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."

THE PACIFIC AND GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.

WE are informed by the Vancouver PROVINCE that there is little difference between the official Liberal party and the official Conservative party on the question of aid to the Pacific and Great Eastern Railway.

We are further given the hint by Hon. Lorne Campbell that there will be little difference between the Bowser Government and Messrs. Pat Welch and John W. Stewart on the manner of the further subventions to the Pacific and Great Eastern Railway.

Briefly putting it, the Pacific and Great Eastern Railway wants from the treasury of British Columbia the sum of six and a half million dollars. They want it in gold and they want it quick.

Should this money be paid over it would go into the pockets of Messrs. Welch and Stewart and would, supposedly, be used to complete the line from the present head of steel, Clinton, to the Grand Trunk Pacific right-of-way at Fort George.

Now the roadbed of the Pacific and Great Eastern, so far as it has been carried, is a disgrace to Mr. J. W. Stewart, who is one of the best railroad builders in the world. It is full of kinks and three per cent. grades. It turns loop-thee-loops over the canyons and buckles as it crosses flats.

Upon the actual construction of the road, the promoters have spent little real money. The road so far has been built on the profits on groceries, shoes and tobacco sold the men who worked on construction, and it is not making any new ground to say that many of the men employed on the Pacific and Great Eastern between here and Clinton were held in a virtual serfdom.

One with only a rudimentary knowledge of railroading need not take the trouble to personally inspect even that part of the road already completed. Let him visit the Government offices at Victoria and look over the plans filed there and he will see where they have lined out what, if completed according to the blue prints, will indeed be "the rocky road to Dublin."

The policy of the Liberal party upon the question of assistance to railroads is well known.

We do not need Mr. Bowser to tell us through the columns of the PROVINCE what the policy of the party headed by Mr. H. C. Brewster has been in the past and will continue to be.

The people of British Columbia would be obliged to Mr. Bowser for a statement upon the Pacific and Great Eastern situation. Is the steal proposed by Sir Richard to be taken in hand by Mr. Bowser? Have the prospects changed since Sir Richard was overthrown last spring?

IN SOUTH VANCOUVER

THROUGHOUT America the great municipal joke of the past twelve months has been the reeve and council of South Vancouver.

Eastern financiers who have been large purchasers of British Columbia municipal securities have followed with mingled sobs and smiles reports from that particular portion of the reeve belt lying between Vancouver and the North Arm of the Fraser River.

Men in the trenches have watched eagerly for reports from the municipal hall in South Vancouver. The reeve and his council have fought with Jeff and Mutt for first place in the funny columns of the local press.

In all the clubs throughout the country men have told jokes on South Vancouver. The press associations have carried humorous little squibs hither and thither throughout the communities where English is read.

Based on the happenings of the past year in South Vancouver, a book of jokes much smarter than those in the Ford joke book might be written by anyone with intelligence enough to set down bare facts.

In the midst of a heated debate last October when a question of great moment was discussed—a question which actually involved the placing of a knob on the front door of the hall—the reeve attacked a councillor, saying, "A ——— of a fine mechanic you are! I investigated where you worked for five years and de boss told me dat you hadn't brains enough to drive a nail!"

"True," replied the honorable gentleman who was attacked, "but you may take it from me, your worship, that I can grow hair on the top of my head and that is a damned sight more than you can do."

Whereupon the unwashed mob who filled the chamber burst forth in jeers for the councillor and cheers for the reeve.

One whole month of the people's time and much of the people's money was spent deciding whether the municipal automobile should be placed upon jacks, have the water taken out of the radiator and wind out of the tires.

The reeve during this crisis declared that the car, like himself, should stand upon its own wheels. But councillors were for the unwinding and jacking up of both his worship and the five-passenger. The upshot of it was that the luminary in the reeve belt was deprived temporarily of his official equippage.

One of the features of the administration was the quarrelling between reeve and councillors regarding the use of the King's English.

His worship made numerous onslaughts against the representative from Ward Two, directing and focusing his verbal artillery upon the honorable gentleman's grammar.

"Ratepayers," yelled His Worship one hot afternoon in July, after the council had been in session for four hours. "Ratepayers, sich gr-r-r-rammar as he uses, I have never saw." Then turning to the councillor and giving him the optical dotted line: "Where in ——— did you get learnt sich gr-r-r-ammar?"

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Were it not so serious, the proceedings at the Municipal Hall during the past year might actually be regarded as funny. The gravity of the situation may dawn upon one when it is found out that for the past year the place has been actually bordering upon a state of anarchy.

The powers of the police have been usurped by the reeve who has repeatedly called upon the ratepayers "to do their duty." Mob rule has accompanied many of the council meetings during the past year.

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It would be difficult to decide just where responsibility for the situation in South Vancouver affairs may be placed. The reeve, a blatant, arrogant, unscrupulous sort of fellow as he is, cannot be given the whole blame. Nor can the councillors, several of whom are worthy public officials, sincere in their desire to serve the community honestly and to the best of their ability.

Hundreds of workingmen are voters in South Vancouver and to these citizens, many of whom are out of work and have been in want, unscrupulous candidates have made big promises of employment after election. The present reeve was most successful in working the usual appeal to the poorer classes. His work was got in before the more reliable section of the community awakened to the actual condition of affairs.

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The situation in South Vancouver is not only of local interest. Every municipality in the Province is affected by the terrible reputation given South Vancouver. Point Grey, Burnaby, Vancouver and all the municipalities neighboring South Vancouver are advised by the financial men abroad that the vaudeville which goes on from day to day in South Vancouver is seriously knocking the value of all British Columbia municipalities.

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All persons, old and young, who have a vote in South Vancouver should turn out this year and do their bit in bringing back decency, law and order in that splendid suburban district. Fortunately there will be only two candidates for the reeveship. The present incumbent will be opposed by Mr. William Winram.

It is not necessary for the SATURDAY CHINOOK to state that Mr. Winram is a man who stands well in the community. He comes of a good old Manitoba family and once upon a time his father was speaker of the Manitoba Legislature. If there is Puritan blood in Mr. Winram's veins, so much better for South Vancouver.

The Social Service Council, an organization made up of representatives from all the churches, has endorsed Mr. Winram. The Women's Forum have endorsed him. The Ratepayers' Associations have endorsed Mr. Winram. In fact behind him are all those people who are anxious to see the moral and material welfare of the municipality improved. Mr. Cosmo Bruce, the third candidate, has magnanimously withdrawn in favor of Mr. Winram. Mr. Bruce was opposite in most things to Mr. Winram, but is turning in with the other respectable forces to endeavor to make Mr. Winram's campaign a successful fight.

THE LAND FOR THE PEOPLE.

DR. WESBROOK, head of the University of British Columbia, has placed before the Government a plan to fit returned soldiers for the occupation of tilling the land. Dr. Wesbrook's plan is good, but should be extended. It would be well if the Government would undertake a plan to fit for the profession of agriculture all residents of the province who desire to go upon the land. Having done this, it is for the Government to tear open the land for the people. We do not urge that all men out of work should be taken in charge by the Government, treated as objects of charity and fed with a silver spoon. We say that the man able to till the soil or engage in any branch of productive industry, should be taught by the Government to help himself.

If the Government of British Columbia gave encouragement to the men on the land, or willing to go on the land on a basis equal to the encouragement already given railroad outfits and planned for steamboat people, the country would not be without food today, at the mercy of the outside world for provisions, unable to feed herself.

An intelligent system of rural credits would solve the great basic problem before the people of British Columbia.

Everybody agrees that they should be house-owners and all-agree that landlordism isn't good for a country. To place people upon the land, and make them self-supporting is the great problem.

New Zealand, to whom we in British Columbia are beholding today for our butter and cheese and mutton, has given to the world a solution of this problem that stands as a monument of the greatest constructive development known to Christian civilization. It has advanced over fifty million of dollars in helping the homesteader to help himself. It struggled along with empires of sheep pastures in the possession of land barons and tenantry commenced to stare them in the face of their very existence. Landlordism and tenantry was their bugaboo. Here is what New Zealand did. Instead of setting the homesteader down on a raw tract of land with the wolves and bears like we do in B. C., she first fenced the land, second, built a comfortable house and barn, cleared the land and made it ready for seeding the very day the homesteader arrived.

Now don't think they gave the homesteader anything in the way of charity in this transaction. It is no more nor less than rural delivery in Canada. They gave the homesteader a long-time credit under the amortization plan—allowed him thirty-five years within which to pay back to the Government the amount it had advanced in placing these improvements on the land. The homesteader paid each year 4 1-2 per cent. interest on the amount expended by the Government on the land, as an annuity, and in such a manner that at the expiration of the thirty-five year term the advance or loan was liquidated. Fifty millions of dollars have already been so advanced to the thousands of homesteaders in New Zealand, and the Government loss has been a negligible quantity.

BACK FROM THE FRONT

WE were paid a visit this week from Lieut. Macdonald, son of Mr. Charles Macdonald, well known local barrister. Lieut. Macdonald has been in the trenches and is home recovering from several wounds from shrapnel. He went away from Vancouver with the Seaforths in August of 1914, and was hurt at Festubert. The shell that caught him also caught young Douglas Armour of Vancouver, and they were both carted away to the hospital. One of the pleasant things about Lieut. Macdonald is that he does not find fault with the management of the British Army nor does he lay claim to having led ten thousand men into a valley of certain death. He doesn't do any blowing nor is he willing to give interviews to the press relating to all that he saw while away. He has done his bit for the Empire and now that his wounds have healed up he is getting ready to leave his comfortable home, his dear monther and sisters and genial father to go back again to the firing line. An interview with Lieut. Macdonald helps to remove some of the horrors from war. His repose and cheerfulness makes you sorry that you, too, can't get away. There was one Macdonald who in France rose from a private to the place of Field Marshal of the Grand Army. Young Lieutenant Macdonald is upholding the splendid traditions of a noble clan.

MAYOR TAYLOR'S ATTACK UPON McBEATH FAILS

MAYOR TAYLOR did not add to his prestige when he issued his affidavit charging Alderman McBeath with endeavoring to grab the whiskey vote. The mayor's friends have heretofore considered him to be above such petty tactics.

A good character is a valuable asset and Alderman McBeath's record is sufficient to withstand even the assaults of the Mayor of Vancouver.

Alderman McBeath declared war upon the whiskey vote many years ago and early in the campaign, he gave open battle to the saloons, and throughout the past year he has been one of the leaders in the fight for prohibition.

The following affidavit issued by the alderman refuting the charges of Mayor Taylor was published in the evening papers of Tuesday. It is a complete answer:—

Dominion of Canada,
Province of British Columbia.
To Wit:

I, MALCOLM McBEATH, of the City of Vancouver, in the Province of British Columbia, DO SOLEMNLY DECLARE:

(1) THAT I have read in the morning newspapers what purports to be a Statutory Declaration made by L. D. Taylor, the Mayor of Vancouver, wherein he makes the statement that I had approached him with a view to getting him to secure the support of the liquor people in my mayoralty campaign.

(2) I say positively and distinctly that the statements made in the said Declaration by the said L. D. Taylor are untrue and have no foundation in fact. No such conversation ever took place nor have I, at any time, asked him or anyone else to endeavor to secure for me the support of the liquor interests.

(3) I verily believe that it was intended to have the said Declaration published at the last moment when it would be too late for me to reply to it.

AND I MAKE THIS SOLEMN DECLARATION conscientiously believing the same to be true and knowing that it is of the same force and effect as if made under oath and by virtue of the Canada Evidence Act.

DECLARED before me at the City of Vancouver, in the Province of British Columbia this Eleventh day of January, A. D. 1916.

(Signed) M. McBEATH.

(Signed) F. G. T. LUCAS,
A Commissioner for taking affidavits within British Columbia.

THE REEVESHIP

William Winram, the people's candidate. His election will mean courteous treatment of all persons having business dealings with South Vancouver and orderly meetings of the council.

A vote for Winram is a vote against mob rule at the Municipal Hall.

THE "TRAIL NEWS" IS GOOD NEWS

WE have received a copy of the TRAIL NEWS, published at Trail, B. C., edited by Mr. W. B. Willcox, a veteran editor, who was editing newspapers in British Columbia before the SATURDAY CHINOOK or its editor was born. The TRAIL NEWS bears glad tidings within its columns. The Boundary Country is busy, the merchants are advertising and everything in the mining belt seems to be humming.

THE POOREST MAN PAYS TAXES

THE man who pays no direct taxes believes he is not interested in the subject; he believes taxes are paid by the rich, and often encourages high taxes because of this belief.

It has been discovered that if a man pays twelve dollars a month rent, at least three of it goes as taxes on the property occupied; and of course the renter pays. The grocer who sells the poor man supplies is forced to add a considerable per cent. to pay his taxes. So if taxes are unnecessarily high, the poor man pays his share.

BY THE WAY

MILITARY DRAFTS LIKE bank drafts have to be met regardless of their popularity.

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WHATEVER ELSE MAY be said about the Ford dove of peace, it cannot be charged with being a squabless bird.

* * *

SINCE HIS RECENT MARRIAGE President Wilson is more firmly convinced than ever of the wisdom of discreet neutrality.

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EMINENT BOOZOLOGISTS HAVE traced the origin of the recent earth tremors in the Pacific coast prohibition states to the sudden buckling of the dry belt.

* * *

CONFISCATION WITHOUT COMPENSATION is the outstanding feature of German diplomacy. Numerous complaints of the trouble have already been made concerning the 1916 Model Water Wagon.

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EASTERN VISITORS MAY not be aware that the present slight suggestive of cold weather was specially arranged for their benefit. A sudden change from a frigid to a semi-tropical zone would be disastrous, and the controllers of the temperature on the coast have made special arrangements with Old Probs for graduation by degrees.

* * *

TALKING OF THE municipal elections—It would now be in order for some one to bring on some scrip.

* * *

SOME PEOPLE PAY real money for votes, but the wise man issues scrip. It's scrip that keeps the dinner pail full.

* * *

GENERAL VILLA OFFERED a hundred thousand dollars worth of his Mexican scrip the other day for $4.80. The only man in the market for scrip at that time was the director of a moving picture producing company camped outside of Los Angeles.

* * *

THE SATURDAY CHINOOK, having pointed out a reliable and progressive candidate for mayor, the Vancouver World did not falter long in getting in line.

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THE FEDERATIONIST, the organ of the unions, is alliterative in its assault upon the World. "Bought body, bones and breeches," says the Federationist. Why not put the rest of the allegation in alliterative form, i. e., by Bloody Billy Bowser.

* * *

WHEN DICK McBRIDE was made a knight, everyone in New Westminster wondered. What will they say now that he is made a general?

* * *

FAULTS OF CANDIDATES for Mayoralty: Mr. Martin, too modest and reserved; Mr. Hepburn, too genial and hail-fellow-well-met; Mr. McNeill, too pessimistic and old-fashioned; Mr. Kirkpatrick, too straight-laced and independent; Mr. McBeath, also too modest and reserved.

* * *

THE POINT GREY GAZETTE rises to point out that "Though the Birth of a Nation took place in Vancouver last week, the population has fallen off by 10,000. "Ladner, B.C.," says the GAZETTE, "does a goldarned sight better than Vancouver. There was an increase of five in Ladner last week."

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MR. BOWSER isn't in favor of prohibition, but every chance he gets he beats it to the dry belt.

* * *

IT IS SAID that a certain Tommy Tulk went to the city of Kamloops, in the Dry Belt, to see Mr. Bowser re Vancouver elections.

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"WE WANT TO get the machine—to borrow the machine to elect Kirkpatrick," it is reported that Mr. Tulk said.

* * *

"YOU DO, DO YOU?" said Mr. Bowser, dryly. "Well, you'll have to be mighty careful of it, because I loaned it to Jim Findlay one time and he broke it all to hell."

* * *

WE'RE SURPRISED THAT Mr. Bowser should use such language. But any man that would be as rude as our premier when he referred to Agent-General Turner and his prayers is apt to say almost anything.

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DUKE AND LEEK are machine candidates for the License Commission. They have the saloon vote behind them.

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THE COURTENAY REVIEW contains this week a suggestion that the local postmaster be ousted from office and that his place be given to a returned soldier.

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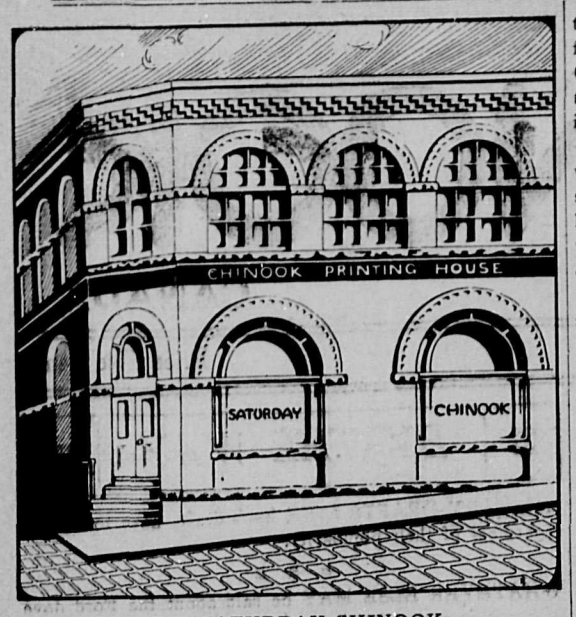
PROSPECTIVE COUNCILLOR ALMAS was addressing the citizens of Collingwood East. "I stand," said he, "for entrenchment at the municipal hall when I get in."

* * *

A French resident of Vancouver, belonging to Nancy, tells of how he was playing as a child of seven, just after the Franco-Prussian war, in the streets of that town of Alsace-Lorraine. A German officer, attended by a few men, was riding through the streets, and just as he happened to pass the child, a piece of wood with which the latter had been playing, flew up as it was struck by the bat and chanced to alight on the officer. The fellow enraged at the incident leant forward and laid the child's head open with his sword and rode on. The poor lad ran indoors and can recall his mother seizing his father as he threatened to reach for a weapon and wreak vengeance on the brute. There is much similar testimony to show that the Prussian spirit is not a newly-sprung growth, but has its roots in instinctive tendencies of the race, that among the military caste have not been subjected to any repression.



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FATHER AND SON.

We all talk of the influence of a good mother on the life of her son; but a good father is of equal or greater importance. A father knows more of the real problems that will confront his son; some of the lessons instilled into a boy's mind by his mother are too sentimental, and he finds it necessary to unlearn them.

I often think, with as much fairness as I can command, that had my father taught me properly, I might have avoided some of the gravest mistakes of my life. Much that I did not know until I was thirty—much that I was compelled to learn myself, as the result of humiliation and injury—he might have taught me without much trouble to himself. He taught me nothing except religion; the simple and important amenities of life he thought little of, and practiced few of them. And his conception of religion was keeping out of hell. He had the false notion that sin was alluring and pleasant, instead of the nasty thing it really is. He used tobacco himself, but didn't tell me the folly of it; he let me believe it was a pleasure he denied me. And of course I learned the habit, and have regretted it ever since. He was a good-natured man away from home, but around our house he was a glum avenger, and always had a stick handy for instant use. I may have been worse than other boys, but don't believe I was.

If this should meet the eye of a father of young boys, I hope he will think over the necessity of directing them in such a way that they will think of him gratefully and affectionately in manhood. Boys do not object to teaching if it is offered in the right way. A thing I greatly admire is real affection between father and son; and it is, I am ashamed to say, unusual. Every man knows how important a little common sense is, and should not neglect to give his sons the benefit of the little he possesses. A son who has not been properly taught by his father has a grievance he will never forget.—W. Howe's Monthly.

CANADA FACES NEW YEAR WITH OPTIMISM.

A well-informed student of Canadian economics points out that Canada is entering the New Year with conditions very much in her favor. Since war broke out, something like a billion dollars has either come into the country, or is well on the way. This is made up of about $400,000,000 which Canada has borrowed from Britain and elsewhere, and of war orders which have been placed with Canadian manufacturers to the extent of approximately $600,000,000. War orders, particularly those connected with ammunitions, have placed our basic industries on a stronger footing than ever before, and while munition orders carrying high profits may be a thing of the past, the result is that manufacturers find themselves with overdrafts down to a minimum and with plenty of cash on hand, either for purposes of dividends or for enabling them to extend their exports. The result of the domestic loan proved conclusively that there is plenty of money in the country—more than ever before. The West is optimistic—and believes that a more extensive knowledge of agricultural methods, combined with a much enlarged crop area, should enable Canada to duplicate this year's crop record in 1916.—Financial News Bureau.

HOW DEPOSITS STAND.

According to the chartered bank statement for November 30th, and issued late in December by the government, the deposits stood at the record total of $1,463,200,000. Of these $132,000,000 were foreign and the remainder domestic. The banks holding over fifty million stand as follows:

Bank of Montreal	$283,000,000
Bank of Commerce	221,000,000
Royal Bank of Canada	174,000,000
Bank of Nova Scotia	84,000,000
Union Bank of Canada	82,000,000
Merchants Bank of Canada	79,000,000
Dominion Bank	71,000,000
Imperial Bank of Canada	66,000,000
Bank of Toronto	55,000,000
Bank of British North America	51,000,000

These deposits total more than a hundred millions in excess of the same date in 1914—a most remarkable showing.

WOMEN VOLUNTEERS.

Now that Sir Robert Borden has decided to ask parliament to increase the Canadian army, for overseas service, to 500,000 men, the women of Canada are called upon to further sacrifices. Not only must they increase their Red Cross and hospital supplies, but they must supply volunteers for office, store and factory work. The call is coming, and the women must prepare to meet it.

In Great Britain there are munition factories where the work is done entirely by women volunteers—some of them society women who never before earned a dollar in their lives. This was brought about by the Women's Societies who asked for and secured 100,000 women volunteers, most of whom were put to work at munitions.

Canada must have a similar movement. All the franchise and anti-franchise associations should be busy on the problem. If the men are to be released for the firing line, the women must take their places as bread-winners. They have done it in Germany, in France and in Great Britain, and they will do it in Canada as soon as the need is clear. In the meantime, Canada's leading women should be making their plans for a great volunteer movement.—Canadian Courier.

WHAT OF VANCOUVER?

Many people think a civic debt is not a burden. The people of Toronto, for example, seem to believe that it costs the taxpayer nothing to issue bonds, and they are rather proud of the fact that their civic debt is around sixty million dollars. They forget that it costs them more than three millions a year to carry it.

The same spirit permeates Montreal. Out of a budget of twelve millions just passed by the City Council, as the estimated expenditure for 1916, five million dollars is for interest. What a lot could be done with that five millions, if the city had been wise enough not to contract a huge debt which it never can pay off?—Canadian Courier.

A CHARGE THAT FAILED

Telegraphic reports from the East elaborated on a charge made in Men's Wear, a Toronto trade journal, that, through political influence, a real estate man got a contract for the military service and then farmed it out at a profit of about $20,000. Mr. James Acton, publisher of Men's Wear, was summoned to appear before Sir Charles Davidson, who is examining into a number of the suspicious transactions, horse deals, etc. Mr. Acton failed to produce evidence to warrant his charge. Counsel for Mr. Acton appeared before the commissioner, explained that he could not secure the attendance of a partner who was stated to have seen a document which would go to prove there was some ground for the charge, and admitted that "perhaps" his client rushed blindly into print. Counsel also declared that he had been instructed that "if the article complained of bore the construction of reflecting in an improper manner upon the Government or any M.P., or suggested improper dealings, the writer had no such intention."

With so much proven corruption, and so much charged jobbery that has not yet been investigated, there is no doubt a disposition on the part of the press and public to take serious stock in such a charge as that made by a man supposedly close to the trade. It would appear, very plainly, that Mr. Acton had little ground for his charge, and it is only fair to the Government, as well as the purchasing commission, that the outcome of the Acton charges should be given the very widest publicity.—Winnipeg Tribune.

A LAND OF MILK AND HONEY

Dave Purvis was in town the forepart of the week and to the Herald he advanced the information that he had on his ranch at Four Mile Creek, demonstrated that the soil and climate in this district were well adapted to the culture of sugar beets. For the past two years he has very successfully grown different varieties at his ranch. He believes that there is a future here for the sugar beet industry. A number of other farmers should try sugar beets next season and satisfy themselves. All that is necessary to get a sugar beet factory established here is production of sufficient beets, and a farmer or two need never imagine that he and a couple of his neighbors can flood the market. To supply one factory requires a very large acreage and the labor of many men. It is a profitable business and an ideal one for the farmer who has the land and is willing to work.

Mr. Purvis has a fine piece of land just across the Bulkley river from New Hazelton. He has a number of acres under cultivation now and last fall and this winter he is continuing his clearing and will have at least fourteen acres under the plow next season.

Dave is also an enthusiastic horticulturist and has a lot of different small fruits and next spring will set out quite a number of trees.—Omineca Herald.

BRITISH COLUMBIA'S BRIGHT MINING PROSPECTS

Seventeen months ago, when a fair sample of hades broke loose across the briny, all industries throughout the Dominion were paralyzed. No one knew what the immediate future would bring forth and one man's guess was as good as another's. Things commercially looked dark indeed, and particularly so in the metalliferous districts.

In a few months, however, the readjustment process began and soon it became apparent that one of the great outstanding facts was an increased demand for all the metals. The mining and smelting industries, which had been none too brisk before the outbreak of the conflict and which almost stopped in August, 1914, began to feel the effects of the increased and increasing demand for anything and everything in the way of lead, zinc, copper, gold, iron and other metals. By the irony of fate British Columbia was destined to have its chief industry—that of its metal mines—feel the greatest impetus it had known in the history of the province.

Smelters began to demand more ore as the prices of metals rose; mines working moderately were pushed to the fullest capacity, and properties long dormant took on new life and activity. In short, the entire industry felt the revivifying impetus of the war orders pouring into the Dominion. Business assumed a more roseate hue and the quickening effect was and is felt throughout the province and the Dominion.

Possibly no place of its size was more directly and beneficially affected than Trail. Not only was the present modern and up-to-date smelter crowded to its greatest capacity, but copper convertors were installed and the construction of a zinc treatment plant undertaken, with other improvements entailing, it is said, a cost of over a million dollars. The latter will doubtless shortly be turning out Spelter, the first in Canada, with almost inexhaustible supplies of ore to feed it.

Better than the above, however, is the fact, now conceded and generally apparent, that, were the war to end tomorrow, the price of metals would remain at a profitable figure for years to come. The practical rebuilding of Europe already assures this—and the war's end is not yet in sight. Never was there a better average price obtained for all the metals, and never was the outlook as promising or on a more solid and lasting basis. British Columbia's prospects for 1916 for the affiliated metal and coal mining industries is surely as bright as any one could wish.—Trail News.

IS CANADA SHOCKED?

How long, oh, how long, is Canada to continue to be shocked, humiliated and disgraced by disclosures of grafting and extortion in connection with war and other public contracts?—Regina Leader.

TOMMY ATKINS, TEMPERANCE CRUSADER

England is in the throes of a gigantic temperance crusade. Zealous Mrs. Grundys (of both sexes) stand guard over public house entrances courting and classifying the men and women who enter.

Many of the women are mothers whose unfortunate little ones must, by law, remain on the pavement outside the saloon. The sight is one of the most pitiable and shocking in England.

Even Mr. Thomas Atkins, home on leave and painstakingly temperate while in khaki, is taking a hand in the country-wide temperance crusade.

There is a classic tale of how two Tommies acted as crusaders:

Woolwich, the arsenal city, is crammed with munition workers. Outside one gaudy public house a "lady" left her baby in a rather superior perambulator. The "lady" entered the pub. The baby remained in the pram. Presently another "lady" came along with HER baby in a rather inferior pram. She steered it alongside the first pram and went into the bar.

Two young soldiers came along, looked in at the tippling mothers and silently decided upon a military raid on the temporarily abandoned babies. Without a thought of compunction they changed the babies, carefully covered them from the cold, grinned—and disappeared.

One "lady" came out, laid hands on the pretentious pram and walked hastily away.

The second lingered unconscionably in the pub, and on emerging turned HER perambulator in the opposite direction.

And what happened then? Woolwich is a large city, crammed with strange workers and fairly stocked with babies.

"'Ere's 'oping them loidies went an' took the pledge," said the two Tommies.

THE LESSON

"DRINK DID IT," says the burglar before his judge in court.

"DRINK DID IT," says the cashier found short in his accounts.

"DRINK DID IT," says the woman picked up in the streets.

"DRINK DID IT," says the homicide.

"DRINK DID IT," says the man once well-to-do, as he applies for a ticket to the county house.

Will his DRUNKARD'S LICENSE save the burglar from prison?

Will his DRUNKARD'S LICENSE make good the cashier's shortage and restore him to his place of trust and standing in society?

Will HER DRUNKARD'S LICENSE give the woman of the street back to the mother from whim she drifted to a life of shame, with the white-lighted cafe the first stepping stone?

Will his DRUNKARD'S LICENSE wipe the stain from the homicide's hand or restore his victim to life?

Will his DRUNKARD'S LICENSE give back to the almhouse inmate his squandered fortune?

Will his DRUNKARD'S LICENSE give back his reason to the poor devil who hisses through the bars of the asylum door: "DRINK DID IT?"

J. D. McNEILL

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LADY VAN'S PAGE

ABOUT THINGS IN GENERAL

Chilly? My word! Not Vancouver weather at all, but some vagrant brand imported from the prairies. So chilly that a topdeck, outside stateroom on a speedy C. P. R. steamer might be comfortabe in spite of steam heat. We Vancouverites certainly do look askance at weather that is any relation whatever to cold.

"Very well, we will change," said Mr. Van, and straightway secured a cozy stateroom on the first deck.

Sa far so good.

In the middle of a first nap one became dimly conscious of a rumble like unto young thunder. Then came a yell, a laugh and an imitation of an officer calling attention, and one woke to the realization that soldiers—many soldiers (three hundred in all, so we learned later) had come on board. Patience became a bedside virtue, since it was thought when the boat moved out, less row might at least prevail.

Vain hope. Only about half of the lads in khaki had staterooms, the remainder seeing that they could not sleep, evidently did not intend that anyone else should sleep either. It was fun for them—no end of it, but the rest of us lost a considerable amount of our patriotic good feelings before 3 a.m. at which hour the commander in desperation ordered all lights out.

The moral of the above takes the form of a warning. If travelling to Victoria, love our soldier boys all you want to, but book a topdeck stateroom early and take no chances. The steamship company will keep you warm.

Victoria, fair city of Vancouver Island, still sits on the same spot on the map, in spite of the many winds that whoop in from hither and yon, and anywhere else it can blow from, and try to shift it.

It has grown, too, has our Capital City since last I tried to go shopping among its stores. Poor old Government street looking like a second best, is fast giving way to Yates and Douglas Streets. The second city of British Columbia (in size) has been fortunate in securing branches or "other halves" of three of our largest Vancouver stores. You can now patronize Spencer's and Drysdale's there, while the Hudson's Bay is erecting a beautiful building, a fair rival to the one in Vancouver, and which is expected to be open to the public very soon.

The policemen in Victoria should have about four inches cut off the bottom of their coats. At present they resemble near kimonas for length.

Patriotic people in Vancouver should copy Victoria in having "superfluous" sales. This means a sort of rummage sale on a first class scale. Anyone who has anything of real value that could be spared, or they would be willing to do without—or one would be willing to part with for one's country's sake, is sent to a central depot and there sold either by auction or straight sale.

At present a store has been secured and put in charge of a competent person. An article sent in has its price put on it so that purchasers can see it at once—and take it or leave it.

This is a plan that is apparently working out most astisfactorily. People have sent in beautiful things; from valuable books to pearl necklaces and magnificent lacquered cabinets. In many cases people cannot give money, but they are willing to give up some of their most valued possessions for the good of the Empire. It reminds me of other days we have read about, when people offered their precious gems and gold and silver for a good cause.

It snowed in Victoria the day Sir Richard McBride set out for London town. Difficult to believe but true. The fleecy stuff is something almost unknown in the Capital City, and believe me the citizens looked sideways at it as it fluttered down as if quite at home—more than that—expected. A chilly farewell one might call it, and by no means a pleasant last impression for Sir Richard to take away with him.

I wanted very much to shake hands with out British Columbia London representative. but not even for that pleasure would I stand out in that storm. My front room windows at the Empress had to be reserved seats for the occasion.

About 2 p.m. the Highlanders regularly stationed at Victoria, came along, brave with pipe and brass bands. A fine looking lot of men, but apparently well trained. They formed an avenue from Government street to the wharf. Next to them the B. C. Horse (afoot) took their place. devil-may-care fellows, ready for anything, and not yet outfitted with uniforms. After them came a regular regulars. These last finished up the avenue directly in front of the hotel. It was a splendid two lines of men, all evidently chafing to be off to the war fields.

Then came Sir Richard in his automobile, and every soldier lifted his hand in salute and gave a lusty cheer. In spite of that, however, it was forced home to one that it was a case of "The king is dead, long live the king," as there was but a mere handful of people at the wharf to see the man who has lived among them so long, leave for his new home. He was no more use to them, let him go.

An eye-witness at the wharf, however, told me that the few who came out to bid Sir Richard bon voyage, were evidently real friends, and many a manly face—especially among the older generation, was wet with tears as he wrung his ex-leader's hand for the last time.

Well, adieu, Sir Richard, may you make fewer mistakes in your new sphere than you did in the one in which you were born and bred. No one can ever say you were not always a loyal friend—after that—enough said.

"The steward's compliments and would Lady Van like to visit the hotel kitchens while dinner is being served?" Lady Van would, and for nearly an hour was vastly interested.

First we went to the butcher department, where an extra large-sized Chinaman was in charge. He showed me row after row of meats in cold storage all ready to be cooked to any patrons' taste.

"Ah, Hamburg steak," I said, pointing to a huge pan of the cut-up meat.

Quick as a jash came the answer. "No, no, Petrograd."

Potatoes such as only British Columbia can grow, and which resembled turnips in size, interested me in the vegetable room, which in spite of its nature, was very clean.

Baking and pastry rooms were warm and clean and a thousand or more little fat rolls can be baked at one time in the huge ovens.

Everything that can be done with electricity, is so managed. Knife cleaners, silver buffers and dish washers that would make the average housekeeper's heart beat with envy. Dishes are placed in huge openwork baskets, and by means of electricity and a lever are soused into soapy water, then swung over to a boiling clear water tank, and by the time they are put on the drying racks, do not even need to be polished.

Huge gas broilers and toasters gave foth savory aromas, only rivalled by the giant stock-pots. The smiling white chef and his assistants were only too eager to show their various departments, with the evident assurance that no fault could be found, as cleanliness and order prevailed everywhere.

The ballroom at the Empress is one of the most lovely color schemes I have yet seen. Pink and green in soft pastel shades prevail and blend into an ivory that is warm and rich. Huge Donegal rugs that are a joy, cover the floor when it is not in use for a dance. The ceiling is mostly glass, and hanging from it are immense globes made out of cut crystal, inside which pink and green and white lights are cunningly arranged.

The only thing lacking in this room is a balcony or gallery. Otherwise it is a dream of simplicity and good taste, and Victoria dancers are to be congratulated on having such a fine place for the amusement which is musically accompanied.

The rotunda of the Empress hotel in Victoria seems to be the general meeting place of Vancouver people; one meets somebody from the Terminal City at every turn. Not to be wondered at perhaps, when one considers the fame of the hotel as being one of the most comfortable of all the C. P. R. system.

From my windows, the inner harbor, busy with boats of several lines, was a never-ending source of interest. One of the G. T. P. liners, with its saucy cruiser stern, gave such a visit. Over across the houses one could see the huge blue funnel of a ship of the famous line of that name.

Away across the inner harbor the C. N. R. is blasting a path for itself to the water's edge. Victoria may be quiet at heart, but there is a decided fluttering among its outside frills.

And now we have the civic elections with us again, and five male citizens are making a grand rush for the mayoralty chair, while no end of other taxpayers are keen to occupy the lesser honor—an aldermanic chair. Every one of the mayorality candidates seems to have been. specially built to fit the mayor's chair, and be decorated with such a golden chain as never was—in Canada. It looks to be safe betting on each and every man (according to his supporters). Election day will tell, however, and next week—I'm strong for the new mayor—perhaps.

LADY VAN.

PARLIAMENTARY VOTING REFORM

Earl Grey some years ago directed considerable public attention in Canada to the quesion of Proportional Representation. Interest in the subject was revived last week by the address given in the city by Mr. John H. Humphreys, secretary of the Proportional Representation Society of London, England, of which Earl Grey is president, and with which the Proportional Representation Socity of Canada is affiliated. Mr. Humphreys is completing a tour of the Overseas Dominions, where he has studied the actual working of the scheme in South Africa, Tasmania and elsewhere.

Mr. Humphreys said:—"Apart from the question of the war, there is no question more important than that of the method of electing our parliaments. The British nations cannot go on without parliaments, and yet the question of the efficiency of our parliaments and of democracy itself has been raised in this war. Has parliament lost prestige? We must show the efficiency of democracy. We believe that the present method of election is responsible for the decline in the confidence of parliament, and many of the evils from which democracy suffers are due to this.

In two respects the present method is defective.

First: the results are unfair. Second: it restricts unduly the liberty of the elector and of the candidate, and in so doing makes for the inefficiency of parliament.

As an illustration of the unfairness of the present system, take this Province of B. C. At the last election 37 per cent. of the electors, viz., those who voted Liberal, secured no spokesman in the house. To all intents and purposes they were disenfranchised. Similar conditions prevail elsewhere in Canada. Sometimes this has led to serious results, e.g., in Ireland, where political differences have been enhanced and minorities both in the North and in the South have "lost their vote" for 30 years. Thus has been built up a rigid wall which has separated Ireland into hostile camps and has raised enormous difficulties for British statesmen. These unhappy results may possibly arise in Canada, as in Quebec and Ontario, where racial and religious divisions may be carried with all their passions into Parliament. The present system makes for the disenfranchisement of minorities.

Again there is no guarantee under the existing mechanism, that the majority of electors in any large area will be able to exercise their due share of power. In the last election in England in the counties of Kent, Surrey and Sussex, 134,000 Liberals who voted failed to secure any representative, though the counties returned 30 members. In Scotland a minority of 227,000 voters secured only 11 seats. Even in this case a slight change of a few thousand votes would have disfranchised a quarter of a million citizens.

In Sheffield the Conservatives won 3 seats with majorities of less than 200 each, while the other 2 seats were captured by the Liberals with majorities of over 2000 each. So it would be quite possible in such a riding for a parliamentary agent to so devise the boundaries of the constituency that only Liberals would be returned, for Sheffield gave a total majority of about 3,400 Liberal votes. Such a result would be highly unfair to the great numbers of voters who did not vote Liberal.

Nowadays, a candidate, to succeed, must secure the endorsation of some one of the great political parties. This often leads to the suppression of men of ability who dare to disagree with their party on some particular question. An illustration of this is found in the case of Mr. Chamberlain. Again, Free-trade Unionists could find no place in the House. Many public men could not be effective in public life and so withdrew. Others like Churchill became Liberals. Take the case of Lord Robert Cecil. He could not accept Liberal principles. But he could not secure Unionist support unless he sign a pledge of inactivity so far as Free Trade was concerned. Consequently much of his personality has been felt to be lost. Under such circumstances, the country cannot expect to get the most out of public life, either from the electors or from the candidates.

The efficiency of democracy depends, therefore, on whether we can secure the best and unhampered efforts of our best men. This can be secured by proportional representation."

The speaker then illustrated by figures from an imaginary election how it works out in practise, and how the various groups in the community, although some of them may be in a minority, are able to get their fair share of representatives, thus making the representative body fairly representative of the nation at large.

By the Proportional Representagle Transferable Vote, the elector must ask himself which are the candidates he prefers, and what is the order of his preferences. He marks one man as his first choice, another as second, and so on, no matter how many candidates there are, nor how many are to be elected. But he must select one as preferential. Even when he "plumps" for his party, he must discriminate. This compels thinking and a regard for the policies for which the candidates stand.

A singular result of this plan is that "plumping" for a particular candidate or candidates does not help a man's party at all. Very often it is a great loss.

Although the compilation of the results of an election may take a few hours longer than under the existing method, it is practically impossible to have any errors in counting the votes. It has the advantages of double entry bookkeeping over the single entry method and makes for increased care and accuracy.

* * *

The nucleus of a local Proportional Representation Society has been formed, which will be affiliated with the Dominion and British Societies, and which will seek to secure the endorsation of the citizens generally to the new method of election. "Good government does not depend upon bad representation."

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For School Trustee.

Dr. W. H. Lang, who is offering himself for election as school trustee, has been endorsed by the following representative citizens and business men: Prof. E. Odlum, R. J. Potts, James Beveridge, J. N. Harvey, J. J. Banfield, A. W. Woodward, Alex. McInnes, R. H. Cook, J. A. Gillespie, M. D., Alex. Sharp, C. C. Cook, J. D. McMartin, J. MacInnes, W. L. Macdonald and J. P. Putnam. Dr. Lang has been in practice in this city for the past six years, and has built up a large and representative practice. He takes a whole-hearted interest in all the vital questions of the day. His endorsers feel that Dr. Lang's qualifications to serve on the board, particularly with regard to questions of hygiene and sanitation ,are such that he ought to command the confidence of a great majority of the electors.

The South Vancouver Milk Co. has lost two of its employees who have joined the colors. George Parry, of 43rd and Inverness, and Joe Payson, left for Regina to join the Army Reserve corps as teamsters. Both men are from Lanarkshire, and came to Vancouver some years ago. They are both married men with a family, and are well-known in South Vancouver.

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Weight before immersion.....105½ pounds
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Difference equals ½-pound of water, or .48 of 1 per cent.

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An Ontario Country School in 1871

(By F. J. Gillespie.)

Boys and girls who attend the schools of British Columbia today—even in the remote settlements—know little of the hardships endured by our fathers and mothers in the pioneer days in the East. Mr. F. J. Gillespie, well-known in Vancouver and throughout British Columbia, "went in the winters" to a little school in what is now the County of Ontario. He has placed upon paper a few reminiscences, which make interesting reading to school boys and girls of today who go to school in luxury and their fathers and mothers, many of whom will remember the time of which Mr. Gillespite writes.

One's yesterdays are always interesting to him. I would give much to meet again my schoolmates of 1870 and 1871. We were struggling those days and I was the youngest of the family. Wages ran from 75 cents to $1.00 per day for men, and that usually in trade. John, Pat and Mike had to nigger in and work, not only at home, but everywhere else they could secure a job, in order to maintain the family. My good father was of little use with the axe or saw, as he had never used either in his native Ireland, and he was 35 when he landed in Ontario. He could handle well a spade, shovel, sickle or flail, but never could cradle or log. He was the soul of honor and hence easily imposed on in a bargain. My father's circumstances were such that none of his boys knew much other than hard work—at least in those pioneer days. That I should be allowed to attend school, even part of the year, was considered by my brothers and myself a golden privilege.

* * * *

On my way to Antelope Valley, California, on the 11th of January, when passing a public school at noon, a big crowd of boys and girls rushed madly out as if to witness a military parade or view a circus. It did me good to see such life, enthusiasm and buoyancy, and brought back to my recollection most forcibly my limited days at the old Everett school. That historic school was erected in 1867 at a cost of $400, and opened the 1st of January, 1868, and I became enrolled as a pupil in February of that year, being slightly over twelve years old.

I distinctly remember my first morning telling the dear old master (he was 25) I could read. As a matter of fact, I could read but one line in that old first reader, long since several times superseded.

When called upon I remember that I pronounced all the words the wrong way. I could not spell "it," but I could spell "ox."

I see again the teacher's desk and platform, raised about six inches above the main floor, and behind the desk the blackboard, chalk, and a cotton cloth used as an eraser. The blackboard, the stumbling block of many, the place where you ignominiously fell down and, for the moment, had to stand shamefacedly the mocks and jeers of the better informed ones. To others it was a vindication, a triumph where one could show his fellow pupils how to solve complicated arithmetical problems. How I longed to be in the third, or even the second class.

My time came quickly for one Friday evening I went from foot in the second class to the head by spelling the word "circle," which the seventeen above me failed to do. The master closed the book like a trap so as to leave me head until the following Monday.

My, but I was glad. No one knows how glad I was for up to then, I was invariably foot, except when good-natured Bob Reid would let me above him without earning the position. He and I held down the dunce end for almost a month after my hurried promotion from the old first book.

I see, flanking that old blackboard, wall maps with frayed edges, pencil marks and other unmistakable evidences of long usage. We had to trace the boundaries of countries, the direction of rivers, mountains and the position of lakes, capes, zones, etc. Many a boy wished the mountains had fallen on the man who invented the map, while others of us loved those dear old maps with their lines of latitude and longitude, gulfs, seas, bays, and capitals placed in stars. I see again the teacher keeping me in one evening after four in order to give me 100 merit cards, unknown to the other pupils, so that I might secure a decent prize book at the close of the year. Merit cards were given in those days both for attendance and actual work, but I had to stay home for potato and turnip digging and fall wheat sowing, hence my second term usually began about November 10th.

Again I see our games of "pomp-pomp-pull-away," hide-and-seek, football and baseball without an umpire. I entered into all those with great zest. Many a time my sprinting saved me from a deserved trouncing at football. Of course the big lad would forget it over night.

The girls were quite a factor in the school too. We all liked to be on our best behaviour before them. Some of them, whose parents were well-off farmers, would bring an extra apple or two for those of us who as yet, had no orchard.

Tom Reid, Tom Bellamy, Tom Fisher, Amanda Graham and I struggled for supremacy. We had long since passed others who were in the fourth class when I was learning to spell "do." Gradually the leaders thinned out, Tom Bellamy by becoming a teacher in 1871, left but Tom Reid and I to fight it out. Reid was my desk mate and a year my junior but, my, he was clever.

Next to my teacher, I owe most to Tom Reid; he was a fine boy, too. The whole family were innocent of any tricks or sins. Tom ultimately got rid of me by my obtaining a third-class teachers' certificate in 1872. Tom was too young to try for one.

Well, I see again the squirrel on the school fence bolt upright, chattering, leaping and finally disappearing when threatened by a stick or a stone aimed at him. I see again the old black crow and the chicken hawk cutting graceful circles on outstretched wing over our playground where many crumbs could be had that fell from our dinner pails during our hasty meal.

I forgot to tell you how we heated the old school in cold weather. The great big metal box stove was set half in the ante room and half in the school room. The bigger boys got the light wood ready before four for the teacher to start the fire the next morning. The trustees were actually known to allow the teacher $2 or $3 per year extra for the work of lighting the fire. Those were great days; never anything like them. It was a proud position to be best scholar in a country school of eighty husky boys and girls. That was our aim, but the only one who really enjoyed that coveted distinction was Tom Reid, and that after some of us had quit.

A SOLDIER'S KICK AND ONE WORTH INVESTIGATING.

Editor Saturday Chinook.

Knowing as I do that your paper is fearless and independent of the government, I cannot hesitate to write to you with the idea of giving some of the grievances which we militiamen have to suffer.

In the first place, let me say that they are letting a whole lot of young clerks of one sort or another, whose political pull is stronger than their knowledge of military affairs, become officers. There are many cases in my regiment where experienced and efficient non-coms., trained in the Imperial army, have to stay in the ranks to make way for some young whipper snapper who has put in a week or two at a training school.

I have a letter from a friend in England and he says that over there they are promoting the experienced men and reversing all the old rules that kept the British army back. Efficiency over there is the thing. Practical experience is considered before family and trained men who are level-headed are promoted. I would hate to go into battle under the leadership of some of the "officers" we have in camp in British Columbia.

Kick No. 2—The Canadian government want another army of 250,000. The Canadian government will get this army and will get all the men they want. But they would get them quicker if they would manage things better and throw out some of the fossils who are holding things back. Why don't the local units get their uniforms? In England, when a man enlists, he gets his uniform in three hours from the time he signs up. Here we have to wait three months. Why is this? Too much politics. There are lots of uniforms and lots of material out of which to make uniforms, and lots of money. But the Canadian favorites have to be cared for so the recruits can wait for weeks and months without their proper outfit.

This kills discipline. The men laugh at a fellow in rags who is a sergeant standing up there giving orders. But all respect the King's uniform. It's funny, but it's true.

When will they get their 250,000 if they don't get a hustle on and get the uniforms in shape.

Why is there poor discipline among the Western Irish?

Mr. Editor, I am putting up a few kicks here, but I'm doing it for the good of the service. I have seen lots of service, but I never saw such rotten conditions as in camps here. We all want to win, and we're all loyal, but we don't like being made a lot of blokes of.

Yours for victory for the British arms, and trusting that you will ventilate my grievances.

WESTERN IRISH.

South Vancouver Candidates

SOUTH VANCOUVER MUNICIPAL ELECTION, JAN. 15, 1916

J. W. ROWLING

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FAITH and WORKS

The law forbids the sale of liquor and cigarettes to minors, but it does not restrain newspapers from going into respectable homes and soliciting the patronage of the boys and girls with flaring and alluring advertisements.

Careful firesides must rely, therefore, upon newspapers that voluntarily banish liquor and cigarettes, those great enemies of youthful strength and purity, from their columns.

In the campaign for saloonless state it is vital that the forces of temperance cast the entire weight of their influence against the wets.

Their subscription order for a newspaper is a vote for or against liquor, according as the advertising columns of that newspaper are for or against liquor.

The Saturday Chinook is against the selling and distributing of liquor and cigarettes to minors through its advertising columns.

For true temperance should begin at home and with the Home Newspaper.

Delivered at your door for 10 cents a month. Phone Seymour 470.

The Saturday Chinook

FACTS YARNS TALES THIS IS AN OLD ONE BUT-

Celebrating the Victory.

When the news of the battle of Waterloo arrived at Warrington—then, as now, a thriving place—the chief magistrate of the town declared that he should add to the projected illumination by burning his own house down, and he actually did so.

It seems that the house was an old one, mostly wood, and that his worship had previously contemplated building a new one. But his example was contagious, and, the owner of a considerable block of what would in these days be called "slum" property happening to be a political rival of the other incendiary, burnt the ancient tenements as a counter-attraction.

Unfortunately, a big house not contemplated in the scheme took fire also, but the crowd and the authorities, thinking that it was all part of the show, did nothing to put this fire out, and even restrained the owner as mad drunkard when he danced about exhorting them to put the fire out.

Then She Fainted.

Left a wealthy widow, Mrs. Jones thought she'd like to enter society. So, for a start, she looked round for a furnished house in Mayfair.

At last she found one which seemed very suitable. After inspecting it thoroughly, the owner led her back to the drawing room. There the good woman's eye fell suddenly on a beautiful tinted picture of the "Madonna," a copy of a famous painting. Opposite this hung another copy of Gainsborough's "Duchess of Devonshire."

Her lips set firmly.

"I like the house well enough," she announced. "But if I take it I shall expect you to remove these family portraits."

PANTAGES THEATRE

Arthur Levine and Co. head the bill at the Pantages next week with a one-act musical comedy, "From Coney Island to the North Pole." This act made a hit in the eastern circuits and with their pleasing line of comedy and chorus work are sure to score a bull's eye here.

The Valerie Sisters, a bevy of beauties, have a very pleasing act, full of fun, frolic and fashion. Horton and Clifton put over a farce called the "Unexpected." Greenlee and Drayton sing the latest songs and dance the newest dances.

"Locked Out," a playlet by Raymond and Bain, opens up a new line of dilemma which often happens to the best of us.

Pantages Orchestra and a first run comedy for which they are noted close a good bill.

"THE ARTS"

A toast proposed in the following words, at the banquet of "The Vagabonds' Club," at the Hotel Vancouver. (This is published by request of many who were present.)

Mr. Ronald C. Campbell-Johnston, who wore the garb of chief of his clan—with the Campbell-Johnston tartan—spoke as follows:

Ladies and Fellow Vagabonds,—Speaking to the toast of the Fine Arts tonight, let us for just a little while again dream our own fair dreams, that we may know pure art.

In a diagnosis, the definition of this syllable "art," embracing all the fine arts, is alike in both languages, whether Greek or Latin. In those tongues the root word denotes "to fit or join together."

So then the arts are the result of fitting and joining the ideals of our making our dreams come true in our dreams into the tangible, in truth work-a-day life. Yet some sceptics may suggest that all art is opposed to real nature in her gentle majesty. They would thereby infer that genuine art is but an artificial cult. However, I do not like such an expressed idea, classifying art as a fictitious reality, to use a paradox. I would rather much prefer to keep the first idea of "art" which we conceived in our dreams.

Namely our ideals fitting the intrinsic beauties of nature to our earthly pleasures. Fine arts appeal to one's aesthetic sense of innate loveliness. Art in its purity represents the higher self of the whole human five senses, concentrated: Developed in the abstract on a loftier plane, then gently brought down to the concrete. As we stand mentally on that higher aethereal position, all can more lucidly appreciate nature in her sublime simplicity, decked gorgeously in all her entrancing exquisitiveness.

These uplifted senses of the subjective minds are the true foundations of all worthy thoughts, developing our artistic faculties. This world would be but a sorry drab without art, and would no longer progress without art-dreamers.

Take for an example in painting or drawing, an intuitively trained artist, or a clever architect; these people picture beautiful, glorified beings while floating in fitful fancy; or scenes translucent with living colors; or yet superlative palaces inimitable tracery. Such flights of vision are, in their initial conceptions, denizens of the astral planes; at first flush too wonderful, because pure art, for this venal world, till cloaked and disguised under a fixed physical garb. But by continued concentration in holding the pictures formed in the mental world, these men of genius contrive on canvas those soul-dreams into almost prosaic waking dreams, for our delectation.

The sculptor really sees the celestial forms in an abstract realm, standing out before his view in perfection of naked symmetry and outline. Those ecstatic proportions he has, however, to block out in rude material here on earth, that such work may live as gems of his art, long after he himself has passed over the borne, as do those treasures of immortal Praxiteles.

The musician in his turn, with the composer, or the singer, all hear with their transcendant senses, and later try to transcribe to folio, the liquid harmony, sounding by brook, river or tial spheres and stars. They attune even to the yclept music of celestial the rythm of this superior symphony these aethereal chords of grandeur and thrilling harmonies down to our earthly voices and chairs; or adapt to various mimic instruments, to be played singly or massed in bands.

This they do to lead us all back again to those preconceived dreams of wrapped aethereal music, and share with us its coursing charms.

The scientists, whether astronomer, botanist, doctor or research chemist, skilled in all analysis and reactions of nature's esoterie elements; the geologist, the inventor, or what not; each sees dreams, in his mental vision, of entrancing marvellousness, a correlation between heaven and earth; it is to describe these natural phenomena clearly to our mundane intellects, that causes him to be called a scientist, a magician regarding the natural arts.

Then in Literature.

The writer, the poet, the word-painter, and in their wake the critic, each and every one has a true sense of rhythm and accurate proportions, imbued in his personality as second nature, beating in unison to his individuality. For today we recognize that color, sound and form as Pythagoras preached long ago, are in truth but mere varying expressions of the one single phenomenon of idealized matter, for all time in tune with the infinite, the primal cause. These same artistic scribes can intensely feel a real situation in vivid imagination and live it again later in acute sensitiveness. Happily for the human pleasure their genius can combine these faculties with the splendid gift of depicting such feelings in living words, and so fix these events on man's jaded perceptions, and the minds of future generations, yet unborn.

The engraver even in his route has the gift of real art, in reciprocating with the artist's original ideas; as too the carver works to designed patterns absorbing though the beauties of curves and roundness, and then transfiguring them with his carving tool.

The playwright, the orator, the actors, the dancers, all these sensitive artists have everyone a specialized conception of some ideal, and through their particular art, endeavor to impress this lofty idea on our imagination and senses, eventually making the human race better for their coming.

It would be impossible to think of a world as being fit to live in, without art, glorious art of every description, to raise our intellects and ambitions to richer flights of fancy, and purity of feeling.

And this Vagabond Club of ours, round whose board we are here seated tonight, it surely has for its ulterior reason of existence the hope and possibility of here in Vancouver, collecting those dreamers of art-dreams, sojourning among us during their transient journey through life, and of inducing them to exchange with us their special gems of ideal phantasy.

At the last meeing of The Vagabonds' Club, Mr. Geo. M. Murray of The Chinook, was elected a member.

Shall the Mad Reign Continue

South Vancouver Ratepayers Now Have An Opportunity of Stopping Once for All the Many "Mad" Scenes Inflicted on Them During the Year 1915

A year ago Mr. Donald Burgess opposed the election of Mr. Eduard Gold as reeve of South Vancouver. Speaking at Collingwood East, Mr. Burgess said he opposed Mr. Gold because, as councillor, Mr. Gold had proved that he could not control himself and, therefore, he was not a fit person to control a council. It was also suggested that if Mr. Gold was elected reeve, the council chamber would become "a bear garden." Referring to this suggestion on January 18, when taking the chair as reeve for the first time, Mr. Gold said in part:

"It has been stated by prominent persons that there will be a 'bear garden' here. I do not expect any such thing will occur. I think all of us elected here will conduct ourselves in a proper manner. I feel that you will give me the respect due to my office, and I intend to give you the respect that is due to you. I intend to work in harmony with you, and if differences of opinion arise, that is no reason why there should be enmity. I hope outsiders will not influence your judgment, but that you will use your own good judgment and intelligence and work for the good of South Vancouver."

Time proves all things. And any one who has followed the proceedings of South Vancouer council during 1915 must admit that Mr. Donald Burgess was right; that those who suggested that the council chamber would become "a bear garden" were right; and that they understood the effect of Eduard Gold's contemptuous, sneering disregard for others' opinions, and of his habitual insinuations and suggestions of ultterior motives, whenever others differed from his view or do not see eye to eye with him.

Eduard Gold expressed the pious opinions recorded above on January 18; before the end of January there were signs of disruption in the council. Why? Because councillors would not agree to the wholesale dismissal of municipal officials and employees. It was alleged, and subsequent events proved there was a considerable amount of truth in the allegation, that Reeve Gold advocated the wholesale dismissal of employees simply to create vacancies for his own political supporters. With his usual impetuosity, Edaurd "rushed" councillors into making promises which were no sooner made than regretted. And because Councillor Allen and others [illegible] on to "hold back," and cry o[illegible] "time to investigate," before making the drastic changes recommended by Reeve Gold, the "fat was in the fire," and the trouble began.

So long as councillors agreed with the reeve's recommendations, Eduard was quite willing to "work in harmony" with them; but, the moment "differences of opinion" arose and councillors began to act on the reeve's own advice—to use their "own good judgment and intelligence," Reeve Gold's usual characteristics made themselves known. Eddie "got on his high horse," insinuations began to fly around, the reeve's power of suspension was utilized, and thenceforward South Vancouver Council chamber became, as was predicted before Reeve Gold's election, a veritable "bear garden."

Who was responsible? The councillors say Reeve Gold. Reeve Gold says the councillors. I say, the people of South Vancouver; first, for electing a man to the chair who, while councillor, had proved that he could not control his vile temper; second, for allowing him to continue in office after his conduct as reeve had brought discredit and disgrace on the municipality.

As Mr. T. B. Bamber very properly asked at Collingwood on Monday night: Why was it that in 1914, and again this year, when Eduard Gold was elected to the council, with colleagues absolutely in accord with his policy, before one month elapsed, Gold was alone on one side and the balance of the council was on the other side—and each side pulling contrary ways? There must be a reason. And it is unthinkable to assume that in 1914 and again in 1915, the councillors were wrong and Eduard Gold was right. As Mr. Bamber suggested, if thirteen councillors have been unable to work amicably with Eduard Gold, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the fault lies with Mr. Gold and not with the councillors—and the fault is undoubtedly to be found in Gold's vile temper and his sneering, vindictive, vitriolic tongue.

Edward Gold, though a British subject, is not of British birth. He has no traditions of British honor or fair play or justice. His traditions date back to the land of the Czars, where autocracy reigns and where the lash and the knout have been the symbols of law and order for centuries. Traditions are not eliminated in one or two generations. That they are not eliminated from Eduard Gold is evident. That Eduard's "manner and his style," while they make the people smile, will inevitably irritate any recollection of free-born men with whom he has to work, is as sure and self-evident to those who have watched the process of disruption among councillors during the past two years, as it is sure that the sun will rise tomorrow morning.

That Eduard Gold is himself beginning to realize this fact is apparent from his remarks at Collingwood on Monday night, when he said: "Give me councillors who will just nod their heads—automatons are good enough for me." Eduard never spoke truer word than that. Automatons are the only kind of men with whom Eduard Gold can possibly work. No free-born man with red blood in his veins can put up with Eduard's sneers and jeers and insinuations and allegations and implications and suggestions. The wonder is, not that the councillors of 1914 and 1915 quarrelled with Eduard Gold, but that they managed to so restrain themselves as to refrain from physical violence.

In view of these facts, what are the people of South Vancouver going to do? Are they going to re-elect Eduard Gold to office for another year? If so, whether he be elected by a majority or by a minority, as last year, I venture to predict that within one month after election, the council of 1916, if it be composed of MEN and not of automatons, will be as the councils of 1914 and 1915—Eduard Gold on one side and councillors on the other, and the council chamber a "bear garden."

—"OBSERVER."

TO THE BRAVE B. C's. AT THE FRONT.

The Saturday Chinook has received the following verses, written by Mr. Albert O. Yates, Sellwood, Oregon, U. S. A. Mr. Yates was inspired to put pen to paper upon reading an account of the British Columbians by "Dosch" in the November issue of the Sunset Magazine.

Its a long way from B. C. to Flanders,
But we all got there just the same,
And the "scraps" we had with the Teutons,
Made a few of their kind rather tame.
But we were just there for an "outing,"
A picnic in fact for the boys,
Just to listen to "schrapnel" aflying,
All around was one of our joys.
If ever again we get back to B. C.
We'll just have something to tell,
And the "kids" what'll be in the future
Will know that we did our work well.
And that it was wiiingiy done for
Old England,
For the glory of the whole British Empire.
We fought to the finish and "falliny,"
For the right, for our homes and for England.
With our faces still turned to the foeman,
Those dastardly Germanic hordes,
Who the whole world still defying.
And wreck factories and homes without swords,
Too sneaking to stand up and fight us
They use gases and dynamite bombs
And sink ships of neutral nations,
Carrying food for our brave Belgian friends.
No snobbery sully's the B. C. ranks,
They're the equals of all in the world.
Officers and men in the field they are equal,
Where the flag of the nation's unfurled.
And our neutral American neighbors,
Who write and sing us their praises,
Of Canada's brave boys in the trenches,
May our flags ever 'twine in the breezes,
May they always be floating in union
Forever as one be it "rung,"
One brotherhood, one family, one nation,
One kindred, one blood and one tongue.

An old colored woman, who had been a former servant of an American family, proudly brought her grandchildren for her old mistress to see. The three little darkies stood stolidly in line, while old Mandy talked about them to the lady.

"And what are their names, Mandy?" asked the latter.

"Dey's all got flower names, missie," replied the grandmother. "Ah name them maself. De gigges', one's name Gladoli, and de nex' one we done call Heliotrope."

"Very pretty," was the ex-mistress' comment. "And what's the third one?"

"Fower name again, missie. She am Artuhficial!"

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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	F. 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.

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As Mayor for the Year 1916

Vote for the man who has given long, faithful and efficient service to the City

Dr. J. W. McIntosh

Alderman for Ward 4

IS A CANDIDATE FOR RE-ELECTION

FOR 1916

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AGAIN THIS YEAR FOR

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As

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"THE ALDERMAN WHO HAS MADE GOOD"

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Alderman of Two Years' Standing

Dr. W. H. LANG

CANDIDATE FOR

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SUNDAY CONCERTS

(By J. Francis Bursill)

There is one question which will come before the new mayor and council, and before the licensing commissioners as soon as they are in office; for I shall bring it before those bodies myself. That is the question of Sunday concerts.

The only man who, as far as I can learn, has spoken out boldly and sensibly on this subject is Mr. Joseph Martin, who has said:

"I have no objections to Sunday concerts—such objections are archaeic—but the entertainment given must be a proper entertainment, and the collection must be devoted to the purpose which is advertised."

This is sound sense, and I heartily agree with it. Speaking as a man whose experiences of Sunday concerts are extensive and peculiar. There are Sunday concerts and Sunday concerts. Mayor Taylor has very sensibly granted permits for Sunday concerts—knowing, as he does know, that in this city there is an absolute need for them. There are hundreds who wander the cold streets, sit disconsolately in hotel windows, or stay in their lonely rooms with no companion but a "mickey"—who hail with delight a concert of good music and recitals, and a nickle or dime dropped into the plate purchases two hours, or should purchase two hours of intellectual enjoyment, and help some good cause. But Mayor Taylor, with easy good nature has not kept a firm hand, either over the programmes or the fiance of these concerts. So it has happened that in some instances a concert given "for the Red Cross" has benenobody but the promoters, who divided all the collection among themselves, failing even to pay their printing bill. I can give particulars of this if desired. Again, concerts have been given, the items on the programme altogether unfitted for Sunday night. And although the sum of $56 was collected, after a double collection, and impassioned appeal for a deserving charity, yet only $6 reached that charity, and I can name other concerts where not one cent has reached the object for which the collection was made.

I have given Sunday concerts for forty years. "Let the galled jade go wince, my withers are unwrung." Is there any man who can say that unanything unfit for a sensible Sunday under my management has been given. Can any man say that I have personally benefitted to the extent of one cent by Sunday concerts?

By the concerts which I gave at the Colonial up to some weeks ago (I have had nothing to do with the management of recent concerts there) I kept the Collingwood Institute "going," and entertained three hundred children there this Christmas. I kept it going by spending all my own earnings, and working for nothing, the Sunday concerts only helped.

That brings me to a discussion of the question. I believe in Sunday as a day of intellectual recreation, and rest. I would not have a music hall show on a Sunday. I have no sympathy with those who would taboo good music and recitals on Sunday. Said Thomas Hood:

There are some gloomy people,
Not a few—
Who turned by nature
Of a bilious bias.
Renounce black devils to adopt—the blue,
And think—when they are dismal they are pious.

Sunday concerts should be bright; Shakespeare, Dickens, Mark Twain, Stephen Leaocck; good songs; no ragtime ditties or music; something to ponder over all the week with pleasure.

Finance—only a fair modest rent, to cover costs; perhaps a little over should be paid; but the theatre manager has a six-day license; he should not, under the guise of charity, run a seven-day show. It is as absurd to ask an artiste who has prehaps spent years and thousands of dollars to master a violin as a livelihood to come and play for nothing, and pay car fares and laundry, as it is to ask a carpenter, who must earn his livelihood by his craft, to work for nothing. I was one of the founders of the Sunday League. I believe in their policy of paying good artistes modest fees. I have paid Max O'Rell $75 and $100 for a lecture, and then given a benefit to charity; but I had an audience of 1500 paying two cents per head—and some reserved seats.

I advocate a plate at the door—let everybody give what they please—what they can—make the man without a nickel as welcome as the man who gives a quarter, and often paying legitimate expenses, let the money go—at once—to the object advertised and publish a statement in the Monday paper. Let the concert be managed by responsible people, and a permit only given to those whose record places them above suspicion of running alleged charity Sunday concerts for personal gain.

When the new council is in office, I shall place my views and experience before it.

1916 MAYORALTY CAMPAIGN

Alderman Thomas Kirkpatrick

solicits the influence and votes of the Electors of Vancouver for the office of

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TURNER'S DAIRY

SEVENTEENTH AVENUE AND ONTARIO STREET

Mr. Edwin Le Mare's Organ Recital in St. Andrew's Church

(An appreciation by A. N. St. John-Mildmay.)

Mr. Edwin H. Le Mare is by far the most popular organist, by common report, in America, which he has visited over and over again; his fame was achieved early, and in London (the place where all good music is finally appraised, if but seldom born there) as organist of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and composer he has gone far. How far, who can say? But I venture to doubt if he has quite deserve the stupendous enconium with which I heard him announced here as the "first master in Europe"—and for that I will give chapter and verse.

The recital opened with Bach's "Toccata and Fugue in D minor;" Wagner's "Parsifal Vorspiel," Dvork's "Carnival Overture," and Mr. Le Mare's "Improvisation" (on a theme handed to him by Doctor Ignotus in the audience) were also notable. Mr. Hamilton Earle's singing of the distinguished visitor's own setting to "The Bells of Rheims," Mr. de Vere Stacpole's noble poem, was admirable; but on such a theme and with such words and in such a war-time as the present who could not have pleased an audience? Mr. Le Mare's music certainly pleased, but it did not conquer and melt; it was nice but not noble, charming but forgettable. Like the programme, it seemed light and inadequate.

The Bach, especially the fugal section, was magnificently played, and attuned the vast audience to the high service of highest art as only Bach can do.

Then followed Dubai's and Hoffman Morceaux, which make no great demand on the attention and were very agreeable. Mr. Hamilton Earle sang Handel's "Hear Me, Ye Winds" superlatively well, after which should surely have come some concentration and emotion in the grand manner. Instead we were put through two of the vastest cosmic dreams in modern music, the "Prelude" to Parsifal and the "Overture" to Dvorak's Carnival; both of course, in the grand manner; but, as with all musical forecasts of great operas, making for diffusion and multiplicity of emotion and covering vast spaces and hinting at more.

So small a programme should surely not have included two such vast philosophies, rather than definite phases of musical attribute in a single evening. The "Parsifal" was dexterously played and note perfect; all the wonder, variety and audacity of Wagner's creation were there, but not the dream. The transcendal atmosphere of religion, with its lofty summits and its abysmal futulities was scholastic cleverness instead. The Improvisation was a charming and subtle tour de force, perhaps the ingenuities of modulation and contrapuntal symmetries were less forceful than rapturous—rapturously they certainly were; but where was the great organ? Dovok's "Carnival Overture" (though on the grounds already stated it was too exacting and immense for the architecture of a short programme) was done splendid justice by the organist, who is certainly a great exponent of the greatest of instruments. No one of the Slavs has such a sense of values perhaps as Dvovak. The choice of stops, the sense of proportion were alike perfect. Surely one of the most stupendously difficult of overtures, there was never for a moment a sense in it of strain, or any of that dragooning of the senses by conventional combinations which makes a climax uproarious instead of merely passionate and satisfying.

Our gratitude to the player is so sincere that it perhaps seems ungenerous to have pointed out that all the points which make for that mastery of interpretation which we call genius, do not of necessity meet in every player of taste, distinction and undeniable and deserved fame.

Candidate for Ward I.

M. H. Lowe has been nominated as a councillor for Ward I, Collingwood East, to run at the municipal elections on Saturday. Mr. Lowe is resident of Central Park for two years and is a retired farmer from Regina, Sask. He stands for an economical administration and believes in publicity in matters pertaining to the council.

A man out west, who married a widow, has invented a device to cure her of eternally praising her former husband. Whenever she begins to liscant on his noble qualities, this ingenious No. 2 merely says: "Poor, dear man! how I wish me had not died!"

"Never Touched by Human Hands"

STRONG, STURDY CHILDREN

MOTHER! Isn't it one of your greatest problems to find food that will make the children rosy, fat and strong, and lay the foundation for substantial manhood and womanhood? Don't send the little ones out in life handicapped by poor health. They should have food that builds up the structure of their little bodies solidly; food that will make them plump, rosy-cheeked and robust—in other words, good, plain, nourishing, home-cooked food and plenty of milk.

Sou-Van Milk

is the safest and most dependable milk you can obtain locally. It contains everything the children need to make them big and strong—is pure, rich, wholesome and nourishing. It comes from clean, healthy cows and in its journey from the ranch to your home it never comes in contact with dirt or impurity and it's never touched by human hands. Scientifically pasteurized, clarified, cooled, bottled and capped—delivered to you in sterilized bottles.

Rich in food value, perfectly clean and safe, known for its unusual keeping qualities, the very best milk for babies, growing children and adults.

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SYRUP FOR PANCAKES—Maple flavor; half gals. Regular 85c for.. **49c**

Molasses—Reg. 15c tins	25c	**Beans**—Brown 5 lbs. for	25c
Molasses—Reg .15c tins; 3 for	25c	**Rice**—Reg. 5c lb., 7 lbs. for	24c
Raisins—Reg. 10c seeded, 3 for	24c	**Catsup**—Reg. 30c bottles for	18c
Cleanser—3 tins; reg. size for..	21c	**Asparagus**—Reg. 45c size for..	24c
Olives—Reg. 20c Libby's for...	9c	**Peaches**—Reg. 20c tins	14c
Salmon—Sockeye, reg. 25c for	18c	**Nutri Ox**—90c bottles for	69c
Equal Egg—Reg. 50c tins for	29c		

Apples—B. C. Jonathans, Wagners, Newton Pippins; reg. $1.75 for.. **$1.37**

Maple Syrup—Pure, 50c quart bottles for	42c	**Cocoa**—30c tins for	21c
Peas—Genuine French, 20c tins	13c	**Tea**—Victor, 45c for	33c
Jam—40c tins B. C. fruit	24c	**Pickles**—B. C., large bottles; reg. 30c, for	23c
Bran—Reg. $1.30 for	$1.18	**Shorts**—Reg. $1.40 for	$1.27
Wheat—No. 1 for	$1.93	**Scratch**—Reg. $2.25 for	$1.97

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