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

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NOTES OF THE WEST

(Contributed by W. D.)

The Hon. the Minister of Education Dr. Young, paid a flying visit to North Vancouver on Monday to open the handsome new Ridgway School, and in course of his remarks complimented the architect, Mr. C. F. Gillam, of Vancouver, upon the modernity of his school planning, by the separation of the sexes in cloak room and entrances, and by the location and general layout; and went so far as to say that the Government would in the future take these ideas and arrangements imperative in any new schools they may erect in the larger municipalities. This eulogium from the Minister of Education was quite a feather in Mr. Gillam's architectural cap. The builders, Smith & Sons, would also be praised for good, honest work well performed partly under trying weather conditions. The new schools are a good advertisement for architect, builders and for North Vancouver.

Great is truth and it will prevail in the end, and over again in these columns it has been asserted for many months past that the B. C. Society of Architects would get a square deal from the McBride Government in the Point Grey university competition, therefore the announcement made by the Minister of Education, the Hon. Dr. Young, that the Government would appoint official assessors and enlarge the time, also meet the Society of B. C. Architects wishes in many other small matters, is a most gratifying state of affairs that does much credit to the Government and the Society alike, to whom the thanks of architects throughout the Empire are certainly due.

Of no less importance is the announcement that Mr. W. D. Caroe, M.A., is to be one of the assessors. Mr. W. D. Caroe is a famous English architect, a pupil of the late J. L. Pearson, R.A., the architect of Truro Cathedral. He has for many years now been architect to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners of England, and as such has charge of portions of most churches from Land's End to John O' Groats of the Anglican order.

Mr. Caroe's works extend all over the known world, and besides many a modern as well as old stately homes of England, that so beautifully and throughout the pleasant land, owes its ornament to Mr. Caroe's skill. No better British assessor could have been selected.

Another well-known man in the architectural world, acting as sole assessor for the Manitoba new legislative buildings, is Mr. Leonard Stotter, the well known architect of many Romanistic abbeys and churches throughout Great Britain. These two men represent the very last word in architectural judgment and that their selection is a source of gratification to all competing architects, goes without saying.

Happening along Seymour street one day this week I saw a free demonstration of Vancouver's newest "fire baby" in the shape of the Webb aerial ladder. This newest acquisition to Chief Carlisle's fire plant cost the city no less than \$15,000, which all went to a St. Louis firm. Now surely this is a great mistake all round as I happen to know similar and quite as efficient gear can be bought in Great Britain, the home of fire fighting efficiency.

Anyone who has seen the London brigade turn out to handle a big blaze will appreciate the point, as also the fact that Chief Carlisle's brigade ranks next but one to them. Here is a point for the New Timers to get busy on, and I trust more official attention will be paid to use and employment of both men and materials of Canadian and British origin. The appointment of an American Engineer from Seattle to Strathcona Park, to-wit, O tempora! O Mores!

OUT WITH COMIC SUPPLEMENTS.

Of all the inane conceptions of the taste or need of childhood that which provides the so-called comic newspaper supplement is the most absurd and hurtful.

No child ever received any good from these grotesque pictorial monstrosities, but many have received harm.

The whole trend and influence of them are to distort the mind, mislead the fancy and becloud the judgment. Civil law should interpose to arrest the circulation of such debasing trash.

A hopeful sign is a waking up to this evil among popular writers.

In a letter to the New York Times Mrs. Ellen Kenyon-Warner says of it:

"It is as difficult to get anything vital into a school reader or respectable child's magazine, as it is to get anything wholesome into a comic supplement. On the one hand all is staid and tame, and on the other a delirium of coarse burlesque. The recoil of all that is mental in childhood is toward the laugh-provoking page, where all sense of real funniness is the contemplation of monstrosity."

"Incidentally, why has not one connected the over-filled divorce court with the character of the amusement provided for children? 'Debauched' by the comic supplement and the coarse theater show, our young people choose ragtime music before the best, and in all their social intercourse continue the education downward. All reverence killed, all ideals forgotten, they marry on a dare, or as a joke or an experiment. When they find that life as a reality is not a joke, they end the experiment, unabashed, in the court room. For what fine sense can survive a weekly dose of comic supplement during the 'formative years'?"

It would seem as if the bad tendency of these supplements upon the youthful mind and heart is so plain that no sensible parent would allow a newspaper which contains them to cross his threshold.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN A TOTAL ABSTAINER

AN UNFLINCHING PROHIBITIONIST

W. J. Cain

A young mother is dying in a little log cabin in the back woods of Indiana. Though limited in knowledge and this world's goods, she loved God and was a beautiful Christian. Standing by the humble bed in the little cabin was a boy nine years old. What a solemn moment this. The angels cannot be far away. Already this mother has offered prayers that the boy will never forget. What will her last word be? What will be her last request? I am sure that heaven is interested. "Abe, I want you to promise me that you will never touch strong drink." With bitter sobs and scalding tears the promise was made, and sealed with a kiss on the lips that were already paling in death. And from that day to the day when the white soul of the great statesman flew away to realms of life, to meet again this mother, queen of the wilderness, that pledge was never broken.

When twelve years old, he wrote his first essay—on temperance. Its publication was requested and it was widely read. Six years before Mr. Lincoln was elected to the presidency, Judge Weldon, of Washington, says he met him in Judge Douglas' room in a hotel in Bloomington, Ill. Social treating being the custom in those days, Douglas said: "Mr. Lincoln, won't you have something to drink? Judge Weldon says Lincoln declined courteously but positively, saying: "I don't drink anything." A year before he was elected to the presidency Leonard Swett says, Lincoln told him that he had never tasted liquor in his life. Robert Lincoln says: "Father never used liquor, and preached to his boys, 'Don't drink.'"

After listening to the momentous message which informed him that he had been nominated as a candidate for the presidency of the United States, Mr. Lincoln said:

"Gentlemen, after traveling so far, you must be thirsty; you will find a pitcher of water on the library table."

A few months later writing to a friend concerning this incident he said: "Having kept house sixteen years and having never held the cup to the lips of my friends, my judgment was that I should not, in my new position change my habits in this respect." Once Mr. Lincoln was ill at sea. The captain of the ship brought him a glass of champagne. But he refused to drink it, saying, "No, thank you, captain; I have seen too many people sea sick on land from drinking that stuff." John Hay, who was so intimately associated with Mr. Lincoln, declares him to be a total abstainer. His private secretaries, Nicolay and Stoddard, declare him a total abstainer. Stoddard says when friends sent liquor to the White House Lincoln sent it to the hospitals.

Lincoln belonged to a temperance society—The Sons of Temperance. He also assisted in the Washingtonian temperance movement, and delivered on Washington's birthday in 1842, one of the most remarkable temperance addresses extant. When interest in this society waned, Lincoln kept county by delivering addresses and advocating a up the interest in total abstinence in his own total abstinence pledge which he himself had written. This pledge has been signed by the many thousands of the Lincoln Legion. "Whereas, the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage is productive of pauperism, degradation and crime; and believing it is our duty to discourage that which produces more evil than good, we therefore pledge ourselves to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage." He said, "Let us make it as unfashionable to withhold our names from the temperance pledge as for husbands to wear their wives' bonnet to church, and instances will be just as rare in the one case as in the other."

In September, 1863, a committee of the Sons of Temperance visited the White House in the interest of the cause. Mr. Lincoln said: "If I were better known than I am, you would not need to be told that, in the advocacy of the cause of temperance you have a friend and sympathizer in me. When I was a young man, before the Sons of Temperance, as an organization had any existence, I in an humble way, made temperance speeches, and I think I may say that to this day I have never, by example, belied what I then said. I think that the reasonable men of the world have long since agreed that intemperance is one of the greatest, if not the very greatest, of all evils among mankind. That is not a matter of dispute, I believe. That the disease exists, and that it is a very great one, is agreed upon by all."

Mr. Lincoln was also an unflinching prohibitionist. He spent weeks in Illinois campaigning for constitutional prohibition. The following excerpts were the keynotes of his speeches:

"The legalized liquor traffic, as carried on in the saloons and grog shops, is the great tragedy of civilization. The saloon has proved itself to be the greatest foe, the most blighting curse that has ever found a home in our modern civilization, and this is the reason why I am a political prohibitionist. Prohibition brings the desired result. It suppresses the saloon by law. It stamps and brands the saloonkeeper as a criminal in the sight of God and man."

"By licensing the saloon we feed with one hand the fires of appetite we are striving to quench with the other. While this state of things continues let us know that this war is all our own—both sides of it—until this guilty connivance of our own accord."
(Continued Page 4)

BISHOP ROBERT McINTYRES POEM

Bishop McIntyre is a poet. He recently read Dr. Clarence True Wilson's "World Vision" in the American Prohibition Year Book for 1911. It awoke his muse, and the result was the poem, which the Associated Prohibition Press offers to the public as the most worthy contribution to our temperance literature during the past few years.

The Worldwide War.

Robert McIntyre.

Arise! Arise! Ye swarthy tribes of India and Cathay,
Enlist against this enemy, who comes to smite and slay.

Where in Jumna's rolling flood, the domes reflected lie,
Where Himalayan steeples set their summits in the sky,
O hear the bugle singing clear! O hark the trumpet call

That breaks o'er Burma's hoary shrines, o'er China's ancient wall.

It calls to you from Nippon's bowers, where cherry boughs are bent,
And where the camel kneels at noon beside the Bedouin's tent.

Come from the fields of Hindustan, from far Australia's tide,
To fight against King Alcohol. Come make a circle wide.

Fling upward every hand and swear, before God's judgment bar,
For this is not a battle, but a worldwide war.

Fare forth, fare forth, O Europe, and proudly take thy place,
Thou who hast been a thousand years the leader of our race,

Against the age hath need of thee! Forget thy art and song,
Make bare thy mighty arm and cleave the crest of this old wrong.

Stride from the sweet Scythian slopes to Scandinavian snows,
Set hard thine iron heel upon this foulest of our foes.

Flame out and flog this dragon far, into the nether world,
And let the millstone of thy wrath upon its head be hurled.

Come Slav and Saxon, Briton, Scot, of every class and clan,
And ye shall win and ye shall wear the gratitude of man.

While day shall have a sun to shine, or night shall have a star,
For this is not a battle, but a worldwide war.

Stand up! Stand up! America! Twin continents new born,
From Yukon's spectral "northern lights" to sullen-browed Cape Horn,

From where the pines of Oregon their sighing plumage toss,
To where the soft Brazilian seas fling back the southern cross.

From where on bright Lake Winnipeg, the red man bends his bow,
To that primeval solitude where Amazon doth flow.

Soon shalt thou call the multitudes from cities and from farms,
To see the sun-drenched oceans leap into each other's arms.

And thou shalt cry, when they come nigh, and all the nations draw
From seven seas their argosies through silvery Panama.

Thus shall we strike down every dyke that keeps the Christ afar,
For this is not a battle, but a worldwide war.

The King doth call! Make answer all! Ye sires in sorrow come,
Who mourn above your goodly sons, slain by the curse of rum.

Ye mothers, dry your holy tears, turn from your daughters fair,
Who, crushed beneath his brutish feet, lie shamed and silent there.

Ye babes, whose pale young lips do ask in most pathetic plea,
Where is the man the Lord hath made, as father unto me?

Ye unborn generations sad, on whom this fearful shade
Will breathe, when into life ye come, maimed, crippled and half-made.

Ye angels, full of burning love, hush all your harps and say,
With us this vow of vengeance deep, to slacken not, nor stay.

Till Jesus drags this monster chained behind his chariot car,
For this is not a battle, but a worldwide war.

None have more pride than those who dream that they have none. You may labor against vain glory till you conceive that you are humble, and the fond conceit of your humility will prove to be pride in full bloom.—Spurgeon.

The kindness of Christmas is the kindness of Christ. To know that God so loved us as to give us this Son for our dearest Brother has brought human affection to its highest tide on the day of our Brother's birth.—Babcock.

Certain thoughts are prayers. There are moments when whatever be the attitude of the body, the soul is on its knees.—Victor Hugo.

MOB ARMIES ROAMING AT LARGE IN CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES

(Prof. E. Odium, M.A., B.Sc.)

This is no "pipe-dream," but positive fact. At this hour there are many thousands of lawless armies roaming at will over the North American continent. They are generally known as the I. W. W.'s, and other lawless mobs. Long ago, when the Fenians made a raid on Canada, the Canadian Militia turned out at a moment's notice, hastened to the front, and chased the invaders back to the States. Some were killed, others wounded, some cast into prison, and the balance hunted out of the country.

One, as he looks on philosophically at the I. W. W.'s and their co-strikers, is inclined to admire them. They have struck terror into most of our legislators, municipal officials, and the executive arms of our parliaments. Our public men are more afraid of these mobs than they are of small-pox or the bubonic plague.

If ten thousand Yankees, or Japanese, or Turks would come as invaders to capture Canada for the States, Japan or Turkey, then our public men would make a fierce, sudden rush to arms, and call upon the populace to follow their example. This was done at the time of the aforesaid Fenian raid, and all who hastened to save the country were looked upon as true men and patriots.

But now the legislators, the oppositions in the legislatures, the newspapers and practically all public men are afraid to say to these lawless mobs: begone, get out, "shoo," subside or die. The invasion is on. Our public industries and financial ventures are held up by invading, scoundrelly foreigners, and our men in business dare not move. But if it were called a military invasion, the troops and all else would rush to the country's defence.

However, since these thousands are only armed with clubs, knives, revolvers and long knives, they are permitted to roam over the country, and do as they will—war a time.

Of the two invasions, that by an army of Japanese, and that of these moving bands of lawless, non-workers, I would prefer the Japanese army. This for several reasons. If our people have to submit to the I. W. W.'s the country goes to anarchy, and wholesale murder. But if the Japanese army should invade the country and conquer it, then there would be a strong law, and law would be enforced. Personal life and property would be protected. Will our people in British Columbia, in Canada, in the United States, continue to tremble in the presence of these lawless, mobs, these unprincipled scoundrels? If so, then the I. W. W.'s would do well to hasten along with their work of public and national devastation while our people are trembling in their boots. Were I one of these anarchic hordes, I would urge a more vigorous action. But if they wait and worry the Canadian public in a half-hearted manner, sooner or later our responsible leaders may come out of their terror trance and swoop down upon them with swift destruction, as long ago they should have done.

Let Canadians send forth the word that no armies, be their origin on earth or in perdition, shall roam over our country; only so far as they are under marching orders representing Canadian soldiers, wearing the British uniform and in sworn allegiance to King George. What I am indicating is nearer at hand than many might think. If not, then the whole machinery of the country will quickly go to smash and anarchy will prevail.

I have faith in the patriotism and sound sense of the Canadian people, even though they like to sleep along the way, and let riot run riotously for a time. To all lawless men, who would destroy and not construct, I say, beware, and beware in time, or out you go, bag and baggage.

Sowing and Reaping.

As men sow they reap sooner or later. From this there is no escape.

The Trades Unions are now wondering as to whether there will be a pulling down of the Oriental fences ere long. And no wonder they wonder. The Labour people for years have been teaching that capital is a curse, and that men of wealth should be robbed of what they possess, so as to bring them back to the common level.

These labour men have come to believe that they are the only producers of wealth, and all others are parasites. They have agitated and talked against the incoming of the Hindoos, Chinese and Japanese until the various governments have almost stopped the influx of the Asiatic.

Then the next move was a strong attempt to prevent the European and the Britisher from coming into the country. Now there is a fierce onslaught on all kinds of men coming into Canada. This is managed by the leaders, the professional agitators, so as to make competitive labour scarce. A most idiotic attempt!

The next step, the one taken with the utmost vigour, is the attempt to prevent the men in the country from working. This is a pretty mess, and no wonder the men who are the cause of these foolish doings are afraid that the government will let down the bars so as to bring more workers into competition with those already on the ground, and who are not willing to work or let others work.

Let me say on behalf of the railway companies, steamship companies, mining companies, farmers, fishers, the British Columbia government, and the public in general, that the Railways will be
(Continued on page 4)

Alex Crawford
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M. H. COWAN

THE CHINESE FAMINE
Toronto, March 29, 1912.
The Editor Western Call,
Vancouver, B. C.

Dear Sir:
In Asia the 20th Century is China's as it is Canada's in America. China is now the scene of a transformation the most marvelous in history, and what is happening there is of importance to us since in this rapidly shrinking world Canada and China are now neighbors.

Famine at any time is grievous affliction, but added to political revolution as in China it must stir the sympathy of a people so favored as Canadians are with stable institutions, and blessed with abounding prosperity. Here then is an unique opportunity to show practically our good will to the new Chinese nation in the time of their sorest need. Scattered contributions are already being sent in through United States channels, but it is the general feeling that our plan of relief should be carried out on a national scale.

The refunding of part of the Boxer indemnity by the United States made a deep impression on the Chinese people. By emulating the good example of the United States, Canada may prove that this part of the British Empire is not behind any nation in good will to China in this crisis.

A Central Canadian Committee has been suggested through which aid may be sent direct to the "Central China Famine Relief Committee," the international body with headquarters at Shanghai which has made an appeal to the world for aid to the famine sufferers, and which is composed of European and Chinese men of standing. Hence the formation of the "Canadian National Fund—Chinese Famine Relief," to give information on the situation and through whom any municipality, board or trade or other body or individual may send aid as coming from Canada direct. The Treasurer is Mr. Joseph Henderson, Vice-President of the Bank of Toronto, through which bank and its branches contributions may be sent. The Committee hopes that to give the movement a more national stamp, the Dominion Government may appoint an officer through whom the subscriptions when collected may be cabled direct to China.

The Editors of Canada by helping this movement may do much to improve international relations, especially those of our own Empire in the East. Will you make known these facts and invite subscriptions?
Yours truly,
R. S. GOURLAY,
Chairman.

WM. D. GWYNNE,
Hon. Secretary.
CONDENSED FACTS ABOUT THE CHINESE FAMINE.

Facts About the Chinese Famine.
Area of affected districts, thirty to fifty thousand square miles.
Number of people who may meet death by starvation before next harvest, two to four million. In some districts the famine is the worst in forty years.

One dollar will provide for one person for one month; \$3.00 may save a life; \$15.00 may save a family from starvation.
Extract from Report of Wm. F. Junkin on Chinese Famine.

"I have been in villages where half the houses were unroofed—the timbers and straw sold for food. Questions as to their condition often receive pitiful answers. 'How has that family managed to have grain in their home at this late day?' I ask of one. 'Oh, he sold his daughter the other day and bought some grain!' 'What has become of that man's wife?' I ask another. 'He sold her. They were both starving; a man at another village has a little something, was a widower and offered, if she would come to him, to feed her, and give her husband a little money present besides.' Such instances can be multiplied.

"If you were a famine sufferer you would probably stop eating meat and would go without luxuries. There would be no more sugar or butter. You might be economical and cut your family down to one meal a day, but you would make that a good one. When the grain was all gone, you might take part in a riot or lie down and die. The Chinese famine sufferer does not do it in that way. He has been through famines before and knows how. A large family is often divided; part goes off as refugees, part stays at home. Those remaining at home take stock of what they have. They perhaps find enough grain to last the five mouths that are left four months, if they eat the usual quantity. But four months' supply must feed them for seven months, therefore they immediately begin to make their food thin, that is, eat gruel instead of dry bread. Thus tens of thousands live through the famine who would otherwise die. The gruel gets thinner and thinner and contains more and more weeds and greens and less and less grain. Every resource is used to obtain eatable herbs.

WHY IS THE FOUNDATION OF THE OLD BRITISH LANGUAGE HEBREW?

PROF. E. ODLUM, M. A., B. Sc.

Among many remarkable problems awaiting solution, and reasonable answers, is the above. As far back as our British history runs we have a clear knowledge of several important facts. One of these is that the real basis of the early British language is the Hebrew.

Now I venture to ask for an explanation of this wonderful fact. It is no use to ask the men who compile the big dictionaries, for they seem not to know, and do not give an answer. The Standard, Annandale, Chambers, Webster, Worcester, the Imperial and all other lexicons, etymological, or otherwise, are failures on this proposition. Herewith I give a list of Hebrew words which have come to us from our Saxon forefathers and their ancestors in ancient Britain. They are English today as surely as they were Hebrew then. We do know they did not come to us through the Greek, Latin, or other tongues, outside of the old Hebrew.

HEBREW.	ENGLISH.	MEANING.
Peri	Berry	Fruit
Haras	Harass	Destroy
No	No	Negation
Mots	Mote	Chaff, dust
Keli	Keel	Vessel
Sadin	Satin	A kind of cloth
Shekel	Shekel	Money
Push	Push	Drive or scatter
Sack	Sack	Clothing, sackcloth
Oth	Oath	Sign, a token, witness
Pen	Pen	Inclosure, as sheep pen
Hum	Hum	Move, make a noise
Mal	Mal	Bad, sin, trespass
Radah	Raid	To make a raid, to tread down
Shut	Shut	To go to and fro, shut as a door
Kaph	Cave	Hollow, cave
Baat	Bat	Knock, hit, kick
Chor	Chore	Work, run errands
UG	Hug	Hug, press, embrace
Bag	Bag	Bag, booty, product of chase
Bad	Bad	Bad, lie, prate
Bedek	Bedeck	Ornament, bedeck, repair, beautify
Pook	Puke	Pour out, vomit, empty
Booth	Booth	To sleep in tent, hut, or pass the night
Bar	Barley	Corn, as barley
Baroth	Broth	Food, soup, broth
Barach	Break	Break
Bathar	Batter	Batter, cut down, destroy
Camal	Camel	The well-known Oriental animal
Ga	Gay	Gay, elated, puffed up
Gadad	Gad	Gad, the thing cut off, twig
Gozal	Goosling	Goosling, a young bird
Goosh	Gush	Gush out, pour forth
Gal	Gala	Gala day, exultation, jubilation
Galad	Clad	To cover, covered
Kala	Calous	Hard
Garad	Grate	Grate, scratch
Goren	Corn	Corn, threshing-floor, thing threshed
Garas	Crash	Crash, crush
Dauba	Daub	Slims, flowing as mud and water
Dote	Dote	Dote upon, as love sick
Dum	Dumb	Dumb, without speech
Dumah	Doom	Doom, death, grave, stillness of grave
Doon	Down	Press, or bear down
Door	Endure	Endure, remain
Dayah	Dye	Dye
Dekin	Deacon	Registrar, register, keep account
Daleketh	Delicate	Delicate, sick, weak, feverish
Dameak	Damask	A kind of silk
Dok	Duck	A kind of cloth
Dakar	Dagger	Dagger, stab as with a dagger
Darach	Track	Track or way, or path
Darash	Thrash	Thrash or beat
Habony	Ebony	Ebony wood
Hagah	Hag	Hag, one who mutters, to mutter
Hadar	Adore	To adore, or honor
Hod	Ode	Ode, sound, utterance
Halal	Halleluia	Praise
Haza	Haze	Haze, hazy, dreamy, dream
He	She	Pronoun, she

Everything not poisonous is put into the pot to help fill up.
"The man of means first sells his cow and farm utensils, the poor man parts with his household goods. One by one all are eaten up. Then the doors and windows are taken down and carried to market. Finally, the roof is taken down and sold. Then nothing is left but beggary and death."

The Central Famine Relief Committee in Shanghai is composed of foreigners and Chinese in equal numbers, some of the leading business men of Shanghai and some of the most prominent missionaries are in charge of the fund. It will be wisely and honestly administered.

The funds raised will be used to avert starvation and at the same time to start China upon a policy of conservation. It is not enough today to pour rice into the rathole of famine. It is planned to give relief only in return for labor on canals and dykes, except in the case of those unable to work. Competent foreign and Chinese engineers will co-operate in making all such work of permanent value in preventing future floods. The Famine Committee believes that the new government will adopt a program of conservation and, until this can be carried to completion, shoulder the responsibility of relieving famine conditions. The New China is awake to the situation and many influential men are already pledged to such a policy. Canada can raise a lasting monument of her good will to China by lending some irrigation experts and hydraulic engineers for land reclamation works.

I give only a few, but could give hundreds as easily as these few. Some famous writers claim that there are as many as 5,000 Hebrew words found in the English language, and these are Continental writers and not Englishmen.

By comparison it will be seen that the Hebrew and the English in many cases are exactly alike, no change in any way. The lexicons fail to give these facts but in their ignorance they run to the French, German, Icelandic, Latin, Greek, Greenland, Norse, Dutch and other tongues instead of going straight to the root of the matter, and to the true origin. They are ignorant or are afraid to face the logical results, the inevitable conclusion. And the conclusion is this: The early British people who talked the Hebrew language in Britain were themselves Hebrews, and simply talked the language of their forefathers.

Teacher—Polly, dear, suppose I were to shoot at a tree with five birds on it, and kill three, how many would there be left?
Polly—None.
Teacher—No, two would be left.
Polly—No, there wouldn't. Three shot would be left, and the other two would be fled away.

A Scotchman at the dentist's was told that he must take gas. While the dentist was getting it ready the Scotchman began to count his money. The dentist said, somewhat testily, "You need not pay until the tooth is out." "I ken that," said the Scotchman, "but as three shot would be left, and the other two would be fled away, I want to see hoo I stand."

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PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, PAPER HANGERS' TOOLS AND BRUSHES
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THE FAITH OF A CHILD.

The Scottish American gives us a story of the simple faith of a little lad. It came to the knowledge of Phillip I. Roberts, who relates it as follows:

A poor little slum child of about eleven developed a malady which demanded an instant operation. He was taken to Guy's hospital, where the great doctor who examined him had to tell him that there was just a fighting chance for his life.

The seats of the operating theatre, rising tier above tier like the gallery of a church, were filled with long rows of students, who had come to witness the greatest surgeon of his time, use

the knife. The little patient was brought in and, during some preliminaries placed in a cushioned chair. Looking around at the great throng of men, he said timidly to one of the assistant doctors, "Please, sir, I should be very glad if one of you gentlemen would say just a little prayer for me."

There was a profound silence. No body moved, so the little slum child knelt down and said: "Dear Jesus, I'm only a poor, weak, little lad, but please I'd like to live. So, dear Jesus, please help this kind gentleman so that he shall do his work right. Amen." Having said that, the boy climbed on the table and lay back while a smile lighted up his face."

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INTERNATIONAL DRY-FARMING CONGRESS

Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada. WORLD-WIDE DEVELOPMENT.

For the first time in the history of the dry-farming movement the nations of the entire world will officially recognize it this year. In past years many nations have sent official delegates to the International Dry-Farming Congress—not because of any real encouragement given by the government of the United States—but because of the great and unalterable fact that the Congress, as an independent educational movement, was the most necessary and effective agricultural uplift in the world, and because the nations needed the influence and co-operation of each other in this great battle against the conditions confronting those who are attempting to push the frontier further and further into oblivion.

Invitation From Canada.

The Seventh International Congress will be notable as an international agricultural convention because the nations will be officially invited by the Canadian Government to send official delegates to an officially recognized Congress of nations for the purpose of officially discussing better farming methods and better homes. This invitation will go out within the next few days, and from the expression of interest upon the part of the diplomatic corps at Washington, D. C., it is believed the response will be general.

Dominion Exhibits Assured.

It is needless to state that Canadians are taking an enthusiastic interest in the Congress. Honorable Martin Burrell, Minister of Agriculture of the Dominion, has given his consent to the assembling and installation of a Dominion agricultural exhibit. This work will be done directly under the supervision of Deputy Minister O'Halloran.

Manitoba, through the activity of Premier Roblin, Minister of Agriculture Lawrence and Dean Black of the Manitoba Agricultural College will make a provincial exhibit, and Premier McBride and Minister of Finance and Agriculture Ellison of British Columbia, are considering plans for a provincial exhibit from the far western country. The plans of Minister Motherwell of the Saskatchewan Department of Agriculture and of Minister of Agriculture Marshall of Alberta are well known, and both provincial displays will be the most notable ever made by them.

Many features of the big program have already been worked out, and with the interest already manifest on every side, with the lowest and most far-reaching railroad rate ever given to delegates to this convention, and with the official co-operation of every interested nation, there is every reason to believe at this date that Lethbridge will entertain the best farmers' convention ever called upon this continent.

Lethbridge As Host of Seventh Congress Equal to the Occasion.

With the return to Lethbridge of the Executive Secretary-Treasurer after a two months' trip through the East in the interest of the Seventh International Dry-Farming Congress, the campaign for the exploitation and development of the Lethbridge meeting assumed new proportions, and the citizens of Lethbridge began to put their shoulders to the wheel to establish such perfect machinery for the Congress that they could feel assured not alone of success, but of the successful housing and entertaining of the various sections of the convention. One Million for Public Improvements. Chairman Fred W. Downer of the Canadian Board of Control has the plans well in hand and is devoting hours of his time each day to organization work. President E. A. Cunningham of the Board of Trade, and His Worship, Mayor George M. Hatch, have opened the machinery of the Board of Trade and the City of Lethbridge to the command of the executive committee, and all plans for civic development and publicity are based upon the demands of the great convention. Lethbridge is to spend ONE MILLION DOLLARS for public improvements this summer and, although the ground is still frozen, the material has been assembled, contracts completed under proper forfeiture clauses, and workmen are ready to begin grading for pavements, laying the rails for 11 miles of municipal street railway, and rebuilding the city's lighting system the minute the frost is out of the ground. The landscape gardening in the public parks was begun early in March and the engineer's plans for putting every telephone and electric light wire underground have been accepted by the City Council.

Hotel to Be Built This Summer.

But one of the most important developments is the organization of a hotel company, which, through the activity of the Board of Trade, was brought into existence and had begun the building of a 200-room hotel of the first class within one week after the return of the Secretary from Washington. This hotel will be of steel and

brick and it will be built under protective clauses in the contract so that by October 10th it will be ready for occupancy. When completed it will be one of the best of the Canadian hostleries, and will insure added comfort for the distinguished guests who are to assemble in Lethbridge for the Congress.

In addition, to meet the requirements, four of the present hotels are to make extensive alterations and improvements in order to more than double their accommodations. The owner of one house is contemplating the addition of two stories, containing 100 modern rooms, and the new proprietor of another hotel is contemplating a similar addition to his hostelry.

What with the public improvements and a large number of new business blocks, private hotels and private residences begun and under completion during the summer months, Lethbridge, the convention city, will resemble an immense beehive previous to the Congress.

THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY.

It may, perhaps, come to some readers as a surprise to learn that we are on the threshold of a practical analysis and synthesis of an immense mass of facts resulting from a study, which has been carried on for the last twenty-five years by the most competent scientists of Germany, France, Great Britain and the United States. In this, as in so many branches of science, France stands foremost in time and pre-eminence in results. Britain, with her Society for Psychical Research, honestly faces and studies the accumulating phenomena for a scientific deliverance that will hold water. In the United States, and circulating in Canada with increasing tide of teaching for practical results and for dollars, "new thought," new therapeutics, new methods of success, new byways out of the highways of the church. One thing, however, seems to be clear, so far as my limited reading goes—it is an American author who has given the sanest theory arising scientifically out of assured phenomena.

Here are some principles:

- 1. Man is possessed of a dual mind, objective and subjective.
2. The objective mind is the everyday mind, depending on the brain, perhaps may perish with the brain. The subjective has pre-empted over the formation and functioning of the body from its first germ, is doing its work when the brain sleeps, and at times can take the place of the objective mind, but is not dependent on the organism of matter.
3. The objective mind is capable of both inductive and deductive reasoning; the subjective mind is incapable of induction, but, given the premises by induction, is infallible in deductive reasoning.
4. The objective mind learns much and teaches the subjective mind, but forgets much; the subjective mind forgets nothing.
5. The subjective mind is open to suggestion from without or within. Auto-suggestion is all that it learns from the objective mind within the same body. External suggestion may come from the subjective or objective mind of another.
6. When the subjective mind rises to the surface and assists the objective mind, results improve in various degrees from heightened perception to the scale of the peerless genius. When the subjective assumes control there may develop the visionary in all stages, from mild schemes to madness, or what some men call madness.
7. The matter of telepathy, or the communication of the subjective mind of one person with that of another, regardless of space, has been established beyond doubt. Suggestions may pass from one to another by a species of wireless telegraphy.
8. Spiritualists think they can communicate with the spirits of the dead, and make a religion of it. Myers, author of "Human Personality," and some others of the Society for Psychical Research, accept the supposed facts, but do not make a religion of it. I am inclined to think with the late Dr. T. J. Hudson, the American author, that all the facts can be explained by the simple laws of telepathy, directly or indirectly, between living persons. The same is also true of supposed "possession." In the days when science was in its infancy marvels and abnormal occurrences were explained on the hypothesis of angelic or demonic intervention. The universal idea gave rise to many suggestions to nervous people that they were possessed, and so they acted as if they were. In a time and place where nobody believes in such things, no suggestion is made, and no one is afflicted.

This article simply holds the door ajar for a little glance into the immensities of the meaning of the new psychology. And our psychology of today will make our religion of tomorrow.—Dr. C. S. Eby, in Christian Guardian.

A knocker is something which hangs outside the door. The knocker rarely knows much about what is really going on inside.

"Why does the giraffe have such a long neck?" asked the teacher. "Because its head is so far away from its body," hopefully answers the boy.—Judge.

The Bookseller: "This, sir, is an excellent book on swimming, and a very useful one, too. Customer: Useful? The Bookseller: Yes, sir; if ever you find yourself drowning, you have only to turn to pages 88 and 89, and there you will find instructions how to save yourself.—Sketch.

City Fire Alarms

- 3-Granville and Eschen.
4-C. P. R. Yards.
5-Granville and Davis.
6-Granville and Robson.
7-Seymour and Halmcken.
8-North end old Cambie St. Bridge.
9-Georgia and Carble.
10-Hamilton and Robson.
11-Granville and Dunsmuir.
12-Richards and Dunsmuir.
13-Seymour and Pender.
14-Homer and Pender.
15-Hastings and Granville.
16-Hastings and Richards.
17-Seymour and Cordova.
18-C.P.R. Wharf (No. 2 Shed.)
19-H. B. Co., Georgia and Granville.
20-Cordova and Water.
21-W. H. Malkin's, Water Street.
22-Water and Abbott.
23-Hastings and Abbott.
24-Cordova and Cambie.
25-Water and Carrall.
26-Cordova and Columbia.
27-Pender and Columbia.
28-Pender and Beattie.
29-Hastings and Hamilton.
30-Hastings and Carrall.
31-R. C. Mills, south end Carrall.
32-Hudson's Bay Co., Water Street.
33-City Hall.
34-Main and Bernard.
35-Main and Powell.
36-Main and Keefer.
37-C. P. R. Wharf (No. 5 Shed.)
38-Smythe and Cambie.
39-Smythe & Homer.
40-Brackman-Ker Wharf.
41-Homer and Halmcken.
42-Dunsmuir and Hornby.
43-Granville and Nelson.
44-Robson and Hornby.
45-Davis and Hornby.
46-Nelson and Hornby.
47-Georgia and Howa.
48-Pender and Alexander.
49-Hastings and Hornby.
50-Main and Park Lane.
51-Dunsmuir and Beattie.
52-Pender and Alexander.
53-Seymour and Drake.
54-Hop's Mill, Powell Street.
55-Hop's Mill No. 3.
56-Hastings Mill No. 1.
57-Burns' Abattoir.
58-Granville and Woodland.
59-Hop's Mill, Dundas.
60-Pender and Salisbury.
61-Hastings and Victoria Drive.
62-Ford and Templeton.
63-Pender and Jackson.
64-Powell and Carl.
65-Hastings and Carl.
66-Granville and Powell.
67-Pender and Hooley.
68-Powell and Hawia.
69-Hastings and Dunlevy.
70-Hastings and Powell.
71-Powell and Raymond, Sugar Refinery.
72-Hastings and Vernon.
73-Hastings and Lakewood.
74-Powell and Eschen.
75-Eighth and Bridge.
76-Sixth and Heather.
77-Prudential and Manitoba.
78-Prudential Investment Co., Front and Manitoba.
79-Sixth and Birch.
80-Front and Georgia.
81-Front and Ontario.
82-Seventh and Ash.
83-Sixth and Spruce.
84-Front and Lawrence.
85-Vancouver Lumber Co.
86-Vancouver Engineering Co.
87-Front and Columbia.
88-Sixth and Alberta.
89-Fifth and Yukon.
90-Eighth and Manitoba.
91-Denman and Granville.
92-Eighth and Granville.
93-Front and Main.
94-Second and Granville.
95-Front and Dufferin.
96-Seventh and Carolina.
97-Prince Edward and Dufferin.
98-Eighth and Prince Edward.
99-Front and Main.
100-Seventh and Main.
101-Barclay and Denman.
102-Pacific Coast Mills.
103-Denman and Georgia.
104-Davis and Denman.
105-Burnaby and Nicola.
106-Chilco and Barclay.
107-Front and Thurlow.
108-Bute and Harwood.
109-Rule and Barclay.
110-Front and Thurlow.
111-Chilco and Corn.
112-Burrard and Georgia.
113-Bute and Georgia.
114-Front and Robson.
115-Barclay and Broughton.
116-Jervis and Pendrell.
117-Burrard and Harwood.
118-Front and Thurlow.
119-Burnaby and Jervis.
120-Bidwell and Haro.
121-Hobson and Cardero.
122-Burrard and Comox.
123-Jervis and Haro.
124-Pender and Thurlow.
125-Broughton and Harwood.
126-Burnaby and Thurlow.
127-Thurlow and Alberni.
128-Third and Cedar.
129-Third and Maple.
130-Front and St. George.
131-First and Trafalgar.
132-Second and Pine.
133-Cornwall and Yew.
134-Front and Macdonald.
135-First and Balaclava.
136-Cornwall and Balsam.
137-Front and Creelman, C. P. R. Grant.
138-Elzib and Clark.
139-Gravelly and Park.
140-Front and Mark.
141-Gravelly and Woodland.
142-Charles and Clark.
143-Williams and Woodland.
144-Park and Park.
145-Venables and Cotton.
146-Venables and Clark.
147-Burrard and Harria.
148-Hawia and Gore.
149-Prior and Gore.
150-Prior and Jackson.
151-Thurlow and Hawkes.
152-Carl and Grove.
153-Harris and Woodland.
154-Second and Park Drive.
155-Front and Cedar.
156-Bismarck and Park Drive.
157-Third and McLean.
158-Carl and Keefer.
159-Front and Victoria.
160-Parker and Victoria.
161-Williams and Victoria.
162-Bismarck and Lakewood.
163-Front and Victoria.
164-Sixth and Victoria.
165-Lakewood and Barnard.
166-Tenth and Park.
167-Front and Clark.
168-Ninth and Dock.
169-Twelfth and Scott.
170-Broadway and Burns.
171-Front and Woodland.
172-Fourteenth and Park Drive.
173-Sixteenth and Sophia.
174-Twenty-second and Sophia.
175-Front and Humphrey.
176-West, Rd. and Fraser.
177-Twenty-fourth and Fraser.
178-Twenty-second and Marcha.
179-Front and Thomas.
180-West, Rd. and Thomas.
181-Ninth and Yukon.
182-Eleventh and Ontario.
183-Front and St. George.
184-Thirteenth and Main.
185-Vancouver General Hospital.
186-Broadway and Ash.
187-Fourteenth and Manitoba.
188-Tenth and West, Road.
189-Thirteenth and Prince Edward.
190-Front and Yukon.
191-Sixth and Pine.
192-Seventh and Maple.
193-Thirtieth and Alder.
194-Front and Cedar.
195-Eleventh and Oak.
196-Broadway and Oak.
197-Eleventh and Fir.
198-Front and Hemlock.
199-Broadway and Alder.
200-Twelfth and Cyprus.
201-Tenth and Arbutus.
202-Front and Arbutus.
203-Broadway and Willow.
204-Eleventh and Yew.
205-Seventh and Balsam.
206-Front and Cedar.
207-Kamloops and Hastings.
208-Powell and Clinton.
209-Front and Clinton.
210-Dundas and Renfrew.
211-Windemere and Pender.

Woman's World



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Mrs. JOHN W. TIMMONS

Another charming young beauty has recently been added to Washington's official set. Mrs. John W. Timmons, wife of Lieutenant Timmons, President Taft's new naval aid.

Mrs. Timmons was a Miss Fairbanks, and during her father's term of office as vice president in the Roosevelt administration she ably assisted her mother in doing the social honors of the position. Her elevation to Washington's official circle will cause much pleasure to her many friends at the capital.

Mrs. Timmons is a stunning looking woman who is always beautifully gowned and, like her mother, Mrs. Fairbanks, is an enthusiastic club-woman and deeply interested in the new woman movement. She is remarkably well informed on all public questions of the day.

Deaths of Great Women.

The lady chapel of the new Liverpool cathedral, which was opened recently, will be adorned by a magnificent scheme of stained glass windows in commemoration of the deeds of good women. All the famous women of the Old and New Testaments are commemorated in some way in the scheme, but perhaps the most interesting innovations are the windows commemorating the deeds of great women of recent times. The list is as follows: Mary Collet and all prayerful women.

Louise Stewart and all the noble army of martyrs. Christina Rossetti and all sweet singers. Grace Darling and all courageous maidens.

Dr. Alice Marrel and all who have laid down their lives for their sisters. Catherine Gladstone and all loyal hearted wives.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning and all who have seen the infinite in things. Josephine Butler and all brave champions of purity.

Annie Besant and all missionary pioneers. Margaret Godolphin and all who have kept themselves unspotted in a corrupt world.

Angela Burdett-Coutts and all almoners of the King of heaven. Mother Cecile and all women loving and large hearted in counsel.

Elizabeth Fry and all pious women. Agnes Jones and all devoted nurses. Queen Victoria and all noble queens. Lady Margaret Banford and all patronesses of sacred learning.

Mary Rogers (stewardess of the Stella) and all faithful servants. Ann Clough and all true teachers. Mary Souverville and all earnest students.

Susannah Wesley and all devoted mothers.—Trebethian.

Dainty Bits of Neckwear.

About the neatest thing in neckwear is the white velvet collar with square or oval back finished at the front with two huge buttons covered with the velvet. Collars are provided with the collar, but they are sold separately. They, too, have the buttons.

One of the daintiest bits of neckwear is the flower buckle, the little blossoms being arranged around a wire that keeps them in shape. A velvet ribbon threads through the buckle, and it is worn low down around the bottom of the stock or at the top if the buckle is very small. The same buckles are used on ribbons that have long cravat ends finished with pendent flowers or tassels. Many of the new silk bows are finished on their mired or straight ends with tassels or fringe.

An Interesting Meeting.

An interesting meeting between two blind women poets occurred recently when Miss Fanny Crosby, the famous hymn writer, and Miss Alice A. Holmes spent a quarter hour together in Jersey City. Miss Holmes and Miss Crosby were students at the New York Institution For the Blind when they were girls, and they discussed school days as eagerly as if they had been Vassar or Bryn Mawr alumnae. Miss Crosby is ninety-one years of age and has been blind since birth. Miss Holmes is a few years younger. She lost her sight through an accident when she was nine years old.

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 Editor, H. H. Stevens; Manager, Geo.
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 Jellied Veal
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ABRAHAM LINCOLN, A TOTAL ABSTAINER

(Continued from page 1)

tions shall be withdrawn. I am a prohibitionist
 because prohibition destroys destruction.

"We must not be satisfied until the public senti-
 ment of this state, and the individual conscience
 shall be instructed to look upon the saloonkeeper,
 and the liquor seller, with all the license earth can
 give him, as simply and only a privileged male-
 factor—criminal.

"The real issue in this controversy, the one
 pressing upon every mind that gives the subject
 careful consideration, is that legalizing the manu-
 facture, sale and use of intoxicating liquors as a
 beverage is wrong—as all history and every devel-
 opment of the traffic prove it to be—a moral,
 social and political wrong."

The liquor dealers of the nation have persist-
 ently belied our great temperance apostle and
 president by inserting in their advertisements
 fake quotations which tend to show his sympathy
 with the saloon. To further prove this we will
 quote from the appendix to volume 42, part 8 of
 the Congressional Record of the first session of the
 sixtieth congress, where the facts as to Lincoln's
 position on this question are given. "It should be
 stated distinctly, squarely and fairly, and re-
 peated often, that Mr. Lincoln was a practical and
 total abstinence man—wrote for it, worked for it,
 taught it by precept and example, and when from a
 long and varied experience he found that the
 greed and selfishness of the liquor dealer and the
 saloonkeepers overleaped and disregarded all bar-
 riers, and every other restraint taught by the les-
 sons of experience, and that nothing short of the
 entire prohibition of the traffic and the saloon
 would settle the question, he became an earnest,
 unflinching prohibitionist.

"It has been said by those most competent to
 judge that Mr. Lincoln surpassed all orators in
 eloquence, all diplomats in wisdom, all statesmen
 in foresight, and this makes him and his name a
 power not to be resisted as a political prohibi-
 tionist."

On the morning of the fearful day of his assas-
 sination (April 14, 1865) Mr. Lincoln in speaking
 to Major J. B. Merwin, of St. Louis, Mo., a per-
 sonal and political friend, said: "After recon-
 struction, the next great question will be the over-
 throw of the liquor traffic."

In a speech prior to this, prophesying the over-
 throw of the liquor business, he said: "And what
 a noble ally this to the cause of political freedom
 with such an aid, its march cannot fail to be on
 and on, till every son of earth shall drink in rich
 fruition the sorrow quenching draughts of perfect
 liberty. Happy day when all appetites controlled,
 all passions subdued, all matter subjugated, mind
 —all conquering mind—shall live and move, the
 monarch of the world—Glorious consummation!
 Hail fall of fury! Reign of reason, all hail!"

MOB ARMIES

(Continued from page 1)

built. The steamship lines will be operated. The
 mines will be worked. Farming operations will
 continue. Financial institutions will do their busi-
 ness. Mercantile and industrial pursuits will be
 undertaken and prosecuted.

And these things will be continued with or with-
 out the aid of our anarchic socialists, the I. W.
 W.'s, and the senseless trades union people who
 imagine that they will not permit others to work,
 only as they please. They are not willing for a
 Briton to come to Canada. And the Briton is
 worth a dozen of such noisy vermin. Well, the
 Briton will come. The Teuton will come. The
 Scand, the Italian, the Bulgarian, the Galician,
 and even the Yankee will continue to come in
 vast crowds, in spite of the bawling of the sense-
 less strikers, and the noisy whiners of the various
 organizations who plan to stop all progress unless
 they are in control.

The Canadian Northern, the Grand Trunk Paci-
 fic, the Canadian Pacific, the British Columbia
 Electric, and the other huge and necessary enter-
 prises will proceed with their work; and the
 country go forward, even if the dead carcasses of
 scores of the I. W. W.'s are to be sepulchred in
 the process.

If the "Whiteman" now here will not work,
 then the public, the government, and the best in-
 terests of British Columbia will see that foreigners
 be permitted to enter in numbers sufficient to
 carry on the work. Let me tell the unprincipled,
 drunken, debased "whiteman" who is ready to
 destroy everything and everybody in sight, that
 the sober, industrious, level-headed foreigners are
 much better citizens from every standpoint than
 are those who are determined on the destruction
 of life and property, to suit their passing whims.

Until these men with diseased brains and per-
 verted hearts are converted to sober sense and
 a willingness to labour, they must put up with
 the influx of others who will do work that the
 vast undertakings of Canada are calling for. Let
 all who are interested, know right well that with
 or in spite of the wage howlers, our mighty en-
 terprises will be forwarded.

On behalf of the true and illing workman, I
 urge the Trades Unions to clean out from their
 ranks "all who maketh a lie."

VENABLES AND COMMERCIAL STREETS.

An Unreasoning Public—The B. C. Electric Tram-
 way Co.

Complaints are made against the Electric Rail-
 way Company because the corner of Venables and
 Commercial Streets is not in good running order.
 The fault does not belong to the Tram Company.
 But it lies at the door of the grumbling public.
 Here is how the matter stands and has stood.

The Tram Company would have had that corner
 fixed last year, but it was unable, as it was ne-
 cessarily waiting for the City Council to purchase
 the South West corner, so that a proper curve
 could be made.

This very purchase was provided for by the
 Council in answer to a strong request made by
 the public. The City Council did its best and put
 before the Electors a small By-law to purchase
 the ground, the money required therefor being
 only about \$4,000.00. In this way the public did
 its best for the time being, the City did its best,
 and handed the by-law over to the vote of the
 electors. All this time the Tram Company was
 waiting to make the curve and connect up with its
 double track.

But lo, at the last moment the electors turned

down the little by-law, and so the City was un-
 able to purchase the corner, and the Company
 had to delay, much to its own discomfort as well
 as to the discomfort of the public itself. But let
 it be understood that the grumbling public that
 turned down the small money grant is the body
 that is accountable for the delay.

The delay has caused inconvenience, but neither
 the City Council, nor the Engineering department,
 nor the Company is to be blamed. The big, unreas-
 oning, grumbling public alone must carry the
 blame.

SAID ABOUT THE BIBLE.

Here are some tributes of great and wise men
 to the Book of Books:

My own experience is that the Bible is dull
 when I am dull.—Horace Bushnell.

The Bible is a window in this prison-world
 through which we may look into eternity.—Timothy
 Dwight.

If we read the Bible aright, we read a book
 which teaches us to go forth and do the work of
 the Lord.—Theodore Roosevelt.

The best evidence of the Bible's being the word
 of God is to be found between its covers. It
 proves itself.—Charles Hodge.

The sacred Scriptures teach us the best way of
 living, the noblest way of suffering, and the most
 comfortable way of dying.—Flavel.

Take all of this Book upon reason that you
 can and the balance on faith, and you will live
 and die a better man.—Abraham Lincoln.

Only a slight acquaintance with the Bible shows
 that nothing is there revealed to us which can-
 not be transmuted into life.—H. G. Weston.

The reason why we find so many dark places
 in the Bible is, for the most part, because there
 are so many dark places in our hearts.—A. The-
 luck.

What other book besides the Bible could be
 heard in public assemblies from year to year,
 with an attention that never tires, and an in-
 terest that never cloys?—Robert Hall.

The English Bible—a book which, if every-
 thing else in our language should perish, would
 alone suffice to show the whole extent of its beau-
 ty and power.—T. B. Macaulay.

If there be anything in my style or thought to
 be commended, the credit is due to my kind par-
 ents in instilling into my mind an early love of
 the Scriptures.—Daniel Webster.

People often say they cannot speak or say much
 in meeting. No wonder they have nothing to say
 who daily read twenty columns of newspaper to
 one square inch of Bible.—H. I. Hastings.

Whatever I have done in my life has simply
 been due to the fact that when I was a child my
 mother daily read with me a part of the Bible,
 and daily made me learn a part of it by heart.—
 Ruskin.

The Bible is God's chart for you to steer by,
 to keep you from the bottom of the sea, and to
 show you where the harbor is, and how to reach
 it without running on rocks or bars.—H. W. Bee-
 cher.

I am heartily glad to witness your veneration for
 a Book which, to say nothing of its holiness or
 authority, contains more specimens of genius and
 taste than any other volume in existence.—W. S.
 Lander.

Do you know a book that you are willing to
 put under your head for a pillow when you lie
 dying? Very well; that is the book you want to
 study while you are living. There is but one
 such book in the world.—Joseph Cook.

Many books in my library are now behind
 and beneath me. They were good in their way
 once, and so were the clothes I wore when I was
 ten years old; but I have outgrown them. No-
 body ever outgrows Scripture; the book widens
 and deepens with our years.—C. H. Spurgeon.

In the Bible there is more that finds me than I
 have experienced in all other books put together;
 the words of the Bible find me at greater depths
 of my being; and whatever finds me brings with
 it an irresistible evidence of its having proceed-
 ed from the Holy Spirit.—S. T. Coleridge.

Young man, my advice to you is that you culti-
 vate an acquaintance with and a firm belief in
 the Holy Scriptures, for this is your certain in-
 terest. I think Christ's system of morals and
 religion, as he left them with us, the best the
 world ever saw or is likely to see.—Benjamin
 Franklin.

IT IS MORE BLESSED.

Give—as the morning that flows out of heaven,
 Give—as the waves when their channel is riven,
 Give—as the free air and sunshine are given;
 Lavishly, joyfully, utterly give.

Not the waste drops from thy cup overflowing,
 Not a faint spark from thy heart ever glowing,
 Not a pale bud from thy June roses blowing,
 Give as He gave thee, who gave thee to live.

Pour out thy heart, like the rush of a river,
 Wasting its waters forever and ever.
 O'er the burnt sands that reward not the giver,
 Silent or songful thou nearest the sea.

Pour out thy life as the summer shower pouring,
 What if no bird through the pearl rain is soaring,
 What if no blossom looks upward adoring,
 Look to the Life that was lavished for thee!

Thus the wild wind strews its perfumed caresses,
 Evil and thankless the desert it blesses,
 Bitter the wave that its soft pinion presses—
 Never it ceaseth to whisper and sing.

What if the hard heart gives thorns for thy roses,
 What if on rocks thy tired body reposes,
 Sweetest is music with minor-keyed closes,
 Fairest the vines upon ruins which cling.

Soon will the days of thy giving be over—
 Ere from the grass dies the bee-haunted clover,
 Thou wilt have vanished from friend and from
 lover;

Why will thy longing avail in the grave?
 Give as the heart gives, whose fetters are breaking
 Life, love and hope, all thy dreams and thy waking
 Soon at Life's River thy soul-fever slaking,
 Thou shalt know God, and the Gift that he gave!

The prayer that begins with trustfulness, and
 passes on into waiting, will always end in thank-
 fulness, triumph and praise.—A. Maclaren.

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THE BOYS' BRIGADE

5th Vancouver Company.

Thursday, 28th March, was a blue-ribbon day for the boys of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, as on that date the much spoken of inspection of the 5th Vancouver Coy. Boys' Brigade took place.

A large number of friends turned out to judge for themselves the value of the work the Brigade was doing. Capt. G. H. Botham, of the 13th Middlesex V. B., and one time Inspector of Cadets for the Duke of Teck, acted as Inspecting Officer, with Capt. W. B. Fleming of the 4th Vancouver B. B. as his aide. After a minute inspection of the uniform by the Inspecting Officer, and a few introductory remarks by the Chaplain, the boys under the command of Lieut. Fiddes started upon their night's work, which included military drill, figure marching, free gymnastics, lantern drill, wand drill, parallel bars, and high leap competition. The various items called forth loud applause from the spectators, as they were done with an enthusiasm and accuracy, that would have been hard to beat, and in a manner that reflected great credit on the boys and their officers.

After the presentation of prizes Capt. Botham gave his report. He said, that he had had considerable experience of boys' movements in other parts of the world, but he could honestly say that he had never seen such work as he had witnessed that night. He had never seen so much energy turned to such good purpose in one night before. The drill of the boys was done with splendid precision and accuracy, their equipment was clean and smartly worn, and their gymnastic exercises exceedingly well performed. He heartily congratulated the boys and officers on the result of their labours.

The Chaplain then called on Capt. Henderson for his report. Capt. Henderson pointed out that what had been seen that night was but one side of the Brigade work, and that every Sunday morning a Bible class was held at which the boys gave the papers with undoubted success. The Company, he said, showed an attendance at both drill and Bible class of 96.4%, which he considered most creditable. The Chaplain in closing said that the Brigade had met with a good deal of opposition at first, but after what had been seen that night, that not only should the company be proud of its work, but the church should be proud of its company, as it was undoubtedly handling in a manner unequalled, the greatest problem of Canada, How to get hold of the Boy.

The prize list was as follows: Squad Medal, won by Squad 3, under Serg. Harry Tarlton. Gymnastics—Senior, Pte. Archie McKinnon, Watch Fob, presented by Mr. G. H. Maben. Junior, Pte. Robert Oke, (Watch Fob, presented by Lieut. Fiddes). Essay, Compt. Senior, Pte. L. Edge, Junior, Pte. Harry Thorley, (Books, presented by Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Laine). Progress Prize, Serg. A. Bates, (presented by Capt. Henderson). Best all round boy, Col-Serg. W. Pettit, (medal presented by Capt. W. B. Fleming). Best all round Private, Pte. Archie McKinnon. High leap, Senior, Pte. J. Woosnam, Junior Pte., Angus McKinnon.

The prizes were gracefully presented by Miss M. Montgomery and the accompaniments were tastefully played by Miss A. McCormick, who has given her untiring services as pianist to the B. B. during the year.

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THE TEMPERANCE DECLARATION OF PRESIDENTS.

The Western Christian Advocate has been digging down into its own archives and has resurrected the following temperance pronouncement, which it printed August 14, 1861, over fifty years ago:

"It appears that the Hon. Edward C. Delavan of South Ballstown, N. Y., and at one time secretary of state for New York, had taken upon himself to secure the signatures of the different presidents of the United States, that had served during his lifetime, to the following document:

"Being satisfied from observation and experience, as well as from medical testimony, that ardent spirits, as a drink, is not only needless, but harmful; and that the entire disease of it would tend to promote the health, the virtue, and happiness of the community; we hereby express our conviction that should the citizens of the United States, and especially all young men, discontinue entirely the use of it, they would not only promote their own personal benefit, but the good of the country and the world.

"James Madison,
"John Quincy Adams,
"Andrew Jackson,
"Martin Van Buren,
"John Tyler,
"James K. Polk,
"Zachary Taylor,
"Millard Fillmore,
"Franklin Pierce,
"James Buchanan,
"Abraham Lincoln.

"It is a matter of great regret," says the Western, "that Mr. Delavan had no successor to secure the signatures of our later presidents, and thus have an unbroken chain of evidence against the arch-foe of the human race."

We agree to that, especially in view of the fact that our later presidents have seemed so loath to refer to the subject of temperance in any way.

Not a man among them has ever touched the question in a public message, though every man among them has touched upon questions far less important.

TEMPERANCE.

The man or the saloon—which shall it be Intelligence is challenging and must answer. We cannot be the advocates, the friends of both.—Bishop Wilson.

The people of West Virginia at the general election in 1912 will vote on a constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture and sale of stand thus covered for a week. Now intoxicating liquors, as a result of the legislative vote of 23 to 7 in the senate and 70 to 9 in the house of delegates. If adopted, the amendment goes into effect July 1, 1914.

Mayor Gaynor of New York declares that nowhere is the law against Sunday liquor selling enforced so thoroughly as in New York. "Never was the traffic in liquor in this city stopped until I became mayor," he says. "I have stopped it absolutely. I will give you \$10 for evidence of traffic in liquor on Sunday in any bar-room." But when some preachers found violations of the Sunday law and claimed the money, Mayor Gaynor "hedged."

The new liquor law passed by the Indiana legislature, displacing the county option law and making smaller units, seems to be exactly what the brewers wanted. It has been heralded as a "model license law," but the American Issue says: "It is as full of holes as a sieve, and it seems that under its provisions the liquor interests can do what they please. It makes a liquor license a perpetual franchise, permits wholesalers to huckster their goods about the streets like milk and vegetables and is one of the greatest monstrosities which the advocates of the licensed saloon have been able to produce."

B. C. FALL FAIRS.

Dates of Provincial Fairs Announced—Kamloops Fixed for September 18-19-20.

A complete list of the British Columbia fall fairs has been compiled and the dates assigned.

Kamloops' exhibition will take place Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, September 18, 19 and 20.

- Following is the list of fairs:
- Arrow Lakes—October 4-5.
 - Alberni—September 13.
 - Armstrong—October 16-17.
 - Burquitlam—September 28.
 - Bella Coola—October 30.
 - Cowichan—September 20-21.
 - Comox—October 3.
 - Coquitlam—September 21.
 - Chilliwack—September 19-20.
 - Central Park—September 12-13.
 - Cranbrook—September 18-19.
 - Delta—September 20-21.
 - Grand Forks—Sept. 26-27.
 - Greenwood—September 30.
 - Golden—September 24-25.
 - Islands—September 18.
 - Kent—September 12-13.
 - Kamloops—September 18-20.
 - Kelowna—September 26-27.
 - Kaslo—October 15.
 - Langley—September 25.
 - Mission—September 24-25.
 - Maple Ridge—Sept. 25-26.
 - Matsqui—September 26-27.
 - Nanaimo—September 17-19.
 - N. and S. Saanich—Oct. 4-5.
 - Nicola—September 25.
 - North Vancouver—Sept. 7.
 - New Westminster—Oct. 4-5.
 - Nelson—September 23-25.
 - New Denver—October 2.
 - Penticton—September 29.
 - Revelstoke—October 8-10.
 - Richmond—September 25-26.
 - Shawnigan—September 18.
 - Salmon Arm—Sept. 27, 28.
 - Summerland—October 30, 31.
 - Surrey—September 24.
 - Trail—September 25-26.
 - Vernon—October 23, 24.
 - Vancouver—August 10-17.
 - Windermere—Sept. 20-21.
 - Victoria, (provincial exhibition)—September 24-28.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

If a sprig of parsley dipped in vinegar is eaten after an onion, no unpleasant odor from the breath can be detected.

A teaspoonful of lemon juice to a quart of water will make rice very white, and keep the grains separate when boiled.

When finely-chopped nuts are needed for cakes, salads for sandwiches, run the nuts through the mincing machine.

To prevent salad dressing, custard or cake filling from curdling, beat quickly for five minutes or more with a wire egg beater.

The odor from the burning kerosene lamp or lantern is as disagreeable as it is unhealthful. It is said that a tablespoon of vinegar put into the lamp after it is filled with the oil will prevent the smoke and odor, and will also make the light clearer. Some housekeepers claim that if the wicks are boiled in strong hot vinegar before they are used most of the disagreeable odor will be prevented.

Creamed Apple Pie:—The use of cream in making apple pie is a novelty, but it gives a delicious bit of pastry. The pie must not be baked too fast or the cream will curdle. Line the pie plate with crust, fill with sliced tart apples, sift a tablespoon of flour over them, add sugar to taste, pour a cup of rich cream over and sprinkle with a little grated nutmeg. Bake in a moderate oven until the apples are done.

To preserve orange peel, steep the peels in salt and water for some time then lift them out and put them on in fresh water, watch them reboil, then draw the pan to the side of the stove and let it simmer gently until they are soft enough to be pierced easily with the head of a pin. Now boil one pound of loaf sugar in about half a pint of water for five minutes, then pour this over the peel and let it strain off the syrup, bring it just to the boil, then lay in the peel, and let it all boil gently together till the peel looks clear, when you lift it out, spread it out on a dish to cool, dusting it well with sugar, and leave it till perfectly dry, when it can be put away in airtight tins.

A GOOD CONFESSION.

Frederick William Faber, D. D., was a Roman Catholic priest, born in England, June 28, 1815, and died in 1863. He was a man of deep piety. The following poem describes his conversion:

The chains that have bound me are flung to the wind,
By the mercy of God the poor slave is set free;
And the strong grace of heaven breathes fresh o'er my mind,
Like the bright winds of summer that gladdened the sea.

There was naught in God's world half so dark or so vile,
As the sin and the bondage that fettered my soul;
There was naught half so base as the malice and guile
Of my own world's passions, or Satan's control.

For years I have borne about hell in my thought;
When I thought of my God it was nothing but gloom;
Day brought me no pleasure, night gave me no rest,
There was still the grim shadow of horrible doom.

It seemed as if nothing less likely could be
Than that light should break in on a dungeon so deep;
To create a new world were less hard than to free
The slave from his bondage, the soul from its sleep.

But the word has gone forth, and said, let there be light,
And it flashed through my soul like a sharp-passing smart.
One look from my Saviour, and all the dark night,
Like a dream scarce remembered was gone from my heart.

I cried out for mercy, and fell on my knees,
And confessed, while my heart with keen anguish was wrung;
'Twas the labor of minutes, and years of disease
Fell as fast from my soul as the words from my tongue.

And now, blest be God and the dear Lord that died!
No deer on the mountain, no bird in the sky,
No bright wave that leaps on the dark bounding tide
Is a creature so free or so happy as I.

YOUR MISSION.

Talk happiness; the world is sad enough
Without your woes. No path is wholly rough;
Look for places that are smooth and clear,
And speak of those to rest the weary

Of earth, so hurt by one continuous strain
Of human discontent and grief and pain.

Talk faith; the world is better off without
Your utter ignorance and morbid doubt.
If you have faith in God or man or self,
Say so. If not, push back upon the shelf

Of silence all your thoughts, till faith shall come;
No one will grieve because your lips are dumb.

Talk health; the dreary, never changing tale
Of fatal maladies is worn and stale,
You cannot charm, nor interest, nor please,
By harping on that minor chord—dis-ease.

Say you are well and all is well with you,
And God will hear your words and make your answer true.

WHAT THE BIRD'S EGG SAID.
I held a wee bird's egg up to my ear,
To hear what it might say;
And these are the words it whispered to me,
As close to my ear it lay:

"I am shaping now the sharp little beak,
That will peck this frail shell through;
I am fashioning now the swift little wings,
That will set me free in the blue.

"I will clothe my neck and back and breast
With plumage glossy and gay;
I will dart through the wood and fill it with song,
In an endless roundelay.

"I will find my mate, and a nest we will build,
And guard it by day and night;
Our love will live in other wee birds,
And our hearts overflow with delight.

"In spring we shall come on the first balmy winds,
And fill your summer with joy;
With autumn's chill breath we shall fit away,
As the southland our lodgings de-coy."

"Can you do all this, O frail, foolish egg,
Inert in my hand as a clod?"
"I can do it all," the wee egg said.
"I can do it, I and God."
—Continent.

A certain skeptic was contending before a minister that the work of the Creator was manifestly imperfect. "Have you not yourself," he asked, "noted defects in the human organism, for instance, and thought of better contrivances?" To his delight there was a frank reply: "Why, yes, I really think I have." "In what respect?" "Why," drawled the parson, "you see when I want to shut any thing disagreeable from my sight, I can draw down my eyelids, and it's all done; but, unfortunately, such is not the case with disagreeable sounds, as I haven't any flaps to my ears." Free conversation ceased at about that point.—Christian Sentinel.

Couldst thou in vision see
Thyself the man God meant;
Thou never more wouldst be
The man thou art—content.
—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

REPORT OF MEETING OF THE W. M. S.

The W. M. S. of Robson Memorial Church, held their regular meeting, Thursday, March 28. Owing to the illness of the Pres. Mrs. R. Lund, Mrs. (Rev.) Thos. Green lead the meeting. Arrangements were made for the annual meeting to be held April 25th, when the books close for the year. Mr. Kemp was appointed delegate to the Branch meeting to be held in Victoria in May.

The "Canada Monthly," published by Vanderhoof-Gunn Company, Ltd., Winnipeg, Man., is now a regular visitor in the homes of many readers of "The Western Call." Subscribers to the above mentioned magazine who do not get it regularly will oblige the publishers by notifying them promptly. They will spare neither labor or expense to please their patrons.

A GOOD CONFESSION.

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Than that light should break in on a dungeon so deep;
To create a new world were less hard than to free
The slave from his bondage, the soul from its sleep.

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Like a dream scarce remembered was gone from my heart.

I cried out for mercy, and fell on my knees,
And confessed, while my heart with keen anguish was wrung;
'Twas the labor of minutes, and years of disease
Fell as fast from my soul as the words from my tongue.

And now, blest be God and the dear Lord that died!
No deer on the mountain, no bird in the sky,
No bright wave that leaps on the dark bounding tide
Is a creature so free or so happy as I.

RESOLUTIONS.

1. I will not speak evil of any one.
2. I will not criticize any person against whom I am prejudiced.
3. I will refrain my tongue when I am angry.
4. I will be silent when I know there is danger of being misunderstood.
5. I will withhold my words when I have a doubt as to my motive in speaking.
6. I will not be a "tale-bearer." I will not tell or repeat anything that will make unkind feelings between people, or that will create prejudice.
7. I will try not to hear unkind or wrong things, and will do all in my power to discourage those who indulge in unkind words.
8. I will cultivate a habit of placing a charitable construction upon the words and conduct of my fellows.
9. I will do all in my power to help the weak, the erring, and the distressed.
10. I will cultivate kindness of thought and expression in all my relations in life.
11. Believing that every one has some good quality or qualities, I will look for the good and emulate it; and when I find evil, I will pray that its possessor may be delivered from its power.
12. In all things I will aspire to "walk in the Spirit," that I may not "fulfill the lusts of the flesh."—The Interior.

Both that which is best and that which is worst in our civilization are found in the city. There is the greatest wealth, and there is the direct poverty. There are the highest character and culture, and there is the deepest degradation. There is the most aggressive Christianity, and there is the greatest and most revolting iniquity. It is in the city that life is most strenuous, and especially in the American city that men do with their might what their hands find to do, whether they put their hands to good or to evil.—Rev. Josiah Strong.

Reach up as far as you can, and God will reach down all the rest of the way.—John H. Vincent.

The queen of Holland, when only fourteen years of age, desiring to speak to her mother, knocked, not, perhaps in the most dignified fashion, at the door of the room in which the queen regent was engaged. "Who is there?"

"It is the queen of Holland."
"Then you must not enter."
At this rebuff the little queen suddenly changed her tactics, and softening her tones, said, winningly:
"Mamma, it is your own little daughter, who loves you and would like to kiss you."
"You may come."—Baptist.

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DESTRUCTION OF DANGEROUS INSECTS IS NOW ASSURED.
 Well Known Foreign Scientist Solves Problem Whereby Two Thirds of Canada's Yield Crops Now Destroyed May Be Saved—Plans For All Red Wireless System by Marconi Company and British Government Meet With Approval.

(From Our Own Correspondent).
 Montreal, March 12.—It is estimated by the Departments of Agriculture of both Canada and the United States that at least two thirds of the productivity of cultivated areas is lost by the depredations of worms, bugs, magots and similar insects. That is to say, when a field is cultivated in the ordinary way, the value of the ultimate crop is only one third of what it might be were the incursions of insects obliterated.

In Canada especially, and in the more recently populated districts most particularly, the scourge of these little enemies has caused so much discussion and comment that of late years scientists of European and international reputation have been devoting much time and energy in an endeavor to find a remedy. The Government has spent money lavishly in making experiments with various methods of

preventing loss. Agricultural societies, independent farmers and orchardists, private philanthropic persons, have scoured the world for a cure for these pests. Up to the present, although many have been tried, not one method of treatment has succeeded. Paris green, sand and kerosene, carbolic acid, mineral and organic fertilizers, bisulphid of carbon, poisons and repellants of all makes and descriptions have been used and failed. That is to say, although in certain instances the nuisances seemed to abate for the time being, they never have been absolutely exterminated by any method generally employed.

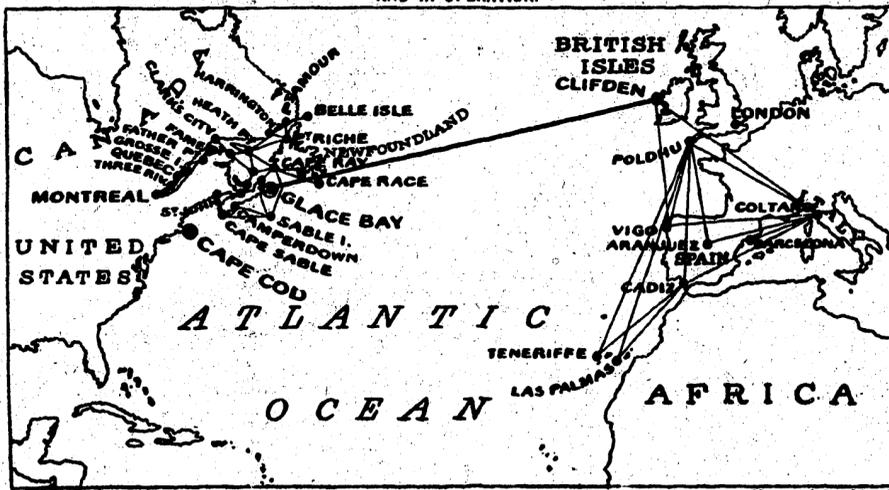
About two years ago the attention of a well known foreign scientist was called to conditions existing in this country. By personal inspection and investigation he found that Canada and the United States, two naturally excellent countries for producing large crops, were losing millions of dollars a season by so called crop failures. Blight was spoken of freely. The invasion of certain insect enemies to growing crops was referred to indefinitely. He went out into the fields and studied the question first hand with nature. He found, as he expected, that insect life in the new countries was stronger than in the older and longer cultivated countries of Europe.

To the layman this seems surprising. But it is easily understood when one recalls that game in a forest undisturbed by the hand of man grows to greater strength and numbers than in territory surrounded by civilization.

After studying the question at first hand this chemist, whose name is withheld for the present, set to work to find the remedy. He has found it. The fact has been undeniably proven. Experiments have been made in the United States, which absolutely prove that the day of these pests is done. Naturally his method is a secret. It is known, however, that it consists of treating the ground before planting, probably a month before. Not only are the insects wholly destroyed but the eggs may be found under a microscope wholly exploded and scarred. By this method, too, the ground becomes beautifully fertilized, and in every instance has yielded a record crop.

When the weather becomes milder, shortly before the time for spring planting, experiments are to be made before agriculturalists in Canada. The treatment is efficacious for the extermination of cut worms, potato bugs, corn worms, red lice, linseed worms and all kinds and natures of pests that destroy growing vegetables, fruit, field crops and so on.

COMMERCIAL TELEGRAPH STATIONS CONSTRUCTED BY MARCONI'S WIRELESS TELEGRAPH CO. LTD. AND IN OPERATION.



All Red Wireless Telegraph

Details of the proposed arrangements between the Imperial Government and the Canadian Marconi Company for an "All Red" wireless system to encircle the British Empire, a scheme which eventually will embrace the whole world, have been received by Mr. A. F. Roach, secretary-treasurer of the Canadian Marconi Company, Limited, here.

The plan embraces eight power stations at various strategic points within the Empire by which messages can be taken and forwarded, so that the British Empire will eventually become independent of cables. The importance of this plan is very great, as it would mean that in case of war with any power the British authorities would be able to go ahead with their plans whether the cables were cut or not, and could keep in close communication with the fleet anywhere between London and Hongkong.

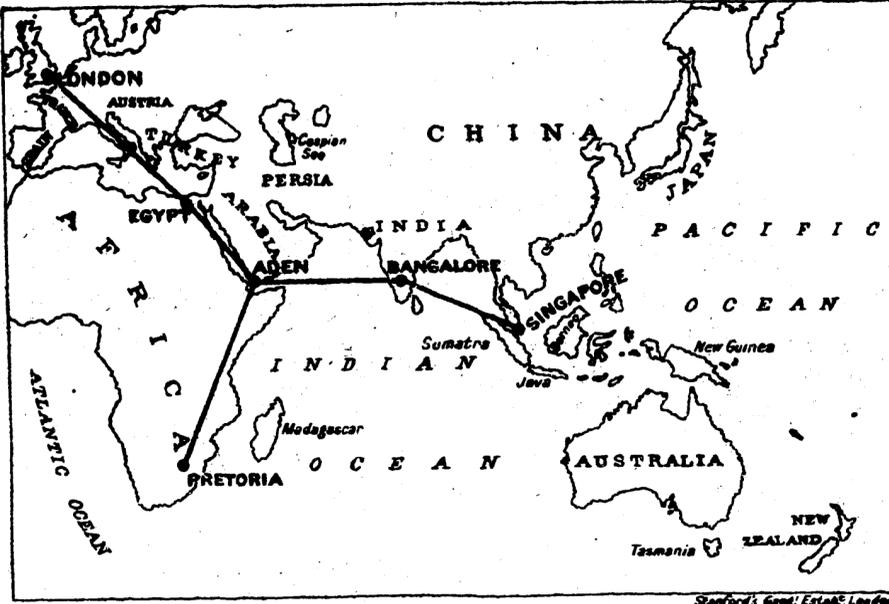
While this arrangement has been

entered into by the government as an Imperial move, something similar to the All Red Route project, the stations will, of course, be used for general commercial purposes, and it is anticipated that this wide extension of the wireless system will result in a considerable cheapening of long distance communication. It is expected that the establishment of this chain of main long distance stations will result in the installation of a number of smaller ones, which will act as feeders, so that every colony which has one of these stations will be brought into wireless connection with a radius of two or three thousand miles, and with other parts of the Empire through the main sending stations. Incidentally, it is expected that it will mean a great reduction in rates to some of the colonies, as some of them have now to be reached by cables over a very roundabout route, which means great expense.

For instance, the present cable rate between Great Britain and British Guiana is \$1.75 per word, while by wireless it is expected to bring it down to 25 cents.

But while the scheme has big commercial possibilities, it is from an Imperial point of view that the governments have taken it up. It is considered that the value of such an Empire wireless chain can hardly be overestimated, since by it not only will the Imperial Government secure cheaper and quicker communication with the colonial governments, but it will obtain a more speedy and reliable communication with the fleet. All the vessels are equipped with wireless, and in this way the warships on the Pacific will be brought within almost as close touch with the Admiralty as the fleet sailing in home waters; and as these messages are all sent by secret code they would be of little use to possible hostile powers, even if picked out of the air by other wireless systems.

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 Forget the praise that falls to you
 As soon as you have won it;
 Forget the slander that you hear
 Before you can repeat it;
 Forget each slight, each spite, each sneer,
 Wherever you may meet it.
 Remember every kindness done

To you, whae'er its measure;
 Remember praise by others won
 And pass it on with pleasure;
 Remember every promise made,
 And keep it to the letter;
 Remember those who lend you aid,
 And be a grateful debtor.
 Remember all the happiness
 That comes your way in living;
 Forget each worry and distress,
 Be hopeful and forgiving;
 Remember good, remember truth,

Remember heaven's above you,
 And you will find, through age and youth,
 True joys and hearts to love you.
 —Priscilla Leonard, in Religious Telescope.
 Little Carl (in the forest)—Father,
 I can hear the cuckoo, but I cannot see any clock.

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A TENDERFOOT'S WOOING

— BY —
CLIVE PHILLIPPS WOLLEY
 (AUTHOR OF "GOLD, GOLD IN CARIBOO," ETC.)

Supplied Exclusively in Canada by The British & Colonial Press Service, Limited.

There had been tears in the night; tears, confession and penitence, and between the two women there was peace again, but there was no peace for Anstruther. With Jim before her, Kitty had been a small angel to his rival, but Jim had gone at early dawn; there were no longer and loud men's voices about the corral. The quiet of the place invited meditation, and the more Kitty meditated the less she could find to justify her attitude to Jim Combe, and the less she saw to admire in the man she had induced to stay behind. Indeed all her own small sins took a bodily form, and called themselves Frank Anstruther. As he smoked his last cigarette before turning in, that gentleman had come to a decision. He was quite sure then that the only woman fit to succeed his mother at Ellbury Park was the girl he had been singing to, and he had decided that he would put his fortunes to the test before he was a day older. Kitty would not say "no" to him, of that he felt sure. She was not one of those women who would willingly spend all their lives in an humdrum Canadian ranch.

But though he suffered without protest, as a man must, by midday Frank found himself wondering whether after all a world without women would be so utterly unendurable.

As for Mrs. Rolt, she had privately vowed that her favorite should have a fair chance, and that to prevent poaching in his absence, she would haunt the two young people like their shadow until Jim's return.

No self-constituted duenna ever found her duties less exacting than did Mrs. Rolt; no pair of reputed lovers less anxious to be alone than Kitty and Frank.

Indeed, to such a pitch of misery was that unfortunate young man reduced before evening, that Mrs. Rolt found herself trying to make some amends to him for the girl's perverse temper.

In her heart she began to hate "young people." Without them there had been peace at the ranch, whereas now it was almost as bad as being in love again herself.

But this thought brought a smile to her sweet face. There had never been any rival in her case to big Dick Rolt. She scarcely thought the man existed who could have been.

The night after Jim's departure there was no music at the ranch, and the music next morning was neither of man's making nor to his liking. For days past the great red "Herefords" had been crowding in closer and closer round the corral, and for five days the clouds had grown more and more murky overhead, whilst a bitter wind kept whining uselessly amongst the sage brush and the willows. Perhaps the absence of the men really accounted for the gloom which seemed closing round the ranch, and yet there seemed more than mere loneliness in the depression which took hold on those who had been left behind.

The last golden leaf had fallen from the cottonwoods along the creek bottoms, and now and again dry balls of sage brush would race and bound along upon the uplands, driven by unseen wind devils, or the trees in the recently burnt patch of pine timber just beyond the corral would for minutes break out with a great groaning and grinding of limbs. But these things only occurred by fits and starts. The strangeness of them was due only to the fact that there seemed to be no storm to account for them. Such winds as there were, were purely local and short lived until the Wednesday morning.

Then the dawn broke in weird fashion, with such devilish storm lights, such unearthly and terrifying shadows as are only seen on the sea or the prairies, and the first act of winter began.

In half an hour every loose thing about the ranch had been blown from its position. A wagon which the Indians had left out was lifted right over and lay bottom upwards in the yard. Fences which the biggest of the bulls had respected, were laid flat as if they had been card houses.

The little creek which a week before had threatened to run dry, became a swollen torrent. Pieces of board and tin cans whirled along in the wind, battered and rattled against the walls, whilst the old house itself throbbed and hummed like an organ, and from time to time an earth-shaking report announced the downfall of some great Douglas pine in the slashing. Whilst the storm lasted there was no sun. The racing clouds blotted him out, so that a vague dull light prevailed, such as might have existed when the Spirit moved on the face of the waters.

The three in the house covered at the windows, and watched the desolate scene with that feeling half of pleasure, half of awe, which is natural to human beings safely entrenched in a cosy, storm-proof house when storms rage without, until a miserable looking object with lowered head and streaming hide came trembling past the windows towards the barn.

"Oh, my poor little Mawitch. Mary, look. This is my fawn. Those Mistic Indians must have let it out."

"Well, she can go into the barn if she wants to. I think she is going."

But the fawn, like other only half-civilized things, had lost its wild wits, before it had acquired the sense of the domestic beast, and now stood shivering in the very eye of the wind, looking for some human being to take care of it, instead of taking care of itself.

"Mary, I must let it in, poor, miserable beastie. Do you mind, dear?"

"No, of course not; though I don't suppose that it will come in. Try if you can tempt it, Mr. Anstruther."

the unfortunate lover that day. As soon as the latch gave under his hand the great door burst inwards with such a noise that the fawn fled, whilst Anstruther himself was sent reeling before the blast, and pictures, stick racks, and bear hides clattered and careered along the floor.

As usual in this contorted country he had made a mess of it. No one but a fool, he reflected, would have tried to open a door on the weather side of the house, when it would have been much easier to have brought the deer round to the sea side, but it was too late to think of that now. He had to bring that beast in. He simply dared not face those two women without it, so, with a glance at the damage he had done, he plunged recklessly into the storm, bareheaded, dragging the great door to behind him.

It required all Anstruther's strength to shut the door, and for a moment he had to cling to the handle of it for support before he could make good his footing against the wind. Like most newly-arrived Englishmen he was still particular about his attire, but in less time than it takes to write it, the glory of his boiled shirt and smart collar had gone, his riding breeches, built wide in the latest fashion, were clinging to him like the skin of a fish, his long coat-tails were performing like a giddy wind-mill, and his whole appearance was such as to justify his belief that the ladies at the window were convulsed with laughter. As he crossed the paddock it occurred to him that Mrs. Rolt was signalling to him to come back, but he was uncertain, and in any case he did not mean to go back without that infernal little beast which tempted him yard by yard across the corral, and towards the patch of shrieking and groaning timber.

Surely, he thought, the ladies were signalling to him, but he could not understand what they meant. They were calling, but the window was closed, which in itself would have been enough to drown their voices, without the deafening din all around him.

He was within arm's length now, and he made a spring at the fawn's collar, touched it, but could not secure his hold, so that he only frightened the beast, which in a few bounds reached the timber. But here it paused, as if it was as much afraid to go forward as to come back. Of course, Anstruther followed it. As he reached the edge of the brule a dry bough no thicker than his little finger, whirled out of one of the tops and struck him across the hand. The force of that blow from so small a thing should have warned him, but at that moment victory seemed within his grasp. The fawn, frightened by something the man neither saw nor understood, hesitated, until with a quick leap Anstruther sprang in and gripped the leather collar round its neck.

It would be a curious thing, the man thought, which would loosen his grip now until the provoking pet was safely in its mistress's keeping, and as he thought formed itself in his mind something happened.

To him it seemed that a terrific crash was followed by instant and complete darkness, accompanied by a curious sensation of numbness and a letting go of all things, all things except that leather collar. To that he clung instinctively, even when everything rose and went away from him, feeling and thought, wind and rain, and even the crashing of the brule, and the anger at Kitty Clifford's laughter.

CHAPTER VIII.
 Jim to the Rescue

"Put it out of its misery; it's back is broken."

Anstruther recognized Mrs. Rolt's voice, and wondered in an idle dreamy fashion whose back was broken, and whether if its back was broken it would wish to be put out of its misery. His back was not broken nor was he in any misery. He wondered who was, and turning to see was struck by a hideous shock of pain, after which it was night again.

When he came to himself he knew that he was dead. He knew more than that. He was lying in his coffin; he could smell the new boards of it, and they were nailing down the lid, but this strangely enough did not worry him a bit. Death was a silly painless thing after all, very much like sleep. How even their strokes were. There were two of them at work, one on each side of him, beat, beat, beat! The ring of their hammers was rhythmic; rather good dream music he thought, but how hard they worked, and what a lot of nailing up that coffin required. He wished that they had not thrown the earth in before they nailed him down, the weight of it above him was so great that he could not move his limbs. And then quite suddenly the weight was lifted, and he drew a great breath, and again the fierce pain came and took him away into the cool dark where there was no trouble.

Reckless of falling limbs and risking, with eyes open to their danger, a fate similar to that of the man below them, two of the half-breed boys of the ranch had been swinging their axes as they had never swung them before, and as the blades bit and the white chips flew, two pale faced women, drenched with rain, and wild with grief and terror of the storm, pleaded with them to work "faster, faster, for God's sake, faster," clenching their feeble hands, and yearning for something to do where there was nothing they could do.

Heavens! how long the time seemed. Surely between them they could lift the tree off him now, and they strained at a trunk, one limb of which was too heavy for their united strength. They might as well have tried to lift the

ranch house. Those only who have handled a Douglas pine know what the weight of it is.

The Indians way was the only way, and there was no help but theirs, though by some miracle Frank Anstruther lived still. The hand that poor Kitty held in hers was limp and cold as a dead man's, but he was not dead yet. Not yet. Surely the men could work more quickly. Ah, if only Jim had been there.

At the very last the half-breeds stopped and consulted. Those two men, as if time was of no value, consulted and argued, and then one of them went to the house for a saw. That was the most insufferable five minutes of all to Kitty, and even when the saw cut through, and the ends of the log were free, the log did not rise an inch. Another cut had to be made, and all the agony of waiting endured again. Even when a six-foot length had been sawn out of the pine those two imbeciles could not lift it, a log which Jim would have carried on his shoulders.

It was well for Anstruther that they could not. But for the broken limb on the underside which had buried itself many feet deep, and held now like a tap root, Anstruther would long since have learned the great secret.

Thanks to that bough he was held as in a vice but not crushed, as a Douglas crushes what it falls upon. With levers, and bars, and all the ingenuity of practised loggers the men at last pried up the log sufficiently for their purpose, and drew out their man, still uncertain whether he was dead or alive.

With gentle strength they unclenched the long white fingers from the fawn's collar. Poor beast. It at any rate would not come in again from that storm. The tree had broken its back, and a merciful axe stroke had split its graceful head from end to end. And yet Kitty, who at another time would have wept for a day over her pet, had now no thought of it.

On a rude stretcher, improvised by the Chinaman whilst the Indians chopped, Mrs. Rolt and the three men carried Anstruther to the house and laid him in the warm, firelit room on the Boss's bed, and then the greatest terror, the only one of ranch life, faced those women. As long as all goes well to those who are country bred, there is no hardship in the enforced separation from the town and its thousand and one conveniences. Every difficulty is a joke to be laughed at, a puzzle which natural ingenuity will delight in overcoming. You can do without the shops and the theatres, you can hold service if you want to, and the strong man needs no policeman to protect him; but the time comes when even he cannot do without the doctor, when he would give all that the world holds for someone who could tell him what to do to save one dear life.

Anstruther might be dying for some little help which they could have given him if only they knew what was the matter with him, but they did not know.

There was no broken bone that they could find, no bleeding wound for them to staunch, and yet whenever consciousness returned to him, at the first effort to move or speak he fainted, and each faint seemed more and more like death.

The resources of the ordinary ranch in such cases as this are pitifully inadequate. As a rule the wife knows a little about the treatment of ordinary accidents and the simpler ailments, and in the house there is generally some book which professes to be a substitute for the physician. You have only to turn to it in an emergency to discover how little there is to justify its claims.

Mrs. Rolt read such a volume from cover to cover, only to fall back in despair upon such simple remedies as warmth and quiet. She could only give nature a fair chance. Probably she could have done no better, and half the doctor's success at least depends upon the patient's faith in him, but when you good folk at home boast yourselves of your many colonial possessions, in which you take only an occasional pride, allow something not only for the courage of the men who hear of fresh dominions for you all over the world, but something too for the martyrdoms of women, who watch through the long nights of lone lands, growing old between a sun's setting and a sun's rising, whilst all that makes life valuable for them is fading away under their eyes, for want of that which to you is but a natural accessory of your every-day life.

Through that long and wild night those two women watched; whilst it seemed to them that the winds clamored round the house for the prey which had escaped them.

Towards morning, Mrs. Rolt, who had been dozing in a chair by the fire-side asked:

"Is he sleeping now, Kitty?"

"No, he is pretending to, but I can see how his poor lips are pressed together. I don't believe he has slept once since they carried him in," she whispered.

"Oh, nonsense. He was sleeping nicely through the night while I watched."

"He was shamming, Mary, so that we should not worry. Isn't it brave of him?" and bending over her head, she pressed her fair head upon Mrs. Rolt's shoulder to smother the sobs which shook her.

Mrs. Rolt's arm wound round the girl, and drew her gently to her knee, soothing her quietly, whilst a very wistful motherly look came into her own steady grey eyes.

This woman had a right to know Love when she met him, for she had served him very faithfully, and she knew him now.

Whatever had been her dreams for Jim Combe she recognized that they had lived or died, the man lying there with strained pale face, would always hold the first place in Kitty Clifford's heart, so her arm held up her younger sister whilst she whispered to her, "Be brave darling, and we will save him for you. If only God would send our men home."

blizzard, could neither hear nor see anything.

"Not yet, dear. I am afraid, but they cannot be more than another day now," and her own heart failed her, wondering whether it was all well with her own man.

But the great hounds, chained near the stables, contradicted her. First a low growl, and then a chorus: Glory, Lupus, and Venom, bayed their welcome as, dim and indistinct from the driving sleet, half a dozen horsemen emerged and dismounted in the corral, and before Mrs. Rolt could reach the door Kitty, all her waywardness forgotten, was clinging to Jim Combe's arm, and dragging him towards the house.

For the others she had no word, not even the Boss, but only, with wild hair flying in the storm, she clung to her old friend, crying:

"Oh, Jim, Jim; you dear old Jim; come quickly. I want you so badly."

And Jim fell into his old place at once.

It was so natural to him to serve this spoiled child, who always came to him in trouble, that he forgot himself and answered:

"What is it, dear? What do you want Jim to do for you. Can't it wait?"

"No, no, not a second. Come," and she drew him away from his horse, which he would have left standing in the storm for no other person on earth.

"Oh, Jim, he has waited so long. I thought that you would never come. He's a most dead Jim," and her sweet mouth quivered in a way that made him wince.

"Who is nearly dead?" he asked, climbing the stairs three at a time with clanking spurs.

"Frank, Mr. Anstruther."

Jim's face contracted as with physical pain, but he controlled himself, and said no word until he was in the sick man's room, where Mrs. Rolt welcomed him silently.

One glance at that strained white face on the pillow banished Jim's devil for good. Here was a comrad down, and all the woman in the big fellow's heart came to the surface at once.

It was a marvel how his long loose limbs moved now. Even his great Mexican spurs ceased to clank by the sick bed.

"What's the trouble, partner. Been riding Job for amusement?"

The sick man's eyes smiled, but the involuntary effort to turn sent a spasm of pain across his face.

"Lie still, old chap, and let me see what the trouble is. Would you ladies mind leaving the room. I won't be rough on him, Kitty," and he pushed her gently before him to the door.

When they had gone Jim stripped off the bedclothes and, as tenderly as might be, lit for the injuries he could not see.

"How did it happen?" he asked. Anstruther told him.

"I see, I see," he muttered. It was a foolish thing to do to go into the brule when the trees were tumbling. But then he would have done it himself for Kitty. That made all the difference.

"Don't hurt any whilst you lie still, does it? Hurts considerable when you move."

The sick man nodded. To turn did hurt "considerable."

"Well, so far as I can see, there ain't no great damage done. It's a bad smash up. Three ribs, or it may be four, stove in, but so long as the inside machinery ain't injured you'll be about again in a week. We'll have to get Protheroe from Soda Creek to splice you up a bit. You can come in, ladies."

They came in followed by Dick Rolt. "Is it, is it anything very bad, Jim," whispered Kitty, taking both his hands in hers.

"It ain't no undertaker's job, if that's what you mean, Miss Kitty," laughed Jim. "Twon't take so long to mend as a broken heart, and they mend easy. It's just three or four ribs stove in. If you'll get me some linen bandages and something stiff to make a waistcoat of, I'll cinch him up so as he can't do no harm until we get Dr. Protheroe to fix him up properly. Your job is to keep him still if you want him well again soon," and still holding both her hands in his, he led her to the chair by his rival's bedside and left her there.

It was Jim's act of reconciliation and he did it, as he did everything, quietly and without protest.

CHAPTER IX.
 A Ride for Life

"Where are you going to, Jim?" asked the Boss, who had followed Combe out of the sick room.

Jim came back from his dream with a start and turned a very white and haggard face to his old friend.

"Soda Creek to fetch Protheroe if you can spare me."

"But you can't go yet. You haven't had a bite of food to-day, and after all Anstruther's injuries do not appear to be so very serious."

"Can't tell. She might lose him."

There was something strangely pitiful in the way in which all Jim's mind turned upon what she might suffer, the woman who had just dealt him the hardest blow of his life.

Within a radius of twenty or thirty feet of his flying heels it was unsafe for any living thing to come, but the men held on to the ropes, hoping that in time they might quiet down a little.

"Cinch 'em bag on for me good and tight, Boss." It might get shook off."

Rolt obeyed, and Jim shook himself to try the fastenings.

"Nothing loose is there? Now, steady, you devil," he went to the horse's head, which bared its teeth, laid its ears down, and backed away from him across the corral, dragging the four men with it.

For a quarter of an hour Jim tried in vain to approach near enough to mount the roan, but by striking, biting and kicking, the savage brute frustrated every effort.

"Guess we'll have to throw him after all, but it's a pity to take anything out of him that way," and then suddenly Jim's voice came from a higher level.

"Get whist! Let him go."

The chance had come whilst he was speaking, and with a tiger-like spring the cowboy had taken it, dodging the flying heels like a miracle.

It was done so quickly that no one had time to see how Jim scrambled into the saddle, and after that there was not enough time for the spectators to seek shelter in the first doorway that offered.

But it was a magnificent sight for those who were safe from the mad beast's heels.

In spite of Jim, the horse had got its head down. Its back was arched so that there seemed nothing in front of the saddle except space, and even that receded as soon as the brute shot up into the air, coming down again stiff legged and sudden at every point of the compass in turn. But this was not good enough to shake off Jim Combe.

"Them's baby tricks," he muttered, and as if the roan heard him, it reared until those at the window saw nothing in the driving rain but the vast figure of a horse rampant, like the supporter of an heraldic shield.

The man was invisible until the great beast, jerked backwards by its rider, crashed heavily to earth.

Then, for a moment, they saw Jim on his feet, his cigarette, one only sign of his horseman's vanity, still between his teeth, the next he was again astride of the rising beast.

Then he vanished from the corral with a crash.

As the roan rose again on its hind legs, Combe drove the long reins home with all the cruel force that there was in him, and the panic stricken beast rushed blindly from the corral.

There was a fence at the far end of it, luckily only of light poles, set up to keep in young calves.

It never seems to occur to a prairie horse to rise at a fence. Certainly it never occurred to that maddened roan. With a rending crash he went through the young pine poles, shattering them like match stalks, and so was gone, the rain-lashed ocean of dim prairie swallowing up horse and man.

In winter upon the northern ranches evening comes early, and on this day of storm it seemed to come upon the heels of midday, so that as Jim Combe dashed out of the corral it was already dark.

For the first half hour of his ride he had no time to think. Nature provided him with that panacea of man's pain, action.

The storm swallowed him up; so drove against him that he sat bowed low in his saddle, so drenched him that it seemed to flow through him. Yet he had no time to feel the misery of it all. He was riding it seemed in a great void, out of which from time to time huge beasts loomed uncertainly. He knew them for the Herefords which moved lumberingly and unwillingly out of his way, and alongside him, though he could barely see it as he raced past it, ran three and twenty miles of the fencing of the winter pasture.

Twice he grazed it, so dark had the day become, and each time he left a fragment of his clothing behind him to mark his stroke. On the second occasion he struck hard against a projecting bar, and his left leg seemed to lose consciousness. But he sat down and rode as steadily as ever. He could not afford to worry about trifles, and as it grew darker every minute, he realized that there were no precautions that he could take to minimize his risk. He had to stop or chance everything.

He could not see where he was going, perhaps the roan could, and even if he could not, Jim was not going to take a pull at him yet. As long as the horse stood up and kept going, the miles were eaten under his feet. That was all that mattered. Time was of the essence of Jim's contract.

His partner Fate was playing his hand now for him, and he refused to interfere in the game. As long as it lasted it was excellent to fly through the dark stinging sleet, and as to the end he cared nothing. When the roan first bolted, the wildness of the storm, all the splendid energy of the crazy beast between his knees got into Jim's blood, and he became intoxicated with the madness of his ride.

He cannoned into the flank of one of the great Hereford bulls, half seen for a moment in the gloom, so that his horse reeled and silted, and almost lost his feet, but the man only laughed as they staggered and went on.

It was absolutely immaterial whether he broke his neck or not at first, but as the pace and distance began to tell upon the horse, the beast's tamed mood began to communicate itself to the man, so that instead of the glory of the strife, the misery of those infinite waste places through which he rode impressed itself upon him.

The homelessness of the prairie was revealed to him and almost frightened him. He had known the prairies all his life, but this aspect of them had never struck him before.

He had committed suicide, and he knew it, not an unjustifiable cowardly act, but the voluntary killing none the less of Jim Combe.

Henceforth the world as he now saw it would be the seal of his own grey and barren life, without rest, without warmth, without the light of hope. But he had taken the plunge, and since it was too late to reconsider it, he made up his mind at any rate he would not be robbed of his reward.

She would be happy even if her happiness was bound up in that of another man, and therefore at last he

took a pull at his horse and began to ride more cautiously.

It was then that he felt how much his own strength had waned. That day he had so far eaten nothing. He had done work enough to kill an ordinary man, and unless he was much mistaken the boot on his left leg was slowly filling with his own blood.

He could ride the roan with one hand now. With the other he contrived to extract the sandwiches and flask from the cartridge bag, which still rode securely on his back, and reducing his pace to a lope he ate and drank as he rode.

He supposed that the night must have commenced, though there were none of the ordinary signs of time to guide him, and he marvelled at the endurance of his horse.

Fortunately the savage wind had not suffered the sleet to lie suddenly upon the plateau over which he rode to seriously deteriorate the going. The ground rang hard as iron and as the fever of excitement died out, Jim realized that the night had turned bitterly cold.

For half of that night Combe hardly knew that he was riding. A man set in the saddle in the heart of a great darkness, swaying in time to his horse's stride, and at the proper times lending such assistance as the rider can to the ridden, but that was not Jim Combe.

(Continue Next Week.)

For one who walked beside me long ago is waiting where the breeze lift his silver sprinkled hair To show me where the sweetest blossoms grow. Caro, Mich.

"You and your wife always seem to agree on every subject." "Yes, we seem to, but I frequently have my own private opinions just the same."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A bright little Medford lad heard his parents talking about the salaries of teachers. "I don't see why they should pay the teachers," he said, very serious, "when we children @

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Local and Otherwise

Intimation has been received by City Inspector Hay to the effect that the Provincial Government has decided to give the crown grant of two blocks—28 and 29, lying between Blenheim street and Collingwood. These blocks are for park purposes, and if funds permit, considerable improvements and alterations of them will be effected some time before next winter.

At the last meeting of the South Vancouver Police Committee, instructions were given to the Municipal Solicitor to add a clause to the Road By-Law to deal with teams being driven over the sidewalks.

Police Chief Jackson advised the adoption of a by-law to regulate the speed of automobiles throughout the municipality. Councillor Thomas declared that the absence of a by-law would make the municipality responsible for any accident caused by reckless automobile drivers. It was agreed to prepare a clause limiting the speed of automobiles to twenty-five miles an hour.

Main street is to be paved from Sixteenth avenue south to Twenty-fifth avenue, and it is probable that the work will be completed before the summer is well advanced. This will necessitate the co-operation of the South Vancouver Council with the City Council, for the eastern half of this section of Main street lies within the city limits, and the western half lies in the municipality. Both Councils would, it is said, share in the work.

Six cases of diphtheria, of which one has proved fatal, have been reported to the Council by the Health Inspector.

The shortage of water in South Vancouver is being viewed with much alarm by the citizens of the municipality. For several days at a stretch the water has been shut off during the afternoon, so that not a drop was available. No explanation of the cause has been offered, but it is believed that the City of Vancouver has been attempting to conserve its supply.

Elimination of the nuisance caused by blasting stumps in the vicinity of residences is the aim of Municipal Engineer Clements, who, with Councillors Third and Elliott, has inspected Wards 1, 2 and 3, in order to secure estimates for improvements.

Engineer Clement asserts that it is impossible to properly blast stumps with houses close by without danger and the risk of damage claims. If stumps were removed before houses were built on adjoining property, much money would be saved the municipality. The only alternative is to remove stumps by teams of horses, which is a more expensive method.

The work of wood paving Westminster road from Main street to Tenth avenue, and Broadway from Main street to Prince Edward street, is progressing rapidly, and will be completed in the course of a week or two.

One of S. Vancouver policemen, Mr. Ross, has been sorely afflicted. His twin children a little over two years old took measles and pneumonia a week ago. One died on Saturday and the other is very low.

Rev. Dr. Spencer will supply the pulpit and be the Acting Pastor of the Mount Pleasant Baptist Church, Cor. of Quebec and Tenth Avenue, for the next three months. The people of the District are cordially invited to attend the services.

Probably the biggest event of its kind that ever took place in Vancouver was the combined physical display of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. which took place in the Roller Skating Rink last Tuesday evening. Nearly two thousand spectators and friends of the Association enjoyed the exhibition. The programme was made up of drills, apparatus work, tumbling, games, gymnastic and aesthetic dancing, etc. The work of the senior leaders of the Y. M. C. A. was particularly good and won much applause. Tumbling by Messrs Henderson, Balmer, W. K. Sproule and W. Sproule was one of the best amateur performances ever seen here. Too much can not be said in favor of the ladies' part of the programme. From start to finish their work was practically perfect, every event securing much applause. Great credit is due Miss Magoun and Mr. Maxwell, who have charge of the physical work respectively of the Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. for the success of the exhibition.

A fine of \$100, or three months imprisonment, was imposed upon Ralph Kaski by Magistrate McArthur last Tuesday morning. Police Chief Jackson, Sergeant Bramwell and Constable

J. Hughes raided Kiasi's house, which is situated but a short distance from the residence of Magistrate McArthur, at Cedar Cottage, last Sunday morning and secured two dozen bottles of beer and a number of empty bottles, as a result of which Kiasi was convicted of running a blind pig.

Mr. William Fowler, of 1174 Broadway west, was thrown from his motor cycle in a collision with a horse and carriage on Seventh avenue last Monday night. He sustained a few painful bruises and cuts on the head, and his machine was badly damaged. The horse and carriage, which were being driven by Mr. J. Coffin, escaped with little damage.

Mr. Jas. Warnock, of Springfield, Mass., is visiting his sister, Mrs. Wm. J. Gordon, at Cedar Cottage.

Dr. T. V. Hunter of Cedar Cottage, will address the Mothers' and Teachers' meeting to be held at Lord Selkirk school, April 18th.

Dr. Hunter has lately been appointed Medical Examiner for the school of South Vancouver.

HON DR. YOUNG
OPENING SCHOOL

New North Vancouver Structure is Model in Every Detail.

Plenty of Light and Pure Air Provided for Every Scholar.

North Vancouver, April 8.—The new \$60,000 Ridgeway avenue school in North Vancouver is being opened this afternoon by Hon. H. E. Young, minister of education. The opening ceremonies commenced at 2:30 o'clock in the presence of a large number of interested North Vancouver residents.

Each room in the Ridgeway School, and there are eight of them in the existing structure, with provision for eight more, has sunshine coming through its windows some time during the school day. "Light and ventilation" is the keynote of construction. These important features have been constantly borne in mind. There are no square corners to be found, and no projecting ledges to harbor dirt and dust. In addition to natural ventilation through the windows, all of which have been made to open, the top sashes being close to the ceiling level, arrangements have been made for mechanical ventilation, so that the vitiated air is drawn out at two sides of each room, giving a complete change of atmosphere every fifteen minutes. The fresh air is admitted through inlets in connection with the heating system of hot water low pressure, the air being passed over the radiators in the winter months for the sake of warmth. Specially designed draught screens are provided for each window sash. The superficial floor area allotted to each scholar in every classroom is fifteen and a half feet, with 192 cubic feet of air, thus giving assurance of ample room and plenty of air space. Attention has been paid to the matter of light, and there is not a dark spot in the building, hardly even in the basement.

The boys and girls in this school will be kept apart, except when in the class rooms under the direct supervision of the teacher. Separate entrances, stairs and playgrounds are provided, as well as special cloak rooms for the two sexes. These cloak rooms have heating pipes under the cloak rails, thus making it certain that in wet weather the outer garments of the scholars are drying during the class sessions. Umbrella stands and hot and cold water basins are installed in each cloak room, and there are as well sanitary drinking fountains in the building.

The actual cost of the structure, not including equipment, was \$48,000. The general contractors were Smith Brothers of North Vancouver, George Campbell acting as clerk of works. The architects who won the competition for the school were Messrs. C. P. Jones, A. R. I. C., and W. C. F. Gilliam, M. S. A., both of Vancouver. Mr. Gilliam superintended the construction.

AN ALPHABET PARTY.

This is a rather odd party, and may be participated in by all who know their "A B C." The questions are all to be answered simply by letters: "Containing nothing?" L (empty). "Part of a house?" L (ell). "An insect?" B (bee). "To behold?" C (see). "Part of the body?" I (eye). "A famous poem?" L E G (elegy). "A tent?" T P (teepee). "A number?" A T (eighty). "Unit of measure used in printing?" M (em). "All right?" O K. "Slang expressions?" G or O G or O U (gee—oh gee—oh you). "A foe?" N M E (enemy). "A vegetable?" P (pea). "Intemperance?" X S (excess). "An image?" F E G (effigy). "Poorly dressed?" C D (seedy). "Two of a kind?" W (double u). "To covet?" N V (envy). "A bird?" J (jay). "A verb?" R (are) or B (be) or C (see). "A common beverage?" T (tea). "A girl's name?" L C (Elise). "Another one?" L N (Ellen).

A NATIONAL FARM COLLEGE.

Without casting any reflection on agricultural colleges or on the governments, and notwithstanding that the Dominion Government is granting large subsidies to aid agriculture, every boy cannot attend an agricultural college. Board, books and fees, though not excessive, make agricultural college education too high for the average farmer. It remained for a newspaper to put at the disposal of the farmer an educational course at home without any cost to him. CANADIAN FARM of Toronto began its first series of correspondence courses, on December 1st, 1911. The subject of "Power on the Farm" was dealt with in ten issues. Dr. C. J. Lynde, Professor of Physics at Macdonald College, Que., supplied these ten illustrated, simplified lectures, and at the finish of the course set an examination paper. The course gave the student a complete knowledge of power as applied to farm operations as is possible in this form. The readers of the paper took to it readily throughout the Dominion, and as many home students took advantage of this course in ten weeks as the ordinary college starting in could have at the end of four years. A course on "Soils" is now running in CANADIAN FARM, to be followed by other interesting subjects. Following is a list of the successful candidates on the examination on "Farm Power":

Armstrong, Leslie H., Hagerman, Ont. Adair, L. C., Nottawa, Ont.
 Anderson, R. G. Dugald, Man. Anderson, Sherman, Cherry Valley, Ont.
 Berg, G. A., Dew Drop, Sask. Baxter, Alfred, Halcynia, Sask. Brown, E. P., Innisfail, Alta. Briggs, T. D., Randall Corner, Sunbury Co., N.B.
 Broadworth, Robert, Madoc, Ont. Brown, Stewart, Red Jacket, Sask. Barnhart, E. B., Whittington. Barley, G. T., Prince Albert, Sask. Brown, J. Melville, Springville, Ont. Cameron, John, Floral, Sask. Christensen, Eli, Boundary Falls, B.C. Cordingley, Sam, Lisgar, Ont. Cunningham, John R., Bayhead, N.S. Chambers, Garnet, Aylmer, Ont. Copley, R. J., Crossfield, Alta. Cohoe, D. P., New Durham, Ont. Chouinard, Gordon, Cut Knife, Sask. Curtis, A., Golden, B.C. Dill, James M., Oakley, Sask. Elmore, Haines, Springvale, Ont. Fretz, Oren M., Mt. Joy, Ont. Findlay, J. G., Wolseley, Sask. Ferguson, D., Cut Knife, Sask. Fleming Maurice C., Kelsyth, Ont. Gale, Chas. F., Forrest Hall, Sask. Gillespie, Geo. C., Mortlach, Sask. Gabriel, H. J., Bangor, Sask. Glass, A. Hamilton, Parkman, Sask. Gillett, A. H., Marchmont, Ont. Gilliland, Geo., Jericho, Ont. Garbutt, Wm. R., Uthoff, Ont. Hooper, Harry, Dalesboro, Sask. Hong, L. K., Kelvindhurst, Sask. Hardy, Harvey, Whitty, Ont. Herdige, Herbert W., Nakup, B.C. Hoperaft, Fred, Purves, Man. Howe, W. J., River Course, Alta. Harris, Rae H., Sheffield Mills, N.S. Johnson, J. E., Elftos, Sask. Johns, Tom, River Course, Alta. Jayne, Norman, Cobourg, Ont. Jensen, Herman L., Taber, Alta. Kitchen, R. H., Fredericton, N.B. Kirk, Albert W., Mamiota, Man. Luck, Allan J., Barrie, Ont., R. D. 1. Langford, E. E., Angus Ridge, Alta. Laurie, Wm. L., Malvern, Ont. Lindsay, Roy J., Cherry Grove, Ont. Lindsay, Kenneth C., Georgetown, Ont. Magwood, R. W., Radisson, Sask. Moffat, Martin J., Acton, Ont. Mackie, Carleton R., Coatstone, Man. Munro, James, Dominion City, Man. Melver, D. M., Alesak, Sask. McLeod, M., Solsgrith, Man. McKay, Alex. R., Tiverton, Ont. McKay, A. G. B., Silver Grove, Sask. McLeellan, Wm. Y., Harrison, Ont. McMartin, Sam, Manitowaning, Ont. McAllister, Wm. J., Tormore, Ont. Nichol, John K., Glanworth, Ont. North, W. E., Cardiff, Alta. O'Neill, Charles, Gosport, Ont. Oliver, Charles E., East Delta, B.C. Pellat, Vivian T. W., Semans, Sask. Padbury, Geo., Arbesture, Sask. Palms, Vernon A., Greenlawn, Alta. Parent, Ray H., Douglas, York Co., N. B.
 Phillips, Wendell R., Pembroke, N.B. Priddle, Geo., Frogmore, Ont. Ravis, Reeves, Brethden P.O., Plunkett, Sask. Riddell, Leslie A., Shellmouth, Sask. Steinmann, Noah, Crosshill, Ont. Smith, Arthur L., Fraserston, Alta. Schaphetlin, Rudolph, Canning, N.S. Sharpe, William H., Loveland, Alta. Turnbull, Harry O., Kentville, N.S. Wood, Wilfred E., Mitchell, Ont. Winwood, A., Salmon Arm, B.C. Way, W. J., Merlin, Ont. Weigel, John, Moltke, Ont. Wilker, E. G. H., Tavistock, Ont. Walker, Charles, Canfield, Ont. Young, John R., Dunganon, Ont.

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