

The Western Call

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Published in the Interests of Vancouver and the Western People

VOLUME V.

H. H. STEVENS, M.P., Editor-in-chief.

VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA AUGUST 29, 1913.

No. 16

\$100,000 Post Office at Mt. Pleasant

City Engineer Fellows and Steve Maddison have Made Good; Vancouver needs Men who help the City
The Miners' Strike at Nanaimo and its Inevitable Aftermath

THE STRIKE SITUATION

The strike situation on the Island has become so involved that it seems almost impossible to secure an impartial view of the question.

The fact that a riot has occurred has had the unfortunate result of loading all blame for every act of violence upon the strikers, with the natural sequence that public opinion openly condemns the attitude taken by the men.

No Excuse for Violence.

We do not attempt to excuse any man or organization responsible for the violent and lawless acts which have been perpetrated in the strike zone, but we cannot help making a plea for "fair play."

The public must not accept, without question or investigation, every charge that is laid at the door of the men involved in this strike. It should be borne in mind that the means of getting at the truth are extremely limited and little is said of the provocation which preceded some of the alleged lawless acts.

For instance, it is generally believed that the strikers threw a bomb into the home of a strike breaker and at the risk of his life the innocent father of the home grabbed up the bomb to save his helpless little ones and as he attempted to throw it out of a window it exploded and caused injuries which may result in death. This story has made the blood fairly boil in our veins, and our anger against the strikers knew no bounds. If true no punishment could be too severe for those who could be guilty of such a dastardly crime.

The Other Side of the Case.

But there is another side to this story, the strikers allege, with every evidence of truthfulness, that the injured man was a strike-breaker, or as

(Continued on page 4)

A HIGH COMPLIMENT FROM A GREAT MAN

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

Maitre Labori, in Vancouver, said in effect that he loved the Bar because he loved justice. And further, he added that on this ground he loved England. He loves England because Britain is JUST. He expressed in few words what the nations of the earth have long known, viz., that Britain is pre-eminently the justice-loving nation of this world. All honour to Old Britain.

The Panama Canal and the Panama Exhibition
No wonder that Britain has a strong objection to aiding the States by taking part in the Panama Exhibition. In a most unmanly, dishonest and cold-blooded manner, the States breaks a solemn treaty with Britain, and then asks Britain to turn around and help the treaty-breaker to jubilate over the broken treaty.

No part of the Empire should join in the Exhibition until the treaty is respected and put in its proper place. The insolence of the treaty-breakers is astounding. They do a most reprehensible international act and then coolly ask the nations affronted by their crookedness to rejoice therein, and pay a large amount of money to make a material manifestation of their jubilation of or over their own abasement. No nation but the States, Russia and Turkey would show so much brass in the midst of an insolence so great.

The Blessings of the Deep Belong to Joseph
Some thousands of years ago, down in Egypt, the blessings of the deep were given officially to Joseph and to his sons, especially to Ephraim. These blessings are and have been in the hands of Great Britain for a long period of time.

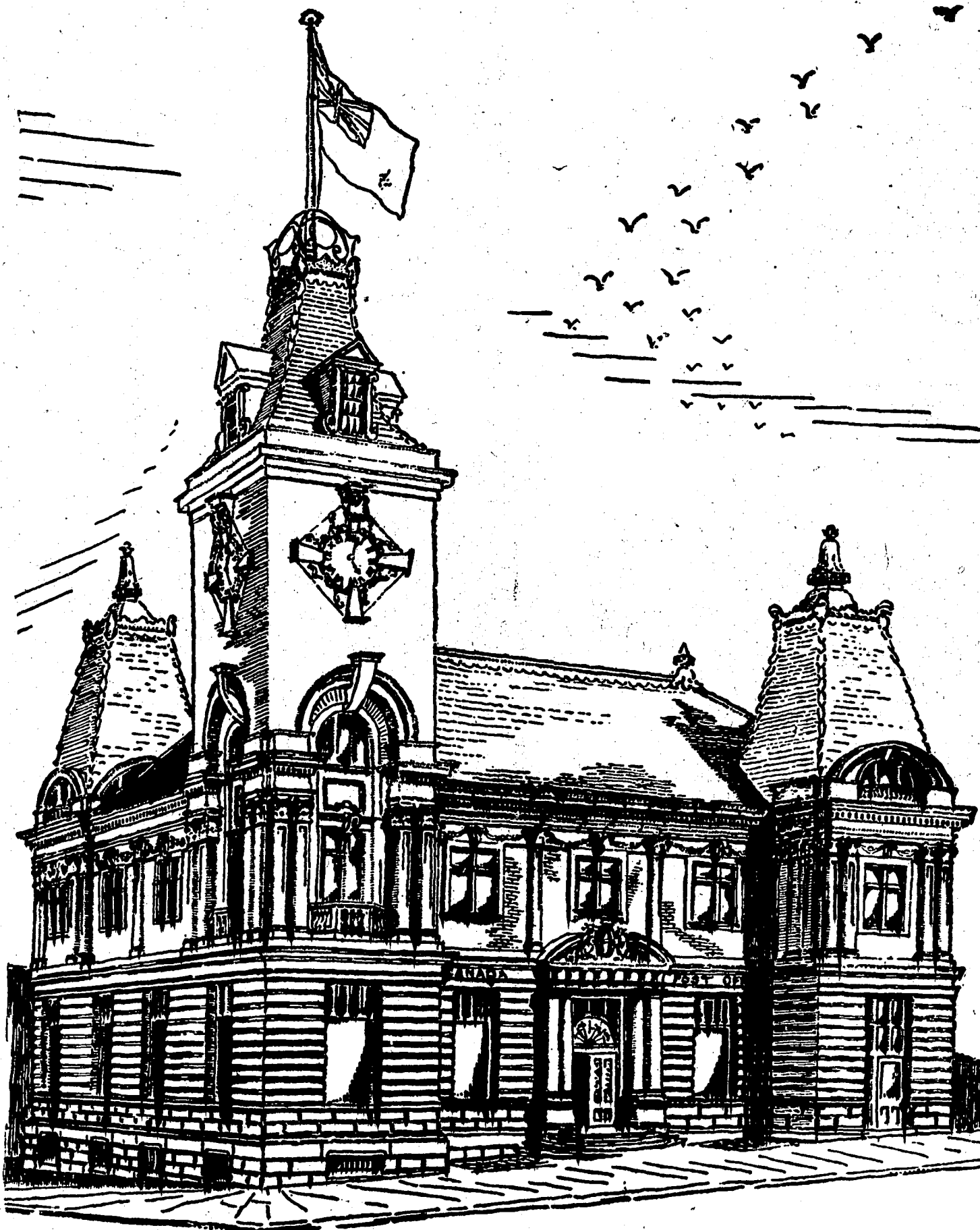
The world's steam tonnage in round numbers

(Continued on Page 5)

NOTICE

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The Merchants' Publicity Co., or its representatives, have no connection with the Terminal City Press, Ltd.



POSTAL STATION "C"

The above cut is a perspective of the Postal Station which the Dominion Government propose to build in Mt. Pleasant on the corner of 15th Ave. and Main Streets; it is one of a series which will be constructed in different sections of Greater Vancouver, in order to successfully cope with the rapidly increasing postal demands of our city.

The above represents a building which will cost approximately \$100,000.00 and will be of first-class fire-proof construction. The material will be practically all British Columbian products. This is the result of the persistent demands of the member for Vancouver that in all public works in the Dominion the materials shall be Canadian.

Below the ground floor the material shall be Denman Island stone; from the ground floor up to the eaves is white Haddington Island stone and pressed brick; the cornices and pilasters will be stone, suitably carved; above the eaves, the roof, etc., to be of asbestos slates, with copper finials and hip ornaments.

The inside of the building will be finished in marble slabs, from Quebec (if possible B. C. marble will be used), dados of marble, columns, capitals and moulded cornices of suitable carved stone. The floors to be concrete with hardwood finish and in places marble terrazzo. The building will be heated throughout with hot water and usual radiator system, with ventilation through the outer walls. The windows will be plate glass made to slide behind the stone tracery.

The stairs will be steel frames and marble treads and risers; the landings and enclosing walls to be of concrete with marble finish.

Every effort is being made to rush this building to completion and when finished it will be a distinct acquisition to the Mt. Pleasant section of our city.

CITY IS BREAKING CONTRACT

THE CITY ENGINEER AND WATER SUPERINTENDENT.

A motion to cancel the five-year agreement made by the City with Mr. Fellows, the City Engineer, was made at a recent council meeting. It is not our intention to contend that Mr. Fellows is a perfect man personally, or that he is the best engineer to be had. Such a claim could not be made in behalf of any man. He is a very "human" person, is Mr. Fellows. He has faults; so has every member of the council and every citizen of Vancouver. The question is not, Has the City Engineer made any mistakes? but rather, Does he average up well? We can only judge this by results and comparisons. Mr. Fellows came here from Westmount. Westmount has to-day the best streets of any city in Canada. It has good sewerage and water supply and puts to shame the balance of the great City of Montreal.

When Mr. Fellows came to Vancouver we had the poorest possible system of streets and chaos reigned supreme in the engineering department. To-day, after a little over two years service, we can boast a splendid system of paved streets which is greatly admired by all visitors. Formerly our streets were notoriously filthy and dusty. All that is changed and to-day we can boast that we have, without doubt, the cleanest city in Canada.

When one considers the rapidity of the growth of Vancouver we must marvel at the manner in which our improvements have kept pace with our development.

We have no reason to fold our arms and rest content with our condition—there is still much to do—but this we say advisedly, that Vancouver compares very favorably with the following cities: Toronto, Ottawa, Winnipeg, Hamilton, Calgary, Montreal, Quebec, London, Victoria or any other of our larger cities.

Montreal is (excepting Westmount) a dirty, ill-kept place. Toronto is having endless trouble with the engineering department. Ottawa has about the most incompetent engineering department in Canada, and so we might go on. Fellows is not perfect, but he has produced results in Vancouver which have not been equalled in any other city in Canada.

Just a word regarding his dispute with Steve Maddison.

In our opinion this seems to be the sore point, and it is the more regrettable because "Steve" is a very valuable public servant. He has given the city service which it will be impossible to duplicate in any other man. That is saying a great deal, but not too much. When Alderman McBeath made his charges against Steve Maddison he seized upon a weak point in his make-up and exploited it so as to make it appear that there was nothing else in "Steve."

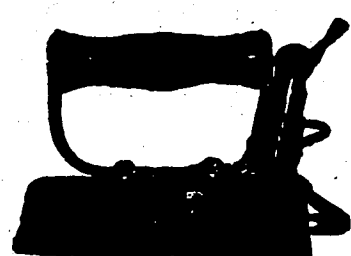
Like Fellows, Maddison has his faults, but these are outbalanced by his numerous good qualities. What do the public care if the superintendent of waterworks kept a driver for the W. W. auto or not? Such a charge is childish in extreme. One would think that this was for a pleasure auto and that "Steve" travelled in state. Such is not the case. Both the auto and the driver are kept very busy at most useful employment.

Vancouver has the finest water supply and system on this continent, and much of this is due to the faithful work of its Superintendent. Has he made any mistakes? Certainly he has. Who is there in active life who has not? But let us judge him by the results of his long years of service and not pick out a few insignificant faults.

Unfortunately, Fellows and Maddison do not agree and therein lies the whole trouble. Who is to blame? We cannot tell. Nor do we think that fifty commissions will succeed in finding out. This much is clear to any impartial student of civic affairs that both these men have rendered the City valuable service. Both are capable of giving us more and better service. If they cannot work team work then why not separate the waterworks department and put it under a separate department?

The City Council will make a grave mistake if they drive out of the public service these two men. Small and petty differences should not take precedence over the general public good, and we appeal strongly to our Council to go slow in this very important matter.

A local organization of the United Typothetae of America was effected in the Board of Trade rooms, on Wednesday night of this week. Most of the reputable printing firms of the city united.



USE — Electric Irons

FOR

Comfort, Convenience, Economy

The cost for continuous operation is only a few cents per hour.

The iron is operated from an ordinary household socket

The irons sold by this company are constructed on the best principles. This means an appliance which is hot at the point and cool at the handle. The iron bears the manufacturer's guarantee.

B. C. ELECTRIC CO.

Carrall and
Hastings Sts.Phone
Seymour 50001138 Granville St.
Near Davie St.

Winnipeg Grocery

Phone High. 1561 Harris & Campbell

One of the most up-to-date stores in the district, carrying a full line of

High-Class Groceries

Special attention to phone orders. Branch Post Office.

O. E. Jones, Proprietor

Winnipeg Bakery

Phone High. 802 Victoria Dr. & 2nd

One of the cleanest and most modern bakeries in the city with a select stock of

Bread, Cakes, Pastries

Skilled workmen and our modern equipment produce the best.

Jones & Roberts, Props.

For Watches Clocks Jewelry and Optical Goods

A. WISMER

Jeweler and Optician

Repairing a Specialty

1433 Commercial Drive

BUFFALO GROCERY

Commercial Drive and 14th Ave.

"The Home of Quality"

Our stock is fresh and is kept so. All our goods are guaranteed.

J. P. Sinclair, Prop. Phone: Fairmont 1033

SWINDELL BROS. Grocers

Do You Want to Save Money?

Then buy for cash at Swindell Bros' Grocery.

We are giving cash receipts with every cash purchase.

Bring in \$10 worth of cash receipts and receive 1 lb. of our best 40c Tea or Coffee.

Note our Telephone Numbers, High. 120, 121

Swindell Bros.

1417 Commercial Dr. Phones Highland 120, 121

TO REDUCE HIGH COST OF LIVING

In recent years probably no one topic has caused so much discussion or elicited so much diverse explanation as to its origin and solution, as that of the "high cost of living." It is our present intention to endeavor to show how this problem may be partly met or solved by the "keeping of poultry on the city lot, back yard or garden."

Much pleasure and profit are oftentimes afforded householders by the keeping of a few fowls, whereby they can secure fresh, wholesome eggs, and now and again the best meat obtainable, by killing off their surplus stock.

In any city there are very few yards so small or situated so that a few fowls could not be profitably kept. When considering such a question, the chief points to be remembered are, sunlight, reasonable space, shade, and good drainage. There are, certainly, other points almost as important, but the above are those that should be mainly considered at the outset.

Quite a few would-be poultry keepers are deterred oftentimes by the fear that the space at their disposal is not large enough. True, a back yard or garden only a few feet square is not of sufficient area to permit of the profitable rearing of stock, but providing the utmost care is taken as to cleanliness and attention, there is no reason why a few hens should not be successfully kept.

Location of House and Yard.

When building, always endeavor to locate the house as far from the dwelling of owner as possible. (We refer now, to where it is proposed to keep fowls in the ordinary back yard of, say, 50 or 60 feet wide, by perhaps 30 to 50 feet deep). There are good reasons for this. Chief among these are those of a sanitary nature, and that the dwelling house may not obstruct sunlight entering the pen or house of fowls.

Always enclose the yard with wire netting, and this to be not less than six feet high. Where wire is not used and the fowls allowed to run through your own and neighbors' yards, gardens or front lawns, unpleasant consequences invariably arise.

If the lot is surrounded by a board fence, a wire netting two or three feet wide may be strung along the top of the fence, securing the same to scaling or poles nailed to fence.

If the owner desires to use part of the yard for a vegetable garden as well, a dividing fence of netting should be put up, and by having the whole lot wired the fowls may be allowed access to the garden after the vegetables have been removed. This will afford the owner an opportunity to clean up and spade over the poultry run in the meantime.

Type of Building.

For the coast district and adjacent islands, an open-front house may be used. In the interior, a front composed of either coarse cotton, movable glass or a combination of both, is preferable.

The type of house proper in any locality may be the same, and may be built according to owner's ideas. These are the types generally used:

Woods' house, a semi-monitor, or in other words, the roof on the south side starts from a point usually two feet lower from the ridge than the north side. This allows windows to be placed perpendicularly in the portion above; Tolman house, with an uneven roof, having generally two-thirds of its area sloping to the south, and the rest to the north. The southern roof also comes down a foot or two lower than the north side; the common shed roof, with slant to north; the combination roof, which is practically a Tolman house reversed, so that the south roof is smaller in size than the north; the gable, etc. Of the types enumerated, the shed roof is generally cheapest to build. Where driving rains are experienced, it is advisable to place a hood in front of the opening. If possible, the door should be either the east, south, or west side, and, where not much light is obtainable, a window may be put in either the east or west side.

A board floor is generally used, and it is advisable to build the house up off the ground a few inches, to avoid dampness and harboring of rats. In severe climates, the houses may be banked up with stable manure or earth during the winter.

A foot board should be placed in the doorway, to prevent the litter from jamming the door, and this will also save considerable snow-shovelling in winter.

Where the house is located near a fence or building to the north of it, thereby offering protection from wintry winds and storms, it need not be built so deep as when erected in a more exposed position. In any case, it should not be less than 8 feet deep

in coast and island sections, and not less than ten feet in colder regions. Where the fowls are confined to the house during the winter, they should be given at least six square feet of floor-space each. In milder sections, four may be found satisfactory.

During the hot summer months, shade should be supplied in the yards, either by natural growth, such as corn, sunflowers, artichokes, etc., or by cotton screen or board shelters.

Equipment.

Very few fittings will be needed. The fewer the better. See that all are portable. Roosts, of 2x3, or barked poles, may be placed running east and west, and from nine inches to a foot space allowed for each bird, according to breed. A droppings-board, 2 feet wide for a single roost, or 3 to 3½ feet for two roosts, should be placed under roost. This should be cleaned every few days, or not less than twice weekly, and the board disinfected with lime or liquid disinfectant. The house interior should be lime-washed once yearly, all fittings being removed at same time. The roosts may be painted with creosote or tar, to prevent the breeding of red mites. In severe climates, a dust bath box should be provided. It should be so placed that plenty of sunlight can play upon it. It should be about half filled with earth, with which has been mixed some powdered sulphur. It may be necessary to raise the box on legs to prevent litter getting in. Nest boxes should not be less than 14 inches square, inside measurement, and about one nest to from three to five birds allowed. The nesting materials should be frequently changed, and burned when removed. A water pan, preferably enamelled, should be placed on a board at least a foot above the litter, the board being broad enough to allow the bird standing room when drinking, a grit and shell receptacle, and, if desired, a dry-mash box, or trough or board for wet mash. A board for wet mash is preferable. It is much easier to clean than a trough.

The simplest and best form of dry-mash hopper is just a plain box, any size or depth, with the top removed. A lath should be nailed all around the top, flush with the outside edge. This prevents birds from scratching out the mash.

Breeds to Select.

Choose one of the popular breeds, and above all, get healthy, vigorous stock, and buy only those of a good laying strain. If one finds it difficult to make a choice, it is advisable to visit a local Fair or Poultry Show, and then select.

If one wishes to buy mature stock, the best time to buy is between the months of July, August and September. If pullets, then the months of September, October and November will be found most suitable. Where the owner does not intend to rear chicks, but will secure layers by purchase, no male bird is necessary. On the contrary, they are a detriment and expense. Where a male is needed for breeding purposes, it should not be kept after the close of the breeding season, unless a show specimen. All males should be killed or marketed soon after the middle of June. The Department's Bulletin, "Natural and Artificial Incubation," supplied free on application, fully describes methods to be adopted when owners wish to rear their own stock.

Above all, purchase from reliable breeders. The writer cannot urge too strongly on this point. It is courting almost certain failure, and consequent disappointment, to purchase stock from dealers and hucksters. Very few of the latter-mentioned people can supply you stock that will give satisfactory results. Numerous instances have been brought to the writer's notice, where fowls of uncertain age, and suffering from almost every known poultry disease, have been palmed off on unsuspecting people who have bought generally because the birds are secured at a price at which reliable breeders cannot afford to sell.

By writing the Secretary, care of Department of Agriculture, Victoria, a list of members of the Provincial Association will be forwarded free, giving a full list of breeds kept.

Feeds and Feeding.

Wheat should form the staple food, and, with all other hard grain, should be fed in deep litter to promote exercise and health. During the winter months, cracked corn may be fed to advantage, feeding it in equal proportion to the wheat. The amount of feed is best judged by the owner. Care should be taken to see that very few grains are left at a reasonable time from feeding. The times of feeding may be set to suit owner. Where a dry-mash is fed, it is not necessary to feed more than twice daily, morning and afternoon. It is important,

(Continued on Page 7)

Grandview Stationery

Where it pays to deal.

SCHOOL SUPPLIES

1130 Commercial Drive
J. W. EDMONDS, Prop.

LAND NOTICES

COAST DISTRICT, RANGE 1.

Take notice that I, Merton Smith, of Vancouver, B. C., Broker, intend to apply to the Assistant Commissioner of Lands for a licence to prospect for coal and petroleum on and over the following described lands: Beginning at a post planted one mile south and one mile east of the southerly point of Seymour Inlet, thence running north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated 26th day of April, 1913.

MERTON SMITH,

Per Jas. McKendel, Agent.

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Dated April 27th, 1913.

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206-13-15-8-13

THE WESTERN CALL
Issued every Friday at 2408 Westminister Road, one-half block north of Broadway. Phone Fairmont 1144.
Editor, H. H. Stevens; Manager, Geo. A. Odium.



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

Changes of ads must be in by Tuesday evening each week to insure insertion in following issue.
Notices of births, deaths and marriages inserted free of charge.

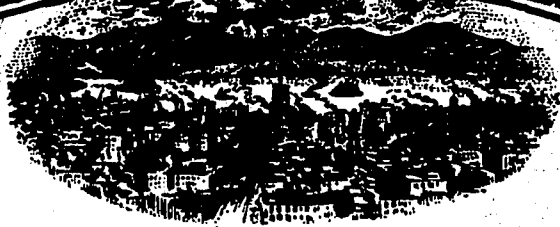
"COMPANIES ACT."

TAKE NOTICE that BATSON FISHERIES, LIMITED, intend to apply to the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies after one month from date of first publication of this notice for liberty to change the name of the said Company to REDONDA CANYING & GOLD STORAGE COMPANY, LIMITED.
DATED at VANCOUVER, B. C., this 23rd Day of April, 1913.
THOMAS F. FOLEY,
Secretary.

THE TERMINAL CITY PRESS, LTD.
PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS

Merton Smith
President
Geo. A. Odium
Manager

H. H. Stevens, M.P.
Editor-in-chief
Prof. E. Odium, M.A., B.Sc.
Associate Editor



Vancouver, B.C., July 1, 1913.

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

The Directors of THE TERMINAL CITY PRESS, LTD., printers and publishers, wish to assure you of their continued interest in the things which make for your happiness and success. Life is too short and too pregnant with future possibilities to warrant indulgence in idleness, self-seeking, needless oppositions or purposeless employment.

The Terminal City Press, Ltd., was organized and is perpetuated for the purpose of contributing to the healthy growth of Greater Vancouver and the permanent development of British Columbia.

To more effectively accomplish this purpose THE WESTERN CALL, a weekly newspaper, is published and widely circulated. It is independent, outspoken, vigorous, impartial and fully abreast of the times. This paper is feared by the lawless and relied upon by all citizens of clean mind and sound judgment. In news items it cannot hope to compete with the dailies, but in editorials and comments on live issues it is recognized as unexcelled in Vancouver.

In order to measure up to the demands of present and prospective increase of business, an annex has been added to the old quarters, giving an aggregate of over 3,000 SQUARE FEET FLOOR SPACE. A No. 1 Miehle Press has just been installed to secure perfection and range in the fine art of printing. A staff of skilled union workmen is employed to insure the best possible results.

The Company now, at the beginning of its fifth year, promises printing of all kinds and varieties from the simplest to the most complex, equal in quality to any and at prices most satisfactory. They invite your consideration and inspection of their plant at 2404-2408 Westminister Road, corner of Eighth Avenue, Mt. Pleasant.

Yours respectfully,

TERMINAL CITY PRESS, LTD.

Per Geo. A. Odium, Mgr.

If You Live

In the vicinity of

Mt. Pleasant

You don't have to go far to see one of the largest and best selections of

WALLPAPER

In Vancouver; and you don't have to go far to get first-class paper-hangers, painters and interior decorators.

STANLEY & CO.

Phone Fair. 888

2317 Main Street

TORONTO FURNITURE STORE

3334 Main St.

Our stock of Furniture is Large, Modern and adapted to the tastes of Buyers.

Dressers, Buffets, Tables, Chairs, Couches, Mattresses, Bedsteads, etc.

A complete line of Linoleums, Carpet Squares, etc. Drop in and inspect our goods. This is where you get a square deal.

M. H. OOWAN

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Our Stock of

WALLPAPER

is latest in design and best in quality.

Our

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are unexcelled and our workmanship is unrivalled.

If you contemplate having your house papered or painted, call on us.

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Importers of Wallpaper

323 Broadway, W Phone Fair. 1528

Cut Flowers

Plants

Funereal Designs
Decorations for Social Functions.

KEELER'S NURSERY

Cor 15th Ave. & Main St
PHONE: Fairmont 817

Some of the Things We Print:

Letterheads

Billheads

Statements

Envelopes

Business Cards

Hand Bills

Window Cards

Post Cards

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Butter Wrappers

Bread Labels

Bills Fare

Admission Tick'ts

Milk Tickets

Bread Tickets

Meal Tickets

Professional C'ds

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For Sale Cards

To Let Cards

Index Cards

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Circulars, Letter

" Note

Cheques

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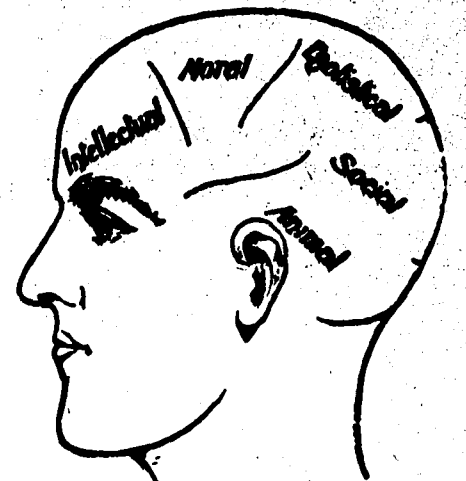
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Write legibly. We cannot decipher hieroglyphics.

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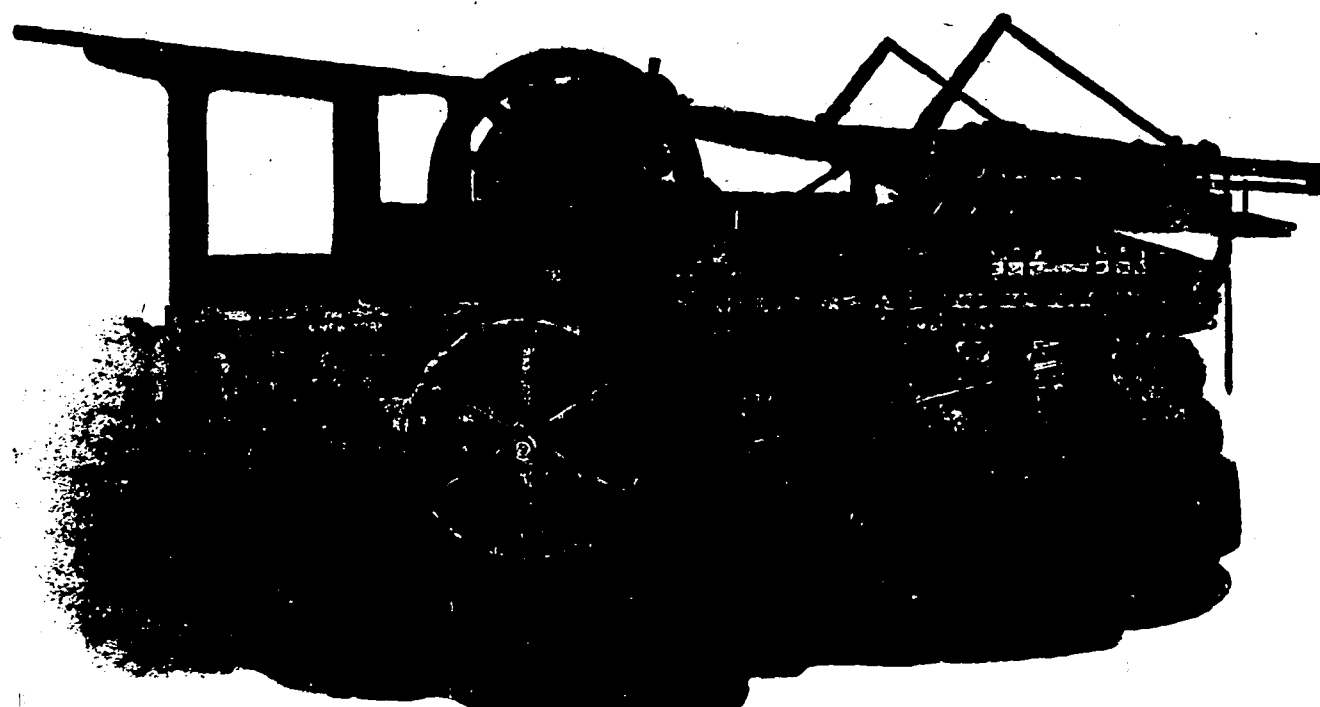
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Around Vancouver

GRANDVIEW.

Vancouver Division No. 1, Sons of Temperance, which suspended meetings during the holiday season, will hold the opening session on Tuesday, Sept. 3rd, and will continue to meet on the second and fourth Tuesday of each month in the quarters on the corner of Pender and Kamloops Sts.

Miss Bessie Hume, Teacher, Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, who has spent her vacation touring western cities, was a recent guest of Mrs. B. Witter, 747 Lakewood Drive.

Rev. O. N. Sanford, pastor of Trinity Methodist Church, is preaching a series of evening sermons on "The Bible the Most Wonderful Book in the World." The initial sermon preached last Sunday had as subject, "Why We Should Know the Bible."

CENTRAL PARK.

The cricket match between the Central Park and Cedar Cottage teams played on the Central Park grounds on Saturday last resulted in a score of 96 to 87 in favor of Central Park.

Mrs. C. G. L. Reid has as guest Mrs. Todd of Kamloops.

The ice cream social given in the Park by the Ladies' Aid on Saturday, was a most successful affair.

Mr. Thurston, Vancouver, has nearly completed a home worth \$6,000.00 on Maxwell Street.

Mr. J. Clarke is moving into his new house on Jersey Avenue. Other dwellings which are about finished are: house belonging to Mr. Dixon of Calgary and Mr. Cranney Myr's two houses on Inman Avenue. A number of smaller ones are going up.

Several men employed by the Park Board have, for the last few months, been cutting away the underbrush and fixing up the trails of the Park and nearly every week the grounds are visited by a large picnic party from the city. The place is especially attractive because it can be reached by car.

The number of children in the district who are of school age, has so increased since last year that a new wing containing several rooms, is being added to the school building. This wing is almost completed.

NORTH VANCOUVER.

Mayor Hanes, Alderman Wheeler, chairman of the water committee, and several others of the council, have been on an expedition to Seymour and Lynn Creeks during the present week, seeking for the best method to increase the water supply to meet the city's future need. The result of their exploration will be made known at the next meeting.

The three schools: Lonsdale, Central and Ridgeway, have opened up with a splendid attendance of pupils. An entrance class has been added to those in Lonsdale.

Alderman Pilling and family spent

a very pleasant vacation in White Rock, and returned to the city the latter part of the week.

Rev. A. O. Patterson, Kerrisdale, conducted the preparatory service in the St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church on Friday evening last.

Rev. Mr. Smith, returned missionary, spoke in St. Andrew's on Sunday evening. He gave an interesting synopsis of the work in India.

Mr. H. Esty and family have moved into their new home on Fifteenth St. West.

Captain Strathdee of the North Vancouver fire department expects to sail on Sept. 3rd in the R.M.S.S. Niagara for New Zealand, where he will join his family.

Dr. and Mrs. Fea have been spending a few days in Victoria.

Chief Findlay of the fire department is attending a convocation of fire chiefs in Tacoma.

The fifth anniversary of No. 55, I. O. O. F., was celebrated on Friday evening last, in the Japanese Tea Gardens on Twenty-first Street. Members from Vancouver lodges and from the Rebecca lodges of both Vancouver and North Vancouver were present and helped to make the event an enjoyable one. Ice cream and cake were served on the grounds, which were suitably illuminated for this festive occasion, after which the dancing was enjoyed to the small hours. About eight hundred people were present.

SOUTH VANCOUVER.

Municipal Matters.

"It is my intention to advise the council to shortly take up the matter of municipality owned plants both for gas and electricity," said Reeve Kerr in conversation with a representative of "The Western Call" on Tuesday morning. "Such an electric plant would be of great use to our industrial enterprises." The Reeve was not present at the meeting of the Board of Trade on the previous evening, where dissatisfaction was expressed over the alleged delay in the presentation of the gas expert's report on municipal ownership of a gas plant. The report was said to have been received by the council and filed.

Mr. R. C. Hodgson, the chairman, said it was a shame that the streets were about to be paved without the simultaneous laying of gas mains. The council ought to deal with firms if there was to be delay in starting a municipal enterprise.

It was decided that a loss of \$10,000 a mile would be entailed in tearing up the paved streets to lay the mains. The secretary was finally instructed to send to the Reeve for a copy of the expert's report.

According to Mr. Elliott, the Reeve represented to a delegation from the Board of Trade that the Municipal council would not buy industrial sites

with its bonds. The Reeve, however, assured Mr. Elliott that the municipality might later be willing to pay cash for such sites.

A reduction has been made in the water rate, so that the rate will be almost on a par with that of the city. This will take effect at the beginning of the year.

An assistant wiring inspector has been hired at a salary of \$85.00 per month, whose services will begin on Sept. 1.

It has been arranged to erect temporary quarters for a dressing room on the football grounds.

The South Vancouver Fire Department have negotiated for a combination chemical engine and hose wagon, which they expect to receive about the first of October.

It is said by competent authority that the paving of Kingsway will be completed by October 1. All the grading is practically complete to the limits of South Vancouver. The advance work, such as curb and gutter work, will be finished in a week and the entire base completed by September 16, and the bitulithic surface be completed by the close of that month. Work on putting down the finish between Rupert St. and Park Ave. began on Monday of this week. Over 300 men are employed in this work and 80 per cent. are local laborers.

The members of the adult Bible classes of the Ferris Road Methodist Church held a rustic social on Tuesday evening in the church school room in honor of Miss E. Hayes, who has taken a school in Trail, B. C. The dress represented the milkmaid, the housemaid, Bridget the cook, and the country squire.

The River View Football Club held a successful meeting on the evening of August 21. Everything points to a successful season opening up next month. At the general meeting held on August 4th the following officers were elected: J. B. Gateman, president; W. Ross, vice-president; J. Spencer, secretary; G. Darby, treasurer; C. Wilkins, chairman. On the selection committee are: J. S. McKay, T. King, J. Bland, C. Holmes, C. Wilkins and G. Darby.

Regular meetings will be held every Wednesday starting Sept. 3rd at Jack and John's Place, corner of Fraser Avenue and Fifty-first Ave. Players and friends are cordially invited.

Rev. W. H. Redman of South Vancouver, who has been supplying the First Baptist Church, Nanaimo, will occupy the pulpit of the Mount Pleasant Baptist Church on Sunday, Sept. 7.

Mrs. A. C. Robinson, 229 Forty-eighth Ave., has had, as recent visitors, Mrs. T. Vance and her son, Mr. James Vance of Alma, Washington.

CEDAR COTTAGE.

The Boys' Club of Cedar Cottage Presbyterian Church, which was organized in May with nine members, has grown large and influential. The meetings of the club take place every Tuesday evening. Every second Tuesday medical lectures are given. The first of the series was "first aid." Other important features are debates and sports.

The Ladies' Aid of this church will serve meals during exhibition week at their tent on the grounds in Hastings Park.

The Commercial Athletic Club, which started a little over a month ago, has now over one hundred members. They are putting in all kinds of sports and have joined the B. C. A. U. The club room, in Marlow Hall, over Marlow Pool Room, 3586 Commercial Drive, is well fitted up. The first open tournament of this club will be held on Friday, September 5. All boxers and wrestlers, who are members of the B. C. A. U. may enter

the following classes: 105, 115, 125, 135, 145, 175 and heavy-weight, by communicating with Mr. W. M. Yuill of the pool room at the above address. The following are the officers of the club: J. P. McArthur, honorary-president; W. J. Dickinson, president; Alderman McSpadden, Thomas Bell and F. Rodgers, vice-presidents; Russell Leighton, manager; W. M. Yuill, secretary-treasurer; E. Barrieu and F. Barrieu, boxing instructors; A. Hatch, wrestling instructor, and B. Murray, track manager.

A joint picnic of the Ladies' Aid and the Women's Missionary Society of the Robson Memorial Methodist Church took place on Thursday, August 21, at Stanley Park. About sixty were present and an enjoyable afternoon was spent.

The Robson Memorial Methodist Church, besides the addition of a wing for the pulpit and the choir, has been raised ten feet, and a basement has been placed under the whole, containing a banquet hall, a kitchen, and several parlors. The Ladies' Aid have refurbished the church, and it presents a new appearance. The Rev. E. Manuel, pastor, occupied his pulpit on Sunday for the first time since his holidays.

COLLINGWOOD.

A fire broke out in the store occupied by G. R. Bell, West Collingwood station, at 11:30 o'clock on Saturday evening. The fire originated in a closet under the stairway. The fire brigade was soon on hand and the fire under control. The damage to building and goods, which was comparatively small, was covered by insurance.

Rev. Mr. Morgan, pastor of Collingwood Methodist Church, Mr. and Mrs. J. Pough and family and the Misses Ford have returned from White Rock, where they have been spending holidays.

Mr. Malcolm McKinnon of the Klondike is visiting his brother, Mr. Dan McKinnon, Westminster Road.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Menzies have returned from a three months' trip to Alberta.

Mrs. Polson of Galt, Ontario, was a recent visitor at the home of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Fringle.

Miss McLellan, Hamilton, Ontario, is visiting Mrs. F. W. LeMessurier.

POINT GREY.

KERRISDALE.

The Kerrisdale W. C. T. U., organized in the early summer, is growing rapidly. The following are the officers: Mrs. C. R. Leas, president; Mrs. McGill, vice-president; Mrs. J. R. Chappell, recording secretary; Mrs. Munns, corresponding secretary; and Mrs. Arkwright, treasurer.

M. G. Hardy is on a trip to Edmonton. Prof. J. F. McLaughlin of Victoria College, Toronto, who made on a lecturing tour to the summer schools throughout the West, and who has since been visiting his sister, Mrs. W. Held and relatives and friends in Victoria, left on Monday for the East.

The Angus Road Tennis Club have just completed a new tennis court. On Saturday they played with the tennis club of the Sixth Avenue Methodist Church in which the latter were victors.

Mr. W. P. Reid, who has been on a several days' fishing trip, returned on Saturday.

The amount taken by the Ladies' Aid of the Presbyterian Church at the recent social was in the vicinity of one hundred dollars.

Rev. Stewart Clark Harbinson, who has lately severed his connection with Knox Church, Dunedin, New Zealand, has been visiting his friend, Rev. A. O. Patterson.

Mrs. J. Rae, Forty-seventh Ave., recently entertained Mr. and Mrs. W. Rose of Smith Falls.

Miss J. Coomes of Vancouver was on Saturday a guest of Mrs. Ritchie, Forty-sixth Ave.

Miss M. Edwards, who has been visiting friends in the Old Country, expected to sail in the S.S. Canada for Montreal on Saturday last. She will probably reach Kerrisdale about the first of the month.

Mr. T. Mayberry of Stratford, Ontario, is visiting his sister, Mrs. A. Large, of Larch street.

Because of the present condition of the money market the councillors at the meeting of the Municipal Council on Tuesday evening agreed to raise the rate of interest on By-law No. 10 of 1913, relating to temporary loans, from six per cent. to seven per cent.

Reeve Churchill, Councillor Cunliffe and Controller Floyd have been appointed to form a committee with as full powers as the council is able to give them to act in all matters relating to the treasury certificates falling due September 1, 1913, and the issue

Kelly the Grocer

Gives Pony Ballots with every 25c Cash purchase.

Large Cucumbers, 10c
5c each Cabbage, -
Cauliflower, 15c New Beets, 2 bunches 5c

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If you want Good Fruit for Preserving Buy them early. They may get cheaper but they won't be as good.

Blackberries, per bas. 15c
Lg. Cantaloupes, 2 for 25c
Fancy Tomatoes, 15c lb.
Tragedy Plums, per bas. 60c
Burberry Plums, per bas. 40c
Kenwick Plums, per bas. 40c

Fruit Jars

Mason Jars, per dozen pints, - 70c
Mason Jars, per dozen quarts, - 85c
Patent Jelly Glasses, per dozen, - 45c
Rubber Rings, per dozen, - 5c
Tops for every kind of Jar.

New Potatoes, 18 lbs. 25c
Lg. Bananas, per doz. 30c

Pie Apples

Large Gallon Tins, reg. 40c, per tin 30c
Saturday only.

Grape Juice, " 25c
Ginger Ale, best, 3 bottles 25c
Lime Juice, btl. 25c
Raspberry Vin'gr. per bottle 20c

Eggo Baking Powder

Large tins, reg. 70c, per tin 60c
Saturday only.

Toilet Paper, per roll 5c
Quaker Peas, 2 tins 25c
Panshine, - 3 tins 25c
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Quaker Corn, 2 tins 25c

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OUR MARKET SPECIALS

Local Lamb, Legs 25c
Fresh Loins Pork, 22c
Prime Ribs Beef, 20c
Choice Pot Roast, 15c
Eastern Township Butter, 3 lbs. for \$1.00
Loins, 22c
Shoulders, 15c
Sirloin Roast, 18c
Sirloin Roast, - 22c
Halibut, - 8c
Salmon, 35c each

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" " Shoulders - 16c
Choice Rolled Roasts, 20c to 25c
Fresh Dressed Chix - 25c to 30c
Lean Shank Meat, boneless, 12 1/2c
Good Lard - - - 2 lbs. 25c
Per lb. 10c
15c per lb.
15c per lb.
Large Labrador Herring - each 5c
Fresh Local Veal Roasts 25c to 30c
Sirloin Roast - - - 25c
Choice Pot Roast - - 12 1/2c-15c
Choice Cuts Round Steak 20c-22c
Cooked Lunch Tongue - - 40c
Best Table Butter 3 lbs. \$1.00
Ranch Eggs, 35c doz., 3 doz. \$1.00
Finnan Haddie - per lb. 12 1/2c
Kippers - 5c per pair
Fresh Smoked Salmon - 20c per lb.

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The Heart of Vancouver

If You Help Your District
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of other certificates in lieu of payment thereof without other authorization from the council.

Magistrate Proctor was presented with a beautiful group photograph of the police force in recognition of his recent valuable services.

The local improvement plan has provided for constructing a five-foot cement sidewalk on the north side of Second Avenue from Imperial Street to Trimble Street and on the east side of Trimble Street from Second Avenue to Belmont Avenue. The tender of the British Columbia Granite and Contracting Company, Ltd., will be accepted if the necessary arrangements can be made.

The Point Grey Municipal Athletic Club will hold its first Annual Field Day at Oak Street Park, Eburne, on Saturday, September 6th, commencing at midday. The program includes events confined to this club as well as a number in which the employees of the municipalities of South Vancouver, Burnaby and Richmond are invited to participate.

Excellent prizes will be given for every event, and the employees mentioned are urged to attend. Entries must be in the secretary's hands early. Address: W. H. Frost, Kerrisdale P. O.

CEDAR COTTAGE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Rev. J. C. Madill, Pastor.
Services—11 a.m., 7:30 p.m.
The pastor will preach at both services.

Carnegie Free Library Branch No. 7 is located in Gordon's Drug Store, Cor Main St. and 17th Avenue. Cards from the Main Library honored here.

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The Strike Situation

(Continued from Page 1)

they call him, "a scab," that he had several sons who were also strike-breakers, but one son refused to go to work and stood by the strikers, for which he was soundly beaten by the father. The strikers hearing this determined to remonstrate with the father (no doubt in a very forcible manner), who, seeing them coming towards his house, seized a stick of dynamite and attaching a short fuse, lighted it, and attempted to throw it out of the window, it struck the sash and fell back into the room, whereupon he again caught it up to throw at the strikers, when it exploded in his grasp and blew his arm off, causing almost fatal injury.

If this latter story is true, and our information is reliable, the injured man is the criminal and deserves all he got and more.

The Cause of the Riot.

The men also allege that the first act of violence was committed by four Italian strike-breakers, who attacked a striker and stabbed him viciously. They also charge that the authorities refused to arrest three of these men, allowing them to go free.

Many other cases of injustice and aggravated provocation are alleged by the men, who contend that they are not responsible for the riot at all. At present the public have no means of judging as to the merits of the case.

Those who take a position antagonistic to the men speak in strongest possible terms in bitter condemnation of their whole course, but we fear that it is not safe to rely upon their testimony, which must be highly colored, both from prejudice and from excitement.

The Militia.

The men and their sympathizers condemn in unmeasured language the militia. In this they are wrong. Whatever injustice may, in their opinion, have preceded the riot, we must recognize the duty of the authorities to maintain order and protect property. We cannot, as citizens, permit mob rule. The rioting was unlawful, whatever its cause. Nothing can ever be gained by such methods. The net result to date has been to create a public opinion which goes to the extreme in its condemnation of the strikers, and this condemnation, though partly unjustified, is confirmed and accentuated by the inflammatory attacks, such as were made in a public meeting recently.

The Incompetence of Police.

We have learned one thing from this disturb-

ance, that the Provincial Police system is utterly useless as a preventive. As far as it goes the force may be all right, but does it go far enough? In a country like British Columbia we require a corp of trained men, who could, if occasion demanded, be concentrated in one place. Fifty trained mounted police could have handled the whole situation and thus have avoided the bitterness always evoked upon "calling out the militia." Nothing angers a disturbed mob more than militia, whereas a good regular police force can often handle a large crowd successfully.

Our Provincial Police individually may be of the best, but collectively they are useless. They are not trained to act in unison, nor have they any common discipline. With a corp of trained mounted police such a situation could be handled and the militia would be spared the stigma which is wrongfully hurled at them, charging them with being enemies of the workingmen. The militia should be looked upon as for the common defense of the country from foreign invasion, and not to put down local disturbances, whatever the cause. That should be police work solely.

Summary.

The strike became a strike because we have no adequate labor disputes law.

The problem has become so involved, as a result of charges and counter charges, that a satisfactory understanding now seems hopeless.

The men have been guilty of lawless acts, for which we do not offer any defence, but not all the violence can be attributed to them.

The outcome demonstrates the uselessness and folly of the "lock-out" and "strike" and forces upon public attention the need of adequate laws at once.

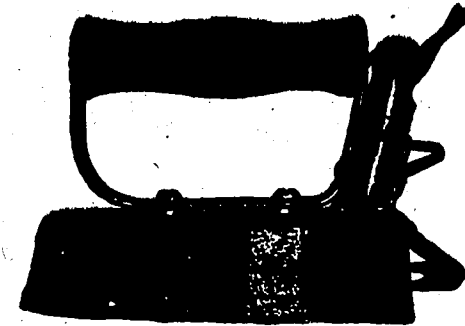
Give the arrested men a fair and impartial trial. We want no persecution, only prosecution.

Company offenders should be punished exactly as are the strikers. There must be no partiality shown. If there is, time will reveal it and it will remain a blot on British justice.

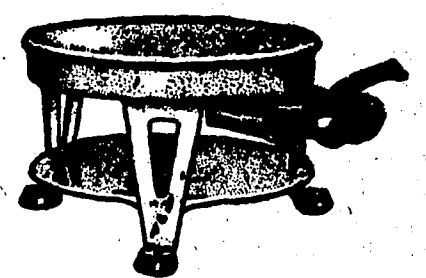
Those guilty of violence must be punished, none may gainsay that. But never were judges placed in a more awkward position. Justice might be more evenly dispensed by outside judges, for after all we are all human and likely to be prejudiced. We must have British justice.

Special for Women

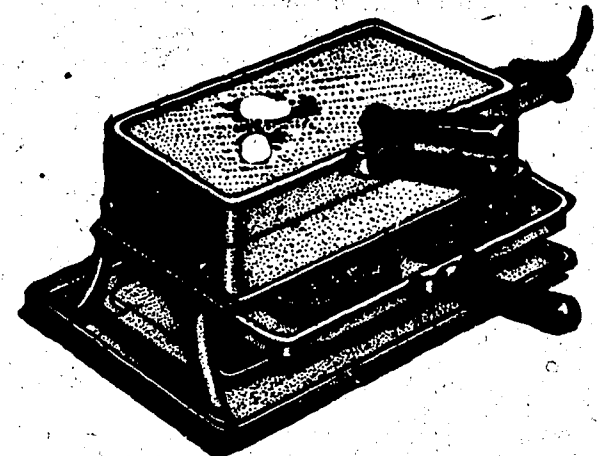
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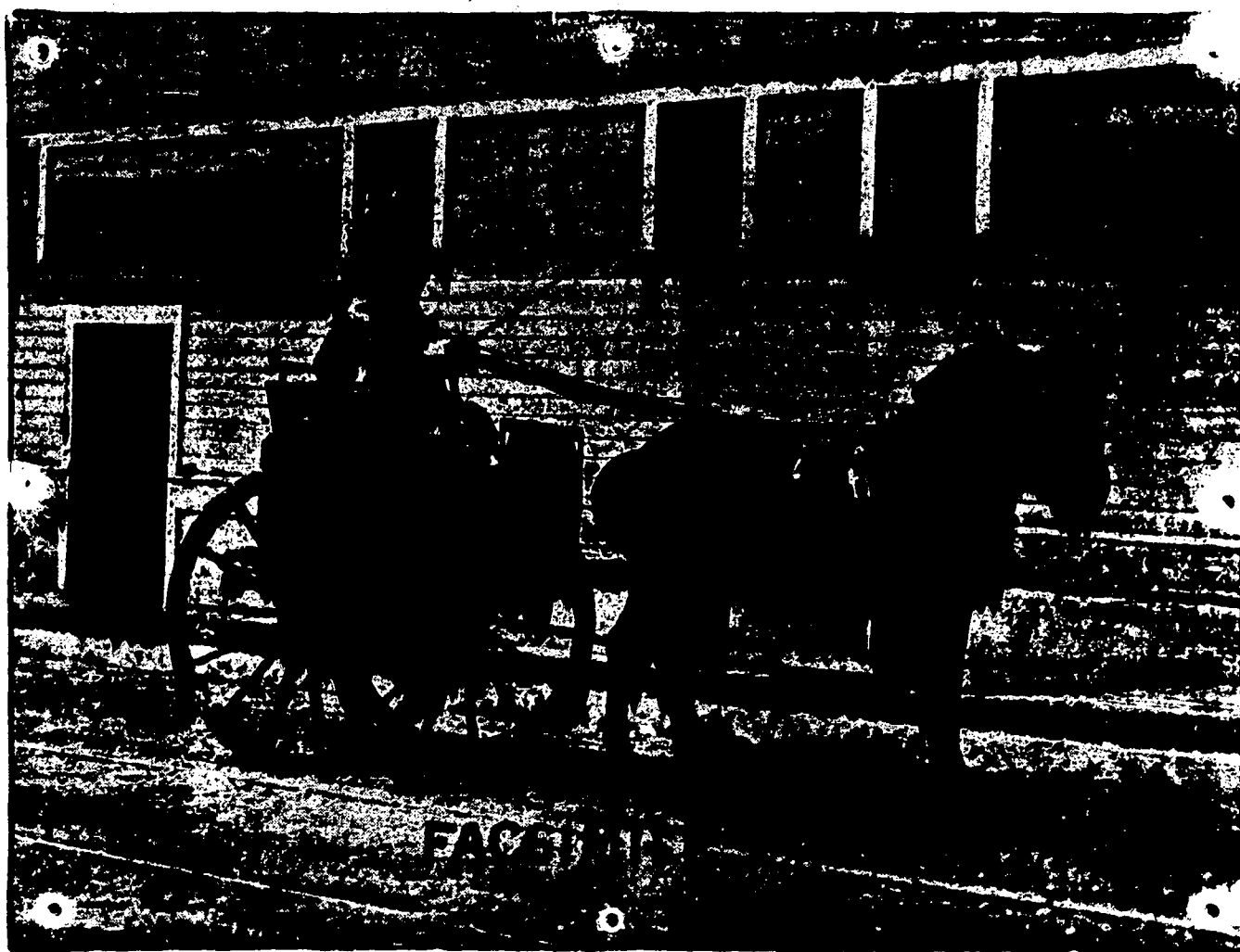
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Drawing Takes Place on Labor Day.



MY LADY OF DOUBT

BY RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "Love Under Fire," "My Lady of the North,"

Illustrations by HENRY THREDE

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"The Lieutenant!" I repeated, not prepared for a direct reply. "Why, I hardly know—curiously largely."

He stared at me in manifest unbelief.

"What do you expect to gain by lying?" he exclaimed sullenly. "You saw him, no doubt, or you would not have asked what you did."

"Certainly I saw him," more deeply puzzled than before at his insistence. "That was what aroused my interest. He seemed such a mere lad as he rode past, and later I heard his voice, the voice of a boy."

"Was that all?"

"All? What else could you suppose? It was dark, only a little gleam of moon revealed outlines. I couldn't distinguish the face, but when he failed to appear after the fight I remembered him, and was afraid he had been hurt. Now I want to know what you mean. Who was the lad?"

He had seated himself on the stump, and was leaning forward, his face hidden from the light of the fire.

"Well, go on then," he returned finally. "If that's all you saw of him it's all right."

"No, it's not all right," I insisted, aroused by his peculiar actions. "What is all this mystery about? You told me you didn't know the man."

"I said I hadn't seen him, that we joined Delavan after dark," he corrected sharply. "But you needn't try to interview me, Major Lawrence, stiffening with anger, 'for I haven't anything to say to a spy and leader of guerrillas.'"

"You requested this interview; however, if you are satisfied I am, and you can return to your men. Shall I call the guard?"

He hesitated a moment, but whatever it was which had first inspired

"Yes, the family renegade; the twin brother on Lee's staff."

I could not perceive the expression of the man's face, but he was a long while answering.

"Oh, yes. She told you about him?"

"It was mentioned. Would I know the boy from any resemblance to his sister?"

"Yes, at least I should suppose so. You must have become very intimate for her to have told you that. You see it—it is a family secret."

"Nothing for Tories to boast over, I should imagine. However, it came up naturally enough while we spoke of the sufferings of the American army during the winter. It is a sad thing the way this war has divided families. Has Mistress Claire any Colonial sentiments?"

"How the devil do I know! She would not be likely to air them before me. I don't know what fool trick you played on her last night, but she's on the right side just the same."

"I think so, too."

His manner was so disagreeable that I instantly determined to have an end. I had more important work before me than quarrelling with this fellow, and, somehow, his claimed intimacy with Mistress Mortimer grated upon me strangely.

"If that is all you requested an interview for, Captain Grant," I said coldly, "I'll trouble you to return to your men."

Irritated that I had even condescended to question him, I turned back up the road to where the men were yet busy about the wagons, spoke a few words to Duval, he explaining to me the best route toward the river crossing at Burlington, and then swung into the saddle and sent the black forward to the crest of the ridge.

I permitted the animal to go his own gait, and for a mile or more he kept up a hot gallop, finally tiring to a trot. So far as I could judge from the few stars visible we were traveling almost due north. However, I was certainly getting farther away from the British lines, and could swing to the left at daylight. It made little difference where I struck the Delaware; every mile north added to my safety.

My horse had fallen into a long, swinging lope, bearing us forward rapidly. The moon had disappeared, but the sky was glittering with stars, and I could distinguish the main features of the country traversed. I was on the summit of a slight ridge, but the road swerved to the right, leading down into a broad valley. There were no signs of habitations, until we rounded the edge of a small grove, and came suddenly upon a little village of a dozen houses on either side the highway. These were wrapped in darkness, apparently deserted, shapeless appearing structures, although I thought one had the appearance of a tavern, and another seemed a store.

There was a well in front of this last, and water sparkled in a log-trough beside it. My horse stopped, burying his nostrils in the water, and, suddenly made aware of my own thirst, I swung down from the saddle. My hands were upon the well-ropes when, without warning, I was gripped from behind, and flung down into the dirt of the road. I made desperate effort to break away, but two men held me, one with knee pressed into my chest, the other uplifting the butt of a pistol over my head. There was not a word spoken, but I could see they were in uniform, although the fellow kneeling on me had the features and long hair of an Indian. My horse started to bolt, but his reins were gripped, and then a third figure, mounted, rode into the range of my vision.

"Search him for weapons, Tonepah," said a boyish voice briefly. "There are pistols in the saddle holsters, but he may have others. Then tie him up as quick as you can."

There was no mistaking my captors—the young dragoon lieutenant, and the three who had escaped with him. But why had they ridden in this direction? What object could they have in thus attacking me? They afforded me little opportunity for solving these problems. Had I been a bale of tobacco I could not have been treated with less ceremony, the white man unclipping my belt, while the Indian, with a grunt, flung me over on my face, and began binding hands and feet. I kicked him once, sending him tumbling backward, but he only came back silently, with more cruel twist of the rope, while the boy laughed, bending over his horse's neck.

"Hoist him up on the black, lads," he said shortly, reining back out of the way. "Delavan's horse, isn't it? Yes, tie his feet underneath, and one of you keep a hand on the reins. Peter, you and Cass ride with him. I want Tonepah with me. All ready? We'll take the east road."

Some one struck the horse, and he plunged forward, swerving sharply to the right in response to the strong

hand on his bit. I swayed in the saddle, but the bonds held, and we went loping forward into the night.

CHAPTER XL

Introducing Peter.

It was a new country to me that we traversed, a rolling country, but not thickly settled, although the road appeared to be a well-beaten track. The gloom, coupled with the rapidity of our movements, prevented me from seeing anything other than those dim objects close at hand, yet we were evidently traveling almost straight east. I endeavored to enter into conversation with the two fellows riding on either side of me, but neither one so much as turned his head in response to my voice, and I soon tired of the attempt. The night told me little of who they might be, although they were both in the uniform of the Queen's Rangers, the one called Peter on my right a round, squat figure, and bald-headed, his bare scalp shining oddly when once he removed his cooped hat; the other was an older man, with gray chin beard, and glittering display of teeth.

The movements of my horse caused the ropes to lacerate my wrists and ankles, the pain increasing so that once or twice I cried out. The fellows guarding me did not even turn their heads, but the lieutenant drew up his horse so as to block us.

"What is the trouble? Are you hurt?"

"These ropes are tearing into the flesh," I groaned. "I'd be just as safe if they were loosened a bit."

I saw him lean forward, shading his face with one hand, as he stared toward me through the darkness. I thought he drew a quick breath as from surprise, and there was a moment's hesitancy.

"Let out the ropes a trifle, Peter," came the final order.

The little bald-headed man went at it without a word, the lieutenant reining back his horse slightly, and drawing his hat lower over his eyes. In the silence one of the horses neighed, and the boy seemed to straighten in his saddle, glancing suspiciously about.

"Ride ahead slowly, Tonepah," he ordered. "I'll catch up with you." He turned back toward me. "Who are you, anyway?"

Surprised at the unexpected question, my first thought was to conceal my identity. These were King's men, and I was in ordinary clothes—the rough homespun furnished by Farrell. If, by any chance, I was not the party they had expected to waylay, I might be released without search.

"Who am I?" I echoed. "Do you mean you have gone to all this trouble without knowing whom you hold prisoner?"

"It seems so," coolly. "We know who we thought you were, but I am beginning to doubt your being the right man. Peter, take his hat off."

I straightened up bareheaded, the faint star-gleam on my face. The lieutenant remained quiet, but Peter broke his sphinx-like silence.

"It ain't him, is it?"

"No; he must have taken the other road after all," with a slight laugh. "We've been on a wild-goose chase. However, it's too late now to catch the fellow on this trip."

Peter rubbed his bald pate, his eyes on me.

"An' what'll we do with this lad?" he answered drawlingly. "Turn him loose?"

"Bring him along. We'll find out tomorrow who he is, and what his business may be. Men are not riding these roads at midnight without some purpose."

He wheeled his horse, and, with a touch of the spur, disappeared in the darkness ahead. Peter clambered back into the saddle, and gripped my reins.

"Come on," he said disgustedly, kicking the black in the side. "It's a ways yet afore yer lie down."

We rode steadily, and at a good pace. Occasionally the older man swore solemnly, but Peter never uttered a sound, not even turning his head at my attempts to draw him into conversation. The situation mystified me, but it became more and more evident that I should have to wait until morning before learning the truth. Whether Peter nor the Indian seemed to belong to the class with which the army was recruited. Peter appeared more like a well-trained servant, and his riding was atrocious. And the lieutenant! There came back to me the haunting memory that he had joined Delavan as a volunteer—the Dragon uniform sufficient proof that he was neither of the original foraging party of Hessians, nor of Grant's detachment of Rangers. Yet these others wore green and white, and must, therefore, have been in Grant's command. How did the four manage to escape from our attack, evidently animated by one purpose? Why was Grant so anxious to learn if I had seen the lieutenant, and whether we had a party out seeking him? Not one of these questions could I answer; not one could I even guess at with any degree of satisfaction.

We were coming out of the low, swamp lands into a more thickly settled, and cultivated region. Rail and stone fences could be seen on either side the road, and we passed swiftly by a number of farmhouses, some simple log structures, although one or two were more pretentious.

It may have been two miles further along, when the lieutenant, and his Indian companion, wheeled suddenly to the right, and, without slackening speed, rode through an open gate, and up a gravelled roadway, circling through a grove of trees to the front door of a great square mansion. It was dark and silent, a wide porch in front supported by huge pillars, a broad flight of steps leading from the

driveway. The Indian ran up there, leaving the lieutenant holding his horse, while we drew up some yards to the rear. I heard the boom of the iron knocker, followed by a gleam of light through a lower window. Then a negro's voice spoke, and the front door opened, disclosing two figures, one with sputtering candle in hand. The two exchanged a dozen words before the lieutenant asked impatiently: "Is it all right, Tonepah?"

The taciturn Indian made no attempt at speech, but gave an expressive gesture, and the young officer turned in his saddle.

"Take the prisoner to the lower room, Peter," he ordered curtly. "I'll decide tomorrow if he can be of any use to us."

The two fellows loosened the rope about my ankles, and Peter waddling ahead, the graybeard gripping my arm, we climbed the steps, and entered the hall. A tall, slim negro, evidently a house-servant from his sleek appearance, eyeing me curiously, handed the little fellow a second lighted candle, and the three of us went tramping along the wide hall, past the circling stairs, until we came to a door at the rear. This the black flung

open, without a word, and I was led down into the basement. The flickering candle yielded but glimpses of great rooms, beautifully decorated, and, almost before I realized what was occurring, I had been thrust into a square apartment, the door behind me closed and locked. The two guards left the sputtering candle, perhaps a third burned, behind, and I heard them stumbling back through the darkness to the foot of the stairs. I glanced about curiously, shaking the loosened rope from my wrists, my mind instantly reverting to the chance of escape. Whoever these fellows might be, whatever their purpose, I had no intention of remaining in their hands a moment longer than necessary. Somehow their silence, their mysterious movements, had impressed me with a strange feeling of fear which I could not analyze. I could not believe myself a mere prisoner of war, but rather as being held for some private purpose yet to be revealed. Yet the room offered little promise. It was nearly square, the walls of stone solidly imbedded in mortar, the door of oak, thickly studded with nails, and the two small windows protected by thick iron bars. It was a cell so strong that a single glance about convinced me of the hopelessness of any attempt at breaking out.

I was not there to exceed ten minutes when, without warning, the lock clicked, and Peter came in. I sat up quickly, but as instantly he had closed the door, and actually stood there grinning cheerfully. I would never have believed him capable of so pleasant an expression but for the evidence of my own eyes.

"Spring lock," he grumbled, a thumb over his shoulder, "opens outside."

Whatever resemblance to a soldier he might have previously shown while in uniform was now entirely banished. Bareheaded, his bald dome of thought shining in the candle-light, his round, solemn face, with his innocent gray eyes gazing at me, an apron about his fat waist, the fellow presented an almost ludicrous appearance. Somehow my heart warmed to him, especially as I perceived the tray, heavily laden, which he bore easily on one arm, and the towel flung over his shoulder. And as I stared at him his movements became professional. Silently, solemnly, his mind strictly upon his duties, he wiped off the table top, and arranged the various dishes thereon with the greatest care, polishing cups and glasses, and finally placing one of the chairs in position. Stepping back, napkin still upon arm, he bowed silently. I took the seat indicated, and glanced up into his almost expressionless face.

"Peter, you old fraud," I said swiftly, "have you eaten?"

"Not as yet, sir," his voice showing just the proper tone of deference, his eyes staring straight ahead.

"Then take that chair and sit down."

"Oh, no, sir; indeed, sir, I am not at all hungry, sir."

I squared myself, fingering the knife at my plate.

"Peter," I said, sternly, "I'm a better man than you are, and you'll either sit down there and eat with me, or I'll lick you within an inch of your life. There is food enough here for three men, and I want company."

He rubbed his hand across his lips, and I caught a gleam of intelligence in his eyes.

"Well, sir, seeing you put it in that

way, I'll eat with you."

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"Well, sir, seeing you put it in that

Labor Day Parade to Open the Exhibition

Plans are rapidly being completed for the monster parade of the Vancouver Exhibition, to be held Labor Day, Sept. 1, which will officially open the exhibition. The parade will start at the north end of the Granville street bridge at 10 o'clock sharp, thence along Hastings street to Main, down Main street to Powell and follow Powell to the grounds. At the grounds the parade will march around the track in front of the grandstand, and disperse after completing the circuit of the grounds. Mr. F. T. de Wolfe, who is managing the parade on behalf of the exhibition, says that from the way applications are coming in the parade will be fully five miles in length, and will be probably the largest ever held in Vancouver.

A great deal of interest is being taken by individuals. Gaily decorated automobiles, light harness teams, roadsters and every description of horse and rig will be seen in the line of march.

A feature of great interest will be the taking of the parade with a moving picture machine, which will be placed in the grandstand. The views thus snapped will be shown all over the province and in the east. A set of such films will also be exhibited in the old country. Those wishing to take part in this Labor Day parade should make their applications to Mr. de Wolfe, of the exhibition, Pacific building.

Various associations are also to be represented. The Horse Show Association will take a prominent part, and the Hunt Club and the Amateur Driving Club, as well as a large number of private organizations.

Most of the wholesale merchants are putting in their crack teams and

Two farmers met in a western town a day or two after a cyclone had visited that particular neighborhood. "She shook things up pretty bad out at my place," said one, stroking his whiskers meditatively. "By the way, Hi," he added, "that new barn o' yours get hurt any?" "Wal," drawled the other, "I dunno. I hain't found it yet."—Youths' Companion.

The city government is taking a prominent place and will send contingents of the police department, the fire department with full display of fire apparatus, the street cleaning department and the health department.

Many imposing floats are being prepared for this parade. Kelly-Douglas & Co. are building a special one, as well as the Hudson's Bay Company, Woodward's Department Store, David Spencer, Limited, Automobile Club, the B. C. Auto & Trades Association, Canadian Fairbanks and others.

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"If You Interfere in My Personal Affairs Again I Am Going to Kill You."

him to question me, was too strong to be thrown aside.

"Did—did Mistress Mortimer help you escape from Philadelphia?" he asked bluntly.

"That is entirely my affair. Why don't you ask the lady herself?"

"See here, damn you!" he burst out. "I haven't seen the lady. When I got back to the dining room she was gone, and then I was ordered out here. But you knew you were being sought after, and I cannot imagine who else told you."

"You do not exhibit very great faith in the lady—the daughter of a lordlet."

He drew a quick breath, suddenly aware that he had gone too far.

"It is your sneaking spy methods, not the girl. She is innocent enough, but I suspect you dragged the truth out of her. Now see here!" and his voice took on the tone of a bully.

"You are in power just now, but you won't always be. You can't hold me prisoner; not with these ragamuffins. They'll turn us loose as soon as they loot those wagons. I know how they work in the Jerseys. But first I intend to tell you something it will be worth your while to remember. Claire Mortimer is going to be my wife—my wife. War is one thing, but you interfere in my personal affairs again, I am going to kill you."

"Indeed," smilingly. "Is Mistress Mortimer aware of the honor you are according her?"

"She is aware of the engagement, if that is what you mean. It has been understood since our childhood."

"Oh, I see; a family arrangement. Well, Grant, this is all very interesting, but I am unable to conceive what I have to do with it. I met Mistress Mortimer by accident, and then was fortunate enough to dance with her once. 'Tis scarcely likely we shall ever meet again. The daughter of a colonel of Queen's Rangers is not apt to come again into contact with an officer of the Maryland Line. I don't know why you should single me out in this matter. I don't even know the lady's brother."

"Her brother?"

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way, sir," he confessed, almost as though in regret. "I hardly see how I can refuse. It is very flattering, sir." He drew up the other chair and sat down opposite me. "Would you care for a glass of wine, first, sir?" he asked solicitously. "It has been a rather dusty ride."

CHAPTER XII.

I interviewed Peter. I accepted the wine gratefully, and sat in silence while he served the meat, wondering at the odd character of the man, and striving to determine how best to win his confidence. I was hungry, and not knowing what to say, fell to work with some seat, insisting on his doing likewise. Yet even as I disposed of the food that stolid face opposite fascinated me, and held my gaze. The fellow was not so big a fool as he looked, for while the features remained expressionless and vacant, there was a sly glimmer to the eye, betraying an active, observant mind behind the mask. I began to suspect some purpose in his play acting.

"What is your name, my man?" I asked finally, made nervous by his silence.

"Peter Swanson, sir," humbly.

"Oh, a Swede?"

"By ancestry only, sir," he explained, wiping his mouth with a corner of the napkin, but not lifting his eyes from the plate. "'T is a hundred years since we crossed the sea."

"And you've been good King's men ever since?"

He cocked one eye up at me.

"It would seem so, sir."

"The fellow with the gray chin beard was Irish, was n't he?"

"He might be, sir."

"A Swede, an Irishman, and an Indian," I said musingly. "That makes a nice combination for the Queen's Rangers. Come now, Peter, give me the straight of all this."

He stopped with his fork in a bit of meat, favoring me with another stare.

"I think I fail to comprehend, sir."

"No, you don't, you rascal," a bit of anger in my voice. "Did you bring this supper yourself, or were you sent here?"

"Under orders, sir."

"The lieutenant?"

He bowed solemnly, and asked:

"Would you object if I smoked, sir?"

"Certainly not; only answer my questions. Good heavens, man! do you think I am a log of wood? Act like a human being. Who is the lieutenant?"

"A Dragon, sir."

"Peter," I broke out, irritated beyond patience, "I have some reason to believe you a liar. But I'm going to get the truth from you if I have to choke it out."

"Yes sir; very good, indeed, sir. However, there would seem to be no need of your resorting to such extreme measures, sir."

"Then you will tell me what I wish to know?"

"It will afford me pleasure, sir."

Somewhat I could not rid myself of the suspicion that the fellow was secretly laughing at me, yet his round face was innocent and placid, his eyes discreetly lowered.

"Then kindly inform me, first of all, who this young lieutenant is."

"I fear, sir," solemnly, "that I may have misinformed you when I said he was a Dragon."

"Yes!" eagerly.

"I would correct my statement somewhat—he is a Light Dragon, sir."

In spite of my effort at self-control, I swore, tempted to batter that stolid face, yet realizing the utter uselessness of such violence.

"Now, see here!" I broke forth fiercely. "Have done with your play. You are no soldier; I doubt if you were ever on a horse's back until tonight. And those fellows with you are not Queen's Rangers, I'll swear."

"How do you know, sir?" he interrupted gently. "Are you in the army, sir?"

"Of course I am," I cried, answering without consideration.

"I thought so, sir; although your clothes do not proclaim the fact. May I ask which army?"

He had turned the tables most neatly, and I glanced down over my rough garments, awakening suddenly to the knowledge that I was also in masquerade. To be sure I had one advantage—I knew these men had been part of Delavan's foragers, and hence at heart must be loyalists.

"That is not a question I intend answering to every ruffian who stops me on the highway," I returned shortly.

"I wish to know what this outrage means? I will know, you wooden-headed imago! I was about my business when the four of you attacked me. I wasn't the man you were after at all, and yet I am held prisoner, shut up here behind iron bars. What is this place, anyhow?"

"It is called 'Elmhurst,' sir."

"Elmhurst? A country estate?"

"Yes, sir, one of the old plantations."

"It's a name I never heard. Where is that precious lieutenant?"

"I presume he is in bed, sir," and Peter rose quietly to his feet, and began replacing the dishes on his tray. Apparently there was not a nervous throb to his pulse, and he remained blissfully indifferent to my presence. I stared helplessly at him, even words failing me.

"You refuse to inform me as to the truth of this affair?" I faltered at last, as he lifted his burden on one arm.

He turned a stolid face my way.

"I would seem so, sir. I have to thank you for a most delightful evening, sir. Your conversation has been both instructive and entertaining. However, sir, the hour is now late, and I should advise your retiring."

He bowed solemnly, backing toward the door, and I sprang to my feet, overtaken by a sudden determination

to make a break for freedom. There was a slight glitter in Peter's gray eyes, as he rapped sharply with his heel on the door.

"I hardly think that would be advisable, sir," he warned softly. "The man outside is armed, and in the excitement might hurt you."

There was a click of the lock, and the heavy door swung open. I stood motionless, tempted to spring, yet not daring the venture. Peter backed instinctively out, and I caught a glimpse of the graybeard, and the black outline of a pistol. Then the door closed, leaving me alone. The little scrap of candle left sputtered feebly, and, after walking across the floor a half-dozen times, striving to gain control of my temper, I blew it out, and crawled into the bunk. There was nothing I could do, but wait for morning; not a sound reached me from without, and, before I realized the possibility, I was fast asleep.

I must have slept long and soundly, for when I finally awoke a gleam of sun lay the full length of the room, and food was upon the table. Some one—Peter, no doubt—had entered and departed without arousing me. Sleep had left me in a pleasant frame of mind, and I ate heartily, wondering vaguely what the day would disclose. I determined one thing, that when Peter returned for the dishes, I would back him into a corner and choke at least a portion of the truth out of his unwilling throat. I had hardly reached this decision when the door opened, and he stood there gazing at me with sphinx-like stupidity.

I arose to my feet, gripping the back of a chair, but the utter vacancy in that face seemed to numb action. There was no positive expression, no dim glimmer of interest in his features; the shining bald head alone gave him a grotesque appearance, restraining me from violence. I could as easily have warred with a baby.

Continued next week

How to Reduce High Cost of Living

(Continued from Page 2)

however, that the feeding periods should be punctual and regular. Especially is this so during the winter months, when the birds naturally seek the roosts earlier in the afternoons.

Where it is not intended to raise chicks, a wet mash, consisting of table scraps, dried off with ground cereals, may be profitably fed. Care should be exercised in feeding table scraps, however. Salted meats of all kinds, pickles, mustard or pepper are feeds of a doubtful character. Trouble of a diarrhoeal and ovarian nature arises very frequently. Fat meat, potatoes or peelings, should be given sparingly. Peelings, if fed, should be cooked, and mixed with bran or shorts. A wet mash may be fed in the morning or at noon, rather than at the evening meal. The latter should be of hard grain. The wet mash may be composed of table scraps (if large they should be run through meat-mincer), and a sufficient quantity of bran, ground oats or shorts, so that the mixture may not be too sticky.

Clam or oyster shell, and charcoal, should always be before the birds.

To keep the birds in condition, to get fertile eggs, and, incidentally, to reduce the feed bill, green food should be supplied daily. This may be lawn clippings, dandelion leaves, cabbage, kale, rape, clover, alfalfa, chick-weed,

sprouts or mangolds. It is absolutely from disease. It does not pay to doctor sick fowls, excepting on very rare occasions. This only when fowls are very valuable and needed for exhibition, or when they are suffering from slight colds or accidents.

All the contagious diseases, such as roup, colds, tuberculosis, "blackhead," enteritis, cholera, chicken-pox, canker, gleet, etc., may be successfully ward off by preventing draughts, infection from other diseased fowls, supplying sunlight, keeping droppings-board clean, replenishing litter when needed, and removing same when soiled, regular sweeping of yard, spading same after sprinkling lime all over, and supplying permanganate of potash in drinking-water at all times.

In conclusion the Association feel assured that if householders in all of ground oats, wheat, barley or rice Where sufficient table scraps are not forthcoming, fine-ground beef scraps should be added, the latter to consist of not more than 15 per cent. of the ration. This mash can also be fed as a wet one if desired.

Unless considerable yard room is available, and also taking the losses by cats, rats, etc., into consideration, it is much cheaper to purchase pullets or mature stock annually than to rear them.

Pullets at six or more months of age, may be considered purchased at a reasonable price if secured for not more than \$2.50 or \$3.00 apiece. Yearling hens may be bought at from \$1.00 to \$2.50 each, according to breed and age.

Fowls in good condition, fed and treated rationally, very seldom suffer necessary that green food be fed regularly in some form or other.

The dry mash may consist of a mixture of any of the following, compounded to the owner's liking—bran, shorts, white middlings, cornmeal, and the cities, towns and villages of the Province could be persuaded to keep a few head of poultry in their back yards where none at present are now kept, large sums of money would be kept within the Province, instead of, as at present, leaving it for the purchase of imported eggs and meat; yards that are at present non-productive, could be made to help solve the vexed question of the high cost of living; and the Poultry Industry of the Province could be placed on a still higher plane than it has at present so proudly secured.

Join the B. C. Poultry Association; help yourself; help the industry; and help the Province, by forwarding \$1.00 membership fee to the Secretary, J. R. Terry, Department of Agriculture, Victoria, B. C. All Bulletins issued by the Department are supplied free to members. Any person of 16 years or over may join.

Cardston, Alta.—Harvesting is now general throughout the Cardston district. Every indication points to a bumper crop both in quantity and quality. The total yield of the Cardston and Raymond districts this year is expected to be something like 5,500,000 bushels, rains having been frequent practically during the entire growing season. Several large orders have now been placed by the Dominion Government with local farmers for sample lots of sheaf wheat for exhibition purposes abroad.

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A reliable French regulator (never fails). These pills are exceedingly powerful in regulating the reproductive portion of the female system. Remove all deep seated ailments. Dr. de Van's are sold at all drug stores. Write to J. W. WILSON, 1000 Broadway, New York, for particulars and directions to local agents.

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REMOVAL NOTICE

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CHIROPRACTOR
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Office Hours: 1:30 to 5:30
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Gun repairing carefully done by expert mechanics.
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All Fruits in Season.

Largest Stock of Confectionery, Fruits and Tobaccos on the hill

For your next order of Ice Cream or Ice Cream Bricks

Phone Fair. 638 Free Delivery to any part of City

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WAINWRIGHT'S NEW

POSTOFFICE SITE

Wainwright, Alta.—The selection of the new postoffice site at the corner of Main street and Third avenue is meeting with general commendation amongst Wainwright citizens. In view of the \$5,000 appropriation already made it is regarded as practically assured that the department of public works will proceed at an early date with the erection of the new building. Meanwhile business conditions in and about Wainwright continue to improve daily and with the harvesting of a bumper crop now assured, local business men are already planning for the largest volume of fall and winter trade ever handled at this point.

MAP MAKERS TAKEN TO TASK.

Grand Forks, B. C.—In contrast to the usual line of criticism to which the average real estate operator is subjected from time to time, most frequently with the complaint that the merits of the towns and properties offered for sale are grossly exaggerated, Grand Forks, owing to the rapid development of the district in recent months, is now entering a complaint that recently published maps and other advertising matter, widely circulated, fall to do the city full justice, owing to inaccuracies resulting from failure of the map makers to keep pace with railway construction work week by week.

ELKO HIGHWAY IS MAGNET FOR MOTORISTS

Elko, B. C.—With the development of the timber, mineral, agricultural and horticultural resources of the Elko district, the good roads problem is now receiving renewed attention, as local producers realize that the surrounding territory must necessarily become the best market for Elko products. Makeshift methods of road building are no longer in favor in this section of the West, and a system closely conforming with the recognized macadamizing process is becoming quite general. The Columbia-Kootenay valley is now traversed by a main highway, which is kept in splendid condition the year round, while branch roads extend up the valleys to the mining and logging camps. This season it is noted that motoring through the valley has become a popular recreation to an extent never before known hereabouts.

BIG STOCK FARM ORGANIZING AT CARDSTON

Cardston, Alta.—Hog raising on a more extensive scale than ever before attempted in the Cardston district is now to be taken in hand by the newly organized Mountain View Stock Farm, Limited. The managing directors, F. C. Smith and G. A. Mackie, both Cardston ranchers, state that the company now owns 3,840 acres of selected farm land within easy distance of this place, but that a large proportion of this acreage will be kept under cultivation for feeding purposes. Railway officials state that Alberta's hog output this year should pass the 500,000 mark and bring the Province a revenue of at least eight million dollars.

Important Meeting

At the meeting held last evening in the office of the Scottish Realty Co., Cedar Cottage, for the purpose of considering the formation of a Progress Club for the welfare of South Vancouver, the following gentlemen were present:

Messrs. C. Hodgson, Elliott, W. J. Prouse, H. B. A. Vogel, Merton Smith, J. Cashion, F. Whitaker, C. M. Whelpston and T. A. Prentice.

Mr. Merton Smith was elected chairman, Mr. T. A. Prentice, sec., both pro tem. Messrs. Elliott, Prouse, and Prentice were nominated a committee to enquire into the advisability of the undertaking.

THE WESTERN CALL

1. The Western Call is calling,
And that call is heard;
On tender ears 'tis falling,
And it's taken at its word;
And the echo comes vibrating,
Beating 'gainst the Western coast,
"You will not be tired waiting,
For you'll get your buttered toast."

2. Coast defences are preparing,
Legislators are at work;
Needed funds will be unsparing,
This the powers that be won't shrink.
Canada must be protected
From invasion of its Ports,
And the men who are elected
For that work will prove true sports.

3. Nothing daunted by debating,
Long and loud re dreadnaught's place,
Canada can't help creating
Means, all dangers to face;
She has courage of convictions,
She has brains to play the game,
She will fowl all false predictions,
She will save her noble name.

E. POLSON,
Enderby, B. C.

A High Compliment
From a Great Man

(Continued from page 1)

is measured by the unthinkable sum of 40,000,000 tons. Of this grand total the British Empire owns about 20,000,000 tons. Thus the most just of all nations prospers in her justice. The one big nation that is a naval myth today is the very nation known as the United States. Their commercial fleet is next to zero, and deservedly so, because at no time did a high sense of justice and equity co-relate their actions to the world's commercial undertakings on the oceans and seas of this earth.

Justice pays in the end, and injustice brings disgrace as well as a clearly marked failure. This is an inexorable law in the realm of business.

One reason why there are so many scandals in Vancouver and in other cities of North America is the fact that the men who represent the United States factories, in one way or another, are ever on hand with graft to aid in international and civic competition. Big and little engines, hardware and all sorts of Yankee goods make headway through a ready graft to an extent rather alarming, and resulting in Canada showing as a great importer of goods from the States far beyond reason.

A Prominent Roman Catholic Committee—Political

The Rev. Dr. O'Boyle, O. M. I., has come out clearly in well thought language to urge upon the Roman Catholics to organize, to head off the Protestants known as Orangemen.

The "Western Catholic," under the caption, "The Call to Arms," applauds Rev. Dr. O'Boyle for his timely and outspoken words.

Then we find, in the "Daily Province," a list of very prominent and able Roman Catholics who are chosen as a representative civic and political committee to do the kind of work indicated by their leaders in holy orders.

Personally I compliment the Romans because of the able men they have chosen. Who can doubt the ability of such men as L. G. McPhillips, K. C., J. D. Byrne, J. S. Foran, D. H. Rice and P. Donnelly? These are a few of those chosen to be the banner-bearers of this new civic committee. Here are the names as given in the "Daily Province": L. G. McPhillips, K. C., J. D. Byrne, J. A. Tepoor-ten, R. Evans, J. S. Foran, D. H. Rice, J. D. Kearns, J. Needham, W. Hickey, P. Donnelly and J. Williams. This body of committeemen is one of the best that could be assembled out of the Roman Catholic Church or from any other church or body. Hence I compliment the choosers of this strong civic and political team.

At their head, I presume, is L. G. McPhillips, K. C. He is so related to the politics of the country, so placed at the head and heart of the Province, as to be able to have all official news in hand for immediate or future use. In fact, the Hon. Mr. McPhillips is like the presiding ego in the convolutions of the brain as to touch and act upon every nerve leading thereto.

What can be done at Victoria that he cannot have his hand upon in a moment? Yes, the choice is a good one, and the men are wide awake and ready to answer to the "Call to Arms," so nicely spoken of in the Roman Catholic paper, the "Western Catholic."

I do not blame these men in selecting the Hon. L. G. McPhillips, K. C., and the other able men. They are acting up to the guidance of those who are their spiritual masters. They are loyal to their leaders and to the commands of their religious mother, "Mother-church."

They are going to resent insults, correct abuses, put their own people into aldermanic, mayoral, parliamentary and other positions, as they are able and deem wise. If they cannot get Roman Catholics into position they will select weak-kneed Protestants to do their bidding. And who can blame them for so picking up the most pliable tools they can secure? They are an able body of men and chosen because of their ability.

And I am sure that if I were within the bounds of the Roman Church I would be glad to work with this very body of clear-cut, devoted, zealous and representative men.

But let us have a little reflection at this point. Why should there be a "call to arms," as the "Western Catholic" puts it? Why any ground for war? Why have a strong body known as the Knights of Columbus in good training for actual strife, if necessary? Why have rifles in convents which have been in hiding until fires have revealed their presence? Ever why? Take the above named gentlemen, and I am well acquainted with a number of them, and have done business with several, and found them first-class fellows. Why are they organizing to defeat another body of men, chiefly Protestants, and more especially Orangemen?

And in turn, why do Orangemen try to prevent too many Roman Catholics getting into positions of trust? Why, again?

Is it not clear to all readers and thinkers that in Canada, as in almost all other countries, there are two nations? These two nations have two distinct and antagonistic heads. In Canada, and all parts of the British Empire, these two heads are King George and the Pope of Rome.

Orangemen have a deep conviction, the result

of long years of study of history and biography, that those who are devotedly attached to the Pope and to "Mother-Church" are not permanently loyal to King George. When Knights of Columbus, for instance, refuse to carry the Union Jack on parade, Orangemen have the notion that this is the direct and inevitable result of deep-seated disloyalty. In fact, these men, so loyal to the Pope, are amongst the men who seem ever ready to pass over the manifestation of respect for the King.

On the other hand, Roman Catholics who acknowledge fealty to the Pope alone are much angered when they see Protestants scorn the claimed power of their Pope. We as Protestants have no respect for the papal claims of spiritual, or civil control of men and nations. Spiritually we recognize our God alone, and nationally King George is our Honor.

Here then is the cause of all cleavage and the foundation for the two nations within one realm. We honour the King, and have no use for the Pope beyond that we have for any of the other religious teachers. Our fellow-citizens, represented in the above named committee have the deepest respect for the Pope, and give to him their undoubted allegiance, spiritual allegiance, of course.

But when the spirit bows to a potentate there is little else to bow to any other person, be he King, Kaiser or President.

Can we become political friends and stand on the same common platform? We cannot. Let us be plain men. We cannot. If we say we can, the truth is not in us. We are travelling under different potentates. One is our fellow-citizen, the King of the British Empire, and the other is a foreigner, an Italian priest. I have no word against the Pope as a man. I believe he is a good, strong humane man per se; but he stands out as the God-appointed highest and only real ruler of mankind. I deny his claim on every ground, and in this I am one with all Protestants. Hence all these of like mind must stand where I stand, and where all true Orangemen stand. We cannot co-work trustfully with men who give their first allegiance and love to the foreigner at Rome instead of to our own noble King George.

As men to men we can meet on common terms of friendship, but in the political and civic realm we are and must be in opposition. The Romans have a first class showing in the Canadian House of Commons. They dominate the Liberals, holding absolute control of that party by a majority of seven. Surely they have good organizations in Central and Eastern Canada already. I would like to ask if, deep down out of sight, this majority under the Laurier regime and opposition has anything to do with the determination not to come to the aid of Protestant Great Britain with three Dreadnoughts? Who can answer? What is the unspoken reply of the alive Protestants of Canada? They are thinking. And as a man thinks so is he.

However, in the meantime, the Daily Province and the "Western Catholic" tell us that the Roman Catholics of this city and province are banding to carry the fight into every realm of public life. Very good! We are glad to have the announcement. It is logical, sane, necessary and inevitable, owing to the fact that we are marching under two antagonistic potentates.

The war may at first be academic, logomachic, polemic and political. In the end there is only one result possible. This is that either one party or the other must give up its allegiance to its potentate and acknowledge the other; or stern war ensues. This is as inevitable as the on-rolling of time. We are absolutely unable to stop the wheels of the chariot of war. And the disaster is increased because such a war is always a civil war. It was so in France. It was so in Spain, in Portugal, in Italy, in Ireland, and may ere long occur in Ireland again.

Why is there not a "call to arms" by the Methodists against the Anglicans or Presbyterians? Simply because they have no ground for a quarrel. They have no separate kings or presidents to render allegiance to.

Let our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens relate themselves to the King on the one hand as do all the other British citizens; and on the other hand relate themselves to the Pope as the rest of the British Empire relate themselves to their official religious heads, and then there will be no ground for "calling to arms" of any sort in order to wage a contest as to which of two potentates will get into permanent control of the government and all pertaining thereto.

Let me quote good authority here. "Hinc Papa triplici corona coronatur, tanquam rex coeli et terrae et inferorum."—From "Prompata Bibliotheca."

Translation: "Hence the Pope is crowned with a triple crown, as King of Heaven and of Earth, and of the Infernal Regions."

I now ask: Where does King George come in? No wonder there was no one to respond to "The toast to the King," at the late banquet given in honor of Father Stagni when in Vancouver.

Have I misrepresented in saying that we are marching under two antagonistic potentates? Hence there is war, which might in the near future become one of terrific dimensions. A horrid civil and religious war—fratricidal. But both Kings cannot be loyally served at the same moment by the same persons.

FARM NOTES

Ottawa, August 15.—In a bulletin issued today the Census and Statistics Office reports that according to the returns made by crop-reporting correspondents at the end of last month, the weather of July was upon the whole favorable to the growth of grain crops. The conditions in the Northwest provinces were reported as generally excellent. Representing a standard or full crop by 100, the average condition throughout Canada of fall wheat is expressed as 77.75, of spring wheat as 87.62, of oats as 87.45, of barley as 87.58, of rye as 85.00, of mixed grains as 89.33 and of flaxseed as 83.85.

The percentages of the standard condition of spring wheat, barley, and rye represent the promise of yields

per acre for spring wheat of six, for barley of five, for rye of two and for flax seed of one per cent above the average yields per acre of the last five years. The condition of the oat crop promises a yield equal to the average.

All the field crops of Canada on July 31, excepting only fall wheat (77.75), hay and clover (74.57), and alfalfa (76.35), are reported as having a condition above 80, the range being from 82 beans and corn for husking to 89 for potatoes and mixed grains.

In the three Northwest provinces spring wheat is reported as 84.60 in Manitoba, 89 in Saskatchewan, and 88 in Alberta, the other grain crops being correspondingly high, barley, especially in Saskatchewan and Alberta being 90 per cent or over. Root crops

in the Northwest provinces are also particularly good.

The condition of buckwheat in the Maritime provinces and in Quebec is 90 and over; but in Ontario it is down to 73.43. Flaxseed is above 80 in the Northwest provinces, and in Saskatchewan, where the great bulk of this crop is grown, the percentage condition is 84.17. Sugar beet, grown for beet root sugar in Ontario and Alberta, is 80.44 for the former and 92.31 for the latter province.

The preliminary estimate of the yield per acre of fall wheat is 22.38 bushels, which for the harvested area in Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia of 825,800 acres indicates a total yield of 18,482,000 bushels, as compared with 16,396,000 bushels from 781,000 acres in

1912. This yield is 13 per cent above that of last year.

The average yield per acre of hay and clover is estimated at 1.23 ton, indicating a total yield of 9,396,500 tons from 7,621,600 acres, as compared with 11,139,000 tons from 7,633,600 acres or 1.47 ton per acre in 1912. Alfalfa, with an average yield per acre of 1.38 ton, shows an estimated total production of 43,000 tons from 103,250 acres, as compared with 310,100 tons from 111,300 acres, or 2.79 tons per acre in 1912.

ARCHIBALD BLUE,
Chief Officer.

THE JOURNAL OF COMMERCE.

Upwards of \$20,000,000 are invested in Canada's Fishing Industry, which gives employment to 100,000 men and produces annually \$35,000,000 worth of fish. These and many other facts relating to the Fishing Industry in Canada appears in this week's issue of the Journal of Commerce, Montreal. The article which is illustrated is from the pen of Mr. R. H. C. Coats, editor of the Labour Gazette. Mr. Coats shows that the industry has developed almost entirely in the past half century. Fifty years ago the annual output of fish was valued at \$125,000. Salmon is our most valuable fish, the value of the catch being over ten million dollars per year, while British Columbia ranks first as a fish producing Province, with Nova Scotia second. The article is unusually interesting, treating as it does of an important but little known industry.

In the same issue of the Journal of Commerce are articles dealing with the lack of progress of British Life Insurance Companies in Canada and the failure of the Lloyd George Insurance Act.

Professor Skelton of Queen's writes of the New Nationalism in Australia, and Professor Short on The Balance of Trade in Canada.

Cedar Cottage, South Vancouver.

The regular meeting of the Ward 2 Conservative Club was held this week at 3515 Commercial St., when a large number of the members were present. The President, Mr. J. C. McArthur presided.

Mr. George A. Stevens, who is Secretary of the South Vancouver Conservative Association, was unanimously elected as Secretary of the Ward 2 Club, South Vancouver. Arrangements were made to hold a rousing Conservative meeting in the near future when some prominent speakers are expected to be present.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD-FELLOWS

MT. PLEASANT LODGE NO. 19 Meets every Tuesday at 8 p.m. in L.O.O.F. hall, Westminster Ave., Mt. Pleasant. Surrounding brethren cordially invited to attend.

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J. Haddon, V. G., 2616 Main Street
Thos. Sewell, Rec. Sec., 451 Seventh Ave. E.

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