hiram Stubbins, while Miss Hazy will be impersonated by Mabel Whiting.

Interior View of the New Orpheum Theatre

Lovey Mary will be played by Meta Marsky and Isabelle Fletcher will be the Miss Lucy, while Charles Ayres will be the manly editor, Bob Redding. Tilly Armstrong will convulse the audience again as Mrs. Schultz, who weighs 300 pounds. Mr. Wiggs, the renegade husband, will be taken by Louis Von Weithoff, while Chauncey Southern will again be Cooper. Lily MacPherson will impersonate Asia. All the principal features of the stories will be embodied in the play. The scenes will be very realistic, including the real freight car in which Mr. Stubbins makes his exit from the Patch. Seats are already rapidly selling.

* * *

Orpheum Theatre

A big spectacular diving act, wherein three beautifully formed women participate, will be the headline attraction at the Orpheum during the coming week, when Pattee's Diving Girls make their debut. The big tank contains 10,000 gallons of water, into which these young women will disport.

The La Vine-Cimaron trio of grotesque fun-makers will present their big hit of a year ago, "Imagination," which caused Orpheum patrons to tilt back and forth in their chairs from laughter.

The "Belle of Kentucky," Marie Russell, will be seen in brown face shuffling and singing the best of the Southern melodies, such as might fit her ability as an exponent of Southern character.

Valentine Vox, Jr., the whistling ventriloquist, who was one of the hits of the bill on his former visit, will be with us again during the coming week.

The La Pla trio of musicians will offer a musical ensemble that is said to be both splendidly rendered and artistically presented.

Claremont Brothers, who will have some fun on a revolving ladder, are jumping here direct from Chicago, and will be one of the features of the week's offering.

* * *

Pantages Theatre

All indications point to another bill of features at Pantages next week. The new show, opening with the matinee Monday, will mark the return engagement of the Caro Miller family, known as the Five Columbians, who will present a series of artistic divertisements, in which music and dancing will come in for the most prominent attention.

The extra added feature next week also promises to be a corker. This will be provided in the appearance of The Great Patterson Troupe of Lady Aeroplanists.

The third extraordinary feature will be found, it is said, in "The Wise Guy," a screening comedy playlet, from the pen of George M. Cohen, played here for the first time by Colton Darrow and Company.

Wolf and Zadella are booked for what they are pleased to call "Old Antics." This pair will sing and dance in the way that was popular twenty years ago.

Bert (Gone) Melburn, hailed as "The Good Time Boy," will be on hand with some patter and songs that promise well.

For the acrobatic entertainment, there will be Brooks and L. Lorella, billed as acrobatic comiques. Pathes Weekly and gazette, a right up-to-date record of events both local and foreign, a high-class, full-reel picture entertainment, will complete the bill.

* * *

Josef Lhevinne

The audience that greeted Josef Lhevinne, the eminent Russian pianist, at the Imperial Theatre on Thursday evening last was not a large one; but it was a most enthusiastic one and gave the artist of the evening a most attentive hearing throughout the long programme of high class piano music.

Lhevinne played a programme of piano music embracing every school of composition from ancient to modern times, opening with a Bach-Liszt Prelude and Fugue, and closing with a transcription from Grand Opera, Robert Le Liable, arranged for piano by Liszt.

Besides these two Liszt arrangements, the programme embraced a Beethoven Sonata, Opus 81, the Brahms Variations on a Theme by Paganini, a Mozart number, and four Chopin compositions, comprising, as will be noted, a most complete and comprehensive evening of pianoforte music.

Most critics maintain of this eminent artist that he is in a class with the famous Rubinstein. Whether this is so or not, certain it is that the once great Rubinstein might well be proud to hand down to this artist and fellow countryman the mantle of his fame as teacher and concert pianist. Lhevinne's playing on this occasion was nothing short of marvellous. His execution as exemplified in the Brahms Variations was almost superhuman in its entirety.

: Correspondence :

To the Editor of "The Chinook":

Dear Sir,—Will you kindly through your columns allow me to vent a grievance that I have, which not only affects myself but a great many of the Conservative voters in South Vancouver. I have consistently voted the Conservative ticket in the last two elections, but I have never yet heard the Provincial Member speak. Is it fair or just that we should have a member representing us who treats his constituency in such a manner?

I am a life-long Conservative, working and voting for my party, but unless some change in the tactics of the leaders take place in regard to our member coming before the electors to let us see what kind of a speaker he is, then there will be a change of party. Nothing tends to the disintegration of a party so much as the treatment which is meted out to the Conservatives of South Vancouver.

PHILLIP WOODROW.

* * *

To the Editor of "The Chinook":

Dear Sir,—Will you allow me to enter my protest against the useless waste of time that not only our business men but our civic employees are subjected to in connection with the Commissioner's enquiry? Is it just or right that Mr. Roden should make certain grave accusations against certain officials, then when these accusations were rebutted, sneak out by a back door by saying he could not betray the people who informed him?

If Mr. Roden is such a man of honor that he cannot inform the Commissioner the name of his informant, then Mr. Roden's honor should have been shown before he made the accusation. A debased mind looks for a debased action. The only way to stop such as Mr. Roden is to charge them up with the witness's costs which it is to be hoped the Commissioner will do.

THOMAS FORD.

* * *

To the Editor of the "Chinook":

Dear Sir,—As an Old Country bowler and a lover of the game, is it not possible that a club can be formed in South Vancouver? Can the Council not lay off a green in each of the wards? Surely something can be done in the way of providing recreation for the inhabitants.

ALEX. SCOTT.

* * *

To the Editor of "The Chinook":

Dear Sir,—I see the versatile R. McBride thinks that the Municipality of South Vancouver can be ably managed by one policeman. I understand Mr. McBride speaks from practical knowledge, as I am informed he was Chief of Police for Steveston, where he had a very brilliant though short career.—Yours truly,

TOM KING.

BIRTHS

Kerr—On Sunday, March 16, 1913, to Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Kerr, a son.

McLaughlin.—On Saturday, 15th March, to Mr. and Mrs. R. J. McLaughlin, a son.

Peach—On Sunday, 16th March, to Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Peach, a daughter.

Slater—On Monday, 17th March, to Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Slater, 4604 Walden Street, a son.

EMPRESS

Hastings & Gore Phone Sey. 3907

BEST RESERVED SEATS 25c, 50c

Tonight 8.15 Matinee Sat. 2.15

This Week

"SIBERIA"

Next Week

MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH

PANTAGES

Unequalled Vaudeville Means Pantages Vaudeville

SHOW STARTS---2.45, 7.15, and 9.30 p.m.

Return Engagement

THE CARO MILLER FAMILY

The Five Columbians, Inc.,
Presenting a series of artistic divertisements, embellished with costumes and scenery of rare elegance

The Great

PATTERSON TROUPE

World-renowned Lady Aerialists

4—Other Pantages Acts—4

MATINEE DAILY THE HOUSE WHERE EVERYBODY SMILES TWO MORE NIGHTS OF EXITS

Orpheum

DIRECTION SULLIVAN & CONSIDINE

GEN. F. CASE RESIDENT MGR.

Week Beginning March 24

PATTEE'S DIVING GIRLS

Beautiful Women and Expert Swimmers

LA VINE-CIMARON TRIO

In "Imagination"—A Physical Culture Travesty

4—Other Big S. & C. Acts—4

DENTISTS

Drs. Howie & Hall

Have opened up new and up-to-date Dental Parlors in the Williams Block,

Corner Granville and Hastings

We have installed all the latest and best appliances, and are prepared to give you the best there is in the dental profession.

A share of your patronage is solicited.

Gas administered for the painless extraction of teeth.

P. O. Howie, DD.S. Wm. S. Hall, DD.S.

Phone Sey. 3266 for appointment

HAMILTON BROS.

Embalmers and Funeral Directors

Parlors and Chapel:

6271 FRASER STREET

Phone: Fraser 19
(Day or night)

Geo. Jones

HORSE SHOER

Lame and Interfering horses will receive special care and attention.

All kinds of hand-made shoes, running shoes, running plates, toe plates, etc.

All horses entrusted to me will receive every care and attention.

GOOD WORK GUARANTEED

571 Beatty Street

SUCCESS Business College

"The School of Certainties"

COURSES IN BOOKKEEPING, SHORTHAND AND TYPEWRITING, CIVIL SERVICE AND ENGLISH

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded

DAY AND EVENING CLASSES

HARRIS BUILDING
Corner Main St. & 10th Ave.

Phone: Fairmont 2075

FOUND

Brindle Bull pup. Owner may have same by proving ownership and paying keep and advertising. Apply 198 Rupert Street, South Vancouver.

SCHEDULE

PROVINCIAL ELECTIONS ACT

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the list of voters for the Vancouver City Electoral District has been cancelled, and that applications to be placed on the voters' list will be received at my office at 501 Pender Street West, Vancouver, where printed forms of affidavit to be used in support of an application to vote will be supplied.

The list of persons claiming to vote will be suspended from and after the seventh day of April, 1913, and a Court of Revision will be held on the nineteenth day of May, 1913, and notice of objections to the insertion of any name on the register of voters must be given to me thirty clear days before the holding of the Court of Revision.

Dated this fourth day of March, 1913.

J. MAHONY,
Registrar of Voters for the Vancouver City Electoral District. 3-8, 15, 22

Shack is Burnt

A four-room shack belonging to Mr. Nelson, of Selkirk street and Wilson road was totally destroyed, and a new modern bungalow on the next lot was practically destroyed by a fire. Fire Chief Lester and the firemen attached to No. 3 firehall, assisted by Chief of Police Jackson, worked hard to save the property.

CHAMBERS'

Iron-Health Pills

The Best Blood Purifier

50 Doses - - 25c

CHAMBERS DRUG CO.

COLLINGWOOD

Collingwood Feed Store

HAY, GRAIN, POULTRY SUPPLIES

No Order too Large; None too Small

CITY PRICES

Warehouse and Office:
B. C. ELECTRIC SIDING
EAST COLLINGWOOD

Phone: Coll. 40 P.O. Box 4
J. POSTLETHWAITE, Prop.

NOTICES

Young girl, 8 to 10 years, wanted to mind three-year-old boy; good home and clothes. Apply 6304 Quebec Street.

Harris' Pool Room

Come and enjoy a game at
HARRIS' NEW ROOM AND NEW TABLES
"Hurry-Up" Barber Shop
JOYCE ROAD
COLLINGWOOD EAST

TAILORING

JOHN ANDERSON
6018 Fraser Avenue
(Established two years)

Cleaning and Pressing
Reliable Repair Work
Suits Made-to-Order

A NEW SUIT FOR EASTER

WILLIAM CLEFT
Experienced Ladies' & Gent's Tailor
Corner Fifty-sixth and Fraser

Ladies' or Gent's Suits, $25 up

Sealed Tenders

TENDERS will be received by Capt. J. McLean up to and including Friday, March 21, to erect store 30 x 60, at Joyce Street, East Collingwood.

Plans and specifications can be seen at furniture store, near Carlton School.

Tenders will be received for carpenter work only, or also to furnish all materials.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

:: Collingwood Parliament ::

A Lively Night—The Naval Bill—Resignation of the Conservative Government—Mr. Wm. Morris Will be "Sent for" by the Lieut.-Governor, Mr. J. J. Wilbers

It was a lively night at the Collingwood Parliament, Saturday. The ladies' gallery was filled, there were many visitors, among them Mr. Jas. McGeer, leader of the opposition in the Central Parliament.

The Tribute to Pauline Johnson

The clerk of the House reported that, accompanied by several members of the House, he had attended the funeral of Pauline Johnson and taken a beautiful wreath of maple leaves, ferns, violets, and wild flowers. The tribute had been gracefully acknowledged by the friends of the late poetess.

A Tribute to Livingstone

The member for Grand Forks, Mr. Lister, drew attention to the approaching centennial of David Livingstone. In a new country like British Columbia, the work of the explorer was much appreciated, the explorer who opened up new country, new fields for commerce, new sources of wealth. David Livingstone was a great pioneer in Africa; he was the enemy of the slave traffic, the friend of humanity. To the generous support of the Royal Geographical Society we owed such pioneer work as Livingstone, Franklin, and Scott had done, and he moved that a suitable letter be written by the clerk, appreciating the work of the Society in celebrating the Livingstone Centennial. Carried unanimously.

The Electors Bill

The Bill was after some discussion passed. Its provisions need not be repeated—all that need be said is: Come this Saturday night to the Collingwood Parliament at the Institute, Collingwood East. Have your name registered. There is an election next week. So become M. P. of Collingwood.

The Naval Bill

This Bill has led to the resignation of the Government. Briefly the Government proposed to give fifty million dollars (they do things on a generous scale at Collingwood) to the British Admiralty for the building of battleships. Mr. Lamond, member for Revelstoke (who hails from South Hill) was not going to let Collingwood outdo the environs of the Municipal Hall. He thought a hundred millions should be voted, and really there was no reason why Collingwood should not vote a billion, in imaginary money. But Collingwood only voted fifty millions, remembering perhaps that something must be held for water supply.

The member for Comox, Mr. Lister, Jr., argued that small cruisers, torpedo boats, and other vessels of more service to Canada than battleships should be built, and the member for Grand Forks (Mr. Lister) did not think there should be any special manner stated as to how the money should be used. Perhaps in the near future, aeroplanes might be more necessary than battleships.

The Minister of Justice said there were greater differences of opinion on the naval question that the Government anticipated. He thought that before Collingwood gave away fifty millions the people should be consulted. (Hear, hear.) After various motions the Government resigned and were warmly criticised for lack of courage to carry their policy through.

The leader of the Opposition will form a cabinet and hopes true "Grits" will rally round him. The future is "in the lap of the gods," for Tories and Independents are determined to give Premier Morris a warm time.

Men of all opinions come to the parliament in force. It will be lively.

"GOD SAVE THE KING"

CHARGES RESIDENTS STOLE LUMBER

Councillor Dickinson Accounts for Lumber Complaints

Charging that residents in South Vancouver stole thousands of feet of lumber in 1909 and thereby gave rise to rumors that the lumber contractor was delivering short of the quantity ordered, was the explanation offered by Councillor Dickinson Wednesday morning to account for complaints which Commissioner Crehan stated had been made that the Council had been guilty of grave irregularities in not checking up the quantity and quality of lumber delivered.

Councillor Dickinson stated that he, together with P.C. Lee (now sergeant), located in the back yards of residents quite a quantity of lumber which was missing from places where there was a shortage of lumber for sidewalks, and he said it was his opinion that similar thefts were responsible for a shortage of thousands of feet. Ex-Reeve Pound corroborated this statement.

Mr. Robert Campbell, formerly accountant for Mr. W. H. Day, lumber contractor, gave an outline of the lumber orders supplied to the municipality during the period between March 28, 1911, and October 14, 1912. He stated that he got delivery slips for all lumber sent out, but in some cases the slips were not signed because there was no one representing the municipality on the spot where the lumber was delivered.

Commissioner Crehan—If I suggest to you that your firm bought third class lumber from the American side and shipped it as first lumber, what would you say?

Witness—I would say most decidedly no; though, of course, it could have been done without my knowledge.

Commissioner Crehan—Will you swear that you delivered all the lumber that was paid for?

Witness—I am certain that all the lumber that I had tallies for was delivered, or at any rate it was sent out.

Thomas Harkness, formerly yard foreman for Mr. Day, stated that invariably the quality of lumber sent out was what he understood to be the quality required.

Witness said he did not remember any lumber being delivered to members of the Council or Municipal officers privately.

Mr. Robert Campbell was recalled and stated that when councillors or Municipal officials bought lumber from Mr. Day he sent out the accounts to them in the ordinary way and no special allowance or discount was given.

Councillor Dickinson—Do you remember sending out lumber privately to a man named Dickinson in Ward II?

Witness—No, I never did.

In answer to ex-Reeve Pound, the witness said that in no case was lumber sent out either short in quantity or deficient in quality, his instructions from Mr. Day being to fill all orders as required.

Mr. W. H. Day corroborated the evidence of the previous witnesses and stated that he had never given a councillor or municipal official any presents nor had he supplied them with lumber either free or at a less cost than the usual market price.

In reply to Councillor Dickinson, Mr. Day said in 1909 he delivered 2,000,000 feet of lumber to the municipality and in very many cases he had to make rough roads in order to deliver the lumber at the places required.

The enquiry was adjourned until Tuesday, March 25, at 10 o'clock.

Some people are so lucky they can jump from the frying pan into the fire and find the fire out.

WORK TO START ABOUT APRIL 1

Reeve Kerr States That Council is Now Awaiting Funds

A deputation waited upon the Board of Works in regard to the prospects of employment in the Municipality, at a meeting on Tuesday afternoon. Mr. A. Messenger said the deputation represented the municipal employees, who were anxious to know what the prospects were. The men would either have to get work or leave the district and get employment elsewhere.

Councillor Miller said the Council was in the same position as the men, and the Council could not start the men in work until the finances were assured, which they hoped would be on April 1. That was the best the Council could promise.

Reeve Kerr said work would commence, in a limited degree, April 1. The Council was placing bylaws before the people, on which they would endeavor to raise money. Then there would be employment. If the necessary money was raised, the Westminster Road proposition would start and that would provide a lot of work. All the surrounding municipalities were tied up with the money trouble, but the best that could be done would be done.

Councillor Dickinson said the municipality was never in such a position financially as now, but it was hoped the money market would improve and that they would have work shortly.

A deputation interviewed the board as to the grading of Rupert Street and the B. C. E. R. crossing, and it was decided that the members of the board with the engineer inspect the street and report.

A letter was read from the secretary of the Ward I Ratepayers' Association, protesting against the Council holding their meetings in private.

Reeve Kerr said if the Council could not hold a private meeting, without criticism of the ratepayers, it was time for the Council to resign. It was decided to ask the secretary to supply the dates of the private meetings referred to.

Main Street Improvements

Reeve Kerr and ex-Reeve Pound were the principal speakers at a meeting of the Main Street Improvement Association held on Monday evening to discuss way and means of developing that thoroughfare from the city to the Fraser River.

Reeve Kerr urged the association to adopt a broad view of muncipal matters, pointing out that the development of one thoroughfare helped rather than retarded the development of other thoroughfares in the municipality. Referring to the running of through cars from the city to the river the Reeve said that he did not think that Twenty-fifth Avenue would suffer, but would benefit by through cars. He suggested that the name Main Street be exhibited on the cars and it was resolved to make this request of the B.C. Electric Railway.

Dealing with municipal matters the Reeve said that South Vancouver must now look to her own resources for future development and not depend upon Vancouver. They must keep pace with all progressive movements and be ready to take advantage of the passing of the C.N.R. agreement, which would establish Main Street as the terminus of another great transcontinental railway.

Ex-Reeve Pound referred to the work already accomplished in widening and improving Main Street and he looked forward to the time when a permanent bridge at the foot of Main Street would connect South Vancouver with Richmond. With this object in view, he said, they should press for the paving of the street.

Fertile Fraser Valley, Garden of British Columbia

(Continued from Page 1)

becoming important industrial towns. The splendid agricultural resources of Pitt Meadows, Maple Ridge, and Mission are being extensively developed. It has been found that the very finest market garden crops and fruit can be most profitably produced in these fecund parts of the Fraser Valley, while dairy cattle and swine are successfully raised. Here, as in other parts of the Fraser Valley, the agricultural wealth to be derived from a soil and average climate unequalled through the province is even now not adequately realized.

With regard to the G.N.R., its service in opening up the sections of Surrey and Delta through which it runs has not been so conspicuously successful as the railways already mentioned. But its transportation facilities are being improved, and it is bound to be an important factor in aiding the development of the fertile country through which its tracks are laid.

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W. Buckle	Tramp
Mrs. Gillies	The pumpkin girl
E. C. Mitchell	Domino
Mrs. Timberley	"Sweet sixteen"
Mrs. E. H. Hart	Rainbow
Messrs. Holland	Heavenly twins
H. Cocroft	Minstrel
D. Sutherland	Irishman

Around the Municipal Hall

By "SCRUTATOR"

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Mr. J. Francis Bursill made the statement in Collingwood Parliament on Saturday night last, that he was the only one in Collingwood that night who had seen Dr. Livingstone. Well, I spent my boyhood days on the edge of James Young's Limefield estate, and it was in his employment I earned my first money. Dr. Livingstone, when in the Old Country, spent most of his time with Sir Paraffin, as our old friend terms James Young. James Young was the first to build oil works on a large scale, building the chemical works at Bathgate, afterwards opening extensive works at West Calder, which I understand are still in operation. The building of these works commenced about 1865, being nearly the same time Mr. Young bought the Limefield estates as a residence.

* * *

"For ways that are dark and tricks that are vain the Heathen Chinee is peculiar." The late government of Collingwood could give points and beat them at their own game. On Saturday last, with their automatic majority, the Government put through a financial bill. It looked a bill of no consequence but, as after events showed, it was one of the neatest piece of legislation that ever was foisted on to an unsuspecting opposition.

After the financial bill was passed the Government immediately went into committee on the naval question. The Opposition was both willing and anxious to assist the Government in their grant to the Mother Country. Instead of giving $50,000,000 as proposed by the Government, some of the Opposition proposed to raise the contribution to $100,000,000. The Premier rose in the midst of the discussion and informed the members that owing to the divergence of opinion he thought it was best to prorogue parliament.

The leader of the Opposition opposed this and the members of the cross benches seeing how they had been tricked, joined issues with the Opposition, with the result that on a division there was an equal vote. The Speaker gave his casting vote in favor of the Opposition and the motion was lost. The Government immediately resigned. The Opposition was then asked to form a Government. The leader of the Opposition appealed to the cross bench members to form a coalition government, but the leader of the cross benches, after conferring with his colleagues, refused to join issues with the Opposition. The leader of the Opposition accepted office, appointing Mr. Kenneth Lamond Secretary of State and immediately dissolved Parliament. The election will take place in the Bursill Hall between 9 and 10 p.m., on Saturday evening. Nominations will take place between 7 and 8 p.m. There will be rather an interesting hour or two as each of the members address their constituents.

On Saturday evening the standing rules were suspended, so that it was after 11 p.m. before the meeting was adjourned. The 11.20 car had left before the South Vancouver contingent got to the station, so they had to wait until 12.30, some of them reaching home at 1.30 a.m. It takes a lot of convincing by a husband to his wife that he has been out to such an hour without any evil intent.

NEW EDIFICE FOR COLLINGWOOD DISTRICT

Knox Presbyterian Church Prepare to Erect New Structure

The congregation of Knox Presbyterian Church organized a little over a year, and at present worshipping in Carleton Hall, are taking steps towards the erection of a church building. They have secured a choice site on the corner of Joyce and School Roads, and have had it cleared recently by voluntary labor. They hope to be able to build this summer.

The minister, Rev. Geo. C F. Pringle, is preaching a series of evening sermons on the Ten Commandments. Next Sunday being Easter, appropriate services will be held in which there will be some special music. In view of the large and talented choir, numbering twenty-five voices, this should make the service very attractive.

Golden Link Rebecca Lodge No. 27, I. O. U. F., South Vancouver, met as usual on Tuesday evening, and the members were honored by a visit from Mrs. Langham, of Nanaimo, president of the Rebekah Assembly of B. C. Mrs. Langham gave an eloquent address, and was presented with a bouquet of flowers by Sister Wickwire on behalf of the members of the lodge. A dainty repast was partaken and enjoyed by all present, after which speeches were made by visiting sisters and brethren.

LUMBER

BAKER & PRINGLE COLLINGWOOD EAST SIDING

LUMBER AND BUILDERS' SUPPLIES
B. C. GRADES PROMPT DELIVERY
LET US FIGURE YOUR BILLS

CHAMBERS'

Iron-Health Pills

The Best Blood Purifier

50 Doses - - 25c

CHAMBERS DRUG CO.

COLLINGWOOD

Collingwood Feed Store

HAY, GRAIN, POULTRY SUPPLIES

No Order too Large; None too Small

CITY PRICES

Warehouse and Office:
B. C. ELECTRIC SIDING
EAST COLLINGWOOD

Phone: Coll. 40 P.O. Box 4
J. POSTLETHWAITE, Prop.

NOTICES

Young girl, 8 to 10 years, wanted to mind three-year-old boy; good home and clothes. Apply 6304 Quebec Street.

Harris' Pool Room

Come and enjoy a game at
HARRIS' NEW ROOM AND NEW TABLES
"Hurry-Up" Barber Shop
JOYCE ROAD
COLLINGWOOD EAST

TAILORING

JOHN ANDERSON
6018 Fraser Avenue
(Established two years)

Cleaning and Pressing
Reliable Repair Work
Suits Made-to-Order

A NEW SUIT FOR EASTER

WILLIAM CLEFT
Experienced Ladies' & Gent's Tailor
Corner Fifty-sixth and Fraser

Ladies' or Gent's Suits, $25 up

Sealed Tenders

TENDERS will be received by Capt. J. McLean up to and including Friday, March 21, to erect store 30 x 60, at Joyce Street, East Collingwood.

Plans and specifications can be seen at furniture store, near Carlton School.

Tenders will be received for carpenter work only, or also to furnish all materials.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

:: Collingwood Parliament ::

A Lively Night—The Naval Bill—Resignation of the Conservative Government—Mr. Wm. Morris Will be "Sent for" by the Lieut.-Governor, Mr. J. J. Wilbers

It was a lively night at the Collingwood Parliament, Saturday. The ladies' gallery was filled, there were many visitors, among them Mr. Jas. McGeer, leader of the opposition in the Central Parliament.

The Tribute to Pauline Johnson

The clerk of the House reported that, accompanied by several members of the House, he had attended the funeral of Pauline Johnson and taken a beautiful wreath of maple leaves, ferns, violets, and wild flowers. The tribute had been gracefully acknowledged by the friends of the late poetess.

A Tribute to Livingstone

The member for Grand Forks, Mr. Lister, drew attention to the approaching centennial of David Livingstone. In a new country like British Columbia, the work of the explorer was much appreciated, the explorer who opened up new country, new fields for commerce, new sources of wealth. David Livingstone was a great pioneer in Africa; he was the enemy of the slave traffic, the friend of humanity. To the generous support of the Royal Geographical Society we owed such pioneer work as Livingstone, Franklin, and Scott had done, and he moved that a suitable letter be written by the clerk, appreciating the work of the Society in celebrating the Livingstone Centennial. Carried unanimously.

The Electors Bill

The Bill was after some discussion passed. Its provisions need not be repeated—all that need be said is:

Come this Saturday night to the Collingwood Parliament at the Institute, Collingwood East. Have your name registered. There is an election next week. So become M. P. of Collingwood.

The Naval Bill

This Bill has led to the resignation of the Government. Briefly the Government proposed to give fifty million dollars (they do things on a generous scale at Collingwood) to the British Admiralty for the building of battleships. Mr. Lamond, member for Revelstoke (who hails from South Hill) was not going to let Collingwood outdo the environs of the Municipal Hall. He thought a hundred millions should be voted, and really there was no reason why Collingwood should not vote a billion, in imaginary money. But Collingwood only voted fifty millions, remembering perhaps that something must be held for water supply.

The member for Comox, Mr. Lister, Jr., argued that small cruisers, torpedo boats, and other vessels of more service to Canada than battleships should be built, and the member for Grand Forks (Mr. Lister) did not think there should be any special manner stated as to how the money should be used. Perhaps in the near future, aeroplanes might be more necessary than battleships.

The Minister of Justice said there were greater differences of opinion on the naval question that the Government anticipated. He thought that before Collingwood gave away fifty millions the people should be consulted. (Hear, hear.) After various motions the Government resigned and were warmly criticised for lack of courage to carry their policy through.

The leader of the Opposition will form a cabinet and hopes true "Grits" will rally round him. The future is "in the lap of the gods," for Tories and Independents are determined to give Premier Morris a warm time.

Men of all opinions come to the parliament in force. It will be lively.

"GOD SAVE THE KING"

CHARGES RESIDENTS STOLE LUMBER

Councillor Dickinson Accounts for Lumber Complaints

Charging that residents in South Vancouver stole thousands of feet of lumber in 1909 and thereby gave rise to rumors that the lumber contractor was delivering short of the quantity ordered, was the explanation offered by Councillor Dickinson Wednesday morning to account for complaints which Commissioner Crehan stated had been made that the Council had been guilty of grave irregularities in not checking up the quantity and quality of lumber delivered.

Councillor Dickinson stated that he, together with P.C. Lee (now sergeant), located in the back yards of residents quite a quantity of lumber which was missing from places where there was a shortage of lumber for sidewalks, and he said it was his opinion that similar thefts were responsible for a shortage of thousands of feet. Ex-Reeve Pound corroborated this statement.

Mr. Robert Campbell, formerly accountant for Mr. W. H. Day, lumber contractor, gave an outline of the lumber orders supplied to the municipality during the period between March 28, 1911, and October 14, 1912. He stated that he got delivery slips for all lumber sent out, but in some cases the slips were not signed because there was no one representing the municipality on the spot where the lumber was delivered.

Commissioner Crehan—If I suggest to you that your firm bought third class lumber from the American side and shipped it as first lumber, what would you say?

Witness—I would say most decidedly no; though, of course, it could have been done without my knowledge.

Commissioner Crehan—Will you swear that you delivered all the lumber that was paid for?

Witness—I am certain that all the lumber that I had tallies for was delivered, or at any rate it was sent out.

Thomas Harkness, formerly yard foreman for Mr. Day, stated that invariably the quality of lumber sent out was what he understood to be the quality required.

Witness said he did not remember any lumber being delivered to members of the Council or Municipal officers privately.

Mr. Robert Campbell was recalled and stated that when councillors or Municipal officials bought lumber from Mr. Day he sent out the accounts to them in the ordinary way and no special allowance or discount was given.

Councillor Dickinson—Do you remember sending out lumber privately to a man named Dickinson in Ward II?

Witness—No, I never did.

In answer to ex-Reeve Pound, the witness said that in no case was lumber sent out either short in quantity or deficient in quality, his instructions from Mr. Day being to fill all orders as required.

Mr. W. H. Day corroborated the evidence of the previous witnesses and stated that he had never given a councillor or municipal official any presents nor had he supplied them with lumber either free or at a less cost than the usual market price.

In reply to Councillor Dickinson, Mr. Day said in 1909 he delivered 2,000,000 feet of lumber to the municipality and in very many cases he had to make rough roads in order to deliver the lumber at the places required.

The enquiry was adjourned until Tuesday, March 25, at 10 o'clock.

Some people are so lucky they can jump from the frying pan into the fire and find the fire out.

WORK TO START ABOUT APRIL 1

Reeve Kerr States That Council is Now Awaiting Funds

A deputation waited upon the Board of Works in regard to the prospects of employment in the Municipality, at a meeting on Tuesday afternoon. Mr. A. Messenger said the deputation represented the municipal employees, who were anxious to know what the prospects were. The men would either have to get work or leave the district and get employment elsewhere.

Councillor Miller said the Council was in the same position as the men, and the Council could not start the men in work until the finances were assured, which they hoped would be on April 1. That was the best the Council could promise.

Reeve Kerr said work would commence, in a limited degree, April 1. The Council was placing bylaws before the people, on which they would endeavor to raise money. Then there would be employment. If the necessary money was raised, the Westminster Road proposition would start and that would provide a lot of work. All the surrounding municipalities were tied up with the money trouble, but the best that could be done would be done.

Councillor Dickinson said the mucipality was never in such a position financially as now, but it was hoped the money market would improve and that they would have work shortly.

A deputation interviewed the board as to the grading of Rupert Street and the B. C. E. R. crossing, and it was decided that the members of the board with the engineer inspect the street and report.

A letter was read from the secretary of the Ward I Ratepayers' Association, protesting against the Council holding their meetings in private.

Reeve Kerr said if the Council could not hold a private meeting, without criticism of the ratepayers, it was time for the Council to resign. It was decided to ask the secretary to supply the dates of the private meetings referred to.

Main Street Improvements

Reeve Kerr and ex-Reeve Pound were the principal speakers at a meeting of the Main Street Improvement Association held on Monday evening to discuss way and means of developing that thoroughfare from the city to the Fraser River.

Reeve Kerr urged the association to adopt a broad view of muncipal matters, pointing out that the development of one thoroughfare helped rather than retarded the development of other thoroughfares in the municipality. Referring to the running of through cars from the city to the river the Reeve said that he did not think that Twenty-fifth Avenue would suffer, but would benefit by through cars. He suggested that the name Main Street be exhibited on the cars and it was resolved to make this request of the B.C. Electric Railway.

Dealing with municipal matters the Reeve said that South Vancouver must now look to her own resources for future development and not depend upon Vancouver. They must keep pace with all progressive movements and be ready to take advantage of the passing of the C.N.R. agreement, which would establish Main Street as the terminus of another great transcontinental railway.

Ex-Reeve Pound referred to the work already accomplished in widening and improving Main Street and he looked forward to the time when a permanent bridge at the foot of Main Street would connect South Vancouver with Richmond. With this object in view, he said, they should press for the paving of the street.

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cil or School Board into has not sprung from a philanthrophic heart. Robert McBride's interests were looked after. This has been so obvious that his propositions have been always turned down.

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Mr. J. Francis Bursill made the statement in Collingwood Parliament on Saturday night last, that he was the only one in Collingwood that night who had seen Dr. Livingstone. Well, I spent my boyhood days on the edge of James Young's Limefield estate, and it was in his employment I earned my first money. Dr. Livingstone, when in the Old Country, spent most of his time with Sir Paraffin, as our old friend terms James Young. James Young was the first to build oil works on a large scale, building the chemical works at Bathgate, afterwards opening extensive works at West Calder, which I understand are still in operation. The building of these works commenced about 1865, being nearly the same time Mr. Young bought the Limefield estates as a residence.

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"For ways that are dark and tricks that are vain the Heathen Chinee is peculiar." The late government of Collingwood could give points and beat them at their own game. On Saturday last, with their automatic majority, the Government put through a financial bill. It looked a bill of no consequence but, as after events showed, it was one of the neatest piece of legislation that ever was foisted on to an unsuspecting opposition.

After the financial bill was passed the Government immediately went into committee on the naval question. The Opposition was both willing and anxious to assist the Government in their grant to the Mother Country. Instead of giving $50,000,000 as proposed by the Government, some of the Opposition proposed to raise the contribution to $100,000,000. The Premier rose in the midst of the discussion and informed the members that owing to the divergence of opinion he thought it was best to prorogue parliament.

The leader of the Opposition opposed this and the members of the cross benches seeing how they had been tricked, joined issues with the Opposition, with the result that on a division there was an equal vote. The Speaker gave his casting vote in favor of the Opposition and the motion was lost. The Government immediately resigned. The Opposition was then asked to form a Government. The leader of the Opposition appealed to the cross bench members to form a coalition government, but the leader of the cross benches, after conferring with his colleagues, refused to join issues with the Opposition. The leader of the Opposition accepted office, appointing Mr. Kenneth Lamond Secretary of State and immediately dissolved Parliament. The election will take place in the Bursill Hall between 9 and 10 p.m., on Saturday evening. Nominations will take place between 7 and 8 p.m. There will be rather an interesting hour or two as each of the members address their constituents.

On Saturday evening the standing rules were suspended, so that it was after 11 p.m. before the meeting was adjourned. The 11.20 car had left before the South Vancouver contingent got to the station, so they had to wait until 12.30, some of them reaching home at 1.30 a.m. It takes a lot of convincing by a husband to his wife that he has been out to such an hour without any evil intent.

NEW EDIFICE FOR COLLINGWOOD DISTRICT

Knox Presbyterian Church Prepare to Erect New Structure

The congregation of Knox Presbyterian Church organized a little over a year, and at present worshipping in Carleton Hall, are taking steps towards the erection of a church building. They have secured a choice site on the corner of Joyce and School Roads, and have had it cleared recently by voluntary labor. They hope to be able to build this summer.

The minister, Rev. Geo. C. F. Pringle, is preaching a series of evening sermons on the Ten Commandments. Next Sunday being Easter, appropriate services will be held in which there will be some special music. In view of the large and talented choir, numbering twenty-five voices, this should make the service very attractive.

Golden Link Rebecca Lodge No. 27, I. O. U. F., South Vancouver, met as usual on Tuesday evening, and the members were honored by a visit from Mrs. Langham, of Nanaimo, president of the Rebekah Assembly of B. C. Mrs. Langham gave an eloquent address, and was presented with a bouquet of flowers by Sister Wickwire on behalf of the members of the lodge. A dainty repast was partaken and enjoyed by all present, after which speeches were made by visiting sisters and brethren.

LUMBER

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