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BRITISH COLUMBIA WHALING INDUSTRY

One of our great and highly profitable industries on this coast is that of "whaling." The following is an extract from the B. C. Official Bulletin No. 20, which we would urge our readers to study carefully:

WHALING.

"One cannot sail very far in any direction along the coast of British Columbia without seeing in the offing an occasional fountain of spray, followed by the flash of a mighty fluke betraying the presence of a whale. Often in the Gulf of Georgia, or off the west coast of Vancouver Island, the traveller is treated to the sight of a school of whales, apparently enjoying a titanic game of tag, or he may share in the excitement of a whale hunt, if fortunate enough to secure a berth on one of the steamers of the Pacific Whaling Company. This company has been operating for about four years with great success, the average catch being over 600 whales per season. The company has adopted modern methods, and instead of the old style of sailing ship and whale boats, employs fast steamers, which dash boldly alongside the whale and dispatch it with a well-directed shot from a machine gun. The carcass is then towed to the whaling station, where it is hauled on to a suitable stage by machinery and cut up so that every portion of the huge mammal is utilized. This method of whaling was established in Norway several years ago, and later in Newfoundland and Quebec. The profits of whaling by this system are large, averaging from 15 per cent to 40 per cent.

Several species of whale are found in the North Pacific and Behring Sea, of which may be mentioned the sulphur-bottom (*Sibbaldius sulphureus*), the bow-head (*Balœus mysticetus*), the sharp-head finner (*Balœoptera davidsoni*), the right whale (*Balœus japonica*), and the humpback (*Megaptera versabilis*). The sulphur-bottom, which is the most common in British Columbia waters, grows to an enormous size, an average specimen weighing about 60 tons, and worth to its captors about \$500. A whale of this size should yield 6 tons of oil, worth \$450; 3 1-2 tons of body bone, \$175; 3 1-2 tons of guano, \$105, and three hundred-weight of whalebone, worth \$48, or a total of \$778, which, after deducting expenses, estimated at \$206, would give a net profit of \$572. A humpback, which is a smaller whale, averaging about 27 tons, should give a profit of \$140, while a finback, weighing 50 tons, is credited with a gain of \$338. The right whale is much more rare than any of the others named, but offers a grand prize to the hunters, for he is worth \$10,000.

The Pacific Whaling Company has three on the coast of Vancouver Island, equipped with modern plant. On arrival at the station, the whale is raised from the water on an adjustable platform, for cutting up. Incisions are made in the carcas, running from head to tail, and a foot apart. This divides the blubber into long, narrow strips, which are then torn or stripped off by means of large hooks attached to wire ropes which are operated by a steam winch. The blubber is then cut into small squares and put through a mincing machine, from which it goes to the steam-heated "try-out" tanks, where the oil is extracted. The residue of the blubber and the lean meat are converted into guano and glue. The body bones are crushed, ground, and sold as fertilizer, while the whale bone is carefully cut from the jaws, trimmed and shipped to Dundee, Scotland, the home of the whaling industry.

Whalers, operating in the Sea of Japan and Behring Sea, do a considerable trade in whale meat, which is extensively used for food in Japan. Instead of converting the "beef" into fertilizer it is salted and in this form commands a better price. The importation of whale meat into Japan amounts to over two million pounds annually, representing a value of over \$50,000. Pickled whales' tails are esteemed a delicacy in Japan, and large quantities are shipped from this coast.

About two-thirds of the whales captured are bow-whales, either with suckling calves, or with young unborn, the females being broader across the body and slower in movement, as well as yielding more oil, are more easily captured than the males. This, and the fact that whales are hunted at all seasons, should induce the authorities to adopt reasonable restrictive measures for the preservation of these valuable creatures. The indiscriminate slaughter of whales in the North Sea, the Atlantic, and Gulf of St. Lawrence, has practically destroyed the industry in those waters, and without protection the same thing is likely to occur on this coast."

The last clause of the foregoing official statement is what we wish to draw attention to. We have a company which for immediate gain is destroying an industry which would unproper protection last for many years, by

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B. C. Fisheries and Asiatics

Some objections have been taken to the attitude of the editor of this journal on the B. C. Fisheries and the relation of Asiatic fishermen thereto. It is contended by some that these Japanese are "naturalized British subjects," and have equal rights with white men. It is further claimed that if we interfere we shall cause trouble between Canada and Japan. We purpose answering both these objections.

In the first place we affirm that the *naturalization of Japanese in this Province is a gigantic farce*. These men are naturalized (?) by the score, and no one knows who they are, or if they even exist. It is purely a *paper* naturalization for purposes of gain, to secure business privileges which cannot be obtained otherwise, and in no sense with a view of becoming citizens, nor do they become any the less subjects of the Mikado. Again, if they are really citizens *why do they not vote?* Would any of these apologists for Japanese labor publicly advocate giving the 10,000 Japanese fishermen the franchise? The fact is we do not recognize them as citizens, nor dare we do so, for they could easily swamp the whites at the polls and would vote as instructed. Few of them understand English and know little or nothing of our institutions or history, and we *dare not* grant the franchise, therefore we contend in spite of the legal farce that they are not British Subjects.

As another proof of this we point to the contention that is made, *that if we interfere, the Mikado of Japan will be appealed to*. If these men are British subjects *what right would the Mikado have to interfere?* The very fact that is is constantly argued that the Japanese Government would be offended if these fishermen were refused rights here is *prima facie* evidence that *they are still subjects of the Mikado* and therefore cannot claim rights as citizens of Canada.

Our contention is that the time has passed when such "milk and water" arguments may be accepted, but rather that we should face the question, and no matter who is "hit," decide it in the best interests of Canada. For years political heelers have been getting fat off British Columbia's fisheries and by an unholy, unpatriotic alliance with Japanese merchants and coolies. If this system is allowed to continue it will be a monument of shame to the Conservatives of this province. We have, as a party, condemned the Liberals, and it is now up to us to make good.

If, in doing our duty, some political favorite is the loser, he must go in the interest of the whole community.

Reader, keep this fact in mind, viz., that whereas ten years ago there were 9,500 white fishermen on this coast, now there are very few, but in their place there are upwards of 10,000 Japanese, who have a secret society at which and through which they manipulate this great industry.

This organization is under the control of a "syndicate" which operates from Seattle, Tacoma and Koloa, and are backed by the largest and most powerful financial interests in Japan. Shall this condition continue, or shall we administer our affairs in the interests of our own citizens?

Exonerated

Not long ago a plain clothes officer sought to arrest a "suspect" and in doing so the man, a young fellow 22 years old, broke for freedom and ran up a lane, pursued by the officer. The officer saw that the young man was gaining on him and fired two shots at the ground, in order to frighten him into surrender, he continued to run when the officer fired (at his legs) a third shot which penetrated his lung and killed him. At the coroner's inquest the officer was exonerated, as also by the Board of Police Commissioners. It is not our intention to unnecessarily condemn the action of the officer but we believe it an incident worthy of more than passing attention.

In the first place the victim **WAS NOT CONVICTED OF ANY CRIME, ONLY SUSPECTED.**

Secondly, there was no proof of his guilt in the hands of the police and the evidence of stolen property in his room was *not discovered until after he was "slaughtered."*

Thirdly, had he been guilty of theft, the evidence only went to show it was "petty theft," which *does not warrant taking a man's life.*

Fourthly, the officer knew the young man, knew where he roomed and consequently had every facility to ensure his re-arrest, and further it does not redound to the credit of the officer that he was forced to shoot a man who only had a start of 30 feet.

As stated, we do not wish to be unfair in our criticism of the officer, whose duty is difficult and risky, but we do wish to express our absolute condemnation of a system which permits of such reckless use of fire-arms by an officer. The public frequently attack the police, for not performing their duty and then go to the other extreme in condemning them, these extremes we would avoid, at the same time submit that to be *suspected of theft is not sufficient to warrant the taking of life.*

In arresting a desperate criminal known to be guilty of a "crime against the person" an officer may be justified in using his gun but *certainly not* in effecting the arrest of anyone suspected of a crime against property.

Such reckless and indiscriminate use of fire-arms brings a volume of opprobrium on the police, who, generally speaking, merit our most hearty support and approval. This incident *should not be dropped* at this point, for two reasons, first, because it will tend to encourage such reckless use of arms by young officers, which may result in loss of life and perhaps in a subsequent verdict of murder; second, because it is a travesty of justice to allow it to pass.

PROFESSOR ODLUM ON HARBOR IMPROVEMENTS

At and Adjacent to Vancouver

A large and representative committee met in the City Hall last week. It represented several cities and municipalities. The course it took and its action in asking the Dominion Government to appoint a Commission to examine into and report upon the best means of developing the port of Vancouver and adjacent waterways, were eminently practical and wise.

And all who know Alderman Stevens are sure he will not tarry in doing his duty at Ottawa. Premier Borden and his party are already in deepest sympathy with the expanding of Canadian harbors, both East and West.

But—and how strange the "but" must appear—what will be the inevitable result, if we base our conclusions on the usual course of parliamentary procedure? Here it is in a nut-shell:

In due time, notice will be given the Department of Marine and Fisheries. There will follow consultations between that department and the cabinet. Orders will be given to departmental officials to thoroughly look over, and into all past correspondence and orders bearing upon this matter.

These reports will be presented to the chief of the department. He will pass the data in tabulated form to the minister. He will call in his responsible office engineer and prepare a report for the cabinet executive. At its meeting, or rather one of its meetings, it will examine into and report to the full cabinet its advice.

Then there will be need to make a recommendation to the government; an estimate of cost to be passed upon; and a general plan accepted, and to be sent up to parliament.

Some time next year, the necessary money will be voted for the initial and commission expenses. Later on a commission will be appointed, and during the summer of 1912 that commission will, in all probability, get to work. An engineer will have to be found, one of the best on earth, and set to work. His labors will be extensive and must require such time as will permit a thorough survey of Burrard Inlet, False Creek, English Bay and both "arms" of the Fraser River.

This work may be accomplished before the end of 1912, but I have my doubts. And in addition to the above, the commission will need to go to the great seaport centres of the maritime countries of the world, so as to see for themselves the thousand and one up-to-date methods of dealing with ports, harbors, sea-walls, basins, locks, tides, wing-dams and all the rest of the complicated and necessary adjuncts of an improvement so vast and varied as is required for Vancouver, yet to be one of the world's greatest ports. Such a trip would require the labors of a full year, if the work were well done in the interests of all Canada.

Thus, then, it is not likely any report, worth forwarding to the government and people, can be formulated before the middle or end of 1913. And this delay is both commendable and necessary. Hence we must not be too ready to condemn our member, or government, because we will be forced to take very considerable time before the wheels of machinery begin to manifest themselves in tangible form.

Of course there is a sort of work which can be done on a limited scale in the meantime. Certain improvements can, and should be done, in connection with the First Narrows, and False Creek, at least as far as Main street.

Already the Department of Marine and Fisheries has considerable and trustworthy information supplied by practical engineers, upon which the present, most urgent and absolutely necessary improvements can be made.

But no hurry, impatience, or pressure concerning the Panama Canal should be permitted to hinder us from the most detailed, comprehensive and matured examination of the great seaports of the world, and the adoption of the best possible plan to be developed therefrom. The cost is of little matter so long as we plan for the coming ages, during which our city will creep up to first or second place among the mighty harbors of the nations. Whatever the cost may be, and however large may be the scheme, we need to spend annually only so much as we are able reasonably to devote to this work, side by side with the other important civic and national improvements demanding monetary assistance.

But we must primarily, fundamentally and continuously demand that the commission, experts and government face the whole problem of preparing, not for a patchwork harbor, but for the best laid out scheme yet found by the great maritime cities of the earth. This is our golden moment. Are we sufficiently painstaking and patient to accomplish this gigantic task, requiring hundreds of years in its full expansion?

WHICH SHALL PREVAIL IN CANADA? (Professor Odium.)

Canadian or Italian law? The will of Canada or that of foreigners? Whose laws shall be supreme in Canada—the laws of the Tiber or of the Ottawa? The British laws of St. James, or of St. Peter?

This is an important question, and the struggle is on. We admire our great continental rival, Germany, in its dealings with the marriage laws. When an attempt was made to enforce the "Ne Temere decree" in Germany, the "iron hand" came down with a force that settled the question suddenly—for the time being, at all events.

Will Canadians any longer submit to foreign
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THE Pillar of Light

By Louis Tracy

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The wreck was now wholly demolished. The first big wave of the retreating tide enveloped the lighthouse and smote it with thunderous silence. Screams came from the women's quarters.

"Go, Enid," said Constance. "Tell them they have nothing to fear. They must expect these things to happen for nearly two hours. Tell them what dad said. Twenty-five years, you know."

"Brave hearts! What infinite penetration inspired the man who first said 'Noblesse oblige!'"

Constance looked in at the kitchen. Pyne loomed through a fog of steam. "Pay no heed to these—" she was interrupted by another mighty thump and cataract roar—"these blows of Thor's hammer," she cried.

"Play me for an anvil," he returned. She descended to the depths, to reassure the men. Talking with shrill cheerfulness at each doorway was easy. It helped her to go down, down, feeling stone and iron trembling as every surge was hurled many feet above her head. At last, she stood on the lowest floor. Beneath her feet was naught but granite and iron bars. Here was solidity. How grateful to know this firm base, rooted in the very world. Her heart leaped to her mouth, but not with fear. She was proud of the lighthouse, strong in the knowledge of its majestic strength.

Nevertheless, in this place, the source of her own sense of security, she found uneasiness among the men. They were all sailors in this lowest habitable region. Their pre-conceived ideas had been rudely reversed. The ship, the noble structure which defied the storm by yielding to its utmost fury, had for them no terrors. But the stark pillar which flinched from no assault bewildered them. It was impossible to believe that it could withstand the strain. Ha! Listen to that. The battering-ram of ocean applied to a thin shaft of stone. Surely it must be pounded into fragments.

Said one, with indefinite bellow amidst the black turmoil: "I can't stand this, mates."

"Up aloft for me!" cried another. "Let's die with our eyes open, anyhow," chimed in a third.

But a light flashed in the rolling orbs of the man who was already on the stairs. Astounded, he drew back. Constance stood in their midst, a mere girl, radiant, smilingly unconcerned, addressing them in calm words, broken only by the fitful noises.

"Sorry your quarters—so very unpleasant. Only last a couple of hours. Twenty-five years—far worse. Want any more cocoa?"

"Thank you kindly, miss, we're quite comfortable." This from the man who wished to die with his eyes open.

"Please, miss, may we smoke?" said he who couldn't stand it.

Constance hesitated. Bithely unconscious that a whiff of mutiny had swept through the storm-tossed fold, she pondered the problem. She saw no harm in it.

"Yes," she said. "Smoke by all means. I will ask my father, and if it should be dangerous I will come back and let you know. In a few hours it will be daylight, and if the sea falls he will come and open the door."

By sheer inspiration she had uttered the formula destined to annihilate the necromantic bluster of the hammering waves. Open the door! So this ponderous racket was a mere tidal trick, a booby, which each passing minute would expose more thoroughly.

All right, miss, an' Gawd bless yer," growled one who had not spoken hitherto. There was a chorus of approval. Constance gave a little gulp. The cultured and delicate lady lying in the bunk above had not spoken so. "Indeed," she gasped, "God has blessed some of us this night."

Then she fled, further utterance falling her.

Nearer the sky, Brand tended the lamp and discussed matters with chief officer Emmett. The sailor, with the terse directness of his class, told how the Chinook had made an excellent voyage from New York until she ran into bad weather about four hundred miles west of the Lizard.

"It seems to me," he said, "as if we dropped onto the track of that hurricane after it had craved away to the north, and that the d—d thing swooped down on us again when we were abreast of the Bishop Light."

Brand nodded. This surmise agreed with his own theory of the storm, as indicated by the sea.

Mr. Emmett held out a clenched fist with thumb jerked towards the reef. "I wouldn't breathe a word if he wasn't gone," he said, "but the old man was drivin' her too hard. I knew it, an' the chief knew it"—he meant the chief engineer—"but he wouldn't listen to either Mac or me. Fact is, he was fair crazy to set up a new record for the boat. She's been crossin' the Atlantic forty times a year for upwards of twenty years, and the recent alterations, although they added fifty feet to her length, only increased her engine-power in proportion."

"You surprise me," broke in Brand. "You speak as if the Chinook were nearly as old as this lighthouse, yet I have never even heard her name before."

"You know her well enough all the same," said the other ruefully. "This is her maiden voyage since she was altered; an' they rechristened her, too—always a d—d unlucky thing, do I say. Bless your heart, man, she

is the old Princess Royal. Eh? What's that?"

He guffawed mournfully at Brand's involuntary exclamation. "Certain! Well, surely I ought to know. I have passed most of my service with the company in her, and when I took a crew to Cramp's to navigate her to New York after she was smartened up I little imagined I would see her laid for ever the next time we saw the lights of Old England. My goodness, even what was left of the old girl ought to know her way better'n that."

"But what did really happen?"

"Drivin' her I tell you—drivin' her full pelt to land the mails at Southampton twelve hours ahead of schedule. With that awful sea liftin' her, and a shaft twenty feet longer, what could you expect? Poor Perkins! A rare hard worker, too. Now he's gone down with the ship an' over two hundred passengers an' crew."

"Judging by the number saved I feared that more were lost."

"It's the off season, you know. The passenger list was light. For the Lord's sake, think of what it might have been in May or June!"

"It is bad enough as it is. All has not ended with the disappearance of the vessel."

"The sailor shot a sharp glance at Brand. 'You can't be thinkin' anyone was to blame—' he commenced. But Brand waved aside the fancied imputation.

"Blame!" he said. "With a broken shaft! In that whirlwind! No, no, I sent for you to talk over the new difficulty which has to be faced. There are food, water and fuel here for three men for two months. If you do a little sum you will find that the available stores on the basis of full rations will maintain eighty-one people for two days and a quarter."

"But we're only six miles from the mainland." Mr. Emmett had not yet grasped the true meaning of the figures.

"I have been here more than once for six weeks at a stretch, when, for all the assistance we could receive, we might as well have been within the Arctic Circle."

Again the sailor jerked his thumb towards the reef.

"Is it as bad as all that?" he queried anxiously.

"Yes."

"But six weeks. Good Lord!" Mr. Emmett had done the little sum.

"That is exceptional. A week is the average unless the unexpected happens, after a gale like this. And a week will test our endurance to the limit."

Mr. Emmett whistled softly. A grisly phantom was creeping at him. He shivered, and not from cold.

"By Jove!" he said. "What's to be done?"

"In the first place, you must help me to maintain iron discipline. To leave the rock to-day or to-morrow will be an absolute impossibility. On the next day, with luck and a steady moderation of the weather, we may devise some desperate means of landing all the active men or getting fresh supplies. That is in the hands of Providence. I want you to warn your officers, and others whom you can trust, either sailors or civilians. Better arrange three watches. My daughters will have charge of the stores. By going through the lists in the store-room I can portion out the rations for six days. I think we had better fix on that minimum."

"Of course I will back you up in every way," said Mr. Emmett, who felt chillier at this moment than at any time during the night. "I know you are acting wisely, but I admit I am scared at the thought of what may happen—if those days pass and no help is available."

Brand knew what would happen, and it was hard to lock the secret in his heart. He alone must live. That was essential, the one thing carved in stone upon the tablets of his brain, a thing to be fought out behind barred door, revolver in hand.

Whatever else took place, if men and women, perhaps his own sweet girls, were dying of thirst and starvation, the light must shine at night over its allotted span of the slumbering sea. There, on the little table beside him, lay the volume of Rules and Regulations. What did it say?

"The keepers, both principal and assistant, are enjoined never to allow any interests, whether private or otherwise, to interfere with the discharge of their public duties, the importance of which to the safety of navigation cannot be overrated."

There was no ambiguity in the words, no halting sentence which opened a way for a man to plead: "I thought it best." Those who framed the rule meant what they said. No man could bend the steel of their intent.

To end the intolerable strain of his thoughts Stephen Brand forced his lips to a thin smile and his voice to say harshly:

"If the worst comes to the worst, there are more than three thousand gallons of colza oil in store. That should maintain life. It is a vegetable oil."

Then Constance thrust her glowing face into the lighted area.

"Dad," she cried, cheerfully, "the men wish to know if they may smoke. Poor fellows! They are so miserable—so cold and damp and dreary down there. Please say 'Yes.'"

CHAPTER IX MRS. VANSITTART

The purser, faithful to his trust, had secured the ship's books. He alone, among the survivors of the Chinook, had brought a parcel of any sort from that ill-fated ship. The others possessed the clothes they wore, their money, and in some cases their trinkets.

Mr. Emmett suggested that a list of those saved should be compiled. Then, by ticking off the names, he could easily classify the inmates of the lighthouse and evolve some degree of order in the community.

It was found that there were thirty-seven officers and men, including stewards, thirty-three saloon passengers, of whom nineteen were women, counting the two little girls, and seven men and one woman from the steamer.

It isn't usual on a British ship, for the crew to bulk so large on the list, said Mr. Emmett, huskily. "But, it

couldn't be helped. The passengers had to be batted down. They couldn't live on deck. We never gave in until the last minute."

"I saw that," said Brand, knowing the agony which prompted the broken explanation.

"An' not a mother's soul would have escaped if it wasn't for young Mr. Pyne," went on the sailor.

"Is that the name of the youngster who climbed the fore-mast?"

"That's him. It was a stroke of genius, his catching onto that way. He was as cool as a cucumber. Just looked up when he reached the deck an' saw the lighthouse so near. Then he asked me for a rope. Planned the whole thing in a second, so to speak."

"He is not one of the ship's company?"

"No, sir, a passenger, navy of Cyrus J. Traill, the Philadelphia millionaire. Haven't you heard of Traill? Not much of a newspaper reader, eh? There was a lady on board, a Mrs. Vansittart, who was coming over to marry old Traill, so people said, and the wedding was fixed to take place in Paris next week. Young Pyne was actin' as escort."

The chief officer glanced down the purser's lists and slapped his thigh with much vehemence.

"No, by gosh! Here she is, marked O. K. Well, that beats the band."

"So the lady has discharged his trust to his uncle?"

Mr. Emmett was going to say something, but checked the words on his lips.

"Queer world," he muttered. "Queer world."

With that he devoted himself to planning out the watches. Soon he and the purser betook themselves to the depths with a roll-call. As they crept below gingerly—these sailormen were not at home on companion ladders which moved not when the shock came—they met Enid for the first time. She, coming up, held the swinging lantern level with her face. They hung back, politely.

"Please come," she cried in her winsome way. "These stairs are too narrow for courtesy."

They stepped heavily onward. She flitted away. Emmett raised his lantern between the purser's face and his own.

"What do you think of that?" he whispered, awestricken.

"The man of accounts smiled broadly. 'Pretty girl!' he agreed, with crudely emphatic superlatives.

Emmett shook his head. He murmured to himself: "I guess I'm tired. I see things."

Enid handed an armful of dry linen to the lamp, steaming women in the lower bedroom. She was hurrying out; someone overtook her at the door. It was Mrs. Vansittart.

"Miss Brand," she said, with her all-sufficing smile, "give me one moment."

They stood in the dark and hollow-sounding stairway. The seas were lashing the column repeatedly, but the night's ordeal was nearly ended. Even a timid child might know now that the howling terror without had done its worst and failed. From the cavernous depths, mingling with the rumble of the storm, came the rhythm of a hymn. Those left in gloom by the withdrawal of Mr. Emmett's lantern were cheering their despondent souls.

Surprised, even whilst Enid awaited the older woman's demand, the listeners heard the words:

"Awake my soul, and with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice."

The rough tones of the men were softened and harmonized by the distance. It was a chant of praise, of thanksgiving, the offering of those who had been snatched from death and from mortal fear more painful than death.

The singing ceased as suddenly as it began. Mr. Emmett and the purser were warning the first watch.

The interruption did not seem to help Mrs. Vansittart. She spoke awkwardly, checking her thoughts as though fearful she might be misunderstood or say too much.

"I am better," she explained, "quite recovered. I gave up my bunk to one who needed it."

"I am sure we are all doing our best to help one another," volunteered Enid.

"But I am restless. The sight—of your sister—aroused vague memories. Do you mind—I find it hard to explain—your name is familiar. I knew some people—called Brand—a Mr. Stephen Brand—and his wife."

Mrs. Vansittart was leaning back in the deep gloom, supporting herself against the door of the bedroom.

"What a romance!" she said, faintly.

"A vague one, and this is no time to gossip about it. Can I get you anything?"

Enid felt that she really must not prolong their conversation, and the other woman's exclamation threatened further talk.

"No, thank you. You'll excuse me, I know. My natural interest—"

But Enid, with a parting smile, was halfway toward the next landing, and Mrs. Vansittart was free to re-enter the crowded apartment where her fellow-sufferers were wondering when they would see daylight again. She did not stir. The darkness was intense, the narrow passage draughty, and the column thrilled and quivered in an unerring manner. She heard the clang of a door above and knew that Enid had gone into the second apartment given over to the women.

Somewhere, higher up, was the glaring light of which she had a faint recollection, though she was almost unconscious when unbound from the rope and carried into the service-room.

And at that moment, not knowing it, she had been near to Stephen Brand, might have spoken to him, looked into his face. What was he like, she wondered. Had he aged greatly with the years? A lighthouse-keeper! Of all professions in this wide world how came he to adopt that? And what ugly trick was fate about to play her that she should be cast ashore on this desolate rock where he was in charge? Could she avoid him? Had she been injudicious in betraying her knowledge of the past? And how marvelous was the likeness between Constance and her father! The chivalrous, high-minded youth she had known came back to her through the mists of time. The calm, proud eyes, the firm mouth, the wide expanse of forehead, were his. From her mother—the woman who "died many years ago," when she, Mrs. Vansittart, was "quite a girl"—the girl inherited the clear profile, the wealth of dark-brown hair, and a grace of movement not often seen in Englishwomen.

Though her teeth chattered with the cold, Mrs. Vansittart could not bring herself to leave the vault-like stairways. Once more the hymn-singers cheered their hearts with words of praise. Evidently, there was one among them who not only knew the words, but could lead them mightily in the tunes of many old favorites.

The opening of a door—caused by the passing to and fro of some of the ship's officers—brought to her distracted ears the concluding bars of a waltz. When the voices swelled forth again she caught the full refrain:

"Raise thine eyes to heaven
When thy spirits quail,
When, by tempests driven,
Heart and courage fail."

Such a message might well carry good cheer to all who heard, yet Mrs. Vansittart listened as if in a trance, to whom the divinest promise was a thing unasked for and unrecognized. After passing through the greater peril of the reef in a state of supine consciousness, she was now moved to extreme activity by a more personal and selfish danger. There was she, a human atom, to be destroyed or saved at the idle whim of circumstance; here, with life and many things worth living for restored to her safe keeping, she saw imminent risk of a collapse with which the nebulous dangers of the wreck were in no way comparable. It would have been well for her could she only realize the promise of the hymn: "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Not so ran Mrs. Vansittart's jumble of thoughts. The plans, the schemes, the bulged edifice of many years, threatened to fall in ruin about her. In such bitter mood there was no consolation. She sought not to find spiritual succor, but bewailed the catastrophe which had befallen her.

It assuredly contributed to that affliction which is but for a moment, that Constance should happen just then to run up the stairs towards the hospital. Each flight was so contrived that it curved across two-thirds of the superficial area allotted to the stairway. Anyone ascending made a complete turn to the right—about to reach the door of the room on any given landing and the foot of the ladder to the next.

Hence, the girl came unexpectedly face to face with Mrs. Vansittart. The meeting startled her. This pale woman, so thinly clad in the demit-toilette of evening wear on ship-board, should not be standing there.

"Is anything wrong?" she cried, raising her lantern just as Enid did when she encountered the sailors.

"No, no," said the other, passing a nervous hand over her face. Constance, with alert intelligence, fancied she dreaded recognition.

"Then, why are you standing here? It is so cold. You will surely make yourself ill."

"I was wondering if I might see Mr. Brand," came the desperate answer, the words bubbling forth with unrestrained vehemence.

"See my father?" repeated the girl. She took thought for an instant. The lighthouse-keeper would not be able to leave the lamp for nearly three hours. When dawn came, she knew he would have many things to attend to, signals to the Land's End, the arrangement of supplies, which he had already mentioned to her, and a host of other matters. Four o'clock in the morning was an unconventional hour for an interview, but time itself was topsy-turvy under the conditions prevalent on the Gulf Rock.

"I will ask him," she went on, hurriedly, with an uncomfortable feeling that Mrs. Vansittart resented her judicial pause.

"Thank you."

To the girl's ears the courteous acknowledgment conveyed an odd note of menace. If the eyes are the windows of the soul surely the voice is its subtle gauge. The more transparently simple, clean-minded the hearer, the more accurate is the resonant impression. Constance found herself vaguely perplexed by two jostling abstractions. If they took shape it was in mute questioning. Why was Mrs. Vansittart so anxious to revive, or, it

might be, probe, long-buried memories, and why did her mobile smile seem to veil a hostile intent?

But the fresh, gracious maidenhood in her cast aside these unwonted studies in mind-reading.

"He has so much to do," she explained. "Although there are many of us on the rock to-night he has never been so utterly alone. Won't you wait inside until I return?"

"Not unless I am in the way," pleaded the other. "I was choking in there. The air here, the space, are so grateful."

So Constance passed her. Mrs. Vansittart noted the dainty manner in which she picked up her skirts to mount the stairs. She caught a glimpse of the tailor-made gown, striped silk underskirt, well-fitting, boots Trust a woman to see all these things at a glance, with even the shifting glimmer of a storm-proof lantern to aid the quick appraisal.

As the girl went out of her sight a reminiscence came to her.

"No wonder I was startled," she communed. "That sailor's coat she wears helps the resemblance. Probably it is her father's."

Then the loud silence of the lighthouse appalled her. The singing had ceased, or was shut off by a closed door. One might be in a tomb as surrounded by this tangible darkness. The tremulous granite, so cold and hard yet alive in its own grim strength, the murmuring commotion of wind and waves swelling and dying in ghost-like echoes, suggested a grave, a vault close sealed from the outer world, though pulsating with the far-away existence of heedless multitudes. Thus, brooding in the gloom, a tortured soul without form and void, she awaited the return of her messenger.

Constance, after looking in at the hospital, went on to the service-room. Her father was not there. She glanced up to the trimming-stage, expecting to see him attending to the lamp. No. He had gone. Somewhat bewildered, for she was almost certain he was not in any of the lower apartments, she climbed to the little door in the glass frame.

Ah! There he was, on the landward side of the gallery. What was the matter now? Surely there was not another vessel in distress. However, being relieved from any duty as to his whereabouts she went back to the service-room and gave herself the luxury of a moment's rest. Oh, how tired she was! Not until she sat down did she realize what it meant to live as she had lived, and do all that she had done, during the past four hours.

Her respite was of short duration. Brand, his oilskins gleaming with wet, came in.

"Hello, sweetheart, what's up now?" he cried, in such cheerful voice that she knew all was well.

"That was exactly what I was going to ask you," she said.

"The Falcon is out there," he replied, with a side nod towards Mount's Bay.

Constance knew that the Falcon was a sturdy steam-trawler, a bull-dog little ship, built to face anything in the shape of gales.

"They can do nothing, of course," she commented.

"No, I stood between them and the light for a second, and they evidently understood that I was on the lookout, as a lantern dipped seven times, which I interpreted as meaning that they will return at daybreak. Now they are off to Penzance again."

"They turned safely then?"

"Shipped a sea or two, no doubt. The wind is dropping, but the sea is running a mounting high."

He had taken off his oilskins. Constance suddenly felt a strong disinclination to rise. Being a strong-willed young person, she sprang up instantly.

"I came to ask if you can see, Mrs. Vansittart," she said.

"Mrs. Vansittart!" he cried, with a genuine surprise that thrilled her with a pleasure she assuredly could not account for.

"Yes. She asked if she might have a word with you."

He threw up his hands in comic despair.

"Tell the good lady I am up to my eyes in work. The oil is running low. I must hie me to the pump at once. I have my journal to fill. If there is no sun I cannot heliograph and I have a host of signals to look up and get ready. And a word in your ear, Connie dear. We will be 'at home' on the rock for the next forty-eight hours. Give the lady my very deep regrets and ask her to allow me to send for her when I have a minute to spare, some hours hence."

"She kissed him."

"You dear old thing," she cried. "You will tire yourself to death, I am sure."

He caught her by the chin.

"Mark my words," he laughed. "You will feel this night in your bones longer than I. By the way, no matter who goes hungry, don't prepare any breakfast until I come to you. I suppose the kitchen is your headquarters?"

There was a joyous chorus from the other inmates. Constance had not the requisite hardihood to tell them how they misconstrued her words.

As she quitted them she admitted to herself that Mrs. Vansittart, though disturbing in some of her moods, was really very considerate. It never occurred to her that her new acquaintance might have suddenly discovered the 'exceeding wisdom of a proverb concerning second thoughts.

Indeed, Mrs. Vansittart now bitterly regretted the impulse which led her to betray any knowledge of Stephen Brand or his daughter. Of all the follies of a wayward life that was immeasurably the greatest, in Mrs. Vansittart's critical scale.

But what would you? It is not often given to a woman of nerves, a woman of volatile nature, a shallow worldling, yet versed in the deepest wiles of intrigue, to be shrewdly correct.

(Continued Next Week.)

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City Fire Alarms

- 2-Granville and Beach.
- 4-C. P. R. Yards.
- 5-Granville and Davie.
- 6-Granville and Robson.
- 7-Seymour and Helmcken.
- 8-North end old Cambie St. Bridge.
- 9-Georgia and Cambie.
- 10-Hamilton and Robson.
- 11-Granville and Dunsmuir.
- 12-Richards and Dunsmuir.
- 13-Seymour and Pender.
- 14-Homer and Pender.
- 15-Hastings and Granville.
- 16-Hastings and Richards.
- 17-Seymour and Cordova.
- 18-C. P. R. Wharf (No. 2 Shed).
- 19-H. B. Co., Georgia and Granville.
- 20-Cordova and Water.
- 21-W. H. Malkin's, Water Street.
- 22-Water and Abbott.
- 23-Hastings and Abbott.
- 24-Cordova and Cambie.
- 25-Water and Carroll.
- 26-Cordova and Columbia.
- 27-Pender and Columbia.
- 28-Pender and Beattie.
- 29-Hastings and Hamilton.
- 30-Hastings and Carrall.
- 31-R. C. Mills, south end Carrall.
- 32-Burns' Bay Co., Water Street.
- 33-City Hall.
- 34-Main and Barnard.
- 35-Main and Powell.
- 36-Main and Keefer.
- 37-C. P. R. Wharf (No. 5 Shed).
- 38-Smythe and Cambie.
- 39-Smythe & Homer.
- 40-Brockman-Ker Wharf.
- 41-Homer and Helmcken.
- 42-Dunsmuir and Hornby.
- 43-Granville and Nelson.
- 44-Robson and Hornby.
- 45-Davie and Hornby.
- 46-Nelson and Hornby.
- 47-Burns' Bay Co.
- 48-Pender and Howe.
- 49-Hastings and Hornby.
- 50-Main and Park Lane.
- 51-Dunsmuir and Nelson.
- 52-Columbia and Alexander.
- 53-Seymour and Drake.
- 54-Seymour and Smythe.
- 55-Hear's Mill, Powell Street.
- 56-Hastings Mill No. 2.
- 57-Hastings Mill No. 1.
- 58-Burns' Abutment.
- 59-Powell and Woodland.
- 60-Hastings Mill, foot Dunleavy.
- 61-Pender and Salisbury.

- 128-Oxford and Templeton.
- 129-Pender and Jackson.
- 131-Powell and Carl.
- 132-Hastings and Carl.
- 133-Vernon and Powell.
- 134-Burnaby and Huxley.
- 135-Powell and Hawks.
- 136-Hastings and Dunleavy.
- 137-Salisbury and Powell.
- 138-Hastings and Victoria Drive.
- 141-Powell and Raymur, Sugar Refinery.
- 142-Hastings and Vernon.
- 143-Hastings and Lakewood.
- 151-Powell and Eaton.
- 152-Eighth and Bridge.
- 153-Sixth and Heather.
- 214-Landsdowne and Manitoba.
- 215-Prudential Investment Co., Front and Manitoba.
- 216-Sixth and Birch.
- 217-Front and Scotia.
- 218-Front and Ontario.
- 221-Seventh and Ash.
- 222-Sixth and Spruce.
- 224-Sixth and Laurel.
- 225-Vancouver Lumber Co.
- 226-Vancouver Lumber Co.
- 227-Lorne and Columbia.
- 228-Sixth and Alberta.
- 229-Fifth and Yukon.
- 232-Eighth and Manitoba.
- 233-Sixth and Granville.
- 241-Eighth and Granville.
- 242-Front and York.
- 243-Second and Granville.
- 251-Main and Dufferin.
- 252-Seventh and Carolina.
- 253-Prince Edward and Dufferin.
- 262-Eighth and Prince Edward.
- 263-Fifth and Main.
- 264-Seventh and Main.
- 312-Barcley and Denman.
- 313-Pacific Coast Mills.
- 314-Broughton and Georgia.
- 315-Davie and Denman.
- 316-Burnaby and Nicola.
- 317-Chileo and Barclay.
- 318-Chileo and Georgia.
- 321-Bute and Harwood.
- 322-Bute and Barclay.
- 323-Nelson and Thurlow.
- 324-Chileo and Comox.
- 325-Burrard and Georgia.
- 326-Bute and Georgia.
- 327-Bute and Robson.
- 328-Burrard and Broughton.
- 329-Jervis and Pendrell.
- 331-Burrard and Harwood.
- 332-Denman and Georgia.
- 333-Burrard and Jervis.
- 334-Bidwell and Haro.

- 335-Robson and Cardero.
- 336-Burrard and Comox.
- 337-Jervis and Haro.
- 341-Pender and Thurlow.
- 342-Broughton and Harwood.
- 343-Burnaby and Huxley.
- 345-Thurlow and Alberni.
- 412-Third and Cedar.
- 413-Third and Papie.
- 414-First and Yew.
- 415-First and Trafalgar.
- 416-Second and Pine.
- 417-Cornwall and Yew.
- 418-Third and Macdonald.
- 419-First and Balaclava.
- 421-Third and Balsam.
- 425-Cornwall and Balsam.
- 431-Maple and Creelman, C. P. R. Grant.
- 512-Eighth and Clark.
- 513-Graveley and Park.
- 514-Fourth and Park.
- 515-Graveley and Woodland.
- 516-Charles and Clark.
- 517-Williams and Woodland.
- 518-Parker and Park.
- 519-Venables and Cotton.
- 521-Venables and Cotton.
- 522-Campbell and Harris.
- 523-Harris and Gore.
- 524-Harris and Gore.
- 525-Prior and Jackson.
- 526-Union and Hawkes.
- 527-Carl and Grove.
- 528-Harris and Woodland.
- 529-Second and Park Drive.
- 531-William and Park Drive.
- 532-Bismark and Park Drive.
- 533-Third and Levan.
- 541-Carl and Keefer.
- 612-Keefer and Victoria.
- 613-Parker and Victoria.
- 614-Williams and Victoria.
- 615-Bismarck and Lakewood.
- 616-Second and Victoria.
- 617-Davie and Denman.
- 618-Lakewood and Barnard.
- 712-Tenth and Park.
- 713-Twelth and Clark.
- 714-Twelth and Clark.
- 715-Twelth and Scott.
- 716-Broadway and Burns.
- 717-Twelth and Woodland.
- 718-Fourteenth and Park Drive.
- 818-Sixteenth and Sophia.
- 822-Twenty-second and Sophia.
- 823-Twentieth and Hampshire.
- 843-West Rd. and Fraser.
- 847-Twenty-fourth and Fraser.
- 858-Twenty-second and Marcha.
- 873-Fifteenth and Thomas.
- 876-West Rd. and Thomas.
- 1212-Ninth and Yukon.
- 1213-Eleventh and Ontario.
- 1214-Tenth and St. George.
- 1215-Thirteenth and Main.
- 1216-Tenth and Quebec.
- 1217-Broadway and Columbia.
- 1218-Eleventh and Ash.
- 1219-Fifteenth and Main.
- 1224-Vancouver General Hospital.
- 1225-Broadway and Victoria.
- 1251-Fourteenth and Manitoba.
- 1253-Tenth and West Road.
- 1255-Thirteenth and Prince Edward.
- 1264-Thirteenth and Yukon.
- 1312-Sixth and Pine.
- 1313-Seventh and Manje.
- 1314-Thirteenth and Alder.
- 1315-Ninth and Cedar.
- 1316-Eleventh and Oak.
- 1317-Broadway and Oak.
- 1318-Eleventh and Yew.
- 1319-Thirteenth and Hemlock.
- 1321-Broadway and Alder.
- 1322-Twelth and Cypress.
- 1323-Tenth and Arbutus.
- 1324-Fourteenth and Arbutus.
- 1342-Broadway and Willow.
- 1413-Eleventh and Yew.
- 1413-Seventh and Balsam.
- 1414-Fifth and Trafalgar.
- 2118-Samloops and Hastings.
- 2119-Powell and Clinton.
- 2122-Eaton and Clinton.
- 2123-Slocan and Pandora.
- 2145-Dundas and Macfrew.
- 2258-Windemere and Pender.
- J. A. McCROSSAN, City Electrician.

INDIANS AND THEIR PLACE IN CANADA.

Something for consideration is provided by Archdeacon Renison, of Moose Fort, James Bay, who has charge of Anglican mission work in the Moosonee district with 6000 scattered population. He tells it briefly, not to say bluntly, and deserves sincere attention. Why, he asks, should our government desire to teach the red man a trade, and "civilize" him according to the civilization of the whites, when they can with less trouble and more success train him for what he can do infinitely better than he can on a farm or in a factory? The fact is overlooked that Indians are already skilled workmen of the highest type, fitted for their work by hereditary and centuries of environment. "The government is bringing white men into the northland for the purpose of surveying, prospecting and geological work, very often university men, who barely know the difference between a frying pan and an axe, and by so doing outsting the Indian from the country which is his very life, and for which he and none other is specially adapted."

Employ these skilled woodmen, he urges, in all surveying and like pioneer work. Employ them, too, in fire-rangin and game wardenship. Speaking of conservation in the north country, he says: "No man can assist in and, indeed, carry out the work of conservation as well as the Indian, for the woods are his home and conservation is work in which he has no equal."

Portages should be cut between the vast band of lakes which fills New Ontario, and an Indian should be settled by every lake. The government might allow him to erect a home and to cultivate what land he liked. His work should be the keeping open of the portage routes, and the guidance of such white men as should pass through his territory. In addition, he could hunt within his limits, and, in fact, live his own life and at the same time be of immense use to Canada.

Testimony comes from Port Arthur and other parts of Ontario as to successful employment of Indians in directions like those indicated. At a mission on Lake Nepigon is a group of temperate, trustworthy Indians whose great services to the railways, to settlers, and explorers have been testified to most strongly. Where the lily-fingered work of clerking and other indoor avocations has been tried in vain, the Indian has been found trustworthy guide, motor-boat man, chain-man—all occupations appealing to his nature and keeping him out of doors. He has been found to be a good boat-builder as well.—"Monetary Times."

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**PROPELLER-DRIVEN SUSPENDED
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While the use of a suspended car is not altogether new, yet the one now being tried out in Burbank, California, is unique in many ways. The chief point of interest is the fact that it is driven by a huge propeller, itself of novel design, which is operated by a 26 horse-power gas engine. The car is no mere toy model, but a fifty-foot structure of steel and aluminum, which has a carrying capacity of 56 passengers. It is built in a torpedo shape, and while the photograph shows the uncovered ribs, the finished car will be covered with a light, flexible covering, with celluloid windows. In addition to the propeller in the rear, another will be placed in the front of the car, doubling its power, and acting as an auxiliary in case of break-down.

The short length of overhead track, about a quarter of a mile, has made it impossible to test the new device for speed, but it operates perfectly, showing that it is no mere theoretical invention. Forty people have been carried with ease at one time.

The six-foot propeller is of great interest, being a radical departure from accepted forms. It will be noted that the two blades are like enormous fans, being formed of sheet metal on ribs of steel tubing. A number of ingenious devices, tilting planes to lighten the car while in motion, apparatus for raising and lowering the car at stations, etc., have been designed to perfect this new vehicle.

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Editor, H. H. Stevens; Manager, Geo. A. Odium.



Subscription: \$1.00 per year, 50 cents per six months; 25 cents per three months.

Changes of ads. must be in by Tuesday evening each week to insure insertion in following issue.

Notices of births, deaths and marriages inserted free of charge.

**CHIEF OF POLICE ACTING IN
QUESTION OF SUNDAY
CLOSING.**

Asked about a recent dispatch from Victoria in which it was stated that Attorney-General Bowser had given his consent to the prosecution of alleged breakers of the Lord's Day Act in Vancouver, Chief of Police Chamberlin stated this morning that he had received a letter from Victoria granting the desired permission and the prosecutions would be inaugurated as soon as the necessary arrangements could be made. The prosecutions are, of course, against those whom the deputy chief recently collected evidence, which was submitted to the attorney-general before he gave

The chief was asked if the decision of the attorney-general would mean that there would be any interference with the men who opened up their small fruit stores and cigar stands to-morrow.

"Well, it may," admitted the chief, but he did not divulge anything of his plans.

AN AVIATOR'S IMPROMPTU BATH.

Flying over water has always had a fascination for aviators, and with some of them the closer they can fly to the surface the better they like it. At the Boston meet last summer T. O. M. Sopwith, the winner of the \$20,000 DeForest prize for the first flight by an English aviator in England across the Channel to the Continent, played leap frog with the motor boats in the harbor, and greatly scared their occupants. He followed this up by performing similar feats with the automobiles on the Boulevard, and when he came across a horse the animal is said to have lain down on the ground in fright. While repeating this performance over water and scaring the bathers at Brighton Beach last September, Sopwith, who was accompanied by that other daring aviator, Lee Hammond, met his Waterloo. He was barely skimming the surface and had just risen to a height of 15 or 20 feet in order to fly back over terra firma, when his motor stopped and the aeroplane dived into the water. Both aviators jumped and escaped without becoming entangled in the wreckage. The aeroplane stopped bottom side up and completely submerged. The machine was towed ashore by motor boats. In a few days Sopwith had it fully repaired.

RECENT AEROPLANE ACCIDENTS.

During the month of September there have been many accidents. In several of these the aeroplane has caught fire in the air, and the aviator has been burned to death or killed by the fall. One such accident occurred in France on September 2nd, another in Spain two days later, and the third, in which two men were killed, happened in Germany on the 7th ult. Maron, the French pilot of the Savary biplane, was the first victim of this type of accident. He experienced a bad fall on the 2nd ult. His machine caught fire, and when it struck the ground, he was incinerated under the debris. Lieut. de Grailly, of the French army, also fell and was burned to death on the 2nd inst., owing, it is claimed, to the breaking of a wing of his R. E. P. monoplane. Capt. Camine, with the same make of machine, was killed by the fall due to the same cause. On September 5th, M. Lefoestier, a French aviator, fell to his death at Huelva, Spain. His machine, which was of his own construction, is said to have caught fire in the air.

Two other men who were victims of this kind of accident were Lieut. Neumann, a German military aviator, and M. Leconte, his passenger. While making a cross-country flight on September 7th the machine caught fire when at a height of sixty feet, and fell to the ground, instantly killing both aviators. The same day, Paul Senge, another German aviator, fell and fractured his skull at the town of Karlsruhe.

Two days later Herr Eyring was killed near Stuttgart. On September 29th, Capt. Englehardt, Germany's premier military pilot and the first man whom the Wrights taught to fly in that country, was killed by a fall, while his passenger, Herr Sedlmayer, had his skull fractured and received other serious injuries.

In England, Lieut. Cammell, a seasoned Bleriot pilot, on the 18th ult., fell to his death while making his first flight in a Valkyrie (English) mono-

plane. He had been aloft 10 minutes and was making his second wide circuit, when the monoplane turned over and dropped 90 feet to the ground. Capt. J. J. Frisbie, Louis Rosenbaum and Cromwell Dixon were killed in America when flying at State Fairs. The last-named aviator, a youth of but 19, fell 80 feet into a stone-quarry at Spokane, Wash., on October 2nd, owing to his turning too sharply to avoid hitting some telegraph wires, and sliding down on end as a consequence. A few days before, at Helena, Mont., Dixon had flown over the Rocky Mountains to Blossburg, a small town 18 miles away, and back again. Blossburg lies in a deep pocket in the mountains, from which wild ducks and geese escape with difficulty after battling with the air currents sometimes for hours. It took Dixon twice as long—22 minutes—to attain the necessary altitude of 7,000 feet at Blossburg as it did at Helena. The trip out and back across the 6,200-foot Mullins Pass was made in 15 and 17 minutes respectively. Dixon was given a \$10,000 purse made up by several men who witnessed his flight. He delivered a letter from Governor Norris. This is the second time a Curtiss biplane has crossed the Rockies. Ely was the first to accomplish this feat at Butte, Mont., last spring.

On September 25th, at the Nassau Boulevard meet, Dr. Clark, a trick bicyclist, had a fatal fall in a Queen monoplane. He was unable to accustom himself to moving the warping control lever outward instead of inward when turning. A sharp turn to the right, caused by improper warping, resulted in the instant development of gyroscopic force by the revolving motor sufficient to make the machine dive vertically to the ground.

RECIPROCITY AND PULPWOOD.

Although reciprocity has been defeated the matter is far from settled, especially in regard to pulp and paper. There seems to be considerable misunderstanding on this side of the line and, if one can judge from published reports, on the American side of the line, regarding the admission of pulpwood free of duty to the United States. On this side of the line it is not generally understood that the wood pulp and print paper clause now in operation was separated from the reciprocity agreement. It went into operation in July and provides that the duty on pulp and paper products in Canada, when free from export restrictions, shall be admitted to the United States free of duty. This does not apply to wood cut from crown lands on which there are restrictions. This discrimination between wood cut on private lands and wood cut on crown lands is likely to cause considerable trouble to American customs officers. They will likely insist on sworn statements as to the source from which the wood was obtained.

One of the most direct effects of the defeat of reciprocity is the movement by American pulp and paper men to establish mills in Canada. Practically all the large American paper manufacturers are showing a fresh interest in Canadian pulp areas and are either acquiring limits, enlarging their present mills, or are about to erect mills.

The Berlin Mills Company, of Berlin, N. H., is arranging to build a large paper mill at Three Rivers, where 700 workmen will be employed. The mills will represent an outlay of \$500,000. The St. Lawrence Paper Mills Company at Mille Roches is adding two machines to its equipment and is putting up additional buildings. The New York & Pennsylvania Pulp & Paper Company, of Johnsonburg, Pa., already has given orders for the erection of a pulp and paper mill in the Temiskaming district, at the junction of northern Ontario and northern Quebec. It will employ about 300 workmen. Other American paper interests are continually making inquiries regarding limits, etc.

The annual report of the Dominion forestry department for 1910 reveals some interesting facts regarding the lumber cut of the Dominion. In 1910 twenty-six species of wood were cut, to the extent of 4,900,000,000 board feet, worth over \$77,000,000. Spruce was the most important wood, forming one-quarter of the total cut. The next important was white pine, which, however, is decreasing rapidly.

THE LOSS OF A TREE.

A Chicago newspaper says that foresters are interested in a recent New York court decision affirming a claim for \$500 as the "going value" of a tree cut down by a construction company. Nor was the award based on sentiment or granted merely as an exemplary matter. The tree alive had been a thing of growing value; cut down, the greater value to which it might in time have attained was forestalled. Consequently the measure of damage sustained in its present loss was not complete, but partial. It may be that to estimate its possible later value would entail a draft on the imagination as to definite amount, but the doctrine laid down by the court was sound.

Heating Stoves & Ranges

That cold snap will soon be here. Are you prepared for it? If not why not? The following are a few of our lines:

- Sheet Irons, air tight, for wood only, No. 1 \$2.75
- Sheet Irons, air tight, for wood only, No. 2 \$4.00
- Heaters for coal or wood, No. 9 \$8.50
- Heaters for coal or wood, No. 11 \$10.00
- Heaters for coal or wood, No. 13 \$11.50

... RANGES ...

- Special Idea No. 9, with or without legs \$45.00
- Special Idea No. 8, with or without legs \$45.00

We also have a few lines of the **MOFFAT RANGE**. The small size for a small family for the small price of \$35.00, and a six-hole No. 9 for \$50.00, connected. Don't forget our Malleable Range, \$70.00, connected.

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SATURDAY SPECIALS, Nov. 4

- Trimmed Hats, \$6.50 to \$8.00 for \$4.25
- Children's Hats, \$1.50 to \$2.00 for 85c
- Aviator Caps at 75c

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Fine Shipment of MEN'S PANTS

Values from \$1.75 to \$3.50

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Open evenings till eight o'clock

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We have just received a splendid stock of Pads, Papetries and Envelopes. The quality is unexcelled and our prices cannot be beaten.

Pads 10c to 40c, Envelopes to match

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Note--PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS OUR FIRST CONSIDERATION

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DRUG
STORE**

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**Cor. Broadway
AND
Scott Street**

"Annual Xmas Gift"

Our "Coupon" Contest last year proved so interesting that several of our customers have inquired if we intend having another this year. We have decided to give two prizes this year, one for the girl holding the most coupons and one for the boy holding the most coupons at the end of the contest. We will give a "Coupon" with every purchase of 50c and up, from September 15th 1911, to 12 o'clock noon, December 22nd, 1911. No coupons given after that hour.

R. Moore

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& COMPANY

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Agents for

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Branch Store:

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FORESTRY PRESS BULLETIN NO 36

Provinces Producing Shingles.

The production of shingles increases steadily in Canada, and in a bulletin to be published by the Forestry Branch of the Department of the Interior this is shown together with the relative importance of the provinces for 1910. Compared with the Canadian lumber cut, the entire shingle industry amounted to less than the value of each of the five most important species—spruce, white pine, douglas fir, hemlock and cedar—during 1910. Considered separately, the shingle production assumes considerable importance especially in British Columbia. This province is far in advance of the eastern provinces as a shingle producer and made up approximately half of the Canadian 1910 production of nearly two billion shingles worth over three and a half million dollars. Over one-quarter of the shingles were manufactured in Quebec, where the five hundred and thirty-nine million pieces reported were an increase of sixty per cent. over the 1909 amount. Ontario and New Brunswick produced nearly equal amounts in 1910, one-tenth of the Canadian production being from each of these provinces. Ninety-eight per cent. of the total production was in the above four provinces, although shingles are made in every province of the Dominion. Nova Scotia, Saskatchewan, Prince Edward Island, Alberta and Manitoba together produced two per cent. of the total. The average price of shingles in 1910 was \$1.80 per thousand, the values ranging from \$1.51 for shingles in Nova Scotia to \$2.25 in Saskatchewan.

A FOUNTAIN PEN FOR DRAUGHTSMEN.

A detachable container for drawing ink which can be slipped into place on the handle of a draughtsman's pen has been devised by a Los Angeles inventor, and by its use the constant dipping into the ink bottle is obviated. The danger of dropping ink upon the paper is avoided likewise. Another advantage is that a number of these containers may be carried in a pocket case, each of them holding a different colored drawing ink, for use in draughting maps, etc. This it is possible to dispense with a tray of ink bottles on the table. For filling this device, an ordinary "dropper" is used. The ink flows from the reservoir through a narrow tube to the pen point, where it supplies an even flow.

Special Thanksgiving services were held in Grace Methodist Church last Sunday, October 29th.

Messrs. John W. Cox and John S. Burgess, of 156 Tenth Avenue West, Vancouver, have purchased the "West End Branch," lately owned by I. P. Williams, Esq., of Agassiz, B. C., to which they have removed and will make it their future home preparatory to Mrs. Cox's return from the Orient.

TREMENDOUS SACRIFICE SALE

OF NEW FALL MERCHANDISE BEGINNING

Thursday, Nov. 2nd, at 9 a.m.

Stupendous reductions in every dept., thousands of dollars worth of new goods to be sacrificed in order to raise money. This is your opportunity to secure your supply of Fall Merchandise, Underwear, Hosiery, etc., at an immense saving. If you need anything in Dry Goods or Men's Wear, you cannot afford to miss this sale. Remember the Sale starts Thursday, Nov. 2nd, at 9 a.m. and continues for 10 days. Come early.

<p>LINEN HUCK TOWELS Reg. 20c, cut to, each..... 10c</p> <p>COLORED TURKISH TOWELS Size 22x42, cut to..... 15c</p> <p>\$3.75 MARSEILLES SPREADS Cut to..... \$2.75 Only 2 of them, so hurry.</p> <p>ODD LINE WHITE SPREADS Reg. \$1.00 to \$1.50, cut to..... 65c</p> <p>LADIES' HOSE Angora and Llama, Seamless, Cashmere. Reg. 50c, cut to..... 35c Black Seamless Cashmere. Reg. 35c, cut to..... 25c</p> <p>LADIES' WHITE FLEECE-LINED UNDERWEAR Reg. 35c, cut to..... 25c Reg. 50c, cut to..... 35c Pure Wool Unshrinkable. Reg. \$1.00, cut to..... 75c</p> <p>CHILDREN'S RIBBED WOOL UNDERWEAR Reg. 35c to 40c, cut to..... 25c</p> <p>PINK, WHITE OR STRIPED FLANNELETTES. 12 yds for..... \$1.00</p> <p>BLOUSE FLANNELETTES. 20 pieces only. Cut to..... 10c</p> <p>Big cut in New Fall Suit Lengths and Dress Goods, but space will not permit us to mention prices.</p>	<p>LACE CURTAINS Broken lines White Nottingham Curtains, 52 in. by 3½ yds. Reg. from \$1.50 to \$2.50 pair; cut to pair..... \$1.00</p> <p>Irish Point, Swiss, real Arabian, Cluny Lace and Novelty Art Curtains. Reg. \$5.00 and \$6.00, cut to..... \$3.50</p> <p>BLOUSES Reg. \$1.00 Blouses, in dark flannel-ette, cut to..... 75c</p> <p>FLANNEL WAISTS In Navy, Red and Brown. Reg. \$2.75, cut to..... \$2.00</p> <p>Fine French Flannel, in Cream, with Brown, Black or Blue stripes. Reg. \$3.00, cut to..... \$2.25</p> <p>Dresden Satin. Reg. \$2.00, cut to..... \$1.50</p> <p>Black Satin. Reg. \$1.75, cut to \$1.25</p> <p>NIGHTGOWNS White Flannelette. Reg. \$1.00, cut to..... 75c</p> <p>Pink and Sky Blue. Reg. \$1.25, cut to..... 95c</p> <p>White Flannelette, embroidered yokes. Reg. \$1.50, cut to \$1.10</p>	<p>MEN'S WEAR DEPT. Black All-Wool Ribbed Sox. Reg. 50c, cut to..... 25c</p> <p>Heather Mixture and Grey Worsted Sox. Reg. 35c, cut to..... 20c</p> <p>Black Cashmere Sox, 5 pr. for \$1.00</p> <p>Black, Tan and Colored Cashmere Sox. Reg. 35c, cut to..... 25c</p> <p>Union Special Overalls. Reg. \$1.00, cut to..... 85c</p> <p>Black Satin Work Shirts. Reg. \$1.00, cut to..... 75c</p> <p>Black Twill Work Shirts. Reg. \$1.25, cut to..... 95c</p> <p>Grey Twill Shirts. Reg. \$1.75, cut to..... \$1.25</p> <p>Pen-Angle Fleece-Lined Underwear. Reg. 75c, cut to..... 50c</p> <p>Pen-Angle Pure Wool Underwear. Reg. \$1.00, cut to..... 75c</p> <p>SWEATER COATS Reg. \$5.00 cut to..... \$3.75 Reg. \$3.75, cut to..... \$2.75</p> <p>BOYS' SWEATERS In Red, Navy and Brown. Reg. \$1.00, cut to..... 75c Reg. 75c, cut to..... 60c</p> <p>BOYS' ALL-WOOL RIBBED HOSE Reg. 35c and 50c, cut to..... 25c All Sizes.</p> <p>BOYS' FLEECE-LINED UNDERWEAR Reg. 40c and 50c, cut to..... 35c</p>
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November Sale starts Thursday Morning, Nov. 2nd, at 9 a.m. Be here early to insure good selection.

Mark C. Gilchrist

DRY GOODS, MILLINERY AND MEN'S WEAR

1744 Park Drive

BRITISH COLUMBIA WHALING INDUSTRY

(Continued from Page 1)

the simple process of indiscriminate slaughter. This is not only an economic waste but is revolting to the senses of all true sportsmen or civilized citizens. It is contrary to all sense of what is right to permit the wholesale slaughter of the female element in any game or animal either for sport or utility and as stated will inevitably result in destroying the supply. Last year the Pacific Whaling Company caught 1,500 whales, of which about 1,000 were cow whales. It is no wonder that this company's stock is not for sale and that they can pay such good dividends.

A gentleman from the West Coast of Vancouver Island told the writer of a practice by some engaged in the business which is particularly revolting. Very frequently a small calf whale can be caught easily and some whalers will shoot a harpoon through its tail and make the rope fast, thus holding the poor thing captive and then stand by waiting for the return of the cow whale, or mother to release its young, when the unfeeling whetches will attack her and tow her carcass off to the station. Such a practice is inhuman and unworthy of a "man."

It is certain that something must be done to protect this industry and stop the slaughter of the "cow whale."

WHICH SHALL PREVAIL IN CANADA

(Continued from page 1)

legislation, both as to the individual and as to the home? Will we permit our fellow citizen's homes to be destroyed by the laws manufactured in Italy?

If the Vatican's representatives imagine we are cowardly creepers and simple-minded religious serfs, they must be taught very differently. And this must be done quickly. They are moving in their slimy trails across and through many homes in all parts of Canada. We must and shall stop this cursed plan of operation, if we have to drive the Jesuitical crowd out of the country by force.

We quarrel not with any men who wish to serve God in a manner different from others, but we will not permit our people's homes to be debauched in the name of, and under the legislation of foreign law-makers.

The Canadian people are patient, long-suffering and kind in their disposition, but they are free men, too, and will not let dishonesty and low-bred adultery be propagated by any body of men in the name of our holy religion, or in the name of any other religion.

Premier Borden, his cabinet, and the whole people should get to work and rectify this rotten procedure without delay. Let the parliament of Canada pass such legislation as will make all marriages properly effected by those who are appointed by the government, or governments of the Dominion of Canada, legal and binding. And then say: "Hands off!"

October 21st, 1911.

MT. PLEASANT AUTO CO.

HAS changed managership, and the old order has also been changed. A first-class Hot-water Heating Plant has been installed. A Night Watchman is on duty every night. All Cars Garaged will have their allotted space, which will be kept for them. Storage without Washing or Cleaning \$10 per month. No Smoking will be allowed inside the building after October. There is room for about eight more cars for Winter Garage. Next Spring an absolutely Fire-proof Building will be put up for the Business.

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VANCOUVER, B. C.

**RECIPROCITY IN WATER
NEXT NATIONAL QUESTION**

Reciprocity in Natural Products Having Become a Dead Issue Canada and United States Turn Again to Century Old Problem of Regulating International Waterways—Champion of Low Cost of Living, Who Spent Only \$82 in a Year Is Here—Montreal Surprised at Discovery of Drastic Blue Laws.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Montreal, Oct. ...—Reciprocity in water is the next question of international importance to worry the minds of legislators here and in the United States. Unlike the recent reciprocity conflict no general elections will be necessary to reach a decision, and no political will rise or fall on the result.

The whole matter will be settled by the International Waterways Commission composed of three eminent legal lights from this country and three from the States. The meeting has already been held in Washington for organization purposes, and a further session will be held shortly, probably the latter part of this month.

The chief questions at issue concern the division of water at Niagara for power purposes by manufacturers and others on both sides of the line, the diversion of the waters of the St. Mary's river in Alberta, a most intricate and interesting phase of international rights, and the damming of the St. Lawrence river at the Long Sault Rapids.

Decision on this last question is probably the most important to the Dominion as a whole. When Mr. James W. Rickey, the water power expert and engineer let it become known that he had fallen asleep on one of the historic banks of the good old St. Lawrence and dreamed a dream, other engineers smiled at him indulgently and told him to wake up. The dream was, so stupendous that, at first telling, it seemed impracticable.

Since then the dream has been worked into blue prints and maps, figures and reports, until today government engineers of both Canada and the United States freely admit that Mr. Rickey and his associates have evolved one of the most wonderful—if not the most wonderful—power producing propositions in the world.

If a word, it is proposed to harness the Long Sault Rapids, turning their thousands of wild horses into beasts of burden for the people who live along their shores. As the St. Lawrence at this point is an international stream the International Waterways Commission have jurisdiction over it and must first approve of these power development plans before actual development may be commenced.

When the proposition was first placed before the public some three or four years ago now, considerable opposition developed on the Canadian side, more from sentimentality than anything else. Since then the public has had an opportunity to study the plans and it is safe to say that today there is not a town or village between Cornwall and Lake Ontario that is not favorably disposed to the idea. The development of this enormous amount of water power will mean the bringing to life of new industries. New industries will mean new towns and more prosperity to the old ones. Even the farmers are talking of harvesting their crops by electricity when the Long Sault is completed, but this, of course, must remain talk until science has advanced another step or two.

Cheap Living Champion.

Montreal is at present entertaining the national champion in the art of keeping the cost of living down in the person of S. T. Farnsworth of Chicago. According to the itemized report of the cost of living commission at Indianapolis his expenses for a year totaled only \$82.24, a figure so low as to entitle him to first place. Mr. Farnsworth is not here to show how it was done, however, but to advocate a plan for the relief of farmers with unsold crops on their hands. When Brazil succeeded in borrowing \$70,000,000 to hold an enormous surplus of coffee, Farnsworth was heard from first and ever since then when the lime-light revealed him he has been cheerfully advocating a clearing house system by which unsold crops could be available as cash. His plan is that farmers shall convey to a "clearing house bank" their growing crops and make this credit at the bank subject to check. The financing of the cotton crop in the States is to be accomplished in a manner similar to the one Farnsworth so long has urged for the relief of the general farmer from the exactions of the middlemen and the fluctuations of speculative markets. Each cotton grower may deposit his cotton in a warehouse and borrow on his receipt until he can sell his cotton at fifteen cents per pound. Farnsworth's plan goes further in making possible the checking against values of growing crops held by a "clearing house" bank, co-operative buying to be done by a central concern on checks of these same county banks.

Drastic Blue Laws.

That Montreal, if the blue laws as they actually stand on the statute books at present were enforced, would make early New England Sundays seem exciting is one surprising result of the effort now going on to determine whether flying is to be classified as a sport, a pastime or a scientific demonstration. A merry war has been raging over this point since the promoters of a recent flying meet held competitions for prizes on Sundays and charged admissions. The church forces immediately began a crusade to prevent such flights. The law specifically prohibits on Sunday public games or contests to which an admission is charged and on this point the clergy took their stand. The promoters pointed out that the law was passed in 1883 when flying was unknown, and naturally says nothing concerning it. Moreover, they argue that the exhibition is purely a scientific and educational demonstration and therefore entirely legal. The matter has not been yet decided, but the controversy has served to show that the public in its ignorance of the laws commits violations by the thousand every Sunday. The law prohibits playing, and were it rigidly enforced in this respect it would probably terminate not only the recreation of youngsters in the front yards, nursery or barns, but also deprive their seniors of Sunday golf, tennis and other games, giving this city Sundays so blue as to make indigo seem pale in comparison.

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OR

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THE WESTERN CALL is distributed through South Vancouver and Mt. Pleasant every week. Our circulation is growing. Our rates are reasonable. An ad. in The Western Call will be read and will guide riches to you.

On the other hand stand still, do not advertize and the golden stream will be guided into your competitor's till. Test it.

Advertise in The Western Call and its business will be to get business for your business.

THE WESTERN CALL JOB OFFICE does highclass Job Work. Good printing pays. Ask those who use it. We do good printing.

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Our Printing Meets the highest hopes

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It has a good draft and burns any kind of fuel, coal or wood. The fire linings are extra heavy, and sectional. They last long and being sectional will not warp and burn out quickly. The oven is a perfect baker, on the top or bottom. It has a quarter inch asbestos lining, which means that you get every particle of heat from your fuel. The damper is operated from the front, no reaching over steaming kettles or sizzling fry pans to change the draft.

See the Joy first and you will see the Joy after.

We have them in three sizes, 9-18, 8-18 and 9-20. Price complete with water connections, \$70.00 and \$75.00

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Corporal O'Neil's Promotion

At the latter end of the year 1899 and just after "Oom Paul" had flung insulting ultimatum in the teeth of the British government, the . . . shire Fusiliers stationed at Junglepore were to a man utterly "fed up" as they themselves termed it, with the dull dreary monotonous routine of everyday barrack life in India and the mechanical movements of the sleepy punkah-wallahs as they wafted the hot air about the bungalows, when one day the startling news arrived that the regiment had received orders to hold themselves in readiness to proceed to Bombay at an early date in order to embark for South Africa in the hired transport "Kohi-noor." A wild cheer went up when the news spread, and the men, who only a few moments previous, had been "grousing" their loudest at the enforced idleness, suddenly forgot their miseries and bustled about working themselves into a pitch of excitement at the prospect of going on active service with the old "Pulton." A few of the older soldiers who had been on active service before were about the only ones who kept their heads and although secretly rejoicing went about their work with a careless nonchalant air as if active service were an everyday occurrence. Amongst the latter was "Corporal O'Neil," or as he was more familiarly known, "Bruiser O'Neil," owing to his hard hitting abilities to which many of the regiment could testify by experience. He had seen some ups and downs in the old regiment, and although a bit of a martinet on parade was voted "all teek" by those who knew him best. "Bruiser's" pet grievance, on which he sometimes expatiated, was the dearth of promotion. After serving fifteen years he was still only a corporal, and when young soldiers with only three or four years' service were sent out from the old country and took precedence of him owing to seniority of promotion he was wont to exclaim "Why the service is going to the dogs." But now all this was forgotten and although he did not betray his feelings by any outward sign he was none the less secretly gratified and as eager for a rub at the "Boers" as the last joined "rookie." The regiment, which was heartily liked, both officers and men, had a grand send off from Junglepore, and as they marched jauntily to the railway station headed by the regimental band of their Comrade Corps who had turned out to play them away, every man looked in the pink of condition. After all the usual bustle and excitement of entraining had been gone through and the train at last on the move to the accompaniment of ringing cheers and the waiving of handkerchiefs, the old familiar strains of "Auld ang Syne" was played and more than one eye grew moist and more than one throat too choked for utterance, for many of the men were leaving behind all they held dear, and after all soldiers are but human, and the bravest often the most tender-hearted.

The tiresome journey down country in the closely packed carriages, and the varied experiences on boardship on the way to the "Cape" were eventually gone through satisfactorily and the . . . shire Fusiliers with the other details landed at Durban in the best of health and spirits. No time was lost in packing them off to the front and as they were the first regiment to arrive they were soon fairly in the thick of it.

The African day was night spent, as chinking with thirst and aching limbs, two of the . . . shire Fusiliers across the veldt were tramping, they had been out on a foraging expedition and had lost their way, and now with weary stumbling steps were plodding back, ever keeping a sharp look-out for a glimpse of their comrades' camping ground. The one was Corporal O'Neil, the other Private Desmond, a blue-eyed curly headed youngster, with a face as fresh as the pure Irish air could make it. They had been journeying on from early morning and now the tired lad walked all forlorn with many a halt and stumble. As the pair with dogged pluck struggled on the darkening sky warned them that night was rapidly approaching, never a word passed between the two, both seemingly thinking that this was no time for wasting breath in needless speech. Suddenly, and with a muttered exclamation that was not

a prayer, the corporal came to a dead halt, for with his keen practiced eyes he had taken the whole situation in a glance. A party of mounted Boers had suddenly and without warning, appeared right in their path. The corporal knew that this meant surrender or death, but never a muscle of his hard rugged face moved as he curtly remarked to his young companion, "Boers, mate—strikes me we've got our work cut out for us." Silently and quickly he loosened the straps of his bandolier, telling the youngster to do likewise, then throwing themselves flat on the veldt and taking advantage of the scanty cover, together they waited. The corporal's instructions to his young companion were crisp and concise—"Reserve your fire nipper till I give the word, mark your man, aim steady and true and blaze away."

The Boers at first sight of the pair had halted and being ignorant of the exact number of their opponents and much to artful to be led into a trap, deemed it best to reconnoitre. Creeping from rock to rock they stealthily worked their way nearer and nearer keeping up a sharp Mauser fire from time to time, which luckily did our two friends no harm, most of the bullets whizzing harmlessly overhead, or flattening themselves on the rocks around. One bullet, it is true, did find its billet in the corporal's helmet where he had placed it on the rock above him, but the steady old veteran's "ee Metford" rang out simultaneously and he had the grim satisfaction of seeing a Boer throw up his arms and fall forward. "That's a bull's eye, I fancy," he coolly remarked to his young companion who was eagerly awaiting the order to commence firing, "One less at any rate."

The Boers were now only about a couple of hundred yards away, when one of them sprang on his horse and galloped towards the concealed pair with the evident intention of coming to closer quarters and putting an end to the fight. A sharp report, a cry of pain and a riderless horse is galloping straight to where the pair are lying concealed. As the animal with eyes dilated with fear drew rapidly near the corporal's resolve was taken and just as the animal was galloping madly past he sprang up and with a grip of steel brought him to a standstill. In a few terse words he urged the lad to mount telling him to ride hard and bring reinforcements if he could, but the youngster with innate pluck refused to stir until the corporal put an end to all controversy by picking him up as if he were a baby and flinging him into the saddle, exclaimed: "Up with you; none of your old buck or I'll punch your head; I'll run this show—promotion's been a bit slow and this is my chance to win it!" and as the bullets came sputtering around he pricked the horse with his bayonet which had the effect of starting the animal off at a mad gallop. Then with a softened face he turned with a grim determination to sell his life dearly, with never a thought of hoisting the emblem of surrender which he knew had been done under less pardonable circumstances. Staunch and true to the core the very mention of surrender would have been met by him with contempt and scorn.

Carried rapidly away by the now ungovernable animal who had got the bit between his teeth, the young recruit saw the corporal stretched out on the veldt and heard the sharp ring of the "ee Metford," but as he gazed, already the Boers were drawing closer and closer until an intervening kopje hid them from view.

Late that night a squadron of Irish Lancers galloping hard in the pale moonlight came on the scene of that last stern fight and there they found the corporal lying—silent and grim on the blood-stained veldt. Silently and reverently they each uncovered their heads and when the lad who had brought back relief realized that he had arrived only too late to save his brave old companion he broke down utterly.

The gallant old corporal's last remains were interred with full military honors, and now whenever the tale is told they speak of his death and devotion and say that perhaps a hidden meaning lay in the words he used, and that the night when his rough, bold spirit passed away was the night that he won "promotion." O. McM.

ENFORCE LORD'S DAY ACT.

Victoria, Oct. 19.—Attorney-General Bowser will grant the request of the police commissioners that they be allowed to enforce the Lord's Day Observance Act against numbers of petty shopkeepers who keep their places of business open on Sundays, selling not only fruit and soft drinks but cigars, fancy groceries and other commodities.

It is said that the consent of Hon. Mr. Bowser will be sought to prosecutions of a similar nature here.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

TAKE NOTICE that Frederick Willis, Painter, 411 Hastings Street East, Vancouver, B. C., on the 19th day of October assigned all his estate of R. L. Maitland, Clerk, 415 Winch Building, Vancouver, B. C., for the benefit of his creditors. A meeting of creditors will be held at 415 Winch Building, Vancouver, B. C., on the 7th day of November, 1911, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Creditors are requested to send in their claims duly verified to the Assignee, 415 Winch Building, Vancouver, on or before the 1st day of December, 1911, and the Assignee will then proceed to distribute the estate, having regard only to claims filed. Dated this 24th day of October, 1911. BURNS & WALKER, Solicitors for the Assignee. 2408 Westminster Road.

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Local and Otherwise

Rev. Dr. A. S. Grant occupied the pulpit of Mt. Pleasant Presbyterian Church last Sunday evening.

The Ladies' Aid of Mt. Pleasant Methodist Church gave an old-fashioned Thanksgiving turkey dinner on Monday, October 30th.

A very enjoyable song service was given in Mt. Pleasant Presbyterian Church last Sunday evening at which Mr. and Mrs. Francis T. Chambers of New York kindly assisted.

At the regular weekly meeting of the Mt. Pleasant Presbyterian Y. P. S. C. E., the subject of "Lessons I Have Learned from Things" was very ably handled by Messrs. D. Cambell and Jardine.

FRATERNITY S.O.E. MERRIE ENGLAND.

On Thursday, October 19th, S.O.E. Lodge Merrie England, held their fortnightly meeting in the Odfellows Hall, Mount Pleasant, when quite a number of members were present. The routine business of the Lodge was gone through with, during which two transfer members were given a hearty welcome into the lodge. Past President Bro. Rollin suggested that the lodge should give a social evening about the first week in January. This met with a hearty response. A number of applications for membership were also read. The Lodge closed in due form at 9 p.m. A remarkable fact

about this lodge is that during the whole year only two of its members have been sick. As a Fraternal body the Sons of England are hard to beat, and any Englishman is given a hearty welcome into their midst. The Merrie England Lodge also has amusements for its members in the shape of different games, the latest of which is the Carpet-Ball game. This game is similar to bowls, but much more interesting. Bro. F. Durrant has been elected as captain of the team, and the players are very enthusiastic. A match was played on Thursday night between A. team and B. team, the game being won by B team by one point. Pres. Attleboro is captain of the B. team.

The officers of this lodge are Past President, Bro. Hortin, President, Bro. Attleboro; Vice-President, Bro. Frouin; Chaplain, Bro. F. Durrant, Secretary, Bro. Smith; Commfiteemen Bro. Rollin, Jones, Walpole, Smith, King.

Last Tuesday afternoon and evening the "Opening" of the Grace Methodist Church Parsonage took place. The Ladies' Aid served tea to a goodly number from 3 to 5, and refreshments again, to a full house, at 10:30, after a couple of hours spent in the enjoyment of chit-chat, readings and music. During the evening Dr. Acheson, on behalf of the trustee board, presented a financial statement, and called for contributions to the parsonage fund, from those who had not been canvassed, and some liberal responses were made.

The building is 24 by 36, with full cement-finished basement, of excellent plan and roominess and well-appointed—a credit to the church and the subscribers, and highly commended by those present at the opening.

CEDAR COTTAGE AND SOUTH VANCOUVER

Communications respecting items of news, meetings, etc., from secretaries of clubs, societies, etc., should be forwarded not later than Tuesday, addressed to "Western Call," P.O. Box 10, Cedar Cottage.

Items of news, reports of meetings, etc., should be sent addressed to Western Call, P.O. Box 10, Cedar Cottage, to arrive not later than Tuesday morning to insure insertion in this column.

The Anglican Young People's Association Dramatic Society at Cedar Cottage presented a highly creditable performance of "Caste" at Marflew hall on Wednesday, 18th inst. Their efforts were greatly appreciated by a crowded audience and especial mention must be made of the exceptional ability shown by Mr. C. H. Humber as "Eules," and Miss D. E. Polten as "Polly Eules." These two characters were excellently represented, whilst Mr. A. R. Pearson also deserves recognition for his part as Hon. Geo. D. Aloy. His snappy manner and irritability were quite naturally presented. Other characters were Misses G. Bell and L. Almas and Messrs. R. W. Higgs, J. Travis and A. J. Travis. The proceeds are to be devoted towards St. Margaret's church fund. The services of the orchestra merit special recognition for their very enjoyable and talented contributions to the enjoyment of the evening. Mr. F. N. Hirst at the piano.

The Orpheus Male Choir gave a concert at Marflew hall on Thursday, 19th inst. The program provided was certainly deserving of a far greater audience.

Mrs. (Dr.) T. V. Hunter, Cedar Cottage, received for the first time on Wednesday. The tea room was beautifully decorated with red carnations. Mrs. (Rev.) Thos. Green poured tea and Mrs. (Dr.) E. Newton Drier cut the ices. Helping to serve were Miss Ernestine Smith, Miss Ruth Madill, Miss Cunningham and Miss Muriel Moran.

On Wednesday evening, Oct. 18th, a wedding was solemnized at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. T. T. McQuillan, 627 23rd avenue, when their daughter Margaret was united to Mr. Gilbert Wainwright Hall. The service was performed by the Rev. Martin Smith under a bower of autumn leaves and in the presence of a large number of friends. The bride was dressed in white nylon over silk with orange blossoms in her hair and corsage and carried a bouquet of white carnations. Preceded by two little girls, Dorothy Hilton and Herbie Grantham, each with a basket of flowers, the bride entered the room with her father as escort to the Lohengrin Wedding March, played by her sister, Mrs. A. Hilton, of Brooklyn, N. Y. The groom was supported by his cousin, Mr. Harold Thackeray. At the conclusion of the ceremony Madame Yulisse sang with exquisite effect the wedding hymn. Mr. and Mrs. Hall were the recipients of many most handsome and useful gifts.

A very quiet wedding took place at 10.30 p.m. on Thursday evening, 19th inst., at Westminster church, 26th avenue. Miss Janet Wilson, only daughter of the late William Brownridge of the E. E. Telegraph Co., Straits Settlement, was united in matrimony to Chas. Newton McGlashan, formerly of

Aberdeen, Scotland. The happy couple propose making their home in S. Vancouver.

A very pretty wedding took place on Thursday, when Mrs. Era Ross of 3858 Fraser avenue and Mr. Kenneth John Mackenzie of Abbotsford, were united in marriage at the home of the bride. The Rev. G. D. Ireland of Westminster avenue Presbyterian church officiated.

The council held its first meeting in the new Municipal Hall on Saturday, 21st inst., and the different departments have since arranged their transfer to the new and more commodious quarters. Numerous applications have already been made for the use of the old building, but it is necessary that this should first be removed farther away from the new hall and extensively repaired before any use can be made of it. Ultimately it is proposed to use the building for a municipal storage depot, but temporarily a portion of it will probably be loaned to the school board as an overflow schoolroom. The change in the surroundings of Saturday's meeting was very favorably commented upon, the new council chamber being situated on the seventh floor of the new hall and is large, airy and well lighted, presenting a complete contrast to the dingy, dilapidated quarters now abandoned.

At this council Mr. Robinson, consulting engineer to the B. C. E. Ry., was present to secure signatures to the plans of Main street extension and Bodwell Road lines. He stated the company was agreeable to operate a passenger service on the Main street line originally intended for the use of the Coast Lumber & Fuel Co., and the municipal rock bunkers on River avenue. In reply to the Reeve as to double tracking on Fraser avenue, Mr. Robinson said he was not aware of the company's intentions, but no doubt the work would be carried out as soon as the necessity was made manifest.

The Building By-law passed its final reading and Mr. A. E. Young, building inspector, was ordered to have copies of the same printed.

The engineer was instructed to put in crossings at all points where electric railway tracks demanded same.

The auditor was asked to prepare a financial statement up to the 1st of November.

An amusing incident occurred when Councillor Burgess attempted to get a motion through against smoking during the sittings of the council. In a fit of abstraction one of the council signed his proposal without reading it, but on the Reeve putting the motion only Mr. Burgess voted for it, whilst the other five smoked on.

Mr. S. H. West was elected assessor in place of Mr. J. S. Robinson and the applications for the position of assistant assessor were referred to him to recommend five suitable candidates to the council.

The date for the primary meetings for nominations for Reeve and council in South Vancouver has been fixed for the first Tuesday in December. The ward delegates will meet on the following night. This is somewhat earlier than usual and will allow more time for the campaign. Reeve Pound has stated that under no circumstances will he resume office for another term, owing to the demands that the position entails upon his time and speculation is rife as to who may be selected as the nominee of the association.

No. 4 fire hall had a call to a fire on Sunday afternoon at 3334 Main street,

between 17th and 18th avenues. The damage was fortunately limited to a part of the roof and wall and is not expected to exceed \$10.

Whilst on a shooting expedition last week end at Squamish Roy Robinson, aged 18, an employee of the Cedar Cottage Fuel & Supply Co., accidentally discharged the gun he was carrying, mutilating in a very painful manner both hands. Three fingers on the right hand and the thumb and a portion of the palm of the left were blown away. He was brought to the city on Monday and taken to St. Paul's hospital.

The young men of the Westminster avenue Presbyterian church have organized a club to hold weekly meetings for mutual improvement, music and lectures. Mr. A. Harvey has been elected as president and Mr. A. G. Black, secretary and treasurer.

Mr. J. H. Bowman, architect to the South Vancouver school board, met with a painful accident last Saturday whilst inspecting the work at the new annex to Collingwood school. Stepping on a loose plank over a hole in the floor the board turned and Mr. Bowman was thrown violently to the floor, wrenching the tendons of his right wrist and forearm.

The health inspector, Mr. Pengelly, and Plumbing Inspector Mr. Thurston, appear to be busily engaged in scenting out the insanitary corners of South Vancouver and several delinquents appeared before Magistrate McArthur on Friday, 19th, to answer charges respecting a breach of the health by-laws.

Mr. T. J. Mills of 22nd avenue, was alleged to have been somewhat slow in fixing a septic tank upon his property and after evidence for the prosecution and a voluble defence from Mr. Mills, the court failed to see any points in his favor and he was convicted in a fine of \$0 and costs. Frank Vengas was invited to appear again at an adjournment, whilst David Debin had to pay costs and was ordered to instal efficient plumbing accessories to his home on 29th avenue.

Mr. A. N. Parker was fined \$5 and costs for the discharge of firearms within the municipality, whilst another individual who realized that "ignorance is bliss" was let off with a fine of \$1 because of his inability to read.

A couple of Italians unwillingly contributed \$5 each towards the offer to upon conviction of having infringed the blasting by-law.

It is intended to erect notices of the names of each street in South Vancouver at the corners of same and as these labels are now ready, it will not be long before the resident will be acquainted with the latest name for his street and be enabled to direct his visiting friends accordingly. So many alterations of the names of streets have been made recently that even old timers are at a loss and it will be an improvement to learn them on authority day by day. Perhaps some time or other we may have sufficient light to distinguish them by night. Who knows?

On Tuesday evening, October 17th, Mrs. Campbell of Fourth Street, South Hill, kindly held the second fortnightly musical and games-social at her house; so much talent is available among the members of St. Mary's congregation that these socials never flag, the whole evening being a perpetual round of pleasantries of all kinds. It is felt to be exceedingly kind of those ladies who have a piano available, to invite all who will to come and spend a happy evening, the next on Tuesday, October 31st, will be held at Mrs. Grou's home at the corner of Third Street and Forty-Seventh Ave. (Angus Road).

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EIGHTEENTH AVENUE NEAR ONTARIO—A new modern home of seven rooms artistically arranged and convenient; basement, furnace, laundry trays, large kitchen and pantry, with outside air shaft, den off dining-room, large bay window in parlor, hidden stairway; three large bedrooms and the very best; bath and toilet separate; price is \$5750; \$750 cash, balance arranged to suit. Make an appointment for today. This is good just for a few days. 85-5

SEVENTEENTH AVENUE NEAR ONTARIO. A new, modern home just completed. There are seven rooms, excellently arranged and convenient; full basement with furnace (Hecla), laundry trays. The first floor arrangement is most excellent and with den in the rear of parlor. The walls are tinted and corners are metal. The bedrooms are large and well-lighted. Very expensive bathroom; back and front stairways. We can recommend this house; price is \$6750; \$1250 cash, balance over two years of time. 163-4

16TH AVENUE NEAR MAIN—A swell 5-room, 2-story cottage, fully modern, with furnace and laundry trays. Remember it is 16th Avenue, near 3 carlines. Price \$3350; \$600 cash, balance arranged to suit purchaser. Lot 30x122 to 20-foot lane. 113-2

\$750 CASH makes first payment on a swell 2-story 5-room house on Carolina Street, near Broadway; rooms are large and newly decorated; furnace and trays in basement. There is gas connections. Lot is high and is a corner. Price reduced for a few days to \$4200; \$750 cash, balance arranged to suit purchaser. Let our salesman show you this most excellent home. 179-1

\$500 CASH, and \$35 per month, principal and interest (inclusive) will purchase an excellent home on 24th avenue, one block from Fraser avenue carline. It is fully modern; with basement and furnace; lot high; price \$750; \$500 cash, balance as rent. We have two others in the same block. These will please you. 109-1

\$750 MAKES CASH PAYMENT on an exceptionally fine bungalow on Heather street, which is paved. This is strictly modern in every way, and as soon as the 16th avenue carline is moving will be only a couple of blocks from the car. Price for just a few days, \$3500; \$750 cash balance arranged. 109-1

19TH AVENUE—A fine 8-room residence in the best part of the C. P. R. property. This home must be seen to be appreciated. It has many advantages and conveniences you will find in more expensive homes. The price is extremely low for such a fine home. Only \$6300; \$2000 cash, balance arranged to suit purchaser. We would like to show you this house. 87-3

MAIN STREET SPECIAL—\$7250 for a Main Street lot near the corner of 22nd avenue. This is good buying, and we would urge you to see us about it. \$2000 cash, balance 6, 12, and 18 months. 178-3

WE HAVE about ten lots on Main St. and if interested please call and see our list.

\$300 CASH payment will purchase a modern 5-room bungalow on John street, just south of 25th street; fireplace, basement, dining-room and hall are paneled. This is an attractive home. \$300 cash, balance \$40 per month, principal and interest. See this one. 155-3

SEVENTEENTH AVENUE LOT near Bridge on the highest point, practically cleared. Price is \$2100 on builders' terms or \$400 cash payment, balance in 6, 12, 18 months 3-2

SEVENTEENTH AVENUE LOT near Bridge; nearly cleared. The cheapest lot we know about on 17th avenue. Price \$2000; one-third cash, balance 6 and 12 months. A good cut in price for all cash. 180-4

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