

# The Western Call

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VOLUME III

H. H. STEVENS, EDITOR.

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No. 18

"The question of most vital importance that now confronts the fruit growers of Oregon IS THAT OF MARKETING."

HON. W. K. NEWELL,  
President Oregon State Board of  
Agriculture.

How then will the "market of 90,000,000 Americans" be of any advantage to Canadian fruit growers?

## A SQUARE DEAL.

Give the railroad man a square deal.  
Keep the freight trains moving East and West.

## IMMENSE SCHEME OF COLONIZATION

Catholic Clergy Propose to Have Their Laidy Buy  
Half Sections of Western Lands.

From Winnipeg Free Press, August 31.

Probably the largest colonization scheme ever attempted in Western Canada is under the direction of W. C. J. Manning, who was a guest at the Royal Alexandra last evening. Mr. Manning is an old Winnipegger, and a curler of repute. In his younger days he was somewhat of an athlete and won a name for himself on the baseball diamond.

J. W. Gordon, former inspector of Dominion lands and a member of the Dominion lands board, is associated with Mr. Manning in his colonization programme. Mr. Manning is engaged in Chicago in disposing of Canadian Pacific Railway lands, but the possibilities presented by the present proposition were so great that he considered it advisable to visit Winnipeg in order to have the matter receive the attention which it deserves.

The people behind Mr. Manning in his undertaking are a large section of the Roman Catholic clergy in ten of the best Western farming states who desire to promote the interests of their wealthier parishioners by recommending that they secure individual investments in Western Canada farming lands. The movement at present, according to Mr. Manning, embraces over 6000 parishes, and has the sanction of the heads of the Catholic church in the United States.

## Enormous Purchase.

If it be considered that, should only two farms, or a block of 640 acres, be secured by residents in each of these 6000 parishes, it will be seen that the deal would involve 3,840,000 acres. Mr. Manning sets this acreage as the lowest possible total that could result from his colonization programme. The greatest, he feels, is only bounded by the settlement capacity of the whole West.

Rev. H. H. Forkenbrock, of Waterloo, Iowa, is the director of the scheme, with Rev. R. F. Schaaf as his assistant. Most Rev. J. J. Glennon is director-general; Right Rev. D. J. McMahon, vice-president; Rev. J. Devos, president; Very Rev. E. J. Wattman, secretary, and Rev. A. Spitz, treasurer. When the programme is well under way the immigrants will be brought from all over the world. The advantage of Mr. Manning's immigrants is that they are buyers, not laborers or homesteaders.

## CENTRAL PARK FAIR.

The Annual Fair of the Central Park Agricultural Association and Farmers' Institute to be held in Central Park next week, September 14th and 15th, promises to eclipse all previous fairs, both in attendance and exhibits. The management have been tireless in their efforts to make this fair historic so have expended labor and money without stint. As a result large numbers of specialists, stockmen, merchants and manufacturers will lend their aid to please and satisfy the public and the exhibitors.

In addition to the exhibition of the many entries for prizes there will be sports of many varieties for men, women, children and youths. Prizes will be awarded successful competitors. This feature will be of unusual merit as the games will be of wide range and the prizes unusually large.

"Music hath charms" and therefore, the attendants will be treated to band and orchestra music throughout the fair.

Refreshments and food accommodations of all kinds can be had at reasonable rates.

Transportation will be excellent so that attendants can arrive or depart at any time without inconvenience.

Secretary Harmer and his associates merit the goodwill and confidence of the public and all friends of the fair for their ability and success in completing arrangements for a record fair in Central Park Thursday and Friday of next week.

## Bismarck on Free Trade

PRINCE BISMARCK, THE MAKER OF GERMANY, SAID IN 1879:

Through the widely open doors of our imports we have become the dumping place of foreign surplus production, and it is this, in my opinion, that has prevented the continued development of our industry and the strengthening of our economic conditions.

Let us close our doors awhile, and secure for German workers the German market, which hitherto the foreigner has exploited with our connivance.

The abstract doctrine of science interests me not at all. I form my verdict on the teachings of experience.

I see that the PROTECTIONIST COUNTRIES ARE PROSPERING, and that the countries that practice Free Trade are decaying. Even mighty ENGLAND, which, like a champion wrestler, stepped forward and said, "Who will fight with me? I am ready for all," WILL IN A FEW YEARS REVERT TO IT, IN ORDER TO SAVE FOR HERSELF AT LEAST THE ENGLISH MARKET.

Since we lowered our tariff we have been a prey to consumption. WE HAVE BEEN BLEEDING TO DEATH. The process was delayed for some years by the French Millions.

We must now decide what we shall do to infuse fresh blood into the German economic body, to brace it with the power of a regular circulation; but, in arriving at our decision, let us liberate our minds from the influence of party feeling.

## Which?

Vancouver's building progress under existing conditions,

Wages under Canadian conditions in Vancouver:  
Carpenters, \$4.25

Work under Canadian conditions in B. C.:  
Enough of some kind to employ all profitably.

Real Estate in British Columbia:  
From \$250 per acre up.

Canadian raw materials for Canadian industries.

Canadian wheat for Canadian mills.

Canadian live stock to promote Canadian factories for by-products.

Canadian export trade over Canadian lines and through Canadian ports.

Canada for the Canadians and the strongest links in the Imperial chain.

Or the dead level of the Sound cities, under American conditions?  
Seattle. Tacoma Portland.

Wages under American conditions south of the line:  
Carpenters, \$3.00

Work under American conditions south of the line:  
Such that crowds are seeking work on the Canadian side.

Real estate south of the boundary:  
Valueless or nearly so.

Canadian resources for American industries.

Canadian wheat for American mills.

Canadian cattle shipped out on the hoof and American factories to benefit by use of by-products.

Canadian exports through American ports and over American lines.

Canada as simply the producer of raw materials for the Republic to the south.

YOUR VOTE ON THE 21st SEPT., 1911, WILL DECIDE.

From the speech of President Taft at the joint banquet of the Associated Press and the American Newspaper Publishers' Association held in New York on April 27, 1911:

"I have said that this was a critical time in the solution of the question of reciprocity. It is critical because, unless it is now decided favorably to reciprocity, it is exceedingly probable that no such opportunity will ever again come to the United States. The forces which are at work in England and in Canada to separate her by a Chinese wall from the United States, and to make her part of an imperial commercial band reaching from England around the world to England again by a system of preferential tariffs, will derive an impetus from the rejection of this treaty, and if we would have reciprocity with all the advantages that I have described, and that I earnestly and sincerely believe will follow its adoption, we must take it now, or give it up forever."

"Reciprocity assures the American manufacturer a larger and more accessible market. Europe, however, reluctantly, must acknowledge the commercial supremacy of the United States. Because of its economic advantage, reciprocity with Canada WILL FURTHER UPHOLD AMERICAN PRESTIGE."—Brooklyn Times.

"How are Canadian farmers to obtain a profitable market for their products in the United States when that country exports four to five hundred millions dollars worth of foodstuffs annually?"—Toronto News.

## CANADA HAD RECIPROCITY

I remember well when Reciprocity was in force between Canada and the States. The result was disastrous to Canada, which then was about one-third or one-quarter the area of the present time. And one of the most marked results of the reciprocity period, apart from lack of work, low wages, and soup kitchens, was that of ANNEXATION. I write this word in capitals to lay emphasis on a historic fact. The young and middle aged, strong vigorous Canadians, who could go to the States to find work, went in ever increasing numbers. The aged, immature and the poverty stricken were left behind to do what they could to hold their country from eternal ruin. Had it not been for the few men of imperial, high, patriotic spirit, who would not leave their country, Canada would undoubtedly have been politically united, or rather annexed to the States.

As it was, from the standpoint of the brawn, sinew and enterprise of Canadians Canada was virtually annexed for her best men were already members of the Republic, and had left their native land. Why did they go? Simply because there was work in the factories and mills of the States, and little or none in much of Upper and Lower Canada.

Men like Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir Charles Tupper, Hon. Leonard Tilley, Hon. Peter White and others of similar spirit were much alive in those days.

After the Civil War in the States, it was the fixed determination to annex Canada by force. The States could not, because they dare not make an open attempt, but they favored the Fenians, who were Irish, Irish-Americans and Yankee soldiers free from the Civil War then ended. Had these Fenians had any momentary success, then they would have been backed up by the whole power of the Republic. However, Canada repelled the Scoundrels, and soon ended the war. What did the Yankees do then?

Why, they simply shut off reciprocity so as to force Canada to yield to a plan of international economy that would have ended in annexation. This was their private and openly avowed plan. But the men of the Sir John Macdonald type would not take the bait of national death. They set out with the N. P., the Confederation of all the parts of Canada, and the Transcontinental Railway. Into effect they put their plans. The result was that factories, mills and industrial enterprise of all sorts began to show in Canada and as the years have passed the Yankees, with their men, money and enterprise, have been rushing Northward, until now they come in by many scores of thousands every year. And they bring into the Dominion millions of money to enrich our commonwealth, and no wonder our people are employed, and are the most enterprising, happy, successful people on this round earth today.

And what now? Why the Yankees see that Canada has begun in a most positive way to annex the best of Yankeeedom. They have become alarmed, and, in haste, and in deep anxiety, called in members of the Canadian Government to save them from annexation to Canada. What then? Why, Laurier, Fielding, Patterson et al. responded. The Yankees got hold of our old men and mesmerized them, so that they have become willing to once more enter into reciprocity—so that again the States may do the annexation act. Shall we let them sell our country, and again force our people to go abroad for work? I think not. And not if I can help in the matter. One Empire! One Flag. One King. Britons forever to the front in control of their own destiny.  
E. O., Sept. 5, 1911.  
Vancouver, B. C., 1710 Grant street.

## SCHOOL TRUSTEE

The election of a school trustee to replace Mr. Stuart, resigned, will take place September 15.

Owing to the Federal election campaign now on this important matter is liable to be lost sight of. It is essential that we choose reliable men and able men for the position. Men who have had experience in educational matters and whose heart is in the work. Too often we let the selection of men for this important office go by default, which is a serious mistake.

The ladies are not putting a candidate in the field, as announced in error recently, but will await the general election in January.

# THE Pillar of Light

By  
Louis  
Tracy

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## CHAPTER I. FLOTSAM.

All night long the great bell of the lighthouse, slung to a stout beam projecting seaward beneath the outer platform, had tolled its warning through the fog. The monotonous ticking of the clockwork attachment that governed it, the sharp and livelier click of the occulting hood's machinery, were the only sounds which alternated with its deep boom. The tremendous clang sent a thrill through the giant column itself and peeled away into the murky void with a tremolo of profound diminutions.

Overhead, the magnificent lantern, its eight-angled circle of flame burning at full pressure, illumined the drifting vapor with an intensity that seemed to be born of the sturdy granite pillar of which it was the fitting diadem. Hard and strong externally as the everlasting rock on which it stood, replete within with burnished steel and polished brass, great cylinders and powerful pumps, the lighthouse thrust its glowing torch beyond the reach of the most daring wave. Cold, dour, defiant it looked. Yet its superhuman eye swept to pierce the very heart of the fog, and the furnace-white glare concentrated ten thousand-fold by the encircling live of the dioptric lens, flung far into the gloom a silvery cloak of moon-like radiance.

At last an irresistible ally sprang to the assistance of the unconquerable light. About the close of the middle watch a gentle breeze from the Atlantic followed the tide and swept the shivering wreath landward to the northeast, whilst the first beams of a June sun completed the destruction of the routed spectre.

So, once more, as on the dawn of the third day, the waters under the heaven were gathered into one place and the dry land appeared, and behold, it was good.

On the horizon, the turquoise rim of the sea lay with the sheen of folded silk against the softer canopy of the sky. Towards the west a group of islands to which drifting banks of mist clung in melting despair, were etched in shadows of dreamy purple. Over the nearer sea-floor the quickly dying vapor spread a hazy pall of opal tints. Across the face of the waters glistening bands quivered in fairy lights. The shining rays of the sun threw broadcast a golden mirage and gilded all things with the dumb gladness of an English summer's day.

A man, pacing the narrow gallery beneath the lantern, halted for a moment to flood his soul afire with a beauty made entrancing by the knowledge that a few brief moments would resolve it into maturer and more familiar charms.

He was engaged, it is true, in the unromantic action of filling his pipe, a simple thing, beloved alike of poets and navvies. Yet his eyes drank in the mute glory of the scene, and, captive to the spell of the hour, he murmured aloud:

"Floating on waves of music and of light,  
Behold the chariot of the Fairy Queen!  
Celestial coursers paw the unyielding air;  
Their filmy pennons at her word they curl,  
And stop obedient to the reins of light."

The small door beneath the glass pane was open. The worker within, busily ceasing an eight-inch burner, ceased for an instant and popped his head out.

"Did you call me?" he inquired.

The matter-of-fact words awoke the dreamer. He turned with a pleasant smile.

"To be exact, Jim, I did call some-

body, but it was Aurora, Spirit of the Dawn, not a hard-bitten sailorman like you."

"Oh, that's all right, cap'n. I thought I heard you singin' out for a light."

The other man bent his head to shield a match from a puff of wind, thus concealing from his companion the gleam of amusement in his eyes. His mate sniffed the fragrant odor of the tobacco longingly, but the Elder Brethren of the Trinity maintain strict discipline, and he vanished to his task without a thought of broken rules.

He left a piece of good advice behind him.

"If I was you, cap'n," he said, "I'd turn in. Jones is feeling A this morning. You ought to be dead beat after your double spell of the last two days. You'll keep breakfast back until three bells (9.30 a.m.) and there's fresh eggs an' haddock."

"Just a couple of whiffs, Jim. Then I'll go below."

Both men wore the uniform of assistant-keepers, yet it needed not their manner of speech to reveal that one was a gentleman, born and bred, and the other a bluff, good-natured, horny-handed A. B., to whom new-laid eggs and recently cured fish appealed far more potently than Shelley and a summer dawn at sea.

He who had involuntarily quoted "Queen Mab" turned his gaze seaward again. Each moment the scene was becoming more brilliant yet nearer to earth. The far-off islands sent splashes of gray, brown and green through the purple. The rose flush on the horizon was assuming a yellow tinge and the blue of sky and water was deepening. Twenty miles away to the southwest the smoke of a steamer heralded the advent of an

Atlantic liner, and the last shreds of white mist were curling forlornly above the waves.

The presence of the steamship, a tiny, dull spot on the glowing picture, peopled the void with life and banished poetry with the thinly sheathed ghosts of the fog. In a little more than an hour she would be abreast of the Gulf Rock Light. The watcher believed—was almost certain, in fact—that she was the Princess Royal, homeward bound from New York to Southampton. From her saloon deck those enthusiasts who had risen early enough to catch a first glimpse of the English coast were already scanning the trimly rugged outlines of the Scilly Isles, and searching with their glasses for the Land's End and the Lizard.

In a few hours they would be in Southampton; that afternoon in London—London, the Mecca of the world, from which, two years ago he fled with a loathing akin to terror. The big ship out there, panting and straining as if she were beginning, not ending, her ocean race of three thousand miles, was carrying eager hundreds to the pleasures and follies of the great city. Yet he, the man smoking and silently staring at the growing bank of smoke, a young man, too, handsome, erect, with the clean, smooth profile of the aristocrat, had turned his back on it all, and sought, and found, peace here in the gaunt pillar on a lonely rock.

Strange, how differently men are constituted. And women! Bah! A hard look came into his eyes. His mouth set in a stern contempt. For a while his face bore a steely expression which would have amazed the man within the lantern, now singing lustily as he worked.

But as the harp of David caused the evil spirit to depart from Saul, so did the music of the morning chase away the lurking devil of memory which sprang upon the lighthouse-keeper with the sight of the vessel.

He smiled again, a trifle bitterly, perhaps. Behind him the singer roared genially:

"Soon we'll be in London Town,  
Sing, my lads, yee ho-  
And see the King in his golden crown,  
Sing, my lads, yee ho."

The man on the platform seemed to be aroused from a painful reverie by the jingle so curiously a propos to his thoughts. He tapped his pipe on the iron railing, and was about to enter the lantern—and so to the region of sleep beneath—when suddenly his glance, trained to an acute sense not dreamed of by shore folk, rested on some object seemingly distant a mile or less, and drifting slowly nearer with the tide.

At this hour a two-knot current swept to the east around and over the treacherous reef whose sunken fangs were marked by the lighthouse. In calm weather, such as prevailed just then, it was difficult enough to effect a landing at the base of the rock, but this same smiling water-race became an awful, raging, tearing fury when the waves were lashed into a storm.

He pocketed his pipe and stood with hands clenched on the rail, gazing intently at a white-painted ship's life-boat, with a broken mast and a sail trailing over the stern. Its color, with the sun shining on it, no less than the vaporous eddies fading down to the surface of the sea, had prevented him from seeing it earlier. Perhaps he would not have noticed it at all were it not for the flashing wings of several sea-birds which accompanied the craft in aerial escort.

Even yet a landsman would have stared ineffectually in that direction and declared that there was naught, save to sight save the steamer, whose masts and two black funnels were now distinctly visible. But the lighthouse keeper knew he was not mistaken. Here was a boat adrift, forlorn, deserted. Its contour told him that it was no local craft straying adventurously from island to mainland. Its unexpected presence, waited thus strangely from ocean wilds, the broken spar and tumbled canvas, betokened an accident, perchance a tragedy.

"Jim!" he cried.

His mate, engaged in shrouding the gleaming lenses from the sun's rays, came at the call. He was lame—the result of a wound received in the Egyptian campaign; nevertheless, he was quick on his feet.

"What do you make of that?"

The sailor required no more than a gesture. He shaded his eyes with his right hand, a more shipboard trick of concentrating vision and brain, for the rising sun was almost behind him. "Ship's boat," he answered, laconically. "Collision, I expect. There's bin no blow to speak of for days. But they're gone. Knocked overboard when she was took aback by a squall. Unless them birds—"

He spoke in a species of verbal shorthand, but his meaning was clear enough, even to the sentence left unfinished. The craft was under no control. She would drift steadily into the Bay until the tide turned, wander in an aimless circle for half an hour thereafter, and then, when the ebb restored direction and force to the current, voyage forth again to the fabled realm of Lyonesse.

For a little while they stood together in silence. Jim suddenly quitted his companion and came back with a glass. He poised it with the precision of a Bisley marksman and began to speak again, jerkily:

"Stove in forward, above the water line. Wouldn't live two minutes in a sea. Somethin' lyin' in the bows. Can't make it out. And there's a couple of cormorants perched on the gunn' wale. But she'll pass within two hundred yards on her present course, and the tide'll hold long enough for that."

The other man looked around. From that elevated perch, one hundred and thirty feet above high-water mark, he could survey a vast area of sea. Excepting the approaching steamer—which would fit past a mile away to the south—and a few distant brown specks which betokened a school of porpoises fishing-smacking, making the best of the tide eastward—there was not a sail in sight.

"I think we should try and get hold of her," he said.

Jim kept his eye glued to the telescope.

"Tain't worth it, cap'n. The sal-

lun, an' we might tie her up to the buoy on the off chance until the relief comes or we signal a smack. But what's the good o' talkin'? We've got no boat, an' nobody'd be such a fool as to swim to her."

"That is what I had in mind."

Jim lowered the glass.

"That's the first time I've ever heard you say a d—d silly thing, Stephen Brand."

There was no watering judgment in his voice now. He was angry, and slightly alarmed.

"Why is it so emphatically silly, Jim?" was the smiling query.

"How d'ye know what's aboard of her? What's them fowl after? What's under that sail? What's that lyin' crumpled up forward? Dead men, mebbe. If they are, she's conveyed by sharks."

"Sharks! This is not the Red Sea. I am not afraid of any odd prowler. Once—Anyhow, I am going to ask Jones."

"Jones won't hear of it."

"That is precisely what he will do, within the next minute. Now, don't be vexed, Jim. Stand by and sing out directions if needful when I am in the water. Have no fear. I am more than equal to Leander in a sea like this."

Jim, who trusted to the head-keeper's veto—awed, too, by the reference to Leander, whom he hazily associated with Captain Webb—made no rejoinder.

He focused the telescope again, gave a moment's scrutiny to the steamer, and then re-examined the boat. The stillness of the morning was solemn. Beyond the lazy splash of the sea against the Gulf Rock itself, and an occasional heavy surge as the swell revealed and instantly smothered some dark tooth of the reef, he heard no sound save the ring of Stephen Brand's boots on the iron stairs as he descended through the oil-room, the library and office, to the living-dorm, in the lower bank of which lay Mr. Jones' keeper and chief, recovering from a sharp attack of sciatica.

During one fearful night in the March equinox, when the fierce heat of the lamp within and the icy blast of the sea without had temporarily deranged the occulting machinery, Jones experienced an anxious watch. Not for an instant could he forego attendance on the lamp. Owing to the sleet it was necessary to keep the light at full pressure. The surplus oil, driven up from the tanks by weights weighing half a ton, must flow copiously over the brass shaft of the burner, or the metal might yield to the fervent power of the column of flame.

The occulting hood, too, must be helped when the warning click came, or it would jam and fall to fall periodically, thus changing the character of the light, to the bewilderment and grave peril of any unhappy vessel at sea.

So Jones passed four hours with his head and shoulders in the temperature of a Turkish bath and the lower part of his body chilled to the bone.

He thought nothing of it at the time. This was duty. But at intervals, throughout the rest of his life, the sciatic nerve would remind him of that lonely watch. This morning he was convalescent after a painful immobility of two days.

Watching the boat, Jim centered her in the telescopic field, and looked anxiously for a sharp arrow-shaped ripple on the surface of the sea. The breeze which had vanquished the fog now kissed the smiling water into dimples; and his keen sight was perplexed by the myriad wavelets.

Each minute the condition of affairs on board became more defined. Beneath some oars ranged along the starboard side, he could see several tins, such as contain biscuits and compressed beef. The shapeless mass in the bows puzzled him. It was partly covered with broken planks from the damaged portion of the upper works, and it might be a jib-sail fallen there when the mast broke. He did not like that.

Nearly half an hour passed. The Princess Royal, a fine vessel of yacht-like proportions, sprinting for the afternoon train, was about eight miles away, south-west by west. According to present indications steamer and derelict would be abreast of the Gulf Rock Light simultaneously, but the big ship, of course, would give a wide berth to a rock-strewn shoal.

At last the lighthouse-keeper heard ascending footsteps. This was not Stephen Brand, but Jones, Jim, whose rare irritated moods found safety in stolid silence, neither spoke nor looked around when his chief joined him, binoculars in hand.

Jones, a man of whitewash, polish, and rigid adherence to framed rules, found the boat instantly, and recapitulated Jim's inventory, eliciting grunts of agreement as each item was ticked off.

A clang of metal beneath caught their ears—the opening of the stout doors, forty feet above high-water mark, from which a series of iron rungs, sunk into the granite wall, led to the rocky base.

"Brand's goin' to swim out. It's hardly worth while signalin' to the Land's End," commented Jones.

No answer. Jim leaned well over and saw their associate, stripped to his underclothing, with a leather belt supporting a sheath-knife slung across his shoulders, climbing down the ladder.

This taciturnity surprised Jones, for Jim was the cheeriest nurse who ever brought a sufferer a plate of soup.

"It's nothing for a good swimmer, is it?" was the anxious question.

"No. It's no distance to speak of."

"An' the sea's like a mill-pond?"

"Ay, it's smooth enough."

"Don't you think he ought to try it?"

Every fine morning he has a dip off the rock."

"Well, if it's all right for him an' you it's all right for me."

Jim had urged his plea to the man whom he chiefly concerned. He was far too sporting a character to obtain the interference of authority, and Jones, whose maritime experiences were confined to the hauling in or paying out of a lightship's cable, had not the slightest suspicion of lurking danger in the blue depths.

A light splash came to them, and a few seconds later, Brand's head and shoulders swung into view. After a dozen vigorous strokes he rolled over

on to his side, and waved his left hand to the two men high above him.

With a sweeping side stroke he made rapid progress. Jones, unencumbered by knowledge, blew through his lips.

"That's a wonderful chap, is Brand," he said, contentedly. "It ticks me what a man like him wants messin' about in the service for. He's eddicated up to the top notch, an' he has money, too. His lodgin's cost the whole of his pay, the missus says, an' that kid of his has a hospital nuss, if you please."

Jones was grateful to his mates for their recent attentions. He was inclined to genial gossip, but Jim was watching the boat curving towards the lighthouse. The high spring tide was at its full. So he only growled.

"You can see with half an eye he has taken on this job for a change. I wish he was in that blessed boat."

Jones was quite certain now that his subordinate harbored some secret fear of danger.

"What's up?" he cried. "He'll board her in two ticks."

On no account would the sailor mention sharks. He might be mistaken, and Jones would guffaw at his "deep-sea" fancies. Anyhow it was Brand's affair. A friend might advise; he would never tattle.

The head-keeper, vaguely excited, peered through his glass. Both boat and swimmer were in the annular field. Brand had resumed the breast stroke. The swing of the tide carried the broken bow towards him. He was not more than the boat's length distant when he dived suddenly and the cormorants flapped aloft. A black fin darted into sight, leaving a sharply divided trail in the smooth patch of water created by the turning of the derelict.

Jones was genuinely excited now. "My God!" he cried, "what is it?"

"A shark!" yelled Jim. "I knew it. I warned him. Eh, but he's game is the cap'n."

"Why didn't you tell me?" roared Jones. Under reversed conditions he would have behaved exactly as Jim did.

But it was no time for words. The men peered at the sudden tragedy with an intensity which left them gasping for breath. More than two hundred yards away in reality, the magnifying glasses brought this horror so close that they could see—its tensely dramatic action. The rapidly moving black signal reached the small eddy caused by the man's disappearance. Instantly a great sinuous shining body rose half out of the water, and powerful talons struck the side of the boat, a resounding whack.

Jim's first expletive died in his throat.

"He's done it!" Jones heard him say. "He's ripped him. Oh, bully! May the Lord grant there's only one."

For a single instant they saw the dark hair and face of the man above the surface. The shark circled about and rushed. Brand sank again, and again the giant man-eater writhed in agonized contortions and the sea showed masses of froth and dark blotches. The flutterings of the birds became irregular and alarmed. Their wheeling flights partly obscured events below. The gulls, screaming their fright, or it might be interest, kept close to the water, and the cormorants sailed in circles aloft.

Jones was pallid and streaming with perspiration.

"I wouldn't have had it happen for fifty quid," he groaned.

"I wouldn't ha' missed it for a hundred," yelled Jim. "It's a fight to the finish, an' the cap'n'll win. There ain't another sea-lawyer on the job, an' Brand knows how to handle this one."

Their mate's head reappeared and Jim relieved the tension by a mighty shout:

"He'll swim, wild now, Brand. Keep out of his track."

Sure enough, the ugly monster began to thrash the water and career around on the surface in frantic convulsions. The second stab of the knife had reached a vital part. Brand, who perhaps had seen a Malay diver handling his life-long enemy, coolly struck out towards the stern of the boat.

The shark, churning the sea into a white foam, wheeled away in blind pursuit of the death which was rending him. The man, unharmed but somewhat breathless, clambered over the folds of the sail into the boat.

"Glory be!" quavered Jones, who was a Baptist.

Jim was about to chant his thanks in other terms when his attention was caught by Brand's curious actions.

In stepping across the after thwart he stopped as though something had stung him. His hesitation was momentary. Pressing his left hand to mouth and nose, he passed rapidly forward, stooped, caught a limp body by the belt which every sailor wears, and, with a mighty effort, slung it into the sea, where it sank instantly.

So the shark, like many a human engendered by his intellect, had only missed his opportunity by being too precipitate, whilst the cormorants and gulls, eyeing him ominously, did not know what they had lost.

Then the man returned to the sail and peered beneath. Neither of the onlookers could distinguish anything of special interest under the heavy canvas sheet. Whatever it was Brand apparently resolved to leave it alone for the moment.

He shipped a pair of oars, and, with two vigorous sweeps, impelled the derelict away from the channel-house atmosphere which evidently clung to it.

Then the shark engaged his attention. It was floating, belly upwards, its white under-skin glistening in the sunlight. Two long gashes were revealed, one transverse, the other lengthwise, proving how coolly and scientifically Brand had done his work. An occasional spasm revealed that life was not yet extinct, but the furtive attack of a dogfish, attracted by the scent of blood, which stirs alike the denizens of the air, land and ocean, was unresisted.

The tower stood up again, drove a boat-hook into the cruel jaws, and lashed the stock to a thorpin with a piece of cordage. This accomplished to his satisfaction, he looked toward the Gulf Rock for the first time since he drew the knife from its sheath, gave a cheery hand-wave to the shouting air on the balcony, and settled down to pull the recovered craft close to the rock.

"He heaved the dead man overboard," he announced, "so there's a live one under the sail."

"Why do you think that?" said Jones, whose nerves were badly shaken.

"Well, you saw what happened to the other pore devil. Either him or the cap'n had to go. It 'ud be the same if there was a funeral wanted aft. Them there birds— But come along, boss. Let's give him a hand."

They hurried down to the iron-barred entrance. Jones shot outward a small crane fitted with a winch, in case it might be needed, whilst the sailor climbed to the narrow platform of rock into which the base-blocks of the lighthouse were sunk and bolted.

Affording but little superficial space at low water, there was now not an inch to spare. Here, in calm weather, the Atlantic swell, even in calm weather, matter of activity. At this stage of the tide each wave lapped some portion of the granite stones and receded quickly down the slope of the weed-covered rock.

(Continued Next Week.)

## Sold Out C. C. Pilkey

Disposed of his  
Bicycle and Repair Business

last week to  
Mr. DAVIES

Aug. 28th, 1911

## Eastman's Photographic Supplies

New stock of Cameras, Papers and  
Chemicals at the

## INDEPENDENT DRUG STORE

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QUALITY  
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A complete line of  
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Drop in and inspect our goods.  
This is where you get a square  
deal.

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Sunday Services—Public worship at 11  
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170 Ninth Ave. W. Tele. B3348

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Cor. 10th Ave. and Quebec St.  
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250 13th Ave. E.  
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p.m. Sunday School at 2:30 p.m.

### CENTRAL BAPTIST CHURCH

Cor. 10th Ave. and Laurel St.  
Services—Preaching at 11 a.m. and 7:30  
p.m. Sunday School at 2:30 p.m.  
Rev. P. Clifton Parker, M.A., Pastor  
11th Ave. W.

### METHODIST

MT. PLEASANT CHURCH  
Cor. 10th Ave. and Ontario  
Services—Preaching at 11 a.m. and at  
7:00 p.m. Sunday School and Bible  
Class at 2:30 p.m.  
Rev. W. Lashley Hall, B.A.B.D., Pastor  
Parsonage, 123 11th Ave. W. Tele. 3624  
Evensong at 7:30 p.m. each Sunday.

Trinity Methodist Church, Seventh  
Ave. E. between Park Drive and Victoria  
Drive. Pastor, Rev. A. M. Sanford,  
B.A., B.D., Public Worship, Sunday, at  
11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sabbath School at  
9:45 a.m. during summer months. Mid-  
week rally on Wednesday at 8 p.m.

### ANGELICAN

ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH  
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Services—Morning Prayer at 11 a.m.  
Sunday School and Bible Class at 2:30 p.m.  
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Holy Communion every Sunday at 8 a.m.  
and 1st and 3rd Sundays at 10:00 a.m.  
Rev. G. H. Wilson, Rector  
Rector, Cor. 8th Ave. and Prince Ed-  
ward St. Tele. 15545.

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REORGANIZED CHURCH OF CHRIST  
1370 10th Avenue, East.  
Services—Every Sunday evening at 8  
o'clock. Sunday School at 7 o'clock.  
L. McMULLEN, ELDER

### INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD- FELLOWS

MT. PLEASANT LODGE NO. 19  
Meets every Tuesday at 8 p.m. in  
I.O.O.F. Hall, Westminister Ave., Mt.  
Pleasant. Sojourning brethren cordially  
invited to attend.  
W. F. MCKENZIE, N. G., 402 - 10th Ave., East  
J. C. DAVIS, V. G., 1231 Homer Street  
S. Sewell, Rec. Secy., 431 7th Avenue  
East.

### LOYAL ORANGE LODGE

MT. PLEASANT L. O. L. NO 1842  
Meets the 1st and 3rd Thursdays of  
each month at 8 p.m. in the K. of P. Hall.  
All visiting brethren cordially welcome.  
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East.  
C. M. Howes, Sec., 393 10th Ave.  
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grown from small  
beginnings to its  
present proportions  
wholly on the merit  
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Our reputation is  
built on honor and  
prudence. We buy  
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please our many  
patrons.

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Phone: Fairmont 784

### WORDS OF CHEER

Robert Burns, once invited to a  
Presbyterian church convention  
and unable to go, sent the follow-  
ing words of cheer:

Guid friends—  
Although not present to your sight,  
I gie ye greeting here tonight;  
Not claiming to be perfect quite,  
frae taint o' passion,  
Yet will I hault my speech aright  
in good Scotch fashion.  
O could some cantie word o' mine  
beat mak' your careworn faces shine  
Or cause the hearts in grief that  
pine,

To thro' wi' pleasure,  
Then wait my cup to auld lang syne  
Fill to its measure.

The gracious powers above us  
know  
How sair a weight of want and woe  
Must be the lot of those who go  
Through earth to Heaven;  
But aye, the life above will show  
Wherefore 'twas given,  
And that guid God who loves us a  
Who sees the chattering sparrows  
fa'  
Will never turn his face awa'  
Though you should stray;  
But a' his wanderin' sheep will ca'  
Back to the way.

So muckle are the cares o' men,  
That truth at times is hard to ken,  
And error to her gruesome den,  
So dark and eerie,  
Wiles those who have na' heart to  
men'

Puir wanderers weary!  
Alack! How mony a luckless  
wight  
Has gane agley in error's might;  
Not that he had less love for right,  
Than countless others—  
But that he lacked the keener sight  
Of his guid brithers.

Lo', Calvin, Knox and Luther cry—  
"I hae the truth"—and I—"and  
I"—

"Puir sinners, if ye gang agley  
The de'il will hae ye!  
And then the Lord will stand abye  
And will na' save ye!"

But hoolie, hoolie! Nae sae fast  
When Gabriel shall blaw his blast  
And Heaven and earth awa' have  
passed—

These lang syne saints  
Shall find baith de'il and hell at  
last  
Mere pious feints.

The upright, honest-hearted man,  
Who strives to do the best he can,  
Need never fear the Church's ban,  
Or hell's damnation.

For God shall need na special plan  
For his salvation.  
The one who knows our deepest  
needs

Reeks little how man counts his  
beads;  
For righteousness is not in creeds  
Or solemn faces.

But rather lies in kindly deeds  
And Christian graces.

Tak' tent o' truth and heed this  
well:

The man who sins makes his ain  
hell;  
There's nae waurse de'il than him-  
sel'

But God is strongest!  
And when puir human hearts rebel  
He hands out longest.

Wi' lovin' kindness will he wait  
Till a' the prodigals o' fate  
Return unto their fair estate

And blessings mony;  
Nor will he shut the gowden gate  
O' Heaven on ony.

### WHO WAS SURPRISED?

"We have the surprise beautifully  
planned," said young Mrs. Wester-  
leigh to the guests, "and Frank doesn't  
suspect a thing. I think he has even  
forgotten that today's his birthday.  
He will get home from the office at  
about 7 o'clock. Then he always goes  
upstairs to take off his coat and put  
on his smoking jacket for the evening.  
When he is upstairs I will call out  
suddenly, 'Oh, Frank, come downstairs  
—be quick! The gas is escaping.'  
Then he will rush down here and find  
the crowd of friends waiting for him."

It went exactly as planned. West-  
erleigh came home at the regular hour  
and went directly upstairs. The hid-  
den guests held their breath while  
Mrs. Westerleigh called out excitedly,  
"Oh, Frank, come down quick. The  
gas is escaping in the parlor."  
Every light had been turned out,  
and the parlor was in perfect dark-  
ness. There was a rapid rush of feet  
down the stairway, then a voice said,  
"I don't smell any gas."

"Better light the jet," Mrs. West-  
erleigh suggested tremulously. "Here's  
a match."

The match was struck, and sudden-  
ly the room was flooded with light.  
"Everybody screamed. The  
hostess fainted. For there in the cen-  
ter of the room stood Westerleigh, at-  
tired only in a natty union suit, with  
a fresh pair of trousers carried over  
his arms.

### HOUSEHOLD HINTS

How to Remove Oily Marks From the  
Wall Paper

Hang Meat in a cool, airy place, but  
not in a draught, for that makes it  
dry and, consequently, hard.

To Remove Paint from the glass of a  
window is quite a simple matter. A  
cloth dipped in hot vinegar will do it.  
Rugs should not be shaken, but in-  
stead hang them on a clothes-line and  
beat them with a cane beater kept for  
the purpose.

Milk Glasses should always be  
rinsed in cold water previous to wash-  
ing in hot soap-suds if you wish them  
to be clean and bright.

To Prevent Cheese getting mouldy,  
wrap it in a cloth that has been dipped  
in vinegar and wrung as dry as possi-  
ble. Keep in a cool place.

If a Cloth is Stained with tea it  
should be taken off at once, and boil-  
ing water poured through it. This will  
take the stain out completely.

Dishes that have become brown and  
burnt from constant baking may be  
easily cleaned after they have been  
steeped for a while in borax and  
water.

To Clean Tiled Floors warm water  
and soap will be found best, then dry  
with a soft cloth, and finish with a  
little linseed oil on an old silk hand-  
kerchief.

Should You Be bothered with mice,  
try putting mint down near their  
holes. They have a strong objection  
to the smell, and will seldom come  
anywhere near it.

It is Not Generally known that  
wringing out a cloth in hot water and  
wiping the furniture before putting on  
furniture cream will result in a very  
high polish that will not finger-mark.

Oily Marks on the Paper which defy  
the crumb cure may be got rid of by  
mixing a little pipe-clay into a cream,  
painting this mixture over the spot,  
allowing it to dry thoroughly, and then  
wiping it off.

Damp Towels should never be put  
into a clothes basket or bag and left  
there for days before being sent to the  
wash. Mildew is almost sure to re-  
sult. Before being put into the basket  
towels should be carefully dried.

If Soot has Fallen upon a carpet the  
worst course is to try to brush it off.  
Leave it until you have thoroughly  
dried in the oven a double handful of  
salt. Spread this upon the soot and  
then sweep. No black smear will re-  
main.

A Good Way to whiten clothes  
which have become a bad color is to  
put two or three slices of lemon in the  
copper with the clothes. The rind  
should be left on. They will make the  
clothes much whiter, and will remove  
all the stains from pocket-handker-  
chiefs, children's pinafores, etc.

If You Are at any time compelled  
to wear a shoe that pinches, it may be  
of value to know that a folded cloth  
dipped in hot water and laid over the  
offending part will at once afford re-  
lief. By changing the cloth a few  
times to keep up the heat, in a few  
minutes the leather or kid will shape  
to the foot. Rub a little sweet oil on  
before polishing; you will have no  
more trouble.



MODISH EVENING GOWN

Oyster white lace was used for the  
skirt of the charming evening gown  
shown above. Over the lace skirt was  
a tunic of black and white striped chif-  
fon voile edged with a band of plain  
violet silk, which in turn was bordered  
with a band of jet embroidery. The  
bodice was attractively put together  
with the same materials in surplice  
fashion, a rosette of narrow lace hid-  
ing the meeting of surplice pieces at  
waist line. The sleeves were made  
from one deep flounce of lace.

### MENDING WOOLLEN GARMENTS

When mending a sweater or other  
knitted article that has a rib, do not  
darn in the usual way. Instead, take  
yarn and run stitches across the rent,  
then begin at the top left hand side,  
and chain-stitch down the row of cross  
threads, taking into a thread at every  
stitch. These chain-stitches have the  
same effect as the knitted rib, and if  
the yarn matches, the darn will not  
be noticed.

## Willoughby's Cash Grocery

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FRESH GROCERIES, BUTTER, EGGS, FLOUR, VEGETABLES,  
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Avenues **PRINCE EDWARD STREET**

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**PURE, WHOLESOME  
FOOD**

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Table Supply**  
518 BROADWAY, E.**Our Guarantee**  
Goes with Every-  
thing We Sell**If It's Good, We Have It  
If We Have It, It's Good****Home Cooked Meats**  
A Specialty.**H. HARFORD****WANTED**Young lady graduate of the R. A. of  
M. desires a few pupils. Piano forte.  
Terms reasonable. Apply 3424 Quebec  
Street.**THE WESTERN CALL.**Issued every Friday at 2408 Westmin-  
ster Road, one-half block north of Broad-  
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A. Odum.Subscription: \$1.00 per year, 50 cents  
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and church cards \$10.00 per year.Changes of ads. must be in by Tues-  
day evening each week to insure inser-  
tion in following issue.Notices of births, deaths and mar-  
riages inserted free of charge.**See the New Serial  
THE PILLAR  
OF LIGHT**By Louis Tracy  
Commences on Page Two  
of this issue.**HURRAH**  
Its School Time AgainWe have a complete  
range of Boys' Jerseys  
Pants and School re-  
quisites.Girls' Sailor Suits and  
Overall Pinafiores.It will pay you to see  
what we have.**R. MOORE**  
2211 BRIDGE ST.Phone:  
Fairmont 373**THE FAMILY QUARREL****Mr. and Mrs. Newlove Have a War of  
Words Over a Simple Matter.**The telephone bell jingled joyously.  
Mr. and Mrs. Newlove were seated at  
the pretty mahogany table reading."Nellie, dear, will you answer the  
phone?" warbled the benedict.  
"Now, Charlie, you know I never like  
to answer," she replied."But it's some member of your fam-  
ily. They generally begin telephoning  
about this time every evening."

"It is not so."

"Probably your mother."

"No; it isn't, Charlie."

"Or your father."

"No; not father."

"Maybe your brother Willie."

"The truth about the matter is that  
some member of your family is call-  
ing."

"How absurd! They never call."

"I suppose they want to tell you how  
to crush my spirits.""Rather it is your mother with some  
instructions on how to work me for  
my money."

"It is untrue."

"Well, the phone message isn't for  
me."

"It isn't for me either."

"Well, I'll end this by answering the  
phone. Of course I will have to call  
you, but what's the difference as long  
as we have peace?"

"Hello!"

"No. This is not B 184. You have  
the wrong number."—John H. McNeely  
in Puck.**Family Blessings.**She was hearing her little four-year-  
old say his evening prayers. This sup-  
plication at the end included a request  
for blessings upon a long list of rela-  
tives, a list increased a month before  
by the arrival of an aunt and within  
the week by the addition of two cous-  
ins. This night he was half through  
the family catalogue when the door-  
bell rang."Wait a minute, darling," the moth-  
er said, hurrying downstairs. The  
summons proved to be from callers,  
and the little supplicant was forgot-  
ten. Five minutes passed and then from  
above came a long drawn "Mama-a-a!""What is it, dearie?" called the moth-  
er, stepping into the hall."Has dear some more o' dem reia-  
tions come 'at I got 'o put in?"—Wo-  
man's Home Companion.**Her Age.**Miss Ann Teek—You don't think I  
look my age, do you, Mr. Blunt?  
Mr. Blunt—Well, I shouldn't think  
you would ever look it in the face.—  
Philadelphia Press.**The Bookkeeper on the Farm.**First Farmer—That new hired man  
of yours must have been a book-keeper  
before he came to you.

Second Farmer—Why so?

First Farmer—I notice that every  
time he stops work for a few minutes  
that he puts the pitchfork behind his  
ear.—Woman's Home Companion.**Never Touched Him.**"John," said the wife of his bosom.  
"don't you think you ought to save the  
money you waste on cigars?""Nor me," replied John. "If I did  
you would get busy and blow it in  
some other way."—Chicago News.**Down, but Not Out.**First Mate—A man fell overboard  
just now.Captain—Why didn't you give an  
alarm?First Mate—What was the use? He  
was all in!—Harvard Lampoon.**Equipped For Battle.**"That man's so mean he would fight  
with himself.""But it takes two to make a quar-  
rel.""Oh, but he leads one of those double  
lives."—Philadelphia Ledger.**Conchological.**"Still trying to muster up courage to  
propose to the girl are you, Algy?  
Don't be a clam.""Dear boy, I can't be a clam.  
don't you know. She says I'm a lob-  
ster."—Houston Post.**Compensation.**Why need you so regretful yearn  
For boyhood days so long gone by?  
A bent pin caught your fish, but then  
You could not tell so big a lie.No doubt your rusty little gun  
Brought down the bird and squirrel dead  
But then you could not tell such tales  
Of how you killed a tiger dead.No doubt the quiet swimming pool  
Beheld some very daring dives.  
But then you could not tell the tale  
Of how you saved four dozen lives.So grieve not for the passing years  
That may have made your prowess lame  
Between performance and the tale  
The balance still remains the same  
—McLanburgh Watson in New York Sun**Local and  
Otherwise**Mr. William Byron, of Hillsburg,  
Ont., is visiting his cousin, Mrs. T. B.  
Cooston, 137 Lansdowne avenue east.The pulpit of Mt. Pleasant Methodist  
Church was occupied by the Rev. E. L.  
Benedict of Green Lake, Seattle.Mrs. Jas. Miller, of Toronto, Ont., is  
visiting her sister, Mrs. T. B. Croston,  
137 Lansdowne avenue east.A special offering is to be taken in  
Mt. Pleasant Methodist Church next  
Sunday morning in behalf of Frank  
Shepard, the poor fellow who fell  
from the scaffolding while painting  
the steeple of the church.Remember! The gymnasium of the  
Mt. Pleasant Presbyterian Athletic  
Club opens on Monday, September 18.  
For further information drop a card  
to Mr. Chas. Moodie, care Presbyter-  
ian Church, Mt. Pleasant.Rev. Woodside, pastor of Mt. Pleas-  
ant Presbyterian Church, occupied his  
own pulpit last Sunday for the first  
time since his vacation spent at the  
coronation of King George V. The  
church was crowded to welcome the  
popular minister home.Next Sunday night at 7:30 Rev.  
Lashley Hall will deal with the whole  
question of Christianity in relation to  
the social and economic question. This  
will be substantially the address given  
in Seattle before the Ministerial Fed-  
eration and which was to be delivered  
at a mass meeting of men in Seattle on  
Labor Day had rain not prevented.On Thursday of next week, Septem-  
ber 14th, there will be a social and  
musical evening at the Mt. Pleasant  
Presbyterian Church, in the interests  
of the church gymnasium. An excel-  
lent programme has been prepared.  
The gym. is well equipped at present  
but those in charge are doing their  
utmost to make it one of the best in  
the city.Prof. Cowan, the well-known teach-  
er of stringed instrument music, has  
returned from his trip to Honolulu  
and other places of interest. He will  
open his study on Monday, Sept. 11,  
at 2315 Main street. Lessons on the  
violin, guitar, mandolin, hango, harp,  
zither and any stringed instrument at  
his regular price of 20 lessons for  
\$7.00. This price is exceedingly low  
considering the ability of Prof. Cowan  
and the late advance in tuition in this  
city.**Cedar Cottage Presbyterian Church**  
J. C. Madill, Pastor. 11 a. m. "Five  
kings in a cave." 7:30 p. m. "Definite  
Purpose." 2:30 p. m. Sunday School  
and Bible Class.**ST. PAUL'S PRESBY. CHURCH.**Labor Day was celebrated by the  
members of St. Paul's Presbyterian  
Church (corner of Fourteenth Avenue  
E. and Burns Street) by a most suc-  
cessful picnic at Bowen Island, when  
at the invitation of the Young People's  
Society a large party of members and  
friends of the congregation left, on  
the S.S. Baranba. On arrival at the  
Island several willing hands prepared  
a dainty and enjoyable lunch which  
was most heartily partaken of, and  
after which the company took full  
advantage of the unequalled facilities  
afforded them on the island, and en-  
tered into football, swimming and many  
other various games with great zest  
and agility. One of the most promi-  
nent features being a somewhat excit-  
ing baseball match which was watched  
with keen interest, and resulted in a  
win for the side captained by Miss A.  
Summers. Although not altogether  
favored by the weather the trip was  
unanimously voted a huge success and  
loud were the praises of all on the  
enjoyment they had derived from  
the outing, much of which was due  
to the untiring efforts of Mr. R. Laing,  
the genial president of the society,  
who was kindly assisted by several of  
the ladies. On the return run the  
company retired to the boat's music  
room where an interesting programme  
of music and song was provided, solos  
being tastefully rendered by Miss E.  
Summers, Mr. John Galloway and  
other ladies and gentlemen, the ac-  
companiments on the piano being pro-  
vided by Miss E. Summers. The  
opening meeting of the society will be  
held on Monday 11th at 8 o'clock p. m.  
and will take the form of a social even-  
ing. All young people are heartily in-  
vited.

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### PRIMITIVE MAN.

#### Part II.

We begin then with the Early Stone Age, or Mammoth Period.

The name of mammoth is derived from Tartar—mamma—the earth—the natives believing that it lived underground and that its burrowing was the cause of earthquakes. The Chinese held that it died if it breathed the outer air. Siberia was its native home, and besides much fossil ivory, whole and perfectly preserved carcasses have been found in Nature's refrigerating chamber. Leaving speculation as to Primitive Man's presence elsewhere, we tread on sure ground as to his presence in Europe in mid-Pleistocene times; and we call these times Ages, because they have been so divided by Danish antiquaries, into the Paleolithic, or Ancient Stone Age, and the Neolithic, or Newer Stone Age, of Copper, of Bronze, and of Iron.

This classification was anticipated by Lucretius, who in his great poem "De Rerum Natura," writes: "Arms of old were hands, nails and teeth, and stones boughs broken off from the forests, and flame and fire as soon as they had become known. Afterwards the force of iron and copper was discovered, and the use of copper was known before that of iron, as its nature is easier to work, and it is found in greater quantity." In the lowest peat beds in Denmark there were found trunks of Scotch fir, which has not been a native in historical times, and near them flint weapons, and remains of primitive stag and ox. By the Stone Age then we mean when metals were unknown, and flint and other accessible materials were used by Primitive Man as tools and weapons; and when their edges became blunted they were thrown away, and others substituted.

And now we are led to ask, what were their first buildings like? In fear and terror of savage beasts, with no more efficacious weapons for protection than stones and boughs, and at closer quarters hands, nails and teeth, the protection afforded by the trees, up which they could swarm, no doubt suggested the first ideas of residence, and convenient branches twisted together, and others overhead, woven together with a coarse thatch, constituted their first hiding places. So in this Ancient Stone Age we can imagine Primitive Men as gathered in to wandering tribes, dependent for food on the chase, camping out by the graveside under trees, or dwelling in the branches of trees, and resorting as need arose, to the protection of cavern and rock shelter. The first attempt that man made to build, was simply to make the caves that he found rather bigger and more convenient, and so he scooped them out and made them deeper, and often he scooped away much of the roof, so as to make the cave higher, and let him stand and walk upright in it; and when at last man began to build for himself, he made huts, such as many men live in even now-a-days, like the Eskimos; and these huts are really very like caves, for they have only one room, and no chimney or window.

The description Tacitus gives of the Penni or Finnish tribes would apply to the earlier folk of drift and cave; "They are wonderfully savage and miserably poor; neither arms nor homes have they, their clothing is skins, their bed the earth. Their arrows, for want of iron, are tipped with bone. They have no other refuge for their children against wild beasts and storms than to cover them up in a nest of interlacing boughs." The poor rough tools shaped like a pear, found in the gravel beds, or drift of old rivers, are ranged in numbers round the upper shelves in the Prehistoric Room at the British Museum. The owners of these tools looked out on a Thames, stretching from the heights of Hampstead and Highgate to those of South London. What became of these Drift or Cave-men no one knows. Their tools consisted of harpoons, staghorn axes and daggers, arrow heads, sharp pear-shaped weapons, and bone needles to sew skins together. The lack of human bones in the Ancient Stone Age is of minor importance, in the presence

of the proofs of man's tenancy of the globe during an enormous period, and at the lowest stage of culture; for the tools and weapons of drift and cavern are undoubted products of human skill, and are found in well-nigh every explored part of the world.

Considering their rude weapons, the Cave-men were mighty hunters, for the mammoth, woolly haired rhinoceros, megatherium (a huge mammal, allied to the sloth), and other huge beasts were their quarry. The reindeer's antlers were convenient daggers, and their sharply pointed flint heads were deadly weapons; and their women were not less resourceful, sewing skins together with bone needles and threads of sinews of intestines. The most interesting things the Reindeer Cave-men of Europe left behind are their drawings and carvings of animals they saw before them—the great long-haired mammoth as he crashed along, the reindeer fighting, the oxen feeding, are all sketched from nature. They employed the intervals of leisure from the chase in engraving upon bone, antler, cave wall, and more rarely on ivory, the hunting scenes which most vividly impressed themselves upon their memory.

But, as previously stated, and as Lord Avebury emphatically declares: "No trace (in this Early Stone Age) has ever been found of any animal as small as man." So many of the assumed finds have occurred in deposits the period or disturbance of which is not beyond question, that all such alleged discoveries, even that in the cave of Darvuthy in the Western Pyrenees, may be dismissed as pure inventions, or due to chicanery and fraud. Discoveries of skulls said to be those possessing ape-like characteristics, and yet between which and man they lie an impassable abyss, may satisfy savants on the bank for such, but at present we believe that the Early Stone Age has nothing to show in the way of human bones. Very ingenious theories have been propounded as to reasons why such human remains should not exist, as people are always ready with explanations why things are not, which they think should be; but to my mind it was so intended by God, and the practice of cremation carried out the Divine intention.

We now come to speak of the Advanced Stone Age, though very little in the way of a hard and fast line can be drawn between the two Stone Ages. In this Neolithic Age climates had changed, and there was an altered distribution of land and water and new species of plants and animals appeared. Although it is believed that cremation was the mode of disposal of his dead, by Paleolithic man; the relics of funeral feasts which point to cannibalism—broken skulls and human bones split to extract the marrow—are in early Neolithic deposits; and we may not be deemed unreasonable in believing that the earliest traces of ones of man are found in the transient Age between the Paleolithic and Neolithic periods. There are abundant types of tools and weapons that are intermediate in character, and the earlier copper or bronze implements are modelled on the patterns of the earlier stone and bone implements. A representative set of early Neolithic implements would comprise celts or chisels, stone tools allied to picks, small hand chisels and gauges, perforated axes, and many other tools similar in some respects to ours, but not made of metals.

The transition period from the late Paleolithic period to the Early Neolithic has been turned by some the Molithic or Mesolithic period, and we can speak with a certain amount of knowledge of the appearance at that time of the remains of Primitive Man, taking the two skeletons discovered at Spy, in Namur, in a cave, in 1886, as types, also the find already alluded to, in the cave at Duruthy, in the Western Pyrenees, and a very recent one, full particulars of which are not yet to hand. He would appear to have been powerfully built, although of short or stunted stature, probably about five feet; broad legged, with curved thigh bones; his walk would be shambling, as of one accustomed to live in trees and caves of the earth, and mentally the "ape and the tiger" were but little subdued in him; the mind of the neglected child, with the strength and passion of the man were blended in him. His whole appearance would be actually repelling; but he would still show his superiority to all the other mammals around him, by his sharpness of sight and hearing, his unerring skill in hunting and bringing down his prey, and by his intense cunning, which made him more than a match for any of his animal foes. The type of skulls found reveal the striking difference even then between man and the lower creation.

Such then, did the Fall of the First Man for long centuries inflict upon his species, a long striving to prove himself superior to what we call the lower creation, but without a knowledge of the Creator of all; rising up and lying down like the rest of creation; never praying, never thinking of anything more serious than a living only for the day and

hour. Still, as the Almighty never has allowed the spark of Divine Revelation entirely to go out, we think even these degraded beings, like degraded heather of the present day, had fitful glimmerings of the Truth.

But, if we, in our high state of civilization require whole years to develop abstract ideas in the minds of our children, though they have the benefit of all what they inherit from the past, "which thought for them"; is it any wonder that it required centuries, and even millenniums, for Primitive Man to arrive at any workable ideas of civilization and its requirements. For, at the start, man was befuddled by his senses, and it took him countless years to escape from the false impressions of things which they conveyed. Still, all the time, unknown to himself, he was acquiring a dim knowledge of the properties of seeds and berries, of stone and wood, of the fire that was emitted from the vigorously rubbed wood or the sharply struck flint; and was accumulating this, to be expanded as the light of reason began to return, as the best gift bestowed by the Creator, by a race subsequent to and more advanced in the higher paths, that remove man to such an incalculable distance from the beasts that perish.

And we must remember that the Stone Age is still with us. The hairy Tinn, who, like the filthy Hottentots, never wash themselves from birth to death, still use bone and bamboo arrow points, and live on raw flesh, seaweed and roots; while the natives of New Britain, until quite recently used stone tomahawks; the cannibal races of Queensland use wood for

most of their weapons, but have also tomahawks of basalt, or other hard stone, and eat beetles, grub and vermin, and many other examples could be given; and their dwelling places are as homeless and comfortless as those of Primitive man. Remains of what are termed kitchen-middings, sites of ancient fishing and hunting settlements, reveal myriads of bones, and refuse of flint shippings, showing that as time went on rude workshops employing many hands, were engaged in turning out primitive implements of war, and otherwise, and specimens of a certain rude pottery were also found.

Human skulls of the Neolithic folk have been measured, and found to be long to the "Dolichocephalic," or long-headed type, for skulls are measured by the relation of breadth to length; if the breadth be under 80 the skull is called "long-headed," if exceeding that, "broad-headed." These long-headed people, generally known as Iberians, were small limbed, swarthy complexioned, and with dark hair and eyes. Their representatives are widely distributed now-a-days, and in our own country are chiefly found in the west of Ireland, some parts of Wales, and the Highlands.

They still lived in caves and rock-shelters, or in huts of boughs or loam. When their dead were buried, they were laid in caves, or in tumuli, or long barrows or cairns; one evidence of their later date being in the fewer remains of wild animals found in them. Some of these graves are 400 feet long and 50 wide, and no traces of metal are found in them; and pottery, even of the rudest description, is rare.—Owen Bulkely, A. K. G.

### THE TROUBLE WITH HIM

Simpson was one day arrested and brought into the police court.

Said the justice: "What is your name?"

"S-s-s—"

"What is your name?" demanded the justice.

"Why S-s-s-s—"

"I don't understand. What did you say your name is?"

"Why, my n-name is S-s-s-s."

Turning to the policeman the justice said: "Here, officer, what is this man charged with?"

"Faith, your honor, and I think it's s-s-s-s."

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**A WORTHY POLICEMAN**

(Editorial in Rockford, Illinois, Star.)

A Chicago policeman started out on his beat the other day with instructions to kill every dog he found running at large. He had gone but a short distance when a little yellow dog came into view. The officer drew his revolver and was about to fire when the homeless canine ran toward him wagging his tail and playfully barking. Down came the revolver with the remark, "I can't do it; it would seem like shooting a child." He reported at noon to his superior who relieved him of his star.

"Give me anything else to do, captain," said the policeman, "and I'll do my best, but I could not kill that friendly little dog."

This policeman should not belong out of a job as he has a good heart. The world is in need of such men. Sentiment is dying out as commercialism advances. The world is looking for big, burly men, who have courage but no heart or sentiment. Men who from lack of sentiment have driven the passenger pigeon and the prairie chicken out of existence, and who are happy when slaying birds in flight, will look upon this policeman as a faint heart. But his refusal to kill a homeless, friendless dog, marks him as a man worth liking and loving. He might well say with the bard of Avon: "I dare do all that becomes a man. Who dares do more is none."

**BIRDS AS MONEY SAVERS**

The destruction of insect-eating birds should not be overlooked by those attempting to explain the increased cost of living. Government statistics show that our agriculture has suffered to the extent of billions of dollars through the ravages of insects. The annual loss has increased steadily until it has reached a figure which the human mind cannot grasp.

In the cotton belt of the South the boll weevil, which has increased with such rapidity as to become a plague, took as its toll in one year more than \$25,000,000 worth of a product upon which every man, woman and child is dependent. And in this same section is permitted the wholesale destruction of birds, 75 per cent of whose food is

the crop-destroying insect! We shall pay for this loss, sustained largely through folly and ignorance, when we buy our clothes. Grain, vegetable and fruit culture in many localities is so hampered by noxious insects that the farmer "drags home the stingy harvest" discouraged and with good cause for abandoning his occupation. Every dollar's worth of damage which the bird guards could have prevented must come out of the pockets of the people.

Poison sprays and other artificial means do not successfully check the damage done by insect pests. We must look to the wild birds for substantial relief. They will not fail us, even if we do more than simply let them live.

**FACTORIES CLOSE**

**Water So Low in Canal That Cornwall Mill Supplies Cut Off.**

Cornwall, One., Aug. 30.—The St. Lawrence river is so low here that in order to keep the water from the canal up to the required level for navigation it was necessary to close off all the water from local factories at noon today.

Three cotton factories, the paper mills and all industries using electrical power were obliged to close down. The east wind has had considerable to do with the lowering of the water, and it is hoped that if the wind changes the mills will be allowed to use water and electrical power tomorrow.

The steamer *Riverside*, which went ashore a week ago, is still stuck fast, and although the water was raised to the limit, several tugs failed to pull her off.

**Serious Condition at Ottawa.**

Ottawa, Aug. 30.—Unless the water in the Ottawa river, which has been going down at the rate of an inch a day, soon rises, the greater part of J. R. Booth's plant will have to shut down for lack of water power. Other industries at the Chaudiere are handicapped, though as yet none have had to close down.

**SOUTHERN LUMBER FLOODING PRAIRIES**

**Alleged That American Sawmill Men Are Dodging the Canadian Duties.**

A sensation was caused last Thursday at joint session of coast and mountain sawmill men in British Columbia, when it was alleged that American competitors have taken advantage of the absence of duty on rough lumber to sell thousands of carloads of dressed lumber in the prairie markets, without paying duty as required by Canadian customs tariff. Custom officers, it was alleged, overlook proper classification of imported dressed lumber, and continue to wink at devious methods declared to be in vogue. A strong protest will be sent to Ottawa.

The meeting devoted nearly all day to a consideration of the situation created by the competition of Puget Sound and Idaho rivals in Western Canada. The depression in the lumber trade south of the international boundary has resulted in the invasion of the markets of the prairie provinces and British Columbia at prices estimated to be lower than actual manufacturing costs. A strong committee was appointed. It will report to a special meeting to be held next month.

Figures prepared by experts showed that during June and July exports from the United States to the four provinces totalled forty million and thirty million feet respectively. It was decided not to increase prices, in the hope that the Dominion authorities would find means of giving some relief to the situation.

The lumber schedule in the tariff of Canada is not affected by the proposed reciprocity agreement. Despite the competition of the American mill men, the demand from the prairies for rough lumber shows no sign of decrease. Consumption this year will show, it was reported, an increase of 20 per cent over 1910. Stocks are about normal, those of the coast and mountain mills being 150,000,000 and 220,000,000 respectively.

A special committee charged with the task of interviewing George J.

Bury, general manager of western lines of C. P. R., in regard to car shortage, was appointed.

The meeting warmly applauded the announcement by recognized authority that next year's lumber requirements of the prairies will likely show an increase of 75 per cent, owing to the large influx of settlers.

**NOTE**—The prairies are the legitimate market of the British Columbia lumberman and American mills only dump surplus stocks, to keep up their home market prices.—Ed.

**SIGNS OF A POOR HORSEMAN**

Horses handled roughly, and rushed into stalls without rubbing, cleaning, or sponging.

Horses allowed to drink their fill, no matter how hot; or not watered at all. Grain fed before horses are rested and while overheated.

Feet not washed or examined until horse goes lame.

Horses receiving no water after eating their hay, until next morning.

Scanty bedding.

No bedding on Sundays until night and horses watered only twice.

Hay and grain of poor quality and insufficient quantity.

Bran mash not given because it is too much trouble.

Hay-loft lusty and dirty, and dust shaken down into horses' eyes and nose.

Harness unclean; sweat allowed to accumulate on inside of collars.

Horses not shod frequently enough and left too smooth for slippery streets.

**PAT'S RETORT.**

A stranger on a country road was travelling one day when, suddenly surprised, he found that he had lost his way. An Irishman with pick in hand, and hat without a brim, was working by the roadside, so the man accosted him: "I say, Pat, can you point the road that leads to River-side?"

"An' how d'ye know my name was Pat?" the foreigner replied.

"I guessed it," smiled the stranger, with a mock pretentious frown.

"Ye did?" roared Pat, "thin, faith, an' ye can guess yer way to town."

**EXCELSIOR**

The shades of night were falling fast When home the lamp shade came at last,

Which I had bought that very day In town, packed in a sort of hay—

Excelsior.

My brow was sad when I beheld To what a size the shade had swelled; For surely, if it were not such, They'd never, never need so much

Excelsior.

I bore the package to my room, For how could I foresee my doom?

I pushed the desk and table back And slowly started to unpack

Excelsior.

I burrowed deep, and downward dug, Until I'd covered all my rug.

I spread it then upon the floor, But still I pulled out more and more

Excelsior.

"It cannot be," I said at last, "That in my haste the shade I've

passed. But though the lamp shade I may miss,

I know I never ordered this

Excelsior.

Then it began to fill the air, The desk, the table—everywhere.

It reached the ceiling, blocked the door,

And yet there still remained some more

Excelsior.

Next morning I of course was missed, And with the shade clasped in my fist,

With hay below and hay above, They found me in a mountain of

Excelsior.

Now, when I order anything— A picture or a vase or ring—

I always tell them at the store To please omit the ton or more

Excelsior.

**GRANDMA'S DESTINATION IN DOUBT**

Ethel is of the mature age of 5. Recently her grandmother concluded that it devolved on her to instruct the child in religious matters.

"You must be a good girl, Ethel," she said. "Then you will go to heaven when you die."

Ethel seemed scarcely pleased with this reward for exceptional conduct. "Don't you want to go to heaven?" asked grandma with a look of reproach.

"Oh, I don't know," temporized Ethel. "I guess not."

"Why not?" demanded grandma severely.

"Because maybe I couldn't get out," answered Ethel.

"You wouldn't want to get out," replied grandma.

"Oh, yes, I should," returned Ethel with conviction.

"No," argued grandma, "you would not. Why should you want to get out of heaven?"

"Why," answered Ethel, "I guess I'd want to go and see you once in a while, wouldn't I?"

**TURN ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY**

A young married woman recently had a novel experience when she engaged her first Chinese cook.

"What's your name?" she asked when the preliminaries had been settled.

"My name Hong Long Loo," said the Celestial with much gravity.

"And I am Mrs. Harrington Richard Buickingham," said his new employer.

"I am afraid I shall never be able to remember your name—it's so long. I shall call you John."

"All right," returned the Chinese with a suspicion of a smile. "Your name too long too. I callee you Charley."

**DOESN'T REMEMBER HIM NOW**

"Uncle Mose," said a drummer, addressing an old colored man, "they tell me that you remember seeing George Washington. Is that right?"

"Yes, sah," said Uncle Mose, "it was right; I useter 'member seein' him, but since I jined de church, sah, I done forgot him."

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- 32-Hudson's Bay Co., Water Street.
- 33-City Hall.
- 34-Main and Barnard.
- 35-Main and Powell.
- 36-Main and Keefer.
- 37-P. R. W. (No. 5 Shed).
- 38-Smythe and Cambie.
- 39-Smythe and Homer.
- 40-Breckman-Key Wharf.
- 41-Homer and Helmcken.
- 42-Dunsmuir and Hornby.
- 43-Granville and Nelson.
- 44-Dalton and Hornby.
- 45-Davie and Hornby.
- 46-Nelson and Hornby.
- 47-Georgia and Howe.
- 48-Pender and Howe.
- 49-Hastings and Hornby.
- 50-Main and Park Lane.
- 51-Dunsmuir and Beattie.
- 52-Columbia and Alexander.
- 53-Seymour and Drake.
- 54-Seymour and Smythe.
- 55-Henry Street.
- 56-Hastings Mill No. 2.
- 57-Burns' Abattoir.
- 58-Pender and Woodland.
- 59-Hastings Mill, foot Dunleavy.
- 60-Pender and Salsbury.
- 61-Oxford and Pender.
- 62-Pender and Jackson.
- 63-Powell and Carl.
- 64-Hastings and Carl.
- 65-Pender and Powell.
- 66-Pender and Beattie.
- 67-Powell and Hawks.
- 68-Hastings and Dunleavy.
- 69-Hastings and Powell.
- 70-Hastings and Victoria Drive.
- 71-Powell and Raymour, Sugar Re-  
sawery.
- 72-Hastings and Vernon.
- 73-Hastings and Lakewood.
- 74-Powell and Patton.
- 75-Oxford and Bridge.
- 76-Sixth and Heather.
- 77-Landsdowne and Manitoba.
- 78-Pender and Investment Co., Front  
Street.
- 79-Sixth and Birch.
- 80-Front and Scotia.
- 81-Front and Georgia.
- 82-Seventh and Ash.
- 83-Sixth and Spruce.
- 84-Sixth and Laurel.
- 85-Vancouver Lumber Co.
- 86-Lorne and Columbia.
- 87-Sixth and Alberta.
- 88-Fifth and Yukon.
- 89-Eighth and Manitoba.
- 90-Sixth and Granville.
- 91-Eighth and Granville.
- 92-Front and Main.
- 93-Second and Granville.
- 94-Main and Bannockburn.
- 95-Seventh and Carolina.
- 96-Prince Edward and Dufferin.
- 97-Eighth and Prince Edward.
- 98-Fifth and Main.
- 99-Seventh and Main.
- 100-Barclay and Denman.
- 101-Eagles Coast Mills.
- 102-Broughton and Georgia.
- 103-Lavie and Denman.
- 104-Auraby and Nicola.
- 105-Chilco and Georgia.
- 106-Chilco and Georgia.
- 107-Bidwell and Pendrell.
- 108-Bute and Harwood.
- 109-Bute and Barclay.
- 110-Nelson and Thurlow.
- 111-Chilco and Comox.
- 112-Burcard and Georgia.
- 113-Bute and Georgia.
- 114-Bute and Robson.
- 115-Barclay and Broughton.
- 116-Burcard and Broughton.
- 117-Burcard and Harwood.
- 118-Denman and Georgia.
- 119-Burnaby and Jervis.
- 120-Bidwell and Cardero.
- 121-Burcard and Comox.
- 122-Jervis and Harwood.
- 123-Burcard and Broughton.
- 124-Broughton and Harwood.
- 125-Burcard and Thurlow.
- 126-Burcard and Broughton.
- 127-Third and Cedar.
- 128-Third and Maple.
- 129-First and Fawcett.
- 130-First and Trafalgar.
- 131-Second and Fine.
- 132-Cornwall and Yew.
- 133-Third and Macdonald.
- 134-First and Balaclava.
- 135-Third and Balsam.
- 136-Cornwall and Balsam.
- 137-Main and Creelman, C. P. R.  
Station.
- 138-Eighth and Clark.
- 139-Graveley and Park.
- 140-Fourth and Park.
- 141-Graveley and Woodland.
- 142-Charles and Clark.
- 143-Williams and Woodland.
- 144-Williams and Woodland.
- 145-Venables and Cotton.
- 146-Venables and Clark.
- 147-Cumbebel and Harris.
- 148-Harris and Gore.
- 149-Prior and Gore.
- 150-Prior and Jackson.
- 151-Union and Hakes.
- 152-Car and Grove.
- 153-Harris and Woodland.
- 154-Second and Park Drive.
- 155-Hastings and Park Drive.
- 156-Bismark and Park Drive.
- 157-Third and McLean.
- 158-Carl and Keefer.
- 159-Keeler and Victoria.
- 160-Parker and Victoria.
- 161-Williams and Victoria.
- 162-Bismark and Lakewood.
- 163-Second and Victoria.
- 164-Sixth and Victoria.
- 165-Lakewood and Barnard.
- 166-Hastings and Park.
- 167-Twelfth and Clark.
- 168-Ninth and Lock.
- 169-Twelfth and Scott.
- 170-Burns and Burns.
- 171-Twelfth and Woodland.
- 172-Fourteenth and Park Drive.
- 173-Sixteenth and Sophia.
- 174-Twelfth and Sophia.
- 175-Twentieth and Humphrey.
- 176-West, 10th and Fraser.
- 177-Twentieth and Fraser.
- 178-Twentieth and Marcha.
- 179-Fifteenth and Thomas.
- 180-West, 10th and Thomas.
- 181-Ninth and Oak.
- 182-Eleventh and Ontario.
- 183-Tenth and St. George.
- 184-Thirteenth and Main.
- 185-Tenth and Quebec.
- 186-Broadway and Columbia.
- 187-Eleventh and Ash.
- 188-Broadway and Main.
- 189-Vancouver General Hospital.
- 190-Broadway and Ash.
- 191-Fourteenth and Manitoba.
- 192-Tenth and West Road.
- 193-Thirteenth and Prince Edward.
- 194-Thirteenth and Yukon.
- 195-Sixth and Fine.
- 196-Seventh and Maple.
- 197-Thirteenth and Alder.
- 198-Ninth and Cedar.
- 199-Eleventh and Oak Drive.
- 200-Broadway and Oak.
- 201-Eleventh and Oak.
- 202-Thirteenth and Hemlock.
- 203-Tenth and Alder.
- 204-Twentieth and Cypress.
- 205-Fourteenth and Arbutus.
- 206-Broadway and Willow.
- 207-Eleventh and Yew.
- 208-Seventh and Balsam.
- 209-Fifth and Trafalgar.
- 210-Katharine and Hastings.
- 211-Powell and Clinton.
- 212-Eaton and Clinton.
- 213-Slocan and Fraser.
- 214-Dundas and Renfrew.
- 215-Windemere and McCrossan.

J. A. McCROSSAN,  
City Electrician.

## Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

### PERT PARAGRAPHS.

The man who is never to blame knows how and when to sidestep with alacrity.

Some people are good today because they are scared half to death over their deeds of yesterday.

Probably the good natured man is imposed upon, but doubtless being good is worth it.

It is better for all hands to owe a man a five dollar bill than to owe him a grudge.

It is the average man's proposition to be entirely willing to be of service to you if he can thereby beat you 10 per cent.

A simple-minded man is not necessarily foolish—not necessarily.

Man's enforced confidence in man makes countless thousands graft.

Some people's idea of unconventionality consists in an overplus of dirt and untidiness.

### Advance Notice.

Listen!  
Hear the rumble?  
Sounds like  
The battle of Bunker Hill  
Being brought  
Down to date  
Or like  
A couple of husky men  
Hitting a barrel  
With a bed stat.  
But it is not  
Either of these.  
Neither is it dynamite  
Exploding under the throne  
Of a tyrant.  
No, indeed.  
It is something  
Much more soothing.  
Being nothing less  
Than the advance notice  
Of the day  
We celebrate.  
The only real live  
Fourth of July  
Now in captivity.  
Beware of imitations!  
The small boy  
With patriotism  
Bursting out  
His waistband  
Cannot wait  
For the real date.  
He has to fire  
A few salutes  
To let people know  
What is coming.  
He is practicing  
So  
That patriotism  
May be certain  
Not to die.  
He is simply making  
A few muffled rumbles  
As advance notice  
Of the big noise.

### Usually Do.

"Get me that rug for you, dar-  
ling."  
"Could she believe her ears? It was  
certainly the voice of her husband.  
She looked around, and there he stood,  
sure enough, with his coat off, ready to  
go to work.  
Then she woke up.

### Somewhat Later.

"I hear you are going to take your  
family to Europe."  
"Thinking some of it."  
"How will you go?"  
"By balloon."  
"But that isn't practical."  
"It will be by the time we get ready."

### Full Week.

"You are overbooked this resort be-  
cause you get a commission?"  
"Oh, no, I assure you."  
"You would go there yourself, would  
you?"  
"Yes, indeed. Why I spent ten days  
there last week before last."

### Cheap Amusement.

"I am thinking some of going to  
Europe."  
"Got any money?"  
"Not a cent."  
"How are you going to do it?"  
"Doesn't cost any money to think  
about it, does it?"

### Cooler.

"He takes the cake as a lover."  
"That so?"  
"Yes, the cake of ice."  
"Does she sing?"  
"Not at all."  
"Then we are safe."  
"Don't congratulate yourself."  
"Why?"  
"She never refuses."

### All the Year Round.

"What is your trade?"  
"Cutting ice."  
"But you can't work at that in sum-  
mer."  
"You can in our line. I am selling  
mining stock."

## GRANDVIEW GLEANINGS.

Rev. H. H. Rottman, British Colum-  
bia field secretary of the Christian  
Endeavor Society, addressed a large  
congregation last Sunday evening in  
the Grandview Methodist church. The  
subject of his talk was "Opportunity."

The Conservatives of a Ward IV. are  
alive and active. An award IV. are  
effected on August 31st for campaign  
purposes at the office of the ward sec-  
retary, Mr. J. McKay. Committee  
rooms have been opened at 1608 Park  
Drive, under the management of Mr.  
Dence.

Among Grandview's best business  
houses the Manitoba Hardware Co. is  
prominent at 1714-1716 Park drive.

Peter Williamson, engaged on street  
work, under foreman Boulton, was  
fatally injured while blasting on the  
street opposite Hastings Park en-  
trance. A delayed explosion occurred  
just as he approached to examine it.  
He died on the way to the hospital.

Rev. Merton Smith officiated at the  
funeral of Stella Williamson, held  
from Armstrong & Edwards parlors.

Mr. and Mrs. G. McSpadden, corner  
Park drive and Charles street, are re-  
joicing over the advent of another  
daughter in their family.

The Royal Pharmacy is known  
throughout Grandview as headquarters  
for ice cream, corner Park Drive and  
Third Avenue.

The funeral of Harvey Henry, 977  
Keefer street, was held on Tuesday  
of this week at 10 a.m. Rev. J. B.  
Johnson officiated.

At a crowded meeting of the friends  
and admirers of retiring Assistant En-  
gineer Cooper, Inspector T. Odium,  
acting on behalf of the inspectors,  
read an address of appreciation and  
regret emphasizing the cordial feel-  
ings that existed between the staff of  
inspectors and Mr. Cooper. Following  
the address Inspector G. Heath pre-  
sented Mr. Cooper with a gold watch-  
chain.

The funeral of Sara Nicholl, age  
three months, was held on Tuesday at  
2 p.m., from the family residence, 157  
Park drive.

For first-class groceries and lowest  
prices, go to the Buffalo Grocery, cor-  
ner Fourteenth Avenue and Park Drive.

Duncan J. McDonald, age 58, died  
August 30th. The funeral took place  
from the family residence, 1341 Has-  
tings street east, on Saturday at 2 p.m.

The Young People's Society of  
Christian Endeavor of Knox Church  
spent a part of Labor Day at the re-  
sidence of Rev. Johnson, 1244 Vaneables  
street. Refreshments and games  
filled the hours to overflowing.

Smyth's Bakery, 1605 Park Drive,  
is the home of sanitation.

## ST. MARY'S, SOUTH HILL.

On Wednesday evening of last week  
a highly successful concert was given  
in Staple's Hall, towards paying off  
the debt on the temporary church  
building. The room was packed as  
full as it could hold, and certainly the  
entertainment provided was well worth  
whatever little inconvenience might  
have been experienced from over-  
crowding and heat. The proceedings  
opened with a pianoforte solo by Mr.  
George Bulkeley, to which succeeded  
songs by Mesdames Bachelor and  
Sherlock and Miss Campbell, and  
Miss Campbell, and Messrs. Grant and  
J. Campbell, and a dramatic accom-  
panied recitation by Mrs. Carr. An  
unarranged incident followed in the  
sudden extinction of the electric light,  
causing hurried search for lamps and  
candles, which when all well alight,  
were rendered unnecessary by the  
electric light again appearing. The  
Rev. Owen Bulkeley took advantage  
of the temporary cessation of the pro-  
gramme to speak of the financial  
needs of the parish, and to give notice  
of the speedy erection of a parish hall,  
to be ready by the winter for meet-  
ings and socialities of all kinds. The  
latter half of the proceedings consist-  
ed of a most clever representation of  
famous women, entitled, "Chronotha-  
toletron," or Time and Death Anni-

hilator, written by Mrs. A. Fowler, the  
inventress of a magic cupboard which  
by the mere turning of a handle pro-  
duced any famous woman of days  
gone by that the genius of the 20th  
century, Miss Gwen English, desired  
to summon. One after another, in  
dress exactly suited to their time and  
age, appeared Sarah, wife of Abra-  
ham, Miss I. Fowler; Pharaoh's daugh-  
ter, Miss Elsie Carr; whose plaintive  
cry, "Where is Moses?" was heard fre-  
quently throughout the performance;  
Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi;  
Miss Nora Watson; Cleopatra, Miss B.  
Russell; Queen Elizabeth, Miss Oliver;  
Mother Bickerdick (U.S.A.), S. Ce-  
cilia; Miss Freda Lister; Hypatia,  
Miss Cowlin; Pocahontas, Miss M.  
Watson; Joan of Arc, Miss J. Watson;  
Sappho, Miss Campbell; and Priscilla  
(from Miles Standish), Miss K. Atkin-  
son.

Each character spoke as of the time

they had lived in, and were much  
surprised at the change in woman's  
status in modern times. Very great  
credit was due to the impersonators  
of these parts, and to the talented  
author, for a refined and clever  
character delineation of this kind is  
seldom brought before an audience.

During the afternoon previous to  
the concert a bazaar had taken place  
under the auspices of the energetic  
ladies of the St. Mary's branch of the  
Women's Auxiliary, and the proceeds  
of sale and concert combined amount-  
ed to over \$130, with which sum they  
were more than content, as it would  
not only pay what was due on the  
church building, but also meet the  
cost of the new lamps that have just  
been put up there.

## B. C. Cafe

Meals - 25c

Meal ticket \$5

Short Orders a Specialty.

The most Up-to-date place to eat on the Hill.

All home cooking. White help. Quick service.

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E. W. BUSBY, Prop.

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School Supplies, etc.

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# Millinery Opening!

BEFORE going over town to select your New Fall Hat, call around at the

## IDEAL DRY GOODS HOUSE 2530 SCOTT STREET

And see what we have. We have on hand a large assortment of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Hats in all the New Fall Styles. We announce a **LARGE OPENING FOR FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, Sept. 15th and 16th.**

Our Prices are exceptionally low. Our Models Up-to-date.

### THE EXPERIENCED SWINE

The crowd around the postoffice stove, after exhausting the possibilities of politics, local and national, had been discussing the alleged lack of the truth-telling instinct in Old Man Simpkins. Uncle Ezra came in, and Jim Peters said:

"What do you think about it, Uncle Ezra; would you call Old Man Simpkins a liar?"

"Well," answered Uncle Ezra slowly, as he thoughtfully studied the ceiling. "I wouldn't go so far as to call the Old Man a liar, but I do know it to be a fact that when feedin' time comes, to get any response he has to have somebody else call his hogs for him."



### To Prospective Builders

Talk your ideas over with me. If you will give me a general outline of your requirements in your first letter, I will call and submit a preliminary sketch FREE.

Special Reduction on stock designs.

Alfred E. Young, Architect, Box 176, City Heights.

### CEDAR COTTAGE AND SOUTH VANCOUVER

South Vancouver seems always in trouble over its water supply and recently matters have again approached to the point of indignation and protest on the part of the long suffering thirsty. Only ten miles of water mains have been laid this season, although the ratepayers passed a by-law in the early spring calling for sixty miles and also much additional equipment.

Superintendent Mullett says the delay occasioned by the non-arrival of the pipe and states that the strike at Liverpool had interfered with the shipment of the big steel pipes and consequently delayed the work of putting in the mains. Against this the complainants point out that the strike is only of a very recent date and of only about ten days duration so that the order could not have been placed until very recently to be affected by the cause. It appears to the indignant protestants that the pipe was not ordered as early as it should have been and that the Board of Works are now protecting themselves for this neglect by using labor disputes in Liverpool as an excuse. Mr. Mullett does not disclose the date when the order for pipes was given.

The Board of Works decided after a brief discussion to call for tenders for rock crushing machines. They also decided that the crushers be placed on the site at the foot of Campbell avenue, on the North Arm of the Fraser River.

Various deputations waited on the Board to urge the opening of new roads and sidewalks to give access to their locations and wherever funds were available the Board granted the request.

Some curiosity was shown by ratepayers as to what is to become of the old lumber torn up from sidewalks on roads now being graded. In Commercial St., Westminster Road, Victoria Road and other roads sidewalks in good condition have been torn up and flung aside to rot and disappear,

whilst new lumber is used to replace them.

The Fire Superintendent has purchased a horse and rig for his department at a cost of \$475 and 5,000 feet of Dunlop hose at \$1.10 per foot was also ordered.

It is believed that shortly some steps may be taken to organize local fire brigades and probably it might be as well not to delay this much longer as it is now over 14 months since the so-called volunteer Fire Brigade was enrolled.

The South Hill football club had their first work-out on Saturday at 3 p.m. on their grounds at the rear of the Municipal Hall. A fair attendance was present. The Secretary H. W. Barritt, P. O. South Hill, will be pleased to arrange dates with any of the amateur clubs in town.

The Cedar Cottage Football Club are also anxious to enlist members and fix dates with other clubs. Their Secretary, Mr. W. A. Goddard, P. O. Cedar Cottage, will be glad to hear.

Unlike their more fortunate neighbors, the Cedar Cottage Club have no assistance from the Council at present but they are now endeavoring to remedy this as they hold that Ward II possesses even stronger claims than South Hill for assistance inasmuch as it is more densely populated, more highly assessed and taxed and has no municipal open space available for sports. Up to the present they have had to rely upon the hospitality of the City in permitting them to plan their matches on the grounds at Clark's Park.

Ratepayers in the district are complaining of the delay in re-grading roads nearly graded.

Now that Westminster Road has been graded, Thynne Road North is shut off from foot and vehicle traffic as there is an 8 foot drop at the Westminster road end and no means of negotiating it even on foot by would-be car passengers.

Renewed complaints also are to hand respecting want of light along Agnes Road (or 22nd Avenue). From Gartley Road to Knight Road there is no light whatever although it is a busy thoroughfare for the residents to and from the car terminus at Knight Road. Possibly now that the elections are approaching, the local councillor may see to this convenience for the locality as already promised.

It is asserted that the new Municipal Hall now nearing completion is not expected to be large enough to provide accommodation for the municipal staff. The ratepayers assert that this displays either an undue extension of the staff or else a lack of foresight on the part of the Council in passing plans for an insufficient building.

The Annexation Association contend that the Council are making numerous and unnecessary appointments if they anticipate (as they should on their election platform) the early annexation by the City.

When the present Comptroller was appointed recently at \$200 per month it was announced that his duty would be to supervise the staff and be responsible for its efficiency. The Association point out, however, that the Council still adhere to their former policy of making their own appointments and in the majority of instances without advertising the vacancies. This is in direct violation of the Ratepayers Association resolution that all the ratepayers should have an equal chance of application through positions being advertised. The Comptroller was supposed to advertise and select suitable candidates for recommendation to the Council instead of

which as the Association point out numerous vacancies are being filled by recommendations of other officials (and in some cases of similar name, not necessarily relatives).

The vote on annexation is now so near that presumably any further enlargement of the hall may be held over until the new year, otherwise we may see the new hall protruding right and left with additions like a bunion advertisement.

The South Vancouver Board of Trade has now definitely decided that the Provincial Govt is to be approached regarding the Telephone system. It is a recent meeting it will be remembered it was decided to interview the Railway Commission but it has since transpired this is not the proper authority. It is proposed therefore, to solve the difficulty by establishing a government system and the usual committee, Messrs. Appleby, Elliott and Harrison were appointed to interview the proper authorities. In England, telephons, and telegraph systems are part of the Post Office system and to secure fair and equitable treatment doubtless matters here will eventually resolve themselves into similar conditions.

Mrs. F. H. Robson has gone to Chilliwack to join Mr. Robson who is ticket agent at the B. C. E. R. office there. They expect to make their permanent home there. Miss Constance Robson accompanied the family but has since returned to town to take up her duties as teacher at Hillcrest Public School, South Vancouver.

Mr. and Mrs. Battison of Nanaimo, B. C. have arrived in Collingwood to visit Mr. Battison's parents. Mr. Battison is making a good recovery from the effects of his accident.

Miss Florence Battison of Collingwood East left last week for Ottawa to resume her College course.

A parlor meeting will be held in the home of Rev. Mrs. Madill, Cedar Cottage, on Friday, the 8th, at 3 o'clock, in the interest of woman. All ladies of Cedar Cottage, South Vancouver are welcome.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Carswell of Fraser Avenue with their family have gone for a few days visit to friends at Chilliwack.

The death occurred on Monday of the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Crowe, 533 Thirtieth Ave. East. The funeral took place on Tuesday from Mr. Pritchards residence, 315 Nineteenth Ave. East, at 10 o'clock.

The death of Mary Ethel Victor Leorge, the two year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Leorge of South Vancouver took place on Sunday. The funeral was held on Tuesday at 1:30 p.m. from Center & Hanna's parlors, Rev. C. C. Owen of Christ Church officiating.

### COULDN'T GET IN

Two Irishmen who had just landed in this country had become accustomed to sleeping in a hammock on shipboard, but they had had nothing to prepare them for a sleeping car experience. They had a section, and after some difficulty Mike managed to get into the upper berth. After a while he leaned over and called to Pat below:

"Say, Pat, air ye ni bed yet?"  
"No," said Pat; "O'ive got me clothes off, but Oi can't git meself into this hammock."

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We place the subdivision on the market on terms of \$100 cash, and \$15 per month. Call at the office and get a plan and look over the ground. This property is only two blocks from car, three blocks from school, streets will be cleared, only quarter mile from New Westminster, one mile to Fraser River and four blocks to Burnaby Lake.

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Exclusive Agents:

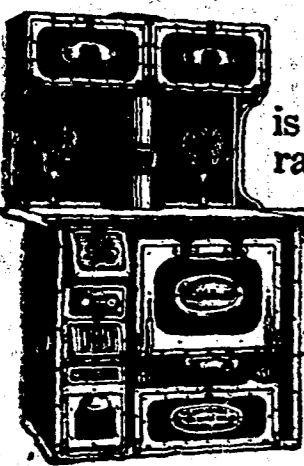
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**THE SOUTH BEND MALLEABLE RANGE**  
is the best of them all and the range in service will back us up in every good thing we can say of it. If there was a better range made, we would advise you to buy it. Will you not come and see it? We are sure we can convince you inside of five minutes that what we say about the South Bend Malleable is true.

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