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

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No. 3

WHY PROTECT THE SALOONS?

The liquor traffic is an outlaw. It raises up a class of men who seem to consider themselves amenable to no authority, and justified in resisting even by violent methods all attempts to restrain them in their unlawful operations.

Too bad that this is so, but so it is.

Any community can have a mob on its hands by undertaking to enforce the prohibitory features of the liquor law. Indeed, no community will venture to cope with the saloon unless strong and fearless citizens who count not their lives and property dear unto themselves, stand ready to lead the van.

As a rule, influential men in every community prefer social quiet to tumult, and would rather let the saloon like a mad wolf go free than to undertake to corral it or destroy it.

Moreover, the law is such that extraordinary methods are absolutely necessary in order to detect the saloon in its crimes and to bring the responsible parties to justice. These methods are always expensive, and these also involve local citizens unpleasantly with stranger detectives who must be employed to discover the crimes and the evidence which will convict the criminals.

It is a shame that an institution so pernicious as the saloon has been allowed to entrench itself in the general mechanism of our laws, customs, financial interests and social forces.

The saloon at best is intolerable to many citizens, and the day will never come when all communities will be acquiescent in the presence of its nefarious work. Now here, now there, a gallant mayor, a brave preacher and loyal citizens will grapple with the offender, and the result will be agitation, excitement, arrests, mobs, trials, acquittals or convictions, heart-burnings, life-long animosities, and perhaps maimings and assassinations.

Just as long as the government sanctions the traffic, and for a price practically protects it, so long will temperance people find themselves at a tremendous disadvantage in trying to protect themselves, their children and their homes from the ruthless ravages of the rum fiend.

THE SHOOTING STAR

Did you ever see a meteor passing or falling close to the earth? It is a startling sight.

A few years ago, at about four o'clock in the morning a giant meteor whirled through the twilight air just east of Detroit at a speed of about thirty miles a second, and lit somewhere in the waters of Lake Huron. People as far west as Lansing were reported as having witnessed the strange sight.

The airy visitor left in the sky a trail of white smoke which did not disappear for several minutes. The white light the meteor produced when passing was much the same as the illumination of a powerful search light. We shall never forget the scene, but are freshly reminded of it by reports of two recent similar occurrences.

The first was at Neenah, Wis., February 28, when a red-hot meteor fell on the house of Stephen Zemlock, early in the morning, knocking a hole through the roof. The members of the family were in bed and narrowly escaped being hit.

The second was at sea, February 26, when the steamship Bostonian, arriving from Manchester, England, was in danger of destruction from a meteor bursting only a few yards away from the ship's bow.

Capt. Parry said that at five a. m. he saw the meteor falling from the skies to the southwest. As it neared the water a loud hissing sound was distinctly heard, and it struck the water with a report like heavy cannonading. When it went into the sea the commotion that it caused dashed the water over the decks of the steamer. It was visible for fully seven seconds, and from its appearance the officers judged that it must have weighed several tons.

One of the men on board said it was an awe-inspiring spectacle. It first appeared like a mass of molten gold, and as it approached the water it emitted a shower of sparks and was like a marvelous pyrotechnic display.

These occurrences are unusual, but they are real. They prove that somewhere in space material bodies are either forming or disintegrating and that masses of solid matter, or what is at first vapor, are thrown off to find lodgment in the atmosphere and substance of bodies which attract them most.

MAMMA'S KISSES

A kiss when I awake in the morning,
A kiss when I go to bed,
A kiss when I burn my finger,
A kiss when I bump my head.

A kiss when my bath is over,
A kiss when my bath begins;
My mamma is full of kisses,
As full as a nurse is of pins.

A kiss when I play with my rattle,
A kiss when I pull her hair;
She covered me over with kisses,
The day I fell from the stair.

A kiss when I give her trouble,
A kiss when I give her joy;
There's nothing like mamma's kisses
For her own little baby boy.

—A. E. Fabius.

VICTORIA DAY

Victoria! Name "fragrant as a June morning" to all loyal Britishers distributed in every land beneath the sun. Indeed the name is spoken with reverence and love by all peoples of earth. Victoria, for over sixty years queen of the mightiest empire of time, left a good name as an indestructible monument to her memory forever. That a life so beautiful and eventful should be preserved in the observance of a National Holiday is fitting. Victoria Day, the 24th of May, is sacred to the memory of the most loved and revered sovereign that ever swayed a sceptre. Be it our business to perpetuate the day in the list of our holidays and prevent it perishing on the lips of our Empire.

The Name and the Original Design of Victoria Day should ensure it against desecration or abuse. Too often thoughtless youth and characterless adults rob this and other holidays of their significance, purpose and patriotic value by extravagance or senseless pleasure seeking, if not in vice and crime.

We would not eliminate the amusement feature, but rather encourage pure, wholesome fun and recreation suitable for all classes. Our playgrounds and parks should be open and attractive to the multitudes who ordinarily are excluded by labor, home cares or absence. To this end it is desirable and feasible that the city should engage the best talent available and furnish the people free exhibitions occasionally, but more particularly on Victoria Day. The expense would be merely nominal, while the benefits resulting would justify the outlay and commend the action of the authorities. Oratory of a high class and music, instrumental and vocal, would contribute attractive entertainment and help keep the name and design imperishable from the minds and affections of the generations yet unborn. The custom of leaving holiday exercises to the inexperienced and to money-makers is lacking in wisdom and must ultimately result in the utter loss or degeneracy of such occasions. Victoria Day, also called Empire Day, is worthy a better fate and should be preserved.

G. A. O.

THE WORKINGMAN

Of the princes of this world none are more princely than the "horny handed" man of toil. His honor comes not by birth or accident or manipulation, but by virtue of his valuable additions to the comfort, convenience and benefit of the human race. He has gone out from his fire-side and home into the field and forest, the workshop and the mine, out into the mountains and the sea with invincible courage and unconquerable will to transform the raw, unassimilated material furnished by Nature into finished products, serviceable to man. Intellectual ability and creative genius have chosen the workingman as their companion and the medium of their operations in the restoration of this world to its primitive beauty and perfection. Modesty has prevented full announcement of good blood and dignified company.

The world has been slow to discern the marks of a divine kingship in the laborer, but now his royalty is freely acknowledged, and his name is conspicuous in twentieth century additions to earth's long roll of honor. With increase of light and advance of truth, the workingman stands immortal and without disputed right upon the pedestal of fame, while many who have been deified will be removed and relegated to oblivion and obliquity.

Men whose only distinctions came by birth or the achievements of war, or the fortunes of business and politics, will pass from the memory of man, while the workingman will come in for a "share" of the love and gratitude of the millions who trace their happiness to his labors. How apt is Bishop Robert McIntyre's recent poem on

"THE WORKINGMAN."

At the break of day and set of sun we hear
their heavy tread,
God's old brigade, all undismayed, they battle
for daily bread;
And they laugh to know that, long ago, the
Lord of life and death
Fared forth at dawn, and home at dusk, with
them in Nazareth.
Foreheads white for lack of light, or brows all
brown with grime,
Their garments black with soot and slack, or
gray with the mason's lime,
They ring the trowel, push the plane, they
travel the stormy deep,
They click the type and clang the press when
loved ones are asleep;
Thro' the city street and the country lane their
lusty voices ring;
By the roaring forge in the mountain gorge,
this cheery song they sing:
"O, we march away in the early morn,
As we did since the world began,
Don't muzzle the ox that treadeth the
corn;
Leave a share for the workingman."

Some are workmen coarse and strong, and
some are craftsmen fine;
They set the plow, they steer the raft, they
sweat in sunless mine;
They lift the sledge and drive the wedge, they
hide with cunning art
The powder where the spark can tear the moun-
tain's stubborn heart;
They reap the fields of ripened grain and fill
the lands with bread;
They make the ore give up its gold beneath the
stamp-mill's tread;
They spread the snowy sail aloft, they sweep
the dripping seine;
They waff the wife a fond farewell, and ne'er
come home again.

But they march away in the early morn,
As they did since the world began,
Don't muzzle the ox that treadeth the
corn;
Leave a share for the workingman.

They make the fiery furnace flow in streams of
spouting steel;
They bend the planks and brace the ribs along
the oaken keel;
They fold the flock, they feed the herd, they in
the forest hew,
And with the whetstone on the scythe beat
labor's sweet tattoo;
They climb the coping, swing the crane, and
set the capstone high;
They stretch the heavy bridge that hangs a
roadway in the sky;
They speed the shuttle, spin the thread, and
weave the silken web;
Or, crushed to death amid the wreck, they leave
the home bereft.

But they march away in the early morn,
As they did since the world began,
Don't muzzle the ox that treadeth the
corn;
Leave a share for the workingman.

In ancient days they were but serfs, and by the
storied Nile—
Unhappy hordes!—they drew the cords around
the heathen pile;
Where Karnak, Tyre and Carthage stood, where
rolls Euphrates' wave,
Grim gods looked down, with stony frown, upon
the hapless slave.
That day is past, thank heaven! No more does
Man the Toiler bow
His mighty head with fear and dread; for he
is master now.
His hand is strong, his patience long, his whole-
some blood is calm.
Within his soul sits peace enthroned, and on his
lips this psalm:

"O, we march away in the early morn,
As we did since the world began,
Don't muzzle the ox that treadeth the
corn;
Leave a share for the workingman."

G. A. O.

THE VALLEY OF DRY BONES

A PROSPECT PROPHETIC.

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

"Can These Bones Live?"
Ezekiel 37-3—"Son of man, can these bones live?"

Verse 11—"Son of man, these bones are the whole house of Israel."

Verse 16—"Moreover, thou son of man, take thee one stick, and write upon it, FOR JUDAH, and for the CHILDREN OF ISRAEL, HIS COMPANIONS; and take another stick, and write upon it, FOR JOSEPH, THE STICK OF EPHRAIM, and for ALL THE HOUSE OF ISRAEL, HIS COMPANIONS." And join them one to another into one stick; and they SHALL BECOME ONE IN THY HAND." This is descriptive of the acts of the person addressed as "SON OF MAN." Now follows the explanation of the commands and the acts performed in obedience to these commands.

Verse 18—"And when the children of thy people shall speak unto thee, saying, 'Wilt thou not shew us what thou meanest by these?'"

Verse 19—"Say unto them, thus saith the Lord thy God, BEHOLD I WILL TAKE THE STICK OF JOSEPH, WHICH IS IN THE HAND OF EPHRAIM, AND THE TRIBES OF ISRAEL HIS FELLOWS, and will put them with him, EVEN WITH THE STICK OF JUDAH, and make THEM ONE STICK, AND THEY SHALL BE ONE IN MINE HAND."

Verse 21—"And say unto them, thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I WILL TAKE THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL FROM AMONG THE HEATHEN; WHITHER THEY BE GONE, and WILL GATHER THEM ON EVERY SIDE, and BRING THEM INTO THEIR OWN LAND; AND I WILL MAKE THEM ONE NATION IN THE LAND UPON THE MOUNTAINS OF ISRAEL; AND ONE KING SHALL BE KING TO THEM ALL; NEITHER SHALL THEY DIVIDE INTO TWO KINGDOMS ANY MORE AT ALL."

The above quotations are sufficient to bring the matter clearly before those who care to note what God has bound himself to perform among the children of the Hebrew race, as descending from Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.

All bible students know that from the death of King Solomon forward there were two separate kingdoms made out of the Twelve Tribes of Israel.

One of these was known as "THE HOUSE OF ISRAEL," and the other was known as "THE HOUSE OF JUDAH." Sometimes one was called Jacob and the other Israel. Sometimes Israel was called Ephraim, and Jacob or Judah was called Jerusalem.

However, the Lord sets forth that in the future the two HOUSES were to be united into one house in the land of their fathers, in the land of promise, in the land given to Abraham and his seed by an "everlasting covenant" that could not be and never has been broken.

I now ask the BIBLE INTERPRETERS has God ever yet made good that promise of reunion as set forth in the above quotations? So as to make clear the fact to the ordinary every-day reader, I hasten to say GOD HAS NEVER YET MADE GOOD THAT PROMISE. Therefore, He has yet to bring His word to pass, or He fails, or He never spake by the Prophet Ezekiel, or there is an awful misrepresentation somewhere.

The House of Israel and the House of Judah have never yet been reunited. Hence, as a believer in Bible truth, I affirm that these two Houses are to be united in the future. The man who dares venture to say they have been united according to the prophetic utterances of Ezekiel, would find himself in a bad box by so saying. For here is a sure word that would trip him up effectively. Read the following: "And I will make them one nation in the land upon the mountains of Israel; And one king shall be king to them all; and they shall no more be two nations, neither shall they be divided into two kingdoms any more at all."

Verse 25—"And they shall dwell in the land that I have given unto Jacob my servant, wherein your fathers have dwelt; and they shall dwell therein, even they and their children, and their children's children, FOREVER."

Now if the Lord has united Israel and Judah according to the above promises, then He has failed in that they are not there now, united under one king. And they are not even a nation. They are not in possession of the land. We must bear in mind that God gave the whole land to Abraham and his seed forever—from the "River of Egypt to the great River, the River Euphrates." And every honest, intelligent Bible student knows that up to the present time the Hebrew descendants of Abraham have not possessed the above delimited countries. Has God failed, then? Will He not yet be true to His promise? Yea, verily. Most truly He will make good.

How then will He make good His long-spoken word? He must do it in and by the BLOOD DESCENDENTS OF THE "MAN OF THE COVENANT." And I ask: Where are the children of Israel today? They must be somewhere around, and be a people of great numbers, capable of being used to acquire the mighty land of promise.

In verse 26 of the above chapter, God says: AND I WILL PLACE THEM, AND MULTIPLY THEM, AND WILL SET MY SANCTUARY IN THE MIDST OF THEM FOREVER MORE."

They are not yet so placed, and never were so placed. Therefore they are yet to be placed. Where are they? Are they Turks, Russians, Ishmaelites, Chinese, French, Germans or BRITISH, the MEN of the COVENANT? Yea, Verily.

GRANDVIEW AND VICINITY

All church notices, notices of births, deaths, marriages and items of general interest inserted free. Readers are invited to contribute to this page.

To insure insertion, all copy should be sent to the "Western Call," 2408 Westminster Road, corner Eighth, not later than Tuesday of each week.

District Fire Alarms

121-Heap's Mill, Powell Street.
122-Burns and Woodland.
123-Pender and Salsbury.
124-Oxford and Templeton.
125-Vernon and Victoria Drive.
126-Salsbury and Powell.
127-Hastings and Victoria Drive.
128-Powell and Kaymur, Sugar, Re.
129-Hastings and Vernon.
130-Hastings and Lakewood.
131-Powell and Lakewood.
132-Gravelly and Park.
133-Fourth and Park.
134-Gravelly and Woodland.
135-Chester and Clark.
136-Williams and Woodland.
137-Parker and Park.
138-Venables and Cotton.
139-Venables and Clark.
140-Campbell and Harris.
141-Harris and Woodland.
142-Second and Park Drive.
143-William and Park Drive.
144-Bismark and Park Drive.
145-Third and McLean.
146-Kester and Victoria.
147-Parker and Victoria.
148-Williams and Victoria.
149-Bismark and Lakewood.
150-Second and Victoria.
151-Sixth and Victoria.
152-Lakewood and Barnard.
153-Kamloops and Hastings.
154-Powell and Clinton.
155-Eaton and Clinton.
156-Slocan and Pandora.
157-Dundas and Renfrew.
158-Windemere and Pender.

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 29.
Cowichan—September 20-21.
Comox—October 2.
Coquitlam—September 21.
Chilliwack—September 19-20.
Central Park—September 12-13.
Cranbrook—September 18-19.
Delta—September 20-21.
Grand Forks—Sept. 24-27.
Greenwood—September 30.
Golden—September 24-25.
Islands—September 18.
Kootenai—September 12-13.
Kamloops—September 18-20.
Kelowna—September 24-27.
Kaslo—October 15.
Langley—September 25.
Mission—September 24-25.
Maple Ridge—Sept. 25-26.
Matsqui—September 24-27.
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.

Breaking the Ice.

When Alice Jones was eighteen she became Miss E. Alysse Jones. When she went to enter a college she was asked her name by the dean. She replied:

"Miss E. Alysse Jones—A-I-Y-S-S-E."

"Yes," said the dean, "and how are you spelling 'Jones' now?"—Tit-Bits.

BORDER TAILOR

BEST OLD COUNTRY
BLUE SERGE "TRAFALGAR"
Just Arrived.
Suits made to measure \$22.00
CEDAR COTTAGE
Right where the car stops.

Alex Crawford

LADIES TAILOR
1015 COMMERCIAL DRIVE
Imported Suits in Blue, Grey and Brown
Made with Schaefer's Guaranteed Satin;
at \$40 per suit.

SONS OF ENGLAND.

A very good meeting of Lodge Grandview, No. 299, S. O. E. B. S., was held on Wednesday evening. A number of reports were presented by different committees all of an encouraging nature. Bro. Wood of Lodge Port-

land, St. John, N. B., was present, and addressed the Lodge in a congratulatory way. Two new members were initiated and heartily received. Bro. Marshall of Lodge Neptune was conveyed the condolences of the Lodge in his recent bereavement; and in a few well chosen words thanked Lodge

Grandview for their sympathy. It was decided to ask the Social Committee to arrange a Lodge picnic during the summer at some pleasant retreat. The meeting was held as usual at the hall on Commercial Drive.

J. J. PLOMMER,
Press Correspondent.

WAR AND WEAPONS.

J. H. P.

War is on the unhappy side of life, but it frequently results in that more enduring happiness which springs from improved conditions and a better understanding betwixt the belligerents. War is never justifiable except when no war is less tolerable.

The earliest wars, like many wars since, probably grew out of business disputes. Under primitive conditions there were three classes of men whose material interests were liable to clash. The first class were the hunters, who regarded the forests as their natural and rightful game preserves, and who resented the encroachments of the herdsmen, who were ever seeking new pastures for their flocks, and who constituted the second class. These in turn were constantly irritated by the aggressiveness of the agriculturists, who were claiming ever-widening areas for cultivation. Thus the farmers, in breaking up the grazing lands, the herdsmen in clearing up the forests, and the hunters in resisting both, hastened the conditions which precipitated bloody strife.

Among these primitive wars was that begun by Nimrod, 'the mighty hunter,' who, 2347 B. C. "began to be a mighty one in the earth" (Gen. 10:8, 9). It was he who laid the beginning of his kingdom at Babel, and who wanted slaves and revenues to carry out his ambitious schemes.

The Hebrews in time all became warriors, and Joshua were among the greatest military leaders of antiquity. Standing armies were not kept until the time of David, but the Hebrews were all fighting men, and were always ready for war. Each man provided his own rations, his own weapons, and went without pay; and at times war was the principal business of life.

The offensive arms of all soldiers in those days were swords, darts, lances, javelins, bows, arrows and daggers. The defensive arms were helmets, cuirasses, bucklers, armor for the thighs, etc. The two-edged sword was one of the ugliest weapons known. The wars were harsh. The combat took place man to man, and the struggle was quickly decided. The prisoners were maltreated. The dead were pillaged. The living were killed or enslaved. Women and children were not spared. Cities were destroyed. War meant ruin, if not annihilation.

It was not until about 3,000 years ago that war machines and implements of siege came into use. These "were invented by cunning men, to be upon the towers and upon the battlements, to shoot arrows and great stones withal." (2 Chron. 26:15). War chariots drawn by from two to six horses each, were used by Pharaoh in driving the Israelites out of Egypt (Ex. 14:5-8).

Before the invention of gunpowder, the bow was the most convenient and formidable weapon. It was made large and strong, and would cast an arrow clear throw the body of a man or horse. A skilled archer could throw an arrow three hundred yards, and with such accuracy as to hit a hazel rod at that distance. Among modern archers the English were the most famous, and they clung to this weapon as late as Queen Elizabeth's time (1550), although they began to use firearms as early as the reign of Edward III. (1327).

Gunpowder, in some form, is thought to have been known in China several centuries before the Christian era. A Chinese cannon in 618 B. C. bore an inscription like this: "I hurl death to the traitor and extermination to the rebel." A judicial opinion also credits the Saracens with the use of gunpowder several centuries in advance of their European neighbors. The Spanish Moors were also familiar with it. The more recent discovery and manufacture of gunpowder are attributed to Schwartz, at Cologne, 1310-1340. The earliest reliable document authorizing men to make brass cannon and iron balls for wars, is dated at Florence, February 11, 1326. Cannon were first used in actual battle at the siege of Algesiras, in 1343, and amid their tremendous roar the ancient system of knighthood tumbled forever from the saddle.

Gunpowder served the purpose of shortening the periods of war, but it made war more destructive. It was Edward Hayes, in his "Ballads of Ireland," who coined the phrase, "Put your trust in God; but mind to keep your powder dry."

The first literary mention of a gun is by Chaucer:
"Swift as pellet out of a gunne,
When fire is in the powder runne."

The word "gun" is from the French guilner, to aim with one eye, hence the gunner. The first gun was simply a long tube, with hammer or lock, fired by a live coal. The matchlock gun was invented in the fourteenth century: the flintlock two hundred years later. The percussion cap gun was invented at the beginning of the nineteenth century, but did not come into general use until about 1840. Breech-loading guns were first used in the great American Civil War.

Pistols were first manufactured at Pistoja, Italy. They were taken to England in 1528.

The art of rifling guns was known three hundred years ago, but was not appreciated. All the old-fashioned guns were smooth bore.

The grenade, a three-inch shell, made of iron and annealed glass, was first used in 1594. It is very destructive.

Gun-shot were at first made by hand, but a mechanic named Watts, of Bristol, England, after a convivial evening, had a dream of being out in a shower of lead, in which he was compelled to seek shelter. This led him to try the effect of dropping molten lead from a church steeple into a pool of water below and the result was several handfulls of perfect shot. Then the shot-tower was constructed, and Watts' fortune was made.

The history of war is full of impressive incidents. Human emotions are stirred deep by battle. Prowess, courage and fortitude there find their highest development. War shows that men can suffer dreadful things in silence if they will. Two French noblemen were wounded in battle and left upon the field with the dead. One complained loudly of his pains; the other, after long silence, offered this consolation: "My friend, whoever you are, remember that God died upon the cross, our king upon the scaffold; and if you have strength to look at him who now speaks to you, you will see that both his legs are shot away."

One peculiarity of war is that while to a nation it means so much in the sacrifice of treasure and life, it means infinitely more to individual minds. In a hospital where hundreds of men were lying mortally wounded, during the great American civil war, an old man with grey hair, and his aged wife, were kneeling by the bedside of their youngest son, who was stricken to death. The surgeon directed the chaplain's attention to the scene. The mother was then kissing his dumb lips, and then dashing away the river of tears from her own eyes. When the mortal struggle was over, the old, grey-haired father arose, then kneeled again, and tried to pray: "O God, Thou art just and righteous"—and then he stopped, and he tried again—"O God, Thou art just and righteous and good!" Can any man tell what that struggle cost him? Then let him multiply the vast result by millions of similar instances.

SURPASSING SKILL OF THE ANCIENTS.

"We are losing all our secrets in this shabby age," an architect said. "If we keep on the time will come when we'll be able to do nothing well."

"Take, for instance, steel. We claim to make good steel, yet the blades the Saracens turned out hundreds of years ago would cut one of our own blades in two like butter."

"Take ink. Our modern ink fades in five or ten years to rust color, yet the ink of mediaeval manuscripts is as black and bright today as it was 700 years ago."

"Take dyes. The beautiful blues and reds and greens of antique Oriental rugs have all been lost, while in Egyptian tombs we find fabrics dyed thousands of years ago that remain today brighter and purer in hue than any of our modern fabrics."

"Take my specialty, buildings. We can't build as the ancients did. The secret of their mortar and cement is lost to us. Their mortar and cement were actually harder and more durable than the stones they bound together, whereas our—horrors!"—New York Press.

"Do you always keep a-smiling about your daily duties?"
"Naw; I look grouchy all the time. Then I ain't asked to do no extra work."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Clever Willie.

Mother—Now if the spoon for your medicine hasn't disappeared again.
Willie—Never mind, ma; I'll use a fork.—Boston Transcript.

FORESTS AND WATER.

Benefits of Manitoba Forest Reserves to Surrounding Country.

The water supply of a district is always considerably influenced by the forests at or near the headwaters of its streams. This is one of the reasons why large districts have been set aside by the government of the Dominion of Canada and many other governments to be kept permanently as forests.

The soil within the forest, largely composed as it is of decaying and decayed leaves, twigs and other vegetable matter, acts much like a sponge in soaking up the moisture that falls. On the other hand, the absence of high winds within the forest does much to prevent or lessen evaporation.

The Riding Mountain and Trutle Mountain forest reserves in Manitoba are good examples of this fact. In the Riding Mountain reserve are the headwaters of the Minnedosa (Little Saskatchewan or Rapid) River, one of the important tributaries of the Assiniboine, from which, by the way, the town of Minnedosa is now deriving power. On the other side of the reserve issue many rivers, among which are the Vermillion, Valley and Ochre Rivers and Edwards Creek. The last named is a source of water supply for the town of Dauphin.

In the Turtle Mountain forest reserve are to be found the sources of the Pembina and Whitemud Rivers, as well as of many smaller streams, some of which lose themselves in the prairie. Cutting away the forest from the headwaters of the streams would mean that in spring the melted snow would rush down, doing considerable damage in its course, while in summer the stream beds would be almost dried up.

Thus not only would the streams be deprived of any possible value in producing power, but their value to the soils of the farming districts in keeping up a steady supply of moisture would be much lessened, if not altogether destroyed.

FERTILITY OF PALESTINE.

Prof. Richard Gottheil, of Columbia University, the Director of the American School of Archaeology, in Jerusalem, believes that the time will soon come when Palestine will be in fact what the Hebrew Scriptures say it was at one time—"a land flowing with milk and honey." The professor admits that changes will have to come before the ideal is realized, but he believes that the changes will come.

When a friend suggested that there would have to be a change in the soil, as well as in the government, he replied that appearances were often deceptive, in Turkey, as well as in America, and that what appeared to be rock on the hillsides of Judea was really a fertilizer in rock form. Prof. Gottheil is a truthful man, but a truthful man is sometimes called upon to explain statements which seem contrary to facts, and this is the explanation he made:

"The soil of Palestine is peculiar. It is remarkably fertile, as the primitive methods of cultivation show. If so much can grow as does grow with the mere scratching which the ground receives, how much might be produced if western methods were employed? I have seen trees growing where there was absolutely no dirt visible, but in some way the roots had reached the soil and they had obtained a foothold, which enables them to grow and bear fruit."

Predicts Great Future.

"But what is more remarkable still is the fact that there is in the rocks which one sees on these hillsides, chemical properties which correspond with those ingredients in the best fertilizers, and these rocks decompose from time to time, so that what seems so forbidding from an agricultural point of view is really going back into the soil as manure. There is an institution in Jerusalem, founded to give work to poor Hebrews, whose manager actually pounds up the soil, not waiting for it to decompose, and he produces very fine crops as a result of this mixture. Several cases might be cited where the hillsides may be made to bear, not exactly forests, but a sufficient number of trees to prove my contention that a great future awaits this country, when conditions now prevalent are changed; and they will be changed; a new spirit is in the air, and in the government as well."

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HOW TO WASTE MONEY, AND WHERE TO SAVE IT.

Under the above heading there ap-
 pears a very interesting article in a
 recent number of "T. P.'s Weekly."
 The best way to waste money, it is
 suggested, is to keep it in the pocket.
 Then, whenever one sees a thing which
 he fancies he would like he can buy it
 at once; otherwise, he may forget it,
 or, having had time to think it over,
 conclude that he can get along with-
 out it.

With the money in one's pocket we
 are always ready to receive the genius
 with

"The talk that will make a man think
 that he needs

The Thing that he doesn't; the talk
 that breeds

So subtly the fear that he'll count for
 nought

In the swim till that up-to-date frill
 he's bought."

Some useful suggestions are also
 made as to how money may be saved,
 the chief of which is to be systematic
 in the expenditure of it, to make a
 careful estimate under such headings
 as household expenditures, food, rent,
 fuel, clothes, etc., not forgetting some-
 thing for "the rainy day." And for
 this purpose the writer would not
 doubt, had he been writing for the eyes
 of Canadians only, have recommended
 the Canadian Government Annuities
 System as giving the largest possible
 return with the best possible security.
 By investing a fraction of your income
 in this way you may, whether you be
 man or woman, insure an old age of
 freedom from want or dependence.
 Ask your postmaster for literature on
 the subject, or write to the Superin-
 tendent of Annuities, Ottawa, who will
 tell you all you wish to know about
 the system, and how you should pro-
 ceed to make the provision suggested.

WESTERN CANADA NEWS LETTER

Spirit of the West.

Winnipeg, Man.—Referring to the
 present outlook of the industrial West,
 a well-known Winnipeg real estate man
 who makes it a point to keep in close
 touch with important Western centres,
 says in a local publication: "It is not
 merely the rich natural resources—
 soil fertility, climate, water supply and
 crop records—on which we shall base
 our final estimate of the essential
 soundness of the West's future. All
 these things are important; but it is
 the spirit and enterprise of the people
 that will count most decisively in
 the final analysis. There is Saskatoon,
 where the citizens have recently set
 themselves the task of raising a mil-
 lion dollar industrial fund, to be used
 not for the giving of bonuses, but tak-
 ing up the bonds of approved enter-
 prises. There are Edmonton and Cal-
 gary—both developing great hydro-
 electric power systems. There is Leth-
 bridge—turning the first sod of a great
 street railway system, organized upon
 the basis of municipal ownership. Out
 in British Columbia we find Kamloops
 with a larger per capita wealth, prob-
 ably, than that of any other town or
 city in the province, or even in the
 Dominion. Nearer home we come upon
 Brandon, with its churches and schools,
 its mills and grain elevators, its stock
 yards and power plants, its brick yards
 and factories—Brandon, a hive of in-
 dustry, a city of homes, one of the
 coming industrial centres of Mani-
 toba. It is the spirit of the West—the
 spirit of energy and go-ahead—that
 is going to be the making of Brandon—
 and of every other pushing industrial
 centre of the great West.

Much Building Planned at Tofield.

Tofield, Alta.—A statement just is-
 sued by the secretary of the Tofield
 board of trade shows that at the pre-
 sent time there are no less than three
 separate companies preparing to in-
 stall brick plants this season; and in
 view of the large list of projected
 buildings and residences in this section
 for construction this year there can
 be little doubt as to the demand for
 the output.

Record Activity at Calgary.

Calgary, Alta.—Two million, two
 hundred and fifty thousand dollars is
 Calgary's estimated revenue for this
 year. Four months' revenue from li-
 censes and city fees amount to \$52,
 306; while the figures for the whole
 of 1911 in these items came to only
 \$37,000. Customs receipts, municipal
 street railway earnings and school at-
 tendance show similar gains. Among
 the large building contracts just award-
 ed is that for the Tractor Company's
 new power plant, work on which is to
 be completed in October. It is also
 noted that three-quarters of a million
 dollars are being spent this year by
 Protestant bodies for new church
 buildings.

Liberal Grant for Brandon Fair.

Brandon, Man.—According to Mr.
 Watson, Griffen, Brandon's newly ap-
 pointed publicity commissioner, the
 added grant of \$1,000 just voted by
 the council to the fair board should
 prove a splendid investment for the
 city. This makes a total of \$6,000 ap-
 propriated for the Brandon fair this
 year. Since the first of the year the
 Commercial Travellers' Association
 has increased its membership by about
 24 per cent, and through their efforts
 a widespread publicity campaign in
 the interest of Brandon is being waged
 on both sides of the international
 boundary line. Brandon's summer fair
 grounds comprise about 83 acres; and
 many leading firms, both Canadian and
 foreign, are listed among the prospec-
 tive exhibitors. Brandon's popula-
 tion is now about 16,000.

Land Values Feeling Effect.

Lethbridge, Alta.—The preliminary
 premium list of the coming dry-farm-
 ing congress is now being given a wide
 circulation by the exposition commit-
 tee of the congress. It is proposed to
 hold a competition in every sort of
 product that can be raised by dry-farm-
 ing methods. From past experience it
 is anticipated that many special pre-
 miums will be offered for the benefit of
 prospective exhibitors. Entry blanks
 are being supplied upon request by J.
 W. McNichol, chairman of the exhibi-
 tion committee. The world-wide pub-
 licity now being centered on Southern
 Alberta, in view of the approaching
 congress, is already making itself dis-
 tinctly felt in the local real estate mar-
 ket. A special one-fare rate has been
 arranged for by the Canadian Passen-
 ger Agents' Association for both ex-
 hibitors and delegates, based on the
 certificate plan. This rate will apply
 from every railway station in Canada,
 provided the station agent's certificate
 is shown by the purchaser of the rail-
 way ticket.

Bidding for New Industries.

MacLeod, Alta.—With a substantial
 publicity fund now available, the
 MacLeod board of trade will engage
 this season in an energetic campaign
 of new settlers and industries. Says
 Mr. John Richardson, industrial com-

missioner: "The district surrounding
 MacLeod is one of the richest in Can-
 ada, both in mineral and agricultural
 products. The world's best wheat
 grows in the MacLeod district. It is
 at the entrance of the Crow's Nest
 Pass, where the mining camps are
 supporting a larger population each
 year; and all this territory can be best
 served from MacLeod, where distribut-
 ing warehouses will soon be built to
 look after the market. MacLeod has a
 population of 2,510, and is offering lib-
 eral inducements to manufacturers
 who will locate here. MacLeod owns
 its own electricity, and this will be
 supplied to prospective manufacturers
 at a low rate. The C. P. R. have big
 shops here, and have made this city
 their junction between Calgary and the
 Crow's Nest Pass lines. The Canadian
 Northern is coming here, and will
 build important shops; and two other
 lines, the G. T. P. and the Interurban,
 are shaping plans which will make
 MacLeod their centre."

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Where origin is known credit is given.

To My Flower Garden.

"All flowers of Springs are not May's
 own."
 —Lucy Larcom.

"Azalea," you are not a "Wall Flow-
 er," neither are you "Love is a Mist"
 —you are a "Sun Flower," or rather a
 Flower of the Sun—so bright—so fair
 —so sweet—so like a flower garden,
 your name should have been "Flora."

Is not your hair "Golden Glow," tired
 with "Venus Combs"? Are not your
 eyes "Blue Violets"—your cheeks "Red,
 Red Roses"—your mouth a "Honey
 Suckle Blossom"—your "Tu(two)lips"
 "Carnations" and your heart a fondly
 twining "Woodbine"?

What of those "Lily" white hands,
 finger tipped with "Lady's Thimbles"?
 What of those dainty feet, nestling in
 "Lady Slippers" or roaming the wood-
 land hills and dells in "Moccasins"?
 Dearest "Azalea," my "Day Star,"
 you are indeed a "Sweet Piece (Poem)"
 of femininity—the ideal "American
 Beauty." O, my "Heart's Ease," you
 are a "Daisy"—the "Glory" of the
 morning and a "Blooming Cereus" of
 the night. Would that it were mine to
 crown you with a "Bridal Wreath" of
 "Orange Blossoms," and with the con-
 sent of your "Poppy" be your "Johnny
 Jump Up" and do your pleasure for all
 "Thyme." It were better than to
 "marry" (Marriage) gold.

You would not be a "Thorn" in my
 flesh; a "Nettle" to sting with re-
 proaches; a "Thistle" or a repelling
 "Cactus," but a fragrant, clinging "Col-
 umbine," tender and true and unchang-
 ing and enduring as the "Ivy."

But if you cannot be my "Bride"—
 my "Balm" to heal life's wounds—my
 "Balsam" to soothe in time of sorrow,
 let me be your "Bachelor's Button,"
 worn near your heart—a token that
 you'll "Forget Me Not," and I will
 never "Rue" the day when first we
 met, and though sadness may be mixed
 with joy—the "Bitter Sweet" of life)
 —yet fond memories will be "Everlast-
 ing" and prove a benediction in "Youth
 and Old Age."

TIT FOR TAT.

Hit a subject from one point of
 view, and straightway some one in-
 terested will give it a blow from the
 other side.

Not long ago a well-known clergy-
 man announced that in future he
 would wed no couple that failed to
 bring from a reputable physician clean
 bills of health.

This led another preacher to de-
 mur, saying: "If you would rob the
 holy marriage rite of its sanctity, if
 you would divest a sacred custom of
 its beauty and holiness, if you would
 make the union of two souls a com-
 mercial transaction, then establish a
 custom which will permit the phys-
 ician and his sentence to stand be-
 tween two hearts that are drawn to
 each other."

This observation hit the doctors,
 and straightway The Journal of the
 American Medical Association took
 the liberty of paraphrasing it thus:
 "If you would rob the holy marriage
 rite of its present capacity for per-
 mitting the infection of your sisters
 diseases, if you would divest a sacred
 custom of its potentiality for perpet-
 uating epilepsy and idiocy, if you would
 make the union of two souls synon-
 ymous with the union of two clean
 bodies, then establish a custom which
 will permit science to stand as a
 faithful guardian of health and happi-
 ness over the two hearts that are
 drawn to each other!"

Thus it goes. Every question has
 two sides. In this case science has
 a claim to recognition.

If statistics have any significance
 there is a large percentage of persons
 in America who stand in need of cer-
 tification from some responsible au-
 thority before being allowed to im-
 peril the health and happiness of pure
 people by entering the state of wed-
 lock.

For every ill beneath the sun there
 is said to be a remedy, but until the
 remedy is found persons afflicted with
 the ill should in some way be pre-
 vented from spreading it abroad.

KIPLING'S PSYCHOLOGY.

I saw an old cow grazing in a meadow
 by a stream;

Her mouth was full of grass and her
 eyes were full of dream;

I was filled with apprehension as I
 watched her switching tail,

For Kipling says the female is more
 deadly than the male.

But the day was warm and sultry,
 and white gazing at the cow,

With a red bandana handkerchief I
 wiped my heated brow,

And—presto!—came a raging bull, and
 drove me up a tree.

For the he-male of that species is
 more deadly than the she.

And when at last I got away, full well
 I used my legs;

I jumped a fence, and scared a hen
 who sat upon her eggs,

With cacklings wild she waddled off,
 I felt myself grow pale,

For I feared the fearsome female
 that's more deadly than the male!

But the cock came running up, with
 wrath and ruffles on his brow;

He saw another rooster and he blamed
 him for the row;

And the way they made the feathers
 fly was terrible to see,

For the he-male of that species is
 more deadly than the she.

Then a frenzied turkey gobbler got
 mixed up in the fight,

And I turned to leave the barnyard,
 when I saw a startling sight—

A wide-eyed, wondering nanny goat—
 she really made me quail.

For I thought, suppose this female
 should be deadlier than the male!

So I tried to shoo her off, but I had
 reckoned without Bill,

Who galloped up, and butted in, and
 helped down a hill;

More mused up and discouraged then
 I felt I could not be.

For the he-male of that species is
 more deadly than the she.

Some sheep were feeding near me, and
 I caught the old ram's eye.

So I went and begged for shelter at a
 little house near by;

And there I saw a woman, and my
 courage ran to fall,

For here was Kipling's critter who's
 more deadly than the male;

But as she let me in, I heard a person
 raging 'round,

Whose intemperate actions filled me
 with astonishment profound,

And I fled before the aspect of Tim
 Sullivan O'Grady,

For the gentleman of the species was
 more deadly than the lady!

—Marion C. Smith in the Independent.

RIDE

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 Vacuum Process without removal.

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Fern Dishes in great variety.

Large Assortment of Geraniums—All prices

Funeral Designs. Wedding Bouquets made up.

Gardens designed and laid out.

We have a large variety of Palms to choose from.
Choose your Bedding Plants now from our choice
selection.

Verandah Boxes and Hanging Baskets made up.

999 Broadway W., Cor. Broadway and Oak
BRANCH OFFICE, special for Hospital visitors, COR. HEATHER and BROADWAY

PHONE: Fairmont 845

STAND: Broadway and Main

Jelly's Express and Dray

Trunks, Furniture and Pianos Transferred.

ALWAYS IN MOUNT PLEASANT.

Local and Otherwise

SANITARY MARKET.

The Sanitary Market, 2513 Main street, near Broadway, has a very large and varied stock to select from this week, as a glance at their advertisement will show. There has been some complaint on the part of other local butchers at the low prices which prevail at the Sanitary Market. It is the business methods of this enterprising market which places them in a position to sell high-class goods at prices which cannot be competed with. It is comparatively easy to find a store where goods may be obtained at low prices, but it is difficult to get goods of a high class quality at low prices. Read through the Sanitary Market advertisement and compare their prices with others.

AMBULANCE IN COLLISION.

The police ambulance, driven by P. C. Imiah, collided with a Pender street car, between Howe and Hornby streets, about 12:30 p. m. Monday. The ambulance to keep from colliding with an ice wagon swerved to the centre of the street to crash into a street car. The side of the ambulance was shattered, but no great injury was done.

The high speed of the city ambulances, notwithstanding the skill of the drivers and the efficiency of the announcement of their approach, is a menace to the public. Some provision should be made to more thoroughly guard against accidents, or they will multiply as the population increases and the main thoroughfares become more congested. The speed mania destroyed the Titanic and its living freight. It predominates everywhere and should be effectually checked in the interests of those whom it is supposed to serve.

Would not a better distribution of stations help to solve the difficulty?

THE CITY BEAUTIFUL.

Mayor Findlay and the aldermen are to be commended for their efforts to make the city beautiful. Many prizes are to be given to residents of Vancouver.

The aldermen will give a silver cup for the best garden in their respective wards. Mayor Findlay will donate a silver cup for the best garden in all competing wards and another cup for the most improved back yard in the city.

The Vancouver Board of School Trustees at their meeting on Monday evening were unanimous in favoring British subjects in awarding contracts for the erection and improvement of school building in this city. That was a sane and wholesome sentiment with a practical business underpinning.

BEACONSFIELD IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION.

Representing the Beaconsfield Improvement Association, Mr. A. G. Gahard brought before the South Vancouver council the question of shortage of water, saying that water could only be obtained at night in his district for nearly twelve months past. There was also, he said, an appropriation of \$1,400 left over, and a sidewalk was badly needed on Slokan street, from Westminster road to Twenty-ninth avenue. The association also desired that several streets should be completed through to Westminster road. Reeve Kerr promised to do his best to remedy the cause of complaint.

The residence of Mrs. G. H. Brown

SATURDAY CLOSING

The Public of Mount Pleasant and district are respectfully notified that this store will be closed at 1 p. m. on Saturdays, commencing May 4th. Kindly place your orders early.

F. T. Vernon

FLOUR AND FEED

2471 WESTMINSTER RD.

COR. BROADWAY

Phone: Fair. 186

on St. Catherine's street, took fire last Tuesday and but for the prompt action of Messrs. H. Hanson and G. A. Husband, the building would have been destroyed. The damage was estimated at \$100.

SOUTH VANCOUVER RATEPAYERS DEFEAT BY-LAW.

The citizens of South Vancouver defeated the sewer by-law for \$275,000 on Saturday, by a vote of 429 to 312.

Here are the results of the polling as prepared by Municipal Clerk Springfield, who acted as returning officer:

	For.	Against.
Ward I.	56	117
Ward II.	52	71
Wards III. and V.	26	94
Twenty-fifth Avenue ..	167	84
Ward V.	11	63
Totals	312	429
Majority against, 117.		

NORTH VANCOUVER FERRY SERVICE IMPROVED.

On Tuesday an extra ferry was put into use, and will stay in use till some new machinery arrives. There will now be one boat in the stream and one at each dock.

STREET LIGHTING, BROADWAY EAST.

The laying of conduits on Broadway East occupied a portion of the Fire and Police Committee's time at the last meeting of this committee.

Three different designs for a change in the method of ornamental street lighting were submitted, and that recommended by Mr. Woodroffe, city electrician, showed arc lamps suspended from the street trolley standards, which, he said, would give as much light as a five-light cluster. The cost of installation on this plan would be about one-third less than the cost of erecting ornamental standards, but the cost of maintenance would be about the same.

The funeral of the late Mr. John Elliott took place from the family residence, 350 Twenty-fifth Avenue, on Monday afternoon at 3:30. The remains were interred at the Mountain View cemetery. The Rev. Mr. Betts officiated.

Mr. W. J. Reid has been granted a permit for the erection of a two-story building at 1425 Fifteenth Avenue East, to cost \$75,000.

WESTMINSTER ROAD IMPROVEMENT.

A committee has been appointed by the Westminster Road Improvement Association to confer with the Attorney-General with a view to obtaining financial support from the Provincial Government for the paving of Westminster Road.

CHANGE OF ROUTE.

Commencing June 1st the Fraser Avenue cars will run down Powell Street from Main Street to Cordova, along Cordova to Granville, returning to Main Street by way of Robson, Richards and Hastings Street. The Westminster Road cars will take the reverse route, leaving Main at Hastings Street, and returning by way of Powell Street.

Take a glance at the prices of meat, fish and poultry in the advertisement of the Sanitary Market this week. It will probably save you money.

Shoe Repairing BY AN EXPERIENCED WORKMAN

Thos. Farrington

BROADWAY,

Between Main St. and Westminster Rd.

PARISIAN DYE WORKS

Suits Sponged and Pressed 50c

Ladies' and Gents' Tailoring

603 BROADWAY, WEST

Work called for and returned.

FIRST-CLASS

SHOE MAKING

AND SHOE REPAIRING

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Near Corner Main Street and Broadway

Suits Sponged and Pressed

50 cents

CLEANING AND REPAIRING

Half Price to students.

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LOUGHEED & COMPANY

2343 MAIN STREET

PHONES: Fairmont 496, 497

Desirable Homes

On 21st Avenue only one block to Fraser Avenue car. 6 rooms, modern, furnace, bath and toilet separate, clothes closets in bedrooms and all modern conveniences; only \$3500, on terms of \$500 cash and the balance arranged. Get quick and look at this house.

Main Street

We have the best buys on Main Street and can especially recommend one between 14th and 15th Avenues, at only \$15,500 for a few days. Get in on this before it is too late.

Waterfrontage

We have 3200 feet of deep Fraser River Waterfrontage with C. P. R. Trackage in the rear at Port Haney (26 miles from Vancouver) at only \$25.00 per front foot on terms of one-quarter cash and the balance one, two and three years, at 5%. Compare the price of this waterfrontage with any nearby and you will appreciate the snap this is.

LOUGHEED & COMPANY

2343 MAIN STREET

PHONES: Fairmont 496, 497

Spring Has Come

And with the Spring comes the

HOUSE CLEANING AND RE-DECORATING

You may be dreading THIS TASK.
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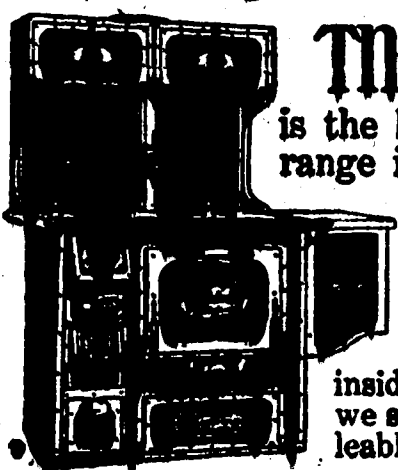
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CATHOLICISM

Rev. Owen Bulkeley's Offer.

An article recently appeared in the "B. C. Western Catholic," commencing with these words, "The Rev. Owen Bulkeley of Vancouver asserted last week that 'the Church of England is a branch of the Holy Catholic Church.' This craving for Catholicity is pathetic, and involves an added obligation on the part of Catholics to understand exactly what is meant by the word, so that they may be able to aid inquirers." In answer to this article the following letter was written:

To The Editor of the B. C. Western Catholic.

Sir: I am obliged to you or some friend, for a copy of your issue of April 12th, in which is quoted my assertion that "the Church of England is a branch of the Holy Catholic Church," and the article, which contains its says "this craving for Catholicity is pathetic." Now, to "crave" is to long for something you do not possess, whereas the possession of Catholicity by the Church of England dates from the time of St. Paul, St. Joseph of Arimathea, and other early church missionaries, and is therefore as old as the claim of Rome to Catholicity. The limits of a letter to the press, prevent a detailed account of the Church of England before the Mission of St. Augustine, being given; but I shall be delighted in any Roman Catholic Hall to deliver an evening lecture on the subject of "The Church of England before the coming of St. Augustine," and will illustrate it with some excellent lantern slides. Suffice it for the present to say, that on St. Augustine's arrival to endeavor the conversion of the heathen Saxons, he found a duly ordained ministry of Bishops, Priests and Deacons owing nothing to and acknowledging no obligation to Rome, who had been established over 550 years, and had sent their delegates to the United Catholic Church Councils abroad. At that time, A. D. 597, the Saxons had driven its adherents into Cornwall, Wales, and other portions of the British Isles, from where the church kept up an active missionary propaganda. It is ancient history that Bishop Gregory of Rome instructed St. Augustine in introducing a liturgy among the Saxon converts, that he should use largely from that of St. John which he found in use there, and not confine himself to that of St. Peter; and also that on account of the missionary's haughtiness, the prelates of Catholic England would not recognize or have any dealings with the Roman missionary; and that not until the time of Theodore, did the Church of England agree to the date of the Easter Festival and the form of tonsure.

The Roman Church then grafted itself into the ancient stem of the English Church, and St. Paul's warning to the Gentiles was ignored by Rome; it reads as follows: If thou "were grafted in among them (the branches) and with them partake of the root and fatness of the olive tree. Boast not against the branches. But if thou boast, thou bearest not the root, but the root thee," and he goes on to say that "God who grafted thee in, can also cut thee off." Students of history know how the Roman Church boasted against the stem that bear it, until it was cut clean out; and the old Catholic Church of England freed from the incubus that had weighted it down, sprang into renewed freshness of spiritual life.

Does it not seem a pity in these enlightened times to try and teach Christendom, which is in full possession of all the facts of the case, that the Church of England was founded in the reign of Henry VIII, and to further state that the Church of Eng-

land "is confined to part of one race of men," whereas its Catholicity is less a matter of dispute than that of Rome.

Nothing is gained by these assertions, save damage to the prestige of Rome, and regret tinged with a feeling of contempt, that a single branch of the Holy Catholic Apostolic Church, should hold such arrogant pretensions, that were absolutely unknown to Bishop Gregory and St. Augustine.

I trust my offer will be accepted.

Yours truly,

Owen Bulkeley,
Vicar of St. Mary the Virgin,
South Hill, Vancouver, B. C.
April 20, 1912.

As this offer has not been accepted by the Roman Catholics, the Rev. Owen Bulkeley will be glad to deliver this lecture in any public hall before English or any other Catholics, who may be desirous of hearing about the early English Catholic Church, before the Italian Mission landed in England; after which he is assured, that all will be convinced that the word Catholic implies "universality of place and teaching," and cannot be applied solely to one branch of the Vine Christ Jesus.

PRINCE KILLED IN AUTO ACCIDENT.

Prince George William, eldest son of the Duke of Cumberland and his chamberlain, were instantly killed in an auto accident on the highway near Friesak Prussia, on Monday morning. They were on their way from Berlin to Copenhagen to attend the funeral of the Prince's uncle, the late King Frederick VIII.

The Prince, who was at the steering wheel, by some mistake ran into a part of the road which was being repaired and lost control.

The Prince was born in 1880. His father, the head of the House of Guelph, was a cousin of the late Queen Victoria.

The Woman's Guild of Mt. Pleasant Presbyterian Church had their regular monthly meeting on Wednesday, May 15, the President, Mrs. W. H. Steeves, in the chair. Much business was done, and arrangements were made to have the annual ice cream and strawberry festival on Thursday, afternoon and evening, June 27th. The home cooking stall, on this occasion, should prove a great attraction, while lovers of candies can have their wants supplied by Miss McAllister and her helpers at the candy booth, while Mrs. Keith will superintend the selling of plants. There will be no sewing or fancywork on sale at this time, as the energies of the Guild members in that direction are being reserved for a huge sale of work in the fall.

Cedar Cottage Presbyterian Church, Rev. J. C. Madill, Pastor. 11:00 a. m., "The Model Prayer, Our Father." 7:30 p. m., "The Reason why Ninety Out of Every Hundred Young Men Fail."

Mr. W. J. Milne, lately of 75 Broadway, West, has recently purchased and moved into a fine home built by Mr. John Oliver, 2500 First Avenue, West. Mr. Milne left on Wednesday's train for the Kootenay to look after his mining interests in the vicinity of Poplar.

In Mt. Pleasant Baptist Church next Sunday morning, Rev. Van Sickle will tell an interesting story of Extension Work in Greater Vancouver. In the evening Rev. Dr. Spencer will preach on "The Cause and Cure of Doubt." Strangers are cordially invited.

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Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

HOME CONCERTS.

Oh, I like to sit and listen
To the phonograph's sweet note
As it grinds out mellow music
From its wide and brassy throat
I can shut my eyes and wonder
If I sit in fairy land
As I hear the late selections
That are fresh and newly canned.

Many pay a half a dollar—
Maybe more, if they are proud—
For the privilege of sitting
As a member of the crowd
And of hearing a recital
Where the art is three feet thick,
But I'd rather take a record,
Turn the crank and do the trick.

Yes, I know that there are scoffers
Who have voices of their own,
Who complain about the scratching
And the blurring of the tone,
But if they are so artistic
Let them move a mile away,
For when I have finished supper
I am bound to let it play.

In the quiet of the evening
As the gloaming comes apace
I can start the wheels in motion
And the cares of life erase,
Calling up the tunes of Dixie
Or the music of the band,
Switching swiftly to the comic
With a motion of the hand.

Sobering Effect.

"Darling,"
"Yes."
"I am mad with the joy of life;
I am drunk."
"Are you?"
"You bet I am."
"Well, it is the first of the month,
and the milkman and the laundryman
are both at the back door with their
accounts."

Had to Skip.



"Which parent do you resemble?"
asked the kind old gentleman.
"Huh?" queried the tough kid.
"Do you take after your father or
your mother?"
"Neither. They take after me."

Just Wondered.

"Funny about the trees, isn't it, Mr.
Latelyer?"
"How so?"
"They leave in the spring."
"What is funny about that?"
"You are not a tree, are you?"

Expectancy.

The coal man prices autos.
Though it is not the season
To buy a car, with spring stars,
But there's a reason.

Matching Quizzes.

"It is foolish to say Mars is inhab-
ited."
"But I know that it is."
"How do you know?"
"The same way you know it isn't."

Soft Timber.

"What is their family tree?"
"Beechwood, and hollow at that."

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

He is a gritty chap who stops be-
fore he plays smash when he is hav-
ing a good time.

The fellow who gets into a treadmill
thinks that all the world has turned
sideways.

A vivid imagination finds it hard to
light on a gloomy road.

The man who knows how to invent
an excuse that will always work has a
fortune in it.

Some men are so busy making
breaks that all their courage finally
leaks out.

The man who knows more than he
ought to should live in the camp of
workers awhile.

All things come to him who waits,
but some of us don't want all things,
so we protest against waiting.

The girl who can and will make the
kind of cookies that mother used to
make will get on all right.

Some people are red headed because
they were born so, some acquire red
hair at the corner drug store, and oth-
ers have a red headed condition thrust
upon them by the idiotic actions of
some fool friend.

Our idea of happiness is not know-
ing enough to know what a fool you
are.

PRACTICAL IRRIGATION.

H. THORNBUR, B. S., Assistant Horti-
culturist.

By irrigation is understood the eco-
nomical distribution and use of water
on arid or semi-arid lands. Irrigation
in itself is not difficult, but is merely
the application of known principles.
Any man who has had experience with
growing plants, may, in a very short
time, become very proficient in the
use of water.

Under What Conditions Necessary.

Irrigation is necessary where there
is a deficiency in the rainfall, either at
all seasons of the year or during the
growing season. Water is an absolute
necessity to plant growth. It not only
serves as a food, but acts as a means
by which other plant food is conveyed
from the soil into the plant. If an ade-
quate supply of water is not available
be precipitation or other natural
means, irrigation should be practiced.
During an exceptionally dry year or
a short period of drought, many farm-
ers feel the need of a little water to
help their crops mature, but since the
demand does not come every year or
the water supply is not available, they
do not supply the needed water. The
advisability of preparing for such an
emergency depends upon the frequency
of the appearance of the drought and
the expense connected with such an
undertaking.

Some districts, like the Yakima Val-
ley, and points on the Snake and Co-
lumbia Rivers, depend almost entirely
upon irrigation for their water supply.
Without this means of supplying the
water this land would be unproductive,
as it was before being irrigated. The
advisability of irrigating this land is
shown by the immense returns pro-
duced under the present systems of ir-
rigation.

Methods of Applying the Water.

One of three general methods is em-
ployed in applying water to land. It is
applied by flooding, sprinkling, or is
distributed by means of furrows. Other
methods employed in the distribu-
tion of water on land are modifications
of one of these three methods. The
two former methods mentioned are
used on small areas, such as lawns or
on meadows, where the crop is not in
rows or where ditches are undesirable.
The furrow method, which is most
common in the northwest, is used in
nearly all orchards, gardens or places
where crops are grown in rows. It is
by far the most desirable method in
commercial work, because flooding
and sprinkling often cause the clay
soils to bake.

The Frequency of Application and the

Amount Needed.

The frequency of application and the
amount needed depend upon the crop,
soil and climatic conditions. Some
crops need more frequent applica-
tion of water than others. The fre-
quency of application must be such
as will keep the plants in a thriving
condition and still not cause too rapid
a growth. A sandy soil needs fre-
quent applications of water, because
it loses moisture by drainage and evap-
oration, while a clay soil is very re-
tentive and holds water long after the
sandy soil is dry. One application of
water during the late summer is often
sufficient in a semi-arid district. Where
one depends entirely upon irrigation,
more applications are necessary. In
case there is little rain in the spring
the first water should be applied about
the middle of April and every five
weeks until the crop is mature. More
frequent irrigations may be needed on
some lands; this may be determined
by the amount of available moisture in
the soil. Cultivation should follow
each irrigation and should be repeated
every ten days or two weeks until the
next irrigation. Do not think for a
moment that irrigation can be made to
take the place of cultivation, because
it is not advisable and will injure the
soil.

The quantity of water to use at each
irrigation is a local problem and must
be determined by experience. In gen-
eral, if the crop is a deep-rooted one,
more water is needed than for a shal-
low-rooted crop, because of the neces-
sity of soaking up the upper layer of
soil before reaching the plant roots.
It has been found that four inches of
water applied to land at one irrigation
makes the first four feet of soil moist
enough for good plant growth. How-
ever, this is not absolutely correct
when applied in practice, because of
the loss of water by drainage and evap-
oration. Since the practical farmer has
no way to determine the exact amount
of water he has applied, he must rely
upon other methods to determine when
enough water has been applied. This
is easily done by a few observations.
Many people make this test by pushing
a hoe handle into the soil. If they can
sink it down eighteen inches they con-
sider irrigation completed for that
time. Another method is to dig down
and examine the soil. If it retains its
form when compressed in the hand
it is considered moist enough. Tests
of this nature should be made at inter-
vals over the field, since different

soils need more or less water. After
a few trials, any one can tell for him-
self whether or not enough water has
been applied. In case a person still
feels in doubt about the amount of
water necessary for the best plant
growth, an examination of soil upon
which plants are doing well will re-
move all doubts from his mind.

Preparation of the Surface.

Anyone who has ever done any ir-
rigation work will loudly proclaim the
advantages of irrigating on a well
prepared piece of land. Nothing is
more trying than to attempt to irrigate
a piece of land which has been poorly
leveled or not leveled at all. It is im-
possible to secure uniform results, be-
cause the low places will be soaked
while the high points are still dry.

The land should be cleared of all
stumps, rocks or sage brush and then
plowed as deeply as possible. If more
rocks come to the surface during the
process of plowing they should be re-
moved. The high places should be
graded down and the depressions filled
care being taken not to remove all the
good soil from the hill tops in the at-
tempt to fill the low places. In case
the soil on the hills is shallow, the
upper part may be removed and re-
turned after grading is completed. This
may seem to be a lot of work, but is
absolutely necessary in many cases.
In case this is not possible, good rich
soil should be used to fill the tree
holes. This will give the young trees
a good start and also permit the newly
uncovered soil to become congenial
for the tree roots when they are ready
to occupy it. After the large depres-
sions are filled the work of leveling is
continued by means of the "planer."
This is a machine eighteen feet long
and seven feet wide, which may be
made at home. Take two pieces of
timber 3"x8"x18' and four pieces
3"x8"x7'. Place the two long pieces
parallel seven feet apart, with the four
short pieces distributed at intervals
of four feet between them. This leaves
a foot at either end for hitching, which
is done by boring holes in the end and
stretching a chain across. Larger
models of this machine may be made
by keeping the same proportions. The
machine described requires four horses
for the best results.

Before using this machine, have the
surface of the soil loose and as free
as possible from rocks. Run first
lengthways then crossways, the driver
riding on the machine while on the
high places and dismounting while
crossing the low places. This makes
the machine fill and empty at the
proper time. Much depends upon the
driver for the best results. Three or
four applications of this machine
should place the land in good condi-
tion.

HIS SPELLING.

Little Wee had been brought up to
be polite, and not to interrupt when
there was company unless it was
very important. One day there were
visitors, who talked and stayed and
stayed, until poor little Wee was
tired. He wished them to go, but not
for anything would he let them see
this.

All of a sudden he thought of a
nice plan that his mother and father
knew when he was too little to spell
and they did not want to hurt his
feelings. So in a little pause in the
ladies' talk, Wee said, in his prettiest
way, "Mother, please can't we be
a-o-n-e?" And the visitors laughed
and kissed him good-bye, and gave
him his good mother all to himself.
Youth's Companion.

An Irishman was working a placer
mine in Montana years ago, and visited
a small village several miles away to
get his tools sharpened.

Just as he was about to start back,
some one told him that if he would go
home by the way of Sour Krout gulch,
he would not miss his way, and would
save several miles of walking.

Pat started out, but after travelling
several miles, the sun was almost
down and he had seen nothing that
looked familiar. At last he made up
his mind that he was lost, and to use
his own words, feared he "would be
robbed, and murdered intirely, all
alone."

While he was in this state of mind
he spied a cinnamon bear on the side
of the mountain, and was almost ready
to fall to the ground with fright. Re-
covering his self-possession a little, he
said:

"I thought it wouldn't do to let the
bear think I was afraid of him, and
concluded I might intimidate him by
making him think that there were sev-
eral of me. So, walking a little
faster, I called out as loud as I ver I
could, 'Mike! Oi say, Mike, hold on
till I catch up wid ye and the rest of
the b'ys.' When the bear heard that
he walked away and said not a word."

Mamma—How many sisters did
your new playmate tell you he had?

Willis—He's got one. He tried to
catch me by saying he had two half-
sisters, but he'll find out I've studied
fractions.

SOME FACTORS IN BEEF PRODUCTION.

So many things have to do with
profit in the production of beef that
the problem becomes complex. Prob-
ably the most important one is the
matter of age. It is a pretty well re-
cognized principle that the young ani-
mal puts on gain at smaller expense
than the older one, consequently
measuring by this principle alone the
young animals should always be
placed in the feed lot. There are other
influences, however. The condition
of the animal when it goes into the
feed lot is important. Then, too, the
demands of the market must not be
overlooked. Some beef markets re-
quire animals of moderate finish. As
a rule, however, the fatter the ani-
mal within certain limits the higher
the price paid by the buyer; conse-
quently, the older and more mature ani-
mals are apt to reach the desired state
of fatness sooner than will a very
young animal.

As the fattening period progresses
the cost of putting on flesh becomes
greater and greater; consequently the
animal that will go into the feed lot
and fatten with the greatest rapidity
is the one that is the most profitable.
Then very thin animals usually sell for
the least as feeders. This makes the



It is one grand mistake to try to
get steers on what is known as full
feed too soon, writes W. S. A. Smith
in Farm and Fireside. Personally I
never get my steers on what is
known as full feed that is to say,
they never in any twenty-four hours
get all they can eat. When does a
steer make his gain? When he is
lying down. It is impossible to get
economical gains if conditions are
such that cattle have no comfort-
able place to rest. The Hereford
breed of beef cattle has long been
a favorite with many feeders. The
fine Hereford cow shown is a good
type of this easily fattened breed.

margin between the buying and selling
price wider, and therefore it might
frequently pay to buy very thin ani-
mals, provided they had good quality
and the feeder knew how to make
them gain rapidly. The price of feed,
of course, has a great deal to do with
this proposition.

Then, too, hogs which follow the
cattle must not be forgotten. Feed-
ing shelled corn is always attended
with some waste. On most farms the
corn is either fed in the broken ear
condition or shelled. As a result
hogs must always have a part in the
cattle feeding proposition. The amount
of corn that will pass through the ani-
mal undigested will depend somewhat
upon the condition of the cattle. If
the cattle are in prime condition they
will digest larger quantities than if
they are not doing very well. The
universal practice is to have hogs fol-
low the cattle, and the amount of pork
produced in this way is a very consid-
erable item in reckoning profits. Of
course this varies widely. It varies
because of the kind of corn used, be-
cause of the season and the number of
hogs that follow. If cattle are being
fed very heavily the amount of pork
produced will be large. During the
early part of the feeding period, when
only so much grain as is consumed
promptly is used, the waste will be
slight. It will not do, however, to
leave hogs out of the reckoning.

Fattening Ration For Hogs.

John C. Burns, professor of animal
husbandry of the A. and M. college of
Texas, says that with tankage to sup-
plement a grain ration cottonseed meal
or wheat bran is not really needed
in the fattening of hogs. He believes,
however, that it would prove profit-
able to add a limited quantity of mol-
asses to the ration both as an appet-
izer and to cheapen the feed, as mol-
asses at 15 cents a gallon is cheaper
than grain at prevailing prices. He
recommends the following proportions:
Nine pounds of ear corn or seven
pounds of shelled corn, two pounds of
black strap molasses and one pound
of tankage. The grain should be soaked
in water about twelve hours, and the
molasses should be diluted with
about its own volume of water and
the tankage thoroughly stirred in it
and poured over the grain in the
trough at the time of feeding.

THE VALUABLE CORN.

The farmer makes the most
money who devotes his fields to
the growing of crops to feed
stock, making use of all the raw
products at home, thereby not
only saving much of the cost of
transportation, but also main-
taining the fertility of the soil.
Taking everything into consid-
eration, corn will probably produce
more food per acre for domestic
animals than any other plant,
and there are but few feeds
which can be fed in a greater
variety of ways.

CROPS AND LIVESTOCK

Ottawa.—The Census and Statistics
Office issues a bulletin on crops and
live stock.

The reports of correspondents show
that out of a yield of 215,851,300 bush-
els of wheat harvested last year, 188,
255,000 bushels, or 87 per cent were
merchantable, and that at the end of
March, 58,129,000 bushels or 27 per
cent of the whole were yet in farmers'
hands. The quantity held by farmers
in the Maritime Provinces on March
31 was 339,000 bushels, in Quebec 350,
000 bushels, in Ontario 3,874,000 bush-
els, in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and
Alberta 53,528,000 bushels and in Brit-
ish Columbia 48,000 bushels. At the
same date last year the quantity in
hand in all Canada was 33,042,000
bushels, or 22 per cent of the total
crop of 149,898,600 bushels, of which
141,096,000 bushels or 94 per cent,
were of merchantable quality.

Oats, which last year gave a yield of
348,187,600 bushels, was merchantable
to the extent of 310,974,000 bushels,
or 89 per cent and the quantity in hand
at the end of March was 153,846,000
bushels, or 44.18 per cent. In the Mar-
itime Provinces there were in hand at
that date 4,007,000 bushels, in Quebec
12,790,000 bushels, in Ontario 2,870,
000 bushels, in Manitoba, Saskatche-
wan and Alberta 111,735,000 bushels
and in British Columbia 454,000 bush-
els. In the preceding year the quan-
tity in hand out of a total harvest of
323,449,000 bushels was 127,587,000
bushels, or 39.44 per cent, and there
was a total of 301,773,000 bushels, or
93.29 per cent of merchantable qual-
ity.

The barley yield of 1911 was 50,641,
000 bushels, and of this quantity there
was in hand at the end of March 13,
236,000 bushels, or 32.56 per cent. The
merchantable yield was 36,683,000
bushels, or 90.26 per cent. The bar-
ley crop of 1910 was 45,147,000 bushels
and the quantity on hand at the end
of March last year was 13,135,000 bush-
els or 29 per cent. The merchantable
quantity of that crop was 41,505,000
bushels, or 91.98 per cent. Ontario's
crop last year was 13,760,000 bushels
and that of the three Northwest prov-
inces 24,043,000 bushels.

The merchantable yield of corn last
year was 84 per cent of the crops, of
buckwheat 84 per cent, of potatoes
85 per cent, and of hay and clover 88
per cent as compared with last year's
percentages of corn 84, buckwheat 87,
potatoes 77, turnips and other roots
87, and hay and clover 88. The quan-
tities on hand at the end of March were
in bushels, corn, 3,659,000, compared
with 4,737,000 in 1911; buckwheat, 1-

728,000, against 1,750,000; potatoes,
20,494,000, against 23,564,000, and tur-
nips and other roots 14,055,000 against
16,159,000. Of hay and clover there
were on hand at the end of March last
3,134,000 tons, compared with 5,287,000
tons on hand at the end of March, 1911.

The condition of livestock at the end
of March, expressed in the percentage
of a standard representing a healthy
and thrifty state and denoted by 100
was for horses 96, milch cows 92.53,
other cattle 91.53, sheep, 93.40, and
swine 94. Only in Prince Edward Is-
land and for cattle, in Nova Scotia for
milch cows, in Ontario for cattle and
in British Columbia for cattle other
than milch cows and for sheep do the
figures representing condition fall be-
low a percentage of 90.

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A TENDERFOOT'S WOOLING

-BY-

CLIVE PHILLIPPS WOLLEY

(AUTHOR OF "GOLD, GOLD IN CARIBOO," ETC.)

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

Through the first rank of the pines master and man passed unmolested, running swiftly but silently, until Rolt saw indistinctly a mob of men on his right, uncertain, it seemed, whether to run to him or away from him, until Al called to them in the strange clucking gutturals of their own language.

The meaning of what Al said Rolt could not catch, but he saw the mob disperse, running apparently in the same general direction as himself, and he wondered even then at the marvellously true accent and ready wit which had for the moment deceived the Indians.

For twenty yards the two tore through the impending brush or blundered in the dark amongst logs and windfalls, then they emerged upon the main trail which led to Kheolowna's camp. If they had had time to think, the smooth firmness of it would have suggested to them the numbers of an enemy who could wear such a trail in so short a time.

As they ran past what looked in the dark like a brush lean to, a man leapt out upon the path, and Al, who was now leading, repeated his cry: "But the man was too near to be deceived, and though Al was past him, the Indian tried boldly to block Rolt's way. To Rolt he was the full back of his boyhood's days. Without decreasing his pace he pretended to swerve, and then, as the man closed on him, turned and ran right at him, tilted the Indian's chin up with the butt of his open hand so that his head was shoved almost off his shoulders, and so passed amongst the great dim pines which stood for goal posts, through a line of smouldering fires, seeing only the tall thin figure of the tireless runner in front.

As they ran a horse whinnied, and Al, checking for a minute, branched off the main trail.

"Holy smoke!" he panted, as Rolt overhauled him. "That's their horse camp. Let's chance it, Boss. It's worth the risk," and he stole swiftly along through the bushes until they opened out into a narrow swamp, not an acre in extent all told.

In the twenty or thirty horses had been picketed, and as luck would have it not a man was in sight.

"Cut the ropes or pull the pegs," gasped Al, and his own jack knife snapped and flashed about the horses' necks as they heaved or of any who might be on the trail.

"Now jump on and get it," he added. "I'll flush 'em. Jump, blank it, jump!" he screamed, as the Boss hesitated, and a crashing of brush in the direction of the fires warned him that the minutes of grace had all but expired.

Rolt obeyed him as the last rope was severed, and Al, losing his head at last, cried in his triumph, "Now, catch us, you swine!" as he swung himself on to the back of the last horse and galloped into the bush.

As if in answer to his taunt, a dozen Indians dashed into the opening, and four or five rifles were fired point blank at the retreating figure.

Luckily his horse was not hit, but for a moment the old man averted and all but toppled from his seat, but though he rode bare-backed, he got his grip again, and in spite of the deadly sickness which took him and the warm trickle from the numbed shoulder, he managed to stick on, whilst the loose horses, frightened by the shooting, thundered past, jostling him as they went, into the darkness in which Rolt had vanished.

For a mile, perhaps, he let his horse gallop, almost lying on its neck to avoid overhanging boughs, maintaining a precarious position by holding on to the horse's mane with his uninjured hand.

Sorely against his will he had to let his rifle go. If his enemies caught him, the rifle would be useless now, and he had all that he could do for the one good arm left him.

When at last he came out upon the prairie he reduced his pace to a lops and sat up, muttering as he guided his horse with his knees and tried to hold up his wounded arm with his left hand.

"Winged, blank them, but not bagged yet, nor goin' to be by any means," he muttered, but though his words were brave his sleeve was very sodden with a warm sticky fluid which still continued to ooze into it, and he was growing so dim of sight and dizzy that he would have ridden right into Rolt, had not his horse shied.

Then for the first time since he had grown to man's estate, the old man cut a voluntary, but even then he held on to the halter rope, and managed to murrain.

"All right, Colonel. Don't shoot. I'm comin' down," but he had only a hazy idea that Rolt was blocking the way, his rifle resting across his horse's back, and of what happened for a while after he spoke he knew nothing.

His disgust was immense, and his scorn withering, when he sat up again with a curious bandage tied tightly around his upper arm, and heard the Boss ask whether he thought he could sit on his horse if it were led for him.

"Sit on? Why, the blank said I couldn't sit on! I'm only backed a bit. Must have knocked this fool head of mine even a bough, I reckon, or I shouldn't have fell off." But for a moment he couldn't remount without assistance, which he accepted only with protest, and with a perfect string of curses, such as in ordinary times no man ever heard him use.

But once in the saddle again, he seemed to recover. It is true that he never spoke a word after the first five minutes, which was unlike Al, but he

remained on his horse's back whilst the endless miles went by in the dark. Only once Rolt heard him muttering to himself, "Guess I can go on three legs as well as a buck. I never sold a buck as would stop because I tinkered it."

That was the spirit in which he, and for the matter of that, Rolt, rode all that night. To the rough ridges of our plains, pain or discomfort are not things to be moaned over, or made much of. Like the beasts of the field in this, unless a wound is bad enough to stop the working of their machinery, they go on as if unhurt. When they lie down, it is with them, and with their rivals, the Indians, to die, and that, too, they do quietly.

Rolt and Al would willingly have given in. Their bodies cried to them for mercy, for leave to slide out of the saddle into the sweet-smelling sage brush and lie still, but though both were utterly spent, though both had tasted food for twenty-four hours, and one was badly wounded, the thought of the lonely ranch with the two women in it was always before their eyes, and kept them plodding on, trying hard to abstract their minds from the painful present, which had to be lived through. The night waxed and waned for them, riding in this fashion, whilst the unseen troop of Indian horses pattered behind them, now stopping to graze, now galloping after them in alarm lest they should lose sight of their mates.

With the first streak of dawn they debouched upon the edge of the home pasture, powdered by a thin fall of snow.

"Rufus, and Old Regent," muttered Rolt, as he paused for a moment by two snow-sprinkled carcasses. "What accursed butchery!"

"There's more of the same kind," replied Al feebly, pointing to other similar mounds. "They've rounded up and killed all the stock they could come near; but thank God for that!" and he held his one hand out towards the ranch house which came in sight as he spoke.

It still stood untouched as far as they could see, nor was there an Indian in sight in all the country which surrounded it.

Rolt made an inarticulate sound. His lips seemed for the moment unable to move, and then, pointing to the house, he managed to say, "Can you—"

"Of course I can, blank it!" replied the old man, with a sudden flash of energy. "You'd have ridden on an hour ago if you hadn't been such an unmitigated idiot!" but as the Boss spurred his horse over the rise and down the long meadow which led to all he loved, Al suddenly collapsed, and murmuring: "Your white, pretty blanked white, Rolt," slid easily out of his saddle, rolled over, and lay still, whilst his horse, after one snort of surprise, began to feed slowly away from his prostrate form.

Al had drawn upon his endurance to the very last ounce, and when, a quarter of an hour later, Jim Combe came to bring him in, he found the old man still unconscious where he had fallen.

CHAPTER XXIII.

In the absence of Rolt, Jim Combe took command of the party at the ranch, and military law was declared: that is to say, Jim insisted upon looking on the house as in a state of siege, though, as Anstruther protested, there was not an Indian in sight nor, he averred, ever likely to be again.

The men were divided into watches, so that there was not an hour of the day or night when some of them were not on guard, whilst no work was undertaken which could lead the defenders to any distance from their base.

On the first day after the departure of the posse, shots were heard over the hog's back, and Jim, who made a reconnaissance in person, reported that a band of Chilcotens was killing cattle, but though the loss inflicted would be serious, he would not listen to Anstruther's suggestion that an attempt should be made to drive off the marauders.

He was determined that the story of the burning stacks should not be repeated. It was better to lose anything than to expose the women to the danger of a rush upon the house.

On the second day there was not even the sound of a shot to keep up the vigilance of the defenders, and the scouting party sent out by Jim reported all clear to the sky line.

"Our people have driven the Indians clear out of the country," asserted Anstruther. "Arson at night is the limit of their daring. It is not likely that such miserable devils would make a stand against arm'd white men."

But Jim thought otherwise, and decreed the destruction of certain barns and outhouses beyond the corral, as affording dangerous cover for an attacking force.

They are valuable buildings in a country where lumber is not as plentiful as it is at the coast, and Mrs. Rolt watched the destruction of them with a sore heart.

"It seems a pity, doesn't it?" she said, as she and Kitty, with Anstruther, watched Jim and his men at work, "but I suppose Jim is right."

"He must be," asserted Anstruther, but his tone belied his words. "It would be a terrible sell if the Indians really had gone for good, as Mr. Anstruther thinks."

"We could put up with that, Kitty, don't you think, although I confess that I don't like seeing my buildings go."

"Why don't you tell Jim to let them stand till Mr. Rolt comes back? You tell him, Mr. Anstruther."

"I? Scarcely, Miss Kitty. Jim is commander-in-chief. I am only the in-

valid. I am not even honored with a place on guard."

"Jim does not think you are fit for duty yet, and you know that you are not."

"I know that I am fit for very little, but I should like to try to be of some use if the admirable Jim would let me," said Mr. Anstruther.

"He gives you the place of honor as our special guard, sir."

"Yes, he is good enough to consider me fit to be left with—in charge of the ladies."

Mrs. Rolt smiled. She understood what he would have said, and did not make allowances either for the irritability of an invalid, or the impetuosity of a man put at a disadvantage in the eyes of the woman he loved.

"Try to put up with us yet a little while," she said. "Dick will be back soon, now."

Kitty said nothing until he had left the room, then she turned to her friend.

"I think Jim treats Mr. Anstruther pretty badly."

"Badly? What do you mean, Kitty? He sees that he has the best of everything, and never asks him to do a hand's turn. What more can Mr. Anstruther expect?"

"I think he would rather have less consideration as an invalid and more work as a man."

"But he can't do anything."

"Jim might let him try."

"At any other time, yes, and so no doubt he would, and do his work for him after he had made a mess of it, but Jim can't afford to think of people's feelings just now, and to be candid, I don't think your friend is showing to advantage. We have done all we can for him, and now he sulks."

Kitty flushed to the temples. She knew that there was more than a shadow of truth in Mrs. Rolt's charge, but her sympathies were with Frank, though even to her he had been curiously cold and distant since Jim's return.

Never in her life had Kitty's bright temper been more sorely tried than during those days of siege. She had been used all her life to have men for her playmates. Now she had no playmates; she had not even a lover. Since his return to the ranch Jim had watched over her and Mrs. Rolt with the most unflinching courtesy; had forgotten nothing; had forestalled every wish; and even to Anstruther had been courteous itself; but avoiding any outward demonstration, he had kept Kitty at a distance.

So had her patient. Everything that a man could do to show his gratitude Frank had done, but in some undefinable way he had drawn himself further away from her every day, until to the poor little woman, the love that had been so nearly spoken seemed now but a dream of her own imagining.

Each of the men seemed bent on leaving her to the other. She detested Jim for his many perfections, and could not love Frank because he simply would not let her.

To this uncomfortable state of things Dick Rolt returned, acquiescing in all the arrangements which Combe had made.

"I did not tear down the stables until you came, but they ought to go along with the other buildings if you think that the Indians are still likely to make trouble."

"They may be here any minute. They are too strong to sit down under the dressing we gave them. There must be fifty armed men at least, and they know that there are only four of us, now one of us wounded. How is Al?"

"Oh, he will do all right. It was only a flesh wound. He has lost a lot of blood, but the old chap says that he has plenty more. But if we tear down the stables what are we going to do about the horses?"

"Turn them loose to rustle for themselves, and take their chance of being shot. We can do nothing else."

"I won't do to leave ourselves without horses. We might have to ride for our lives, after all."

"It can't come to that."

"It might, Rolt. Think of the women."

Rolt groaned. "I'm never thinking of anything else, Jim. What do you advise?"

"Well, if you ask me, I should knock out a partition or two, and make the dining-room and one of the others into a stable. It will play the devil with the house, but we can fix that up again when the trouble is over. If you say the word I'll have feed brought in, and horses for the ladies and half the men."

"Why half?"

"We can't manage more, and we shouldn't want them. If it comes to a show down some of us will have to stay to hold the Indians whilst the others get through."

"Which horses shall we bring in?"

"Mrs. Rolt's, Miss Kitty's, your own, that stallion (he will have mended by now), and two more. The two sorrels I should think are best."

"What about Mr. Anstruther's hunter?"

"His looks won't pay for his keep. He ain't the horse for this job. We aren't going fox hunting or hurdle jumping, and he'd play out before he got half way. The country breeds are the only ones that could stay the distance."

"I think you underrate my horse's staying powers."

Anstruther had come in unobserved and heard the last remark, and though very calm in speech, he was very white and his eyes glittered angrily.

"Maybe, but I wouldn't have thought him any more good for this job than them things you were hauling out of your trunk for Miss Kitty to look at. All right in the shires, no doubt, horses and pink coat, and patient leather pumps, but not built for business," retorted Combe coldly.

Anstruther flushed and bit his lips. To pass the time during the siege he had been overhauling his trunk, and at the moment when Jim came upon them he had been showing Kitty Clifford a red coat which he had brought with him at her request, for the fancy-dress ball at Victoria.

But he left Combe's remark unanswered. Instead of a direct reply he asked Rolt if, as no Indians were in sight, he did not think someone might get through to Soda Creek to send down the road for help.

"I was thinking of it, and mean to send some one as soon as it grows dark if the coast is still clear."

"Then, sir, if you will allow me, I

can save stable room for Ruddy-gore. I will take myself to Soda Creek tonight."

"Nonsense, Anstruther. You could not ride half the distance. Your accident—"

"Oh, d—n my accident! I beg your pardon, Mr. Rolt, but I cannot be an invalid forever. I am perfectly able to ride if I cannot do anything else, and I would rather ride my horse to Soda Creek than abandon him."

For a moment Rolt's handsome face clouded. He was himself a hot-tempered man, but he had learned since his marriage to hold himself in check, beside which the antagonism between the two men, whilst it annoyed him, was intelligible enough.

"Very well, Anstruther. I'll consider what you say. We shall not be sending anyone for an hour or two. Let Mr. Anstruther's horse be brought in instead of mine, Jim," and with that he turned his back on the pair of them and went upstairs to the ladies.

What transpired there is not recorded, but whilst Anstruther was making his preparations, the fog began to close in around the ranch. Ruddy-gore was led into the diamond-dining-room, and two figures, those of old Toma and the elder Fairclough, rode quickly away, the one towards Soda Creek, and the other towards the Franklin Ranch, to bring help, if possible.

"We are in a serious position, and they were the best men to send," was the explanation which Rolt vouchsafed, and thereafter, for twenty-four hours, Anstruther barely opened his mouth to anyone.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A sullen gloom settled upon the house and on the prairie outside the house. Jim and Anstruther barely spoke to one another, and both of them did their best to avoid Kitty, whilst the pines in the brush stood waist-deep in the fog and long columns of mist rose from amongst the trees like vapors from a witch's cauldron.

But for two whole days no Indians appeared, and Rolt was beginning to hope that, when the help sent for arrived, there would be no work for the helpers to do.

Mrs. Rolt was the life of the party, but though she rallied the men on their silence and insisted upon songs in the drawing-room at night, and though Dr. Protheroe and her husband did all that they could to aid and abet her, her attempts were not crowned with success.

Every night, at least three different inmates of the ranch stole out to go over the defenses. There was always some one missing from the group around the piano, trying the doors and re-arranging the barricades whilst no one was looking.

The blow fell in the third night.

The whole prairie land had been swallowed up in gloom in which no star showed, no wind moved, when Mrs. Rolt woke her husband with a gentle pressure of his arm.

"Don't make a noise, dear," she whispered, "but listen. I suppose it is only a rat."

"Not even that, Polly. It must have been your fancy. Go to sleep, little woman, and don't worry."

But at that moment a low knock sounded on the bed-room door. Instantly Rolt rose and opened it. Jim Combe was there with his rifle in his hand.

"Bring your gun along, Rolt. They are trying to fire the house."

In silence the two crept down the stairs, at the foot of which stood Anstruther, Old Al and Jack Fairclough, with their Winchester in their hands.

The doctor was not there, but Jim led the way into a small room which jutted out from the face of the house, a room which they had laughingly christened the excrecence. Rolt had built it on as a conservatory for his wife, to connect with his own study.

Both sides of it, as well as the top, being of glass, it was the weakest point in their defenses, and in it, therefore, had been piled more than its share of furniture barricades. It formed the foot of a letter L, of which the main front of the house was the stem.

This room was in absolute darkness when the men entered it, but it seemed to Rolt that something stirred feebly in the corner of it.

Presently a voice, barely audible even to their straining ears, whispered:

"Are you there, Jim?"

Combe moved silently across towards the voice.

"Put that in your pocket for me, will you, old chap, until we've played this hand? Are you ready, now? Has each man picked his panel? Never mind the glass, Ready!"

There followed a faint scratching, and then a feeble blue flame appeared for a second, after which a great and lurid red light lit the whole conservatory, and flooded the front of the house, showing up with the utmost distinctness the piled furniture, the crowded and broken limbs of Mrs. Rolt's favorites, and the figure of the doctor behind a soup plate filled with some stuff to which he had set fire.

But the five men had no eyes for these things. In front of them, all along the face of the ranch house, they saw bundles of faggots piled, and amongst them a score of figures momentarily arrested in their work by the sudden illumination.

The Chilcotens had seen this Chinese fire the Christmas before, but it had been lighted then to amuse them; now it clung to their crouching figures, bathing them in its hideous glow, and betraying them to the rifles, which suddenly opened fire upon them.

When the roar of the Winchesters and the crashing of the glass had subsided, and the Chinese fire had died down to a dull red glow, which hung for a time on the face of the fog, there were a dozen of the Chilcotens who could not have crawled away to save themselves from the conflagration which they had come to kindle.

"Let's get out of this quick, for heaven's sake!" cried Combe, coughing from the fumes of the chemicals. "Lend a hand to clear away these faggots. We can't leave them there."

Following his example, they all scrambled out, and swiftly and in silence removed the faggots to a distance.

The fog shrouded them and no one molested them.

"Now get back, and don't pull up the barricade till I come."

As the others obeyed Jim went on his knees and laid a fire with more rapidly than he had ever laid one in his life.

Another man might have struck match after match and trusted to chance, but even then Jim was methodical; breaking the little twigs and laying them in closed packed bundles, so that when the small star of light appeared it grew steadily, and at it the watchers could see Jim feeding his fire and making sure that the flames had made good their hold.

Then a shot was fired from the fog, the faggots rattled and flew in all directions, and Combe came running almost on his hands and knees, to the barricade. But the fire had caught hold, and as soon as the men in the excrecence replaced the furniture and made good the gaps, great tongues of flame roared as they climbed upwards.

"We can't help that. They can see to shoot now as well as we can, but they won't come close whilst we have that light. Tell the women to keep away from the windows, and let each man watch from behind something solid. Don't spare the cartridges, Al!"

"I'm here."

"Get round to the back and watch out there. I guess you can see in the dark better than most. Where's the doctor?"

No answer.

"Doc! Hol! Doc!" Jim cried, but there was no reply.

"Did any of you see him outside? We haven't left him out, have we?"

"He wasn't outside. Perhaps he knew enough to keep in out of the rain," sneered Fairclough, who detested the doctor, whose butt he had always been.

"He knows a good deal now, 'mongst other things, what a blanked fool you are! Poor old chap!"

There was a curious choking sound in Jim's savage voice, as he groped about in the dark and turned something over on the floor.

"Thank you, Anstruther. Will you take his feet? Here, Rolt, strike a light. We've got to chance their shooting."

Rolt struck one, and in the short gleam of it the others saw Jim and Anstruther lift the body from the floor and put it upon the table where the red fire had been.

"That's the first to go," muttered Jim. "Always wanted the lead and would have it. Shot through the head from behind. Some of the devils must have been behind when he hit his fire."

"I heard no shot."

"Not likely to with the noise we were making. What's wrong with your neck, Anstruther? Cut it!"

"Just touched, I fancy. I got it when they hit him. Shall we take him into the house?"

"Better not, and better say nothing about it to them upstairs. We can't do any more for him now, Boss, and Jim drew a large worked table-cover over the dead man's face and turned to see that the barricades were as strong as they could be made."

When he was at his post again he drew from his pocket that which the doctor had given him. It was a common playing-card and on it was written in pencil a London address. Beneath this the doctor had written in big letters which wandered uncertainly over the blank space: "So long, Jim. See you again some day."

"So he knew it was coming, did he?" mused Jim, "and he took it all back at the last, all his tall talk about revenge and annihilation of matter. Well, I guess the Handi-app-r knew the Doc's handicap, and will be the best judge of his running."

And then, as he looked out in the reddened gloom, whilst his eyes tried to pierce through the fog, his mind tried to peer into that Next Room where the doctor now was, and if he failed to place the doctor, he at least managed to place himself. He saw the triviality of the things which had so embittered him for the last few days, and even confessed to himself that when it came to fighting his rival was not much of a muff after all. If that which had made the scratch on Anstruther's neck had been an inch or two to the left Jim Combe felt that he might have been a lead for him to carry all the rest of his life. But the first grey light of the morning brought Jim back from the Unknown to the present with a shock. As the mists rolled away the temporary absence of the Indians was explained. They had withdrawn to gather force for their real attack. Whatever answers to the fiery cross amongst the red men had been flying around the country in the last two days, and Jim Combe had never known until that moment how many Indians there were scattered through the timber of British Columbia.

The hog's back was dotted with their camp fires and tents; a line of them stretched across the big meadow; another body of them held the road to Soda Creek. The ranch was as regularly invested as if its foes had been European troops instead of mere Redskins. With infinitely more cunning than even Combe had given them credit for, the Chilcotens had allowed the white men to return unmolested to their lair, only to find themselves in a trap from which there appeared to be no escape unless Toma or Fairclough had won through and could bring help.

Until this last morning Jim had felt certain that one or other would succeed in getting through; but now, seeing the methodical way in which the Indians had conducted the campaign, he not only doubted, he disbelieved it, and when he met Kitty a little later, her pretty face pale and troubled, a great wave of pity and remorse almost unmanned him.

In his anguish of mind he tried to speak to his little friend in the old way that had been so dear to both of them, but his tongue failed him, and she, not realizing that it was the old Jim, treated him with the coldness he had been at such trouble to teach her.

CHAPTER XXV.

You cannot hide death any more than you can escape it. There is a subtle influence which spreads from a dead man so that even the dumb beasts feel and acknowledge it, and this atmosphere of horror had spread through the ranch house in spite of the men's reticence.

The women knew, though they asked no questions. Their eyes counted the men as they gathered for their morning meal; but if they gazed, they said nothing.

Indeed, scarcely a word passed between them until the men gathered in the long room after the meal, and even then for a while so one spoke. Though for the moment the bested were unmolested, everyone knew that the ring which surrounded them was intact, and their destruction but a question of hours.

"The men had better sleep in watches during the day, too. We shall want all hands on guard to-night. If Toma does not bring help before then, Horsey and his posse won't hardly get through by daylight if they come."

Jim made no reply.

"Don't you think that they will get here to-day?"

In spite of his courage there was a shake in Rolt's voice which he could not hide. For himself he cared little, but the thought of the sweet woman who was all the world to him made the strong man's nerve.

"It's no good fooling ourselves, Rolt, any longer. No, I don't think any of our messengers are alive to-day."

The younger Fairclough turned very white, but he pulled himself together and laughed bravely.

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Local and
Otherwise

The Corporate Communion of all the branches of the Church of England Men's Society throughout the British Empire was held last Sunday morning at 8 o'clock. At St. Mary's, the brethren belonging to that branch met for Early Communion, and afterwards breakfasted together in the Parish Hall.

A Grand Bazaar will be held at St. Mary's Parish Hall, on Thursday, June 20th; full particulars of which will be posted throughout the neighbourhood in the course of a few days. The entertainments connected with the Parish Hall are too well known to require over much advertisement, but those associated with the coming Bazaar will eclipse all that have gone before. The admission in the afternoon will be free, but 25 cents will be charged in the evening.

Very decided opinions have been recently expressed that the law excluding clergymen as School Trustees should be altered; for of all others, they, by their training, and many by actual experience as Chairmen of School Boards are the fittest persons for the office, and for insuring honest dealing, and the interests of teachers and scholars alike being made the chief business of such Trusteeships.

LARGE SHIPMENT OF BIBLES.

On Tuesday seven tons of Bibles were shipped from New York by the American Bible Society to South America. None of these were printed in English, but in Spanish, Portuguese, Indian and other languages.

This society has just completed a translation of the New Testament for 1,500,000 Quechua Indians of Peru and Bolivia, but all these books are printed in Argentina.

TO JOIN TWO SEAS.

The Russian government has a plan to join the Black and Caspian Seas by means of a tunnel through the Caucasuses. The tunnel will have to be about 16 miles long. Some Swiss engineers claim the tunnel can be finished in about seven years. It is reported that the enterprise may be commenced sometime in 1913.

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PRINCE JOHN GROUND AT
MASSET.

Captain Nicholson, manager of the G. T. P. steamers, announced that the steamer "Prince John" grounded while entering Masset Bay. On account of there being no beacons or buoys to mark the channel it is a difficult place to enter.

Mistress—I'm sorry you are going to leave, Marie. Are you going to better yourself?

Marie—No, ma'am. I'm going to get married.—Chicago News.

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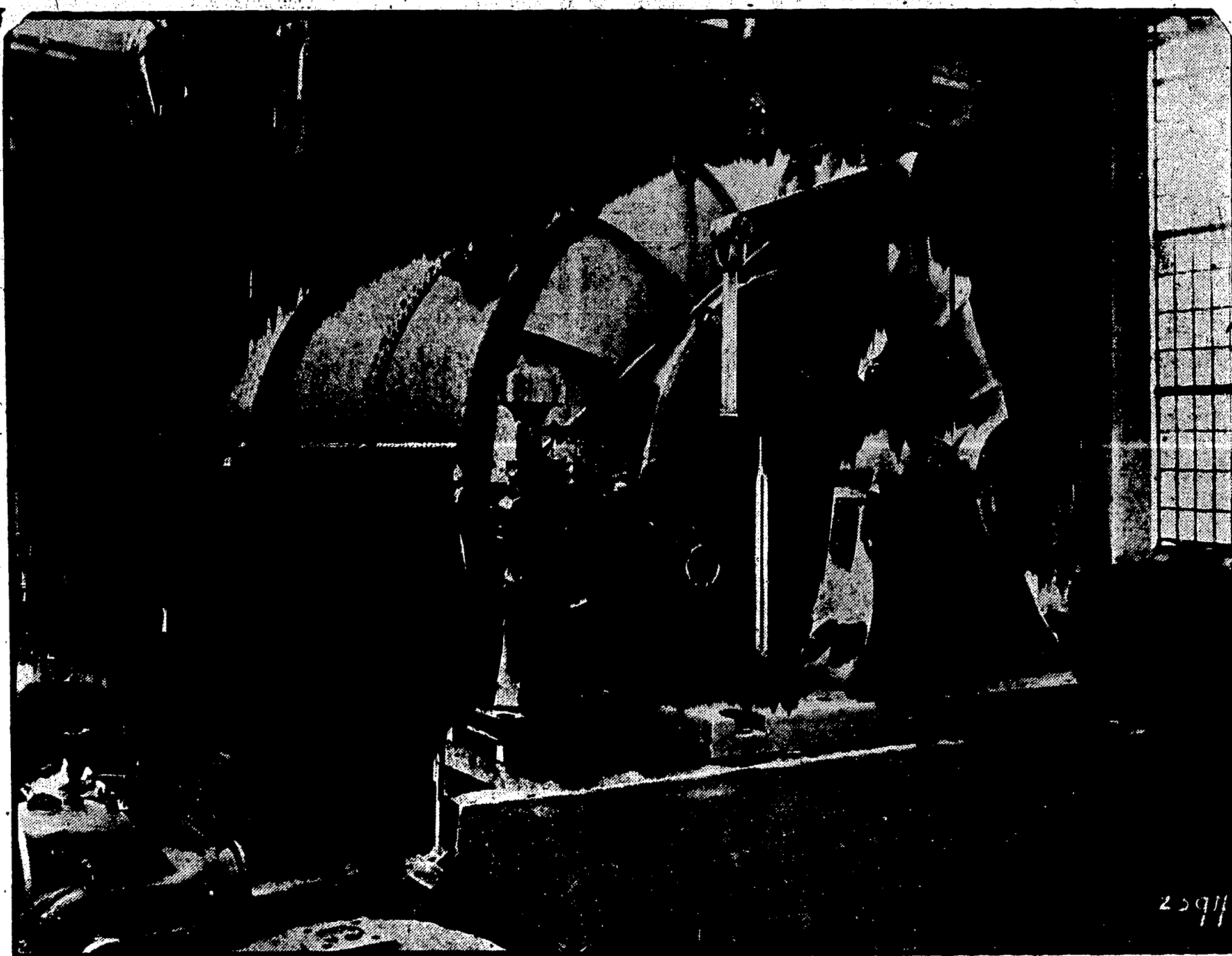
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