Legislative Assembly

The Western Call

Phone: Fairmont 1140
Ask for Advertising Rates

Published in the Interests of Vancouver and the Western People

VOLUME V. VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA, JANUARY 23, 1914 No. 37

Sweeping Changes in Local Municipal Councils

"Higher Critics" Sharply Criticized, in Poetical Form, by the Caustic Pen of a Good Vancouver Citizen

General Botha Gives World Object Lesson in Settlement of Strike

GRAND OLD MAN OF CANADA PASSES AWAY

Lord Strathcona, High Commisioner of Canada, Passes Peacefully Away in Sleep Early Wednesday Morning.

London, Jan. 21.—Lord Strathcona died at 1:55 this morning.

The aged statesman's last moments were very quiet, and he passed away peacefully in his sleep.

His Lordship's fatal illness was but short, and it was realized from an early hour Saturday morning that he was sinking beyond recovery.

An attack of catarrh, which would have been a comparatively trifling matter for a man in the prime of life, was too severe a strain for one who had passed the four score and ten mark well over three years ago. The malady completely prostrated him, eventually inducing heart weakness, so that the aged patient sank into a state of coma, the end coming peacefully at an early hour Wednesday morning.

Hon. Mrs. Howard, Lord Strathcona's only daughter, and to whom the title descends by Royal patent, was present at the end, as were other members of the family.

The house at 28 Grosvenor Square was besieged by inquiries as to the venerable statesman's condition, the King and Queen being solicitious, and with other members of the Royal family, made repeated inquiries.

On his 93rd birthday on August 6 he attended a private luncheon given by Senator Jaffray of Toronto, and the same week entertained the medical congress.

Great Blow to Him.

The death of Lady Strathcona in November last was a great blow to him, but even then the venerable High Comissioner's force of will asserted itself, and he insisted on attending the funeral. A week later he attended the Hudson's Bay meeting. This was his last appearance in public, and the meeting in December at the Mansion House, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, to further the scheme for the Dominion's exhibition at the Crystal Palace next year, was without the presence of the Canadian High Commissioner, who had been the first to take an active interest in the project.

MR. STEVENS ACTIVE.

Vancouver Member of Parliament Introduces Measure to Widen Scope of Money Lenders' Act.

From the News-Advertiser.

Ottawa, Jan. 20.—Mr. H. H. Stevens, M.P., Vancouver, has given notice of a bill to amend the Money Lenders' Act. As the act stands now, the restriction of interest charges is to sums of $500 or under. Mr. Stevens proposes to strike out this clause and make the act applicable to all loans, no matter how large.

Should this meet the eye of John Latta or family, late of Prestwick road, Ayr, Scotland, please communicate with James Napier, of Falkland road, Ayr, now residing at 1752, 13th avenue east, Vancouver, B. C.

A great International Prophetic Bible Conference has been called to meet at the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, February 24-27, 1914.

It will be addressed by master Bible students from all over the world, and has already attracted much attention.

Dr. P. V. Torey, formerly of the head of the Moody Bible Institute, and more recently a world famous evangelist, is now at the head of a large Bible Institute in Los Angeles, Cal. They are presently constructing the new buildings, including a main auditorium, seating 4,500 people; other lecture rooms which, when thrown together, will seat 1,500 people, and two dormitories, one for men and one for women, with 350 rooms in each.

SURREY ELECTIONS, 1914

To the electors of the Corporation of the District of Surrey:

Ladies and Gentlemen:

I take this opportunity of thanking you for the very generous support accorded to me in the late Municipal Election.

Many at great personal inconvenience and expense, manifested their wish to improve existing conditions in Surrey. Our opponents were (as they stated) too firmly entrenched for our success. Another day is coming.

Yours very truly,
HENRY T. THRIFT

White Rock, Surrey, B. C.
January 20th, 1914.

The Higher Critic

I.
Here's to the "Higher Critic," who now holds a pulpit down
In any church of Jesus Christ, no matter where the town.
I want to speak thus openly just what I think of you,
And of the things you're preaching from the pulpit to the pew.

II.
You boldly state that Moses never wrote the Pentateuch;
In fact, you tear to pieces all that's good within the Book.
You tell us that poor Adam was never was in Paradise;
That Enoch never walked with God, translated to the skies;

III.
That Israel never crossed the sea, a-walking on the sand;
That there were never giants in the fabled Canaan land;
The walls of Jericho fell not when rams' horns sounded loud;
There was no ark of covenant or fiery pillar cloud.

IV.
You relegate to mystic lore that Noah built the ark;
That Cain his brother Abel slew, and after bore God's mark;
God never gave commandments from the mount of Sinai,
And never loved His people as the apple of His eye.

V.
Samson never slew his foes with jawbone of an ass;
Nebuchadnezzar, for his sin, was made to eat no grass;
Poor Jonah never saw a whale, nor Daniel lions' den;
Nor did God give the visions Daniel tells of with his pen.

VI.
Elijah on Mount Carmel never met the priests of Baal,
Nor did the fire from heaven fall and make the wicked quail;
And Abraham, the faithful, never offered up his son;
Nor was Job ever tempted 'till the victory he won.

VII.
The water never turned to wine; the widow's son, of Nain,
Was never raised to life and health by Jesus once again;
The multitudes were never fed by loaves and fishes small;
You say, when all is done and said, there's nothing true at all.

VIII.
You dare to teach that Jesus never healed the lepers ten,
Nor broke the hold which demons had upon the sons of men;
The Holy Ghost did not descend on day of Pentecost;
Poor sinners were not purchased by the Blood at such a cost.

IX.
'Tis foolishness, "Come, sinners, weak and wounded, sick and sore."
The Blood has lost its healing and the cross of Christ its power.
He's not in vale of shadows, near the sick on dying bed;
He's not "The resurrection and the life," as once He said.

X.
Paul never shook the viper from his hand into the fire;
And John, the revelator, is a most prodigious liar.
There never was a Satan, and there won't be any hell—
This is the song you love to sing, the story which you tell.

XI.
Since this is all so different from the truths the Church has taught,
I wonder what's the matter; is the Church by Satan caught?
I find the doctrines, disciples and creeds are just the same;
That isn't where the trouble lies; who then must bear the blame?

XII.
You preachers who as pastors fill the pulpits, far and near,
And preach from those same pulpits 'gainst the the truths the Church holds dear,
You secured your ordinations by subscribing to the creeds,
But prove yourselves dishonest by your words and by your deeds.

XIII.
You teachers in the colleges supported by the Church,
Who pretend to wondrous knowledge and to marvellous research,
Who are really jackals, tearing at the vitals of all truth,
Sowing seeds of dire disaster in the fertile minds of youth.

XIV.
Your preaching sounds like Ingersoll's, but lacks his wit and spell;
Supported, too, you are by those who love the Saviour well;
Tis sad this poor old sin-cursed earth, has had to see the day,
When such as you dare openly on Christian pulpits prey.

XV.
If you were true or honest, you would instantly resign
From any church whose doctrines you so constantly malign.
You're under solemn contract to declare the Bible true;
That contract makes your living, while the Bible you eschew.

XVI.
Then is it false to say that you are mongrels of low breed?
You snap the food up quickly, but you bite the hands that feed.
As sheep you gained admission to the lambs you now assail;
You're wolves, but far too lazy to go hunting on the trail.

XVII.
How dare you stand as ministers of such and such a church,
And by your teachings foul your nests, its best loved truths besmirch!
How dare you make a liar of the holy Son of God!
How dare you slime the very paths His sacred feet have trod!

XVIII.
You say that Jesus only knew what Jewish Rabbis taught;
That, therefore, are the Saviour's words with error often fraught;
You say He did not mean to lie; He taught the best He knew;
He simply did not know as much as "Higher Critics" do.

XIX.
He only knew what Rabbis taught—yet, when but twelve years old
He made the Rabbis marvel at the wondrous truths He told;
A greater He than Solomon; than any earth e'er knew;
But still He did not know as much as "Higher Critics" do.

XX.
Christ Jesus came from heaven; was the Father's only son;
In glory with the Father was, e'er this world had begun;
As word of God created all, if John's plain record's true—
But still He did not know as much as "Higher Critics" do.

XXI.
"The Wonderful," "The Counsellor," "The Mighty God" was He;
"The Everlasting Father," though this truth you fail to see.
He and the Father God are one; His words are God's, and true;
Thinkest thou He did not know as much as "Higher Critics" do?

XXII.
How dare you say that that is false which Jesus says is true!
And palm off long-exploded lies, and claim they're something new!
Your "New Theology," all false, is old as sin and death;
It bites just like the Serpent's fang, it smells of Satan's breath.

(Continued on Page 5)

RADICAL CHANGES IN MUNICIPAL COUNCILS

Radical changes were made in the personnel of the Municipal Councils in Greater Vancouver for 1914. Whether for the better or not remains to be seen. That good men were elected may be taken for granted, but that outgoing men are inferior is open to question. Reasons for the sweeping changes are easily found, some of which are:—

A shortage in the money supply of Greater Vancouver, in common with the world at large.

The forced idleness of thousands of citizens with loss of income to themselves and their former employers.

General depression in business, resulting in embarrassment, strained relations between creditors and debtors, business failures and wide spread dissatisfaction and unrest.

Under prevailing unhappy conditions what more natural than an attempt to locate the cause of the trouble? Here as elsewhere the populace, unacquainted with the underlying principles of the "ebb and flow" of the money market, and being unacustomed to diagnose economic disease, attach undue values to surface appearances and nearby forces to the neglect of the invisible but potent causes of trouble. Thus it is that public officers and business managers are suspected and charged with being the cause of failure or with being a party to it no matter how innocent or even praisworthy in their administration of public affairs.

Following their deductions (whether right or wrong) to a logical conclusion the dissatisfied electors proceed to eliminate their condemned leaders from the councils, hoping thereby to save the situation. We do not blame the electors, but, nevertheless, contend that this course may be open to criticism.

Why condemn and execute leaders without a hearing or a fair trial. Officers thus summarily discharged are thereby discounted, not only at home, but abroad, as far as reports are carried. This is to be deplored, and should be prevented if possible. That improvement may come with the new administration's advent is desirable, but even here mistake is possible, for improvement under the new regime would by no means prove that blame attached to the old administration. The "ebb and flow" of trade are, in the main, as indifferent to local conditions as the ocean tides. Greater Vancouver is soon "coming into her own," not by virtue of the outgoing or incoming of officials, but by the universal law of "progress," and the co-ordinate law of "the survival of the fittest." The forward movement may not be on a plane or in a straight line, but nothing less than a national blunder can prevent this city reaching gigantic proportions and fabulous wealth in the years immediately ahead.

Should the anticipated improvement occur in 1914 endorsement will thereby be given to the action of the electors in forcing a change of officials; nevertheless no real value should be attached to the endorsement unless success is achieved in the surrounding commercial world.

"Honor to whom honor is due." Here is an an opportunity to "play fair."

GENERAL BOTHA AND THE STRIKE

It is the day of surprises. One of the greatest and latest is the surprise given the world by the General-Premier of South Africa.

The Socialists and others undertook to put into force one of the most comprehensive strikes of this century. By the time they had nicely started, they ran foul of the hero of the late Boer War, and they caught a Tartar.

This man who figured so largely in the war, and later in the councils of the new Confederation, as well as among the Premiers who met in Britain, has given the whole world a lesson in settling strikes undertaken against the State. Britain, Germany and the United States may be able to make notes for the sake of comparison. As a matter of fact, France led the way last year or the year before. But General Botha put more speed and drastic force into motion and effect. It will be well to study his methods very carefully. One must give him credit for fearlessness and sincerity in his work. The results will be of deep and far-reaching importance, and there will be many observers watching to get a true vision, so as to guide themselves and others later.

The fallacy of the strike has long been perceived by many persons, and it is about time that the Socialists and the I. W. W.'s had a glimpse of this important fact. Strikes hurt the strikers more than any other persons or class. When the Socialists began their propaganda, the leaders worked straight against the strike, and they

(Continued on Page 5)

Correspondence

Vancouver, B. C., Jan. 13th 1913.
Western Call, City:—

Dear Sir—Here is a bit of information that is really worth repeating, particularly now, at the merrymaking time, Christmas time. The facts are these: Some few years ago a poor widow in Vancouver borrowed from a money lender or logger, I cannot give you the name, but he was a money lender. He lent the poor widow some $75.00, I think. The money fell due about Christmas. There was sickness in the family, son out of work, so she could not pay the money. This money lender wrote a letter, threatening to sell up every bit of her furniture. In a terrible distress she went to a lawyer. Fortunately for her this lawyer was not only a lawyer, but he was a man. After telling him her troubles, he said he will see what he could do. He went to see the money lender, and asked him not to take proceedings against the poor widow, and not to sell her furniture. But this the money lender refused to do. He did not care for Christmas or for any other time, nor did he care for a poor widow being turned out of her house. The money was due to him, he said, and "I will have it." This lawyer, who happened to be a man, pleaded with this logger again and again, but finding it impossible to move this money lender to a little sympathy, gave up the contest, and said: "Look here, Mr. Money Lender, I will pay you the money for this poor widow, and some day I will get it back." I want you to remember this, Mr. Money Lender, that the day is coming when I will be paid." I think this lawyer ought to have a monument built right in the center of Vancouver.

Sitting in his office one day—25 loggers walked in and they wanted this lawyer to put a lien on some logs for work done. He looked at the men, and said: "Whose logs are these?" "They belong to a certain money lender or logger." "Ah," says the lawyer, "I see, this is just the case I have been waiting for. I have been waiting years for this to come." Taking the facts from the men, he said: "All right," and within a very short time he issued 25 liens. (One would have done, you know.) But this a case where he wanted to get back the $75.00. He issued 25 liens and put 25 sheriffs in charge at about $3 a day. One sheriff would have been enough, but then, you know, there were 25 liens, and as he wanted to get paid, knowing that this money lender had lots of money, he put 25 sheriffs in charge. On the following day, down came Mr. Money Lender or logger in a terrible rage, saying he wanted to pay the bill. "All right," said the lawyer, "Pay the bill." "How much is it?" he said. "Well, it is 25 writs, each at so much, and 25 sheriffs at so much; you got the bill." "Oh! but I am not going to pay so much," said this money lender.. "It is a down right shame for you to put in 25 writs and 25 sheriffs, running me into all this expense. I will not pay all this money." "All right," said this man lawyer; please leave my office; I have my work to do." "But I don't want to leave without paying my bill," said this money lender. "Well," said the lawyer, "pay the bill and have done with it, or I shall charge you extra for my time." And this money lender had to pay the money.

When he had signed his check and handed it over to the lawyer, the laweyr said: "Thank you, Mr. Logger. Don't you remember a few years ago loaning a poor widow $75 on her furniture at a big interest? And no doubt you remember you wanted to sell her out before Christmas time, too, and no doubt, you remember my putting up the money for her out of my own pocket, telling you that some time I will be paid. Now, Mr. Logger, I am getting my payment back, and as you are leaving my office, I wish you good afternoon."

Mr. Money Lender and Logger had to pay the lawyer instead of the widow paying the money lender.

READER.

Vancouver Has Many Substantial Buildings

GENERAL POST OFFICE

Grandview

MIMOSA.

By its production last Thursday and Friday of "Mimosa," a Japanese comic opera, in the auditorium of the King Edward High school, the Corinthian society set a standard for opera work, which has never been approached by any amateur organization in the city.

When the curtain rose each evening, the audience was astonished at the magnificence of the scenery, which was far superior to the average theater scenes in Vancouver. To fully criticise each principal would take too much space, but judging by the bursts of applause and the number of encores demanded, the society's offering did not go amiss.

Perhaps the two scenes which went down best of all with the audience, followed one another in close succession in the second act. The first was when six handsome British officers rather easily managed to instruct six pretty Japanese girls in the difficult art of kissing, and the duet, "I Take Thee Forever," by Miss E. Mary Elvin, in the title role, and Mr. H. Geldert as Mitsu.

The chorus, both in action and singing, gave evidence of most careful training, and deserved the support of a better orchestra. Miss H. L. Montgomery, stage director, and Mr. Maurice Taylor, the conductor, are largely responsible for the success of the performance.

* * *

Grandview Methodist Church

Pastor—Rev. F. G. Lett.

Sunday Services:—

Preaching 11 a.m. and 7.30 p.m.; Sunday School, 2.30 p.m.

Epworth League—Monday 8 p.m.

Prayer Meeting—Wednesday 8 p.m.

....The young people invite everybody to their League meetings, and suggest regular attendance at all services of the Church.

* * *

ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCH.

(Anglican.)

Corner of First Avenue East and Semlin Drive, Grandview.

Rev. Harold St. George Buttrum, B. A. B. D., Rector.

Residence, the Rectory, 2023 First Avenue East.

SUNDAY SERVICES—Morning prayer and Holy Communion the first and third Sundays of the month at 11 a. m.; morning prayer every Sunday at 11 a. m.; Holy Communion 2nd and 4th Sundays at 8 a. m.; evening prayer every Sunday at 7:30 p. m.

HOW CRIMINALS OF OLD WERE PUNISHED

Fourth article by F. L. Vosper, author of "Real Life Sketches," etc.

"Killing a ram and stealing part of its carcase." Such was the offence for which, according to the county records, Michael Stephens, aged 27, suffered death by hanging at Launceston on September 5th, 1820. Now, it was no unusual thing at that time for a man with a family earning, when he was working, eight or nine shillings a week of sixty long, weary hours, and when he was not working, which especially in the winter was very often the case, he was on the verge of actual starvation, to visit a neighboring farm at dead of night, catch a good fat wether, take it to some quiet spot, kill and dress the carcass, carefully burying the entrails, etc., and share the mutton with his neighbors, as hard up as himself, or sell a part of it to the landlord of one of the many public houses that abounded all over the country and who often acted in collusion with him in this and other things of this kind. But I happen to know that "Michael Stephens, aged 27," was a single man, living at at home with his parents, so what induced Michael to kill this ram and steal part of its carcass must remain a mystery unless we imagine that in some lonely cottage one night Michael and some of his select friends had a feast of mutton chops and barley bread on the quiet. Now, it happened that some few months previous to this tragedy at Launceston that my father's uncle, Mr. Hichard Menhennick, of Treguddick farm, near Launceston, attended one of the fairs in the neighborhood for the purpose of purchasing some live stock. He was accompanied by my father's eldest brother, a lad of 15, and after buying some sheep returned home, accompanied by a neighbor, a Mr. ——, who had also bought some sheep; both flocks being driven home together. The next morning Mr. —— discovered that one of his rams had been killed during the night, and as shown on the records, "part of its carcass,, stolen. How or by what means the local Sherlock Holmes gathered up the evidence which led to the arrest and conviction of Michael Stephens, jr., has not come to my knowledge. But the young man, who lived in the parish of Stokeclims, land, was duly arraigned before one of His Majesty's judges and a jury, composed of 12 "good men and true," who, after hearing the evidence, solemly retired and as solemly returned bringing in their verdict of "Guilty." The judge then solemly, putting on the black cap solemnly, pronounced the sentence that "You be taken to the place from whence you came and from thence to the place of execution and hanged by the neck until you are dead and so on, and the crime crime stealing a few pounds of mutton valued at perhaps seven or eight shillings, perhaps less.

Those were days when the gallows
stood black in the way,
The larger the town, the more plentiful they.
And the stealer of sheep and the
slayer of men
Were strung up together there again
and again.

It was about noon on the 5th of September and the usual crowd of travelers and loafers were gathered around the doorway and bar or seated in the tap room of the "Sportsman's Arms," still standing on the main road about half way between Callington and Launceston, when a heavy one-horse cart, driven by a heavy, stolid looking man, lumbered down the road and stopped at the door. The cart contained something covered with straw. The driver slowly got off the cart, entered the bar and called for a pint of fourpenny beer. Then taking a potato "pasty" from his pocket, he seated himself on a bench, and proceeded to eat his lunch. He was at once recognized by one of the men, who hailed him: "Hullo, Mike, where e've ben this mornin'?" "W'y, I've bin ovvur to Lan., son, arter Mike." "Arter Mike? What'er appened tu Mike?" "W'y, dedden e know? Mike was hanged this mornin' an' I'm takin' him 'om tu Stoke tu bury 'im."

So after coolly and stolidly finishing the remains of his lunch, Michael, sr., mounted his cart and drove on to Stoke with what remained of his son. I am not sure but I think Michael Stephens was the last man hanged in England for sheep stealing. The execution of Wm. Rowe, of which an account will be given in next week's Call, took place about 2 years earlier.

S. Mary the Virgin, South Hill.

(Cor. Prince Albert St. and 52nd Ave.)

8:00 a.m.—Holy Eucharist.

11:00 a.m.—Matins and sermon.

(Late celebration on 1st and 3rd Sundays).

3:00 p.m.—Children's Service (Third Sunday).

4:00 p.m., Holy Baptism (except Third Sunday).

7:30 p.m.—Evensong and Sermon.

Vicar, Rev. Owen Bulkeley, A.K.C.

Sunday School and Bible Classes every Sunday (except third), afternoon, at 3 o'clock, in St. Mary's Parish Hall, also Men's Bible Reading, every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock.

... THE ...

Irish Fusiliers

OF CANADA

Applications for enrollment will be received each Wednesday from 8 to 10 p.m., at the Regimental Headquarters, corner of William Street and Commercial Drive. Applicants must be between the ages of 18 and 45, over 5 feet 5 inches in height and physically sound.

I. W. DOWDING
Captain and Adjutant

THE —

GRANDVIEW STATIONERY

New Store: 1148 Commercial Dr.

Special in Music This Week

Agent for Singer Sewing Machines, etc.

1148 Commercial Drive

J. W. EDMONDS, Prop.

BUFFALO GROCERY

Commercial Drive and 14th Avenue

"The Home of Quality"

Guaranteed Fresh Eggs

Best Quality Groceries

J. P. Sinclair, Prop. Phone Fairmont 1033

For Watches Clocks
Jewelry and Optical Goods

A. WISMER

Jeweler and Optician

Repairing a Specialty 1433 COMMERCIAL DRIVE

Edward Clough

Real Estate

Insurance and Loans

Phone Seymour 2882 441 Homer Street

Vancouver, B.C.

Phone Seymour 943

Davies & Sanders

General Contractors

55-66 DAVIS CHAMBERS :: 615 HASTINGS ST. W.

Special Sale

1/3 Off Men's and Boys' Overcoats. Ladies' Rain and Overcoats.

1/4 Off Men's and Boys' Suits of all kinds. No Reserve. Hats and Caps, Odd Pants and Fancy Vests, Dressing Gowns and House Coats.

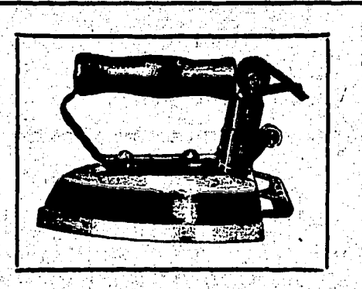
Girls' Middy and Sailor Dresses.

Clubb & Stewart, Ltd.

Tel. Sey. 702 309-315 Hastings St. W.

B. C. Electric Irons

THE CHEAPEST IRON OF ITS STANDARD ON THE MARKET



THE BEST IRON OFFERED ON HE MARKET AT ANY PRICE

Price $3.50

Every Iron is Guaranteed by the B. C. Electric for Ten Years.

B. C. ELECTRIC CO.

Carrall and Hastings Sts. Phone Seymour 5000 1138 Granville St. Near Davie St.

Printing Terminal City Press, Ltd.
2408 Westminster Rd. Phone Fairmont 1140

ARE YOU INTERESTED IN B. C. METHODISM?

THEN THE

Western Methodist Recorder

(Published Monthly)

Is almost indespensible to you.

No other medium will give you such general and such satisfactory information about Methodist activity in this great growing province. Whether a Methodist or not you are interested in Methodist movement. Send your subscription to

Manager Methodist-Recorder P. & P. Co., Ltd. - - Victoria, B. C.

$1.00 - One Year

Use Stave Lake Power

Those Industries are Better

In ultimate results which use our electric power service. The factories or office buildings which operate private power plants are under a big expense for maintenance. A trifling accident may disorganize their whole system — more serious disturbance, with attendant heavy losses involved, are not preventable. Stave Lake Power is undeniably cheaper and more reliable than private plant operation. See us for particulars and rates.

Western Canada Power Company,

LIMITED

Phone: Seymour 4770 603-610 Carter-Cotton Bldg.

P. O. BOX 1418, VANCOUVER, B. C.

MUNICIPALITIES ELECT MEN TO OFFICE

Results in South Vancouver, North Vancouver, Burnaby, Point Grey, Richmond, Langley, Maple Ridge, Surrey, Matsqui, Etc.

In South Vancouver.

Approximately 25 per cent. of the entire voting strength turned out to cast ballots in South Vancouver. The victory of Thomas Dickie was much more marked than had been anticipated, the vote standing Dickie, 2331; Kerr, 1465, and McArthur 1190. The councillors elected were W. R. Rutledge, Ward One; George A. Stevens, Ward Two; G. W. Thomas, Ward Three; William Winram, Ward Four; Edward Gold, Ward Five; J. W. Rowlings, Ward Six, and C. W. Twiddy, Ward Seven. Rutledge, Thomas and Gold had substantial majorities. Stevens won out over Russell by a scant six votes, while Winram had only 17 votes to spare, Rowlings 15, and Twiddy 38.

For School Trustees Neelands, Whelpton and Hudson were returned.

Burnaby Municipality.

The vote for councillors and school trustees in Burnaby was as follows:

Ward One—W. Bevan, 123; O. D. Bechert, 77; E. Stride, 115.

Ward Two—W. S. Rose, 217; W. H. Madill, 136; D. C. Patterson, 98.

Ward Three—J. C. Allen, 172; P. D. Coldicutt, 151; W. Karmann, 40.

Ward Four—B. W. Fau-Vel, 165; C. Colley, 108.

Ward Five—A MacDonald, 216; W. J. Holden, 175.

Ward Six—T. W. Mayne, 274; J. Murray, 187; W. F. Silver, 78; E. G. Winch, 33.

School Trustees—James Herd, 729; H. Burnes, 665; J. Churchland, 659; C. E. Campbell, 629.

Richmond and Point Grey.

Mr. Rice for Ward Four, and Mr. Thomas Foster for Ward Five, are new members of the Richmond council as the result of Saturday's voting.

In Point Grey Councillor Joseph Locklin, of Ward One, was re-elected by a large majority over Mr. J. H. MacKenzie, securing 143 out of 225 votes polled. The vote in Ward Six for councillor was M. R. Robson, 82; R. E. Gosse, 50. The votes polled for the school board candidates were J. M. Chappell, 373; A. W. Stewart, 356; W. J. Twiss, 316; M. C. Gordon, 302, and W. C. Atherton, 285.

North Vancouver District.

Only one contest for the council featured the North Vancouver district election, and only 60 votes were cast, 54 of which were for John Kay, who was elected over E. T. Hammersmark. Messrs. Waghorn, Wilson and Lee were elected school trustees.

West Vancouver.

The vote for reeve in West Vancouver was Lawson, 287; Gintzberger, 239. Mr. A. White was elected to the council for Ward One, and Mr. F. Shields for Ward Three, while Hayes and Mather were made members of the school board. The ferry bylaw was defeated by a vote of 301 to 214.

Maple Ridge.

For Reeve—N. F. Lougheed, 226; T. J. Drain, 195.

Councillors (four elected)—W. H. H. Ansell, 246; J. M. Dale, 257; Moses Ball, 132; G. H. Fulton, 224; B. B. Martyn, 236; J. H. Ano, 55; G. A. Davenport, 109; George Gilchrist, 193; J. Lilly, 97; V. D. Sibley, 57; John Southworth, 62.

School Board—Robert Blake, 308; H. Purdy, 163; F. Biggs, 276; (three elected.)

Surrey.

Reeve—Reeve Sullivan re-elected, 584; H. T. Thrift, 352.

Councillors—Ward One—G. F. Triggs, 94; G. W. Atchison, 90; Ward Two, J. E. Murphy, (acclamation); Ward Three, J. T. Brown, 92; Ben. Stevenson, 49; Ward Four, T. Y. Hebron, 118; H. Hornby, 97; Ward Five, Henry Bradshaw, 112; John Gordon, 38; George Radford, 53. One councillor elected in each ward.

School Board—J. Armstrong, 561; A. Dinsmore, 390; Stephen Williams, 419; E. H. Sands, 159; J. E. Beveridge, 152; (three elected.)

Chilliwack District.

Mr. F. C. Kickbush was elected reeve of Chilliwack district by acclamation, but there was a keen contest for the council board. There were nine candiadtes, the successful ones being: J. A. McLeod, 315; W. M. Wells, 292; Robert Mercer, 267; James Bailey, 246; J. A. Evans, 234. The successful aspirants for the school trustee board were: J. C. Robertson, 227; D. E. Barrow, 348; W. J. Thompson, 243.

Matsqui.

There was an exciting contest for the reeveship between Mr. W. Merrifield and Prof. Charles Hill-Tout, the former winning out by a majority of 25. The vote stood: Merrifield, 232, and Hill-Tout 207.

Kent.

Mr. George Nichols was elected reeve for the Municipality of Kent over Mr. R. L. Ashton. The councillors were elected by acclamation as follows: Messrs. J. Duncan, W. Mackie, A. M. MacPherson and N. McCallum. Messrs. J. H. Morrow, A. C. Webster and J. A. MacRae were elected school trustees.

Delta District.

Mr. A. D. Paterson was an easy victor over his opponent, Mr. W. A. Kirkland, in the contest for the reeveship of Delta Municipality. The vote stood: Paterson, 252; Kirkland, 97. Messrs. Savage, Huff, Harris, Morley and Brown were elected.

As the result of the municipal elections held Saturday in South Saanich Mr. George McGregor becomes reeve for 1914, and Messrs. F. M. Borden, A. R. Sherwood, Sidney Williams, E. Chandler, James Grant, H. E. Tanner and J. B. Adams form the council. The total figures for the reeveship were: George McGregor, 1,708; Joseph Nicholson, 868; majority, 840.

School Trustees elected were: William Campbell, John L. May and John P. Hancock.

In Oak Bay the only balloting was for school trustees, and as a consequence the vote was but 230 out of 2,079. William Coltman, H. S. Lott, and H. F. Hewitt were elected. There was no election in Esquimalt, the reeve and council and outgoing trustees being re-elected by acclamation.

Calgary, Alberta: Based on the accurate reports of government geologists, who give assurance that vast oil reservoirs will be tapped in Alberta, the Ottawa authorities with a clear foresight, have inserted a clause in oil leases, reserving all wells for the use of the British Admiralty in case the product is needed for fuel in time of war. This step was taken in view of the evolution of all kinds of power from coal to oil fuel, and the growing demand for economy of space, especially on ships, makes these precautions timely.

Kamloops-Vancouver Meat Co., Ltd.

Cor. Main and Powell Sts. Phone Seymour 6561 — 1849 Main Street Phone Fair. 1814

For Choice Meats

of large variety and reasonable prices, this house cannot be excelled. It stands to the very front.

The Western Call is Sold at the Following News Stands:

325 Granville Street
Cor. Granville & Hastings (N.E.)
" Pender & Granville (N.W.)
" Hastings & Seymour (S.W.)
" Richards & Hastings (S.E.)
" Pender & Richards (S.W.)

Cor. Homer & Hastings (N.E.)
" Cambie & Hastings (N.E.)
" Hastings & Columbia (N.W.)
108 Hastings Street, West
" Main & Hastings (S.E.)

CANADIAN PICTORIAL

Canada's Most Artistic and Popular Magazine

This elegant magazine delights the eye while it instructs the mind concerning the pcturesque doings of an interesting and highly entertaining world.

Each issue is literally crowded with the highest quality of photogravures, many of them worth framing.
on the waiting room tables of the lead-

It is the most popular "Pick-me-up" ing doctors throughout the Dominion, and in the big public libraries it is literally "used up" by the many who are attracted by its entertaining and beautiful pages.

It's a "love at sight" publication, and it has departmental features of great interest to the young woman and the home-maker.

Of it—just to quote one man's praise from among thousands—the Canadian High Commissioner in London—the Rt. Hon. Lord Strathcona, wrote:

"The 'Canadian Pictorial' is a publication which, if I may be permitted to say so, is a credit to Canada." (Signed) STRATHCONA.

On trial to New Subscribers—Twelve months for only 65 cents.

The "Canadian Pictorial" is published by THE "PICTORIAL" PUBLISHING CO., "Witness" Block, Montreal, Can. Try it for a year.

OUR CUTS TALK

ENGRAVING—
ETCHINGS AND HALFTONES ARE NOW BEING MADE IN WESTERN CANADA BY THE MOST SATISFACTORY PROCESS KNOWN TO THE WORLD
THE "ACID BLAST" PROCESS MAKES YOUR ILLUSTRATIONS —— LITERALLY TALK ——
MANUFACTURED IN WESTERN CANADA

By the Cleland Dibble Eng. Co.
3rd Floor World Bldg.
Vancouver, B. C.

Who mutilated the picture?
Who shattered the mirror?
Who stole Robert Cameron?

If you want to read a real clever mystery story don't miss the new serial we have arranged to print—

The Sable Lorcha

A tale of the shrewd cunning of the Orientals. It's good from the very beginning; so

Get the Issue With the First Installment.

The first instalment of **The Sable Lorcha** appeared in our issue of Jan. 9.

We can supply back numbers

Business Directory

Baxter & Wright
(Successors to Hutchings Furniture Company),
Complete House Furnishers.
Phone Sey. 771. 416 Main St.

B. C. Electric Co.
For Everything Electrical,
Phone Sey. 5000,
Cor. Carrall and Hastings Sts.
1138 Granville St.

B. C. Telephone Co.
The Telephone Directory is used 240,000 times daily.
Phone Sey. 6070.

Geo. G. Bigger
Jeweller and Optician,
143 Hastings St. W.
"The Home of Perfect Diamonds."

Bloomfield's Cafe
Best and oldest established Cafe in Mount Pleasant.
2517 Main St. Near Broadway

Buffalo Grocery
"The Home of Quality,"
Commercial Drive and 14th Ave.

Cleland & Dibble Engraving Co. Ltd.
"Our Cuts Talk."
3rd Floor World Bldg.

Clubb & Stewart, Ltd.
For Best Quality Clothing,
309-315 Hastings St. W.

Davies & Saunders
General Contractors.
Phone Sey. 943.
55-66 Davis Chambers, 615 Hastings Street W.

Dominion Wood Yard
All kinds of Mill Wood.
Cor. Front and Ontario Sts.
Phone Fair. 1554.

The Don
Confectionery.
Phone Fair. 510. 2648 Main St.

Dow, Fraser & Co., Ltd.
(A Trust Company).
Head Office: 317-321 Cambie Street.
2313 Main Street.

Edward Clough
Real Estate, Insurance and Loans.
Phone Sey. 2882. 441 Homer St.

The Grandview Stationery
(J. W. Edmonds, Prop.)
Where it pays to deal.
1130 Commercial Drive.

The Irish Fusiliers of Canada.
In Process of Organization.
I. W. Dowding, Capt. and Adjutant.

Johnson
The Secret Service Intelligence Bureau,
319 Pender St. W.

Kamloops-Vancouver Meat Co., Ltd.
Cor. Main & Powell Sts. 1849 Main St.
Phone Sey. 6561 Phone Fair. 1814

Law the Druggist
Wants to see you.
Lee Building. Broadway & Main

Mount Pleasant Livery
Carriages at all hours day or night.
Corner Broadway & Main.
Phone Fair. 835.

Owen & Morrison
The Mount Pleasant Hardware.
Phone Fair. 447. 2337 Main St.

Peters & Co.
The Reliable Shoemakers,
2530 Main Sreet.

Pioneer Market
For Choice Meats of all kinds.
Cor. Broadway & Westminster Rd.
Phone Fair. 257.

South Shore Lumber Co.
Any Kind of Lumber
Phone Fair. 154 1 Front St.

Stanley & Co.
Mount Pleasant Decorators
Phone Fair. 998. 2317 Main St.

Tisdall's Limited
For the Best Sporting Goods
618-620 Hastings St. W.

Frank Trimble Realty Co.
Real Estate and Insurance Brokers.
Phone Fair. 185. 2503 Westminster Rd

Vancouver Cut-Rate Fruit & Candy Co.
All Fruits in Season.
Phone Fairmont 638.
2452 Main, Cor. Broadway.

Western Canada Power Co. Ltd.
For Stave Lake Power.
Phone Sey. 4770.
603-610 Carter-Cotton Bldg.

Western Methodist Recorder
$1.00—One Year.
Manager, Methodist Recorder, P. & P. Co., Ltd., Victoria, B. C.

Wilson's Drug Store
F. A. Wilson, Prop.
Cor. Main St. and 16th Ave.
Phone Fair. 805.

A. Wismer
Jeweller and Optician.
Repairing a Specialty.
1433 Commercial Drive.

Mrs. Young
Phrenology and Palmistry
805 Granville St., cor Robson.

Law the Druggist Wants to See You

Yes, there are a lot of coughs and colds around just now. This has been a bad winter for colds — nearly everybody has one. But it is not such a serious matter if you know what to take; and, by the way, most people do not know what to take. They waste time and money taking some quack patent medicines, which have little or nothing in them.

Now we have worked out a formula for a cough syrup which we have no hesitation in selling under a guarantee. To cure, no pay. We also believe it is about the best cough syrup in the store, bar none, and those who have used it say so.

Try—

Law's Cough Balsam

and if you are not satisfiied, come back and get your money.

50c a Bottle

Law the Druggist

Lee Building, Broadway and Main

PHONE FAIRMONT 1852

(At it here since 1900)

DOW FRASER & COMPANY

(A Trust Company)

We Have

MONEY

for

Short Term Loans

on close in

Unencumbered

Real Estate

PROPERTY MANAGED
AGREEMENTS BOUGHT AND COLLECTED
Short Loans Made
REAL ESTATE & FIRE INSURANCE
4% ON DEPOSITS CREDITED MONTHLY SUBJECT TO CHEQUE
Dow, Fraser & Co. Ltd.
317-321 Cambie Street
SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES FOR RENT

NOTARY PUBLIC

Dow, Fraser & Co.

LIMITED

317-321 Cambie Street

2313 Main Street

Between 7th and 8th Aves.

McKay Station, Burnaby

Mount Pleasant

Alexander Hive, L. O. T. M., No 7, Mount Pleasant, is among the women's organizations which have shown progress during the past year in Vancouver. At last meeting the officers elected for the ensuing term were installed and committees named to undertake the work being planned for the year. Dr. Belle Wilson, Mrs. James McLean, Mrs. J. Townley, Mrs. H. Wilson and Mrs. R. P. Pettipiece constitute the delegation to the Local Council of Women. Two new members were initiated, and the meeting closed with a banquet, tendered to friends.

The commander of Hollister, Mrs. W. Turnbull, was a visitor.

A campaign for increased membership is to be instituted, and a great deal of work will be undertaken during the coming year.

The helping hand committee will meet at the residence of Mrs. Pettipiece, 2349 St. Catharines street, on the afternoon of February 5.

* * *

Last Tuesday evening the Comet Club held its second debate of the year. The subject was: Resolved, "That Canada is the Greatest Colony of the British Empire." The debaters were Messrs. John Anderson, Gordon Moore and Hiram Grant for the affirmative; and Messrs. Roy Hunter, George Smith and Glensons Nixon for the negative. The negative were awarded the decision, which was given by Mr. Harvey, who proved himself to be a worthy judge. He also praised the boys for their ability to hold such a meeting and the manner in which they conducted it, and the large audience.

After the debate supper was served and about thirty members sat at the tables, which were heavily laden with plenty of sandwiches, cakes, pies and salads. The coffee, which was served by Misses Kemp and McLellan, was remembered by the toastmaster in his list of toasts, and responded to by Mr. Ballowclough. The evening closed by singing the National Anthem and God Save the King.

The Sober Hunt Club

By J. F. Morris

Vancouver, B. C., Dec., 1914

According to arrangements, 9 a. m. found us hunting for the way to the Bowen's wharf with our necessary equipment, which we put on board for the nearest point to our chosen hunting ground. At 9:45 she cleared the landing, and we were on our journey.

A Peculiar Noise.

Passing through the first narrows of Burrard Inlet, it was somewhat noticeable that the several swifter going crafts were easily passing us, but we could remember that the "race is not always to the swift." But there is "that noise," which, to the unaccustomed ears, is, indeed, doleful. When first we heard it after our arrival in Vancouver, my wife would ask: "Where is it?" as we listened in the hours of late and early darkness, to its oft repeated call.

If you have not guessed yet what it is, perhaps the following description may help you.

It begins as if in the key of G., a heavy, strong and full time, as if the voice of some mighty beast in great distress, and continuing on for several seconds when it manifests a slight decadence for a moment. Then with a quick drop, it ends, as if the great beast had fallen exhausted, as it uttered what seemed almost its last mighty groan, which, to one whose ears are in time, is not readily forgotten. However, as we swing past the nine mile point, there it was, the cause of that "Peculiar noise," which had aroused so much curiousity. And the vision we had of it was quite effectual in unlocking the door of our understanding. Then the thought came of what it all meant and how it applied to life, when I found the picture growing as I saw the hosts of men who spurd not their lives for self, but for the good of others, as they proclaim with all their combined powers, while lasts their breath and time is theirs, it may be from some position of great eminence or from the most lowly of all places in life; the warning so much needed and yet so much unheeded; to fellowmen of immediate and pending dangers, just as that forhorn does every minute during the passing of vessels in foggy weather.

That Squamish Feeling.

By and bye the ringing of the dinner bell reminded us of the flight of time and the fact that those who wished to might refresh with the viands prepared by the Chinese cook. Experience having taught some of us, we were prepared to avoid that feeling which comes too often from that class of cooks, while some of those who partook, had more of "that feeling" than comes by sight as we entered the bay of the Squamish river and valley.

Britannia's Store.

While the boat was landing a train load of sugar, steel and iron (the train was right there), we visited one of this coast's most spacious stores, the supply depot of Brittannia mines. The train is very obliging in that it promptly delivered the mail and baggage first and returned for the freight at leisure. Soon we are at the Squamish, and it is "All aboard for Newport," but they called a stop to put our grub on and away we went, when the conductor spied a fellow he had put off once, hanging on behind. Stopped again and put him off. As the train started the drunk threw a two-fist sized rock, which the conductor caught and returned, nicely missing the anatomy as it passed between his legs, at which he grinned.

Newport received its portion and next stop is Brackendale. Just a waggon road crossing, but we pile our effects by the road side, and await the coming of our teamster, who took charge of the lot to pick it up on his return a bit later.

Some Thief.

While we were at our busiest moment, expressing voiceless appreciation of the good things provided by Host Mills, in comes Harry, the stagger, to ask: "Did you get your stuff," and we sang the chorus, "No-o-o." "Well, its gone," says he. So we guessed it was the "Indian who knew," and we sent Harry hunting for it. After supper the youthful detective department of the house sent a detachment out, who located our effects in charge of the Indian who had left his pile near by ours, and sent a lad for it, who took all in sight, thinking it good enough. However, our detectives ordered it back by 5:30 a. m., or there'd be trouble.

A Twenty-five Mile Wagon Trip.

A clear fine morning, frosty air and a good start to make the trip by noon and we were off over a muddy road on which the horses Jerry and Ben refuse to trot if they can possibly avoid it, while the driver boy lays on the elbow juice with a brand new whip. Not so with Crusoe, the dog, for he is busy all the way covering at least a hundred miles in his efforts, during which time he put up several grouse, which dropped their heads to the tune of the 30-30 of Mr. Elliott of our party, who is, by the way, very much at home in the woods with a gun. The boy driver used a D. B. shot gun, but failed to bring down the game.

While crossing a bridge on the reserve I called out there's a big knife, and out jumps Mack saying where! He soon returned, saying shoot, as he threw a fine specimen of the natives handiwork, a wooden knife about fifteen inches long into the wagon.

About half way the trip we got tired riding and "hiked it," while the road would permit. Mack and I halted on the Soup Creek bridge, while he took a kodak snap of our outfit, the sun brightly beaming on us all. Soup Creek is so called because its waters when boiled down nicely have a decidedly chicken soup flavor, so the natives assert.

A Full Stop.

About 1 p. m. the trusty steeds were brought to a full stop, and we were soon busy putting up stove, fire wood, etc. At 5 o'clock supper was ready and so were we, the grouse being a satisfying portion thereof. The early hours of the night found us the pleasant dreams of slumberland. Right on the tick of 5 a. m. Mr. E. was firing up, and in a short time breakfast was an easy mark for us all. Then we hit the trail for the mountains. Inside the half hour we were climbing hard, and our steam rising rapidly. Up and up, ledge after ledge, we went in rapid succession until we realized we were going too fast, getting exhausted in our desire to get into the game. But alas! How the best laid plans of mice and men will often gang aglee, as Burns puts it, work as we would, we were outwitted by the nimble game. Not a specimen to be seen and very few signs that are fresh. In the snow belt going was easier, but noisy, for the crust bore us, but cringed at every step, giving the game to the deer. Below the snow they were not in evidence, and knowing the ground well we worked hard all day or all went home empty handed except for a fine blue grouse cock which fell to my gun away up at the top ridge. Mack was home first, and busy getting supper when Mr. E. came, and we went to it.

A Beautiful Sight.

Those who live always in a large city like Vancouver and are so busy making a smoke and some money that they have no time to look for anything else, are not often found looking upward at such a beautiful sight as we are privileged to behold here. The air is as clear and still and the valley wide enough to make the range of vision sufficient for star gazing, that a lover of such must be delighted. Never has the writer been able to see more stars, but would plead inability to intelligently describe in an astronomical way what the eye could behold, and would, therefore, leave the rest to the readers imagination.

Now it is Tuesday, and Mack and I are early off up the river and the Ash slough with our eye open for goat, while Mr. E. struck off the other way to look for the deer again. On our way two Indians overtook us who said four of them had killed six goats yesterday. They also said, "No deer, no deer!" On we went, wading the smaller streams, walking logs over bigger ones, till we start to climb up the mountain. Missing the trail, we had a hard climb, being forced to zig-zag, and once turn back to find another possiblew ay. In the snow belt at first the crust bore mostly, but about 3,000 feet upi it was soft and two to three feet deep, letting us down to the bottom of it. One clear open space near the top had two inches of hoar frost on the top of the snow. The view from this spot was magnificent, as we looked across and down the valley for miles. The air was very clear and the day fine and bright, and we had a rare look at Garibaldi, Goat and The Twins, the other sides of which are a sight from Vancouver on a clear day. Oh, hold on! See those acres of fine ploughed fields! And there were many acres of ridged fields of snow lined up to our vision away over yonder, by the wind and storm. But we must not linger here, so on up we go over the soft snow, as we follow the trail of the goat, all of which are leading upward and we are now some five thousand feet up, so we swung off to find the trapper's trail to get down easy. Plunge and stride it is through the deep snow every step till we reach the first line again and we go easy for a while Soon we are at the Trapper Anderson's cabin, and as no one is about we proceed to make ourselves at home by sitting on the wood pile outside as we eat our lunch, and slake our thirst from the sparkling stream that trickles down near by. What is the cabin like, do you ask? Well, let me try to tell you. It is about 8x10; is built of fir and cedar logs, nicely fitted and chincked with cedar shakes and moss, with shanty roof. The bunk or bed occupies one end, a center post supports the roof and the stove occupies the corner across from the door end of the cabin, making a very neat outfit. The cabin is in the center of the most densely wooded part of the mountain, that being where the trapper's business is done, and a window about 12x30 on the down side gives the occupant a fine view of life among the trees.

But we must not linger here, for the sun has hid already behind a neighboring mountain and we are far from home, so on we go down the slippety snowy trail. As we leave the snow line we hunt for deer again, but hunt in vain. Even signs are scarce as we pick our steps down the trail. My, oh my, but we've made good time coming down, and are glad to strike the slough again for a straight away walk. Tired and hungry we make our way to "home for the night." The shadows are quickly gathering, and the weather signs promised a change.

Sore Spots.

True to its signs, there is a weather change, and it rains as conscientiousness possesses next morning, and Mr. E. is on the firing line again. Breakfast over, off they go again ere day has come, and I stay in to fix things up a bit, and I can tell you I was glad of the chance, for I was as sore as I want to be, just reminded me of the after effects of the "first of the season's effects" in the Gym. classes I used to get into back in Ontario. In about a half hour, back comes Mack, too sore of foot and limb to stand the climb. After lunch he was off again to tempt the fish for a while, but good luck did not crown his efforts.

In due time Elliott also returned empty handed.

Saw One Deer.

Next morning, long before daylight, we were again climbing our favorite hunting ground for deer, to be there first, if possible, on the spot, but they had been ahead of us again, leaving signs fresh and also the fact that the cougar were after them, much to our disappointment and annoyance. Say, do you believe it? The cougar bounty should be $40 or $50 instead of $15; then hunters might risk it to get them, for they kill many more deer than men do, and are at it all the time.

About midday Mack and I drift together again and, as we round a rock projection, he is a few yards ahead, and fires twice while I come in range, and there stands, about 150 yards away a fine young buck, looking at us. I wonder why Mack don't do business; so I pull at it's eye, and down he drops, as I remark: "Guess I fetched him, allright," and I had taken him under the eye, the ball leaving at back of the neck. So we

(Continued on Page 8)

Fresh Eggs Wanted

Are your hens laying? If not, try

Special Chicken Chop and John Bull Egg Producer

Our large stock of poultry supplies are guaranteed and include the following:

Pratt's Poultry Regulator	25c	Beef Scrap
Pratt's Roup Cure	25c	Bone
Pratt's Lice Killer	25c	Shell, &c.

F. T. VERNON

Phone Fairmont 186 HAY, GRAIN AND FEED Cor. Broadway & Kingsway

Solid Leather -:- Solid Hand Work

Done by First-Class Mechanics

are necessary to produce

Good Shoemaking and Repairing

We have all combined, assuring our customers good results.

Surgical Work Given Special Attention.

PETERS & CO.

2530 Main Street The Reliable Shoemakers Vancouver, B.C.

BLOOMFIELD'S CAFE

2517 MAIN STREET NEAR BROADWAY

KNOWN AS THE BEST AND OLDEST ESTABLISHED CAFE IN MT. PLEASANT

BUSINESS MEN'S LUNCH 25c—11:30 TO 2:00

DINNER 5:00 TO 8:00 P.M. SHORT ORDERS AT ALL HOURS

FRANK TRIMBLE REALTY CO.

Real Estate and Insurance Brokers

CONVEYANCING

RENTS COLLECTED

LOANS NEGOTIATED

PHONE Fair. 185 2503 Westminster Rd.

Vancouver, B. C.

DOMINION WOOD YARD CO.

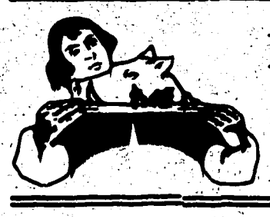
Cor. Front and Ontario Sts. Phone Fairmont 1554

Al Kinds of Mill Wood

Stored Under Cover

Go to the

Pioneer Market



For Choice Meats of all kinds.

Everything sanitary and up-to-date.

Trimble & May

Phone Fairmont 257

Corner Broadway & Westminster Road

South Shore Lumber Co.

LIMITED

Lumber Manufacturers

1 Front St., Foot of Ontario St.

PHONE Fairmont 154 VANCOUVER, B. C.

EGG-LAYING CONTEST

Department of Agriculture,
Government Buildings,
Victoria, B. C., Jan. 12, 1914.

To the Editor:—

Dear Sir—I am sending you a summary of the results of the Second International Egg-Laying Contest, which closed on October 2, 1913. I might state that I am at present compiling a bulletin dealing with the contest. This will be illustrated, and will contai results of various experiments conducted. Owing to office and field work taking up practically the whole of my time, I am afraid the Bulletin will not be published till probably the middle of February. I am mentioning this fact so that any person applying for a copy of the Bulletin will understand the delay.

Summary of Results:

Duration of contest	10 mths
Number of pens	40
Number of birds	240
Total unmber of eggs laid	34,977
Total value of eggs laid	$1,020.17
Total cost of feeding	$376.94.27
Profit over cost of feeding	643.22
Average market price of eggs per doz	35c
Average number of eggs laid per pen	874.4
per bird	145.7
Average cost of food per pen (six birds)	$9.42.35
Average cost of food per bird	$2.68
Eggs laid by winning pen, Class 1	1,132
Average per bird, winning pen	188.6 egs
Eggs laid by winning pen, Class 2	1,078
Average per bird, winning pen	179.6

Trusting that the above may prove of sufficient interest to merit insertion, I remain,

Yours truly,
J. R. TERRY,
Chief Poultry Inspector.

STRIKE PRACTICALLY ENDED

Capetown, Jan. 18.—The railway strike practically ended tonight with the decision of the operating force to resume work immediately. The strike of the miners is also rapidly nearing its end. It is estimated that the mobolization of the burghers will cost the government between $1,250,000 and $2,000,000. A proclamation was issued at Pretoria today demobilizing the commands and regiments except eight at Pretoria, and in some outlying districts.

BOW TO ROYALTY.

Ottawa, Jan. 18.—Over twelve hundred people made their bow to royalty at the annual drawing room which was held in the Senate chamber on Saturday night. Princess Patricia attended with H. R. H. the governor-general. The duchess of Connaught, who has cancelled all social engagements for the present, owing to the condition of her health, was not present. The duke was attended by Lord Crompton, Col. Farquhar, military secretary, and a brilliant staff.

PHONE FAIR. 998

"Forward"

This is our MOTTO for 1914. We are enlarging premises and our stock of

Wall Papers

will be equal to any in the city. You have our experience of thirty (30) years in the work of Painting, Decorating and Papering—14 years in Vancouver.

STANLEY & CO.
2317 Main Street
Phone Fair. 998

HOW LABOR CAN SOLVE ITS OWN WRONGS

During the panic of 1907, when banks were failing and business crumbling and wages being paid with clearing house certificates, when they were paid at all, $96,000,000 in gold was imported from Europe to relieve the stringency. Only $96,000,000, but bank failures stopped, business revived, the workingman had money again.

Last year, America's drink bill was something more than $2,000,000,000.

More than two billion dollars spent for something of no value, something that returns far below the average amount to labor!

Billions for Labor and Business.

Suppose we were to banish the saloon, close up the breweries and distilleries and begin to spend that two billions for legitimate products. It would mean two billion dollars more business for the merchants, hundreds of millions more for the manufacturers, hundreds of millions more paid to labor and hundreds of thousands of the men now seeking work employed at good wages.

Shoe factories would run overtime, clothing factories would have to turn away orders. The makers of steel products, of vehicles, of furniture, would be overwhelmed with orders and hunting desperately for more workingmen. The grocery man would need more clerks, the butcher would telephone frantically for more meat to satisfy the men who formerly spent their money for beer.

Some Things Would Languish.

But not everything would prosper. The prison would languish, for it is a known fact that beer and whisky supply a large majority of the prisoners. The hospitals would be full of empty rooms, but then they could turn their attention to fighting tuberculosis and helping the workingman to bring his baby past the danger stage. The asylums would seldom open their gates to a new comer, but when they had done their last earthly duty toward the victims of drink they now shelter, better uses could be found for them.

And the tax bill would dwindle steadily. But who will complain about that!

Labor has the solution of its wrongs in its own hands. Let labor strike down the saloon and she will strike down unemployment, strike down the small wage, strike down high taxes, liberate thousands of workingmen from prisons and hospitals, crush forever the political alliance between corrupt government and corrupt business, elevate the laboring man and his labor to a hitherto unknown dignity.

Stop This Robbery.

The breweries and distillers and saloonkeepers of this country have been taking two billion dollars' worth of hats and shoes and automobiles and other useful products out of the general store and have been returning nothing but whisky and dirt and disease and crime and insanity and just about enough revenue to repay one-tenth of the court costs and upkeep of asylums and hospitals maintained for their victims.

And you pay the bills. You pay it at the grocery store, because these men are not making groceries. You pay it at the dry goods store, because they are not making clothing. Everything is higher in price, because you are permitting them to add the cost of their support to the cost of your support.

How long are you going to stand it, Mr. Workingman?

HOW TO GET ON

"What is the secret of success?" asked the sphinx.
"Push," said the bell button.
"Take panes," said the window.
"Never be led," said the pencil.
"Be up to date," said the calendar.
"Always keep cool," said the ice.
"Do business on the tick," said the clock.
Do a driving business," said the hammer.
"Make light of everything," said the fire.
"Make much of small things," said the microscope.
"Never do anything off-hand," said the glove.
"Spend much time in reflection," said the mirror.
"Do the work you are suited for," said the chimney.
"Be bright and sharp in your dealings," said the knife.
"Find a good thing and stick to it," said the glue.
"Trust to your stars for success," said the night.
"Strive to make a good impression," said the seal.—Pacific Presbyterian.

VANCOUVER'S CITY MARKET
Since this picture was taken several stalls have been built in front of the building.

LARGER YIELDS PER COW.

During these short winter days, when many cows are dry, and the cows that are milking are not giving very much, would it not be wise to lay plans for improvement of the dairy herd? Seeing that the average household consumes a fair quantity of milk daily all through winter, and seeing that the ice cream trade is not by any means dead during the cold months, is it not a pity that there is not more good milk and sweet cream available? Current prices and good demand should prove an inducement to a larger number of producers to go in more strongly for winter dairying.

Some of the variations in yields are very marked; it is a common thing, month after month, to find groups of cows in four adjacent sections averaging one hundred pounds of milk difference, for instance, from 450 by even stages of 100 up to 750 pounds. Many of these poor cows could easily be giving, under better conditions of feed and care, another three or four pounds of fat each per month. After a year or two at cow testing, the herds will probably average, as many already have done, considerably more of an increase than that. Even as much as forty or forty-five pounds in the year extra per cow. These farmers who desire increases are invited to write to the Dairy Commissioner, Ottawa, to ascertain what assistance is given by the Department of Agriculture in organizing a cow testing association.

C. F. W.

GOOD NEWS AT LAST—A 10-acre farm, the best land, with the best people, the best conditions and the best climate in the world, all for $160; no liquor, with its damnable blighting influence destroying men, women and children, and filling our prisons with criminals made by its insiduous use, allowed to be sold in the neighborhood; all public utilities owned by the people (and you can be one of them); the water supply is perfect, 35,000 gallons bubbling up from the spring every minute, giving a supply of the purest water, with 365 days of sunshine, with sufficient rain, enabling you to grow three crops a year and make a profit of $500 per acre. Railway in city. You are 2000 miles nearer the best market than California. You have the best shipping facilities. This sounds like the land of promise. It is. Some people call it the Garden of Eden. You will want to learn more, so call at my house any evening. 1768 Robson street. G. T. W. Piper.

MAKE YOUR OWN GAS FOR LIGHTING AND COOKING.
One 50-Light Machine, with splendid cooking stove and water heater; price, $650, will go for $350. Another 50-light plant, price $525, will go for $300. One 25-light plant, price $360, will go for $250. One 15-light, price $250, will go for $150. Also a lot of globes and fittings. All these gas machines are the best made and passed the fire underwriters. Must be sold. Owner retiring from business. 1768 Robson street.

SAWMILL MACHINERY — Six saws, 3 saw edgers, 1 planer, 1 jack works, 1 cut-off saw and frame, saw carriage works and other machinery; cost over $2400; will go for $600 cash. 1768 Robson street.

Calgary, Alberta: Plans are afoot to make an appeal to the Mineral Department of Canada and to the Alberta government to make a substantial appropriation for a thorough research of the oil fields and conducting prospecting work. The Alberta Oil Development Association, composed of public spirited citizens, have the movement in charge and base their rights to assistance to develop a great industry of far-reaching importance, to similar appropriations made by the United States government to develop her oil fields.

NOT A TRACE FOUND OF LOST SUBMARINE

Plymouth, Eng., Jan. 17.—Not a trace has been found up to late this afternoon of the British submarine "A-7" which was lost in Whitesand Bay on the shores of Plymouth sound yesterday afternon.

Mrs. J. S. Almond, Teacher of
VIOLIN
Is prepared to accept a limited number of pupils. Special attention given to beginners.
181 Eighteenth Avenue, West 13-3-14

Mount Pleasant Livery
A. F. McTAVISH, PROP.
Phone Fairmont 845 Corner Broadway and Main
Carriages at all hours day or night
Hacks, Victorias, Broughams, Surreys and Single Buggies, Express and Dray Wagons for hire
Furniture and Piano Moving

VANCOUVER CUT-RATE FRUIT and CANDY CO.
J N. Ellis. Mgr. 2452 Main St. Cor. Broadway

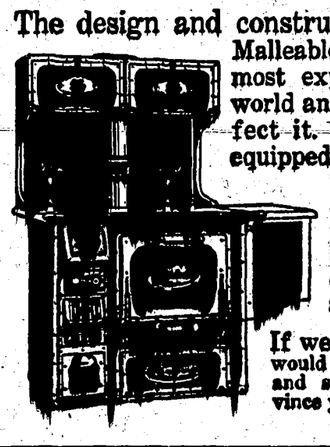
All Fruits in Season

Largest Stock of Confectionery Fruit & Tobacco on Hill
PHONE Fairmont 638
Free delivery to any part of the city.

The Best Range on the Market
The South Bend Malleable

Your neighbor has just found out her range is three ply. A sheet of steel, a sheet of asbestos and another sheet of steel. She knows now why it does better work and consumes less fuel than the old one. The three-ply construction of The South Bend Malleable Range is one good reason why that range ranks first, but there are others.

The design and construction of the South Bend Malleable was worked out by the most expert range makers in the world and it took them years to perfect it. It is made in the best equipped range factory in the world. This great factory and organization concentrates upon one range, not a dozen or more, and they make that one range as near perfect as a range can be made.



If we knew of a better range, we would handle it, but we don't. Come and see this range and we will convince you.

O'Cedar Mop and Polish

W. R. Owen & Morrison
The Mt. Pleasant Hardware
Phone Fair. 447 2337 Main Street

PHONE FAIRMONT 510 THE DON PHONE FAIRMONT 510
ICE CREAM PARLOR
2648 Main St. 2d store from 11th Av.
Christmas Novelties, Cards and Chocolates at Popular Prices.
Christmas Crackers, Bon Bons, Toys, etc., etc.

The SABLE LORCHA

By HORACE HAZELTINE

COPYRIGHT, 1912, A. C. McCLURG & CO.

"What do you know of this artist, Murphy, who employs John?" I asked.

"Not much, sir," was his answer. "They do say as he is rather eccentric, sir. He and the Chink lives alone there in the bungalow, summer and winter. He's a big red-headed and bearded fellow, sir. I did hear a story as to him gettin' into a fight up at Garrison's hotel in Greenwich village, and nearly killin' three young watermen near as big as himself."

"Has he lived here long?"

"Goin' on two years, now, sir."

"He paints and sells pictures, I suppose?"

"Maybe, sir. I never sees any, though. But they calls him an artist, sir."

I determined to visit Murphy on the pretext of purchasing some of his work, and in this manner learn, if possible, something more of his celestial servitor.

"Of course you didn't see any one else with a rifle, today?" I asked, in conclusion. "The 'man with life up load' didn't materialize?"

"No, sir. Not another soul, sir. I asked some of the boys—them as has charge of the deer in the preserve, over the way the shootin' sounded. But they hadn't seen no one, either, sir. Though they did hear the shots."

I thanked Romney for his interest—he knew I was one of the state game wardens—and admonished him to keep his own counsel as to my visit, leaving the impression with him that I wished to round up the culprit, and feared if my activity in the matter were scented my prey would be put on his guard and thus escape me.

It still lacked twenty minutes of the hour of my appointment with Evelyn when I issued from the Lodge, and to occupy the time I entered the wide gateway between the great stone pillars with their heraldic shields, and sauntered leisurely along the smooth macadam drive, bordered by sentinel elms.

My thoughts were busy with the new line of conjecture which Romney had unconsciously opened up for me. I wondered whether by any possibility this eccentric painter, Murphy, could be personally involved. Was Cameron acquainted with him? Had they ever quarrelled? From what Romney had told me of the affair at Garrison's the artist was evidently of a bellicose disposition. He had come here two years ago. Cameron had owned Cragholt less than a year. Perhaps at the time he was preparing the mansion for occupancy he had offended the too sensitive Murphy, who—I was letting my imagination run free—may have wished to take a hand at the new decoration. It would probably be well for me to see Cameron before seeing the artist. The involutions of my hypothetical train led me, I fear, into many monstrously preposterous conceits; yet, as subsequent events proved, the cogitation in which I indulged on that afternoon walk was not wholly idle. Although the working out was along lines which I was then far from foreseeing, it was curious, in looking back, to observe how very closely, collaterally, even at that stage, I came to the truth.

In the midst of my revery, the rhythm of horse's hoofs on the drive awoke me to time and place. And as I raised my eyes, I saw, still some distance away, but bearing down upon me at a swift single-foot, the girlish figure of Evelyn Grayson, in white waist and gray habit, mounted on Prince Charley, a buckskin cayuse, which for saddle purposes she preferred to all the thoroughbreds in the Cameron stables.

"Am I late?" she cried, reining the wiry little animal to a stand beside me. "Celia Ainslee just left. She was expecting the Lentilhons to stop for her in their motor boat, but they broke down and were delayed, and instead of coming at three o'clock, it was half-past four before they landed."

"I fancy you are just on the minute," was my response, as I consulted my timepiece.

"But I'm still a mile from the Lodge," she argued.

"And all the nearer to the trail," I condoned. "It must be somewhere about here, isn't it?"

"You've passed it. It's just beyond that next bend." And she pointed over my shoulder.

"Why didn't you bring a groom with you to hold your steed?" I asked, smiling. "You don't expect to ride Prince Charley into the forest fastnesses, do you?"

"I could," she answered, promptly. "I will, if you dare me. He can pick his way like a cat. But it isn't necessary. He'll stand forever, the dear thing, if I drop the bridle rein over his head."

My preference was to have her on foot at my side, and so I did not dare her. And thus it chanced that we left the homely little animal standing with drooping head and dangling rein on the shadowed side of the driveway, and went off together down the narrow, slow-descending trail, the girl in the lead.

The slanting sunlight, shooting its golden arrows in intermitent volleys through the tree tops, made target of her hair, as we passed, scoring brilliant flashes of burnished bronze. Her hat, a broad-brimmed sailor of coarse straw, was but a poor shield for that shimmering, tawny coil which lay low on her neck, and the darting rays had their will with it. I have never before or since seen hair just like Evelyn Grayson's. There was such a wealth of it, and its color was so elusive. Under dim lights it seemed a prosaic brown, but with small encouragement it changed to a light fawn, streaked with lustrous topaz strands; which in the sun's blaze became a dazzling bronze glory.

"I'm pretty sure I can find the tree," she asserted, as she swung along with that free, lissome stride which I loved. "It is an old, dead chestnut, a great giant of the woods, imposing even in death; and it stands only a half-dozen yards off the trail. I was looking for ferns, or I never in the world should have come upon it. How do you imagine that thing ever got away off here? And who could have stuck it up on that dead tree trunk?"

"That is precisely what I should like to find out," was my reply. "It seems very mysterious to me. About what time was it, when you discovered it?"

"Just before I met you."

"Had you heard any shooting in the woods, before that?"

"Shooting?" she queried, apparently surprised. "No. Was some one shooting?"

"I understood so. Poaching, I imagine. After some of Cameron's fat pheasants."

"But it's out of season," she declared, promptly.

"That makes small difference with a poacher."

Her belief in her ability to lead me to the tree of which we were in quest was not unfounded. Twice she paused and peered in between the gray trunks which grew close to our path; once she took a step off the trail, bending in keen-eyed search of certain familiar landmarks. These were the only interruptions to what was otherwise a straight march to the goal.

When, at length, we reached it, she identified it beyond question, and I had little difficulty in finding the nail from which the piece of canvas had been suspended. It was one of thin wire, with very small head, driven into the tree at a distance of about four and a half feet from the ground. Just beneath it I found four scattering bullet holes, with the bullets too deeply embedded to be extracted with so poor a tool as a pocket knife.

From this it was evident that the shots had been fired at comparatively short range, as indeed they must have been, seeing that the trees here grew so thickly as to make impossible any very extended line of sight upon the target.

Somewhat to Evelyn's perplexity I began making a careful inspection of the ground, not only about the tree, but as far away from it as the range of vision extended.

"What are you looking for?" she demanded, with a show of concern, and, I thought, a little peevishly.

"Footprints," I answered laughing. "Behold the American Sherlock!"

"Have you found any?"

"Only Cinderella's," and that put her in good humor.

But I found something of much more importance than the indentations of shoe soles. I found it very near the foot of the tree, just below where the painting had hung. It was half hidden by underbrush, and at first I mistook it for a stone. Unobserved by Evelyn, I slipped it into my pocket.

"After all," I said to her, "there's not very much to be learned here, is there?"

CHAPTER V.

Found Dead.

My motor boat, which had been running swiftly and smoothly, with the least possible clamor from the exhaust, suddenly missed a stroke and then, after a succession of choking sobs, ceased all effort, and gradually losing headway, drifted idly with the tide.

"Well done, Jerry," I whispered from my seat in the stern to the capable young Irishman who was bending over the motor—whispered, because, as all the world knows, the water is a sounding board, and I had no intention of permitting any one on shore to hear my words of approval.

To all appearances the motor had broken down, and we were voyagers in distress.

"The tide's settin' in," murmured Jerry. "Unless I miss me guess, it'll land us on his beach inside o' five minutes, sir."

The slender scallop of a new moon had set an hour before, but the night was luminously clear, and the stars blazed with an almost southern effulgence. There was very little breeze and the waters of the Mianus were scarcely rippled. The air was chill, however, though now and then there came to us a warm breath from the fields which all day long had lain baking in the fervent sunshine. Along the shore to our left we caught the glint of lights from the summer cottages.

To Jerry Rooney every inch of the little bay and river was familiar. Each light was for him a landmark; and so, as much by intuition as careful calculation, he had clogged the engine at a point whence, taking tide and current into consideration, we might count upon drifting to the water end of Artist Murphy's lawn.

As we drew nearer and he stealthily pointed out to me the location, I was able to descry a little grove of trees, black in the starlight, making a horizontal barrier across the limited enclosure, and hiding, like a rope portiere, the bungalow from the river. Through this no lights penetrated, and I began to doubt that, after all my pains, I should find at home the object of their taking.

A catboat, with sail wrinkling in the uncertain breeze, glided by us, almost too near for comfort, and we caught a sentence, two sentences, in fact, from the conversation of the occupants:

"Nobody knows him," in clear, ringing masculine tones; and, "He's handsome, if he is surly," in a woman's voice.

I wondered if they were speaking of Murphy. My telephone inquiry of Cameron and subsequent questioning of the men about my place had proved to me that both observations would apply. No one seemed to know very much of this brawny, sandy giant, in spite of his two year's residence in the neighborhood.

Now the shore's shadow was engulfing us, and the next moment, with a gentle swish of waters, we felt the boat's bottom grate on the pebbly beach. There was a landing a short distance further up—a spindling wooden pier—and to this Jerry, knee deep in the black water, turned the boat and made it fast.

The prospect which confronted us as we walked shoreward over the creaking planks was about as hospitable as the grim walls of a prison. The tree barrier rose stark and forbidding a dozen yards away. Between it and the river was a combination of pebbles, sand, high grass, and ragged overgrown lawn, faintly visible in the starlight. On nearer approach, however, we found an opening in the curtain of trees, a veritable valley of shadow, through which we passed to a strip of neglected sward and a squat, unpainted weather-beaten cottage of a single story, with vine-screened verandah.

And in what seemed to us the very center of the house front, there shone a tiny glowing point of red fire. We had not come altogether in vain. By all the odds of chance, it was a safe conclusion that Murphy, in propria persona, was behind that lighted end of a cigar. Then we saw the point move, describing a half circle, and simultaneously a voice rang out—a deep, sonorous voice, but of churlish intonation:

"What do you want here?"

I suppose he expected me to come to a sudden halt, but I was then only a few steps distant from the verandah, and as I answered him, I covered that distance.

"My motor boat ran out of gasolene," I said, "and drifted to your beach. I was in hopes we might borrow enough to get us home."

I saw him now, dimly, in the shadowed recess. He was seated facing me, a creature of great bulk, with huge head and ponderous shoulders.

"I don't keep gasolene," was his gruff response.

"I thought—" I began, but his next utterance drowned my words.

"I say I don't keep it," he reiterated, in louder tones. "Isn't that plain?"

"Oh, quite. You have neither gasolene nor good manners."

I saw him rise, a massive tower, dwarfing his surroundings, and take a step forward to the edge of his porch.

"This is my house and my castle," he flung at me, savagely, "and I won't stand for trespassers. If you two don't want to be flung off my property, it would be advisable for you to make haste in going."

My laugh was not calculated to salve his ill humor, yet I think he must have gathered from it that I was not to be terrorized by either his size or his threats.

"Your name's Murphy, I think," I ventured, calmly, not moving an inch. But he made no response.

"Mine is Clyde," I went on; "I am one of the state game wardens."

"I'm not interested in who you are," he growled.

"But I'm interested in learning what your Chinaman was shooting this morning, over on the Cameron place."

"Then find out," was his courteous retort. "I'm sure I shan't tell you."

"Maybe the Chinaman will be more obliging," I suggested, and turning to Jerry, who had stood in silence, all the while, a few steps behind me, I said: "Look around at the back, my lad, and if you can find Mr. Murphy's man fetch him here."

But before I had quite finished, the big man in the shadow of the verandah was storming:

"He'll stop just where he is. If he dares to come another step nearer this house, I'll throw the pair of you over the hedge, neck and crop. Do you hear me?"

"And if you dare to interfere with an officer or his deputy in the discharge of his duty, the authorities will settle with you," was my calm rejoinder. "Trot ahead, Jerry! His bark's worse than his bite."

Jerry, quick to obey, disappeared on the instant around the corner of the bungalow, and Murphy, after a pretended dash forward, halted on the lower porch step.

"See here!" he demanded, cumbrously. "What's all this, anyhow? You come here after gasolene, ostensibly, and then declare you're game wardens after a law-defying, Chinese poacher."

At last I saw him half-way amenable to reason. Now that he was out of the shadow, I saw too, more clearly, what manner of man he was. His head, as I had already discerned it through the gloom, was abnormally large, yet not out of proportion with his herculean torso. His red hair, frowsy, unkempt, was of such abundance that, in the dark, its outline had given me a grotesquely magnified impression. His red beard, too, was thick, long, and untrimmed. What little of his face showed, was sunburned to what, in the dim light, seemed the color of ripe russet apples. His eyes were nearly indiscernible, deep set, under bushy red brows.

"If you had shown the least bit of humanity to brother men in distress," I responded, in a half jocular vein, "I'd probably never thought of this being your place, and you being you; and the incident of the morning might have been forgotten."

I thought I heard his teeth grit together in his effort to suppress a rising rage. I certainly saw his hands clench; and then, with an assumption of indifference, he took a final puff at his cigar and tossed it, sparkling, among the weeds of his lawn.

It was evident to me, now, that in spite of the nonchalance he affected, my reference to the Chinaman's poaching, and his presence at Cragholt, had aroused his interest, and so hoping to draw him out, I continued:

"Your man told the lodge-keeper that you sent him over to borrow a rifle."

"You don't mean to tell me you'd believe a Chinaman, do you?" he returned.

"It wasn't for me to believe or disbelieve. The lodge-keeper believed him."

"And so he borrowed a rifle, and then with one of Cameron's own instruments of destruction proceeded to destroy Cameron's game? Is that it? What did he shoot? A deer or one of those starved-looking white dogs that Cameron has following him about?"

Apparently Murphy knew much more of my friend than my friend knew of Murphy.

"Neither, I fancy. In fact, I'm not sure just what he did shoot in the way of game. But he seems to have indulged in a bit of target practice. He found a piece of an old portrait, tacked it to a tree, and shot holes in it. Rather silly, eh? Foolish for him to chance getting into trouble for child's play of that sort."

"How do you know that?" he growled, with an inadvertent dropping of his mask. There was no mistaking, now, that I had made captive his attention.

"I saw the target," I answered, simply.

"That's like saying, 'I caught a twelve-pound bass. Here's the hook and line to prove it.'"

"I have a scale of the bass."

"A what?"

"Something your Chinaman dropped beside the tree."

Phlegmatic though he was, something very like a start followed upon my words. Then, as if to cover the movement, he shrugged his shoulders, and chuckled ponderously.

"His visiting card, I suppose."

"Nearly as good," I supplied. "The bowl of his opium pipe."

At that moment Jerry came around the corner of the house and stopped abruptly, stupefied by surprise; for from the open mouth of the giant there issued a roar of bass laughter, that reverberated in weird discordance through the night silences.

"You bally idiot!" he cried, his guffaw ended. "I suppose no persons except Chinamen smoke opium, eh! And that being so, no Chinaman but my Chinaman could have made a target of a piece of an old portrait and dropped his pipe bowl at the foot of a tree! Go on with you, you make me sick!" And then, seeing Jerry, who had quickly joined me: "Didn't find him, eh? Well, that's not strange. Having lost the bowl of his pipe, he's probably gone to borrow another from a laundryman friend in Cos Cob; and that, by the way, is about the nearest place for you to buy gasolene."

The next day I spent at my office, in New York, busy with the hundred details that go to the making of a periodical which aims to focus popular sentiment to a righteous viewpoint concerning matters of national and social import. For the time being my consideration of Cameron and his strange problem was suspended. Now and then the subject recurred to me, dragged into the mental light on the train of Evelyn Grayson; but almost immediately it was buried beneath a question of editorial policy or a debate regarding a contract for white paper at an extortionate increase in price.

When, however, my business day was ended, and I had boarded the train for Greenwich, the whole involved enigma spread itself again before me, demanding attention. And in the midst of it, dominating it, stretching his great shadow over it to the farthest limit, appeared that frowsy red giant, Murphy, a mystery within a mystery; for, though he seemed to pervade it, there was no point at which I could discover him quite touching it.

In vain I tried to detect a real connection. I started with the letters. They bore no single characteristic mark of this uncouth creature. As an artist he might have devised the curious silhouette signature, but there was something about that—some cunning, inventive subtlety—which I could not reconcile with the ogre I had played upon, stung to anger and aroused to curiosity.

That he could either have conceived or executed the ruin of the portrait I did not believe possible. The conception, like the letters and the signature, bore evidence of a craftiness too fine for such as he; and to fancy him, mammoth that he was, stealing unobserved into Cameron's stury, was to fancy the incredible.

And so, though the impression of intimate relationship persisted, I could find no point of contact, closer or more definite than through his servant's rifle practice, which after all might have been quite without motive.

There was little, therefore, in the line of reason, to convict Murphy of any knowledge of the matters which had so disturbed us. And yet, as I have said, I felt intuitively that he possessed an intimate acquaintance with the whole affair.

At the Greenwich station, I found my touring car waiting; my mother in the tonneau. My chauffeur touched his cap as I approached.

"You may drive, Francois," I said, and I took the place at my mother's side.

"You look tired, Philip," she announced when I had kissed her. "Was it very warm in the city?" Her eyes were ever quick to note infinitesimal changes in my appearance of well-being

"Not uncomfortable," I answered, indulgently. "I had a very busy day, though. But I'm not the less fit because of it."

"We have had some little excitement here," she hastened, eager to give me the news. "Old Romney called you up on the telephone about noon. I happened to answer it, myself, and when I told him you were in New York, and would not be back until six, it just seemed he couldn't wait to unburden himself. 'Won't you please tell him, Mrs. Clyde,' he said, 'that Mr. Murphy's Chinaman was found at daybreak this morning, lying dead, just outside Murphy's back door?'"

"Found dead!" I cried, in amazement.

"That is what he said. Then he added that the poor fellow's head had been crushed with some heavy instrument, and that Mr. Murphy had been arrested on suspicion and was in the Cos Cob lockup."

For a full minute, I think, I sat in silent amaze. Then theories and conjectures in infinite variety gave chase, one after the other, through my excited brain. But it was more than ever difficult, I found, to reach anything like a satisfactory conclusion concerning the position, the now lifeless Celestial and his accused master held in the chain of mysteries I wished so much to solve. That they were both of them more or less important links, however, I had small doubt.

"Did you know Mr. Murphy?" my mother asked. And all at once I realized that her question was a repetition. In my absorption I had not heeded the original inquiry.

"Nobody knows him," I answered, unconsciously echoing the words voiced by the man in the catboat on the previous night. "Nobody knows him. But I've met him in a rather casual way."

CHAPTER VI.

Nell Gwynne's Mirror.

With the approach of the twenty-first of the month, which is to say the seventh day following Cameron's receipt of the second letter, I observed in him a growing nervous restlessness, which with praiseworthy effort he was evidently striving to overcome. Of my visit to the red giant and the tragedy which followed it, he was, of course, informed; as he had been of the incident in the wood, including the finding of the bullet-pierced piece of canvas. Everything, save only that Evelyn was the discoverer of the portrait remnant—which I thought best under the circumstances to keep secret—was told to him in detail, and with all the circumstantiality necessary to an intelligent discussion of even the minutest point.

My description of Murphy elicited from him a recollection. He remembered having seen the man once. It was on the Fourth of July. Evelyn and Mrs. Lancaster, Cameron's housekeeper, had accompanied Cameron to what is called "The Port of Missing Men," a resort for motorists, on the summit of Titicus mountain. They had lunched there and were returning by a route which took them over a succession of execrable roads, but through some of the most glorious scenery in the whole state of Connecticut. For a while they had been following a stream, willow-girt, that went babbling down over a rocky bed which at intervals broke the waters into a series of falls and cascades. At the foot of one of these they had stopped the car and alighted for a better view, and so had come upon the unexpected.

Seated upon a great bowlder, his easel planted between the stones of the stream's shallows, was a red-headed, red-bearded Colossus, in a soiled suit of khaki and a monstrous straw hat such as is worn by harvesting farmers. Cameron told me that all three of them made bold to peep over the painter's shoulder at his work, and then, though it was of the most mediocre quality, to shower him with laudatory and congratulatory phrases.

"I can fancy how he thanked you," I broke in, smiling. "I suppose he said something very rude."

"He said nothing at all. He simply stopped painting, and turning, fixed his eyes upon me. It was as if he saw no other one of us. He seemed to be making a careful appraisement of my every feature. After a moment it grew embarrassing, and though I did not resent it—feeling rather that we, ourselves, had been in the wrong—I very speedily withdrew. To my surprise he rose from his stone seat; and, palette and brush in hand, followed us up the little acclivity to the road, watching in silence, until we got back into our car, and wheeled away."

"Did you gather from his inspection that he recognized you, or thought he recognized you?" I asked.

"I gathered only that he meant to be insufferably rude," was Cameron's answer.

"And you have never seen him since?"

"Never."

"He has evidently seen you. He spoke of the Russian wolf-hounds that go about with you."

Cameron made no response.

"Well," I added, in a tone meant to

(Continued Next Week.)

(Continued Page 6)

TAKE NOTICE that thirty days after the first appearance of this notice The Grand Trunk B. C. Coal Company, Limited, intends to apply under Section Eighteen of the Companies' Act to change the present name of the Company to "The Seaton Coal Company, Limited."

Dated at Vancouver this Eleventh day of December, A.D. 1913.

THE GRAND TRUNK B. C. COAL COMPANY, LIMITED.

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 amending the Chartered Accountants Act, 1905, by providing:

(a) No person shall be entitled to take or use the designation "Chartered Accountant," or the initials "F.C.A., "A.C.A.," "C.A.A.," or "C.A.," either alone or in combination with any other words or any name, title or description implying that he is a Chartered Accountant or any name, title, initials or description implying that he is a Certified Accountant or an Incorporated Accountant, unless he is a member of the Institute in good standing and registered as such.

(b) A penalty for the contravention of the above and the manner in which such penalty shall be dealt with.

(c) That the Institute shall keep a Register of Members and providing a copy of such Register shall be evidence in all Courts.

(d) That Section 6 of the said Act be amended by striking out all the words therein after the word "expedient" in the 13th line thereof and by substituting the following:

"(a) Every member of the Institute shall have the right to use the designation 'Chartered Accountant' or the initials 'C.A.' and may use after his name, if the Institute shall have granted him a Certificate of Fellowship, the initials 'F.C.A.' signifying 'Fellow of the Chartered Accountants,' and if the Institute shall have granted him a Certificate of Membership the initials 'A.C.A.' signifying 'Associate of the Chartered Accountants.'"

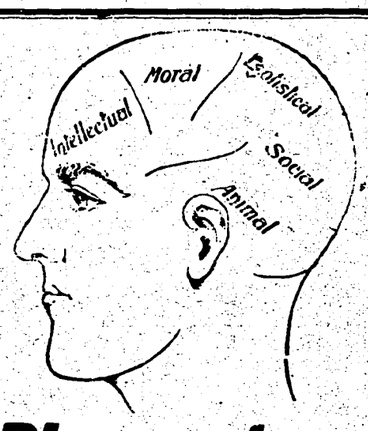
Dated at Vanvouver, B.C., this 21st day of November, 1913.

COWAN, RITCHIE & GRANT,
Solicitors for the Applicants.

A DETECTIVE'S ADVICE

Before employing a Private Detective, if you don't know your man, ask your legal adviser.
JOHNSTON, the Secret Service Intelligence Bureau. Suite 103-4
319 Pender St., W.
Vancouver, B. C.

Every Woman
is interested and should know about the wonderful
Marvel Whirling Spray Douche
Ask your druggist for it. If he cannot supply the MARVEL, accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies. WINDSOR SUPPLY CO., Windsor, Ont
General Agents for Canada.



Phrenology
And Palmistry
MRS. YOUNG
(Formerly of Montreal)
Gives Practical Advice
On Business Adaptation, Health and Marriage.
805 Granville Street, Corner Robson
Hours: 10 a. m. to 9 p. m

SUCCESS BUSINESS COLLEGE

THE SCHOOL OF CERTAINTIES

(Affiliated with the Business Education Association of Canada)

WE OFFER YOU

The best Business School premises in the city. They are bright, well ventilated and sanitary.

Modern equipment in all departments and new throughout. Over sixty typewriters of the best makes.

A staff, every member of which is normal-trained and has had at least six years of actual teaching experience. We have secured the best obtainable. We will not employ inexperienced teachers.

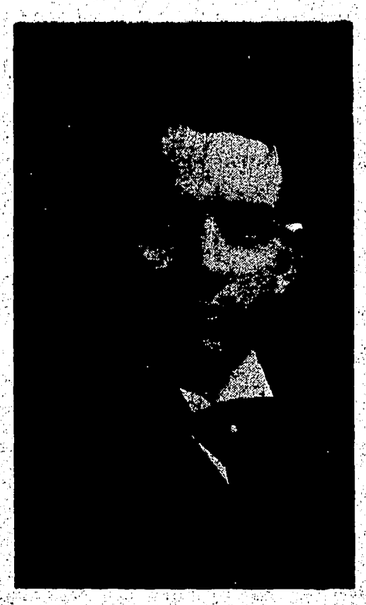
Courses that are up-to-date in every respect.

In a word—Everything that should form part of a good school.

SHORTHAND AND TYPEWRITING COURSE

Shorthand
Typewriting
Business English
Spelling
Rapid Calculation
Penmanship
Office Practice

COURSE IN ARCHITECTURAL DRAWING (Night School)



COMMERCIAL COURSE

Book Keeping
Business Arithmetic
Rapid Calculation
Spelling
Penmanship
Business English
Office Practice
Commercial Law

ENGLISH COURSE (Night School)

E. SCOTT EATON, B.A., PRINCIPAL

WINTER TERM OPENS MONDAY, JAN. 5, 1914

Get Full Information Today—Phone Fairmont 2075

CORNER MAIN AND 10th AVENUE, VANCOUVER, B. C.

A NATION OF WILD MEN

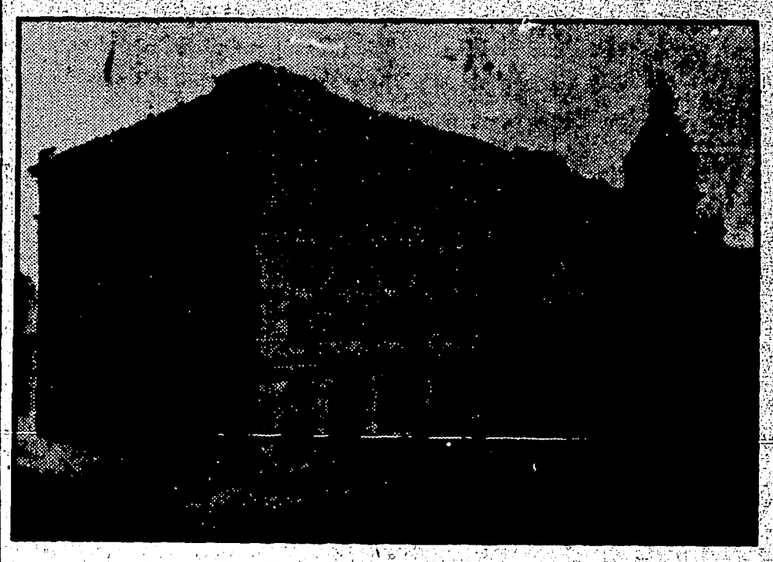
San Diego, Cal., Jan. —Former expositions have shown wild men and women from the Antipodes, but it has remained for the San Diego Exposition to find a whole nation of wild men within the borders of the United States, a whole vast area where nothing has progressed since before the invasion of Mexico by Cortez in 1517. This area is in northeastern Arizona. and the Santa Fe railway will cover ten acres of ground at the Exposition with as close a copy of this country as is possible to produce.

This locality is known as the Painted Desert. It's a land where no white man has dared attempt agriculture or mining, where there is nothing but the Indian, his ancient civilization unaltered, living in six story houses of 100 rooms without an outside door, doing the same things in the same way his forefathers did for centuries before white men came to America.

Comparatively few white men have penetrated this district. None has remained there. At long intervals a scientist has penetrated the fastnesses of the red and yellow hills. Indians emerge from it occasionally, but invariably return. Their homes are the identical buildings erected many centuries ago. Their pottery is the same, used for the same purpose and in the same rude manner. Their customs and tribal laws remain unchanged since when no man knows to the contrary. They irrigate small patches of grain just as did their forefathers. The country repels even the hardy prospector. Trees, except those petrified into stone, are not seen. No two hills are the same color. The very rocks are varigated in hue. The pitiless sun scorches all vegetation encouraged by the winter and spring rains.

Members of the Santa Fe exploring party declare the Painted Desert rivale the wonderful Grand Canyon of the Colorado in grandeur and beauty of scenery. A second party has been sent into it to gather material for the great exhibit the railway will install at the San Diego Exposition, to contain everything possible to bring from that region, a territory that seems to have been forgotten by Nature herself.

Vancouver Has Many Substantial Buildings

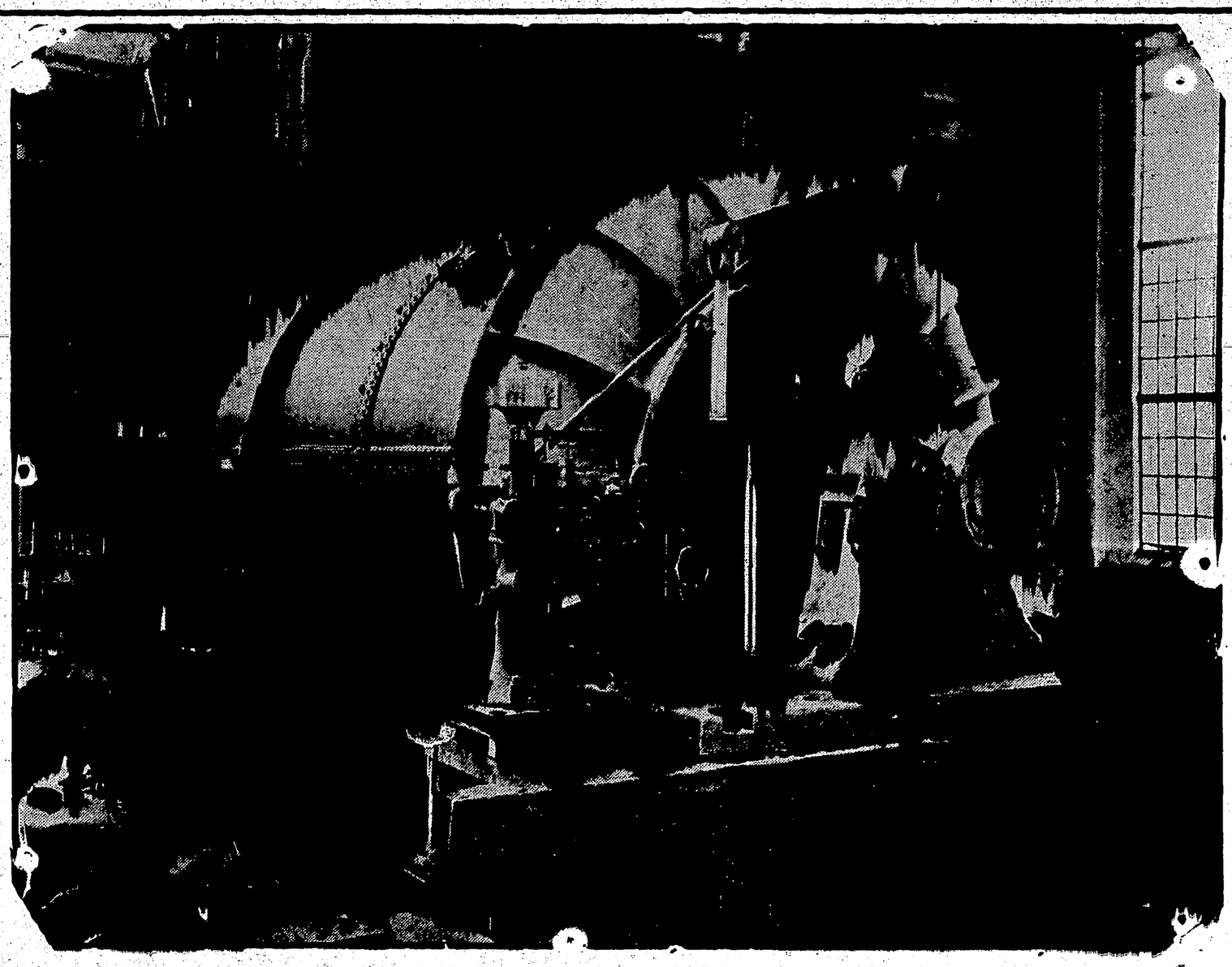


Winch Building with Post Office in Background

Main Office Canadian Bank of Commerce in Vancouver.

Calgary, Alberta: Action is contemplated by the Dominion government in connection with the radical changing in oil leases that will cause a storm of vigorous protest from the people of the West. The proposed change is to make it possible for one concern to hold 20 sections or 20 square miles of land by the operation of one prospecting drill. This step is considered to be one in the interests of big syndicates who, under the regulation, by the expenditure of comparatively small sums practically control all of the availableoil lands. The popular sentiment is to establish a policy of reducing the acreage to be controlled by any one outfit, and make the conditions for holding the same more stringent, which would prevent the control being concentrated in the hands of the few who can bar from the majority who may desire later to assist in development.

13500 Horse Power Turbine



13500 Horse Power Turbine

The Spirit of the Time Demands

RELIABLE, SAFE, ECONOMICAL POWER

Stave Lake Power is Dependable and Economical

By harnessing the Great Stave River we have made it possible to generate 100,000 horse power of electrical energy at our Stave Falls Plant, the **Biggest Electrical Feat in Western Canada.**

100,000 HORSE POWER

Or half as much again as the combined connected load in steam and electricity in Vancouver today, a fact of great significance to local industries

Offices: 603-610 Carter-Cotton Bldg.
Phone: Seymour 4770

WESTERN CANADA POWER CO., Ltd.

R. F. HAYWARD, General Manager JOHN MONTGOMERY, Contract Agent

P. O. Drawer 1418
Vancouver, B.C.

Wilson's Drug Store

Main and Sixteenth **Phone Fairmont 805**

Read below a partial list. These prices are not for Friday and Saturday, but are good seven days a week and delivered to your door. Send us your Prescription Work and save money. These are cash prices:

Abbey's Salts, regular 60c and 25c for	50c and 20c
Allenbury's Foods, regular $1, 65c, 50c, 35c	80c, 50c, 40, 25c
Horlick's Food, regular $3.75, $1.00, 50c	$3.50, 85c, 45c
Nestle's Food, regular 50c for	45c
Benger's Food, regular $1.00, 50c for	90c, 45c
Reindeer Brand Milk, regular 20c	15c
Minard's Liniment, regular 25c	20c
Elliman's Embrocation, regular 35c	25c
Scott's Emulsion, regular $1.00, 50c	75c, 40c
Peruna, regular $1.00	75c
Burdock Blood Bitters, regular $1.00	75c
Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, $1.00	75c
Mennen's Talcum, regular 35c	15c
Carter's Pills, regular 25c	15c
Herpicide, regular $1.00	75c
Formamint Tablets, regular 75c	50c
Castoria, regular 35c	25c
Cuticura Soap, regular 35c	25c
Hospital Absorbent Cotton, regular 50	35c
Lavonna de Composa Hair Tonic, regular $1.25	$1.00
Ferrol Emulsion, regular $1.00	75c
Ayer's Sarsaparilla, regular $1.00	85c
Eno's Salts, regular $1.00	65c
Gin Pills, regular 50c	35c
Dodd's Pills, regular 50c	35c

F. A. Wilson, Prop. **Formerly at Main and Broadway**

Calgary, Alberta: Inside of 30 days, in addition to the drilling operations now under way, at least 25 new outfits will be on the ground churning through the crust of the earth to the oil bodies. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been expended for oil leases. Reports of seepages and encouragement come from all parts of the Province from Athabaska to the Montana line. With the advent of spring a rush is looked forward to that will rival that of the home seekers that have been pouring in each season to profit by the fertile lands.

Kamloops-Vancouver Meat Co., Ltd.

Cor. Main and Powell Sts. Phone Seymour 6561 — ***1849 Main Street*** Phone Fair. 1814

For Choice Meats

of large variety and reasonable prices, this house cannot be excelled. It stands to the very front.

T. S. BAXTER — PETER WRIGHT

FURNITURE

Davenport Bed

Complete House Furnishers

Agents for Ostermoor and Restmore Mattresses

Have you tried our Easy Payment? Come in and talk it over with us.

BAXTER & WRIGHT

(Successors to Hutchings Furniture Co.)

Phone Seymour 771 **416 Main Street**

TRAPPERS' SUPPLIES

"Newhouse"
"Hawley & Norton"
"Victor," "Tree"
and "Jump" Traps

WE CARRY THE MOST COMPLETE LINE IN CANADA

Snowshoes, Rifles, Carbines, etc. Ammunition For Every Standard Arm

TISDALLS LIMITED

618-620 Hastings W. **Vancouver, B.C.**

The Western Call is Sold at the Following News Stands:

325 Granville Street
Cor. Granville & Hastings (N.E.)
" Pender & Granville (N.W.)
" Hastings & Seymour (S.W.)
" Richards & Hastings (S.E.)
" Pender & Richards (S.W.)

Cor. Homer & Hastings (N.E.)
" Cambie & Hastings (N.E.)
" Hastings & Columbia (N.W.)
148 Hastings Street, West
" Main & Hastings (S.E.

LAND ACT.

Vancouver Land District.—District of Coast Range 2.

TAKE NOTICE that Antonio Belanger, of Brettany Creek, occupation Miner, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—

Commencing at a post planted at the northwest corner of Lot 922; thence west 40 chains; thence north 40 chains; thence east 40 chains; thence south 40 chains, for grazing.

ANTONIO BELANGER,

Dated December 17th, 1913.

1-23-14 to 3-20-14.

LAND ACT.

Vancouver Land District.—District of Coast Range 2.

TAKE NOTICE that Frank Rial Angers, of Brittany Creek, occupation Rancher, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—

Commencing at a post planted at the southwest corner of Lot 923; thence west 20 chains; thence north 20 chains; thence east 20 chains; thence south 20 chains, and containing 40 acres more or less, to be used as a pasture.

FRANK RIAL ANGERS.

Dated 17th of December, 1913.

1-23-14 to 3-20-14.

GENERAL BOTHA AND THE STRIKE

(Continued from Page 1)

were on sound lines, too. There is but one way, and that is through legislation. This is scarcely obtainable through strike processes and the chaotic conditions produced by strikes. Of course those who gloat in chaos will continue to advocate the strike, but they who wish to really improve the condition of the laborers and the masses will seek a betterment through legislation.

MONOPOLY AND COMPETITION

The laboring men aim at cutting out monopoly by putting it beyond the reach of company or private wealth to possess the tools of production. The money and the tools which money secures is to be absolutely wielded by the people through their legislative representatives. If this be the goal, then the striking disjointers would do well to turn their energies towards securing good strong representatives of their cause in the parliaments of the various countries. To succeed they must withdraw the senseless and brute-making strike. So long as they use this method they will fail in getting a majority of the electors to vote their way. The enlightened electorate will never trust their interests to men who are ready to destroy life and property. But they would gladly vote workers into the legislative halls if they are possessed with confidence in their integrity and humanity. This is in the hands of the united workers, and they would do well to turn their attention to winning this confidence.

Socialists seem to imagine they must have the whole loaf or nothing. They demand that government take over practically all the great industries and handle them in the interests of the whole community. Why not attempt the attainable? Why not start with the Coal Mines? Why not proceed to the Carrying trade afterwards? Take one step at a time. Proceed on ground gained and make strong and secure for the next matters coming to hand.

Now for a word on the logical outgo of the aims of Socialists. Granted they do away with all monopolies and the savage competition of the present time by use of an Industrial and Paternal Government, then what is the quick result after things come to a normal status?

The government becomes the one Monopoly and all others within the land cease, or pretty nearly so. And it is reasonable to conclude that when Canada attains to this condition, the United States and other countries will not be far behind. And then what have we? Why, this. Each country will be a huge monopoly and **in international trade there will be the fiercest sort of competition.** And this competition of the nations must inevitably reach the units of the monopolies, to-wit, the human units. And to hold a successful struggle against the other monopolies there must be a lessening of reward, or a lengthening of the hours of work, or both.

It would be interesting to have the shrewd and able leaders of the Socialists show just how the international monopolies can get along in international competition without a very fierce struggle ensuing, and producing results similar to those produced by the Company and Private Monopolists of the present system.

EMPIRICS IN RELIGION

Whether we think of farming, gardening, engineering, sailing, mining, pursuing chemism, botany, entomology, mineralogy, or other engagement of mind, we at once see that there are two methods of approach and attainment of practical knowledge. These two methods art,—by studying what others have done, and by actual experience.

The latter I would say a few words upon at present. It goes without contradiction that in any pursuit in life we must learn from others as well as by our own testing and experience. This latter may be called the Empirical Method. In the realm of religion we have ten thousand teachers, as many books, ten times that many sermons, and countless exhortations as to our duty and the method of serving the God of this big world.

And yet of late years the Empiric method has largely dropped out of sight. How few men preach to the human unit that in order to "Know the Doctrine, He Must Do the Will of God?" It is by doing a thing we learn how. The man learns in the forest to chop, simply by chopping. The would-be musician must learn by playing. The acrobat learns by doing deeds of daring and celerity. So in religion. A man must find out what religion is by doing the works of religion. Here we must admit that Religion is a very big theme, and might be defined by as many descriptions as there are types of belief, and nearly as many as the individuals who are interested in this most important matter.

He who **"does the will of the Father," "shall know of the doctrine."** He who makes test according to the command of the "Christos" will find that there is a life to be had by this process, and by no other.

I would venture to ask you, men and women, who read my writings, this question: Have you in obedience to the Divine command accepted the invitation to "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and be Saved?" Have you? In my question I am on solid empiric lines. The fact is plain. You have life offered by the Saviour. And to enjoy spiritual life you must do His will.

Have you so done? If so, have you found life? If you were a pupil of mine in a chemistry class, I would ask you to test the acids, salts, gases, and compounds by the various tests of the laboratory.

If you would refuse to make these tests, you could not have the empiric knowledge. What could you know of ammonia, or nitric acid, or sodium clorine without testing? How much could you know by reading?

If a man never felt the pain of a toothache how could he have an intelligent knowledge of such a sensation by reading? Could a man who never had the sensation and delight of love gain a clear conception of love by a prolonged course of reading?

And so in the realm of theology. Tens of thousands can pronounce the theological shibboleths, and talk learnedly before large audiences and yet they have never Tasted and Seen that the Lord is Good. I humbly suggest to you my readers that you make a strong and an honest test of Jesus as the Saviour. If He saves you from sins you will know it, and only in an empiric way will you ever be able to discern the spiritual life He offers to all men. This practical, this empirical religion is the only sort worth one small bean on this earth. And the man who has this life-spring knows the taste of the Living-water brought from heaven for thirsty mankind.

I wonder how many of our modern critics, priests and pulpiteers are in the possession of this energising boon. As a practical man I ask the question of all who may read this comment.

BRITISH COLUMBIA GOVERNMENT IN SESSION

The B. C. Legislative Assembly of 1914 has met, opened and proceeded to work in its usual business-like manner. It is a strong government and legislative body because it is in the hands of strong men.

It is clear to all readers and close observers that the strong men of the executive council know the conditions of the country, see clearly the road to travel, and continue their journey in a fearless manner. This gives efficiency and is in truth the safest strategic ground for present and future success.

A good many object to an oligarchic rule. I do not. In fact there is practically no other.

It does credit to the rank and file of the Legislative Assembly that those among them who support the Government have the good sense to give their support without noise and the too common political galley-play so often adopted.

I hear men condemn the Vancouver members for their continued parliamentary quietude; but so long as they are in harmony with the executive council why should they make any sort of gubernatorial noise?

In too many parliamentary and civic leaders there are to be found representatives who think it good politics to talk and splutter; and yet the real work is done in committee where workers and not talkers shine.

So long as the hegemonic leaders in the Assembly and Council so act as to hold the judgment of the electorate and the legislative representatives there can be no good reason for an avalanche of parliamentary logomachy.

We must heartily compliment the Government for the strong position it has gained and held at Victoria and throughout the province.

It is said that there is a great railway company going to approach the legislative for certain money, interest and debenture advantage. Already the people are using exclamation and interrogation marks as to the real purpose of the said Railway Company, and the course to be pursued by the Government, which exists and acts solely in the interests of the whole people.

Hence we should have little to fear in this regard.

Doubtless if such a proposition be made by the railway company the Government will see it wise to go slowly and take the people into their confidence.

Prof. E. Odlum, M.A., B.Sc.

SPRINGRIDGE LODGE, No. 79.

Public Press Report.

Box 654, Cedar Cottage, 17th Jan., 1914.

Springridge Lodge, No. 79, International Order of Good Templars, held their usual weekly meeting in the Cedar Cottage hall, Victoria road, Friday evening last. Brother James wes elected unanimously to fill the chair for the balance of the term as C. T.

While the lodge was in session, the institution was taking place of Beaver Lodge, No. 100, in Fairview, while it is expected that another lodge will be instituted in New Westminster on Tuesday evening, making the second at work in the Royal City.

"Star of the West" is the name of the Juvenile Temple instituted at Mountain View last Wednesday evening, the 14th.

A special session of the Grand Lodge will be held on Wednesday evening, 21st inst., in the Sullivan hall, Cordova street west, when its degrees will be conferred.

The next session of Springridge Lodge will be preceded by a meeting of the Junior branch, beginning at 7 o'clock. It is expected that Brother Waugh, of Nanaimo, G. S. J. W., will be among the visitors.

C. R. TIMMS,
Press Correspondent.

The Higher Critic

(Continued from page 1)

XXIII.

Amazing your audacity! Unlimited your gall!
You're near the pit that's bottomless! Prepare ye for your fall!
You're children lighting matches in a powder magazine!
You're playing football with a can of nitroglycerine!

XXIV.

You claim a higher privilege than man has ever known—
The right to criticize your God and drag Him from His throne;
The right to make a hypocrite of Jesus Christ, the Lord.
The right to judge the Infinite, and tear His holy Word.

XXV.

Ye followers of Jesus, know at once for what they stand!
Don't let them run your schools and steal the pulpits of your land!
They're pirates, flying Satan's flag and ruled by Satan's rod!
They're anarchists, and traitors, 'gainst the Kingdom of our God.

—J. GUYTHORNE FISCALE.
Author of "Canadian Heart Songs."

The Sober Hunt Club

(Continued from Page 4)

had a fine young buck in prime condition. After an hour's vain hunt for another we put rope on it's head and another on it's heel and proceeded to look for a place to get down in safety. As we tugged and dragged, lifted and slid our game for over a mile to where we could start down in safety, Mack says, "Well, such a place to shoot a deer, anyway." We came across two blue grouse on the way, one of which fell to Mack's gun.

Having at last found our way to the valley we hung up our deer as it was already dark. The down trip had broken back and horns clear off.

A Good Place.

As we came down the mountain the other day of our hardest climb, McKinney says: "Well, I'm glad we have a good place to put up;" and I agreed. Say, let me tell you something about Mack: He's a wiser man than ever before, because he got married since our last year's hunt, and "knows a good place." And he appreciates his new home very much.

Friday morning found all hands climbing ere the sun shone on us, and we proceeded to make our final big effort for the season. Separating to a plan as we hit the game ground, we were determined to miss nothing in sight. But, do our best nothing seemed to come in sight, for when we met again in the valley to take our game of yesterday out, we were all empty handed. By and by, as we exchanged experiences, Mack says, "the sight on my gun is what fooled me on that deer yesterday, and I didn't know it till I missed a grouse today, and on examining it I found it shifted by a blow of some kind.

This is our last day's hunt for this season, and our stage is here to take us out early in the morning, so we bunk in as a prelude.

Five Live Marten.

On the stage trip we were hailed by a young man with two boxes, the tops of which were made of slats covered with iron, as was, indeed, the whole box. As the lot came aboard we saw five fine speciments of live marten addressed to Blake Vanettar, Georgetown, Ont., who the trapper Anderson said had agreed to take all he could send him alive. And this we learned was the owner of the cabin we had visited and is herewith described. In answer to my question, Mr. Anderson says he catches them in traps by the paws and has his own time getting a strap collar on them. I believed him for as I looked at them each in their separate apartment, they would growl, snap and spit at me, and it would sure be a sore finger that got in range. They live on rabbits, grouse, birds, carrion, rats, etc., in their native state. He had a supply of meat for their trip east. One had gotten away after he brought it to the valley, and another trapper caught it in his "killem trap." Its neck showed the strap mark.

Hunter's Assets.

Well, its a poor business that has none, and when a hunter completes the trip and takes stock, whether it is alive, dead or watered, he will be invariably grateful for the fact that his greatest asset is that his youthfulness has been greatly renewed and he has a new lease of life, i. e., if he has used the principles and practices of the "Sober Hunt Club." Let me cite an incident: As we were making homeward the last day with our deer I called at the home of the old trapper to enquire the easy and best path out. The old lady with whom I spoke told one of our party afterwards that, as she described me, I was about 22 years old. Some people who ought to know, say I'll never see 44 again. So let it be, but I have the young feeling. Then he may also remember the many little friends he met as he climbed up and down the roughest of nature's slippery places, and how glad he was to shake with those thrifty little twigs as they helped and never failed him to make a sure passage. Does the eager hunter become thirsty that he may freely and frequently quench his thirst by the choicest of aqua pura, which flows invitingly near every few minutes of the chase. To the long distance eye there is the remembrance of the grandest of nature's pictures as the open spans of the higher cliffs of the ridges are gained at intervals in the climb. If weary and wet he returns at night, he may remember that the game is not all his. There are other hunters,

The Hunter's Regret.

If there is one thing more than another that causes a true hunter regret it may be to see game uselessly slaughtered, just for sport, but when the worst enemy of the deer, the cougar gets busy, and that is as often as he is hungry, there is not much chance for a young or weakly specimen of our fine mountain deer. So the writer would repeat the desirability, of "lovers of this sport" seeing to it that our government is speedily impressed with the need of a greater bounty for the capture of the cougar.