THE POLICY FOR ALL TRUE CANADIANS: TO WORK OR TO WAR

BASEBALL
VANCOUVER-Home Schedule
In Northwestern League 1917
Tacoma, July 11, 12, 13, 14.
Seattle, July 18, 19, 20, 21.
Tacoma, Aug 8. 9, 10, 11.

The Standard.

BASEBALL
VANCOUVER—Home Schedule
In Northwestern League for 1917
Great Falls, Aug. 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18.
Spokane, Aug. 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25.
Tacoma, Aug. 29, 30, 31, Sept 1.

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Is Vancouver City Helpless?
Parasites and Pests a Plague on City Life

TWO weeks ago, and in all sincerity, *The Standard* asked the question, "Who was getting the graft in the City of Vancouver"? Certain plain statements of facts were also made, which have not been contradicted up to this time of writing. Since these assertions were made by us, and in the district which was clearly specified, "Within a stone-throw of First Presbyterian Church,—one of the most sordid tragedies that ever stained the records of any city has been enacted.

The jury empanneled by the Coroner found that a soldier's wife, Norah Elizabeth Cowan, met her death while intoxicated with liquor, supplied by the management of the Empress Hotel. They urge drastic action by the license commission, as the evidence showed a grossly loose system of hotel management.

This jury was also convinced that all the facts of the case had not been disclosed, and urges that the proper authorities further investigate the whole matter. Final judgment should therefore be withheld by the general public until the result of that inquiry is disclosed.

Nothing could prove the contention of *The Standard* that drastic action requires to be taken by the citizens of Vancouver to clean up the cess-pool of civic administration, more than this occurrence. Right within full view of the City Hall and under the nose of every department of our civic administration we find the civil and criminal laws of Canada being violated. And yet we are told, by a few sickly sentimental moralists, that Vancouver never was cleaner than it is today. We have had indignation meetings in the past that resulted in real good for the city We have had others that amounted to farces and nothing more, but surely, in view of all that has been stated, and what has happened, and what may happen at any moment in our midst, we are justified in asking the "Purity Squads" of our city, *"Do they intend to let these matters pass without notice?"* When some business men are meeting in conference to devise some scheme to save the souls of Vancouver's thousands, and incidentally help pay the expenses of a tramp evangelist from the United States, who has spent six weeks in our midst, defaming and damning the ministers of our city, the very forces of Hell are let loose, and not one voice is raised against them.

These business men of Vancouver may find singing "Rescue the Perishing" under the baton of an American, a very interesting and amusing pastime, and "footing the bill" for this kind of entertainment may, in the minds of many, be an act of love and devotion to the cause of the Gospel, but there are people who think differently. While they all slumbered and slept in the Tabernacle listening to a rehash of antiquated theology from a peripatetic evangelist who would look well in a United States uniform, the morality of our fair city is being defamed and outraged.

A deep sense of shame and guilt should possess every right minded citizen of Vancouver today as we read the details of this sordid crime. We should all wear sack-cloth and ashes, because, in our laxity and indifference, we have allowed the name of our city to be dragged in filth, crime and iniquity. And we are doing nothing to remedy these conditions. Whose daughter will be the next victim, for the vultures of the Pacific coast to prey upon? Are you perfectly sure that those of your own household have escaped until now? The authorities have proven by their actions, that they can give no adequate protection to our innocence and our youth. They say they are helpless. Let us get new laws and new administrators of them at once. This is the only effective remedy.

Now that you have carefully considered the foregoing, will you please read the article by Frederick W. Farrar, on "Murderers of Souls," page 4, col. 5.

City's New Industry
Making Tubercular Patients

"EVERY CASE IS A TRAGEDY, AND THERE ARE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-THREE TRAGEDIES THIS YEAR," was the appalling statement made by the Medical Superintendent of our Provincial Tuberculosis Sanitorium, the other day. Do the people of this Province realize just what this means? It means that lives are being sacrificed needlessly, because of the unsanitary conditions of British Columbia generally, and Vancouver city in particular.

Patients who have been there tell us that the B. C. Sanatorium at Tranquille, Kamloops, is wholly unadapted for the treatment of tuberculosis. A term of residence there, hastens rather than lessens, the ravages of the disease. And this for many reasons. The buildings, we are told are not suitable for the proper handling of those afflicted with this fell sickness. Large sand-bars in front of the buildings, together with the strong winds that prevail in the Kamloops district, make residence in the institution an agony. The affections are irritated by these storms and few, if any patients ever recover from tubercular trouble in the B. C. Sanatorium. A better percentage of recoveries, would, it is asserted, be affected, were the provincial buildings situated in the Penticton district. The climate and the conditions there are much more agreeable for sufferers with tubercular affections, and altogether, it is urged, by those best qualified to judge, something should be done, and that right speedily, to remedy existing conditions. The Provincial government will, doubtless, when the matter is brought before their notice, spare neither time nor money in getting this institution into the very best condition for the alleviation of the sufferings which this scourge produces.

In the City of Vancouver, however, because of the lack of proper sanitary accommodation and faulty and slip-shod building construction, we are, according to the authorities on the subject, manufacturing tubercular cases quicker than we can take care of them. That such a lamentable state of affairs should exist in a young city like ours, is simply deplorable, and although this situation has been pointed out, time after time, no attempt at remedy has been made. We have conditions existing in the East-end and foreign quarters of our city, that are not paralleled even in the squallor-dom of Canton. A plague may break out any moment in the down-town section that will carry off thousands of our population. Just how long we are going totolerate a troup of incompetent officials in our City Hall is for the citizens to say. While the Mayor and councillors attend the roystering riots of a Carnival that was a disgrace to any city, or paw the air in pious platitudes at revival dinners, the health of our city is being ruined.

The whole working of our City Hall system could stand strict investigation. Many of the officials there are known to be both incapable and lazy. A few of the younger loafers might well be packed off to the front. They might be of use there. They serve no purpose at the City Hall, other than to act as ward politicians, and heelers during election times.

That the health of the city should be so seriously menaced because of gross mismanagement is a tragedy that the citizens do not seem to realize. But such is the case, and so long as the City Hall is allowed to remain as a committee room for a bunch of petty politicians, who seem to have more regard for votes than they have for reform, so long will this disgraceful state of affairs exist.

Vancouver's Distinguished Visitors
And How They Are Treated

VANCOUVER seems to be the place where everybody is received with open arms. No matter what it is, or what effect it may have upon the life of the community we entertain them all. If an itinerating preacher wanders in, and ingratiates himself upon a few weak-minded folks, some business men immediately get together and give him a luncheon, and are prepared to wave their hats and yell bravo and all hail when he black-balls and slanders the ministers of our own community. If, however, some of these same business men get so soundly converted to "the good old fashioned Gospel" as to compel them to pay their debts and return to the widows and orphans the money they stole from them during the frenzied days of the real estate orgies in Vancouver city, then *The Standard* and all with us, who have the real good of the community at heart, will thank the Lord for the visits of even tramp evangelists. By their fruits ye shall know them. Not every one that says "Lord, Lord," but those who, like Zacchaeus, give half their goods to feed the poor and restore fourfold that which they stole, or took by false accusation, from their neighbors and friends, can be counted as real converts to the Gospel. So far these business men of our city who are so enthusiastic for the salvation of the lost, have not shown much of the Zacchaeus spirit. At least we have not heard of it.

* * * *

If the high cost of living has even driven you to the necessity of feeding from a high stool in a quick lunch restaurant, at the noon hour, as it has so many of us who were "brought up different," you will have met another visitor from the United States who receives quite a lot of attention from another type of Vancouver citizen.

This visitor, while a descendant of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, does not preach what we call "the dear old fashioned Gospel." He preaches however, what some frequenters of the Labor Temple call "The Gospel." His version is that according to Emma Goldman et al. He is a Russian Nihilist on his way back to the fatherland to join forces with all the rebels and anarchists that are at present, by their belligerent attitude, so seriously menacing the fortunes of the allied armies in the fight against the Kaiser and his satallites. In other words our Hebrew friend is being entertained in Vancouver, while on his way back to Russia to assist the bloody Kaiser and the Hun hordes in decimating and devastating Europe, and ruthlessly murdering and butchering our own kith and kin.

One hundred and fifty or so, *The Standard* is informed, of this tribe of assasins passed through our city the other day on their way back home to Russia. They preached their doctrines as they passed through. "All the same Kaiser, President Wilson, King of Britain, all de same. I am of no country; I am free man; I fight against every ting." They may have been entertained to luncheon by those disciples of the beloved Emma who hibernate on the Pacific coast. We do not know, nor are we interested to know. But the question we raise at this time is one that affects three of the countries now struggling to break the power of Kaiserism. Canada, America and Russia are involved in this issue. Is it fair that this type of American citizen should be allowed, by the immigration authorities of either of the countries involved, to migrate from one land to another during such critical times, and more especially when we know that his express purpose in returning to his Fatherland, is not to help the cause of liberty, but to strengthen the forces of those whose avowed purpose and propaganda is, the complete overthrow of every ideal and institution that produces and perfects the happiness of nations. The Canadian immigration authorities would do well to take this whole matter up with the Powers mentioned, and get us freed from the presence of such treacherous specimens of degenerate Americo-Russian Hebrewism. They will materially help the cause of the Allies by so doing, and this is the prime duty of every patriot.

DR. J. R. ATKINSON

Head of the Vancouver St. Andrew's Society, upholds the best traditions of the Celtic race and is off to the first line trenches. Dr. Atkinson was given a rousing send-off by his fellow Scots.

The New World Spirit
Shall It Possess Canada?

THERE is no doubt about the fact that the people of Western Canada are not conversant with the real state of political affairs at Ottawa. A heavily subsidized government press is being used to keep the public in ignorance of the true situation. Only the utterances of paid propagandists of the government are allowed to filter through. The present tense political situation in Canada and the lack of any reliable information thereon, reveals the fact that the freedom of the press is one of the many phrases that have gone into history. There is no such a thing on the American Continent today as an unfettered press.

Another situation is also perfectly plain to many who are students of modern history as it is being made in this Canada of ours today, and that is, the remarkable parallel there is between the recent happenings in Russia, and what has taken place, and may yet take place here. Russia was ruled by an aristocratic and despotic bureaucracy, which for centuries tyrannized the masses and at last goaded them into open rebellion and revolution. This reconstruction of the land of the Czars has proved its salvation and its great armies, led by one of the revolutionists, Kervensky, is sweeping on to victory, and contributing its share to the final downfall of Kaiserism and autocracy in Europe for ever.

In Canada today there is a well defined discontent among all classes with the present state of affairs. We are ruled by an autocracy and bureaucracy far stronger than that which dominated and enslaved the Russias. The federated combines that control our governments and every ramification of their working, have enthralled those who claim to be free born. Hemmed in on every side by the interests, and denied the freedom that is theirs by right and by birth, the sons of noble sires, who were not afraid to dye the heather with their blood, when occasion demanded that they stand for principle, are arousing themselves and considering, in all seriousness the present state of affairs. No parliament will foist onto these men legislation that they do not want. They are not traitors, even if they do not see eye to eye with the agents of the autocrats of Canada. They love their country, and it may be that, in the hour when these bureaucrats think not, the spirit of their fathers may take possession of them, and they will sweep from office and from this fair land, those who have nothing but a selfish interest in the affairs of the country. Let those men who seek to stampede the country remember that the spirit that was manifested the other day in Russia is a world-spirit. It hates Kaiserism in any form, and it would seem, to the observer of history, as if its day and hour had come. It is yet within the range of possibilities that a French-Canadian or even a laborist may lead the gallant armies of glorious, free born Canada, on to deal the death blow to all that the Kaiserism and Hunnish terrorism of our day represents.

If the Provincial Government doesn't buy a few gallons of oil to dump upon the stagnant pools of the Fraser Valley, residents about Mission threaten to send a detachment of the Valley mosquito to Victoria with instructions to harass the administration.

What Will the Men in the Trenches Think of the Cowan Case?

THE following facts and reflections upon the recent tragic occurance at the Empress Hotel, when a young soldier's wife, the mother of two little children was killed, are placed before the readers of *The Standard* in order that they may judge for themselves regarding the state of affairs that exists in Vancouver city at the present moment.

* * * *

The Government has passed a law to protect sheep from dogs; but there is no law to protect young girls from the wolves of the street.

* * * *

The location of the Empress Hotel, one block from the Library, one block from the City Hall, a half block from the First Presbyterian Church, half a block from the Police Station.

* * * *

The woman was a soldier's wife, aged twenty-one, the mother of two babies. The husband has been in the trenches fighting forthe cause of humanity. When he went away he probably thought there was enough chivalry among the men of Vancouver to keep the little family safe and sound during his absence.

* * * *

"Doctor" Percival King told the jury that after they had doused the young woman with gin, whisky, vermouth, absinthe and brandy, that "she bit him on the lips."

* * * *

The "doctor" had bought a number of drinks for the girl and then his professional eye noted that she had become hysterical, frenzied. The "doctor" swears that "she then wanted to eat him up."

* * * *

Would to God that the woman's husband, the father of the two babies in Mount Pleasant, could have been transported, bayonet and all from the muddy trenches of Flanders to "room 502" at the moment the poor, frenzied thing once his wife, made these advances to the "doctor." Had such been possible, this "doctor" gentleman would no doubt have been justly dealt with.

* * * *

The first meeting of the "doctor" and the victim of the affair was when the "doctor" flirted with the girl and asked her to ride with him in his car. There are many mashers of the King variety who pick up strange girls and take them joy-riding about Vancouver. They do not draw the line at soldiers' wives or daughters. They have no manhood left to boast about—at least not sufficient to protect women whose husbands or fathers are off playing the part of real men, fighting for the protection of the week. For men of this ilk the whipping post or tar and feathers would be fit punishment.

* * * *

The late Mrs. Cowan was one of 3,723 women in the city of Vancouver who receives monthly allowances from the Canadian Patriotic Fund. If this woman received the average allowance of the average soldier's wife she would get monthly—$20 from the Patriotic Fund, $15 a month of her husband's pay and $20 a month separation allowance; in all $55 a month.

* * * *

Being a woman with two children, Mrs. Cowan would not be permitted to work for wages as we understand that the Patriotic Fund have decided after wide experience that a woman with two children should devote her time and energies to the care of the home and the children. Mrs. Cowan resided with her parents. It appears that the young woman was relieved of responsibility on all sides and allowed to live an idle life.

* * * *

There are male residents of the city of Vancouver who actually live of soldiers' wives. These creatures have been known in certain cases to worm their way into the affections of the recipient of funds from the Patriotic Fund and to actually accept from the hands of the woman the means of livelihood.

* * * *

There are residents of Vancouver who actually glory in pressing their attentions upon soldiers' wives. These fellows, who occupy a place several degrees lower on the social scale than the lowest denizens of the underworld, regard soldiers' wives as legitimate prey.

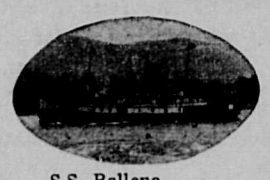
Bob Edwards on Honeymoon
Calgary's Big Man Visits Vancouver

VANCOUVER has a distinguished visitor today in the person of Mr. Robert Chambers Edwards, Editor of the Calgary Eye-Opener. Mr. Edwards is on a honey-moon trip to the Pacific coast, and *The Standard* extends to him and his bride the heartiest congratulations and best wishes for their prosperity and happiness.

"Bob" Edwards is one of the big men of Western Canada. As a journalist he has few equals on the continent of North America. He fought, almost single handed the Fight for Prohibition in Alberta, and the people of that Province owe him a debt of gratitude for what he did for them in the cause of Temperance reform.

"Bob" has reformed. He now stands for everything that is clean and honest and above-board. He has the courage of a lion and, now that he has become a benedict, we have no doubt of his developing the docility of the proverbial "household" lamb. We have not heard whether he has taken in all the amusements in our fair city. The Tabernacle will be open for a few days more, "Bob." If you want to get a line on the rascality of the preachers of the United States just drop in. You'll enjoy yourself all right. There are some slang phrases even you have not yet acquired, but while there is life, there is also hope.

AN ALL DAY CRUISE



S.S. Ballena

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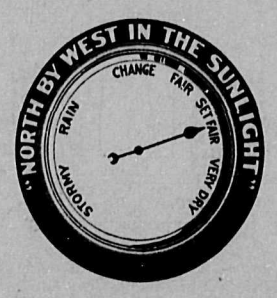

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Where to go and What to See—Recreation, Cycling, Fishing, Camping, Wheel Wanderings, Etc.

(By Rover)

The increase in bicycle and motorcycle sales is not confined to any portion of Canada, although more has been heard of greatly increased demands in British Columbia and Ontario.

* * *

Bicycling has become quite the thing at Albert College, Ottawa's exclusive educational institution for boys and young men. A leader in the movement for cycling is Lord Hamilton, son of His Excellency, Lord Devonshire, Governor-general of Canada. Lady Maude Cavendish, daughter of Canada's Governor-general, is also strong for bicycling and frequently goes on lengthy pleasure and sight seeing tours.

* * *

J. A. Fleet, Hastings street, Vancouver, has seen the handwriting on the wall. He has added a large bicycle department to his sporting goods business and is handling several makes of wheels in addition to a large assortment of accessories.

* * *

Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., in an effort to stimulate enlistment has announced that all employees enlisting for military duty in either arm of the government's service will have their positions kept open until their return at the expiration of their terms of enlistment.

* * *

The tiny island province of Prince Edward's Island is softening in its attitude toward the use of motor vehicles. The provincial legislature has just ordained that motorcycles and automobiles may now be used every day in the week in place of only three days as before, but the use of the machines is still restricted to certain main roads. There are only three motorcycles in the whole province and the riders find themselves restricted on all sides. Prince Edward Island has received many hard knocks because of its legislation in the matter of motor vehicles, but the claim was always put forth that the people would rather have silver foxes than self-propelled vehicles.

* * *

In Palm Beach the Smith flyer has taken the town by storm. The first one seen on the streets created a near-riot and all the wealthy winter visitors immediately demanded to know all about the "cute" little "Red Bug" cars, who sold them and how soon they could get one.

For a novelty stunt the manager of the Royal Poinciana Hotel, had a Smith Flyer driven right into the huge hotel—up and down the halls, and circle around the big lobby, dodging chairs, pillars and guests impartially. Everyone was talking "Red Bugs," buying "Red Bugs," and having the time of their lives driving "Red Bugs."

Eight cylinders and twin-sixes couldn't furnish half the fun to these folks, many of whom own half a dozen automobiles, that the little Bug" does.

"Red Bug" races soon became the fad and they are held at the Country Club every day for both men and women drivers. Prominent people taking part in these races, and evidently judging from the smiles on their faces, having a bully time, have been snapped and the photographs widely published in Sunday papers and magazine sections all over the country.

As the hotel garages were full, it soon became a problem as to where to house all the "Red Bugs." The hotel managers, however, were equal to the situation. Palm Beach hotels are anly a few stories high, but they cover acres of ground, and consequently there are halls and corridors which appear to be miles long and are at least 1000 feet long. These big halls are being used as parking spaces, and right in front of the guest's doors you will see their flyers parked.

* * *

The bicycle dealers of Winnipeg have placed their city on the map of organized cycling. At a representative meeting held recently, the Winnipeg Bicycle Dealers' Association was organized. The question of prices for the coming summer was discussed and a committee revised the list of repair and part prices. This revision was subsequently approved. It was decided to hold a general meeting once each month and it is proposed to hold a smoker and banquet at the end of the season.

* * *

That both motorcycles and bicycles are playing a most important part in French army work, and that from what he has seen when the United States mobolizes its full man power for the struggle, at least 100,000 motor cycles and bicycles will be needed for military work, comes from George P. Sweet, general manager of the United Motors Co., who has just returned fro a two months' stay in France.

Because of the motorcycle divisions the French have been enabled recently to introduce a four-order system in connection with dispatch work, Sweet says. Four copies of every order, dispatch or bit of important information are made and given to four motorcycle riders. Then all are started for the single destination by various routes. In many instances one or two of the riders will be killed or will, in some manner fail to reach their goal. In no instance, however, has the message failed, as one or more of the riders will successfully negotiate the distance. Such a system with the old horse idea would have been impossible. Only through the presence of countless motorcycle units was it available and the result has been materially beneficial.

* * *

All motorcycles and bicycles in service in France are splotched with various colors that resemble the coloring of the landscape. By this method the riders are not conspicuous to the German air scouts. This has been very advantageous.

* * *

Holland, take it from the Dutch two-wheeler press, has one bicycle rider for every seven inhabitants.

* * *

Old bicycle tires are being sold in Great Britain to cobblers who find it difficult to get leather and use the worn castings as a substitute.

* * *

The war is doing quickly for British motorcycles what it took years of constant trade press urging to impress on bicycle manufacturers—that usefulness is more desirable than a lot of shiny, sparkling parts.

* * *

From a cycling point of view the best athletic meeting held in Vancouver during the past five years took place at Mahon Park, North Vancouver, at the Dominion Day Celebration. The weather was ideal, and quite 10,000 people witnessed the sports. The four lap track is a good one; it is not banked and in consequence the times were not fast, but still were good. The band of the Irish Fusiliers occupied a place in the grand stand and kept the huge crowds in good humor all the time. Two Indian teams, the Musquam and Squamish, started the fun with Chief Matthias facing the ball. Squamish won with a score of 7 to 5.

The athletic programme was a long and varied one, principal interest being taken in the bicycle races in which Larrie Haskins had much to do. McDonnell won both the 100 and 200 yards dash, H. J. Ridley securing first place in the one-mile flat. In the one-mile bicycle race open, the Vanderdassen brothers took first and second prizes, the older winning in the fast time of 2.37; the one-mile local race, open to North Vancouver, for prizes donated by Messrs. Haskins & Elliott, was won by Sam McClimmant, closely followed by Lawrence Stevens; time 3.23.

For the big event, the 5 mile race, nine riders lined up, and excitement was high as the riders changed, passed each other round the four-lap track. J. Pratt fell at half the distance. A little later two others came to grief at the bottom corner, the race resulting in Vanderdassen winning from A. H. Birkby, A. Roadknight third. Time 15.7 4-5. A protest was lodged against Vanderdassen for boreing, but was not sustained by the judges, who had failed to station umpires at the corners.

A. H. Birkby, the winner of the second prize is an athlete of some calibre. He is employed at the asylum at New Westminster, worked all through the previous night, cycled to Vancouver, used his ordinary roadster machine with luggage carrier, lamp, etc., etc., finished fresh and only regretted that the distance was not tiwce as far as to give him a chance to wear down the Dutchman. After the race he pedalled back to New Westminster.

* * *

To keep interest in cycling alive Messrs. Haskins & Elliott are arranging for a road race next Wednesday afternoon from Kingsway to Central Park and return. Good prizes will be offered and fast time should be made. There is a lot of talent that only wants bringing out, and a few road races, together with the forthcoming open events at the police and Scottish Society's games, should help to place Vancouver in a prominent position in the cycling racing world.

TWO GIRLS IN CAMP IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

(Continued from last issue,

We also came across quantities of human bones; skulls, rolled up from under our feet, ribs sticking up from the grass stark and staring, and I discovered in an old wooden box without a lid all the bones of a child. I was much interested in it, chiefly because it must have been very old. In fact, from the broken timbers lying amongst the bones all about us, I decided that these were probably relics of the times when the Indians used to put their dead upon platforms raised on poles to keep them from the wild beasts.

Another day we tracked a mysterious lake to its very source away back in the folds of the hills. It was gloriously beautiful, but when we sat down to rest and admire the scenery we found ourselves amidst a plague of frogs ceaselessly hopping so we could not remain there.

That evening, I recollect, we called at the farm for milk on our way home, and the dear old lady there begged us not to be nervous if we heard shooting in the night time, as it would only be her sons who had gone out after two panthers (cougars, or mountain lions) which had been killing their sheep. When we got out into the road we tried to be brave, but it was somewhat difficult. It was growing dark and we had thick woods to go through to our tent. Even if we won through these safely we might find the panthers dining on the leg of lamb we had left in our arbutus larder. We got through the woods all right, but I don't know which of us shook the most. Fatima says I "simply shook like an aspen leaf," whatever that is; personally I think she shook like two aspen leaves, only as I was carrying the milk, it naturally showed more.

Dead Wood Useful

There was an enormous lot of dead wood about the camp, and that night I made a fire that could have been seen for miles round. We sat by it for ever so long, for neither of us wanted to go to bed, and when at last we did make a move I piied up the big logs to last for hours, and you may be sure it was not the smell of burning I had to turn out for that night, but to see if the fire wasn't beginning to go out. Whether the big bonfire scared them or not I cannot say, of course, but neither of the panthers were caught. They must have got safely off to the woods again, but we did not rest easy for many a night.

The worst alarm we had—after we got used to "Charles," that is — — was the night of the three . . But I must begin at the beginning. It was a most beautiful night, the moon was full, and the high tide seemed in the stillness, to lap at the very door of the camp. With what the weird little noises the sea made and the fantastic shadows the moon cast, I lay wide awake and staring long after

Continued on page 5

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TWENTY-NINTH AND FRASER

LAND REGISTRY ACT

IN THE MATTER of Application No. 31388 'I' and

IN THE MATTER of the title to Lot 17, North of 3-4 Block "B" and South 1-2 Block "C," District Lot 704, Map No. 1960.

WHEREAS application has been made for a Certificate of Indefeasible Title to the above mentioned lands in the name of William John Adair:

AND WHEREAS on investigating the title it appears that you were the holder of a right to purchase the said lands, under an unregistered Agreement for Sale, dated 2nd February, 1910:

NOW THEREFORE, I hereby give you notice that it is my intention at the expiration of fourteen (14) days from the service on you of this notice (which may be effected by publication in "The Standard" for 5 consecutive issues), to effect registration in pursuance of the said application, free from the above mentioned Agreement for Sale, unless you take and prosecute the proper proceedings to establish your claim, if any, to said lands, or to prevent such proposed action on my part.

Dated at the Land Registry Office, Vancouver, B. C., this 12th day of April, A.D., 1917.

ARTHUR G SMITH,
District Registrar.

To: Joseph S. Merson.

5w—1

Milady's Gossip

(BY "LAURINA")

I can surely say "O Perfect Day" with all truth regarding one of my days in this week, for it was filled with delightful surprises and sensations, and while those impressions are still fresh in my mind, I am going to transmit them to paper for the benefit of any who may take a similar delight in glorious scenery, and the simple pleasures afforded by Nature; though to do anything like adequate justice to my subject, I should require to be an artist par excellence in word painting, and that, to my sorrow, I am very far from being.

Doubtless all this that I am attempting to describe has been seen and appreciated often, even as I appreciated its manifold beauties, by many of my readers; but, just as certain is it that there will be many among them who have never made the trip; for it is most surprising how comparatively few people have taken the train that runs on the P. G. E. railway from North Vancouver, and made the beautiful run to Whytecliff and back. So it is to these that I would say do not on any account let the summer days pass without making yourselves familiar with some of the most beautiful scenery in the whole of Canada, and which is at the same time within such easy and inexpensive reach of Vancouver.

I have been told that this is acknowledged to be one of the finest bits of scenic railway in the Dominion, and personally I do not for one moment doubt that, judging by the few miles that lie between North Vancouver and Whytecliff, but I believe that the second part of the track, running from Squamish to Lillooet, is incomparable in its grandeur and wildness.

To begin with, the cars are very comfortable and airy with roomy well sprung seats, and wide windows that offer every facility for viewing the scenery on either side; and these things, as we all know, mean so much to the "voyageur," who has not experienced at some time or another the discomfort of a stuffy car and hard narrow seat.

From the time I settled myself into my corner, my attention was riveted, for at every turn some new beauty showed itself, some wonderful effect claimed my attention.

Indian Reserve

Soon after leaving the station we passed on the right the Indian Reserve with its quaint mission church with the two minarcted towers and semi-circle of steps where the old Indian women with their impassive faces, and heads swathed with orange or blue handkerchief, love to sit in the warmth of the sun; while on the left lie the ship building yards, which, if hardly picturesque, are at least an interesting and welcome sight.

But it was not long before, save for a few camps perched erie-like high above the water, and some trim gardened bungalows, the evidences of the hand of man, which does not always beautify, were left behind, and the little train dashed on past the narrows with glimpses of Stanley Park, with Brockton Point and Prospect Point Lighthouses on one side, and on the other scenery which, I am told by those who know, makes you doubtful as to whether you are in Canada or Norway, for, just as in that country so famed for its natural wonders of fjord and mountain, you have the open green spaces with restless, noisy streams,—fed by the far off melting snows—with their pebbly beaches, and behind them mountains, mountains, and yet more mountains as far as eye can reach, pine covered and green at their bases, then melting into shadowy haze, purple, sombre, mystical, wonderful, their summits steadfastly reared to the blue sky, and crowned with gleaming, sparkling snow—monuments of everlasting patience and majesty.

Restful Greenery

Presently the line left the water front, turning a litle inland and taking us through closely timbered tracts of land where we peered from our windows into glades, aisles, yes, veritable cathedrals of restful greenery, and with trees so tall that though we bend we could not see their topmost branches which seemed to stretch out loving arms right up to the blue above, and, oh! the straight grown, tapering, arrow-like trunks of them, surely masts enough for all the ships in the world, could they but have been transported.

Sometimes we came to deep ravines with brawling, tumbling, torrent-rushing through, then the line ran over high tresseled bridges, and with delightful thrills I imagined for one moment that we hung in mid air, but the next we were racing through a cutting in the solid rock, and I realized, as I saw the enormous boulders which had been moved,—some piled high at the side of the track, some lying where they had rolled down amongst the trees—what a gigantic undertaking the making of such a railway must be, and to what heights the science of engineering had attained.

In some places the timber had been devoured by forest fires, leaving the burnt trunks standing, and even here was picturesque effect if only by way of sharp contrast, and that curious sensation of desolation that such a scene conveys.

Sunny Bays

All this while we had every now and again glimpses of the sea, delicious peeps that made me exclaim aloud,—little inlets that seemed to run right into the heart of the trees, sunny bays dotted with verdant islands, picturesque harbors with little wooden piers; but good things have a trick of not lasting and all too soon the stentorian tones of the conductor were heard calling "Whytecliff" and we had come to the end of the run, so gathering our belongings we dismounted and turned our faces in the direction of Horseshoe Bay.

Leaving the little station behind us, we took the path through the woods,—such a fascinating path with all sorts of beautiful ferns and leaves, and berries, large, ripe, luscious; tempting us to loiter at every step, while ever and anon between the trees a vista of sunlit sea would bid us halt; of mountains—the long clefts in their sides filled deeply with snow, their heads wreathed in soft clouds—which seemed to run sheer down to the waters edge; surely this was a veritable paradise for artists.

A Paradise

At last came Horseshoe Bay itself, so correctly named from its shape. The restful green of woods is carried almost down to the beach, which is of shingle, and the waters of the bay are still and calm as a lake, and so clear that the wonders of starfish, jelly fish and anemone are distinctly to be seen from a boat. At the extreme end of the shore on either side tree covered cliffs rise straight from the water, the summits of which can be reached by wooded paths. At the mouth of the bay mysterious looking islands lie, which make the pleasantest of picnic spots for boaters, while far in the distance can be seen Bowen Island, and away "back of beyond" more misty snow covered mountains.

Home Comforts

We spent our time in perfect, idle restfulness, sunning on the beach, wandering about the cliffs, luxuriously drifting in an open boat, such a day as gives fresh impetus for work, and soothes jaded nerves. Later at the call of the inner man, we made our way to the "Blue Dragon Inn" for some tea. Now I really feel that I must tell you something about this same "Blue Dragon Inn." To begin with do not, from the name, run away with the idea that sumptious hotel accommodation is to be found at Whytecliff, that is not so, but what really is there is a very attractive and delightful concern, run by two enterprising and charming young women, who go out of their way to make visitors comfortable, and serve dainty, appetising meals, with an accompaniment of pleasant words and smiles; not only that, but they serve all meals at strictly reasonable prices. A limited amount of sleeping accommodation is also provided at the Inn, in rooms or tents, as preferred, while all meals are served at small tables on a wide verandah, so that visitors practically live in the open, though there is a comfortable lounge with easy chairs, fireplace and books for wet days. It is run upon somewhat similar lines, and reminded me very much of certain quaint Inns to be found in the pine forest districts of France, where, in days of peace, jaded Parisinnes would go to recruit their systems by a few weeks of life in the fresh air.

I can safely say that those in need of complete rest, artists, or fishermen, could with equal advantage and profit, spend a delightful holiday there.

But the time came when our thoughts had perforce to turn toward the homeward trip. The far off sunset glow had already dyed the snows of the mountain tops to gorgeous roseate pinks, and then the moon arose and made a silver pathway across the water. Surely this was the most wonderful touch that Nature could add; I found it hard to tear myself away, and like the good lady whose spouse was named Lot, I turned again and again to catch one last glimpse.

At any rate I was compensated on the homeward run, for far more mysterious and wonderful were the towering mountains, the deep shadows of the forests, the gleam of water in harbor and bay, when lit by the silver lamp of the moon.

There are, I believe, many delightful spots to be found along this line, bays, canyons and waterfalls, which are ideal for picnics, sketching parties, botanists, or the lover of nature in solitude, about which I intend to write later, with the hope that it may be of some help to my readers, by discovering for them new and beautiful spots where a holiday may be spent within easy reach and yet "far fromthe madding crowd."

* * *

It is said that in Paris frocks and fashions generally are becoming a trifle more marked and noticeable than they have been during the dark days of the last two years, when the brooding shadow of war has lain so heavily over all, men and women alike. The natural spirit of the French people is one of gaiety and hope, and the first instant things begin to appear more hopeful for them, it will break like sunshine through dark clouds, and reveal itself at first in little things, of which a gayer note in dress will undoubtedly be one, for to be elegantly gowned is part of the well being of the true Parisienne.

At an exhibition of art treasures which were to be sold for charitable purposes ,the Petit Palais was gay with charming frocks. Dresses in soft satin in shades of grey, and dark blue, or black with embroideries of gold or silver were very much in evidence, as well as voiles and satin blended in biege, black or white. One striking costume was in ivory silk jersey over which was worn a loose coat of golden brown satin embroidered in silver and gold.

There were worn also a great number of soft black dresses over white, cut on the straight chemise lines.

The newest and smartest hat at the present moment being worn in Paris, is of black soft felt, simply trimmed with a ribbon, turned up on one side and worn with a good deal of style. Very general also are the hats of a big sailor shape, or the little toque, but they both have high crowns of felt and straw brims—the favorite color in these being beige.

Ivory felts are also worn, as well as turbans of satin or silk, embroidered and veiled with tulle.

On hot days one sees many white voile dresses with colored spots, very simply made, and worn with them large straw hats lined underneath in delicate shades of crepe de chene, or mouseline de soie.

Hats of sailor shape, in light colors and entirely devoid of any trimming are very much affected by young girls, but the newest shape has a dent in the crown, is called the "Roosevelt," and is made in felt. It is pulled well over the brow, and worn also a little on one side.

One delightful hat seen was large sailor in shape covered with coarse biege canvas, the edge bound with narrow black velvet, a narrow band of the same around the base of crown being tied in a bow in front. Around the top of the high crown was a tiny wreath of most exquisite, raised, small, pink satin roses.

* * *

Italian Red Cross Concert

An exceedingly interesting and characteristic event was the Grand Concert held last week in aid of the Italian Red Cross. Many of the leading citizens of Vancouver, of that nationality, were to be seen amongst the audience, as well as the Italian consul of the city, and of Seattle, also the United States consul, and others. A most noticeable figure was a white haired veteran, Signor Louigi Blanchi, who proudly displayed upon his breast medals worn when fighting with the great Garibaldi, for the liberty of Italy. The decorations were all in the National colors of Italy, as also were the ribbons upon the white dresses of the bon-bon sellers, and the flowers composing the bouquets presented to the artists.

The bust of Dante by Signor Marega, and the National flag graced the centre of the stage, while portraits of the King, the Italian sovereigns, Garibaldi and Mazzini were hung in prominent places.

With permission of Major R. Tupper the band of the 72nd Highlanders was present and gave selections, as well as the British and Italian National Anthems, the Garibaldi March, and others of a patriotic character.

The soloists were Madame De Ponti, Mrs. Herbert Wood, Mrs. Bezean Phillips and Mr. Frederic Taggart, while an excellent short address "Italia Redenta," given by Mr. Lionel Makoviski, was most enthusiastically received.

* * *

Professor Rundle's Appointment

All friends, as well as those who have been musically connected with Professor James Rundle, will be interested to know that he has been commissioned to organize and conduct an orchestra and concert party to supply the music on board the boats running between Vancouver and Alaska.

We wish Professor Rundle every success and a pleasant time during his sojourn through the summer months among some of the finest surroundings as regards scenery in the world.

The Tyranny of War Words

Every reader of The Standard has probably read of, or heard the war discussed from vaious "stand points," "points of view" or angles, and perhaps arrived at different conclusions, both as to its origin and its outcome. I have heard it so discussed in clubs, private houses, rooming houses, hospitals, hotels, street cars and ships until, at times one wished there was some sanctuary where tidings of the war had never reached, to which one could fly. But these were moments of weakness, of perhaps, satiety, or (to use the latest phrase) war weariness."

What a crop of these pestilent phrases and words have sprung into popularity. Nay, more. Some of them threaten to, if they have not already become an obsession to many people. Greater, perhaps, then even the tyranny of the Kaiser over the bodies and minds of his subjects is the tyranny of certain words or phrases over many minds since the great war started.

Some of these are most apt, pertinent, and within their limitations, hardly to be bettered. But the trouble is that they are used in conversation writing in so literal ans dogmatic a fashion, without qualification or reservation, that they lead to misconception and confusion.

Take the expression "muddling through" as applied by both English and American papers to Great Britain's conduct of the war. This phrase was originaliy used by Lord Rosebery during the progress of the Boer war. Rosebery was then considered "the Empire's orator." The expressive words caught on. They were joyfully seized by the British people (who delight in this curious species of national depreciation) and widely advertised in book, song and story as epitomising the only way in which they conduct a war, govern a people, change the laws, or, in fact, "see anything through." The phrase became stereotyped. And it was gradually accepted by other nations, who cannot understand this curious kind of self-depreciation, as truly expressing a British characteristic. As if in starting anything, a business or a war, mistakes and blunders are not inevitable with every person or nation. But alas! it is only Great Britain that admits the soft impeachment. There is no other country in the world whose people, individually and nationally, are so prone to this habit of self-depreciation. It is a national vice, if it is often a lovable personal trait.

As a matter of fact, in this very business of the war, Germany has made greater blunders, political and military (having regard to her larger preparedness) than Great Britain. Her chief objections, the conquest of France, Russia and England (to say nothing of the collapse of the Baghdad scheme)) have utterly and finally failed. But then, Germany never admits defeats or blunders in other respects. She does not believe in the defeat of her world-wide schemes or any such stupid British methods of depreciation.

Just as this phrase of "muddling through" has been extended beyond all sane limits in its British application, so the Teutonic idea of "German efficiency" has become its opposite stereotyped tradition. Each phrase is really a revelation of national character. The one is British self depreciation; the other German self-complancency. And in both cases other countries and peoples have accepted the separate valuations as true and conclusive. As most people are taken at their own valuations and as it is too much mental labor to think, define or weigh and consider is it any wonder? Why waste time in splitting hairs, quibbling over words and derivations, when a word or a thing is "generally admited?" That's true enough, in things immaterial. But when they involve loose thinking and utterly wrong generalizations and conclusions in so vital a matter as this war, the indiscriminate use of these phrases is somewhat foolish. Nor will it serve any good purpose to deny or depreciate what efficiency Germany has demonstrated in various departments of the conduct of the war. Final results, at the termination of the war will undoubtedly prove that the so-called efficiency of Germany has been greatly exaggerated. That its peculiar brand of "efficiency"—material, brutal, short-sighted and soulless—has defeated the objections sought That even in all that "military efficiency" implies, both France and Great Britain are now superior. As to "muddling through" why Harden one of the ablest journalists Germany has ever produced, has exposed a catalogue of blunders committed by Germany since August, 1914, that ought to make certain politicians quite envious.

Then there is that German word "Kultur," once held in honor and repute, now a word of loathing, horror and derision. Supposed to be synonymous with the English word "Culture," it was originally held by Germans (before the war) to be somewhat different in its meaning. Implying among other things, the cultivation and glorification of the war, or military spirit, as seen through the smoked glasses of that horrible cult, German philosophy. It is certainly not the kind of "culture" in vogue in mid Victorian days among the aspiring young English admirers of Matthew Arnold, the "plain living and high thinking" or the "light and leading" supposed to be derived from the cultivation of the arts, the study of poetry, history, natural philosophy and all that is implied in a "liberal education." Oh, no, it is quite a different kind of culture, "made in fact, in Germany." Cheap and nasty, and now that its doctrines have been tested, evolved and demonstrated in this world war, a thing of horror, unclean, inhuman and diabolical. "Kultur," in fact, is now the antithesis of culture.

Unfortunately, also, the degradation of this word "Kultur" may possibly include unmerited reproach to that fine old English word "culture." As Napoleon was called "the man of destiny" so the Kaiser may be known in future years as "the man of Kultur." It will not then be so appropriate or so kind to refer to some friend of intellectual attainments as "a man of culture." He may resent it. It suggests too much the stigma of German "frightfulness." And this distortion of words and phrases by the Germans is, after all, a curious sidelight into the average German's character. They are slaves not only to the Kaiser but to words. The more imperative the words are the more slavishly they obey them. And so many things are forbidden in Berlin, the German word "verboten" has become like a decree of God to them. As to the Kaiser, early in his reign he became dominated by words, and years before the war endeavoured to dominate others with such threatening words as the "mailed fist." In peaceful times he had donned his "shining armour," drawn his "anointed sword" or shook his "mailed fist" so often that he became "possessed," like an Indian faker or an Arabian Madhi, firing the imagination of "his people" and preparing them for the enevitable clash of swords. There may have been method in his madness. It may have been only a part of the German system of "preparedness," the sowing of the seeds of hate and lust of conquest

While it is often asserted that the present Kaiser has modelled his life or conduct on that of his ancestor, Frederick the Great, it does not appear that he inherited Frederick's toleration of free speech.

Macauley, in his essay on Frederick, states that during his reign all kinds of scurilous remarks were allowed to be uttered by his loving subjects, without let or hindrance. It is related that on one occasion his attention was drawn to a particularly flagrant instance of defamation of his character posted upon a wall. "Tut, tut," he said. "Leave it alone. I let my subjects say what they like," or words to that effect. He was not the man to let words frighten him, and he certainly did not allow them to dominate his actions.

No doubt we shall have to "wait and see' (to quote the phrase fastened upon H. H. Asquith whether the latest expression "war weariness" emanating from Germany is a real indication of feeling in the higher military circles, or merely the natural, long delayed realization of the utter failure of the plans born of "Kulture," military efficiency" and "frightfulness" among its deluded people. Perhaps it is both. Anyhow when the war is over we shall have the relief of looking forward to a new series of catch words. Disraeli gave us "peace with honor," after the Berlin Conference of 1878. President Wilson suggested "Peace Without Victory," before his change of heart and policy. Germans, pacifists and others have quite recently demanded "Peace without compensation." "Peace without Indemnities." It will be noticed that nearly all the peace phrases submited nowadays are "without" something or other. Well, the allies will certainly continue to fight until peace is obtained with all the essential guarantees of permanency stipulated in their historic reply to the recent overtures of Germany. But, no doubt, "war weariness" affects the whole world more or less, and most people will welcome such a "peace without delay."

E. M. Y.

The Next Issue of the

Greater Vancouver Telephone Directory

Closes on July 15th, 1917

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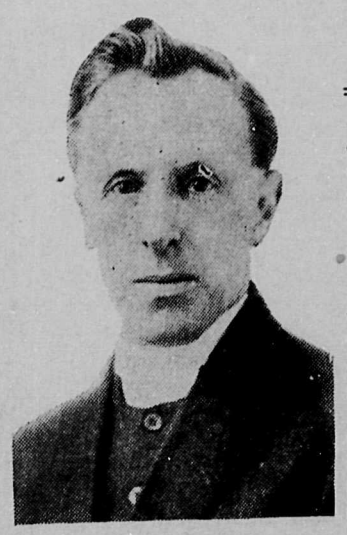
B.C. TELEPHONE CO., LTD.

Richmond Craig's Weekly Message

"LOOKING BACKWARD"

"I Remember the Days of Old." Psalm 143, 5.



This is one of the penitential psalms that we have before us this evening, the background of which is surely one of physical suffering. It is a prayer for deliverance and guidance, and breathes the lofty spirit of one who has learned by experience to trust in the faithfulness of God. In meditation and reflection, the writer seeks to ease the overwhelming of his spirits, and bring comfort to the desolateness of his heart. He remembers the days of old; the days when Jehovah, the God of his fathers rescued his people and freed them from the snare of the enemy. He finds cheer in looking backward over his own life, and bringing to remembrance the brightness and beauty of the earlier days when his soul rejoiced in freedom, and his heart swelled with song.

* * *

It would profit us all very much did we take time to look back upon our lives. In these times of sadness and strife, a remembrance of the faithfulness of God and His goodness to us, should help uplift some of our drooping souls. When we can see nothing new that can cheer us, let us think upon old things, and old times. We once had merry days, days of deliverance, and joy and thanksgiving; why not again? Jehovah rescued his people in the times of long ago; why should he not deliver us from our fears and doubts in these historic days in which we live? We ourselves have a rich past to look back upon; we have sunny memories, satisfactory memories, and these are as flowers for the bees of faith to visit, from whence they may make honey for present use.

* * *

On this fiftieth anniversary of Confederation the great Canadian people have every reason to "Remember the Days of Old" with gratitude and pride. We have now a Dominion united and loyal in the hour of extreme need. The way has not always been pleasant in the development of our national character and policies, but it has been progressive. Many clouds have overshadowed this great land since those memorable days when the Fathers, determined to merge all for the better development of the vast resources, but through them all the star of hope had led the way. Possibly no part of the Empire had given such proof of what determination and faith could accomplish in the life of a people. And the possibilities of Canada are tremendous. We have not really begun to grow yet. These mountains around us, are as our own poet has told us, "Pregnant with the seed of cities yet unborn." That we might the better grasp the opportunities that have come to us, it is wise and well that we look backward, and remember the days of old.

* * *

When Cecil Rhodes, the great African Empire Builder was sitting for his portait, Mr. G. F. Watts led him out in conversation on the remarkable genius of the British race for colonization, and asked him to what he attributed it. **"Well," said Rhodes, "I think to the village life, and if I may say so, to the village church."**

In this day of celebration of Canadian Federation let us not forget that we owe a great deal to the village life, and the village church of the old days. The destinies of Canada are inseparably wrapped up in the religious life of those little backwoods communities down east. There the national character was moulded and preserved, and it is the duty of the sons and daughters of these Ontario homes to live up to the traditions and principles of their fathers. We should remember the days of old. We are descendants of the men of the Covenant, and the spirit that dominated their lives, and formed their rugged characters, should be found in us also. These stalwarts of other days, stood chivalrously against every form of unrighteousness. Nor did they count the cost; they sought only to preserve and defend those institutions and principles that make nations great.

* * *

There is a tendency in these days to minimize the power and influence of the church. And yet, when we reflect a little, we see that almost every great reform of which the British people are proud, has been gained through its influence. The church has been the protagonist of liberty and education in all ages, and her noblest and best have surrendered their all in defence of the rights of the people. The influence of the church on the life of the community is beyond comprehension. What would Western Canada be without a Church? What would British Columbia be without its self-sacrificing and indefatigable ministers and missionaries? The church is, here as elsewhere, the salt of the earth, and the light of the world, and in reviewing the last fifty years of our National life we cannot ignore its great place in the development of national character. Its influence must continue. Its work must not be curtailed, and it is the duty of every right minded citizen to maintain and support that which has contributed so largely to the development of this wonderful democratic state.

* * *

In looking backward across these past fifty years we see that the early fathers had a very pronounced idea concerning the sovereignity of God. He was to them a real God, in whom they lived, moved, and had their being. He dominated the whole course of their lives. They sought comfort from Him through His Word in the hour of sorrow, and when despondent and despairing He gave ear to their supplications. They too, remembered the days of old; they meditated on all His doings; they mused on the work of his hands.

We might well follow their example in these times. During these past three years the glory of Canada has been written on the soil of France, in the blood of gallant and heroic sons, of the men of The Covenant. The principles for which our forefathers died are those for which they fight today. We celebrate Confederation in all our churches by reading our Honor Rolls, and as we do, we remember the days of old. We again visit in spirit the Greyfriars, and see those noble men sign the Covenant in blood and "until death." We could recall some of those glorious names. They are an imperishable monument to principle and honor. We read the names of our own heroes, and proudly say that they to will ever stand upon the pages of our country's history as the great martyrs of Confederation. In their blood have been cemented the noblest traditions, and the highest ideals for which our great Empire has ever stood. We are bound in the great bundle of life with them, and it is our privilege to hand on to succeeding generations the contribution they have made towards the consolidation of the British race. Let us be worthy of this high honor, and let us so live that yet being dead, their great spirits may live in us.

The greatest factor in all history is the Cross of Jesus Christ. It has inspired the noblest deeds and the loftiest ambitions. It has conquered the hearts of all types and shades of men. It is the only thing to which men really turn when in spiritual doubt or difficulty. The way of the Cross is the way of triumph. The path of the Cross is the path of Glory. And we can never remember the days of old, without calling to mind all that the Cross stands for. It is the source of all true sacrifice and love. It reflects the mind of God, for God is love. Its Gospel is the one cheering message that brightens this world of sorrow today. When it is understood, and interpreted, it gladdens the drooping soul and strengthens the weary and faint. **The Gospel of Jesus Christ," says a recent writer, "conceived and received in its magnitude makes the humblest of His servants an Empire Builder, and the smallest of congregations an expeditionary force".**

* * *

In this great western land to which we have all been called to work, let us so receive the Gospel in all its fulness and power that by its aid we may lay broad the foundations of righteousness and national integrity and faithfulness. Let us rear such institutions in our land as shall propagate this Gospel, and shall send forth to the ends of the earth its ambassadors, proclaiming the greatness and goodness of the God of our Fathers. Let us never forget the days of old; but let us live and work, so that future generations will have every reason to call us, "The Blessed ofthe Lord."

* * *

THE UNFETTERED MIND

I think it was Robert Louis Stevenson who recommended that walking tours should be undertaken alone, to better cultivate a freedom of mind, so that it would be open to all impressions, "as a pipe for any wind to play upon."

There is no store so inviting, no office so alluring, as the uncertainties of a quiet country lane, or the irregular course of a trout stream.

The true way to enjoy a vacation is first to surrender the notion of a definite programme or itinerary—let definite objects of accomplishment remain behind, locked in the office safe, where they properly belong.

Of all the forlorn, lonesome objects to be pitied, it is one of those doubtful tourists with a note-book, keeping a double entry system of hotels, routes and historic places to be seen—and if perchance he misses one object, his physical and mental systems are both out of balance.

Have only a vague sort of notion where you are going, or what you intend to do.

Change your mind at a turn of the road, or having found a safe retreat in some quaint inn, remain content, realising that little pleasure can be found in restless moving.

One seldom has chance to enjoy the quieting influence of shadows in an office, where it is either daylight or electric light continuously.

But out in the open country, where a fleecy cloud adds a deeper tone of green to some hillside, or a bit of sunshine stealthily flits across a forest pathway, betraying to your eye some timid bird or flower, then the mind becomes receptive to quieting and helpful impressions.

The man whose mind eliminates all thoughts of life other than business success is dangerously near losing most ofthe pleasure there is in living.

* * *

BACK TO THE HOME

The following from a U. S. A. paper is true also of Canada.

The weakest place today in the entire American Christian, and non-Christian, social fabric is the home.

Quasi-religious organizations, whose ostensible aim is the young whoare without home or church, have forgotten the special reason for their existence, and have invaded the home.

The Church itself also by overorganization has unintentionally delimited the home. Hence parents have passed over their religious teaching responsibility, together with some other important responsibilities, to others.

By this multiform process the home has become largely a mere feeding, clothing, sheltering place, and the young folks are coming up without what the Christian home alone can furnish.

For there is no substitute for a correct Christian home atmosphere and training. Beyond all else or anything else these are fundamentally influential.

Obviously some of the worst enemies of the home wear Christian badges and profess to be its friends.

The time has come for plain speech on this subject, and for earnest action, too. Spiritually speaking, the modern "slaughter of the innocents" has been accomplished by a lot of misguided, so-called philanthropists, and childless theorists.

I would be down hard on even the Religious Education Department of the Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work, if its program contemplated what would lift one small straw's weight of training obligation fromthe conscience of any Christian father or mother.

"Back to the Home!" is the proper slogan now. Individual salvation and character—as well as social safety and progress—depend upon the true home.

* * *

PATRIOTIC POETRY

The patriotic poetry is as rare as manna and comes we know not whence. And since some tranquility of mind, some perspective and imaginative reaction are necessary to the writing of poetry, how shall truth and beauty be sung in days burdened with anxiety, haunted by the wildest of hopes and fears? The term "patriot," too, descends to us slightly soiled and tarnished. In the middle of the eighteenth century, says Macauley in his Essay on Walpole, it had become a by-word of derision, and Dr. Johnson furiously exploded at an injudicious use of it. The philosopher and the intellectual are apt to scoff at an emotion that may be roused more easily by a bad music-hall song than by a good cause. Herbert Spencer himself frankly confessed that, though the charge of dishonesty would seriously move him, the charge of unpatriotism would leave him cold. A poet, too, is of no country, unless it be of that which lies "far beyond the stars," "over the hills and far away, where the unchanging meadows are." He, if any man, is the true cosmopolitan. A faithful patriot can be of any country. But since a poet is a man, and every man, whether he be Swiss or Roman, Rhinelander or Eskimo, is in some degree, and for good or indifferent reasons, the lover of his country, so every poet is a patriot.

* * *

EXTERNAL FORCES

Man himself, at best, is weak and could never accomplish a very large task with his own power alone. He must find out and ally himself with the great external forces of nature and of God. The young man who sits at his little instrument in the ship's cabin and silently summons help from other ships and the shore hundreds of miles away is a giant of power, while the strongest seaman with the mightiest voice shouting is a helpless pygmy before his task.

"Learn how" is the motto for every man, woman and child who has a task too big for single-handed power. Find out the force outside of self that may be summoned to be your obedient slave, as Aladdin summoned the genii to do his bidding. Every great invention has been the result of some man's search to find the right wayto do a task that was too big for him before. It was too great a task to cross wide continents on foot, so man summoned steam to drive his engines and haul his trains a mile a minute and annihilate the distance. As the population increased and spread over vast areas, and business demands quick and constant intercourse, it was altogether too big a task to hold communication man with man. Morse grappled with the mighty problem and gave the world the telegraph. Still the task of communication was too big for ships at sea, until Marconi wrested more secrets from the very heavens and revealed the wonders of wireless telegraphy.

* * *

AMERICAN COLLEGES AND DRINK

In the great colleges and universities of America the use of alcohol is a discredited practice. It is realized that a clear brain is, of all things, important for a college man; the bodies ofthe young are rich in reserve, in potential forces, and need no stimulant. There is today a most wholesome trend against alcohol in American colleges generally.

The Great Preachers

Frederick W. Farrar, D.D.

MURDERERS OF SOULS

"To put stumbling blocks in the way of the innocent, to tempt the weak into the paths of impurity or vice, to play the part of the devil—to be the tempting devil—to other souls, to betray those who have trusted you, to destroy the souls for which Christ died—these are the deadliest crimes which any human soul can commit.

He who lends to a weaker and younger brother some impure book, in which, in ten minutes, he may read himself to death; he who acts to some comrade, whom he calls friend, as a torch bearer to sin, he who first planted the seeds of hell in the soul of one of Christ's little ones; he who leads another over the thin border line of ruin by teaching him to lie, or gamble, or to drink, or to devastate the inner sanctities of his being, may be in God's sight a ten times worse murderer than many who have been hanged. If there be an unpardonable sin it is this.

All God's Commandments are linked together; to break one is often to break all. Many a liar who gets his blood money by murdering reputations, many a seducer who walks in the high places of society, is in God's sight a murderer, and God's revenge against murder shall find him out. Again, all selfish, guilty, oppressive trade is murder in God's sight. It may get a man into Parliament, it may make him a peer, but as surely as God builds the superstructure of social order on the foundation stone of Christian belief, so surely is the spirit of Cain in all who thrive by the miseries of their fellowmen.

Is there no guilty blood on the man who will not spend a little money to make his machinery safe, on the man who makes a fortune by houses which are either, on the one hand, hot beds of pestilence, or on the other dens and traps of ruin for the bodies and souls of men? We have still sweater's dens, and gambling hells, and murderous gin shops, and streets infamous with immorality; and all who loving gold more than God, have any share in thus destroying the lives and souls of their brethern may be honorable men, but they shall stand at the last day as murderers before the awful eye of Him who sees the things that are, and sees them as they are.

THE NEW VOTERS

A quite large number of the readers of The Standard will find themselves in a novel position at the first Provincial or Dominion election that comes along. They will have a vote. For all the provinces of the west and Ontario have given the women the franchise on the same terms as the men.

The women, therefore, of these enfranchised provinces are now equally responsible with the men for good government. The Standard has constantly appealed to young men to fit themselves for their share in the good government of their country. It is now "up to" the sisters of these young men also to master the problems which popular government presents.

Our women, as others, will be equally responsible with the men for all members elected and all legislation adopted. There are, besides, special fields of legislation in which women ought to be able to speak with more authority than men—legislation, for example, relating to the home, to foods, to morals. We are mistaken in our young Canadian women if they do not speedily qualify themselves for intelligent pronouncement on all public questions, and on these in particular.

* * *

WAR AND THE BELLS

When, more than a century ago, news reached England of the Battle of Trafalgar and the death of Nelson in the hour of victory, the bells of Chester Cathedral flung peal after peal of air-borne triumph; but after every peal, deeply, solemnly, mournfully, the greatest bell tolled once, a single booming note of grief.

Bells for many centuries have been intimately associated with the hour of national triumph and disaster. In Belgium, famous as a land of bells and carillons, the ancient tocsin of Antwerp, cast in 1316, and named the "Horrida," has been long disused; it did not, in this year of battle, cry aloud the city's danger or proclaim its fall. Its younger comrade, the Santa Maria, which first rang in 1467, on the entry of Charles the Bold into the city, was also silent, and so was the favorite Carolus, the gift of the Emperor Charles V., richly cast of copper, silver and gold. Perhaps, like Roland, the great bell of Ghent, they only sound for victory.

The Belgian bells are, many of them, among the finest products of the great bell founders, when their art was in its prime, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Few French and English bells are as notable for perfection of tone, but a great many are renowned through tradition and association. Many of the most famous French bells, like Jacqueline of Paris and George d'Ambois of Rouen, were melted down for gun metal during the Revolution.

Of the English bells, many bear inscriptions connecting them with famous persons or events. A Royalist village bell, of the period of the Civil Wars, thus proclaims its association with the execution of Charles I., for which it tolled to its injury, and the restoration of Charles II., which it was prepared to celebrate:

When that my Kings he suffered
I lost my tonge, as he hys Head,
When that my Kinge returned to reigne
I found my Voice to ringe againe.

The magnificent peal of bells in the church of St. Helen's, Worcester was installed to commemorate the victories of the great Duke of Marlborough. Six of the eight bear the nmase of battles, the other two those of the Duke and Queen; and each carries a patriotic inscription.

First is my note and Blenheim is my name,
For Blenheim's story will be sung in fame.

So proclaims the first bell; the last concludes the exultant peal:

The immortal praises of Queen Anne I sound
With union blest, and all these glories round.

Old Boston possesses one of the finest peals in England, whose hymn of thanksgiving, alternating the scattered villages and towns of the wide fens of Lincolnshire that Napoleon had met defeat at Waterloo. Another English bell, re-cast after it had, on the same occasion, cracked under the joyful strain of its own insistent thunder, is proudly inscribed::

I rang the downfall of Buonparte, and broke,
with the date of Waterloo.—"Great Thoughts."

* * *

PRO PATRIA

Men fight and die for Britain,
In alien lands they fall,
For life and death are nothing
When native land is all;
And selfish ends, and fear of pain,
These things shall never be again.

They who have heard the battle
Thunder on field or wave,
Or stood beneath the starlight
Beside a comrade's grave,—
See life and death with other eye,
And live for nobler destinies.

And women work for Britain
From early morn to night,
In factory, shop and office,
That men may guard the right;
And idle lives, and pleasures vain,—
These things can never be again.

They who have heard and answered
The clarion call of state,
Who once have grasped the vision,
And risen to their fate,—
To their old lives no more return,
For other, better things they yearn.

And men shall live for Britain,
Seeking no selfish gain,
And women work for Britain,
Counting all else but vain;
Our little, narrow wranglings past,
None but the nobler things shall last.

Moral Strength

WEAKNESS is about as bad in its results as wickedness. Often it is wickedness. When people could be strong, and choose to be weak, may they not justly be blamed for the evil that follows? When an individual is looked to for strength, and fails, does not the failure of others come from their example? Everyone of us is strength to somebody, and should live up to the position.

No one can tell when the test will come, and therefore moral strength should be developed and kept up all the while. That is the only kind of strength that can be relied upon. Spasmodic effort is not strength. No one can lean on it. Only by patient days and steady exercise can abiding power be obtained. People that are leaned on are usually quiet people, and are often obscure. But what would the world do without them? "He that overcometh I will make him a pillar in the temple of God," says the great promise which expresses the eternal goal and the eternal reward of moral strength.

WHAT OTHERS SAY

Berlin Rejoices

A great day in Berlin! A day of fervent rejoicing in palace and in hovel that did much to dispel the gloom of the unfortunates who had been unable to get anything to eat with their food tickets!

Attendeda by his gorgeously, uniformed staff the Kaiser went in state to his favorite place of worship to give devout thanks to his Divine junior-partner and to hear Herr Pastor Stumpf preach a sermon on patriotism from a text taken from the Gospel of Nietzche. He spoke of the German peasant and the privilege he enjoyed of giving his life for his Emperor. Not since Herr Pastor Baempf delivered his memorable discourse on the good fortune enjoyed by the Belgian women who became "lady companions" of highly placed German officers has such eloquence issued from a Berlin pulpit.

It was meet and fitting that the pious Huns should give thanks to their Kaiser's partner for the glorious triumph of their arms. No wonder their hearts were filled with a solemn and holy joy. Never before since the beginning of the war had 26 little children been massacred and 94 wounded in a single aeroplane bombardment of London—New York Herald.

What Environment May Do

A decade or so ago some thousands of "Doukhobors," a Russian sect of peculiar traits, went to Canada under pledge of immunity from military service. For the Dominion's Department of the Interior the Douk hobors have made life from time to time far from a bed of roses, especially when the tribe would undertake a pilgrimage to some distant point minus wearing apparel. Exemption from military service was the least of the worries of department heads; they would have rejoiced in that if it would only have kept the community quiet.

It is interesting to note. as an instance of what environment will do, that over 100 of the Doukhobors have joined Saskatchewan battalions, despite their immunity, and the first of these people to die in Canada's service fell in the Vimy Ridge attack —Wall Street Journal.

Unwise Speeches

The disiussion of the conscription measure proceeds at Ottawa, not, however, on party lines. It is understood that some French Canadian supporters of the government will oppose the bill, while a number of Liberals have declared their intention of supporting it. In two cases, speakers have used words which are not conducive to harmony or goodwill. A passage in the Prime Minister's speech contained an unpleasing suggestion concerning what might happen when the soldiers return from the war. A French member of the Opposition used lauguage which seemed to advise forcible resistance to the law. Perhaps neither speaker meant what the language conveyed to the ordinary reader. The moderation and caution which at all times are desirable in our parliamentary debates, as well as elsewhere, are more than ever important in the present state of affairs in Canada.—The Journal of Commerce.

A Paradise for Capital

Canada has been a paradise for capital. Sometimes when foreigners invest in our financial institutions we appreciate it so highly that we take care of their capital for them and relieve them of responsibility. Enterprise is almost worshipped in Canada. If anyone will only build a railway, and if he has no capital, we give it to him and let him keep the railway. We are still sublimely innocent in this regard, but are learning from necessity if not from logic. Many a man has resolutely ended his wasteful extravagance when all his money was gone. When a corporation gathers our nickel, our coal, our timber, and everything else in sight or underground, we call it the development of our resources.—Toronto Globe.

Wasting Needed Grain

With flour climbing up to unprecedented prices, grain is still going into distilleries and breweries for the manufacture of intoxicating liquors. Why is it permitted? In the year ending March, 1917, not less than 88,000,000 pounds of foodstuffs were used in manufacturing whisky alone in Canada. Only three distilleries were engaged in making whisky, all the others being engaged in manufacturing spirits used for munitions. Yet the total output increased, and the consumption of grain increased by 4,000,000 pounds over the previous year.—Saskatoon Star.

Why, Indeed?

People who are fond of conundrums may perhaps be able to give an answer to the following: Since for a number of years it has been considered essential that locomotives, which run on a fixed metal track, and do not have to be steered, shall be operated by men in a thoroughly sober condition, how long will public sentiment tolerate as drivers of automobiles, which must in all cases be steered through free-moving traffic on highways and city streets, men who are to some degree under the influence of liquor?—Christian Science Monitor.

Why Not?

To increase the crop yield, why should not the President order that all vacant land be put under cultivation immediately?

Failure to have vacant land under cultivation by June 1st, should automatically give anyone the right to "jump" the land and use it for a term of five years. Anyone jumping the land should be protected by the police throughout his five-year term. If we mean business this is the way to proceed.—The Ground Hog, Cleveland.

Intolerance

Intolerance in one form or another has been battling with charity since the dawn of the human era. The product of extremism, it operates from a variety of motives, but whatever its purpose it always winds up in confusion, disorder and misery. It is, in fact, an expression of the spirit of tyranny, present or potential, and notwithstanding its antiquity and the wear-and-tear to which it has been subjected it is still a mighty tough factor.—Victoria Times.

British Captured Hell

In its latest ridiculous drive England's Contemptible Little Army has captured Lenfer (which we take to be a misprint for L'Enfer). Those Prussian troops that "can fetch the devil from hell" had better convoy Old Nick to a position "previously prepared in advance."—Chicago Tribune.

Lincoln's Message to Mothers

To the mothers who have been bereft by the war there will remain, as Abraham Lincoln in a famous letter assured Mrs. Bixby, the mother of five sons killed in battle, "the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom."—Toronto Globe.

Rainiest Town in the World

Curiously enough, it is in India, that we find the wettest town in the whole world, according to a British agricultural expert in India. This town, where there is an almost constant rainfall, is called Cherapunji, in Assam. Its average rainfall is 600 inches or 50 feet a year, which is nearly a foot a week.

The Shameless Slacker

When you see a cigarette-smoking, healthy-looking young man playing pool or studying the Racing Form, do you ever think that perhaps his next-door neighbor's son is knee-deep in mud amid bursting shrapnel, or staggering through wire entanglements, breathing the deadly fumes of a gas attack.—Toronto Globe.

A Real War Song

The entrance of the United States into the European conflict is heralded by the publication of a real war song, written by a Marylander, too, Daniel M. Henderson, whose poem has been awarded the National Arts Club prize. The title "The Road to France" is incorporated in the theme with a ringing vigor that sets the pulses leaping. The first verse of the new song reads:

Thank God our liberating lance
Goes flaming on the way to France!
To France—the trail the Gurkhas found!
To France—old England's rallying ground!
To France—the path the Russians strode!
To France—the Anzac's glory road!
To France—where our Lost Legion ran
To fight and die for God and man!
To France—with every race and breed
That hates Oppression's brutal creed.

"The Road to France" seems destined to be the first war song worthy of the times. And unless American sentiment has lost much of its former power of expression more of this much needed sort of stimulus should be forthcoming.

SPORTS

(Continued from page Two)

Fatima had past peacefully into the land of dreams. Fatima was on the "moony' side of the tent, and I had turned in that way and was watching the shadows of the arbutus leaves, when all along the side of the tent next to Fatima there passed slowly three great shadows going toward the sea. Their backs were turned sloping the wrong way, for any beast I had ever seen, the tail end being higher than the head, which seemed to be carried about a foot and a half from the ground.

Bears! A midnight call from three bears and no weapons in the tent more deadly than a hairbrush! My word, I did feel bad! I dared not move or speak, and the three fat shadows shuffled along the tent side one after the other. Then came several hearty sniffs at the flap. That finished me. I sat up with a yell, seized Fatima's boots, which were close at hand in case of spiders, and let fly at the flap. Instead of the flap, the boots struck the enamel jug and basin on our dressing-table, and the whole thing went over with a terrific clatter. Fatima bounced up with a shriek of terror, forgetting the crazy nature of her couch, and over she came towards me! Of course she grabbed my bed to save herself, and I and it landed on top of her on the floor in one wild weird tangled heap! Bears and everything else vanished from my mind in that wild scramble for existence, but when I succeeded in finding something firm to put my feet upon, had got my bed and blankets off my head, and was struggling to get Fatima up, I had to explain what the commotion had been about in the first instance. At the words "bears" Fatima collapsed once more on the ruins of her bed and declared she would not get up till I had sent them away. What do you think of that for a large order?

Quick Excitement

All these stirring events had happened in about five seconds, I should judge, but as the row we had made from the word "Go" was sufficient to have frightened any creature except a tax-collector off the earth. I didn't mind undoing the flap and peering out. Of course, there was nothing to be seen of our visitors, so I hurriedly tied up the flap again, assisted Fatima to rise, and we started to put things to rights. We did not sleep much during the rest of the night, and the next morning we went to the farm for milk together to tell our tale of woe. Of course, it may have got swollen somewhat by that time, and I must say it was met solely with hilarity instead of the seriousness it merited. Even the old farmer, when I told him the moving tale, winding up with "And do you THINK they were bears, don't you think Mr. Ball?" chuckled as he winked at his "missus" and replied, "Well, judging from your description miss they must 'a bin hippopotamusses."

That tent of ours was very comfortable in its way, but it was the scene of many a thrill. Take Charles for instance. He was a very large black spider which had apparently conceived a hopeless affection for Fatima, I think—for me, SHE thinks. He had been allowed to live because we both naturally hate to kill things, and as Fatima truly observed, he would have made a nasty "squash" if you trod upon him. Anyway, he adopted our tent with enthusiasm as his home, and nothing we could do would make him change his views. We used to push our two big twigs or a piece of paper dozens of times a day between the two of us, yet whenever we went into that tent Charles was always there. His favorite spot was hanging from the roof crossing on a long thread about a foot above my face when I was in bed—just where you dare not move an eyelash or let out a whisper for help, for fear it should precipitate the crisis and make him drop. Once Fatima swears she found him at the bottom of a paper bag containing sandwiches when we were miles from home, because he was there in the tent when we got hom, swinging happily on his thread just above my bed. It is awful to have been the cause, however innocent and unwilling of such affection as this; the poor thing must have simply wasted his days and nights planning his best to keep near us, drat him! I found him in the sleeve of my bathing gown on one occasion, and let out such a yell and flung the garment such a distance in the horrid surprise of the moment that Charles had escaped and disappeared from mortal ken by the time I retrieved the garment. We congratulated ourselves that we had really lost him that time—but no! I awoke in the night only to see him running along the crossbar with his little legs as fast as he could go towards his jumping off place. Once we missed him all day, but found him in one of our blankets at night, and on two occasions Fatima forcibly ejected him from under her pillow. If we could have returned his affection it would have been all right, but neither of us felt that we could, so we just had to endure it.

Good Fun and Exercise

What with our walks, trolling for salmon, wood-carrying, wood-chopping, bathing and so on we got lots of splendid exercise, and in spite of all, or perhaps because of the various alarms and excursions we enjoyed every moment of our stay. For one whole week Fatima deserted the camp and went away to the mainland to visit friends, and had a splendid time, but I enjoyed the camp even when alone, and should have enjoyed it more if I could have persuaded her to take Charles with her; but argue as I might Fatima was adamant in this particular.

Did I mention how much the mosquitoes enjoyed Fatima? They just stayed and loved her! A stray one would wander into the tent at night and bump into me, get shooed off, and would perhaps be on the point of departure thoroughly disheartened when he would catch a glimpse of Fatima. He would give a buzz of satisfaction, of sheer bliss, sound the "Come on boys," for all his friends, and joyously bite a chunk out of Fatima's left ear. You would hear a resounding whack, and a muffled voice would say, "Got that brute anyway," and so on ad lib, the long night through. I would lie still and rejoice that even a mosquito can choose the better part, till the voice would murmur, "Isn't there an awful smell of burning somewhere?" and then I would know my time had come, and it was Fatima's turn to chuckle.

Only too soon our month slipped away and the last day came. Mournfully we rose and broke camp, tidying everything up as much as possible to look as if no one had ever been there. Then we dragged our things up through the wood to the road to await the stage, ejected the too faithful Charles from the luncheon basket at the last moment, and took our luggage aboard the waiting launch. Our holiday was over; but all the way across the sea to town we were registering solemn vows that, Charles or no Charles, we would do something similar next year or die in the atempt.—Miss H. W. Paul, in Wide World Magazine.

* * *

New York girls have organized for military service—leastwise the New York motorcycle misses have. Under the captaincy of Mrs. Florence A. Young and the guidance of the National League for Women's Service which has its headquarters at New York, a small but enthusiastic company of motorcycle girls has been formed, which it is hoped in time will develop into a large and thriving organization of the beneficial sort

Not Training for the Front

The girls do not expect to get to the front; they do not calculate on making spectacular runs with highly important messages behind the trenches with the shells falling thick and fast all round them. They are far too practical for that. But they do expect to gather from a course of serious training, both as to military tactics and things mechanical, a sufficient insight into the things that have heretofore been considered as masculine attributes pure and simple to enable them to replace men folks who are called to the colors—and replace them effectively.

Getting Intense Training

To this end the squad is now being given intensive training in motor vehicle mechanics with especial emphasis on the two-wheeler at one of New York's largest and best equipped automobile schools in conjunction with a class of women automobile drivers which had been organized by the league with the same aim in view.

Mrs. Young, who was captain of a motorcycle branch of the Emergency Service Corps in England, received her preliminary training for the captainship working as an appentice in a garage. Although a New York woman, she went to England to do volunteer war service at the beginning of the war, and she was among the first women who hired out in various capacities to take the jobs of the men sent to the front. She donned overalls and worked in a garage, changing tires, replacing tubes and greasing machinery.

"The work was good fun for me," said Mrs. Young. "I didn't mind the dirt and grease at all. The Emergency Service Corps sent me around to the garage owner who applied to them for women helpers. He was quite a woman-hater and looked me over, very much displeased with the idea of taking a woman on. "Well, I guess we'll have to have you," he said. He handed me a pair of overalls and told me he thought I might find a room in the back to change into them. At first, I felt rather conspicious wearing the overalls, but I got over that, and I put in some rather pleasant hours at the garage learning all about automobiles and motorcycles in general.

Study in Auto School

The women in the League's motorcycle division will take their mechanical training in an automobile school. Besides training for the emergency riding, they will be prepared to take the place of men in garages and automobile and motorcycle factories. Five women already have registered with the League for the new department.

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Motorcycle Days

By C. P. McDonald

YOU wonder what's come over me.
My source of joy you cannot guess.
My face all wreathed in smiles you see—
A peaceful face, you must confess;
I'm different than I was a few
Short weeks ago. You think its queer
To never see me glum and blue—
The motorcycle days are here.

It's been a wretched Winter—cold
And most uncertain, that's a fact;
But now my joys are manifold,
And like a two-year old I act;
What care I for the months that were,
Though each one seemed to last a year;
My blood with Springtime is astir—
The motorcycle days are here.

The Winter has been dull and long,
My nights disturbed by tangled dreams;
The world, so long devoid of song,
Now with sweet music fairly teems.
Each morn I bound up from the hay
To hear the birds lilt lays of cheer.
I run along on high all day—
The motorcycle days are here.

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DEPARTMENT OF LANDS

NOTICE

Re Overdue Payments on Applications to Purchase Crown Lands in British Columbia

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that, under the provisions of the "Soldiers' Homestead Act Repeal Act," any person who did not apply under the "Soldiers' Homestead Act, 1916," to complete his application to purchase, either by payment in full or by the selection of a proportionate allotment, may, by proving his interest and paying up in full the balance of the purchase price and taxes before the 31st December, 1917, obtain a Crown grant if proof satisfactory to the Minister of Lands is furnished that such person is suffering injury through absence of notice or otherwise.

And further that the interest in uncompleted applications to purchase held by any person on Active Service may be protected by notification to the Lands Department of the fact that such person is on Active Service and by the filing of proof of the interest of such person.

Further information will be furnished on request to the Deputy Minister of Lands, Victoria, B.C.

Publication of this notice without authority will not be paid for.

MOTOR TRAFFIC REGULATION ACT

Tenders for Number Plates and Chauffeur's Badges

Tenders, in duplicate, sealed and marked "Tenders for Motor Number Plates" or "Chauffeur Badges" together with samples of plates or badges for the year 1918, will be received by the undersigned up till the 16th day of July, 1917.

Full particulars regarding delivery, packing, and approximate number required will be furnished on application to the Superintendent of Provincial Police

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

COLIN S. CAMPBELL,
Superintendent Provincial Police
Victoria, B. C.
25th June, 1917.

In the Matter of the Vancouver Island Settlers' Rights Act, 1904, and Amending Act, 1917.

Public notice is hereby given that all persons claiming to be entitled to grants of land within the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway Land Belt under the provisions of the above statute, are required on or before the 1st September, 1917, to make application in writing to the Lieutenant-Governor in Council, and to furnish evidence of their occupation or improvement and intention to settle on said lands.

Forms of application can be obtained from the Government Agent at Nanaimo, B C., or from the undersigned.

A. CAMPBELL REDDIE,
Deputy Provincial Secretary.

War Office Post for C.P.R. Manager

MAJOR George McLaren Brown, Reserve of Officers, Canadian Militia, has been appointed Assistant Director (unpaid) at the War Office, with the rank of Lieut.-Colonel while so employed.

MAJOR G. McL. BROWN.

Major McLaren Brown is the European Manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and was born in Hamilton, Ont., in 1865, his father, Adam Brown, being a Scotsman from Dumfrieshire, and his mother an Englishwoman from Shrewsbury.

In 1887 he was appointed Agent for the Canadian Pacific Railway at Vancouver, promoted five years later to be Asst. General Passenger Agent, Western Division, and subsequently became in turn Executive Agent, Superintendent of Hotels and Dining and Sleeping Car Dept. and General Passenger Agent, C. P. R. Atlantic Steamship Lines. In 1908 Major Brown was appointed General European Traffic Agent, and in 1910 General European Manager, with head offices at 62/5, Charing Cross, London, S.W.

In all these positions Major McLaren Brown has shown himself possessed of rare organizing and executive skill.

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Advice to parents is condensed in a small leaflet, 100,000 of which has been circulated in Ontario by the Ontario Safety League. The words of advice regarding street dangers cannot be too often repeated to children. There are also some timely words against waste in time of war. The work of the League in impressing the ned of care and caution is lessening the record of preventable accidents among both children and adults.

At the recent meeting of the Chicago Master Bakers' Association, it was brought out that it costs "pretty nearly" a quarter of a cent a loaf to wrap bread in wax paper. Mr. Grant made the statement in which he declared that the system of wrapping bread was introduced several years ago at the solicitation of "some ladies and uplifters in the town" and that it is popular.

Vegetarians are claimnig exemption from military duty because they do not eat meat, but nobody wants them to bite the Germans.—New York Sun.

Forest fires in Canada cause an annual loss of $6,000,000. Now is the time to provide adequate protection and prevent this loss.—

The unanimity of the Canadian press against the granting of hereditary titles in Canada is refreshing. Parliament should demand the discontinuance of the practice. The subject is not taboo, as sycophants would have it.—Toronto Globe.

A British Columbia Salvage Feat

Another chapter in the remarkable history of the steel freighter Sesostris, formerly one of the largest units of the German mercantile fleet, for ten years stranded in the sands of the Guatemalan coast, and now rescued and about to be put back into service by the British Columbia Salvage Co., has begun with the temporary American registration of the vessel under the new name of the "Francis L. Skinner." She is now on her way north to the home of her new owners in Victoria, B. C., and is soon to add one to the list of the new freighters needed in the service of the Allies.

Crawling slowly under her own motive power the Sesostris steamed into San Diego Harbor a few days ago on her northward trip. There she was welcomed back from her long sleep in the Guatemalan sands by the salutes of all craft in the harbor. It required nine months of continuous labor and the expenditure of nine human lives to enable Captain F. C. Stafford, of the British Columbian Salvage Company, to accomplish one of the greatest feats ever attempted in maritime engineering by floating the vessel.

In the summer of 1907 the Sesostris of the Kosmos Line, commanded by Captain H. Tenne, left her home port, Hamburg, bound for the ports of Central and South America. Bad luck followed the ship almost from the day of her departure. She encountered very severe storms, and had a difficult passage round Cape Horn, but her solid steel frame and sound construction kept her in good condition. However, while the crew was unloading coffee off the coast of Guatemala near the small town of Ocos, a slight equinoctial gale broke the anchor chains, and drove the freighter sidewise on the beach. At first Captain Tenne thought the accident could easily be remedied at high tide. But when high water came the treacherous sands had shifted, and the captain found the vessel firmly imbedded in the beach. The sands continued to shift, throwing the freighter higher and higher on the beach, and increasing the distance to the free water at the rate of a foot an hour. When the rescue tugs arrived they found the Sesostris stranded in an inland lake, 150 feet from the high water mark.

Leaving an assistant engineer in charge, Captain Tenne and his crew returned to Germany. In October, 1907, he reported the loss of the vessel to the officials of the Kosmos Line in Hamburg. Then, as the story is told, he committed suicide.

The assistant engineer left in charge of the stranded vessel, rigged up an electric dynamo to the engines of the freighter, and became sole owner of th Ocos Electric Light and Power Corporation. There followed three unsuccessful attempts to float and salvage the great freighter. A wealthy Guatemalan was the first to lose a fortune in the attempt. Finally, he sold his rights to an American, who also failed to put the vessel into commission. The third attempt was made by a large salvage company, but the Sesostris could not be moved. At last, in the spring of 1915, the British Columbia Salvage Company purchased the $1,000,000 freighter for $55,000.

Led by Captain Stafford, a squad of fifteen men left Victoria on the 4th of July, 1916, on board the tug Pilot, and since that time they have been working on the stranded vessel. The most untoward adventure which happened to this party was an equinoctial storm last February off the Guatemalan coast, in which the Pilot foundered and nine men were drowned, among them the First Officer, J. Birss, and Engineer W. C. Patterson of the salvage expedition.

Because the engines of the Sesostris had been kept in excellent condition, Captain Stafford was able to rig up winches run by power derived from them. A number of centrifugal pumps sucked more than 100,000 cubic feet of sand from about the partially buried ship. Then a small canal was dug from the inland lake in which the Sesostris rested to the high water line. Through this the ship was finally brought to deep water. The original cargo had been removed years ago by means of an especially built railroad spur connecting with the Guatemalan Railroad lines, so that when the Sesostris finally glided into deep water she floated high and easily. It was even necessary to use some of the sand that had held her captive as ballast.

The northward journey was begun with the British tug Nitinat helping to tow the vessel. But owing to the scarcity of fuel it became necessary for the tug to cut loose when they had gone only a few hundred miles, and the Sesostris continued her journey slowly alone. As soon as the Francis L. Skinner reaches Victoria it is planned to use her to carry supplies to the nations now fighting Germany. The salvage company which has put the vessel again into commission, has expended about $250,000 in the work.—New York Times

Canada Benefitted By High Prices

Forest L. Appleby, manager of the foreign exchange department of the Union Bank of Canada at New York, says that one of the effects of the war, so far as Canadian finances are concerned, has been that in spite of the enormous expense of upkeep of the Canadian Expeditionary forces, the prices received for Canadian produce have been so uniformly high that financially the country is in better shape than for many years past.

He explains that the banks are in a particularly liquid position, owing to the falling of what was the normal trade before the war, and the vast increases in what might be termed "war trades," since the outbreak of hostilities. The cause of this is that the governments of Europe are largely cash customers, and even when not paying cash, deposit high-grade securities, for which a ready market is to be found. Just now Canadian banks have unusually ample funds available for short term investments. This is owing in part to the fact that the Royal Wheat Commission has repaid approximately $50,000,000 borrowed last fall for the purpose of purchasing and carrying through the winter, Canadian wheat. How the size and value of this crop exceeded the estimates may be imagined when it is stated on no less authority than that of the president of a large western Canada railroad that there is still over 45,000,000 bushels of last year's wheat to be shipped.

Further, Mr. Appleby says that since the New York money market has received the attention and so much of the business of foreign countries for the purpose of securing credits, the increase in the number of foreign banks, and the growth of the business of those foreign banks already established, have been very great; and as in the final analysis practically all of the exports from this continent to Europe are financed here, unprecedently large opportunities are offered for employment of funds in foreign exchange, which yields a satisfactory return, and at the same time enables the banks to keep their funds liquid.—Financial Post.

It is rumored that Steel Corporation will construct a shipbuilding plant at Gary, Ind., where vessels for the Shipping Board will be built.

The Peninsular & Oriental Steamship Company has bought the Union Steamship Co., of New Zealand, bringing its tonnage above 1,725,000.

American railroad equipment builders in May received orders for cars and locomotives that will represnt an outlay of $110,000,000. This compares with orders for $23,900,000 in April. Foreign orders predominated.

New shipping and shipbuilding corporations with authorized stock of $48,490,000, were organized in May, according to the New York Journal of Commerce, a new record for a single month. The total since war began is $232,082,000.

The latest census of manufacturers in the United States shows that in America the manufacture of paper is second in importance only to the steel industry. The total invested capital is estimated at $500,000,000, while the annual value of the manufactured product of the paper and pulp amounts to $350,000,000.

Canadian Canned Goods in Great Britain

Mr. Harrison Watson, Canadian Trade Commissioner, London, in his latest report, says:—

"It seems a favorable opportunity for again directing attention to the excellent prospects which should await the coming season's pack of Canadian canned fruits and vegetables in this market.

"While it is true that ordinary commercial transactions are substantially reduced by existing import restrictions, upon the other hand the virtual prohibition of sources of supply outside of the British Empire for at least a considerable proportion of the year, obviously gives an enormous advantage to Canadian goods, while the avowed policy of the government departments and that important body, the Army Canteen Committee (which now purchase on behalf of some 2000 canteens), to give all possible preference to the products of the Empire, offers opportunities of which it is hoped Canadian packers will take that full advantage of which they were so unforunately deprived last summer owing to the indifferent yield of so many vegetables and fruits.

"As upon previous occasions, and only last year when import restrictions were first introduced, reports dealing with the various aspects of the canned goods trade in this country have been published in the Weekly Bulletin, upon the last occasion including the views of the principal London dealers, it is unnecessary to cover the ground again.

"It might be repeated, however, that a demand for Canadian tomatoes, peas and pears has resulted from the dislocation of ordinary sources of supply effected by the war, while owing largely to the presence of the Canadian Expeditionary Force and their families, a demand has been created for goods previously very little used in this country, such as baked beans and sugar corn.

"Many of the principal canned goods importers in London and elsewhere have already been in touch with some of the Canadian packers of canned fruits and vegetables, but the frequent additional inquiries that come in betoken the increased interest which is being evinced in Canada as a source of supply, and while ordinary business transactions are temporarily limited by the difficulties of transportation in addition to import restrictions, Canadian packers, with proper foresight and organization, should be able to secure, and in certain lines permanently retain, trade which was previously done with other countries.

The day of the wooden golf club shaft is not passing. There is enough hickory in America to provide all the shafts for the golf clubs that American golf players can want for years to come. It has been asserted of late that the time was coming when, from scarcity of hickory, club shafts would have to be made of steel, but there is no foundation for such a statement.

FIGHTING THE FOOD SHORTAGE

New Industries From Vegetable Fats

C. P. R. Working Out A Solution

THE seriousness of the food situation throughout the world has been frequently emphasized by the press and no one disputes the fact that the world seems steadily marching toward a period of starvation. Efforts are being made in all civilized countries along different lines to avert such a disaster and to devise means of overcoming a situation created by the war.

There have been food crisis in nearly every great war, and these have frequently given rise to new processes of sufficient merit to be continued in peace times, as for example, the manufacture of sugar from sugar beets, and the substitution of vegetable for animal fats as in oleomargarine.

Oleomargarine has been under discussion in Canada for some time and needs no further comment, except perhaps to point out that under the present regulations prohibiting the manufacture of this material there are undoubtedly many in the Dominion who are not getting the fats requisite for the proper maintenance of the body, because they are unable to purchase this fat at the present price of butter. In many countries where oleomargarine has been used for years a larger and ever larger percentage of vegetable fat is being substituted for the animal fat, and the day seems not far distant when hydrogenated vegetable oils may entirely replace animal fats for certain food purposes.

Arthur D. Little, Limited, the organization of analytical chemists which on the instigation of Lord Shaughnessy has been making an exhaustive study of Canadian natural resources have been investigating the utilization of vegetable fat in materials which have proven satisfactory substitutes for cream for all purposes excepting butter making and where whipped cream is required. The material is especially adapted to the manufacture of ice cream and can be produced much cheaper than cow's cream, a quantity of which through the use of such a substitute may be made available for other food purposes.

Dry milk, while a very important article of commerce, is known chiefly to bakers, hotels and ice cream manufacturers. A good product is now being manufactured in Ontario, but recognizing the advisability of establishing drying plants in smaller units and of a size that could be supported by the local community, work is being carried on with this requirement in mind. The installation of such plants would make it possible for dairymen to find a constant market, although they might be located at a distance so great from large centres of population as to make it impossible to sell liquid milk. For example, in Alberta the dairy industry is growing and would undoubtedly develop to a wonderful extent if drying plants requiring small amounts of capital could be established.

The same is true of vegetables, and mixed farming would be encouraged in the west if the farmer had a home market for his produce. Milk is 85% water, and many vegetables run as high or even higher in their moisture content. They are perishable, require special handling, and a large portion of the crop is composed of sizes too small to market. There are objections to the drying processes now employed and it is important, to perfect a method of drying vegetables and yet leave them fresh. Such material when placed in warm water soon absorbs the moisture which has been removed, and the vegetables when cooked in the water in which they have been placed give the same results as do fresh vegetables. The drying process must leave the vegetable with its natural color and with all the flavor with which it comes from the garden. The dried product must not be cooked or discolored, and should provide the housewife with a cleaned, peeled, ready-prepared material, which will keep without refrigeration or special storage, and enable her to avoid all the losses which accompany the use of most fresh material.

The utilization of that portion of fruits which is considered below standard, and, therefore, unprofitable to ship, in another problem which is receiving the consideration of Arthur D. Little, Limited. For example, a considerable part of every apple crop falls into such classifications as windfalls, seconds and thirds, poorly formed or poorly colored fruit, and as this proportion of the crop increases the selling price of the standard apple also increases. Methods for preparing a high grade sweet cider are under consideration, as well as the production of other apple products to utilize the portion of the crop considered unsaleable or inferior by fruit dealers.

(1) Drying machine and constant level feed tank showing milk in sheet.
(2) Packing Department—Filling cans in foreground and heap of powdered dried milk.

The desirability of increasing the food content of farm produce is obvious. It may be pointed out that the starch content of potatoes grown in Germany is much higher than that of potatoes on this continent, twice as high in fact. The cultivation of certain hybrids producing larger and better varieties of berries, etc., should also be encouraged, and while this phase of the problem scarcely comes within the province of the chemist, it is under consideration as a part of the general study.

Encouraging progress has been made in the various fields oulined above, and definite announcements are expected in the near future.

A Thrilling Love Story in the days of 1776

FIFE AND DRUM

Will Run Continuously In The Standard

A wager in Virginia never failed to provoke interest, whether it were for a pair of spurs or a pipe of canary, and now all were listening eagerly. The two girls, from their positions, could see without difficulty over the intervening heads.

"Let us go farther away," said Anne. But Betsy was of a different mind. "No, no," she protested. "They are going to toss. I wouldn't miss it now for anything. He is French, Anne; I can tell by the accent.'

Rolph called and threw the gold coin he had rawn from his pocket, with a flourish. "The king's head!" rose a score of voices as it fell; "Mr. Rolph wins."

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Betsy in great vexation.

"I really believe," said Anne with heat, "that you want that man to win."

"Weren't you just now wishing you were a man so Mr. Rolph shouldn't?" retorted Betsy.

Monsieur Armand had drawn forth a wallet from his pocket and lifted out the sum. "Fortune beams upon you, Monsieur," he smiled. "I was ever unlucky of a Wednesday. Shall we have one more throw? And double or quits, mayhap, Monsieur? Unless you deem the stake over high."

"High!" said Rolph with a growl. "Double or quits iti s. Eighty pounds against your lost forty and the wench But, mind you, this one throw ends it. D'ye hear?"

The other tossed. There was a shout as the coin descended, for it lodged in the brim of a spectator's hat and could not be counted. At the next trial it rolled in a spiral and finally stood edgewise in a crack of the wharf flooring.

A third time the young Frenchman sent it spinning. It twinkled in the sunlight, fell, bounded sideways, the crowd parting before it, rolled across the open space and toppled over a few feet from Anne. Instinctively she leaned far out of the coach and looked.

"It shows the arms!" she cried in spite of herself. The coin had fallen on its obverse side.

"Fortune has turned," the secretary observed easily. "It appears, Monsieur, that the servant is mine. The remainder of the stake, if you please."

"'Twas but his assurance he wagered with," snarled Rolph. "It will not hold. What does this sorry raiment with thus much money, gentlemen? He does not own so much. I dispute the bet."

"And Mr. Rolph calls himself a gentleman!" Anne said disgustedly.

Monsieur Armand looked at his antagonist with undisguised contempt, and the murmurs ofthe assembly, who loved fair play, were so unmistakable that Rolph drew out bills and indenture with a curse and drove off with a black look.

Anne watched him go, a curl on her lip. When she turned at Betsy's exclamation, it was first to be aware that all on the wharf were looking her way, that some of them were smiling, and then that the young Frenchman, with the redemptioner woman following him, was approaching her.

Before she had recovered from her astonishment he was bowing low. "Mademoiselle," he said, "will pardon the liberty I take in addressing her?"

She bowed coldly, half starteled.

"Fate," he went on, "has made me the owner of the servant for whom, being no landholder, I have scant use She speaks a strange tongue and is in a strange land, and to free her without bond-time were small kindness. May I beg the favor, Mademoiselle, that you take her in your service, demanding such labor as will requite her support?"

The indignant color flooded the brow of Anne. "Sir!" she said frigidly, drawing herself up. "We have strange surprises in Virginia. But surely the effrontery of our visitors surpasses them all."

Armand looked clearly at her out of his dark eyes. "Mademoiselle will pardon," he answered, "the error of one of these visitors who, seeing her face, has overestimated her graciousness and charity."

With this he bowed again till his hat swept the ground, and, followed by the bondwoman; walked down the wharf toward the unlaiding vessel.

Th red in Anne's cheeks had grown to fire-brands and her anger let sting to the half-concealed smirks of those who stood nearest.

"Land of mercy!" said Betsy with emphasis. "Whati mpudence!"

Soon the curious crowd was thinning, Betsy's search was ended and Anne, having left her seat in the coach, watched at nearer view the disgorging of the cargo.

Here Brooke came primed with a new sensation. This was nothing less than the tale of a fight which had occurred during the voyage between the mate of the vessel and a passenger. Anne's eyes were very soft as h finished.

"And who d'ye think," he ended, "was this champion? Why, the young Frenchman yonder that you cruhsed so mercilessly, Mistress Tillotson!"

"And the redemptioner woman?" asked Anne, with something like dread.

"'Twas the wench he won from Burnaby Rolph!"

"Oh!" The cadence was full of liquid self-reproach.

"Where are you going?" Betsy asked as Anne rose. She did not answer, but walked quickly across the wharf to the spot where Armand stood. He made no movement as she came.

"Monsieur . . ." she faltered and stopped.

His hat was in his hand instantly and he was gravely deferential.

"I wish to take back," she went on, "my words of a while ago. I assure you they were not rudely meant. I—"

He stayed her with a gesture. "What am I that Mademoiselle should speak thus? I was brusque, unmannerly—"

"No, no!"

"I forgot where I was—forgot that I had not the joy of knowing her—forgot everything but what I saw in her face as she sat in the chariot. For I am a great magician, Mademoiselle; I know all who are lovely and gracious of heart."

"I was wrong," she said proudly. "And for this I sak your pardon. May I have the bond-servant?"

He smiled gaily now and bowed low to her. "To be treated with such pleasant surgery, all the world would be glad of wounds," he cried. "You recompense me a thousand times!"

He signed to the serving-woman who sat stolidly upon a near-by chest, and pointed from himself to Anne. She understood, and when Anne put her in charge of John-the-Baptist to take on ahead a-pillion, she went without question.

Betsy watched this transaction open-mouthed.

"Did you ever!" she gasped. "I wonder what mother will say to that!"

Armand had stepped to position, hat under arm, at the coach door. "Mademoiselle will permit me to assist her?" he aswed, and gave her the tips of his fingers. His eyes were bright on her face.

On the step she stopped, half turned, a delicate flush coming to her cheek—a flush that deepened to damask at his look. She hesitated an instant as if about to speak, then suddenly entered,, sat down, gave the word to the driver and was whirled away. The secretary stood looking after the reteating chaiot.

"A splenrid creature," purred Brooke at his elbow, "albeit you found her wintry."

"Wintry!" exclaimed the young man—"she who is made only of summer, its incense, its colors, its dreams Your sis an enchanted land, Monsieur, and she its goddess."

"Egad! I'll make a sonnet on that. Sink me, but it's coming back!" The latter remark was applied to the chariot which had turned and was now approaching more slowly the spot where they stood.

As it drew up, Ane leaned from the window. "Monsieur," she called, "I had quite forgot to speak of the indenture."

He drew it from his pocket and held it out to her.

"Such have to be conveyed, I make sure," she said, looking at it doubtfully. "Your delicacy, sir, forbade you to set me right. We shall have to sign and witness a deed and what not, I suppose."

"'Tis a plain indenture," said Brooke, peering.

She drew it away sharply. "Alas! we women know so little of business. I bethink me my father will wish to receipt to you for it."

"Mademoiselle—"

"Aye, but he will. At any rate, you would not be so ungallant as to have me blamed, sir? Will you not ride to Gladden Hall with me? 'Tis scarce a half-league away."

"Mademoiselle!"

"Your father is in Williamsburg, Mistress," ventured the exquisite. "I chanced to overhear him say this morning he would remain over at Colonel's Byrd's until tomorrow."

Anne frowned. "I fear you did not hear aright, sir," she returned coldly. Then with an enchanting smile she opened the coach door and made room for the secretary beside her. "I await you, Monsieur," she said, her eyes like fringed gentians. He bowed to her with a new light on his face, entered, and closed the door.

"Home, Rashleigh," she cried to the driver, and the heavy coach rolled away.

"Wintry!" said the fop to himself with a chuckle. "Methinks report does the lady wrong."

Jarrat, meanwhile, had been sitting in the skipper's dingy cabin,—for Master Elves had now transferred responsibility tothe ship's agent,—his face properly smoothed to good-fellowship, over a noggin of rum from the locker. He had long ago cultivated a new affibility with the master of the Two Sisters. Now he had an errand, though he was somewhat long in coming to the point.

"The Marquis de la Trouerie," he said finally and in a purely casual way, as he smacked his lips. "It was nigh two months since that he died, if I remember."

The mariner took down his log from the shelf and turning it with a hairy thumb, pushed it across the board. The other looked at it closely and laid the book open before him. Incidentally he filled up the glasses. "Knew you aught of his affairs in this Colony?" he queried.

One might have noticed that the eyes opposite narrowed perceptibly.

"Not I," answered the skipper. "I hold to my own helm."

"A close tongue," vouchsafed Jarrat, "makes a wide purse."

The drift of this succient remark was not lost upon his companion who discretely kept his eyes upon his glass.

The speaker continued, dropping his voice and leaning on the table: "The marquis and I had somewhat of business together although we never met. In fact, I made this voyage at his own request. Now, to be frank, the news o fhs death will not aid a mutual venture of ours here in Virginia, which, for my part, has gone too far for backing. Zooks! A mortal pity to publish it!"

There was interest and speculation in the narrow eyes, if nothing more. Something jingled. It may have been the visitor's sword-knot, or a hand in a pocket. The skipper was not deaf.

"The passangers?" he hazarded.

"They are off for the North today. Boston blab will not hurt me; 'tis the Gazetes here I care about. As for the factors, they are bent on business. Our young Virginian woolsack has gone to Pennsylvania. I'll risk him."

"There's the marquis's secretary."

Jarrat snapped his fingers. "He'll be cheap. I know the breed. A leaf lost fro ma log is no great matter," he continued slowly as though to himself. Again the jingle. The skipper cleared his throat.

Jarrat's hand slowly, very slowly, tore out the leaf, folded it and placed it in his pocket-book. Yellow disks passed across the table.

"I'll be keel-hauled if I see your game," said the skipper.

The other smiled. "I'll be keel-hauled if I see why you should," said he.

Brooke was scarce done twisting his love-lock when Jarrat crossed the wharf from the ship hot from his bargain with the skipper. He made inquiries concerning a young gentleman dressed in gray and by good luck hit upon an apprentice lad who told him he had carried the young gentleman's chest to the Swan Tavern at which he had been directed to bespeak supper and lodging.

CHAPTER VI

For some time the two in the carriage rode in silence. The way, when they had left the clustered shipping of the town behind them ,wound along the reed-rimmed bank of the river where plethoric crows cawed to their mates. The afternoon had come with a vivid sky burning to a char on the horizon. The young secretary gazed out of the open window and through it the wind came, sweet with the clean smell of dry grass. Anne stole a side glance from under drooping lide.

"You are deeply occupied, Monsieur," she said at length, with a lurking thread of sarcasm. "I should not marvel, since all Virginia lies just outside."

He threw her a smile that softened his clean-cut mouth and lightened his eyes. "All Virginia is not outside the window—for me, Mademoiselle."

With a woman, it is the new sensation which captivates. Mistress Tillotson had been used enough to pretty speeches—the beaux of hali Virginia had recited quatrains to her fan. Here was an unaccustomed subtlety.

"Yet your eyes were there," she rejoined. "Had your thought fled still farther? Over-sea, mayhap?"

He met her look full-eyed. "Shall I tell you of what I was thinking? I have seen many fair ladies in my own land—gracious and kind belike but few whose charity could reach to an object so far beneath them as a bondwoman; fewer yet whose graciousness would lead them to sue for pardon from a stranger—like me."

"I," she answered more lightly, "was thinking of how the frost has set the woods afire. Saw you ever such copper-reds and russet-golds? And those wedges of pink rock—they have the look of raspberries crushed in curlded milk. God is spendthrift of His hues."

The country through which they passed was hung with the marvelous colods which a Virginian autumn lavishes so prodigally. There was the maroon of the wold-rose-stalk, the ripe-brown seams of butternut bark, and the shifting tints the sun lends the frosted alder; the gray lichen and bronze fir splotched with scarlet creeper and stippled mosses like safron buterflies. Here and there showed the splash of a blue-bird's wing or the vermilion crest of a kingfisher.

"It is very fair," he said, "as it should be."

Again a silence fell while the road swung across forest stretches, under springing roofs through which the sky swam in dazzles.

At last she spoke demurely:

"And of what else were you thinking, Monsieur?"

"I was thinking what you are most like. Some ladies are like snow-mountains that stand very far off—white and beautiful, but cold—so cold you can not warm them, and so very high. Some are like blossoms, sweet and perfumed, made for only a nosegay in the evening; when the sun is hot they wither. Some are like a song taht one hears and thinks lovely—hums it a while and forgets."

"And which of these am I, sir?"

"You are like a sword—slim and shining and straight and yet delicate. It took centuries to make the sword, Mademoiselle. It will bend, bend, but not break. It is sharp and cold to all the world save one—the one who wears it at his side. But to his touch it becomes alive to ward him harm, to guard his life, to keep his honor."

"An we were truly swords," she flashed "—we ladies of Virginia—there were less of bitterness in this fair Colony of ours."

"So the sword has the emper," he cried, his eyes kindling. "It is not for ornament alone! And these serious troubles of the Colonies—they strike so deeply then? Do even the ladies of the land feel the sting?"

She gazed out toward the low-knobbed hills limned against the sky, her elbow on the window sill, her chin in her gloved hand, silent. Above them, in sun-stained air, shreds of torn clouds folded away like dreams. From near-by came the startled flutter of field larks and the rustle of ripening corn.

The road curved quickly and lurched into a pine forest, where the day filmed to twilight and the hofs fell noiselessly intoa carpet of brown needles. It was a pleasant way, full of mingled odors, all strangely pure and agreeable, where wood-things piped to a musical silence.

"'Tis not all Virginia after all that one sees here, Monsieur," she said slowly, after a time. "Far to the east of us is a vast region, raw, full-veined of scatered tenants. There are great mountain peaks and ravines, wastes waiting seed and hoe, plateaus adn woodlands where the musket and the axe are never silent. Deer run in the brake. Wolves race along the ridges. There strong men have lived and toiled and fought back the savages and cleared themselves homes. Their children have grown up unyielding like the granite in the mountain's heart, untrameled like its torrents. And this life amid the silences has taguht them a justice neither fear nor favor. The region you see here, Monsieur, to this great weave I speak of is but the raveled edge.

"Here broad rivers run brackish with tide-water, and ships lie at the wharves. They bring to our manor-houses all of luxury and refinement which Virginia tobacco can buy. And here the planters, (for Virginia was first settled by gentlemen, Monsieur), choose to put on courtliness and also dress in gold-lace and make a bit of London for themselves on the edge of the wilderness.

"Just beyond those hills, to the southward, is Williamsburg, the capital they have built. It has a college and a court. There the cocks are ever fighting, the horses are ever running, the fiddles are ever playing, and there in his palace sits the royal governor His Majesty is pleased to put over his Colonials, levying on their leaf and sneering at their buckskins."

The Earl of Dunmore?"

"Aye(my Lord the earl. Think you he knows one whit more of this Virginia than does the king, a thousand leagues away? He drinks in his palace and drives his white horses and bullies his burgesses—the representatives whom the people have elected. They must pleasure him or he dissolves them. The king has forgot that the Virginians are Englishmen, and that Englishmen love freedom."

"And Englishwomen, too," he said.

"We can do little," she went on, "We wear no swords. All we can do is to hope and to wait."

"Little!" There was a thrill in his tone. "Little! You call such a hope—such a feeling, small? You think it valueless or weak. Ah, Mademoiselle! Know you what makes a lady adorable to a man's heart? What makes him worship her. It is that she inspires him—that is it! Not to dress for her, or bow or sing her little songs. But to toil, to struggle, to fight for first, and then—then a one, a perfect one, a loved face, to wait and smile on him when he has won.

"With this a man could do miracles! Ah, it could make of a poor nobody a king, an emperor! I, even I, Mademoiselle,, a stranger from another land, I could fight so well for these great things, for this Virginia of yours, if I—if I—"

He paused. There was a tense moment.

Then the air filled itself with a long dull sigh, and on its train came a sudden snapping of dead boughs, an unjointed, cracking report, and both looked up startled.

A strange, far-away circumstance had had part in this. Indians had not been used to fell trees as did their white conquerors. Instead, they cut deep rings into the bark and let nature be the ax-man. These trunks fell when dry-rot had done its work, sometimes in storms, often when no wind stirred, crashing in a forested silence. A quarter century before, perhaps, a Mattapony brave had thus girdled a great pine with his tomahawk; and it was this dead tree, its limbs now white as bleached wolf-bones, which was now, after its time, leaning to its fall from the road side.

A shriek burst from Anne's lips as she sa wthe toppling bulk through the window, and she started to her feet. Simultaneously came a howl of terror from Rashleigh and a leaping jerk from the horses as he tried to lash them to safety.

There was an instant when the huge bole seemed to hang motionless in the air above them—an instant in which Anne frenziedly wrenched open the door and made as if to leap out. The same instant Armand seized her, dragged her back and threw himself and her against the rear wall of the chariot.

She struggled, but he forced her back and held her, as the groaning mass came to earth with a crash that rocked the ground.

Anne, conscious even in her ecstasy of fright of a sense of safety in his arms, felt the body of the coach crush like an egg-shell. She had hidden her face on his breast and shut her eyes, waiting the end. The whole world was a splinter of glass, a ripping of boarding, a sickening jumble of thuds, through which stabbed the agonized squeals of the horses.

Then there was stillness, broken by Rashleigh's sobbing scream—

"De good Lawd, Mis' Anne! De good Lawd . . . is yo' daid?"

She opened her eyes and looked up. The riven trunk lay right athwart the forward cushions, where it had crushed its way through. A great gnarled limb, broken off,thrust itself a yard from her face and through the jagged edges of the top she saw the far foliage swaying. Armand's face bent above her. It was white and strained with an anguish that was slipping away, but it was calm.

Rashleigh's head appeared at the wrecked window, his features blue-black with fear.

"Bress Gord!" he stammered, his grizzled forelock working. "Bress His name! So yo' ain' hurt, honey? Den I gwinter ketch de hosses 'fore dey scare missus to def'!"

The head withdrew, and Anne tried to smile up at Armand.

"We are safe," she said, speaking slowly like a child. "I know. 'Twas—so sudden. Let me—wait a moment." She closed her eyes again, sick and faint in the reaction.

He did not speak at once, but she felt his arms, which were under and around her, shake with a little tremor and draw her closer.

THE FUEL SITUATION

Present Difficulties Attributed to a Number of Causes---An Important Statement

THE following statement is sent out by Mr. A. D. MacTier, General Manager of the C. P. R.:

It is realized in most quarters, some more than others, that this country is face to face with a coal shortage of very alarming proportions, and that by next winter, if conditions under which fuel may be obtained do not alter in the meantime, a great many industrial concerns and householders will be unable to supply themselves with sufficient coal to carry them through the severe weather.

The present and prospective difficulties in the way of bringing coal into Eastern Canada may be attributed to a number of causes, principal amongst which are dearth of mining labor and shortage of coal carrying equipment at the mines. The situation in some of the mining territories at the present time, is that, even with the labor shortage, mine operators are able to turn out coal at a greater rate than they can obtain cars to carry it away. It, therefore, naturally follows, that more coal can be brought into Canada if the car supply is increased.

Unfortunately it is out of the question to obtain any number of new cars at this time, and the situation can be met only by obtaining more service from the present rolling stock. To do this cars must be moved promptly between the mines and destination, and must be unloaded as soon as they reach consignees.

Railways must have coal in order to discharge their obligations to the country, and for their own preservation, as well as for the benefit of their patrons, they are putting forth their utmost efforts to minimize delay to cars while en route to and from the mines.

All efforts in this direction, however, will be of little avail without the whole-hearted co-operation of the man who unloads the coal and releases the car after it gets to its destination. Some consignees, who thoroughly appreciate the situation have almost a hundred per cent. record in the prompt unloading of coal cars, but there are others who are helping to create the prospective shortage of coal by keeping the equipment out of active service. To-day there are in one town of comparatively small size fifty-two coal cars awaiting unloading. The arrival of these cars was spread over a period thirty-one days, an average of cars received per day of 1.68. They are consigned to three organizations who have the facilities for unloading a large number of cars each day. These fifty-two cars have been out of service a total of 1029 car days. Coal cars that are not held for storage purposes as these cars are, average at least fifty miles per car per day. Had the fifty-two cars been unloaded promptly they would have, by this time, travelled 51,450 miles. The distance from the point where they are now located to the coal mining territory is approximately four hundred miles. It follows, therefore, that had the fifty-two cars been in active service they would have been available to bring into the country sixty-four carloads, or about thirty-two hundred tons, of coal. The quantity is not very large, it is true, when the total demand is considered, but it would have kept over three hundred families warm for the winter or heated the boilers in an industrial plant for some little time.

Unfortunately, the case cited is not the only one of its kind. It is one of the worst at present, but there are hundreds of cars at this moment that are lying idle, waiting to be relieved of their loads, so that they may go back to the mines for more coal. The coal dealer and consignee can do the country an immense service by promptly releasing rolling stock and helping to reduce car shortage at the mines.

There is also the man who has always called for open top cars for the handling of his goods because the loading and unloading with that class of equipment is more economical than in using closed cars. When he insists on being supplied with cars that should be in the coal business he is helping to create a coal shortage by keeping cars away from the mines. No doubt he is a heavy coal consumer. As a business proposition would it not be more economical for him if he used closed cars now and enabled the railways to transport more coal into the country so that he would not be in danger of having to close down his plant altogether later on account of being unable to obtain fuel?

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company, for itself, and on behalf of other railway companies, most earnestly calls upon its patrons and employees to do their utmost to fight off the impeding shortage of fuel by keeping coal cars continuously in the proper service, which is the transporting of coal.

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Homo Homini Lupus

By DONALD DOWNIE, Barrister-At-Law.

(An open reply to Reverend Clergyman's Letter)

Note—The Reverend Ernest Thomas having very courteously written to me suggesting a supplement explanatory to my little lay sermon which appeared in these columns—here it is.—D.D.

Reverend and Dear Sir,—The times are out of joint. These are troublous days for nations and for men.

Although I mentioned no names in my little homily it seems to have gone to a good address and to have procured me the honor of your amiable private and interesting reply.

You do not turn the other cheek to the smiter. That is well; his intention, you admit, was not to be disagreeable. And your gentle letter of reproach received today is irreproachable. Pity it is private, for I am not averse to hearing or publishing reflections at my own expense; or that are meant to take me down a peg. However, you command my fairness of tone, and you believe that when you show me I am misinformed and have misjudged, that I will do the right thing. Thanks. Of that you may be sure. And you ask me to supplement, and correct, and explain. In honor, I cannot refuse. Though you may then wish me to explain my explanation. The apology, I trust, may not be an aggravation of the offence.

It appears then that, by my little lay sermon I have "misunderstood or misconstrued" your own. If so, I am very sorry. And at the same time I am glad. And I accept here with alacrity the more charitable view of your discourse, which you insist upon, and make, without reserve, the correction which that imposes. Author's corrections cannot be questioned. And the speaker is the supreme judge of his own intentions.

But the version in the "World," which I have before me, (which is a narrative and not verbatim) with its flaming headlines; and the scathing leading editorial based thereon; and the first impressions of your own startled parishioners—for first impressions are not always wrong—must confirm the general view, and constitute my apology.

In other words, as happens to all of us at times, you have been misunderstood.

What you meant to concede then was,—that to err is human. And that those who can make mistakes should also be able to make allowances.

That, I gather from your amiable letter, was the real spirit and intent of your sermon. The lesson you wished to convey, you say, was that of the gentle founder of our religion. But the other spirit, and the erroneous impression carried away (and brought to me by good people I had not previously known), was the denunciatory, the unrelting, the "holier than thou" attitude; that old New England, Puritan spirit, which prevailed before the birth of your esteemed sect; an intolerance which still survives and emerges now and then, with its extreme reactionary and nefast influence on our art, our society, our prosaic civilization and our Anglo-Saxon race.

But that was not your attitude; and as usual, some one has blundered. And how can we marvel then, that the action and motive of a poor politician and cabinet minister is severely judged, when the very words of a preacher is misconstrued by his parishioners, then and there within sound of his own voice.

The pastor's lot, I know, is not a happy one. No one, in these trying days, should ever make it harder. For no other agency has been found to fill his ill-paid role or take his public place.

Certainly his work cannot be done nor his pews filled by untimely shows like the Old Court House Tabernacle; nor by Billy Sunday; any more than by Barnum's circus, nor the vulgar War Dance Mardi Gras; (held on a Saturday); nor the Vancouver Exhibition. Here is something for you to denounce. Surely better use than these could be found, for public and private funds—while pastors preach, and—

"The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
"But swollen with wind, and the rank mists they draw,
"Rot inwardly and vile contagion spread,
"Beside what the grim wolf with privy paw,
"daily devours apace, and nothing said."

Yes, my Reverend Friend. **The times are out of joint. Those are troublous days for nations and for men.** And you Chaplains, and we, mere rankers, must touch elbows, en camaraderie; eyes front; to the common foe; all soldiers of the king. And no sniping in the wrong direction. Even though a young officer may have been unhorsed, and lost his epaulettes. What of it? He shall take his place in the ranks and earn them again.

For in that public service men die hard. Political assasination unfortunately is not a punishable offence. And though long planned it is not easily consumated. The hunter's dart, alas! may be helped a little by a sermon. But there is vital force and recuperative elements in human sympathy. And most of us still retain it, I am sure.

Men are not all wolves to their fellowmen. There are two schools and methods of conduct among them—as among the lower animals—so-called.

Let me illustrate. I leave you to draw the conclusion. In some herds, we are told, when a comrade is wounded he is not abandoned to the wolves. He may rise and recover. The others make a circle around him. They put him, meantime, in the centre and turn their antlers outward, like a living rampart against all comers.

But the naturalist tells us of another species that in such cases stop and turn their horns inward against the wounded stag and gore him to death.

There is no moral to this. One must leave something to the imagination.

A HIGHLAND FAREWELL

Caledonian Society Says Good-Bye To Its President

A smoking concert was held last night in the rooms of the Caledonian Society in honor of the president, Dr. J. R. Atkinson, who is leaving for the front as one of the officers of the Medical Corps. There was a large attendance, the rooms being packed to overflowing. Mr. R. G. McPherson, one of the former presidents, presented Dr. Atkinson, on behalf of the members, with a handsome travelling bag as a token of the esteem and affection in which Dr. Atkinson is held by them. In making the presentation Mr. McPherson paid an eloquent tribute to the sterling qualities of Dr. Atkinson. No one had worked harder or more ungrudgingly for the interests of the society than the Doctor and it was due to his untiring efforts and zeal that the society occupied the proud position it was in today. In concluding Mr. McPherson made a feeling reference to Dr. Atkinson as a man and as a physician and stated that no doctor could be better loved by his patients and none would be more missed than he. In handing over the bag Mr. McPherson counselled the Doctor to "pack up your troubles in your old kit bag and smile, smile, smile."

The high admiration and warm regard in which Dr. Atkinson is held by the members of the society was also testified to by Mr. A. S. Matthew. He referred to the doctor's unselfishness, his geniality and his unfailing courtesy at all times. It was largely due to his efforts that the world-famous Caledonian games had been such an unqualified success, and whilst the doctor was going to the front to help in a great cause and to alleviate the sufferings of those splendid soldiers on the battlefield, it was, nevertheless, to be regretted that he could not be present to see the results of his labors in August by presiding at the Caledonian games to be held this year in the Athletic Park. Mr. Matthew concluded by saying that they all looked forward with eager expectancy to the time when Dr. Atkinson would return covered with glory and they would give him a welcome in the old Scottish fashion which he would remember the rest of his life.

Mr. Donald Downie also spoke and referred briefly to the fact that this was the first time that a society had sent its president to the front to assist the British Empire. He also gave an interesting description of the places where the fighting was taking place and which Dr. Atkinson would, no doubt, see in the near future.

A great ovation greeted Dr. Atkinson when he rose to reply. In a speech of unaffected but charming eloquence and simplicity he thanked the members of the Caledonian Society from the bottom of his heart for their tribute to him that night. To a man of his nature it was hard to adequately express his feelings but he wanted them to know how much he appreciated their gift and the sentiments which had been expressed. was with a feeling of pride that he had seen the society grow until it had attained its present position and he hoped that when he was gone the good work would be carried on and that when he came back he would see the society flourishing better than ever. He would prize their good wishes more than he could tell them or more than they could possibly realize. Their good will and their expressions of friendship would cheer him and would go a long way to help him over the rough places.

Other members of the Society also spoke including Mr. T. A. Prentice, who was requested to speak on behalf of the press. The meeting was concluded in the good old Scottish fashion by the members all standing on the chairs and drinking a "wee deoch and doris." The meeting terminated amidst the strains of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," "Auld Lang Syne" and 'God Save the King'

A musical programme was carried out in splendid style by Messrs. Dickson, Morrison, McLeod, Macauley and others.

Mr. D. G. Campbell, the vice-president of the society occupied the chair and was in a large measure responsible for the success ofthe evening.

Dr. Atkinson is one of the leading physicians in this city. He was born in Princeville, Ontario, and studied at the universities of Toronto, Edinburg, Glasgow, Chicago, Baltimore and New York. He came to Vancouver in 1903 and has been practising medicine here since that time. He is a member of the Gaelic Society, Clan McLean and Sons of Scotland He is a 32nd degree Mason and a Shriner. He is a gentleman of deep convictions, of quiet but sincere affability and his warm friends in the Caledonian Socity hope that it will not be very long before he is with them again.

Origin and Meaning of "Tariff."

A well-known free-trade newspaper in the United Kingdom recently came dangerously near breaking the "political truce," when it launched out into a consideration of the origin of the word "tariff." Tariff and Tarik, it declared, discursively, were two Eighth Century Moorish Chieftains, who landed on the coast of Spain, near Gibraltar, and, having settled themselves, proceeded to commit piratical depredations on shipping passing through the straits. After a time Tarif found it more convenient to exact blackmail on a fixed scale of payment—thence called a tariff. The paper, however, saves the situation, as far as the tariff reformer is concerned, by adding that, according to others, tariff comes from an Arabic word meaning a declaration, not an extortion.

WE SHOULD EAT LESS

Preaching at Bournemouth, on the need for national sacrifice, Dr. J. D. Jones said: "We must all of us sacrifice if we are to tide over the next two or three critical months. The man who plants two rows of potatoes where he only planted one last year is truly helping England. And we should eat less. Probably in peace time we were all of us eating far more than was necessary, certainly far more than was good for us. The man who in this hour lives lavishly and luxuriously, is a sinner against his land. The man or woman who refuses to be rationed, or who goes on exactly as in the days of peace, is guilty of a particularly mean and contemptible piece of selfishness."

Oatmeal and Philosophy

A strong person can subsist on a little oatmeal and philosophy and out-walk, out-talk, out-think, and every way outdo the person who travels the long way from soup to nuts and goes to sleep afterwards as an anaconda might.

LAND REGISTRY ACT

Re Lot 17, Block 68, District Lots 36 and 51. Map 3328. Municipality of South Vancouver.

WHEREAS proof of loss of Certificate of Title No. 1682 G. to the above mentioned lands, issued in the name of Margaret Annie Timperley, has been filed in this office, notice is hereby given that I shall, at the expiration of one month from date of first publication hereof, issue a duplicate of said Certificate of Title, unless in the meantime valid objections be made to me in writing.

Dated at the Land Registry Office, Vancouver, B. C., this 29th day of June, A. D., 1917.

ARTHUR G. SMITH,
District Registrar

NEW BOOKS

The Hundredth Chance by Ethel M. Dell.
A Sheaf of Blue Bells by Baroness Orczy
The Light in the Clearing by Irving aBchelor
The Red Planet by Wm. J. Locke
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