SATURDAY CHINOOK

VANCOUVER BRITISH COLUMBIA CANADA

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EDITORIAL OPINIONS

GEORGE M. MURRAY - - - - Editor

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

WHY COAL GOES UP IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

FOLLOWING the publication in these columns last week of an article protesting against the extortionate prices put into effect by Vancouver coal merchants, have had many explanations from the concerns engaged in the retail coal trade.

They claim that there is little profit in coal for them after they land the bags at the householder's door, pay office rent, labor, freight. And on behalf of the coal mines themselves, retailers in some quarters are prepared to declare that the coal mine owners are not making any profit.

British Columbia's coal mining industry has been exploited by the company promoters. That is one reason why poor people in Vancouver tonight must turn to a blackened hearth.

Take the case of the Canadian Collieries (Dunsmuir) Limited. Here was a property which was worth, at a conservative valuation, some $6,500,000. A great railroad company had made such an offer for it.

Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann took the property over, paying the Dunsmuir interests a terrific figure for it. Then they promoted a company at something like $22,000,000. They sold the stock over among the gullible English investors.

Canadian Collieries (Dunsmuir) Limited promised to pay stock holders a dividend. It was humanly impossible to do so on such a tremendous over-capitalization. There was the Nanaimo strikes to fool the stock holders over in Great Britain.

They will have to get more than $7.00 a ton for their coal if they pay dividends at Canadian Collieries (Dunsmuir) Limited. So look out for further rises in the price of coal. The watering of the stock of the Canadian Collieries (Dunsmuir) Limited was done under sanction from the Provincial Government.

In the capitalization of another coal company, much water was added. Poor Doctor Young's $105,000 worth of stock which was placed in his hands because he schemed with the company to get favors from the Government will have to earn a dividend. So coal may have to go up another dollar in order to fix the Doc up on his stock.

In order to successfully water the stock of a great company or any company which handles either food or fuel, or any of the necessities of life, two classes of people are bound to suffer. The workmen engaged upon producing the goods for such a company will be worked to death at low wages and the persons who are forced to buy the goods from such a company will be faced with exorbitant prices.

One way to assist watered stock propositions, low wages in the coal belt, high prices for food and coal, is for a man to get out during the next fortnight and vote for Mr. Charles Tisdall, who has been a humble supporter of coal companies, railroad companies and all the other corporations whose business is bribing governments to secure the privilege of sand-bagging the people.

GOVERNMENT FOR THE PEOPLE

THE Hon. Crawford Norris, of Manitoba, stands out among the statesmen of Canada as being the first Provincial Premier to give the women the ballot.

He is the leader of the first Provincial Government to put into effect the initiative and referendum, a measure in which the highest form of democracy may find expression.

The Norris Government, in pursuance of the principle of initiative and referendum, have committed themselves to an obligation to act upon the will of the people, as it may be expressed in the referendum vote on the subject of Prohibition. The Government have agreed to totally prohibit the sale of intoxicating lisuors by law in case the people decide that they desire it. In the event of their defeating the referendum on the liquor question, Mr. Norris has committed himself to the passage of such laws regulating the traffic as will result in a minimum of the sales of liquor and an improvement in the regulations governing the traffic.

Agriculture is receiving the assistance of the Government. Premier Norris has announced that it is his intention to assist the farmer by affording the farmers of the country the facilities to obtain cheaper money and in this way he proposes to place the farming community beyond the rapacity of the chartered banks of Canada.

Here are four great reforms which will be crystallized into laws by acts of the legislature and we commend this programme to the consideration not only of the Tories of the Province of British Columbia, but to the Liberals as well. Premier Norris has been in power little better than four months, and in that time if he has not redeemed all his pre-election pledges, his conduct at least constitutes a record which the rest of Canada would do well to emulate.

Premier Norris is a practical farmer, born in the Province of Ontoria, but developed in western Canada and educated in the hard school of experience. A successful farmer and for many years a valuable representative in the Manitoba Legislature, he finds himself today at the head of one of the most progressive and up-to-date governments under the British flag.

JOHN OLIVER, EDUCATIONIST

MOST people who know Honest John Oliver regard him as an eminent authority upon agriculture whose intimate knowledge of most things pertaining to the Province of British Columbia fits him for a place in the next Provincial Legislature, if not at the head, at least at the right hand of the leader of the Liberal party.

Mr. Oliver is more than an agriculturist. He is an educationist. Here is the story:

There are five sons in the Oliver family. Some years ago these five boys worked with their dad tilling the manor at Ladners. They had not been rushed to school and their young heads had not been over-crammed at the hands of modern school teachers. The oldest, a full-grown man and the others ranged below twenty-three.

One fine day, Honest John Oliver called the boys into a family council.

"You're getting along in years, young fellows," said he. "You are now coming to the point where you must choose the courses you wish to take in life. I have done all I can to father you and bring you to what you are now. There is little left for me to do save either to stake you to some land which you might till and grow your livings upon or give you an education so that you may enter some of the professions."

"Today," said the father, "we must choose."

It is related by a friend of the Oliver family that Honest John then went over with the five boys the exact worldly position of the household. There was the homestead farm where John Oliver had settled thirty-nine years before. There was another piece of land near by and a tract of farm land in Pitt Meadows for which the father that week had been offered a large sum of money.

"Boys," said Honest John, "we can farm together and in time if we work our land and tend to business we'll each of us be well fixed. But I can sell the Pitt Meadows property and raise enough money to give some of you an education."

"Father," said the second boy, "render unto me the things that are mine and I will away to school. I want to be a lawyer."

"I vote for one of the learned professions," said another of the boys. And when the ballots were counted, four sons were out to till their minds and one son was prepared to continue in the honorable calling of his father.

Now these boys had not any education to speak of save that picked up at the public schools. If they were to attend University, then they must be prepared to meet a stiff entrance examination. Should the four boys go to an expensive preparatory school? Here was the problem for the father which carried with it possibilities of immense expenditures of the family funds right from the beginning.

So Honest John Oliver pondered upon the problem of giving the lads a preparatory course that they might be fitted for McGill or Toronto.

Some days had passed before a definite education policy was outlined. One day a great load of lumber reached the farm and next day a carpenter came from New Westminster. Neighbors thought that Honest John had gone into real estate and was sub-dividing his farm when they saw the roof of a new house among the trees in the orchard. A fence was built about the house and a well was sunk and a garden was begun.

What was the new house for? Was it for the oldest Oliver boy?

A few days pass and then a light wagon stops at the Oliver front gate and a gentleman in black, with glasses with silver rims, with a hand satchel, steps down.

He is escorted to the new house. He is the tutor for the Oliver family. The house is to be his home for a year and a few months over. There is a class room in the house where four lusty young Olivers will be initiated into the mystery of Latin and Greek and mathematics and history and such other subjects as the tutor may outline.

When the time came round for the opening of the Universities the next year, the Oliver brothers had successfully passed the entrance examinations, two heading the list.

During the time the tutor held forth on the farm, Honest John did not require any hired hands. The boys studied only the hours usual in the schools and before and after classes they applied their hands diligently to such exercises as milking the cows and cleaning the stables and hunting the eggs. Their campus was the broad area of the farmstead; their gymnasium the harvest field and apple orchard.

Honest John was out only seventy-five dollars a month on the fitting of his four boys for the great universities of the east.

THE SCUM OF THE NORTHWEST

STAND on a Hastings Street corner any night at about nine o'clock. Observe the new faces in the passing throng. Notice the clothes of the strangers, their eyes, their jewelry, their shoes.

What Dr. Mark Matthews said at the big Prohibition banquet the other night is true. The Dry laws in adjoining Provinces and States are driving the scum of the Northwest into wet British Columbia.

We have sojourning among us at the present representatives of the under-world from Denver, Spokane, Seattle and the cities of the prairies. They turn out at about nine in the evening when the bright lights begin to burn and you will see them any night on Hastings Street.

Some of them have flashy, splashy clothes that are new and they are polished from the boot heels up. Some of them wear clothes which are of splashy cut but are old and their shoddy material is showing. Some of them are hungry and some of them have small stakes.

The advance guard only have reached Vancouver. The great army will come in when the scouts report upon the situation here.

The question is: WILL VANCOUVER BE MADE THE CESSPOOL FOR THE ROTTENNESS OF NORTHWESTERN AMERICA.

VANCOUVER AND SHAKESPEARE

ACCORDING to a paragraph which appears in the COLONIST, it seems that Victoria will celebrate the Shakespeare Tercentenary, which falls upon April of this year. In these busy days of war, literary matters get overlooked, so we may be forgiven for reminding our readers that April 23 will be the three hundredth anniversary of Shakespeare's death, and it is also the anniversary of his birth, which also happens on April 23. By one of those happy and glorious coincidences this, the greatest of all Englishmen, was born on St. George's Day.

It is due to Vancouver to say that in this city this Tercentenary has not been forgotten. Active spirits have been at work on the matter for months and the only reason plans have not been published is that it was thought desirable that certain details should be settled before much publicity to the matter was given. It will not surprise readers of the SATURDAY CHINOOK to hear that the same active and enthusiastic mind which did so much to make the Dickens Centenary a success in Vancouver, has been at work on Shakespeare. Mr. J. Francis Bursill, better known as Felix Penne, of the WORLD, initiated a shakespeare celebration for Vancouver and has already brought his arrangements into shape. He interviewed Mr. Douglas of the Carnegie Library with regard to the Shakespeare Exhibition of a similar character to the Dickens Exhibition, which was so successful a few years ago. Mr. Douglas has entered into the scheme with his well-known literary enthusiasm and there will be at the Carnegie Library an exhibition of "Shakespeariana" which will fairly astonish the city.

Mr. Bursill has also arranged for sermons to be delivered in prominent churches upon such subjects as "Shakespeare and the Bible," "Shakespeare, Patriot," and it is hoped that Professor Gowan will repeat his splendid lecture on "Shakespeare, an Englishman." In co-operation with Mr. Harold Nelson Shaw, who, of course, will take the lead in the matter, a Shakespeare Masque will be given and performances of Hamlet, The Merchant of Venice and Romeo and Juliet.

Addresses will be given by permission of the School Trustees at all the schools in Vancouver and Greater Vancouver. Monographs will be printed and it is on the cards to have a Shakespeare Supper and a Shakespeare Ball. It is due to Mr. Bursill, of the WORLD, that we should ask everybody interested in the matter, to communicate with him on this subject and it is with pleasure that we say that the SATURDAY CHINOOK will be delighted to do all in its power to aid a celebration which is not narrowed by any boundary of locality but has a real imperial significance.

Now is the time when the Briton should take stock of his inheritance, literary and otherwise, and fight for them to be kept British Still and not Germanized.

FAIR WEATHER AHEAD

CAPTAIN ROBERTS lives across the road and as we were leaving our castle this morning we encountered the Captain engaged with a snow bank.

"The first year I came to Vancouver," said the Captain, "It snowed like this. But the sun came out February 1 and for one month there wasn't a cloud crossed the sky. I planted the garden in the middle of February that year. And we had a fine summer. I predict good weather from now forward. The snow will be gone in a few days."

The Captain has been to sea for twenty-five years and he scans the skies with the weather eye of a seasoned expert.

We were overjoyed to think that summer was almost upon us and proceeded cheerfully to work. We turned a corner to run into another neighbor, who, in discussing the weather, swore that the hard spell would continue for some time. Vancouver, he said, had tougher weather than Toronto.

"Upon what experience do you predict a continuation of this bad weather," we asked.

"Ten years on the Atlantic seaboard before the mast."

Not wishing to engage in an argument, we agreed that maybe the second man knew what he was talking about. Privately we believe that he is out on his calculations for all that, just about fifteen years. We are betting our money on Cap Roberts.

SHAME ON SOUTH VANCOUVER

ACCORDING to the newspaper reports at a public meeting presided over by Reeve Winram, a resolution was passed condemning the Canadian Patriotic Fund and suggesting that the Government subscribe all the money necessary for the purposes for which the Patriotic Fund is collecting.

We understand, further, that Reeve Winram spoke in favor of the resolution.

If the facts are as stated—and we hope that there must have been some misunderstanding—then the reeve and his worthy ratepayers ought to be ashamed of themselves.

South Vancouver people are a heavy drain upon the Patriotic Fund. Twice as much money is spent in that municipality weekly by the Fund as is collected there.

If Reeve Winram has joined in any objection to the cause of the Canadian Patriotic Fund he has displayed a very small soul indeed. From his predecessor in office we would expect almost anything, but we question whether even that unfortunate fellow would be guilty of any deliberate attempt to oppose the public-spirited citizens managing and contributing to the Canadian Patriotic Fund.

HE GETS $300 A MONTH AND PAYS $2.25 FOR KING AND COUNTRY!

ON the payroll of the City of Vancouver is a certain man who hauls down a salary of over $300.00 a month. His position is one of the warmest of the several sinecures the City Hall has to offer. He gets his $300.00 a month, more or less, and has not as much worry or responsibility upon his shoulders as our own bright and active office boy.

When the collectors for the Canadian Patriotic Fund came around, Mr. Three Hundred Dollar Man stooped to consider the proposition of making a contribution of $2.25. Being pressed, he thought that possibly he would be able to make this immense sacrifice every month for the next few months.

There is another man at the Vancouver City Hall who hasn't given a penny to the Patriotic Fund. He enjoys a large wage—over fifty dollars a week. He is not overworked and he has only a certain amount of detail to bother his mind with. He has few worries, the chief being that of keeping in right with certain of the powers that be.

At the City Hall there are those who have done handsomely by the Fund, have contributed loyally. But as compared with the generous treatment the Fund has received from the Provincial Government employees in the Vancouver district, Municipal employees have not fallen over themselves in the rush to assist this fund which has been created to properly provide for the families of the men who have enlisted or will enlist for active service overseas. The Government employees of the Vancouver district have responded in a body and each month they will give a day's pay. Thus $726.90 will be forthcoming monthly from the Provincial service locally.

It would be well if the authorities would provide some means of publicly exposing those men who fatten off the public purse and coldly refuse to respond in any reasonable manner to the call of freedom and independence. Of all classes in the community the men who draw their living from the municipal corporations or from the Government should be the first to respond to the call of the Canadian Patriotic Fund.

Well regulated clubs have bulletin boards upon which the names of members who are in arrears with fees are sometimes placed. It would be well to post the names in a prominent place of all the worthy gentlemen of ease and affluence who turn away canvassers for the Canadian Patriotic Fund or fail to give according to their means.

BY THE WAY

A GOOD THAW will remove the ten feet of snow which at present shrouds the Pacific and Great Eastern Railway. There is little chance of a thaw in the public attitude towards the road's demand for another six and a half million.

* * *

IT IS SUGGESTED in some quarters that a few changes in the staff at the City Hall would greatly increase efficiency there and effect considerable of a saving in public monies.

* * *

IN MANY QUARTERS the municipal corporation is regarded as an easy proposition to be worked to the limit. From reports received from the City Hall, there are men engaged on jobs in some of the departments who actually believe that the prosperity of Mayor Taylor's first term still obtains.

* * *

THERE WILL BE a rude awakening which will be for the betterment of the public service and the betterment of many civic employees who will be forced to hunt their own living.

* * *

THERE IS A disposition to tax employees of the School Board and to slash their salaries ruthlessly. A little more attention to other quarters of the public service would be desirable at the present time.

* * *

THE ANCIENT POET who wrote "Strike for your altars and your fires" must have been a janitor of a church where the coal bins were full.

* * *

ONE OF THE SEASON'S best sellers is "Nipped in the Bud," by J. Frost, a tale of a Wilted Geranium.

* * *

NEXT TO SAFETY FIRST railway employees are now enjoined to shovel snow.

* * *

IT IS PROPOSED to add a Minister of Munitions to the Dominion Cabinet. Small-bore politicians are not eligible for the position, but a member from the prairie natural gas belt is mentioned in the Ottawa dispatches.

* * *

THE PRESENT SPELL of frigid weather causes the "Oldest Inhabitant" to scratch his think tank to recall a similar period since the Cariboo trail was blazed.

* * *

ANY PERSON HEARD singing "Old King Coal is a Jolly Old Soul" during the prevailing temperature is liable to indictment for lese Majesty.

* * *

"TURKEY IN THE STRAW" is a favorite ditty with the boys in khaki who are quartered at the horse stables in Minoru Park.

* * *

THE COAL BARONS are much prompter advancing prices than delivering goods.

* * *

DOMINION TRUST DEPOSITORS have about the same chance of receiving a dividend as the camel, mentioned in scripture, has of negotiating the needle passage.

* * *

NOW DOTH THE busy plumber plumb from frosty morn to chilly eve.

* * *

POSSIBLY TRUST COMPANY liquidators receive their name from the habit they have of licking up everything in sight.

* * *

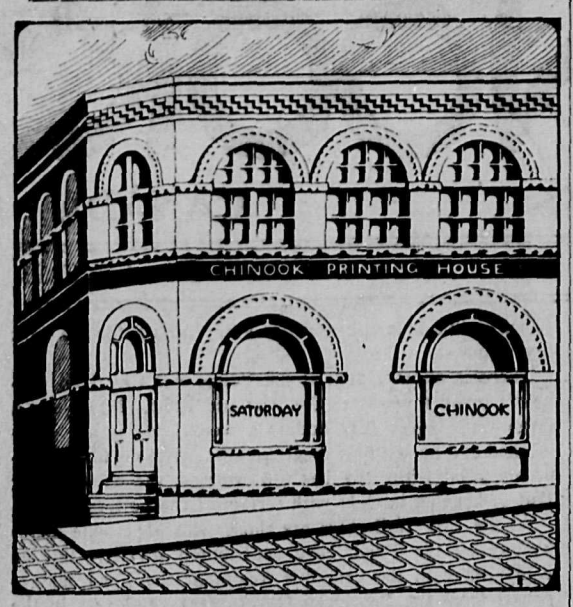
B. C. HAS THE DISTINCTION of having the only portable capital on the continent. Wherever the Premier happens to hang up his hat is the seat of government, and the camp followers follow in his wake.

* * *

AGENT-GENERAL TURNER is strongly opposed to abdication without compensation.

* * *

"THE CRISIS" IN many homes at present is empty coal bins and frozen water pipes.



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VOTES FOR WOMEN

Has it occurred to the members of the Legislature that the present might be an opportune season to consider a language or educational test in extending the franchise to women?

Through the unpatriotic, selfish conduct of politicians now driven into permanent oblivion—thank God— Canadian citizenship was reduced to a pretty cheap low level.

New-comers from Australia, and elsewhere, no sooner landed in the country than the four-flushing, country-bedamned brand of politicians rushed through thousands of naturalization papers, and the next step was to enfranchise these strangers to a full voice in affairs of state.

A citizenship worth having is surely worth some trouble in the getting.

Is the time not opoprtune to put to the test some of the restrictions suggested for guarding the country's franchise?

Is it unfair that in a British country voters should have a speaking, if not a reading knowledge of the English language?

The enfranchisement of thousands of women to whom English print is as unreadable as the inscriptions on an obelisk, is a matter worthy of more than passing thought.

Some one may say, why single out the non-English speaking or reading women? The answer comes back why add to the dangers of citizenship?

We are living in special times. The men who speak the English language and the women who endure the anguish of the war are not those of a foreign tongue, save in rare cases.

It is much easier to extend the franchise than to withdraw privileges once given.

The matter is one which we have not had time to give lengthy consideration, nor has there been much opportunity for consultation with those who may have gone fully into all the phases of the question. But the franchise bill has been printed. It will shortly be considered in committee. There may be merit in the suggestion for a language test. —Winnipeg Tribune.

SHOTS FROM VICTORIA TIMES

More boosting for Mr. Flumerfelt. What the public would like to know, however, is this: is the Colonist as near the mark in its eulogies of the new Minister of Finance as it was in its persistent glorification of Sir William Mackenzie and Sir Donald Mann? Those two promoters fairly reeked with the incense volcanoed on them by their local journalistic satellite.

* * *

Poor Sir Richard! Has it come to this? Yesterday the Colonist, which used to publish his picture every Sunday, which somthered him with flattery at high-class advertising rates for which we taxpayers had to pay, intimated unmistakeably that in its opinion Mr. Bowser"s policy was an improvement upon his own.

* * *

Manitoba, after a long period of political stagnation, is rushing along at a dizzy pace. Women have the right to vote, to sit in the legislature, in the cabinet, and doubtless also in the smoking room. "This world do move" up there.

THIS IS A NEW CURE

There is a story told about a young lady passenger on one of the delayed eastbound trains at North Bend. It seems she was under the doctor's care, but as soon as the free meals were coming she revived and ordered everything in sight.—Ashcroft Journal.

NOT LIKE SOUTH VANCOUVER!

The City Council proceedings on Monday was the tamest affair held for over a year. There were neither fireworks nor oratorical flights, in fact every member seemed afraid to open his mouth for fear he would put his foot in it.—Courtenay Review.

A QUICK MOVE

The Observer desires to express its sincere gratitude to those who so efficiently assisted in removing the plant from this office, when threatened by fire last Saturday; also to all who assisted in moving back after the danger had been averted.—Cariboo Observer.

POOR OLD MOON

"Old Moon," a blind Indian, aged 85, who had been ailing for a long time past, and who was a familiar figure in the district, died at Chulus Reservation on Wednesday. Yesterday his Indian friends were in Merritt, buying lumber for what they called "his box," the old man later being reverently laid to rest at the reservation cemetery.—Nicola News.

GRANDSON OF RIEL THE REBEL

In our issue of last week we printed a story telling how a grandson of the noted Louis Riél, of Riel rebellion fame had been chosen by Acting Lieutenant-Colonel H. H. Matthews, D.S.O., of Nicola, and O.C. the 8th Winnipeg Battalion, to receive one of the four snipers rifles donated by the residents of the Nicola Valley, through the medium of the Commemoration Day Fund.

Since this information, which was conveyed by the Nicola officer from France, appeared in the News, exclusively, the sad intimation has been received that Sniper Patrick Riel has been killed by shell fire.—Nicola News.

HAD TO FALL BACK ON THE C. P. R.

It is reported that a C.N.R. eastbound passenger got stalled at Keefers with miles and miles of snow drifts behind it and in front of it, and with no snow plow available. The passengers crossed the river by some means and bought food from a little store on the line of the C.P.R.—Ashcroft Journal.

A WASTEFUL ECONOMY

The provincial government, on the ground of economy, are considering the abolition of the provincial botanists' department. This is a department of which the general public hears little. Its results are not to be measured in dollars and cents. But from a scientific standpoint it is doing admirable work. It has interested many teachers, ranchers and others in the flora of British Columbia and under the direction of Mr. J. Davidson, has accumulated immensely valuable data. Although only about four years in existence, the Botanical Office has been the medium of attracting the attention of similar institutions in every quarter of the world and of collecting flowers and herbs and plants on a comprehensive scale.

The value of such a department of study and research needs no emphasis; British Columbia is a paradise for botanists and the more widely known its flora becomes the more the province will benefit. To take but one aspect of the matter: it is now well recognized that the agricultural possibilities of regions of varied soil and climate can be accurately estimated once the species of the prevailing flora are known.

It is to be hoped the provincial government will reconsider their projected economy. The cost of the Botanical Office is trifling; the results that it has to show are considerable. There are many other and more praiseworthy methods of saving open to an economically-inclined government; let it leave Mr. Davidson's department alone.—Vancouver World.

BETTER THAN NOTHING

Our esteemed contemporary, George Murray, whose name is at the head of the editorial page of The Saturday Chinook of Vancouver, makes the solemn declaration, in a recent issue of his paper, that it is better for a man to be a Tory than to be nothing.

The man who is really alive and enjoying the active use of his brains, will, of course, according to George's way of looking at it, be a Liberal; but a man to be a Liberal must have been born with certain fundamental qualifications. If this native impulse be lacking, and all men are not supplied with the necessary qualities of mind and heart, a man must do the best he can. If he cannot be a Liberal, then he ought to find some place where he will fit in. The men who hold up their hands and sanctimoniously declare that they belong to no horrid political party "are not much use to themselves or their neighbors."

This is evidently the kind of medicine that is needed out in British Columbia. According to the reports from time to time, the people of the coast have allowed their indifference to political affairs to prevail to such an extent that there soon won't be anything left to neglect.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

SENATOR HOKE SMITH'S "IDEARS"

In these days when nearly everybody's nerves are on edge, and when every nation has grievances of one sort or another against every other nation, the cool, calm philosophy and homely reasoning displayed in the U. S. Senate recently by Senator Williams, of Mississippi, is a welcome relief. At the risk of retailing old news I am going to quote some of Senator William's remarks, for it will do no harm to read matter of this sort over twice in any event.

Senator Hoke Smith, of Georgia, was riding his favorite hobby of denouncing Britain's interference with American trade, and Senator Williams replied:

"Senator Smith's resolution would mean non-intercourse with the allies. What would we look like, trying to bully a big nation like England with our army of 90,000 and the fourth navy of the world?"

"Does Senator Williams," asked Senator Hitchcock, "know that sixty-three sacks of United States mail were opened by Britain? That's violating the United States' sovereignty. Would he tolerate the censoring of our mails by Britain?"

"What the Senator wants me to say," replied Senator Williams, "is that I'd have a lot of Americans and British and Irish and Welsh and Canadians and Italians killed because my mail is opened, but I won't say it.

"Of course I resent every act of a belligerent that violates our rights, but I don't care enough about it to shed human blood over it. As to British censors handing over our trade letters to British business men, I have doubts. It strikes me that Great Britain is a little too busy at war right now defending her life to be engaged in catching on to trade secrets. We have 3,000 miles of undefended Canadian border. I don't want my boys to go up there killing Canadian boys, and Canadian boys coming down here killing our boys just because somebody stopped somebody's mail on the way to Norway.

"I don't want to see Dixie put into the attitude of caring just as much about property as the life of the women and children sent to their graves in the ocean. Until the question as to the loss of women and children is settled, I do not intend to nag the President or his Administration, and I think I would not nag a Republican Administration about the loss of property. My people are not ready to put cotton and human life on the same basis, especially when they have sense enough to know that if the shipment of cotton to England and her allies was cut off, cotton would be worth about four cents a pound."

If there were more men of the type of the distinguished Mississsippi Senator this would be a pretty peaceful and comfortable old world to live in.—Toronto Saturday Night.

THE SAFE PILOTS

Five able independent men in the House of Commons at Ottawa, would be of far more value to Canada than the two hundred odd members who sit respectively at the feet of Borden and Rogers, and Laurier and Pugsley.

A sermon delivered in Winnipeg last Sunday morning by Rev. E. Leslie Pidgeon on "The Thinking Men in the Life of a Country," has a strong application to present day conditions in Canada, and particularly in the parliaments, both central and provincial.

Mr. Pidgeon drew an anology between a ship's pilot and a thinker. Perhaps the pilot did not know all the details connected with the running of the ship, but he knew the course. In the same way, the thinker, removed from the concrete spheres of human activity, was nevertheless indispensable to the conduct of affairs because he discerned principles and saw things whole. He might know little of the detail of the world's work but what he did know, if he was fit for his place, was the course which the world should take. And it was his duty to give a clear call to those in the concrete spheres. Every community needed its pilot in this sense of the word. The history of the fallen nations was the history of nations without prophets. Where there were no men who lived in the upper air, in the sphere which included everything else, there was nothing to keep the community in its proper channel.

In this connection, the preacher examined the claim of the "practical" man to be considered of first importance. Was not the practical man frequently one who lived by the calls of the moment and who picked out his course as he went along without having any established principles or goal to guide him? Practical men were peculiarly tempted to regulate everything by the exigencies of the moment. That was why we had so many irregularities in our public life. Men that did not live by Eternal principles were liable to work on shortsighted policies.

The true pilot, continued the minister, had to be away from the oarsmen. If he were too near them, he would be inclined to handle his vessel with regard to their immediate wishes rather than with an eye to the vessel's safety. It was necessary that society should make a place for the pilots. The man whose whole life was turned in one direction, doing one particular concrete task, could not be a pilot, no matter how honest and capable he might be in his own line. The nation needed men in the universities and men in private life whose needs were provided for, and who accordingly could set their minds to the study of those great principles by which alone could a safe course be steered.

But without a great task and a great people, there could be no great prophets. In this country the opportunity existed to build up a democracy such as the world had never yet seen. It was necessary to have prophets to see the vision, and a people responsive to the prophets. In fact, the real test of a nation was its responsiveness to its prophets.

Every word of the above, no matter what shortcoming Mr. Pidgeon had particularly in mind, may be applied to the public life of this nation.

Borden and Laurier, in normal times, at least, are at the head of two carefully hand-picked bunches of party sports. The game they play is party politics, and the goal is the government buildings at Ottawa. The party bosses rest as unsleepingly on their arms to guard against the party strategy of th eother fellows, as do the soldiers in the respective trenches in Flanders.

Prophets are not bred in the party atmosphere of Canada. Here and there in parliament are men in whom the prophetic fire has smothered and even broken into a flame occasionally, but the flare was brief when it came into contact with the wet blanket of party sordidity.

If the pulpits, and more editors, and particularly the people at large take the lesson from the war that our young men are willing to fight and die for principles, then the day of the prophets will be ushered in, in this land. An arraignment of the public life of Canada by such a notable Canadian figure as Principal McKay, of Vancouver, will not be passed up by the big newspapers of Canada as so much junk. The people, east and west, will not make it impossible for principle to triumph over pull and pocket-books at the polls; and when in, say, some of our rural constituencies the tarmers place candidates in the field as the exponents of liberty and country, the same farmers will not forget, when the supreme test comes to cast the little tin gods of party behind them and stand out boldly and unitedly for Canadian idealism.

Five able, bright-minded idealists, pilots, who see with a clear vision the course that Canada should and might pursue towards greatiness and a place of the highest respect among the nations, would, we say, be a greater asset to this country than the two hundred odd sheep-like men at Ottawa today who turn to the right, or more frequently to the left, at the crack of party whips. These whips for a quarter of a century, or more, have really been in the hands of the instruments of the most selfish interests.

Mr. Pidgeon spoke, in some measure, in the abstract, though the undercurrent of his thought was plain.

Canada is in a frame of mind today to heed the warnings and take advice from real pilots. Canadianism cannot, forever, be false-faced before the world and even among ourselves by the politicians of the purely party type.—Winnipeg Tribune.

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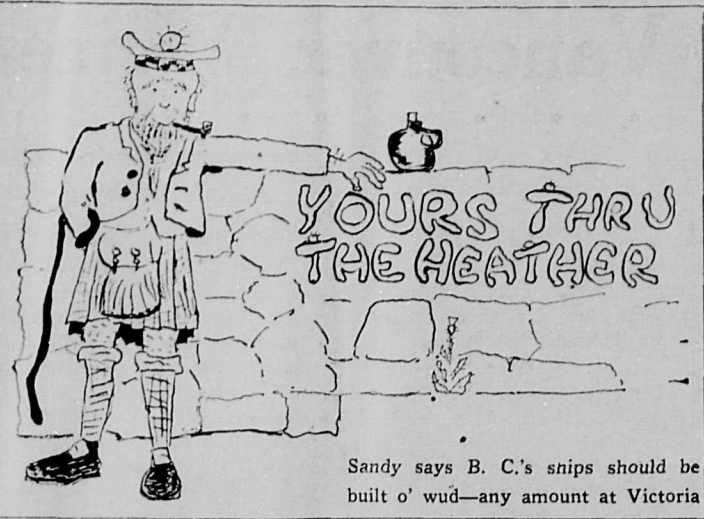

Sandy says B. C.'s ships should be built o' wud—any amount at Victoria

Weel freens, hoo are yae a' survivin' they days? Gee whiz! wud this weather no gie yae the scunner? Twa weeks o' hard frost an' snaw an' nae sign o' a let up yet.

I see where the weather man was sayin' it was 6 above zero on Tuesday mornin'. I'm thinkin' that fellie keeps his thermometer hangin' on his chest or else attached tae the stove pipe.

What atween thawin' oot denged auld water pipes, patchin' up burst yins, sawin' wud an' cairryin' coal (if yae should be lucky enough tae hae ony), cleanin' off sidewalks—an' the symptoms o' that infernal grippe ever hangin' on yae—weel—an' fancy, gee, tae hae a canvasser comin' tae the door askin' yae if yaer in favor o' prohibeeshun!

I met a fellie the ither day an' he wis tellin' me a funny story aboot thawin' oot water pipes. He telt me he had tried a' thing, an' it was only in a kin o' fit o' desperation —or insanity—he had thocht o' the whuskey. He says it can cure almost a' thing an' he thocht he wud hae a try at it. Gee whiz! Sandy, he says, it acted like magic. In fact it thawed it oot owre quick for it went an' burst the pipe an' gien me sic a cauld bath that I had tae drink the remainder o' the bottle tae keep mysel frae gettin' a bad cauld.

What a darned fule, if that wisnie the heicht o' extravagance, it served him richt.

* * *

I wunner if yae noticed in the paper the ither nicht that oor ain white-locked remittance man, the Honorable Sir Richard, had landed in the auld country?

Noo, I didnie intend tae refer ony mare tae that son-of-a-gun, thinkin' like a lot mare that we were weel quit o' him, but yet it maks a fellie's bluid bile when he thinks o' that big, fat dandy struttin' aboot London the while us puir mortals are reapin' the results o' his misgovernment.

No' content wi' amassin' a big fortune the time he wis premier, he has the tremendous gall tae tax the province five or ten thoosan' dollars a year in order tae keep him in pampered luxury owre in the auld country.

It seems tae me there's mare at the back o' this fellie's "exile" than appears on the surface. But why we should hae tae fork oot five thoosan' a year (wi' extras, I suppose) efter him an' his pals practically milkin' the province dry, is mare than I can unnerstaun'. Maybe the Wee Fellie can answer that questyin better than onybody.

* * *

Hoocver, there's a guid chance comin' in the next week or twa. A bye-election is tae be pu'd off in Vancoover in order tae gie the electors an opportunity o' endorsin' the new cabinet minister, Tisdall. I sincerely hope the electors 'll endorse him—in the neck.

I often wunner hoo B. C. ever gethered thegither sic a bunch o' nonentities as we hae in the legislative assembly owre at Victoria.

The Wee Fellie says he's gaun tae gie us a business government. I never kent o' us haen onything else in B.C. Why Wullie's been up tae the e'en in bizness ever sin' I can min'. No' content wi' actin' as law agent for the Croon when a bill came afore parlyment, he, in a bizness-like wey, also generally acted as private law agent for the company or indeevidual. Wullie's bizness has prospered exceedingly an' the Wee Fellie is waxin' fat owre it.

The electors shouldnie mak ony mistake when they get the chance in a week or so o' showin' hoo muckle we hae appreciated his bizness like weys.

It wis michty guid bizness, for instance, when Wullie allowed twa or three thoosan' puir depositors tae be robbed o' their hard-earned savin's "raither than risk a defeat on the floor o' the hoose." He kent the bill wis illegal, but it wis michty guid bizness for him an' his company tae "forget it."

This same fellie, Tisdall, was the chairman o' the Private Bills Committee that saw the "scrap o' paper" through.

The Wee Fellie says he telt them it wis illegal, but—Wullie had registered his "conscientious objeckshun"—an' he let it go at that. Of course, yae could hardly blame the rubber stamps for actin' as they did, for wis it no' Wullie's ain law firm that were solicitors for the company.

Noo Wullie's gaun tae start in another direction tae cairry oot some mare business government.

The Wee Fellie's cute enough tae see that the folk 'll no' staun' for ony mare railway "programmes," an' noo he's castin' his eyes seaward, in the same wey as Dick used tae dae when he talked aboot HIS coast line.

We're gaun tae build a merchant marine, he says, an' we'll appint a commission (he didnie need tae tell us that) tae investigate. It wud seem that there's quite a diversity o' opeenyin as tae whether we should build them o' steel or wud. Of course a hale lot 'll depend on the chairman's report. It's Tisdall that's chairman. His ability in developin' a fishin' tackle an' Sandow developer bizness o' his ain should mak his opeenyin on the maitter o' steel or wudden ships very vailuable.

My opeenyin is that the questyin's sae simple that it's a cryin' shame we should hae tae waste that money on a commission. Wi' sic a fine assortment o' wudden-heids owre in the parliament at Victoria the questyin is settled a'ready, tae my wey o' thinkin'.

Hooever, it micht be that dry rot has maybe set in an' in that case I guess we wud hae tae reconsider the questyin.

What finer thing could they fellies dae than gie up their heids tae help build a merchant marine for the country they hae sae ably governed. Gee, hoo I wud like tae get a job as a carpenter on the buildin' o' that ship.

Noo, freens, strike when yae can an' gie Tisdall an' Bowser somethin' tae think owre for the next month tae come.

Yours through the heather,
SANDY MACPHERSON.

Winter Mornings

"Look here, Mary," said the husband angrily, "I shall be late at the office again! It's half-past eight, and not a sign of breakfast yet!"

So the lady of the house sought the kitchen, with the idea of reprimanding the new maid for being late in the morning.

"It mustn't happen again," she said firmly. "I suppose you overslept yourself?"

"You see, it's this way, ma'am," said the girl in regretful tones. "I'm a slow sleeper, and it takes me a long while to get a good night's rest."

* * *

Slim

A very thin and haggard-looking youth, after visiting the recruiting sergeant, was very depressed to think he was not allowed to join the Army because of his slimness. But even then he was determined to join the Army, so he visited a recruiting sergeant in a neighboring town.

"But, sir, couldn't I join the Foot Guards?" pleaded the youth, after being told the same as before.

"No, I'm afraid you would not be strong enough to do the marching," replied the sergeant.

Giving up hopes of becoming a soldier, he asked if he could join a military band.

"Well," replied the sergeant slowly, "I think if you painted a few spots down the front of you, you may be able to get in as a tin whistle."

* * *

Infantry or Cavalry

At a railway station a few days ago some youths were discussing a gentleman in a foreign-looking, gold-braided uniform.

They agreed that he must be a French or Belgian colonel, but, while some thought he belonged to the cavalry, others were of the opinion that the absence of spurs showed that he belonged to the infantry.

Presently the object of their interest passed close by them, and they had the opportunity of reading the legend on his cap. It read "Station Hotel."

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Women's Work for Vancouver Women

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

The world is learning from this war that the best of created things was created last, and that her name is WOMAN.

The inferior beings were created first—the fishes in the sea, the animals on the land, then Adam, better than the animals, and then Eve—BETTER THAN ADAM.

The world at war, relying upon women for health, healing, nursing in the fields and work at home, begins to realize that the savage theory of women's inferiority is indeed SAVAGE.

The end of the war wil see justice to women in civilized countries at least. And when women get justice, which is the ballot, we shall be near the end of all wars.

Let us hope that when the war ends all men—even the lowest—will have learned the great lessons of the war. That lesson is WOMAN'S SUPERIORITY—her superiority in moral and spiritual goodness, in fortitude, in endurance.

Millions of women without complaining hear in Europe that their sons are killed or wounded. Every boy marching to the trenches, perhaps to his death, has been given to the nation by a mother who thinks more of him than of her own life.

The heroic sacrifice of the mothers should shame the men who have refused justice to woman and recognition of her supreme qualities in the past.

* * * * *

Millions of women in Europe are working with an unselfish enthusiasm of which the male workers have shown themselves incapable. In the factories, at the hardest of labor, to which they are not accustomed, uncomplaining, the women work.

It is not the women who are the shirkers, not women who seek to make extra pay or extra capital out of their country's misfortune.

They are slaving in the fields, cleaning the streets, handling the heavy metal in the factories, and going through endless horrors and anguish on the battlefields and in the hospitals.

Any man in Europe who knows anything knows that women are bearing the brunt of this war. It is safe to predict that at least in the countries nearly civilized the end of the war will see the end of injustice to women, will see women possessing at last the right to decide WITH THE MEN upon war and peace, upon the safety or the butchery of their sons.

* * * * *

Thanks to the war, the ideas and the ideals of men have changed. By the time the war ends they will have changed more radically.

In Canada the recent victory of the women in Manitoba marks the beginning of reforms which are bound to sweep to the shores of the Atlantic and Pacific. The ancient laws of British Columbia which govern women must be done away with. Let British Columbia be the next Province to enroll upon the scroll of humanity. Let Canada set the world an example in releasing the bonds from the women of the nation.

The people of Vancouver are looking forward with great interest to the debut of the University Players' Club which will appear for the first time in the Avenue Theatre on February 10.

They will present a light comedy entitled "Fanny and the Servant Problem," preceded by "Cindra."

Part of the proceeds will go for the Red Cross branch of the University.

* * *

The B. C. Women's Franchise Association held a meeting in the Standard Tea Rooms on Monday, Jan. 31, at 3 p.m. Mrs. D. Gurd presided and opened the meeting.

Mrs. Daryl Kent read the minutes of the previous meeting, held Nov. 5, 1915, including the election of new officers.

Mrs. MacGill spoke in regret to the fact that the B. C. W. Franchise had not won in the recent campaign for the ballot, but that they would still work in good spirit and do all in their power to win next time. Mrs. MacGill remarked that even if Mr. Tisdall did not favor them this year he would probably remember that he had done so in 1898, also in 1913, but as he has already stated his views were changing in regard to woman's suffrage on account of the war.

Miss Claremont reported that she was making good progress with the preparations for the Military Whist Drive to be given in aid of the Red Cross, Friday, Feb. 3rd, at Mrs. W. Gurd's residence.

Mrs. Jas. Forrester read a letter from the ladies of the University Club announcing that they had nominated Miss Jamieson a trustee to the Public Library Board and asking the B. C. W. Franchise Association if they would support her. Mrs. MacGill spoke in favor and Mrs. Forrester seconded the motion. (Passed).

Other letters were read, including one from Lieut.-Col. McSpadden, thanking the ladies for the magazines and wool caps sent the men in the local training camps.

Mrs. MacGill announsed that there would be a meeting at her home on Wednesday, Feb. 9th. The object of this meeting would be to receive magazines and playing cards in aid of the soldiers' relief.

Mrs. Bengough of Toronto being a guest of the B. C. W. Franchise Association, spoke very favorably of the work of the equal franchise associations throughout Canada, both in Red Cross and other relief work. She emphasised the fact that the Manitobo women were very much pleased with the result of the recent election giving them equal franchise. Also that she had recently been to Australia and was very much pleased with the co-operation of men and women there, and the courtesy that is still shown women seeking their rights.

Mrs. W. H. Smith said she had been a suffragette for 30 years. She thanked Mrs. Bengough for her favorable address.

Among those present at the meeting were Mrs. W. Gurd, Mrs. Daryl Kent, Miss Claremont, Mrs. Jas. Forrester, Mrs. J. C. Kemp, Mrs. W. H. Griffin, Mrs. W. Angus, Mrs. W. H. Morrow, Miss Clifford, Mrs. Russell, Miss Russell, Mrs. J. H. MacGill.

Tea was served in the Standard Tea Rooms after the meeting.

* * *

Again the annual Y. W. C. A. meetings are greeting us on all sides. We must feel encouraged to know the organization continues in doing such great work amongst the young women of Vancouver.

A report from Miss A. L. Gillam at the annual meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was to the effect that there are very few women out of employment in Vancouver. In fact, she said, there were scarcely girls and women enough to fill all the vacant positions. All of which goes to show that times are fair.

In looking through their monthly magazine we learn how active the Y. W. C. A. members are in supplying the young ladies with means of improving mind and body and developing a greater efficiency in their work in the world.

* * *

The Ruth Morton Memorial Baptist Church, cor. 37th and Prince Albert Street. Pastor, Rev. J. Willard Litch, will preach Sunday morning on "A Happy Christian." Sunday evening on "St. Peter's recipe for a Revival."

* * *

Daughters of Empire Dance

Vancouver people looked forward with a great deal of pleasure to the dance given by the Admiral Jellicoe and the Columbia Chapters I. O. D. E. at the Lester Court on Friday, Feb. 3rd. Music was supplied by Weaver's Orchestra. The affair was given especially for the soldiers.

The Chapters clubbed together and their efforts to make a success of the social evening for everyone was well rewarded. The proceeds go for the "comforts fund" of the Chapters who are working steadily to supply the soldiers at the front with necessary comforts.

* * *

The Hastings Street Market

I called on Mr. Brink of the Hastings Street Market, 27 Hastings W., this morning, and he tells me business is quite slow these cold, snowy days, but he is still in good spirits. He showed me all around the market, and, if I may voice my opinion to the public at all, I think his prospects are very good for the largest business in Vancouver before many months.

* * *

Of course the people who run this market are working against the wholesale people in Vancouver, but before the next winter is here, they will have their own stock stored and will be able to sell more cheaply to their customers.

* * *

Mr. Brink told me he hopes to make his business better in another way, that is, he hopes to have a Rural Public Market day, once a week, where the farmers may come and sell their produce and have their stalls and privileges, like other markets in the large cities.

* * *

His building is in good, clean, sanitary condition, also in a very convenient place for customers coming in on the interurban trains.

* * *

I noticed among the producers there, Mr. Timms, of Langley Prairie, who, I've heard, has the most extensive market gardens in B. C. They have a number of acres under glass and raise the best tomatoes and cucumbers in B. C.

* * *

Mr. Chris. Johnson has his fish stall in the market building. He guarantees his fish strictly fresh and he is also doing fair business owing to the price of fish being lower than that of meat.

* * *

At Ray's, the butchers' stall, they seem to be doing good business, as they are exporters of rural farmers' produce, and I hear they are noted price cutters.

* * *

Whyte Brothers also have a stall, and they claim to be the "Butter Kings" of Vancouver. They export butter from Alberta where it is supposed to be about the best made in the Dominion of Canada.

* * *

I saw Shaw and Koeker and Co. doing quite a progressive business in the grocery line. Their prices seem to be about as normal as any in the city and their stock is new.

Among other business representatives I noted in the market were Halscroft Farm Produce Co., which are noted for the fine grade of poultry which they carry.

Also the Ward Piano House have a good stock of pianos and popular music.

* * *

Altogether I found the market a very interesting place to visit and I would recommend it to the consideration of the women who read this page.

The market manager, Mr. Brink, comes from the good old county of Oxford, in Ontario, where they raise the fat cattle and produce the butter and the cheese. Mr. Brink has a good proposition in the Hastings Market. He is really fulfilling a function which ought to be cared for by the municipalities or the government.

Here's success to you, Mr. Brink, "Lowerer of the high cost of living."

* * *

Organ Recital

The ninth organ recital in St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church on Tuesday evening at 8.30 p.m., was well attended. The programme was as follows:—

St. Ann's Fugue ..... Bach
Nocturne No. 1 ..... Chopin
Jour de Voces ..... Archer
Ave Marie Song ..... Schubert
Mr. A. Goodstone
Intermezzo in D flat ..... Johnson
Henry VIII ..... Del Hugo
Mr. A. Goodstone
Carillon study in four notes .....
..... C. B. A. G. Wheeldon
Meditation ..... Kinder
March from Tannhouser .... Wagner
God Save the King

The organist, Mr. Frank Wrigley, was at his best, but owing to the inclement weather the recital was not so well attended as usual. The next recital will be given on Tuesday, Feb. 15.

* * *

A crowded audience greeted Miss Helen Badgley and her pupils at their Matinee Recital given on Friday, January 28, at Labor Temple Hall. Miss Ethel Buckland opened the programme with a patriotic narrative entitled "The Battle Song of Nations." Little Miss Kathleen Robinson rendered a piano solo and later gave an humorous sketch entitled "The Average Boy."

Miss Frances Nickawa (an Indian girl) gave a very pathetic poem entitled "Famine," from Hiawatha. Others who assisted in the programme were: Miss Edna Burden, comedy, rural character study; Miss Ena Burse, humorous pantomime; Miss Nina Porter, dramatic narrative; Miss Irene Falconer, comic Irish sketch; Miss Badgley, conversational study.

God Save the King.

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Birds In Stanley Park

Here is a fairly complete list of the wild birds who are winter-residents in and around Vancouver (52 varieties).

American Robin.—A few stay around the Zoo all the winter (Thrush family).

Varied Robin. — Commonly known as Oregon Robin. These pretty thrushes abound in Stanley Park all the year round.

American Dipper or **Water Orizel.**—Not common on the coast except in winter along the streams. Plentiful in the Rockies.

Golden-Crested (King) Wren. — Stanley Park, etc.

Western Chickadee.

Chestnut-backed Titmouse. — Less common.

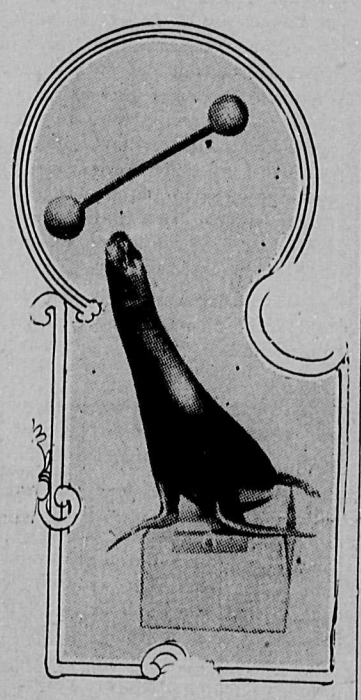
Least Bush-Tit. — These aerial scouts, thesize and shape of animated wall-nuts, making dashing descents on our winter lawns at uncertain intervals.

Slender-billed Nuthatch. — Sometimes seen feeding on willows near the Park Lake.

Brown Creeper.—Rarely to be seen flying. Takes winter exercise up invisible, spiral staircases in the tall timber.

Western Winter Wren.—As common as von Sparrow, without his frightfulness.

Townsend's Solitaire.—About the size of an English song-thrush, but has a distinct white line round the eye. Common in the Rockies. Seen here once by Mr. Balmer, late Park Superintendent.



"Bill," with the Pantages next week

Pheasant (English).—Russet, black and ultra marine.

Pheasant (Chinese).—White-ringed.

Grouse and Ptarmigan.—My information on this great family in B. C. is from notes taken above 10 years ago from the researches of John Fannin (late of Victoria Museum), Betram A. Williams, L.D.S., with later notes by Mr. Balmer of Vancouver.

1. **Sooty (Dusky** or **Blue) Grouse.**—(Dendragapus obscurus fuliginosus, Ridgway).—West of Cascades and larger islands of the Archipelago.

2. **Richardson's** (Obscurus Richardsonu).—Also called Blue and Mountain Grouse.—East of Cascades.

3. **Canadian Ruffed Grouse** (Bonasa Umbellus Togata Linnaeus), also called Willow Grouse and Drummer.—This game bird with its beautifully-barred fantail and quaint occiptal ruff has been since 1912 "quite plentiful" in Stanley Park.

—A. N. ST. J. M.

PANTAGES THEATRE

An exceptionally good bill is on way to the Pantages next week. A trained animal act with trained seals, bears, dogs and monkeys are the headliners.. One of the great features is one of the seals juggling with a torch burning at both ends. A marvel in animal training.

Norimer Carman's Minstrels is a condensed minstrel show with all the laughs, harmony and solo work in 20 minutes.

"The Duke," a farce with Andy Lewis, the celebrated comedian, is something original along the line of comedies.

Berth and Kitty Henry, two dainty maids who sing and dance, have a pleasing line of patter and song.

Miss Grace Cameron with a lot of characterizations and the latest in original songs, has won herself great applause along the coast.

LADY VAN'S TALE

ABOUT THINGS IN GENERAL

Congratulations to Manitoba upon recognising the fact that its women citizens are sensible, sane people and quite capable of taking a part in the affairs of the province, especially to the extent of saying who shall govern their local part of the Dominion.

To say that these new-born citizens (so to speak) will become light-headed over their new power, and stay out late at nights, raise family ructions, learn to smoke, send the darning to the bow-wows, and forget how to make hash, is only an idea which may be laid at the door of perverted and obsolete minds. Man's meals will be cooked as well, and served just as promptly from now on as they have ever been, and the made stomach can rest assured that its comfort will not be neglected on account of votes.

We have yet to hear of a man neglecting home and such ties because he was so puffed up over the fact of his franchise that he had not time to attend to them. The average man takes a more or less quiet interest in his country's affairs, makes his decisions and goes out and records his ballot accordingly. Why not so with a woman? Yes, why not?

It is hats off to Manitoba government (meaning the men) for being wide-minded enough and having a sufficient sense of justice to make it possible for the women of their comfortable province to have a say in public matters, and be acknowledged equally brainy with men. These men realize that the mothers who bear Manitoba's sons are capable of advising who shall be responsible for these sons national governorship in the matter of property as well as morals.

It argues well,too, that Manitoba, the real grandfather of western provinces, should be th one to lead the way to civil advancement. Here's to Manitoba, may its sister provinces take a lesson from the nation's handbook and do likewise.

* * *

I have been thinking a great deal about Mrs. Nellie McClung these days, as it was she who ever since girlhood helped fight for votes for women in Manitoba, and to her credit stands many an excellent point made which undoubtedly carried the project further toward realization. And now it is carried, she is residing in another province. Hard luck!

In this respect, too, I am reminded of an excellent story that I heard her tell once when speaking along the line of enfranchisement for women. Let me tell it as she told it.

"When I was a small girl, I lived on a Manitoba farm, and it was my duty every Saturday morning to water the cattle. This sounds easier than it really was, because to break ice in winter and haul water up for a bunch of thirsty cattle was no small task for a small girl.

"It would not have been so bad had not a great white bullock named 'Whitey' been so greedy. He would get to the water-tub first and keep all the other animals away. I always had to drive him away and stake him in order to allow the others to get any water.

"Whitey made me so furious that one Saturday, I determined that I would fill him if it took every ounce of strength that I possessed. Secretly, too, I hoped that perhaps if he got too full he would burst and then my troubles with him would be over.

"So I went to work, and I drew water till my arms ached like as if they would never recover, and my breath supply kept getting shorter and shorter. But still that bullock kept on drinking. Finally, when I was about ready to give in, he stopped drinking and looked around at the other cattle waiting impatiently for their turn. He was so full that I thought sure the bursting point had been reached. But what do you suppose the old sinner did? With great difficulty he got his two front feet into the water-trough and looked around in defiance at the other cattle. He could not drink any more himself, but he was bound the other animals should not have any either.

"Well, many years after that I was one of a delegation selected to speak before the Manitoba government on the question of votes for women. We all made our speeches and thought we had surely made a decided impression upon that august body before which we were assembled. As the last speaker finished, we felt that the cause was well advanced, if in fact it was not ours in reality.

"It was then that the leader of the government arose and looked around.

"'I don't believe in women voting he said. 'My mother nor my wife have ever wanted to vote, therefore I don't see why any other women should want to vote. It's enough that the men should have the franchise. I'm against votes for women.'

"Then there arose before my vision that old bullock, Whitey, too full to drink more, and with his feet in the water-trough, and I said to myself, 'Old fellow, though you have been dead these fifteen years, your spirit still lives and is manifest right here in this house of parliament.'"

* * *

Looking at the war pictures as put on at a local film house had one effect upon me. It made me decide to keep on knitting socks more steadily than I even have been doing. To see those apaprently countless men walking, running and standing means rough work on feet and their covering.

To be sure these men pictured were all French, but the fact remains that our own Tommies are even more numerous, and every man of them needs socks—plenty of socks. Furthermore, when one considers that the average life of a pair of socks is three days, we women who know how to knit socks must feel it our duty to knit faster than ever. And those of us who do not know how to knit should feel that it is indeed the least we can do to learn the art, and under strong duty pressure, to knit, knit, knit.

* * *

Vancouver has like all growing cities, had many nuts to crack, but probably the most distressing from a humane point of view, was the ejection by landlords, of last week. It seems impossible that such a thing could happen in the face of the keyed-up patriotism of today, when everyone is making some sacrifice.

It is to be hoped that the matter will not be allowed to drop, but that the flint-hearted landlords (one of each sex I undersand) in question will b emade to realize that Vancouver is no place for them, unless they make full reparation.

No matter what decision the judge makes in the case now in court, the moral side of the question will remain forever a lasting disgrace on Vancouver's record, and but few citizens there are that do not resent with all that is in them, the fact that such money-greedy persons are in our midst and have made it possible for this shame to be brought upon us.

* * *

Here's a contrast. The Red Cross Bulletin had permission to reproduce these lines from "Country Life." They are by Ernest Blake.

I rise at six, light fires and black the grates,
I'm kitchen-house-and-chambermaid combined,
I clean the knives and sometimes wash the plates,
Do any dirty work that I can find.
I fetch and carry like a spaniel pup
And when down the back stairs with coals I tumble,
To tell the truth I get a bit fed-up,
With things, and feel inclined to grouse and grumble.
But these small, peevish humors take to wing
When I remember all that you have done,
Who braved the forze ntrench, the shrapnel's sting,
You did so much; so little I can do;
That's why I'm proud to carry coals for you.

* * *

The Scotch lady who resided in Ceylon for several years and in India for several more, is now resident in Canada, and has recently settled down in Saskatchewan. A letter from her this week announced the mercury as 61 below when she wrote. "And," she says, "it's a bit nippy." Doesn't that sound characteristic of a Scotchwoman?

—LADY VAN.

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WOMEN'S WORK---Contd.

The price of coal has soared one dollar per ton. To many this is a hardship. Continuous hard times make that dollar look mighty large; but when one sees the poor horses struggling to make the grade and the additional time it takes to do so, makes one feel somehow that the consumer pays for that difficulty. It should teach us all a lesson that since we cannot do without that commodity, it would be a wise move to enter into a contract with our coal dealers late in the summer to lay in a stock as they do in the east, when it makes a difference of from twenty-five to fifty cents per ton, which is something worth considering and would mean something to everyone financially.

* * *

The women of Manitoba have much cause for rejoicing these days. The Norris government promised the women that if elected they would give them the franchise on the same terms as men. They were elected and they have kept their promise and passed the measure this week. How the women of B. C. had hoped they would be the first, but alack and alas! unless there is a change of government here we have very little or no prospect, unless the powers that be experience a change of heart and (like all death bed repentances) bring in a measure to give to our women the liberties they (the men) enjoy.

* * *

The Vancouver Suffrage societies are going to celebrate the victory of the Manitoba women in a very fitting manner some night next week. Full particulars will be published the first of the week.

* * *

The outburst of "O Canada" must have been good to hear, for I am sure it had a new meaning to every man and woman in the legislative hall that day.

* * *

More power to your elbows, fair women of Manitoba, and may the future spell better laws, greater activities, broader views, a perfect understanding between the sexes, and a cooperation for the common good of their fair province.

The Red Cross Society have recommended that they hold a "Linen Day" sometime in the near future. Certainly a very worthy recommendation. Whether Vancouver will be able to respond as they did last year when the Daughters of the Empire had a linen week and shipped twelve tons of linen to the Motherland remains to be seen, but it is worth the effort, and every yard of linen will be needed and welcomed in the near future or we do not understand what is ahead of us. Vancouver will do what she can we are sure.

* * *

On Monday, February 7, the annual meeting of the Local Council of Women will be held in the Wesley Methodist Church. The executive meeting will be held at 9.30 a.m., the general meeting will commence at 10 a.m., election of officers at 11 a.m. At 12 they adjourn for luncheon. At the afternoon session Mrs. Macaulay will address the meeting and at night the evening session which commences at 7.30 p.m., the prizes for garden competition will be presented. Speeches will be delivered and altogether a busy but profitable time is looked forward to by the sixty-seven affiliated societies.

* * *

The Local Council has done splendid work and can always be relied on to do all in their power to advance the claims of the community and try to live up to their motto: "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you."

* * *

Sunday Services

A special memorial service for the late Jas. Esslemont, late roadmaster of the C. P. R., will beheld in the Westminster Presbyterian Church on Sunday next.

In the evening an illustrated sermon with lantern pictures on a very interesting subject has been arranged. The pastor, Rev. J. Richmond Craig, will officiate at both services.

Established 1873 Refined Service
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New Location
Y M C A

Here Are the Standardbearers

Complete List of Candidates Thus Far Nominated for Provincial Election.

Below will be found a tabulated list of all the constituencies which have nominated their candidates for the coming provincial parliamentary elections, along with the names of the gentlemen who are to represent their different parties

Constituency.	Liberal.	Conservative.	Labor & Ind. Conservative.
Alberni	H. C. Brewster	J. G. C. Wood	--------
Atlin	Frank Mobley	H. E. Young	--------
Cariboo	J. Yorston	J. A. Fraser	--------
Chilliwack	E. D. Barrow	S. A. Cawley	--------
Cowichan	-- -----	W. H. Hayward	--------
Columbia	John Buckam	Dr. Taylor	--------
Comox	Hugh Stewart	M. Manson	H. W. Maynard
Cranbrook	Dr. J. H. King	T. D. Caven	--------
Delta	A. D. Patterson	F. J. Mackenzie	--------
Dewdney	John Oliver	W. J. Manson	--------
Esquimalt	--------	R. H. Pooley	--------
Fort George	G. A. Gaskell	G. A. Hamilton	--------
Fernie	A. I. Fisher	W. R. Ross	--------
Greenwood	Dr. C. D. McLean	J. R. Jackson	--------
Grand Forks	J. E. Thompson	E. Miller	--------
Islands	M. B. Jackson	W. W. Foster	--------
Kamloops	F. W. Anderson	J. P. Shaw	--------
Kaslo	John Keen	Neil Mackay ---	--------
Lillooet	J. B. Bryson	Archie McDonald	--------
Nelson	A. M. Johnson	W. R. Maclean	--------
Nanaimo	--------	A. E. Planta	J. H. Haw'waite
No. Okanagan	Dr. K. McDonald	Price Ellison	Basil Gardom
So. Okanagan	Leslie V. Rogers	Mayor Jones	--------
Newcastle	--------	Dr. Doier	--------
N. Westminster	David Whiteside		
Omineca	A. M. Manson	F. M. Dockrill	--------
Revelstoke	Dr. Sutherland	Hon. T. Taylor	--------
Rossland	W. D. Willson	L. A. Campbell	--------
Richmond	G. G. McGeer	W. J. Baird	--------
Saanich	F. A. Pauline	D. M. Eberts	--------
Similkameen	R. S. Conkling	L. W. Shatford	--------
Skeena	T. D. Pattulo	Wm. Manson	--------
Slocan	Chas. F. Nelson	W. Hunter	--------
No. Vancouver	Mayor Hanes	G. H. Morden.	
So. Vancouver	J. W. Weart	Comm'r Campbell	R. H. Neelands
Trail	Michael Sullivan	Jas. A. Schofield	--------
Vancouver	Ralph Smith	W. J. Bowser	W. R. Trotter
	M. A. Macdonald	C. E. Tisdall	J. W. Wilkinson
	P. Donnelly	A. J. Welsh	J. H. McVety
	Dr. McIntosh	Walter Leek	J. E. Wilton
	J. S. Cowper	A. H. Macgowan	F. A. Hoover
	J. W. deB. Farris	Thos. Duke	F. Welsh
Victoria	H. C. Brewster	Mr. Flumerfelt	J. H. Haw'waite
	John Hart	--------	A. J. Morley
	George Bell	--------	--------
	H. C. Hall	--------	--------
Yale	Joseph Walters	Alex. Lucas	--------

Socialist candidates have been nominated as follows: Newcastle, Parker Williams; Comox, J. A. Macdonald; North Vancouver, W. Bennett; Fort George, John McInnes; Slocan, E. T. Kingsley; Fernie, T. O'Connor; Vancouver, J. Harrington, J. Sidaway, C. Lestor, W. A. Pritchard, J. Kavanagh, W. W. Lefeaux; Victoria, P. Williams. Social Democrats in South Vancouver, Ernest Burns.

Correspondence

WHITE FUEL-CONSUMERS' LEAGUE

Sir,—In the interests of all consumers and retailers of staple fuels, a group of householders and citizens have organized a Ku Klux Klan league to cope with the Blacks, I mean the Canadian coal merchants. Alike for locomotive or factory furnace-work, for public or private heating plants, and for kitchens, bakeries or hearth-fires the disgusting use of the forest refuse of prehistoric ages in the form of lump, nut, engine or dust coal, coke or slack is absolutely unnecessary and economically and hygienically undesirable.

There is nothing blacker in all Canadian history than the commercial record of the Nova Scotia coal merchants. Today the coal-sharks of B. C. have beaten even their infamous record.

No advertising manager, outside of a Province accustomed to condoning fuel felonies and coal crimes of every shade of blackness, would have allowed the Vancouver Coal Ring to print what they have set forth today in large type in your columns, as an "apology" for raising the price of coal at one bound 16 per cent, 20 per cent and 22 per cent (the latter outrageous increase falling on the poor man's domestic fuel).

Their apology is "the weather is so bad, the sea is so rough, and the snow is so deep." But they forget that, if they were fit for the important public duty by which they have *been making huge fortunes for fifty* years past, and had made provision for the cold snap which was sure to *come, their profits from the* 400 per cent increase of coal orders which God's weather has brought to their *doors would enable them to snap* their fingers at these difficulties of transport. The result of their discreditable *improvidence* is a "decree" which looks like a damnable cruelty.

I could point out to the coal merchants how without incurring such well-deserved execration as they have done today, they might have maintained their abominable and obselete business at a high rate of profit perhaps for generations.

But the Ku Klux Klan League looks upon coal consumption as a black plague which it is only too anxious to extirpate. Next year the league will hope to have peat fields in working order in this Province. There are several thousand square miles of workable peat within easy reach of Vancouver which the league proposes to survey and take over forthwith.

Meanwhile the best Canadian peat will be supplied at the Ku Klux Klan yards from February 1st next at about one-sixth the price of your coal-merchant's cheapest refuse. Though it has to come thousands of miles one of the advantages of this delightful and odorless fuel is its exceeding lightness. The haulage weight of a carload of peat is about an eightieth part of the same amount of cotl. Peat is noiseless, odorless, intensely calorific and steady in combustion, has no clinkers, yields a 2 per cent refuse of valuable ash, does not soil hands or linen, does not suffer by damp, age or handling, and is said to have a humanising influence upon manners.

I hope that the League will shortly become so powerful in B. C. that we shall cease to use coal in Christian circles, and if we must continue the dismal traffic of the mines, do so for export only to Germans or other niggers, after the war.

Yours, etc.

A. N. ST. JOHN MILDMAY.

1925 10th Ave. W., Jan. 26, 1916.

VOICE CULTURE

(By H. Addington Bruce)

Voice culture is by many people accounted a luxury, a fad. Actually it ought to be one of the basic features of popular education. The widely-held notion that so long as a person has something to say that is worth saying, it doesn't matter how it is said, is a notion demonstrably false and pernicious. Its falsity has been driven painfully home to many a public speaker.

There are *plenty of clergymen*, lawyers and politicians who have been held back in their careers solely because *of deficiency in voice* control. Their inability to speak agreeably, clearly and convincingly has doomed them to minor places, often in spite of great natural gifts.

And, on the other hand, men of mediocre talent have attained distinction through knowing how to manage their voice. By the magic of their vocal powers they have won the favor of a public that would otherwise have been indifferent to them. T he world of politics furnishes particularly numerous instances of this.

But it is not in public speaking only that voice control is of great importance. It is important to every man *in every walk of life, even though he* may never have occasion to make a public address.

For he has to speak to other men, in the way of business and in social intercourse. The more clearly he enunciates his words, the more correctly he pronounces them, the greater his control of vocal intonation, the easier it will be for him to make a favorable impression on others.

Harshness of voice—a common *failing—is always a handicap. So is* lack of flexibility of voice. Unconsciously they suggest mental characteristics *of an undesirable sort.*

Vocal indistinctness similarly has a disquieting effect on the hearer. If *only* by causing him to strain his attention to catch the speaker's words and meaning, it produces an attitude *of impatience*, even antagonism .

To a considerabe extent, in truth, the hearer's reaction to vocal excellencees and defects is justified. Peculiarities of voice often are directly due to peculiarities in the speaker's mode of thinking. Some authorities go so far as to say, with Prof. S. S. Curry, head of the School of Expression, Boston:

"In general, the voice shows the habits, trend of mind, the convictions and the emotions of every individual."

Consequently one of the first things a man should do if he wishes to improve his voice, is to make a candid self-analysis of his mentality and morality.

Should he find himself dominated by any faulty mode of thinking—for example, selfishness, or hardness, or cowardice—the overcoming of this will be a great help to vocal improvement.

Special voice training, however, may be needed to remedy defects in the management of the vocal organs resulting from long misuse. Such training should be sought only from voice teachers of an established reputation.

This will cost some money, but it will be money spent to good purpose, as helping in the removal of a real obstacle to success in one's chosen calling.

A BREEZY LETTER

The following has been received from one of the Slocan boys in the 54th *battalion by the editor of the* "Slocan Record":

Dear Jim,—Am dropping you a few lines to give you some idea of things around here. Well, the first thing is mud, some; rain, more. Once wet, *no chanceto get dry.* Most of our platoon are on the sick list, except Dad and the boys. "Wait until we *get to England,"* was the cry at Vernon; but oh ye gods, one acre of B. C. beats all of this burg! We could *live cheaper in B. C. than we can* here. Any time they see the Maple Leaf up goes the price. They think we are easy. Jake, Pearson, S. Boy and I were in London, "midst the smoke," for a few days. Say, Jim, it wasn't a patch on New Denver or Sandon in the palmy days. They are so slow that fi it got down to zero there would be no one moving. One day in London we were up on the Strand having a stroll. Pearson saw an Australian across the square, and he took off his hat and shouted "Hurrah for Canada!" A bull took him by the arm and said, " no such noise here," so he called a taxi and sent him to his hotel. Do not think it was booze; it was only the fog which was so dense it affected the brain. Then the Londoner doesn't like a full-throated cheer. He can't yell; he just squeaks, and chases farthings. His way is the right way; all others are just crude attempts to imitate him.

I suppose you are surprised at me writing on this paper (Y. M. C. A.), but it is about all we can get right here. You see, I have changed my underclothing. Give my regards to all the boys. Must go to work.

Yours,

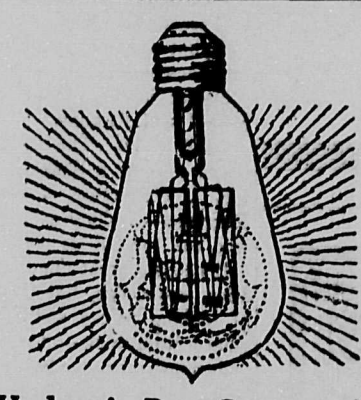
THE HAIRLESS WONDER.

1000 Sacks of "Seal of Quality" Flour

Containing 49 pounds each, to sell for only $1.70 per sack

With the price of flour on the immediate advance, this offer to readers of the "Chinook" to buy flour at this small price should meet with immediate response, for "Seal of Quality" flour is worth $1.70 per sack when buying in carload lots from the mill.

"Seal of Quality" flour is the most nutritious bread flour on the market. It's made of selected Spring Hard Wheat, and contains more gluten than any other flour on the market—it never varies in quality or weight, and can be depended upon at all times to make the whitest, wholesomest, delicious bread possible. Order a sack today—this small lot of 1000 sacks should all be sold in a very little while—it's unusual value.



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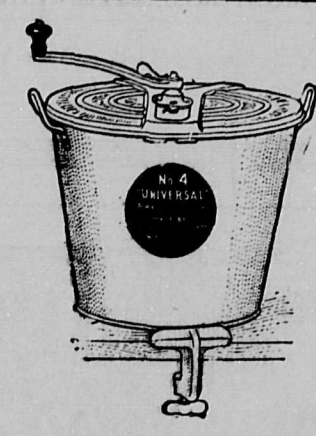

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—You can be sure of making good bread if you use a Universal Bread Mixer. It never fails, it mixes and kneads dough with scientific accuracy, and is so simple that a child can use it. Making bread by hand is laborious and doubtful—try the Universal way—you'll find it pay.

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Classified Advertising

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BROWN BROS. & CO., LIMITED, Seedsmen, Florists, Nurserymen, 48 Hastings St. E., and 782 Granville Street, Vancouver, B. C.

WATCHMAKER

10,000 WATCHES and CLOCKS wanted to clean and repair at the factory, 438 RICHARDS STREET.

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MONEY LOANED, DIAMONDS, Jewelry, etc. A quiet, respectable, reliable place to borrow money. Old gold bought. Established 1905. Star Loan Co., 812 Hastings West.

STOVE REPAIRS

DON'T THROW YOUR OLD Stove away. We handle castings and repairs to fit any stove or range.—FRANKS, 44 Water Street.

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PHONE FAIR. 597 AND OUR DRIVER WILL CALL

TURNER'S DAIRY

SEVENTEENTH AVENUE AND ONTARIO STREET

What Does Mr. Bowser Care About Botany?

It was Ebenezer Elliott, "the Corn Law Rhymer," who wrote a wonderful article on "the magnitude of little things." Strolling down a garden path he saw that to a little insect colony of ants a puddle of water in the path might be an ocean—that a fall of water down a little declivity might have all the grandeur of a Niagara—Ebenezer Elliott was

A MAN WITH A GREAT MIND

And so he was able to see the magnitude, the importance of little things.

Michael Faraday could see that great events spring from small causes. He produced the electric spark, he demonstrated electrical energy.

Electricity. It was a little thing in Faraday's time.

"What is the use of electricity?" said somebody.

"What is the use of a new born babe?" said Faraday.

Good reply! The new born babe might become a Shakespeare, a Milton, a Wellington, a Gladstone, a Kitchener—! Only a little thing, but who can foretell its possibilities?

It needs a great mind, with imagination, knowledge, "the God-like power of looking before and after" to see what a little thing—quiet, unobtrusive, undemonstrative, modest, may lead to.

* * *

In Vancouver, up in the London Block, on Pender Street

A Little Government Department

has for four years been doing a quiet, modest, retiring, useful work. It has hung out no flag, it has no flourish of trumpets for the head of

"The Botanical Office of the Province of British Columbia"

is not a politician—with the "interests" of himself and a host of political friends to look after.

Mr. J. Davidson, F.L.S., F.R.S.E., the Provincial Botanist, is a scientist, he does not figure at Conservative smokers, he does not blazon his name on hotel registers, he has daily pursued the even tenour of his way; building up a botanical department, the value of which is

Known only to a few

because only a few—a very few have the necessary knowledge to appraise and appreciate the work.

To the shame of British Columbia it must be said that until some four years ago the Province of British Columbia had

No Botanical Department.

Here, in a country the wondrous vegetation of which astounded, a century ago, the great botanist, Douglas (after whom the Douglas Fir was named), there was until about four years ago, no "botanical department!

Here in this Pacific region, t which in the reign of Charles the First the old English gardener, John Tradescant, came to see our fruit and flowers, there was no botanical department until Mr. John Davidson came (from Aberdeen University, where he had been engaged in botanical research for twenty years), and on his own initiative, one may say—established it.

British Columbia had harbor boards and timber departments, and fishery departments and departments of mines - of course. There were "chances" here for money, commerce, positions for friends—trade, but "botany"—bah!

"There's nothing in it!"

and so it was not until some four years ago that in a small, modest office, at the top of a block in Pender Street, Mr. Davidson started a botanic department, the value of which, the usefulness of which, the interest of which, the potentialities of which, it requires a great mind to see and understand.

I do not know if in that modest botanic department a register is kept of visitors. I will assume there is such a register—and like Rose Dartle—you remember the Dickens' character—"I ask for information."

How many times did Sir Richard McBride visit the botanic department? How many times has Mr. Bowser visited the botanic department? How many times has Mr. Tisdall visited the botanic department? How many times has Mr. H. H. Stevens visited the botanic department?

Bah! What's the use. Do our members of parliament even know of its existence? It is an unobtrusive educational affair—why bother about it? "There's nothing in it!"

Let us see, from the point of view of one who does not look at "what can be got out of" a government department at once—what this "botanical office"—observe its modest title—has done.

Mr. Davidson has compiled and circulated a valuable pamphlet, "Instructions on the Collection and Preservation of Plants for Private or School Herbaria."

He has sent hundreds, perhaps thousands to work collecting, preserving—with skill and knowledge, the glorious flora of British Columbia. The attention of botanists all over the world has been drawn to the wonderful flora wealth of British Columbia, "a paradise for the botanist." By going out on exploring expeditions in the mountains and by interesting many, very many others, there is collected

Ten thousand mounted specimens

of British Columbia's herbs and flowers. All over the Province, amateurs are sending in specimens, hundreds send specimens to be classified and named—and thousands are being led to take a scientific interest in the glorious science, botany.

Botanic Garden

Mr. Davidson has established a botanic garden. I have no space to describe it, but think British Columbia is doing in a little way what John Tradescant and Hans Sloane did hundreds of years ago. Think of Kew Gardens. The great botanic gardens at Calcutta, think of the botanic gardens at Antwerp, of the United States botanic department with hundreds of assistants—and then see what British Columbia is doing and what it would not have done but for Mr. Davidson—our first and only botanic official expert.

Mr. Davidson has formed a library of books on botany—in four years—but with twenty years knowledge of HOW to form it.

He has equipped his office with cabinets of books, glass specimen jars, filled with specimens.

Look at this:—

The botanical gardener, in his report for this year, says what he has done:—

3,500 cuttings have been prepared of showy or rare species.

216 packets of seeds were sown in seed-boxes, in addition to those sown directly in the beds.

10,000 young plants are being protected in frames during the winter.

7,650 plants are in the garden (including duplicates), numbering over 600 species.

350 specimens in the collection of native trees (approximately thirty different species).

780 specimens were received from different parts of the Province.

425 permanent lead labels have replaced the former wooden ones.

53 habitats have been prepared for bog-plants, and

47 habitats for Dry Belt specimens.

Good Work

At a cost so absurdly small that I am ashamed to mention it—started and brought to its present wonderful position—considering the little time and the little money at his disposal—a botanical department the future usefulness—and value of which even the most sanguine cannot overestimate.

Mr. Davidson has prepared hundreds of lantern slides and delivered lectures on botany—to the delight and instruction of many. The office has issued "Reports" which have won the admiration of botanists, and it is known that our provincial botanist, working with remarkable knowledge—with an enthusiasm and love of his work which no money could purchase.

At the time of the establishment of this office there was no official department in British Columbia which could supply information regarding the native flora. A representative herbarium of the flora of the Province was not to be found nearer than Washington, while the best collection of British Columbia plants was to be found at Ottawa.

There was no university course in botany given in the Province, there being only the elementary one prescribed for high-school students, and, in anticipation of a botanical department for the University of British Columbia, it was considered advisable that some preliminary botanical work should be done in order to facilitate botanical instruction when the department was organized. Part of the work has been the formation of a representative Provincial Herbarium which would supply specimens of the various groups of native plants for a university collection. At the same time, specimens suitable for the botanical museum have been collected and prepared for future use.

Is not this good work?

And why have I thus—at such great length— and with such an attempt at emphasis, drawn attention to the botanical office and its valuable work?

Because it seems that

A Peter Bell is in Office at Victoria.

A primrose by the river's brim,
A simple primrose is to him—
And it is nothing more.

He can understand lumber! He knows the value of timber limits. See what a lot of men have been made rich by them!

Coal—Look at Dunsmuir Castle!
Meat—Look at Pat Burns!
Sugar—Look at Rogers!
But plants, flowers, herbs.
Bah—"There's nothing in it!"

Why the salary of the Provincial botanist, a contractor's clerk would sneer at.

"Let me write the war contracts,
I care not who writes the war songs"

said one "wise guy"—and who cares now about a lot of dried herbs with foreign names?

So—for Reasons of Economy, the Botanical Office is to be abolished.

Do you quite grasp it?

Do you remember the spendthrift English lord who found he was losing thousands in horse-racing, losing thousands at cards, his wife was ruining him with extravagance, his steward and butler were robbing him, the tradesmen were cheating him — he must economise—so he stopped half the cat's milk and took the sugar out of the canary's cage.

Think Of It!

Don't laugh! It's tragedy when that sort of folly is seen in a government!

I shall write no more—today! It is not necessary. It is only necessary to make it known that to SAVE? a few dollars the botanical department is to be shut up—and from those who know and care will come a storm of protest.

—PETER PICKUP.

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12.15	12.50	1.25	2.00	12.28	1.03	1.38	2.13

FAIRVIEW BELT

Lv. B'way and Main for Town				Lv. Post Office for B'way and Main			
11.30	11.37	11.45	11.52	11.51	11.58	12.06	12.13
12.00	12.10	12.20	12.35	12.21	12.31	12.41	12.56
1.10	1.45	2.20		1.31	2.06	2.41	

OUTER BELT

DAVIE LINE

Lv. English Bay				Due Post Office				Lv. 25th Ave.				Due Post Office			
11.30	11.40	11.50	12.00	11.40	11.50	12.00	12.10	11.16	11.26	11.46	12.06	11.36	11.46	12.06	12.25
12.20	12.40	2.00		12.30	12.50	2.10		1.29				1.48			

ROBSON ST. LINE

Lv. English Bay				Due Post Office				Lv. Commercial Drive				Due Post Office			
11.33	11.45	11.57	12.10	11.43	11.55	12.07	12.20	11.12	11.24	11.36	12.40	11.34	11.46	11.58	12.01
1.10	2.10			1.20	2.20			1.40				2.01			

GRANDVIEW—4TH AVENUE LINE

Lv. 4th Ave. and Alma				Due Post Office				Lv. Cedar Cottage				Due Post Office			
11.10	11.20	11.30	11.40	11.31	11.41	11.51	12.01	11.10	11.20	11.30	11.40	11.33	11.43	11.53	12.03
11.55	12.15	12.35	12.55	12.14	12.34	12.54	1.14	11.55	12.15	12.35	12.55	12.16	12.36	12.56	1.16
1.15	1.35	1.55	2.15	1.34	1.54	2.14	2.34	1.15	1.35	1.55	2.15	1.36	1.56	2.16	2.36

FRASER—SHAUGHNESSY

Lv. Shaughnessy Hgts.				Due Powell and Main				Lv. River Avenue				Due Post Office		
11.04	11.16	11.32	11.40	11.32	11.44	12.00	12.08*	11.04*	11.16	11.28*	11.40*	11.18	11.30	11.54
11.52	12.16			12.20	12.44*	1.00		11.52*	12.04	12.15*	12.30†			
								12.50*						

Cars marked (*) go to Prior Barn only.
Cars marked (†) go to Powell St. only.

VICTORIA ROAD LINE

Lv. Stanley Park				Due Post Office				Lv. 56th Avenue				Due Post Office			
11.18	11.33	11.42	11.53	11.25	11.40	11.49	12.00	11.12	11.24*	11.36	11.48*	11.10	11.22	11.34	11.46
12.18				12.25				12.00*	12.15*	12.35*	1.00*	12.10			

Cars marked (*) go to Prior Barn only.

KITSILANO LINE

Lv. Kitsilano				Due Post Office				Lv. Hastings Park				Due Post Office			
11.06	11.20	11.30*	11.40	11.20	11.34	11.44*	11.54	11.06	11.20	11.30*	11.40	11.27	11.41	12.01	12.36
11.55*	12.15*	12.50*		12.09*	12.29*	1.04*		11.55*	12.15	1.25*		1.46			

Cars marked (*) go to Main and Powell only.

HASTINGS EAST—BROADWAY WEST

Lv. Hastings E.				Due Main and Hastings				Lv. Broadway W.				Due Main and Hastings			
11.24	11.36	11.48	11.54*	11.18	11.30	11.42	11.54	11.06	11.18	11.30	11.42	11.30	11.42	11.54	12.06
12.06*	12.18*	12.30*	1.12*	12.06				11.54	12.06†	12.18†	12.30	12.18	12.54		

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