

The Western Call

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H. H. STEVENS, M.P., EDITOR-in-Chief

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No. 29

Small Talk--Great Injustice

Prof. E. Odium, M.A., B.S.

Men are in the habit of finding fault with the weather, with the streets, the sewers, the city council, the government, and all else in sight, so much so that it is a wonder they are able to speak well of any person, place or thing. Much of the grumbling is just so much idle talk, and is not really intended to be taken seriously. And yet much damage is done thereby.

An illustration may be helpful to get an idea out of my head, an idea that has been struggling for utterance for some time.

Here, then, is the illustration. Men, many of them, are now grumbling because there is no provision for the erection of a new city hall. They are, in some cases, talking against the mayor. And they blame him because in two years he has not managed to have a suitable hall constructed. In this they do him an injustice. Those who keep close tab on civic matters know that Mayor Taylor did his best to have an up-to-date steel structure built upon the present site. He was not supported. Nay, his efforts were opposed and he was outvoted. Hence, those who talk against the mayor on this score do him an injustice.

Again, other men who are desirous of seeing proper accommodation in the shape of a city hall, blame Alderman Ramsay for not doing more in this direction. He is and has been chairman of finance, and he should have been the first to move in the direction of finding the money for this much needed building. All agree that the present one is a disgrace.

However, here again there is condemnation unmerited. It is a fact that Alderman Ramsay did, with his usual vigor, make an attempt to get under way the machinery for providing a large and suitable hall for civic purposes. He, as in the other case, found positive opposition, and felt forced to let the matter drop for a time at least.

I have given two illustrations. Here follows the idea above referred to. Either carelessly, or ignorantly, or of set purpose, our public men are too often most unjustly and cruelly misrepresented.

The most faithful of our public-spirited men are at times driven from office, and are forced to let the larger affairs of public weal go neglected, just because many eminent citizens purposely or thoughtlessly misrepresent them, even while they are rendering splendid service.

This misrepresentation goes on in all directions. We differ on small matters, and talk of our differences until the mole-hill becomes a mountain. When the tongues wag and bite and slander. Men who differ in public matters, too often make the differences personal, and a quarrel ensues. We are a thoughtless and heartless lot. At times I am inclined to think that we Anglo-Saxons are the worst kind of grumblers.

We do not in our hearts try to hurt and cause pain, but nevertheless we do this very thing, and do it often.

A kindly spirit in criticism, yea, even in our ordinary grumbling, would be of great advantage to all of us who have the fault-finding disease.

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(Continued Page 5)

NEW SPEAKER AT OTTAWA

The first official act of the new parliament at Ottawa was the election of speaker. The members had been sworn in at noon on the 15th November, and at three o'clock were called to the Senate chamber, where the usual formal proclamations were read and the Commons were directed to elect a speaker, which they proceeded at once to do in the Commons' chamber.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier was greeted with hearty cheers from the Opposition benches when he entered, shortly after which the Premier-elect, Hon. R. L. Borden, entered amid a great burst of applause, which lasted for some minutes. Immediately he rose and in a brief speech proposed the name of T. S. Sproule as speaker of the House, seconded by Hon. Geo. Foster.

In making the nomination, the Hon. Premier referred to the long service of Mr. Sproule, whom, he said, had been a member of the House almost continuously since Confederation. He also spoke of his special ability because of his universal recognition as an authority on rules and because of his high character and eminent fairness as a man. At the conclusion of this brief introductory speech, the clerk read the motion, when Sir Wilfrid Laurier rose and during a speech which was remarkable only for its bitter sarcasm, succeeded in accelerating the rapidly growing antipathy with which he has been viewed in recent years.

After stating that he had no objection to Dr. Sproule nor to the remarks of the Premier regarding him, he proceeded to criticize the procedure of electing a new speaker, claiming that a speaker should remain in office for life. To this no one particularly objected, viewing it only as an opinion, but then the Hon. gentleman proceeded to stir up racial and religious objection to Dr. Sproule, of whom a moment before he had said he had the highest regard. Sir Wilfrid said he was surprised that the government, especially the Catholic members of it, should have chosen a man of whom the Nationalist papers of Quebec had said such hard things. He sought to raise the race feelings and religious differences of the members. In this, however, he signally failed. The French-Canadian members almost unanimously deprecating this unwise and unkind attack.

To the credit of the members from Quebec it must be said that they showed no sign of sympathy with Sir Wilfrid in this respect, but seemed wholly desirous of dealing with the matter in a magnanimous and patriotic spirit.

Mr. Borden briefly replied, and aptly summed up Sir Wilfrid's speech as "sentiments unworthy of the gentleman who uttered them," which remark was greeted with thunderous applause, "and," added the Premier, "if any member objects to the election of Dr. Sproule he now has the opportunity of saying so." This closed the incident, and Dr. Sproule was inducted in his new office amid a burst of applause from members of both races and creeds.

It was clearly apparent that Sir Wilfrid Laurier utterly failed in his subtle and veiled attempt to introduce discord in the ranks of the government. It is possible that this is an intimation of the line of attack of Sir Wilfrid upon the government, and that he will endeavor to introduce suggestions of this kind and again win back the allegiance of Quebec. His next step will likely be by the introduction of an amendment to the speech from the throne, when it is expected he will make a motion on the navy question, by which it is intended if possible to rouse the opposition of the French-Canadian Conservatives. There is no doubt, however, but that it will be equally unsuccessful, as his attack on Dr. Sproule, as the Quebec members seem to have every confidence in the government, and exhibit far less anxiety than they did when Sir Wilfrid was Premier.

DRIFTWOOD

From the Ottawa Journal

LAMENT OF THE EX-PREMIER.

With the Usual Apologies to the Author of the "Lament of the Irish Emigrant,"
By Saxon North.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier Writes:

I'm sitting at the desk, Mulock
Where side by side we sat,
Before the days of 'ninety-six,
When our side went to bat.
The boys are here from far and near,
And there's jobs to fill, galore
But Borden's at the bat, Mulock
And we are there no more.

The House is rather changed, Mulock
Sir Freddy's left at home,
And Fielding's down at Halifax,
And Sydney's back in Brome;
And something hit Mackenzie King,
Our hope, our joy, our pride,
I've been through quite a lot, Mulock
Since you were by my side.

The Hoodoo's still at work, Mulock,
In the ones it wouldn't take,
For Oliver came back of course,
Lemieux, we couldn't shake.
And Pugsley's goose was almost cooked,
And I prayed with might and main;
But the hoodoo's still at work, Mulock
And Bill's on deck again.

I'm sitting at the desk, Mulock
Where I hoped I'd ne'er return
And I keep an eye on R. L. B.
Who has patronage to burn.
They say there's jobs and work for all
And the boys are pleased as punch,
For the wait was long and weary, Mulock,
And they've got a hungry bunch.

I'm rather lonely now, Mulock
For the friends I had galore,
For Tom, and Van, and Bill and Dan
They visit me, no more.
For the landslide lies between us, Mulock
And they've given me the mit,
And the cold, lean years are here, Mulock
When it's tough to be a Brit.

Ottawa, Nov. 15th, 1911.

THE PREMIER SPEAKS.

After--A Long Piece After--"The May Queen"

By Saxon North.

Mr. Borden Writes:

If you're waking, call me early, call me early,
Perley, do;
We're up against it now for keeps, we're in a
frightful stew.
I must be on the job Perley, they'll start to come
by seven
There's eighteen thousand applicants, and jobs
to fill, eleven.

There's the butcher, and the baker, and the men
who sell me food,
There's the iceman, and the sexton, and the man
who brings the wood.
There's the Swede who minds my furnace, and
the man who sells me hay.
They all want jobs upon the Hill, at seven bucks
a day.

There's the waiter, and the grocer, and the boy
who shines my boots.
There's the jeweller, and the plumber, and the
man who makes my suits.
There's my barber, and my druggist, and the chap
who brings the mail.
And nine and ninety other men acamping on my
trail.

I find them in the garden, and they hail me on
the street,
They're waiting in my office--and they've filled
the place complete.
They camp on my verandah--my appearance is
their cue--
And sometimes when I go to church, they trail me
to my pew.

If you're waking, call me early, call me early,
Perley, do
Tomorrow'll be the worst day yet of all that I've
gone through,
Of all that I've gone through, Perley, the saddest,
sorriest day.
Is there any wonder, Perley, that my locks are
turning gray?

Ottawa, Nov. 17th, 1911.

A Continental Sabbath

Prof. E. Odium, M.A., B.S.

Perhaps the simplest way to define the "Continental Sabbath" is to say it is an unkept, dishonored day. As one travels over Europe he finds many interesting things; and amongst them he discovers that the **Sabbath Day is lost**. Why this is a fact might be hard to explain, but it is a fact that the majority of Continental nations do not give very much consideration to this day, more than to other days of the week.

In the British Empire and the United States, the Sabbath Day is kept, by law at least, as a holy day.

There can be no gainsaying the statement that in Vancouver the men who keep open shop, and defy the law of the Lord in relation to one of the most important commandments, are the men from Europe in general. They are foreigners for the most part at that. And strangely enough they are chiefly from South Europe.

It is time these men had such a lesson that they will be apt to remember that they are in Canada, in a land that in the main delights to honor God's Day of Rest. Personally, I am greatly pleased that the Attorney-General has turned his attention to this matter in a concrete way. He has in the past few years made a name for himself along certain definite lines. One of these is this: What he decides to do, he undertakes to do well and to do fearlessly. This has stood him in good stead, and is bound to help him in the future.

Our citizens, the vast majority, desire a quiet Sabbath, and to mark their gratitude to the Almighty for His many blessings of a national and personal character. Besides, they owe it to their children, that the God of Heaven and the Father of man should be recognized in the concerns of life. Hence they desire and demand a holy and honored Sabbath.

This is exactly what the Lord's Day Alliance is aiming at, backed up by all the best elements of the community. Hence, as we see that the Attorney-General of British Columbia is placing the machinery within the reach of those who would use it to keep the Sabbath, so far as closed shops are concerned, we are delighted.

Let the law-breakers find that the Christian and God-honoring majority rule in this and other matters, and we will have a more upright nation, better homes, and a more delightful community in which to live and in which to raise our children.

However, it is a cause of concern to see men for the sake of money or fame, or both, joining hands with these Sabbath-breaking, rude Continentals to defy the authorities, and to condemn the laws of the land. Mild words are not strong enough to show how these men should be despised. By their aid the British law, which has been the pillar of national safety, is bedaubed and belittled so far as to lead these foreigners from Europe to imagine that our people are but the tools and followers of the cleverest and most unprincipled lawyers.

I would be glad to know which man is the more despicable, the man who breaks a law and commits a crime, or the man who shields him, doing so for money or fame, or both. The Continental who is enabled to break the Sabbath Day and defy the good sense of the citizens of Vancouver by the alone means of a clever lawyer's interference and aid, may for the moment gladly pay his legal abettor, but in his heart he must despise him as all honest, upright citizens undoubtedly do.

Let me put two kinds of men before the reader. One is a coarse, ignorant, uncultured man, and at times brutal. He commits a crime, or at least willfully breaks the laws of the land. The other is a college-trained, cultured, polished man. He is specially posted on the best writers of law and equity. He sees the other daily, and of set purpose, breaking the well-known laws, for the sake of gain. He sees that man brought before the court for punishment, and at once gives his best assistance to protect the law-breaker, and to enable him to continue to despise the laws of the country. Now, I ask a plain question: Which man is the more despicable? Both are at the same kind of work. One is the first transgressor, and the other comes along and protects him in his evil course.

Both are despising and belittling the laws, and both are doing it for the sake of gain. One does it for gain only, but the other aims at money and notoriety, or fame. **He would pose as a great criminal lawyer.**

I wonder how many noted criminal lawyers are legal criminals. The good sense of the community and the indignation of all who stand for righteousness in the nation should make it so hot for these accomplices that they will not readily rush to the help of every scoundrel who boldly defies all the best elements and laws of a people and nation.

We thank the Attorney-General for giving us a chance to shut up the shops of those who have no regard for that which is most sacred to our people. Our laws despised, what have we? Why only a parody of law, such as obtains in the States. Soon every man would be forced to carry a revolver, as judges, preachers and thieves do in America. Let us make these men shut up shop on the Sabbath, and thus far a gain is made towards a better and more righteous condition of all concerned.

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INLAND NAVIGATORS SEEK GOVERNMENT AID.

Water so Low in Canals this Season that Thousands of Dollars Have Been Lost—Minister of Public Works Promises Relief—St. Lawrence Route Must be Protected at all Costs—The Female Wage-Earner—Pennies are popular.

Montreal, Nov. 24.—The silent approach of winter has caught—to use a vulgar expression—the inland navigation companies by the short hair, and this through no fault of their own. The season has been a dry one and the water has been low, so low in fact that this autumn has seen the fleets entering the canals with greatly reduced cargoes and at unusually low speed. The result is that tons of freight which should have reached tidewater long ere this is still on the docks at the lake ports awaiting transportation. Now, it will either have to come by rail, a very expensive procedure, or lie up for the balmy spring of 1912. Thousands upon thousands of dollars have been lost as a result; and, unfortunately, the loss burns doubly in for it might have been prevented.

It is said that unfavorable winds and the dry summer are responsible for the low depth of water. This, to a certain extent, is true. There is another reason, however, in the various power developments which have sprung up along the river. These companies becoming greedier and greedier as the years go by, drain the waters from the St. Lawrence to turn their wheels and it has now become apparent that they are taking so much that the levels of the channels are becoming affected. And not content with what they already have, some of the promoters of these power schemes are asking the Government to be allowed to divert more.

The Old Government was almost reckless in giving away these concessions, but with the arrival of the Hon. F. D. Monk as head of the Public Works Department a change is about to take place. While in opposition to the detriment of navigation and now that he sits at the trigger himself it is evident that the old policy is about to be blown to smithereens much to the advantage of the Dominion. Navigation interests are paramount on the St. Lawrence, he says, and navigation interest will have top call, first, last, and all the time while he is at the helm.

THE FEMALE WAGE-EARNER

"Is it possible for a female wage-earner to save from her monthly wage an amount which in the aggregate will be sufficient to provide her with an income from the time her earning days are over?" was recently the subject of an interesting discussion at a Women's Club, and the conclusion came to was that if the wage-earner were earning less than \$500 a year this would be extremely difficult. For the purpose of illustration, the period of accumulation was assumed to be from 23 to 70, and the amount of capital required \$6,000, in order to yield an income of \$300 a year, which was considered to be the minimum amount on which she could maintain herself with comfort and respectability. All this may be quite true. But there is another plan of investment of which the ladies had evidently not heard, namely the Canadian Government Annuities system, which is not only absolutely safe, but which will give a much larger return for a much smaller investment, and larger it may be said than any other plan available will give as a means of making provision for old age.

For example, if a woman of 23 were to deposit with the Government yearly the sum of \$39.24 until she was 60, which she could do by weekly or monthly instalments if she preferred, or a total of \$1451.88 only, the Government would pay her \$300 a year or \$75 every three months so long as she might live from and after 60. If she died before attaining that age, the total payments made with three per cent. compound interest would be refunded to her heirs. If she died at 58 they would receive \$2,425.77, or \$1,052.37 more than she had paid in up to that time.

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Mark the enormous difference; on the one hand she would require at 60 a capital of \$6,000 invested at five per cent. to yield her an income of \$300, with all the accompanying anxiety of making safe investments, while on the other hand she could provide the same income for about one-fifth of the purchase money spread in easy payments over the accumulating period. In ninety-nine cases out of one hundred she would not, having regard to the recurring temptation to use the money, have the capital at 60 which

would be necessary to give the income. You have only to write (postage free) to the Superintendent of Canadian Government Annuities, Ottawa, to obtain full information in regard to this provident scheme.

PENNIES ARE POPULAR.

While the banks of this city regard the shipment of currency to western points as a regular feature of their business at this season of the year when the crops begin to move, there is one phase of this annual westward movement that is new and surprising to the bankers. This is the demand for pennies that has come from many western points where copper coin heretofore has been regarded with disfavor and has been practically unused. More than 10,000,000 pennies have been started on westward travels within the past few weeks, and it is said that the demand continues unabated. The generally accepted explanation of this development among the bankers here is that the rising cost of living is causing many families to scrutinize the outgo of small coins more carefully than formerly and that the extension of department stores with their odd figure prices has also contributed to the wider use of the small coins. Montreal is said to be the greatest user of pennies in the country and to require about 100,000,000 of these coins for ordinary uses. The number in circulation is greatest around the holiday season and low ebb is reached in midsummer when millions of pennies are stacked up in the banks and sub-treasuries.

THE WESTERN CALL.

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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.

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New Westminster Land District.
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TAKE NOTICE, that F. T. Piercy, of Vancouver, surveyor, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands: Commencing at the northwest corner of Lot 1410; thence east 27 chains to the west boundary of lot 2522 G. 1; thence north 40 chains; thence west 20 chains; thence north 40 chains; thence west 20 chains; thence north 40 chains more or less to the south boundary of Lot 2524 G. 1; thence west 30 chains, more or less, to the shore of Sechart Inlet; thence southeasterly along the shore line to point of commencement, containing 200 acres more or less. Located on the 12th day of October, 1911.

Dated 31st October, 1911.

F. T. PIERCY, COND.
W. J. PASCOE, Agent.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

TAKE NOTICE that Frederick Wills, Painter, 441 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.

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BRANCH STORE COLLINGWOOD EAST

THE Pillar of Light

By Louis Tracy

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The Falcon was now chartered by press-men, so the civilian on the official boat was evidently a person of consequence. Indeed, Brand imagined long before Pyne was able to verify the impression, that the newcomer was Mr. Cyrus J. Traill, whom he had failed to notice in the poor light of the previous evening.

He knew quite well that the experienced chief of the lighthouse service would appreciate fully the disabilities under which he labored, with eighty-one mouths to feed from a stock already far below the three months' maximum.

The first telegraphed question betrayed the prevalent anxiety.

"Hope all is well?"

What was he to say? Was it not best to speak boldly and let the men know the truth, not alone as to their present desperate plight but revealing the measures he had devised for the protection of the light? He could not make up his mind to launch out into a full explanation that instant.

So he signalled:

"Everyone alive, but many cases of grave collapse."

Stanhope was again the signaler—evidently he had arranged matters with the Admiral at Portsmouth—as Brand expected the prompt reply:

"How are Constance and Enid?"

"Quite well and cheerful."

The tall man near Stanhope bent closer.

"Are Mrs. Vansittart and Pyne all right?"

Brand assumed that the lady was in no worse condition than others. Constance, telling him the state of the sick during a hasty visit, had not mentioned her name.

So he sent the needed assurance, and went on forlornly:

"Suppose no effort can be made to open communication?"

To his great surprise the answer came:

"We are constructing a raft. When the tide falls this afternoon we will try how can be done."

Ah, how glad he was that he had not obeyed his earlier impulse, and horrified the anxious rescuers by a prophecy of lingering death for many, with the prelude, perchance, of murderous excesses committed by men on the verge of madness. If that story had to be told he would not flinch, but it was a grateful thing that the hour of its telling might at least be deferred.

A long message followed, a string of moving words from relatives ashore to those known to be imprisoned on the rock. During the merely perfunctory reading off of the signals his active mind was canvassing the probabilities of success or failure for the venture of the afternoon. It was high-water about three o'clock, and in his judgment, with the wind in its present quarter, about northwest by west, the cross seas which would sweep the reef and engulf the lighthouse at half-tide could render it wildly impossible for any raft ever built by man's hands to stay in the immediate vicinity of the rock.

However, the issue lay with others now. He knew that they would do all that brave men would dare. He was tempted to make known the inspiring news to all hands, but refrained, because he feared ultimate failure. Death his feet was a human volcano, stirred too deeply, it might become active and dangerous.

So the apathetic multitude in his charge, hungrily awaiting a scanty morsel of food which only provoked that it failed to gratify, must rest content with the long statement written out by the purser and read by him at the door of each room.

Pyne took to Mrs. Vansittart the news of his uncle's presence on the steamer.

"If you would like to see him," he said, "I have no doubt Mr. Brand will let you stand on the gallery for a little while."

She declined, excusing herself on the ground of weakness.

"In this high wind," she said, "it will be very cold out there, and any further exposure would make me very ill."

"That's true enough," he agreed, though he wondered why she raised the question concerning the message she wished him to convey to Mr. Traill.

Had she forgotten the urgency of her words over night? He had carried her instructions quite faithfully, so Brand and the latter smiled at the fantasy.

"Time enough to think of such things when we are assured of the day's departure," he said, and they left it at that.

Thinking to interest her, Pyne told her of the crowd on the Falcon.

"Mostly reporters, Brand thinks," he said. "What a story they will build up in the New York papers. It will be more fun than a box of monkeys to sit hold of this week's news and read all the flapping they are printing."

But Mrs. Vansittart was not to be amused by her melancholy. She read the least physical suffering, privation was a new thing in her life, so-day she was inert, timid, a woman who cowered away from the door and was obviously anxious that he should save her to the quiet misery of the sicked bedroom.

As the day passed, a wearisome iteration of all that had gone before, new features in the relations of the crowded community made itself disagreeably apparent. Men drew apart from each other, singly, or in small groups. An insupportable gloom settled on the women. By some means, knowledge spread that they might all starve to death in the heart of this cold dungeon. They began to

oathe it, to upbraid its steadfastness with spoken curses or unrestrained tears. The sanctuary of one day was becoming the tomb of the next. No longer was there competition to look at land or sea from the open windows. Everywhere was settling down a pall of blank, horrible silence and suspension.

Even Constance yielded to the common terror once when the men of the watch escorted the bearer of a tray-load of provisions to the occupants of the coal-cellar.

"Enid," she whispered, "did you see the light in their eyes? What is it? Does hunger look that way?"

"It must be so, yet it is almost unbelievable. They are far removed from real starvation."

"One would think so. But it is so hard to realize things beforehand. And they have nothing to do. They are brooding all the time. We are slaves of our imagination. Many a sick person is allowed to eat far less than these men have been given, and the deprivation is not felt at all."

"What will become of us, Constance, if we are detained here for many days?"

"Dear one, do not ask me. We must not think of such things."

"But did I see thinking of them. I watched his face when I took him a scrap of food just now, and—"

"Hush, dear. Let us pray—and hope."

There was a clatter of feet down the iron stairs. The men of the watch were hustling to unbar the iron door. A solidly built, circular raft had been lowered from the Trinity tender.

An assistant-keeper, wearing a cork jacket, with a rope about his waist, was clinging to a stumpy mast in the centre. Two stout guide-ropes were manipulated from the deck of the vessel, and the flat, unwieldy mass of timber was slowly drifting nearer the lighthouse with the tide.

The door of the column opened towards the east, so the wind, with its pelting sheets of spray, was almost in the opposite quarter, and the stout granite shaft itself afforded some degree of protection for the entrance.

The scheme signalled from the steamer was a good one. None but a lunatic would endeavor to approach the rock itself, but there was a chance that the raft might be made to drift near enough to the door to permit a grapple to be thrown across the rope held by the gallant volunteer on the raft.

It was his duty to attach the two ropes and thus render it possible for a stronger line to be drawn from the vessel to the pillar. There was no other way. The lighthouse did not possess a rope of sufficient length to be drawn back by the raft without the intervention of some human agency.

This was precisely the puny, half-despairing dodge that the reef loved to play with. Cat-like, it permitted the queer flat-bottomed craft to approach almost within hail. Then it shot forth a claw of furious surer, the heavy raft was picked up as if it were a floating feather, turned clean over, and flung many fathoms out to sea, whilst both of its guiding cables were snapped with contemptuous ease.

The assistant-keeper, kept aloft by his jacket, was hauled, half-drowned, back through the choking froth, whilst the wave which overwhelmed the raft ended up a spiteful tongue and almost succeeded in dragging out several of the men stationed in the doorway.

With a clang the iron shutter was rushed into its place, and when the sailor was rescued the Trinity boat steamed away to try and secure the raft.

So joyous hope gave way once more to dark foreboding, and the only comfort was the faint one to be extracted from the parting signal:

"Will try again next tide."

CHAPTER XIII. BEFORE THE DAWN

Discipline, slackened its bonds that night. For one thing Mr. Emmett fell ill. Although injured to hardship in the elemental, strife, being of the stocky mariner race which holds the gruff Atlantic in no dread, he had never before been called on to eat sodden bread, to drink condensed steam flavored with varnish, and to chew sustenance from the rind of raw bacon. These drawbacks, added to the lack of exercise and the constant wearing of clothes not yet dry, placed him on the sick list.

Again, there were ominous whispers of unfair division in the matter of food. It was not within the realm of accomplishment that the pursuer, Constance, Enid, and others who helped to apportion the eatables could treat all alike. Some fared better than others in quality if not in quantity. The unfortunate ones growled and talked of favoritism.

A crisis was reached when the second officer mustered the night watch.

When one sheep leads the others will follow. A stout German from Chicago asked bluntly:

"Vere de goot of blayin' at mound-in' gart? Dere is but von ting to gart, und dat is der kidchen."

Community of interest caused many to huddle closer to him. Here was one who dared to say what they all thought. Their feet shuffled in support. The officer, faithful to his trust, was tempted to call the man, but he thought the circumstances warranted more gentle methods.

"Why are you dissatisfied?" he sternly demanded. "What do you suspect? Are you fool enough to imagine that you are being cheated by people who are dividing their last crust with you?"

"How do you know dat? Dose girls—dey are chokin' mit Mr. Pyne all der day. Dey can't do dat und be hungry, like us."

"You unmitigated ass!" said the disgusted officer. "There is food here for three people. They have fed eighty-one of us for two days and will keep us going several more days. Can't you figure it out? Isn't it a miracle? Here! Who's for gurd and who not? Let us quit fooling!"

And the doubters were silenced for the hour.

The hymn-singer endeavored to raise a chorus. He was not greeted with enthusiasm, but a few valiant spirits came to his assistance. A couple of hymns were feebly rendered—and again silence.

"It must have been something like that. I was only six years old at the time. My uncle lost his wife and child, too, when the Esmeralda went down. It nearly killed him. I never thought he would marry again, but I suppose he's tired of being alone."

"Probably. By the way, now that you mention it, Mrs. Vansittart wished to see me yesterday. I could not spare a moment so I sent her a civil message. She told Constance that she thought she knew me."

"Hardly likely," smiled Pyne, "if you have passed nearly the whole of your life in lighthouses."

"I did not quite mean to convey that impression. I knew a man of her late husband's name, many years ago."

"She is a nice woman in some ways," said Pyne reflectively. "Not quite my sort, perhaps, but a lady all the time. She is not an American. Came to the States about '90, I think, and lost her hubby on a ranch in California. Anyhow, the old man is dead stuck on her, and they ought to hit it off well together. The Vansittart you knew didn't happen to marry a relative of yours?"

"No. He was a mere acquaintance."

"Odd thing," ruminated Pyne. "It has just occurred to me that she resembles your daughter—your elder daughter—not so much in face as in style. Same sort of graceful figure, only a trifle smaller."

"Such coincidences often happen in the human family. For instance, you are not wholly unlike Enid."

"Holy gee!" said Pyne, "I'm too run down to stand flattery."

"Likeness is often a matter of environment. Characteristics of manners, the subtle distinctions of class and social rank, soak in through the skin quite as sensibly as they are conferred by heredity. Take the ploughman's son and rear him in a royal palace, turn the infant prince into a peasant, and who shall say, when they reach man's estate, 'This is the true King.' You will remember it was said of the Emperor Augustus: 'Urbem lateritiam invenit, marmoream reliquit.' He found the city brick, he left it marble. The same noble result may be obtained in every healthy child properly educated."

The college-bred youth had not entered into any general conversation with Brand before. He had the tact now to conceal his astonishment at the manner of his friend's speech.

"You fling heredity to the winds, then?" he asked.

Brand rose to his feet, as was his way when deeply moved.

"Thank God, yes!" he cried.

A faint hoot came to them through the chortling of the wind.

"One of our visitors," shouted Brand, "and here we are gossiping as though snugly seated in arm-chairs at the fireside."

He hurried to the gallery, putting on an oil-skin coat.

"We must win through, and I guess I'll play ball with my father-in-law," quoth Pyne to himself as he followed.

This time it was the Falcon alone, and she signalled with a lamp that it was deemed best to defer active operations until the following afternoon. The tide at dawn would not suit.

She went off, and the two men returned to the grateful shelter of the service-room.

Brand forbade further talk. Pyne must rest now and relieve him at three o'clock. The youngster needed no feather-bed: he was asleep in amazingly quick time. There is a suppleless hunger which keeps people awake at night with a full larider in the house. The crude article differs from the cultured one so greatly that the man who hungers of necessity cannot sleep too much.

Thus far, the inhabitants of the lighthouse had been given quite enough nutriment to maintain life. There was no reason why any, even the most delicate, should be in real danger during the next forty-eight hours. But scientific reasoning and the animal instincts of mankind clash at times; in that lay the danger whose sullen shadow was deepening the lines in the corners of Brand's eyes.

Every hour, the officer on duty and some men of the watch visited him to report that all was well below. Some of the less drunken mutineers were pitifully sick now; the others were maudlin. Beyond the few words exchanged on this and kindred topics, he was left alone with his thoughts throughout the silent watch. Pyne slept heavily. Glancing at times at the youngster's stalwart figure and firm, handsome face, Brand found himself reviewing the buried years. He thought of the days when he, too, looked forth on the world with the stern enthusiasm of triumphant youth.

Long-forgotten ghosts were resurrected, shattered ideals built up again. He wondered, if the decades rolled back, would he decide, a second time, to abandon the fine career which lay at his feet and withdraw his grief and his talents to the seclusion of lonely rocks and silent headlands!

He had been happy, as men count happiness, during the decades. No cloud had arisen to mar the complete content of his life. The blossoming of the girls into delightful womanhood was an increasing joy to him, and it was passing strange that his little household should be plunged into a whirlpool of events in the very hour when their domesticity seemed to be the most assured. The changeful moods of the elements found no counterpart in his nature. He, knowing the sea, did not expect it to remain fixed in one aspect. Whether in storm or calm the contrary would surely happen ere many days had passed. But life was a different thing. How came it that at the very close of so many years of association with the fickle ocean she should play such a trick on him and his daughters, endow them with perils, snatch them from the quiet pleasures of the life they had planned for the future and thrust upon them, even if they escaped with their lives, a publicity which he at any rate, abhorred and even dreaded.

He harbored no delusions on this point. He knew that the drama of the Gulf Rock was now filling the columns of newspapers all over the world. He and his beloved girls would be written about, discussed, described in fulsome language, pictured by black and white artists, and eulogized by wide-awake editors eager to make much of a topic dear to the public mind.

"Say when," observed Pyne calmly when he entered the service-room to find Brand trimming the spare lamp.

"Not to-night," said Brand.

"Why not? Hell may break loose at any moment downstairs."

"What has occurred? I heard something of a dispute when the watch mustered at eight o'clock."

"Things are worse now. One of the men found a gallon of methylated spirit in the work-shop."

"Good Heavens! Did he drink any of it?"

"He and his mates have emptied the tin. Eight are helplessly drunk—the others quarrelsome. The next thing will be a combined rush for the store-room."

"But why did not the second officer tell me?"

"He thought you had troubles enough. If he could depend on the remainder of the crowd he would rope the sinners. Says he knows a slave knot that will make 'em tired."

Brand's eyes glistened.

"The fools," he said, "and just as the weather is mending, too."

"You don't mean that?"

"Listen."

He glanced up at the glass dome. Heavy drops were pattering on it; they looked like spray, but Pyne shouted gleefully:

"Is it rain?"

"Yes. I was just going to summon the watch to help in filling every vessel. By spreading canvas sheets we can gather a large supply if it rains hard. Moreover, it will beat the sea down. Man alive, this may mean salvation. Tie those weaklings and summon ever sober man to help."

With a whoop, Pyne vanished. He met Constance on the stairs, coming to see her father before she stretched her weary limbs on the hard floor of the kitchen.

She never knew exactly what took place. It might have been politeness, but it felt uncommonly like a squeeze, and Pyne's face was extraordinarily close to hers as he cried:

"It's raining. No more canvas whiskey. Get a hustle on with every empty vessel."

He need not have been in such a hurry, however.

When the shower came it did not last very long, and there were many difficulties in the way of garnering the thrice blessed water. In the first place, the lighthouse was expressly designed to shoot off all such external supplies; in the second, the total quantity obtained did not amount to more than half a gallon.

But it did a great deal of good in other ways. It brightened many faces, it caused the drunks to be securely trussed like plucked fowls and dumped along the walls of the entrance passage, and it gave Brand some degree of hope that the rescue operations of the next day might be more successful.

When the rain cleared off, the moon flickered in a cloudy sky. This was a further omen of better fortune. Perhaps the jingling rhyme of Admiral Fitzroy's barometer was about to be justified:

"Long foretold,
Long last;
Short notice
Soon past."

And the hurricane had given but slight warning of its advent.

"I feel it in my bones that we shall all be as frisky as lambs to-morrow," said Pyne, when he joined Brand after the scurry caused by the rain had passed.

"We must not be too sanguine. There is a chance, now. I won't deny that, but the sea is treacherous."

"This reef lacks creation. At Bar Harbor, in Maine, where a mighty big sea can kick up in a very few hours, I have seen it go down again like magic under a change of wind."

"That is quite reasonable. Any ordinary commotion has room to spread itself in the tide-way. Here the tide is broken up into ocean rivers, streams with boundaries as definite as the Thames. The main body sweeps up into the bottle-neck of the Channel. Another tributary comes round the north of the Scilly Isles and runs into the tidal stream again exactly at this point. The result often is that whilst little pleasure boats can safely run out into the Bay from Penzance there is a race over the rock that would break up a stranded battleship."

"Say, do you like this kind of life?"

"I have given my best years to it. Pyne was smoking a pipe, one which Brand lent him. The tobacco was a capital substitute for food, especially as he had established a private understanding with Elsie and Mamie that they were to waylay him when possible and nibble a piece of biscuit he carried in his pocket.

This arrangement was to be kept a strict secret from all especially from Miss Constance and Miss Enid, whilst the little ones themselves did not know that the she-dragons whom Pyne feared so greatly gave them surreptitious doses from the last tin of condensed milk, retained for their exclusive benefit.

"Do you mind me saying that you are a good bit of an enigma?" he hazarded, between puffs.

"It may be so, but I like the service."

"Just so. I was never so happy as when I took a trip as fourth engineer on a tramp in the Gulf of Florida. But that didn't signify being tied to a long-nosed oller for the remainder of my days."

"Are you a marine engineer?" inquired Brand, with some show of interest.

"I hold a certificate, just for fun. I had a mechanical twist in me and gave it play. But I am an idler by profession."

The lighthouse-keeper laughed, so naturally that the younger man was gratified. Polite disbelief may be a compliment.

"An idler, eh? You do not strike me as properly classed."

"It's the fact, nevertheless. My grandfather was pleased to invest a few dollars in real estate on the sheep farm where Manhattan Avenue now stands. My uncle has half; my mother had the other half."

"Are both of your parents dead?"

"Yes, years ago. Lost at sea, too, on my father's yacht."

"What a terrible thing!"

On the rock they were undoubtedly in grave danger. Death confronted them—death at once extraordinary and ghastly. No tyrant of the Middle Ages, with all its paraphernalia for wringing truth or lies out of cringing wretches, had devised such a fate as threatened if the inconstant sea should choose to render the reef altogether unapproachable for many days. Yet, if help came, he and those dear to him were already steeped in unavoidable notoriety, bringing in its train certain vague disabilities which he had striven to avoid for over twenty years.

And all this because one fierce gale, out of the many he had endured, sprang into being at a moment when his mates were incapacitated and his daughter's happened to pay him a surprise visit.

"It is an insane freak of fortune," he muttered, "so incomprehensible, so utterly out of focus with common events, that if I were a superstitious man, I should regard it as betokening the approach of some great epoch in my life. Surely a merciful Providence would not bring my girls here to subject them to the lingering torture of hunger and thirst. I must not think of it further. That way lies madness."

There was at least one other troubled soul on the rock which divined some sinister portent in the storm. Mrs. Vansittart, even at this moment, was staring into the black void with questioning eyes.

He resolutely threw back his head as if he would hurl into outer darkness the gibbering phantom which whispered these words of foreboding. Although the lamp needed no attention just then, he climbed to the trimming stage merely to find relief in mechanical action. He carefully examined the adjustment, and, to judge how the weather was shaping, went out into the gallery to look at the distant lights.

The three quick flashes of the Seven Stones Lightship were very clear. That was a good sign. The wind came from that quarter and, blustering though it was, driving gigantic waves before it into the loud embrace of the reef, it maintained the good promise of the last few hours.

Seeking the comparative shelter of the east side, he gazed steadily at the Lizard. Its two fixed electric beams, nearly in line with the Gulf Rock, were dull and watery. A local squall of rain was sweeping down from the land. Changeable, threatening, unsettled—the meteorologists might apply any of these terms to the prevalent conditions.

Far out in the Channel he saw the twinkling mast-head lights of several steamers. Blow high or low, mails must travel and vessels put to sea. On such a night, at other times, he would re-enter the lighthouse with a cheery sense of its comfort and homelike aspect. Now he dreaded the brilliant interior of the service-room. Its garish aspect, ill accorded with the patient misery, the useless repining, the ineffectual stupor which crouched beneath it. If he and those committed to his charge were to be saved, either the sea must be stilled, or another miracle of the loaves and fishes enacted.

There, alone on the gallery, amidst the din of howling wind and ceaseless plaint of the waves, he seemed to be apart, cut off from the sufferings within. He lifted his eyes to the sombre arch of the heavens. Men said the age of miracles had passed. Pray God it might not be so!

When Brand went out, the sudden rush of cold air through the little door leading to the balcony aroused Pyne.

That young gentleman was rudely awakened from a seriously vivid dream. He fancied that Constance and he were clinging to the tail of an enormous kite, which had been made to hover over the rock by a green imp seated in an absurdly small boat.

They were solemnly advised by other gnomes, imps with sparkling, toad-like eyes, to entrust themselves to this precarious means of escape, but the instant they dropped off the ledge of the gallery their weight caused the kite to swoop downwards. The resultant plunge into the ocean, and Constance's farewell shriek were nothing more terrifying than the chill blast and whistle of the air current admitted by Brand. But Pyne did not want to go to sleep again. He did not like emerald-hued spirits which arranged such unpleasant escapades.

He straightened his stiff limbs and sat up.

He was about to feel in a pocket for his pipe—he experienced the worst pangs of hunger after waking in such fashion—when he saw a woman's head and shoulders emerging out of the stairway.

At first he thought it was Constance, and he wondered why she had muffled her face in the deep collar of a cloak, but the visitor paused irresolutely when her waist was on a level with the floor.

She uttered a little gasp of surprise. "You, Charlie?" she cried. "I thought you slept in the kitchen?"

"No, Mrs. Vansittart," he said. "I am assistant-keeper and I am here most all the time with Mr. Brand. But what in the name of goodness—"

"I was restless," explained the lady hurriedly. "If I remained another minute among those women I should have screamed aloud. How peaceful you are here. Where is Mr. Brand?"

"Guess he's gone outside to squint at the weather. But come right in. I can offer you a chair. Mr. Brand wants to see you, and this is a quiet time for a chat."

"How does he know me? What did he say?"

Mrs. Vansittart pressed her left hand to her breast. "With the other she kept the high collar over her mouth and cheeks. Pyne could only see her eyes, and the alarmed light that leaped into them increased his astonishment at her unexpected presence."

"It seems to me," he answered, "that if you just walk up four more steps and sit down you can ask him all those things yourself."

"Where you speaking of me to him?"

"I did happen to mention you."

"And he said he knew me?"

"No, ma'am. He said nothing of the sort. But, for mercy's sake, what mystery is there about it?"

"Mystery! None whatever. I was mistaken. I have never met him. I came now to explain that to him."

She dived suddenly as the gallery door opened. Brand caught a fleeting glimpse of her vanishing form.

"Who was that?" he asked.

Pyne had found his pipe and was filling it with tobacco.

"Mrs. Vansittart," he answered.

"Paying her long-deferred visit, I suppose. She chose a curious hour."

"So I thought. But she just popped her head in to tell you that she didn't know you at all."

Brand smiled.

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The Kerriadale Methodist Church will be opened next Sunday, November 26. Rev. E. Manuel, of Eburne, Chairman of the District, will preach and dedicate the Church; assisted by the pastor, Rev. R. Hughes. In the evening the president of the conference, Rev. A. E. Roberts, will preach. A strong union choir will furnish the music.

**Local and
Otherwise**

Do your Christmas shopping early and have consideration for the clerks.

The Xmas Bazaar, November 28th, under the auspices of Icthus Mission Circle, at Mt. Pleasant Methodist Church, will be particularly interesting, both to old and young. Do not miss it.

Next Monday, November 27th, a "Picture Travel Talk" will be delivered by John P. Clum in Mt. Pleasant Methodist Church, under the auspices of the Epworth League. Many of the scenes will be exhibited by moving pictures.

Among the industries of Mt. Pleasant is the boot and shoe repairing shop of Mr. Thos. Farrington, successor of Mr. Price.

Shoes are repaired here in a scientific manner by an experienced workman, and satisfaction is guaranteed.

The place of business is a well-known shop on Broadway between Main Street and Westminster Road.

A lecture on "The Land of Scott and Burns" will be delivered in Mt. Pleasant Presbyterian Church on Wednesday, November 29th, at 8:00 p. m., by Rev. J. W. Woodside, minister of the above church. This will be a real Scotch night, with Scotch songs, bagpipes, kilts, etc. Proceeds for the church.

On Tuesday, November 14th, the fortnightly church social was held at St. Mary's vicarage, and was packed with members of the congregation, still, in spite of the difficulty of moving about, everyone enjoyed themselves thoroughly. Now that the Parish Hall will so soon be available for meetings and entertainments these house-to-house socials will be held monthly, instead of fortnightly. The next meeting will be on Tuesday, December 12th, at Mrs. Messenger's house on 49th Avenue (Miles Road).

We wish to call special attention to the visit of the Rt. Rev. A. U. De Pencier, bishop of this diocese, of New Westminster, to this parish of St. Mary, South Hill, next Wednesday, November 29th, when he will administer the sacred rite of confirmation at

St. Mary's temporary church on 52nd Avenue, at 5 o'clock.

The same evening, at 8 o'clock, his lordship will open the new Parish Hall, a fine building, with a seating capacity of 250, and a splendid platform, extending the full width of the hall. After the opening a special sacred concert will be given. Admission to the hall will be 25 cents, with a few reserved seats at 50 cents.

**ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCH, GRAND-
VIEW SPECIAL SERVICES.**

Special services of prayer and intercession will be held in St. Saviour's church, Grandview, commencing on Dec. 3rd, the first Sunday in Advent, and continuing until Friday night. There will be a daily celebration of the Holy Communion and evening services at 8 p.m. on every day except Wednesday. The purpose of these services is to deepen the spiritual life of the community and to pray that all may be moved to give as God has prospered them towards the extension of the church, which is so urgently needed. The rector of St. Saviour's, who is well known as an original and forceful preacher, is also a great advocate of direct and Scriptural giving. These special services are to be regarded as a somewhat novel way of what is popularly known as "raising money for the church." Novel in these days, but well known in the times of the Apostles, who did not depend upon bazaars and socials to carry on the work of Christ's church.

All earnest Christians are cordially invited to attend these services.

No collection will be taken, but an opportunity will be given to everyone to contribute in proportion as God has prospered him.

L. O. L.

The regular fortnightly meeting of L. O. L. 1842 was held in K. of P. hall, Mount Pleasant, on Nov. 15. A great deal of business was put through. A committee had been formed to arrange for social entertainments through the winter; one new member was initiated, and two applications received. The next regular meeting will be the election of officers. It is hoped every member will be present. A cordial invitation is extended to all visiting brethren to be present at this annual meeting.

Vancouver, Nov. 25, 1911.

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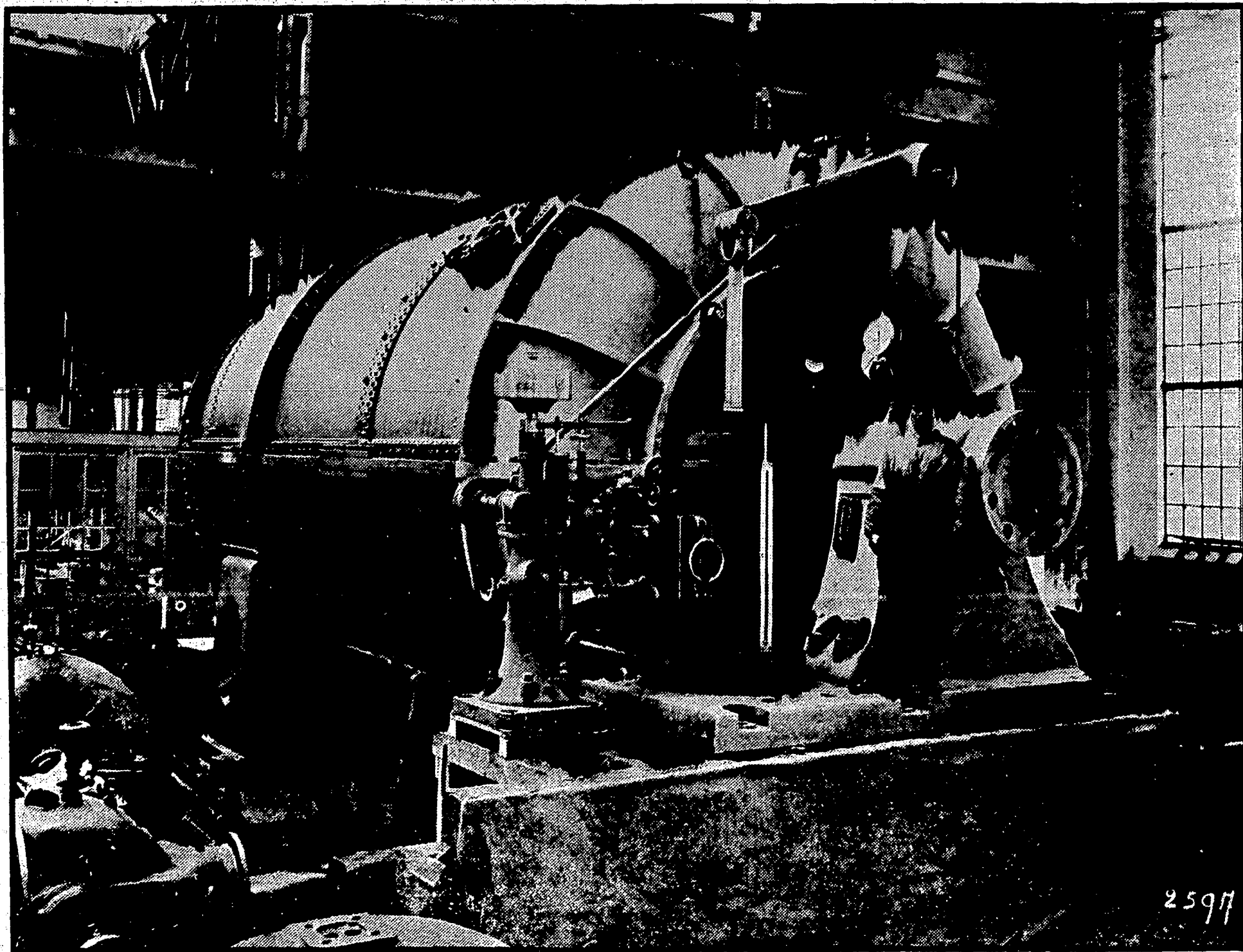
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valuable papers for their clients, and the concern is capitalized at \$150,000. The head office is at 225 Hastings St., East, Vancouver, B.C. The following are the directors: J. M. McPherson, President and General Manager; S. A. Heaslip, First Vice-President; C. W. Murray, Second Vice-President; W. J. Heaslip, Treasurer; W. A. Freeze, Secretary; W. Scott, Director; W. H. Alcock, Director. Their phone at Collingwood East is "Collingwood 35," and in Vancouver is "Seymour 6097."

WILLIAM H. KENT & SON, Real Estate agents, located at Collingwood East on Joyce Street North, have a large list of cheap lots, selling at from \$325.00 and up, on easy term payments, namely \$50.00 cash and \$10.00 per month. Besides handling Collingwood properties of all

gentlemen to meet. They are bureaus of information on opportunities hereabouts and we take pleasure in recording these statistics concerning them.

JAMES D. FRASER & CO. conduct Collingwood East's leading grocery, flour, hay and feed establishment. The company is successor to the well known firm of McGregor & Fraser, Mr. Fraser having bought out the interests of Mr. McGregor eight months ago. The firm deals in everything good to eat and the store is well stocked and enjoys a splendid trade. For eighteen years Mr. Fraser has followed the grocery business. He has operated in the wholesale as well as in the retail department, and is thoroughly acquainted with both branches of the business. He, therefore, knows how to buy so that he can sell



kinds. The firm also operates a branch office on River Road near Bridge street. Here they have over 400 choice lots at \$500 and up, per lot. Wm. H. Kent & Son have operated in Collingwood two years and always have a fine list of houses, lots and acreage to select from. Few sections of "Greater Vancouver" are forging to the front like the district of which Collingwood East is the "hub." It has practically all metropolitan advantages and still the real estate values have not yet started to soar in airships, as in many other parts. The business men are substantial and progressive, with their full share of public spirit and enterprise, and none more so than the above mentioned firm. Wm. H. Kent & Son will be pleased to show prospective buyers their bargains and talk it over with them. For an appointment, their phone is Collingwood 18, and their P. O. Box 22 Collingwood East, B. C. The above cut shows their office on Joyce street. Personally Wm. H. Kent & Son are genial and highly intelligent

right, for goods right bought are half sold. Personally, you would travel some to find a more genial and pleasant gentleman to meet. He is moreover, public spirited, and believes in "printer's ink" and in dignified journalism, aiming to advance the city of which he forms a part and therefore merits distinction as we pass in review.

THE COLLINGWOOD DRY GOODS STORE is headquarters for ladies', gents' and children's furnishings and dry goods. The management desires to announce that she will sell out cheap to a cash customer, who can take over the business, before Christmas. Here may just be the very opportunity you are looking for. Call at the above address, 295 Joyce Street, Collingwood East.

MISS M. J. THOMPSON, one of the popular young belles of the town, conducts the Collingwood East Millinery Emporium. Miss Thompson has been established here since March and has had six years' experience in the business. She knows how to please the elite ladies of Collingwood.

THE NIOBE DISASTER.

The court martial at Halifax has already found one victim for the disaster to the Niobe off Cape Sable last July, in the person of Lord Allisten Graham, who was officer of the watch up to a quarter of an hour before the ship stranded on the rocks. From a naval viewpoint, from the technical viewpoint of marine navigation, the decision may be correct. The British admiralty board is rather strict and severe in such cases, as may be imagined. But the average Canadian cannot help feeling that the whole affair has been one for which the country should be heartily ashamed. Lord Graham is virtually made a scapegoat for an amateur naval department's rank blunders and a resume of the facts will show that the officials of the Niobe were practically ordered to go to dangerous localities whenever the presence of the ship as an attraction to the local celebrations being held at the time was deemed necessary.

The Niobe, a training ship, was sent to the Yarmouth, N.S., old home week celebration on the order of Hon. L. P. Brodeur, who acted on the request of Mr. B. B. Law, M.P. But before Mr. Brodeur fulfilled his promise he had left for the Imperial Conference and the celebration approaching Mr. Law wrote to Commander C. D. Roper and Mr. J. P. Ling of the naval department at Ottawa on the matter. Both these officials refused to send the Niobe to Yarmouth as a civic attraction. In this the officials were justified, as it meant the disarrangement of the whole schedule of training exercises on board the vessel. But Mr. Law persisted and

again requested that the ship be sent. Once more the department refused. And once again Mr. Law came back by letter requesting that the department cable Mr. Brodeur in London and remind him of his promise. Quite rightly the department refused to do anything like that.

Mr. Law, whose prestige as a political advertiser was evidently in danger among his townfolk, thereupon fell back upon the hope of the Maritime Provinces when something was wanted—Hon. Mr. Fielding. Mr. Fielding was in London, but he cabled the naval department at Ottawa asking that Mr. Law's request be granted. Just why the minister of finance was allowed to dabble in the administration of naval affairs is not quite clear, but Mr. Fielding took the chance without any hesitation. Mr. Law, encouraged by this acquiescence, got after Mr. Brodeur again on the latter's return to Canada on July 11 and extracted his signed promise that the Niobe would positively be at Yarmouth.

In the meantime, however, it is interesting to learn that Commander Roper only July 14, the day previous to the receipt by Mr. Law of Mr. Brodeur's definite promise, had written a memorandum strongly protesting against the proposal. The commander made the significant remark that he considered that the opinion of the technical officers should be obtained before any promise was made as to the vessels of the department visiting any particular port, at given date. Admiral Kingsmill, on forwarding this memorandum, commented upon it favorably and endorsed it objection to the proposal. The admiral added that

it would be impossible to carry out the training objects of the vessel if the visiting of the ship to ports where celebrations were being held was to become a recognized custom.

Notwithstanding the objections of the qualified officials of the department, Mr. Brodeur confirmed his promise to Mr. Law and on July 24 the Niobe reached Yarmouth. The men were landed to participate in the parade, some 4,000 visitors inspected the ship, and a grand ball took place and other entertainments were given with the vessel as a center of social activity. On July 29 the disaster occurred when a gale sprung up in the harbor. Of the good seamanship and devotion of the officers on this occasion much has been written and deservedly so.

In view of all the facts the present court martial seems to be shaped in the wrong direction. It is quite true that the admiralty must enforce its Spartan regulations, but it is unfortunate that Canada is to receive advertising of this sort. The fact that the naval department was used as an advertising adjunct to please political friends of the recent administration, and that such action cost the country nearly a quarter of a million dollars in money and an incalculable amount in prestige, is enough to make the man in the street feel hot under the collar.—"Journal," Ottawa.

In the word Shakespeare there are four vowels and six consonants. That makes the number 46. If you turn to the 46th Psalm in the Bible you will find that the 46th word in it is Shaka, and the 46th word from the end of it is spear.

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- 2—Granville and Beach.
- 3—P. R. Yards.
- 5—Granville and Davie.
- 6—Granville and Robson.
- 7—Seymour and Dunsmuir.
- 8—North end old Cambie St. Bridge
- 9—Georgia and Caribie.
- 10—Hamilton and Robson.
- 12—Granville and Dunsmuir.
- 13—Richards and Dunsmuir.
- 14—Seymour and Pender.
- 15—Homer and Pender.
- 16—Hastings and Granville.
- 17—Hastings and Richards.
- 18—Seymour and Cordova.
- 20—Cordova and Georgia and Granville
- 21—Cordova and Water.
- 22—W. H. Malkin's, Water Street.
- 23—Water and Abbott.
- 24—Hastings and Abbott.
- 25—Cordova and Cambie.
- 26—Water and Carrall.
- 27—Cordova and Columbia.
- 28—Pender and Columbia.
- 29—Pender and Beattie.
- 30—Hastings and Hamilton.
- 31—Hastings and Carrall.
- 32—R. C. Mills, south end Carrall.
- 33—Hudson's Bay Co., Water Street.
- 34—City Hall.
- 35—Main and Barnard.
- 36—Main and Powell.
- 37—Main and Keefer.
- 38—C. P. R. Wharf (No. 5 Shed).
- 39—Smythe and Abbott.
- 43—Smythe and Homer.
- 44—Brackman-Ker Wharf.
- 46—Homer and Helmcken.
- 48—Dunsmuir and Hornby.
- 53—Granville and Nelson.
- 54—Robson and Hornby.
- 61—Davie and Hornby.
- 62—Nelson and Hornby.
- 63—Georgia and Howe.
- 64—Pender and Howe.
- 65—Hastings and Hornby.
- 67—Main and Park Lane.
- 68—Dunsmuir and Beattie.
- 71—Columbia and Alexander.
- 72—Seymour and Drake.
- 73—Seymour and Smythe.
- 121—Heap's Mill, Powell Street.
- 122—Hastings Mill No. 2.
- 123—Hastings Mill No. 1.
- 124—Burns' Abattoir.
- 125—Powell and Woodland.
- 126—Hastings Mill, foot Dunleavy.
- 127—Pender and Victoria Drive.
- 128—Oxford and Templeton.
- 129—Pender and Jackson.
- 131—Powell and Carl.
- 132—Hastings and Carl.
- 133—Vernon and Powell.
- 134—Pender and Beattie.
- 135—Powell and Hawks.
- 136—Hastings and Dunlevy.
- 137—Salsbury and Powell.
- 141—Powell and Raymur, Sugar Refinery.
- 142—Hastings and Vernon.
- 143—Hastings and Lakewood.
- 144—Powell and Ontario.
- 145—Eighth and Bridge.
- 146—Sixth and Heather.
- 147—Lansdowne and Manitoba.
- 148—Prudential Investment Co., Front and Manitoba.
- 149—Sixth and Birch.
- 150—Front and Scotia.
- 151—Front and Ontario.
- 152—Seventh and Ash.
- 153—Sixth and Spruce.
- 154—Sixth and Laurel.
- 155—Vancouver Lumber Co.
- 156—Vancouver Engineering Co.
- 157—Lorne and Columbia.
- 158—Sixth and Alberta.
- 159—Fifth and Yukon.
- 160—Eighth and Manitoba.
- 161—Sixth and Granville.
- 162—Eighth and Granville.
- 163—Front and Main.
- 164—Second and Granville.
- 165—Main and Dufferin.
- 166—Seventh and Carolina.
- 167—Prince Edward and Dufferin.
- 168—Eighth and Prince Edward.
- 169—Fifth and Main.
- 170—Seventh and Main.
- 171—Barclay and Denman.
- 172—Pacific Coast Mills.
- 173—Broughton and Georgia.
- 174—Davie and Denman.
- 175—Burnaby and Nicola.
- 176—Chilco and Barclay.
- 177—Columbia and Georgia.
- 178—Bute and Harwood.

- 322—Bute and Barclay.
- 323—Nelson and Thurlow.
- 324—Chilco and Comox.
- 325—Burrard and Georgia.
- 326—Bute and Georgia.
- 327—Bute and Robson.
- 328—Barclay and Broughton.
- 329—Jervis and Pender.
- 330—Burrard and Harwood.
- 331—Denman and Georgia.
- 332—Burnaby and Jervis.
- 333—Bidwell and Haro.
- 334—Robson and Cardero.
- 335—Burrard and Comox.
- 336—Jervis and Haro.
- 337—Pender and Thurlow.
- 338—Broughton and Harwood.
- 339—Burnaby and Thurlow.
- 340—Thurlow and Alberni.
- 412—Third and Cedar.
- 413—Third and Maple.
- 414—First and Yew.
- 415—First and Trafalgar.
- 416—Second and Pine.
- 417—Cornwall and Yew.
- 418—Third and Macdonald.
- 419—First and Balclutha.
- 421—Third and Balsam.
- 422—Cornwall and Balsam.
- 423—Maple and Creelman, C. P. R. train.
- 512—Elizbeth 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 Clark.
- 522—Campbell and Harris.
- 523—Harris and Gore.
- 524—Prior and Gore.
- 525—Prior and Jackson.
- 526—Union and Hawkes.
- 527—Carl and Grave.
- 528—Harris and Woodland.
- 529—Second and Park Drive.
- 531—William and Park Drive.
- 532—Bismark and Park Drive.
- 533—Third and McLean.
- 534—Carl and Keefer.
- 612—Keefer and Victoria.
- 613—Parker and Victoria.
- 614—Williams and Victoria.
- 615—Bismark and Lakewood.
- 616—Second and Victoria.
- 617—Sixth and Victoria.
- 618—Lakewood and Barnard.
- 619—Tenth and Park.
- 620—Twelfth and Clark.
- 621—Ninth and Dock.
- 622—Twelfth and Scott.
- 623—Broadway and Burns.
- 624—Twelfth and Woodland.
- 625—Fourteenth and Park Drive.
- 626—Sixteenth and Sophia.
- 627—Twenty-second and Sophia.
- 628—Twentieth and Humphrey.
- 629—West, Rd. and Fraser.
- 630—Twenty-fourth and Fraser.
- 631—Twenty-second and Marcha.
- 632—Fifteenth and Thomas.
- 633—West, Rd. and Thomas.
- 1215—Ninth and Yukon.
- 1216—Eleventh and Ontario.
- 1217—Tenth and St. George.
- 1218—Thirteenth and Main.
- 1219—Tenth and Quebec.
- 1220—Broadway and Columbia.
- 1221—Eleventh and Ash.
- 1222—Fifteenth and Main.
- 1223—Vancouver General Hospital.
- 1224—Broadway and Ash.
- 1225—Fourteenth and Manitoba.
- 1226—Tenth and West Road.
- 1227—Thirteenth and Prince Edward.
- 1228—Thirteenth and Yukon.
- 1229—Sixth and Pine.
- 1230—Tenth and Maple.
- 1231—Thirteenth and Alder.
- 1232—Ninth and Cedar.
- 1233—Eleventh and Oak.
- 1234—Broadway and Oak.
- 1235—Eleventh and Fir.
- 1236—Thirteenth and Hemlock.
- 1237—Broadway and Alder.
- 1238—Twelfth and Cypress.
- 1239—Tenth and Arbutus.
- 1240—Fourteenth and Arbutus.
- 1241—Broadway and Willow.
- 1242—Eleventh and Yew.
- 1243—Seventh and Balsam.
- 1244—Fifth and Trafalgar.
- 1245—Kings and Hastings.
- 1246—Powell and Clinton.
- 1247—Eaton and Clinton.
- 1248—Slocan and Pandora.
- 1249—Dundas and Renfrew.
- 1250—Windemere and Pender.

J. A. McCROSSAN,
City Electrician.

THE YEAR WITHOUT A SUMMER.

The year 1816 was called the year without a summer, says the Magazine of American History.

As the springtime approached nothing in the weather indicated the return to seed time, much less of harvest. Snows, heavy rains and cold winds prevailed incessantly, and during the entire season the sun arose each morning as though in a cloud of smoke, red and rayless, shedding little light or warmth and setting at night as behind a thick cloud of vapor, leaving hardly a trace of its having passed over the face of the earth. The frost never went off the ground until about the last of May. The farmers planted their crops, but the seed would hardly sprout and when at last it came to the surface there was not warmth enough to cause anything to grow. During the month of June young birds were frozen to death in their nests and so great was their destruction that for at least three years after very few birds visited the colder parts of the northern States. The woods and forests seemed deserted by them. Small fruit such as the junberry ripened and rotted on the trees in the forests because of no birds to eat them.

Crops that required warmth, like corn, generally failed to mature and only here and there in a few places that seemed especially protected did the ear ripen. The people after repeated hopes of a change in the weather settled down in almost despair. Large spots appeared on the face of the sun, as seen through the smoky atmosphere, distinctly visible with the naked eye; frosts prevailed every month the whole year, and almost daily, and in the few places where corn ripened was the only supply of seed for the next year, and it was held at an exceedingly high figure with now and then an exception.

ARE FARM LANDS TOO CHEAP?

Land worth \$10 an acre in Nova Scotia twenty years ago, is now selling at \$1000. The story of this and also of apple successes in Ontario is told in the November issue of Farmer's Magazine. It is also well illustrated and is sure to interest every member of the farm home. Fourteen pages are devoted to half-tone cuts of women's styles and dresses. Send for a sample copy to the MacLean Publishing Co., 143-149 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.

APPLES AND POTATOES.

The November number of Farmer's Magazine contains a number of special articles on Apple Growing, Potato Raising in New Brunswick, Co-operation Among Farmers, Mixed Farming in the West, and everyone is well illustrated. This is by all odds the best number yet put out by this rapidly growing Farm Magazine. If you have not seen it send for a sample to the Circulation Manager, Farmer's Magazine, 143-149 University Avenue, Toronto, Ont.

A NURSERY PROPOSAL COMPANY.

Farmer's Magazine is urging on to the Agricultural Department at Ottawa the necessity of a stricter legislation in order to prevent nursery frauds. Too many wrongly named trees are being sent out. In this regard, it suggests the registration of every nursery with the department along with a censorship of the agents' literature. Send for a copy to the MacLean Publishing Co., 143-149 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.

One Man Orchestra.

The theatrical managers association which is constantly embroiled with the musical unions made up of members of the city and travelling theatrical orchestras believes that it has found a solution to this part of its troubles in a new device which is now being installed in one of the theatres here. This is what is known as a unit orchestra in which all the instruments comprised in an orchestra of thirty or forty pieces are operated from a single keyboard arranged like that of an organ and requiring but a single operator. The device is the invention of a British engineer and has been endorsed by prominent opera stars as providing a thoroughly satisfactory accompaniment. Whether it will work in actual practice remains to be seen but naturally the managers are interested in anything that promises to enable them to cut down the expense and avoid the troubles that they incur in dealing with the musicians and the musical temperament.

"You're goin' to marry sister, ain't you?" her little brother inquired. The young man blushed.

"I—I don't know," he replied.

"That's funny," said the terrible infant. "Pa has looked you up in the rate books, ma has found out all about your grandfathers, and sister has begun her shopping. Gimme a nickle, won't you?"—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

HARDWOODS.

Canada is dependent for its lumber supply on the softs woods of the forest much more than is the United States, as seen from the 1910 Forest Products report compiled by the Dominion Forestry Branch and shortly to be published. Of the 1910 Canadian lumber cut amounting to nearly five billion feet, only one-twentieth consisted of hardwoods or broad-leaved trees, worth barely five million dollars; on the other hand almost one-quarter of the lumber cut in the United States had far greater hardwood forests than ever did Canada. Canada is already feeling a shortage of the hardwood supply and makes up the national deficiency by importing annually from the United States, hardwood lumber to the value of seven and a half million dollars. Thus the value of the hardwoods imported into Canada manufactured into lumber. Nearly all of these imports are from the United States and consist of the most valuable species such as oak, hickory, tulip or yellow poplar, chestnut, gum, walnut, cherry and a large amount of hard pine which is so frequently used as a hardwood. From these above figures it is seen that we are becoming more and more dependent upon the United States whose available supply for export is surely and rapidly decreasing. Whatever can be done to improve the resources of Canada by the elimination of wood waste, and particularly by the development of the small wood lots of Ontario, Southern Quebec and the Maritime provinces, should be done with all possible speed.

A Record Theft.

The record of the thief who actually succeeded in stealing the big three hundred pound clock from the old Fifth Avenue Hotel in broad daylight as well as the equally remarkable feat of the suspect who relieved a police station of its stove in which a fire was burning at the time must now take a back seat. Both of these events are matter of record but neither of them can compare with the handiwork of four Italians who have just been arrested for stealing a three-story frame house. To get away with a structure of this size would seem to be a monumental undertaking, but that it has been done is attested by the owner who on returning to it this week after a summer's absence found to his amazement nothing but the foundation. Unlike the clock and the stove, however, the house was not carried away bodily, but bit by bit during the owner's absence. Even the furnace was gone though how the whole affair was carried through is a matter of mystery. Whatever the fate of the thieves may be, the owner is not likely to recover much of his house since parts of it have been disposed all over the city. At any rate this theft is likely to stand as a unique record much longer than did its two queer predecessors.

Mrs. Oldtimer—When we were in Egypt we visited the pyramids. They were just covered with hieroglyphics.

Mrs. Newrich—Horros! Weren't you afraid that some of the ugly things would get on you?—Milwaukee Daily News.

Small Brother—Are you going to marry Sister Ruth?

Caller—Why—er—I really don't know, you know!

Small Brother—That's what I thought. Well, you are!—Life.

Lawyer for Defendant—Now, sir, you say that my client disappeared in the darkness after knocking you down. What time of night was this?

Complainant—I can't say exactly. Your client had my watch.—Life.

"I don't see any sense in referring to the wisdom of Solomon," said the man, smartly. "He had a thousand wives."

"Yes," answered the woman, tartly, "he learned his wisdom from them."—Brooklyn Life.

A BARGAIN INDEED.

It would be impossible to figure what a benefit The Family Herald and Weekly Star of Montreal has been to the West. It affords the greatest amount of genuine good reading for every member of the family and its benefits to the farming community in its agricultural pages are worth hundreds of thousands of dollars every year. It is not merely a theoretical paper. It is a practical farm paper in every respect and there is no farmer in Canada who cannot profit by reading it. Two cents a week, one dollar a year—the price of one bushel of wheat for a whole year's subscription to that great paper, not to speak of the beautiful premium picture, "Home Again," size 22x29 inches, ready for framing. It makes one wonder if the publishers pay their paper bills. Any home in this western country that does not receive the Family Herald and Weekly Star for 1912 will miss a bargain indeed.

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FEW GOLD ROBBERIES.

Out of about \$200,000,000 of gold which has been shipped out of Alaska to Seattle, only about \$200,000 has been in the hands of thieves, says the Seattle Times, and of this amount the bulk has been restored to its proper owners.

That is not a bad showing when one stops to consider the fact that the great mass of this gold travels without any particular safeguard and without any armed men sitting about while it is in transit. It is a very good guarantee that the men of Alaska and of the Seattle waterfront are about as honest as the rest of the world.

Of course we have a "gold robbery" every year or so. The men who have the opportunities to put their hands upon the vast quantities of yellow metal which comes down from the north every year would not be human if some of them did not yield to temptation. And these men certainly contain some red blooded humans in the list.

But the proportion of gold which has actually passed into the possession of and been retained by thieves has been so small as to actually make the men responsible for the safe passage of the gold from the camps in the north to the assay office in Seattle almost criminally careless.

In the Eastern States when it becomes necessary to transport a large sum of money from one point to another it is escorted through the streets from the bank to the railway station by men armed with repeating rifles sitting upon the chests in which the money is securely locked.

In Alaska the gold is melted into bricks by the banks in the financial centres of the mining camps. These bricks are placed in rough wooden boxes. The boxes are placed in the purser's room upon a river steamer on the Yukon. From there they are transferred to a baggage car on the ed upon an express wagon to be transferred to the assay office.

During most of the journey from the gold fields of the Yukon to the assay office in Seattle they have had only the casual attention of one man as their guard. This man may or railway at Whitehorse. At Skagway they are again transferred to a purser's room and in Seattle they are loaded may not have a revolver in his pocket and he must eat and sleep occasionally. During those times the gold is left almost entirely without a guard.

It is a strange thing that more of it has not been stolen, and as we say it speaks volumes for the general honesty of the people who come into contact with the great quantity of this precious metal that less than a thousandth part of the shipments of gold from Alaska to Seattle have been tampered with.

LATHS IN CANADA—1910.

Despite the use of metal lath and patent methods of interior finish, wooden lath production amounted to eight hundred and fifty-two million pieces, worth one million nine hundred and forty-three thousand dollars in Canada during 1910. This information has been obtained from statistics compiled by the Dominion Forestry Branch, which show that nearly thirty million more lath were produced in 1910 than in the year before, but that owing to a decrease in the price per thousand, the total value of the industry was thirty-five thousand dollars less. Two-fifths of the total was cut in Ontario, which province increased its 1909 production by fifty-seven million or nearly twenty per cent. New Brunswick, the second province in importance, increased its proportion of the total from one-fifth to one-quarter, by cutting sixty-two million more than last year. The production of laths in Quebec and British Columbia during 1910 was considerably more than in 1909, amounting with Ontario and New Brunswick to ninety-four per cent. of the total. The remaining five provinces cut smaller amounts, and with the exception of Alberta, each showed a decrease from the amount produced in 1909. The average price of laths in 1910 was \$2.28 per thousand, or 16 cents less than in 1909. The price varied considerably between the different provinces, British Columbia laths being \$1.66 per thousand, while in Prince Edward Island the price was \$2.67.—Government Press Bureau.

Braggs—You never know what you can do till you try.

Waggs—That's wrong. You never know what you can do till you succeed.

Braggs—Well, perhaps that's better.

Waggs—And then you're wrong. You never know what you can do when you succeed. You only know what you have been able to do.—Life.

Subscribe for The Call this week and secure a PREMIUM Professor Ferguson's Suggestion Course. Price \$1.00. The two for the price of one.

AN EQUINE STANDBY.

"Old Nigger" has perhaps a record over all other horses. This horse has been continually in the lumber business for over 30 of his 33 years of life and has never gone a week without having his harness on. For three recent years he took the first prize, a blue ribbon, at the annual work-horse parade, and during his entire service has never had an accident.

"Old Nigger" belongs to the Lake-wood Lumber Company. He was turned over with the rest of the property when the plant was taken over from the old O. T. Lapham Company. Some of the men about the mill remember him when he was a young horse. That was when they were married. These men now have grown families and grandchildren, yet "Old Nigger" is still in the harness drawing a yard truck every day. His hair is turning gray in some places, but at all times he responds to the work in a more reliable way than most horses. When his driver is through with him for a time he throws the reins over "Nigger's" back and the old horse walks around to the shade of a lumber pile and waits to be called again. Not once has he ever struck a pile or agon when traveling without a driver. Money couldn't buy "Old Nigger."

"WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN."

(James Whitcomb Riley.)

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock,
And you hear the kyock and gobble of the struttin' turkey-cock,
And the clackin' of the guineys, and the cluckin' of the hens,
And the rooster's hallyooyer as he tiptoes on the fence;
With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of peaceful rest,
As he leaves the house, bareheaded, and goes out to feed the stock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

They's something kind o' harty-like about the atmosphere
When the heat of summer's over and the coolin' fall is here—
Of course we miss the flowers, and the blossoms on the trees,
And the mumble of the hummin' birds and buzzin' of the bees;
But the air's so appetizin' and the landscape through the haze
Of a crisp and sunny morning of the airly autumn days,
Is a pictur' that no painter has the colorin' to mock—
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

The husky, rusty russel of the tassels of the corn,
And the raspin' of the tangled leaves, as golden as the morn;
The stubble in the furries, kind o' lonesome-like, but still
A-preachin' sermons to us of the barns they grewed to fill;
The straw-stack in the meadder, and the reaper in the shed,
The hosses in their stalls below—the clover overhead!—
O, it sets my hart a'clickin' like the tickin' of a clock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

Then your apples all is gathered, and the ones a feller keeps
Is poured around the cellar-floor in red and yellor heaps;
And your cider-makin' 's over, and your wimmern-folks is through
With their mince and apple-butter, and theyr souse and sausage, too!
I don't know how to tell it, but ef sich a thing could be
As the Angels wantin' boardin', and they'd call around on ME,—
I'd want to 'commodeate 'em—all the whole Indurin' flock—
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

A lady who owned a tortoise-shell cat called her grocer up one morning and gave her usual economical order—an order for dried beans, hominy, yesterday's bread, and so forth—and she concluded with a request for one cent's worth of cat's meat. The grocer sighed, for this order would have to be delivered three miles away—but, as he was entering the items in his order book, the lady called him up again.

"Mr. Sands," she said, "Oh, Mr. Sands!"

"Yes, madam?"

"Mr. Sands, I want to cancel that order for cat's meat. The cat's just caught a bird."—San Francisco Argonaut.

The building permits issued by the city for the first ten months of 1911 exceeded the \$15,000,000 mark. They were nearly 2,500 in number and compared with the same period of last year, represented an increase of fifty per cent. and compared with the same period for 1909 was an increase of 150 per cent. The present year will show a splendid growth in Vancouver's buildings, and the increase is well distributed.

G. E. McBride & COMPANY

Headquarters for all kinds of Hardware

Agents for

Gurney-Oxford Ranges

"Chancellor," "Quick Meal"
and "Golden Nugget"

STOVES, the most modern

Sherwin-Williams Paint

This Company has both Single and Double Wagons
for Prompt Delivery—made necessary by the rapid
extension of their business.

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dolin, Guitar, Banjo, Authoharp and
Zither.

Twenty Private Lessons - \$7.00

No Class Lessons

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Spinal Adjustments remove pressure from nerves.
If you are sick or suffering in any way and have tried everything
else, do not despair, try Chiropractic and get well.**ERNEST SHAW, D.C. (Doctor of Chiropractic)**Hours: 10 a. m. to 12 noon at Rm. 309, Bower Bldg., 543 GRANVILLE
2 to 5:30 p.m. at 250-22nd AVE., E.) Half block east of Main)

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Courteous Treatment, Good Service, Prompt Delivery and
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When you buy goods that last like that, the first cost is not a matter of much consideration.

The reasons why you should buy Aluminum Goods are:
BECAUSE 1. They never chip. 2. They never rust.
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We have the best. We have a good stock, including KETTLES, TEA-POTS, COFFEE PERCOLATORS, FRY-PANS, SAUCEPANS, WAFFLE SETS, DOUBLE BOILERS and CAKE TINS

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15 years good yet --- 15 years good yet

MOORE'S Dry Goods Store Corner 18th Ave. & Main St.

Here is one of the cheapest stores in this town. Our trade is increasing in leaps and bounds, the reason being that buying direct from the makers, we can offer goods at prices that cannot be beaten. You would do well to give us a call when you require anything in Dry Goods of all descriptions.

We make a specialty of
BABIES' OUTFITTING
and everything required for babies will be found in great variety. On SATURDAY we have our

XMAS SHOW OF TOYS
They cost from 5c up and are cheap and good value.

You should also see our marvel in
Children's Hats and Bonnets for 75c
CHILD'S CREAM AND COLORED COATS
Are fine value.

LADIES' AND MEN'S OUTFITTING
in great variety.

OUR HOSIERY
Straight from Leicester should also be seen.

Millinery and Dressmaking

Miss Edith Mains wishes to announce
SALE OF UP-TO-DATE FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY
at about half the down town prices. We also believe we are giving satisfaction in remodeling. If your hat is not satisfactory give us a trial.

Our Dressmaking Department is busy and we still solicit orders.

New Block Corner 17th Avenue and Main Street

Our Opinion on the Range Question

We know we have your confidence and we have made ourselves worthy of it by handling the very best merchandise in our line.

We are familiar with the good qualities of every stove and range on the market. In our opinion



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

W. R. OWEN

2337 Main Street Phone Fairmont 447

CEDAR COTTAGE AND SOUTH VANCOUVER

Remember the Xmas Bazaar Tuesday, November 28th, afternoon and evening, at Mt. Pleasant Methodist school room, corner Tenth and Ontario, under the auspices of the Isthmian Mission Circle.

The South Hill Presbyterian church was opened for divine service last Sunday, when, notwithstanding the inclement weather, a full congregation attended both morning and evening services.

The new building will accommodate 300 persons and was nearly filled in the morning, when the Rev. Principal Mackay and Rev. T. R. Peacock of Central Park, conducted the services.

In the evening an even better attendance was present, when the Rev. Dr. Pidgeon preached. General satisfaction was expressed with the new building and practical proof of this was rendered in the collection, which amounted to close on three figures.

On Tuesday evening Rev. Dr. Pidgeon presided at a social in the church, a special feature being the first appearance of the South Hill orchestra, which rendered some special items for the occasion. Refreshments were served by the ladies in the basement.

The Collingwood fire brigade successfully demonstrated their usefulness on Tuesday last week when Mr. Wilton's beautiful home at Collingwood West was saved from the flames. The accidental overturning of a lamp about 7:30 p.m. started the blaze and in a few moments the fire had so rapidly spread that the occupants had to quit the building. The arrival of the brigade some ten minutes later speedily altered the outlook and by some smart work the fire was extinguished without the loss of the building. The damage is estimated at about \$500 and is not covered by insurance.

Fire Chief Jordan is now the happy possessor of a light wagon, which is to be stationed at the chief fire hall next to the municipal hall. This is expected to facilitate his appearance at local fires as at present all the apparatus has to be drawn by hand and with present road conditions progress is not always as rapid as the necessity requires.

Cedar Cottage fire hall was the scene of some very interesting climbing feats on Saturday, to test the skill and endurance of the recently formed volunteer brigade under Captain Smith. Recent recruits are: Messrs. Robt. Spiers, David Stewart, Jas. Porter, Andrew Kilch and William Kemp. The total strength of the brigade at No. 2 hall is now 18 men.

Saturday's test was for members, old and new, and they were each required to swarm up the side of the hall to the top of the tower and descend by ladder inside to the floor of the hall. The results were highly satisfactory as a test for endurance and ability and the numerous spectators expressed pleasurable surprise at the rapidity and smartness with which the climb was performed.

In future all applications for subdivisions in South Vancouver must, when submitted to the council, be accompanied by contour maps of the lots in question, showing the situation of the property, the number of lots and the location of roads. All plans must also be signed by the registered owner and the assessed owner.

Reeve Pound and Councillor Toderick have just returned from the municipal convention at Victoria.

Reeve Pound has agreed to reconsider his positive refusal to stand for reelection. Some ratepayers of Ward I presented him with a petition on Monday last, asking him to undertake a fourth year of office and it is stated that similar petitions are being submitted to the other wards for signature.

Some idea of the tremendous advance in real estate values at Cedar Cottage during the past five years may be gathered from a deal just transacted between the Bank of Hamilton and Mr. Walter Gow, of Chilliwack. The property in question contains a block of stores with residential flats over same and is situated on a double corner of Commercial street and Thirtieth avenue. The property changed hands for \$25,000 cash. Five years ago Mr. Gow bought the land in question with five other lots at \$145 per lot.

The Church of St. Joseph, a very handsome building, situated on Waters Road, Cedar Cottage, was crowded on Sunday last on the occasion of the solemn blessing of the new edifice by Archbishop McNeill. His Grace, assisted by Father McKinnon, the pastor, blessed the altar, sanctuary and interior of the church, and afterward celebrated High Mass. The music was Gounod's Convent Mass, which was acceptably rendered by the newly formed choir. In addressing the congregation, after the first gospel, His

Grace warmly congratulated the members and committee upon the successful result of their labors.

The liquor license fee came up for consideration at last council meeting on Saturday and was ultimately fixed at a \$100 per annum. There is only one hotel in South Vancouver, the Gladstone Hotel, on Westminster Road. A somewhat lengthy discussion arose on the matter, during which Councillor Dickinson expressed himself as being opposed to the payment of any fee, as he claimed the municipality would be deriving a revenue from a trade that annually destroyed hundreds of homes and filled the asylums and hospitals and prisons to overflowing. The councillor's eloquent arguments, however, were not entertained by the rest of the council, and the new liquor by-law was then given its first reading.

Councillors Dickinson and Burgess appointed to wait on the government superintendent of roads, with regard to the government grant for municipal trunk roads, reported the cheque for \$20,000 due to the municipality for Main street, Fraser street, and Westminster Road had already been authorized for payment.

A proposal was mooted at the last meeting of the school trustees to provide libraries in connection with the schools. The pupils of the Lord Selkirk school had requested permission from the Board for the loan of the school for a concert, the proceeds to be devoted to the purchase of an encyclopedia for the use of the principal. This started the discussion and Supervisor Graham mentioned that he had noticed the lack of the reference library so essential for intelligent teaching of certain subjects. Chairman Robinson estimated the cost of libraries for all the schools, at \$1,000 and as the government grant for the purpose is at present \$50 only, it was decided to approach the Education Department at Victoria on this matter.

Government Inspector Gillis reported on the condition of the schools and stated that the children as a rule were too slow in grading. This he attributed to the fact that many of the teachers were young girls fresh from the normal schools.

Supervisor Graham supported this view and was instructed to procure more competent teachers in several instances, the secretary being ordered to give 30 days' notice to each of the teachers named, that they should tender their resignations at an early date.

Chairman Robinson, Trustees Stevens and Whelpton and Mr. Graham, supervisor, are now in Victoria this week to interview the government on various matters. Amongst other matters are compulsory education, increased school grant, owing to the growing attendance in D. L. 301 district, and for authority to vest the supervisor with similar powers to those possessed by the city superintendent of schools.

Brown Bros. were awarded the contract for laying out the grounds of Carlton schools with trees, shrubs, etc., at a cost of \$739.50.

Rev. Mr. Elmhurst of Central Park and Mr. A. H. McCaustland have returned from a two weeks' visit to Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Mackenzie at Chilliwack.

Much sympathy is expressed with Mr. and Mrs. Saunders, of Tenth Avenue, in the sad loss of their only daughter, Miss Susie Saunders, aged 16, after a brief illness.

The funeral was held from Center & Hanna's Mount Pleasant Chapel and a number of the choir from St. Margaret's, Cedar Cottage, attended, the deceased having been a regular attendant in the choir of the church. Rev. Wm. Bell, M.A., conducted the service and the choir led the singing. Sympathetic reference to this sad event was made at last Sunday's service.

MT. PLEASANT MILLINERY

will be closed from

NOVEMBER 28th, 1911 to JANUARY 2nd, 1912

Re-Opening Sale, January 5th

SOME SPECIAL FEATURES

Miss Lyall

2338 Westminster Road

Phone: Fairmont 155 R

MOUNTAIN VIEW METHODIST CHURCH.

The people of Mountain View Methodist church are to be congratulated upon the successful completion of their new and commodious Sunday School room.

About eleven months ago they opened a similar building, standing on the same foundation as that upon which the present building stands, but after eight weeks occupancy it was burned. With a courage and devotion to purpose truly heroic they immediately set to work to rebuild and the present handsome and stately edifice is the outcome of their effort.

The building is brick, with stone trimmings, and designed to be the Sunday school room of the church, yet to be used when the needs of the congregation shall demand it. It has some twenty-four class rooms, library, auditorium, vestibules and parlor and has a full sized basement, fourteen feet ceiling, parlor and banquet hall and well equipped kitchen, furnace room, cloak room, etc.

The building is well lighted and heated with steam and has every provision for comfort and convenience in the prosecution of the work for which it was built.

With the burning of the former building, there was a loss of sixteen to seventeen thousand dollars, partly covered by insurance, and to undertake rebuilding at a still larger outlay required a courage and confidence in the future of that part of the city truly heroic.

The opening services will take place on Sunday next, Nov. 26, and will be as follows:

At 11 a.m. Rev. A. E. Roberts, president of the B. C. Methodist Conference, will preach and dedicate the church.

In the afternoon at 3 o'clock there will be a mass meeting in the interests of Sabbath School and Young People's work, which will be addressed by Rev. Merton Smith, of Knox Congregational church, and Rev. G. D. Ireland, B.A., pastor of Westminster Presbyterian church, who will speak of different phases of young people's work.

At 7:30 p.m. Rev. J. C. Switzer, B.A., of Wesley church, will preach. Music will be furnished at all these services by the choir of the church, assisted in the afternoon by other valued singers from Sixth Avenue Church, Fairview. In the afternoon, when the children of the Mountain View Sunday school will take part.

On Tuesday evening supper will be served in the banquet hall by the ladies of the congregation, when a good programme of music and addresses will be given by good local talent.

Rev. R. F. Stillman, of Grandview, will be present at all the above gatherings, and will present the financial interests of the church.

The public generally is cordially invited.

WORLD'S LARGEST RESTAURANT.

The Berlin zoological garden restaurant, the world's greatest eating house, is so large that 10,000 persons can sit down simultaneously beneath a roof. Open air terraces for use in summer will accommodate another 10,000 diners. There are 1000 waiters, and the kitchen staff exceeds 500. The restaurant has its own laundry and bakery.

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\$2.75 Air Tight Heaters, now	\$2.25
3.25 " " " "	2.75
3.75 " " " "	3.25
8.50 Oak Coal Wood & Heaters	5.50
10.00 " " " "	7.50
11.50 " " " "	9.50
24.50 Open Front	19.50
35.00 to 45.00 6-hole Ranges	30.00
50.00 to 60.00 " "	45.00

COME AND SEE THESE BARGAINS and judge for yourself their value.

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PHONE: Fairmont 1583

NOTICE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia at its next session for an act to incorporate an Educational Institution and being The Theological College in connection with and under the authority of the General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada, with power to hold, possess and enjoy real and personal property within the Province, and to lease, mortgage, sell and transfer the same; also with power to borrow or loan money and to give or receive security therefor; also with power to organize and teach classes in Theological and allied subjects; to affiliate with other educational institutions; confer degrees in Divinity and generally to exercise and enjoy such other rights, powers and privileges as are usually possessed by Theological Colleges.

Dated this 20th day of November, A. D. 1911.
TAYLOR, HARVEY, BAIRD & GRANT,
Solicitors for Applicants.

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Home Specialists.

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READ LOUGHEED & CO'S LIST.

\$1000 CASH WILL PURCHASE A fine six-room residence on Seventeenth avenue, in the swell part of the C. P. R. property. This home must be sold at once, the owner is leaving the city and will not rent it. Think of a fine modern home with all the latest conveniences for \$5000. \$1000 cash, balance 6, 12, 18, and 24 months and \$2000 mortgage for three years; full lot 33 by 122 feet to 20-foot lane; one block from Sixteenth avenue carline when completed. Please see us at once. 175-1

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 \$5750; \$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 lies high, price \$750; \$500 cash, balance as rent. We have two others in the same block. These will please you.

\$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. This 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. 97-3

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. 160-4

WE CAN DELIVER A FINE DOUBLE corner near the corner of Westminster and Victoria roads at the reduced price, for a few days of \$2000. You know this is a snap. See us about it. Terms can be arranged. 164-1

Lougheed & CO.

Real Estate—Loans.

General Agents, Bulwark, Eburne Heights.

2343 Main Street