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 8, 1913. No. 13

Legislative Assembly

B. C. FISHERIES LAW UNFAIR TO PEOPLE

The Laurier Government made a Return to Barbarism, Killed Competition. Under the Existing Law Freedom Impossible.

THE NEW ZEALAND

This battle cruiser, which is the last word in naval construction, is the gift of New Zealand to the British Navy. The crew are all Britishers, with the exception of four men who are New Zealanders, having joined the navy before their plucky little island home made this magnificent contribution.

The New Zealand is an armoured battle cruiser of most modern type, developing 45,000 horsepower and capable of a speed of thirty-one miles per hour. She carries a crew of 800 men and cost over £2,000,000. Her armament consists of four turrets, with two twelve-inch guns in each, or eight guns each capable of firing a projectile weighing over 800 pounds three times in a minute, or a broadside of 6,400 pounds every twenty seconds; in other words, these guns alone can discharge 24 tons of steel a distance of several miles each minute.

In addition to these heavy guns she carries a large number of smaller guns and the latest thing in torpedoes, which will destroy at a distance of three miles. To work this great ship there is a crew of 800 men, and during action all these men are protected by heavy armour.

The ship is steered from below and all guns are sited from there. Each of the gun turrets is served by 50 men, and all the guns moved by hydraulic power.

She has 31 large boilers to keep up steam for the huge 45,000 horsepower turbine engines. She may be used both for cruiser purposes, such as scouting and decoying the enemy, and upon rejoining the main fleet she takes her place in line of battle, being almost equal to the heaviest dreadnaught. In short, as already stated, she is the very last word in modern battleships.

To New Zealand belongs the great honor of contributing this mighty fighting machine, and what an object lesson to those who have placed themselves in the way of Canada doing her duty in this regard.

GREATER VANCOUVER SEWERAGE.

The Sewerage Commission has been named over two weeks but as yet the chairman has not seen fit to call a meeting. At least not up to the time of writing.

The citizens expect this commission to get busy and justify its existance. It is up to the chairman to act, and we trust the first step taken will be to ratify the course pursued by R. S. Lea, the expert engineer, and put the quietus upon that upstart Thomson from Seattle, who has attempted to poison the public mind against Mr. Lea.

A more outrageous insult to the intelligence of the electorate could scarcely be conceived than was the report of the Provincial Government of this American Engineer. If we as citizens, or if the commission, allow this fellow Thomson to have his way in this matter, we deserve to suffer all the inevitable consequences which must result from accepting his advice.

Mr. R. S. Lea, who was engaged to formulate a scheme, is the most eminent drainage engineer in Canada and a recognized authority, while Thomson of Seattle, who was employed by the Province to check his report, is **not** an **eminent** engineer at all and in no wise fitted to criticise a report made by R. S. Lea. In fact, he has not dared to attack the principles laid down by Lea, but only to insinuate that Lea was not capable. He is a meddler and should be put in his proper place. There are a dozen engineers in Vancouver who are far more capable than Thomson and who could be retained to check the plans.

WADE THE PHILANTHROPIST.

Well, Fred, you have failed to answer our questions. Were they too pointed? Did they touch a sore spot in your memory? Now, Fred, what do you really think of an employee of the Government who would accept a $10,000 fee from applicants for a Government lease, which lease must pass through the hands of such employee? Would you call it "philanthropy?"

The Sun, the official Liberal organ, advocates the policy of turning over our fisheries without reserve to the tightest food combine on this continent, the canning interests. They support Bell-Irving and his Japanese fishermen—they condemn all white fishermen—and openly oppose all efforts to encourage white men and a free chance to fish

A DISGUSTING PRACTICE.

A large number of Japanese fishermen who are plying their trade out of our city, make a practice of catching codfish up the coast and keeping them alive in tanks of water. These poor fish literally rot away alive. One may go to the waterfront on almost any day and on board these Jap fishing boats find this state of affairs. Not only is it a menace to public health but is a barbarous practice and should be stopped.

About three years ago the medical health officer, under instructions from the committee, seized and destroyed a lot of these fish. The time is ripe for another raid.

B. C. FISHERIES

In a speech at Ganges Harbor recently Mr. Stevens referred to the Fisheries question and through the Liberal organ the cannery-interests made a vicious attack on the member, seeking to make party capital thereby.

The Fisheries question is *not* a party question. It is a problem which deals with one of the most vital assets of the Dominion, therefore the public interests *are* affected. Now it is clear that the cannery men are spoiling for a fight and expect by allying themselves with the Liberal party here that they will be successful in defeating any public man who dares to favor public rights when it conflicts with their selfish interest. In all probability these gentlemen will have all the fight they want before this matter is dropped.

In his evidence before the Labor Commission, H. Bell-Irving said that the reason they, the cannery-men, hired Japanese was because they were *better workmen* than the whites. From his narrow, self-interested standpoint this *may* be true, but *how* near to the whole truth is this statement? *Are* the Japanese better fishermen than whites? If so, what class of whites is referred to? When Mr. Bell-Irving made that statement he *knew* that he made a "mental reservation" in using the word "whites;" by whites he meant the transient trash who have no stake in the community, nor any net or boat. He knows perfectly well that his policy and that of his associates has been to secure control of boats and nets, thus enabling them to better control the men. He knows, also, that Japanese fishermen *do not* compare favorably with white *fishermen*. He knows, too, that the Japs were introduced because of the strike of white men in 1904 and because they could be handled with greater ease.

No one objects to the Canner making money, but we do object to him making fortunes *at the expense of good citizenship* (in the fishermen)and *of public interests.*

It is, however, in Northern B. C. that one may witness the workings of the most blatant food trust which exists on this continent. The cannery interests, or at least some of them, induced both the Provincial and Dominion Governments a few years ago to inaugurate a system called "Boat Rating," whereby each cannery was allotted a certain number of boats. This was done under the guise of *"protecting the fish,"* but in reality it was conceived with one object only — to protect the Canner, and it worked to perfection until recently H. S. Clements, M.P., and H. H. Stevens, M.P., have been audacious enough to attack its justice and utility.

This "boat-rating" scheme made it necessary for each applicant for a fishing license to present, to the Government Inspector issuing the license, a contract with some cannery for his whole season's catch. In other words, before one could get the right to fish one was compelled to agree to sell the fish caught at a given price to one man, thus eliminating all chance of competition, all opportunity of a raise in the market and virtually making the fisherman a serf of the Canner. That is not all, by this iniquitous regulation. The Government becomes a collecting agency for the Canner. What right has any Government to demand that a fisherman shall contract for the season with a Canner before he can receive a license? Positively none. This regulation is a reversion to barbarism and we defy any public man in B. C. to defend it before the electorate. It was conceived in the dark, without public notice, and we purpose airing it, somewhat, to test its value.

We have stated that this regulation was inaugurated a few years ago by the late Laurier Government and the Provincial Government. It was passed ostensibly to protect the fisheries, and some will ask how are you going to protect the fish if you change this regulation? Our answer is, by strict enforcement of the law and by having longer closed days, or times.

For the past two years the two Members mentioned have consistently attacked this regulation and succeeded this year in having the Dominion Government *throw open* a number of these licenses for white men only, with the avowed intention of next year, or as soon as possible, of having all thrown open to whites only. It will however, be difficult to make a success of it inasmuch as the Canners bitterly oppose the innovation, and, as they control the boats, they can easily refuse to buy from the whites and otherwise militate against them, but we are convinced that public opinion, once thoroughly aroused, will not permit of such high-handed tactics. We are also convinced that the more sane and just members of the canning fraternity will not allow the super-selfish, grasping individual to dictate to them altogether.

Some of the Canners say they are not *"making money;"* our answer to that argument is, that B. C. Packers' common stock, which is *all water,* was worthless a few years ago, but is now quoted on the Toronto Exchange at $130 bid, or 30 above par. Again we would also draw attention to the number of gentlemen who have made fortunes out of the business. We do not begrudge any man the best possible returns from his investments, but not at the public expense.

Again we would say that anyone who seeks to black-guard a public man for advocating a measure which is in the public interests, is unworthy of the name of a Canadian citizen. More will be heard on this question before we are through with it, and the public would do well to study it carefully.

AN ANSWER FOR THE SUN.

F. C. Wade, K.C., late public official of Yukon fame, asks if the malicious lies published in the Sun recently regarding Mr. Stevens are true. The answer is that they are positively false in every respect. Wade knew that they were lies when they were published—he knows it still, and yet the he persists in reiterating them. We leave both Wade and the base falsehoods of the Sun to public scorn. They are unworthy of any other attention than that of utmost contempt and loathing.

A SUCCESSFUL RECEPTION.

Mayor Baxter and his council merit the highest commendation for the able manner in which they conducted the entertainment of the visiting Nev Zealand. The officers and crew have left our city with loud praises for the city fathers and our community as a whole. To successfully entertain visitors necessarily means a great deal of hard work and personal sacrifice, and in this case, as in many others, nothing was spared by the mayor and council in their efforts to make it a success.

CURRENT COMMENT

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

THE BRITISH ISRAEL ASSOCIATION OF VANCOUVER, B. C.

In a few weeks this association will begin to hold meetings in the Orange Hall, where all those who take an interest in the word of prophets and historians will have an opportunity to give their views and hear those who have made a long study of these and kindred topics.

One of the first papers to be read will be on the foundation of the old British Language. The object will be to show that this language,—that of the men who opposed Julius Caesar when he first visited the shores of England,—was founded on the Hebrew and the Egyptian.

The reasons for this double foundation are easily adduced, and the causes are natural and logically necessary.

If any of the large numbers of British Israel students in Vancouver or vicinity care to communicate their views by letter they may do so by addressing such a letter to the Associate Editor of the Western Call. By this route they will come into my hands and be perhaps of considerable value in determining the best time for beginning the autumn series of meetings.

A WORTHY PUBLIC SPIRIT.

It takes some men a long time to fully manifest their true nature in its fullest sense. As years roll around certain men grow and in the end reveal the best or worst that is in them. For many years we have been alive to the claims and qualifications, one of the other, here in Vancouver. I refer especially to those who have been in public service, and thus have had themselves before the public more or less.

Among these men is Alderman, Captain McSpadden, who has "made good" both in public and in this world's goods. Of late, because of special success, the worthy alderman has been able to do what has been in his heart for years. Until now he was not in a position to do his best. But his turn has come, and at once the high public spirit is shown in his generous treatment of a matter of great utility. I refer to the new regiment he is getting under way. Not only is the Captain showing himself to be a patriot, loyal to the "old flag," but he has already contributed the handsome sum of $5,000 towards the expenses of the undertaking, and is determined that his regiment will not be second to any in the province.

This, then, is a splendid public spirit, shown after long years of patient waiting and preparation. His time and opportunity came, and he was ready to answer to the demand of public claim.

While the Captain is thus enabled to do what is in his heart, others are without the material ability to do as they would. Perhaps they never will be able. But the spirit is there.

SKIN BLOTCHES IN MEN AND NATIONS.

When boils break out on man or beast, the blood is impure and needs a cleansing course for the sake of improved health. It comes to pass that even in young, as well as in the aged, skin diseases show at times, owing to the blood being out of order.

Preceding death of men and nations, very commonly symptoms indicative of the coming disolution manifest themselves. At times one can detect the decomposing state by a careful investigation, and prevent the mortification becoming deadly.

Lately, while examining the condition of John Bull, the healthiest of all national animals, a strange boil was perceived near the root of his tail. Using a barn-yard fork to probe, and make examination, with a view to a cure, there was a wonderful outpour of pus and microbes. These microbes were vigorous and active, but there were three more lively than the others. These three seemed to resent the pitchfork interference, for they preferred to remain in the skin of John Bull, even though located near the tail, so long as they were not molested, and had what to them was fat feeding.

Looking at this mass of microbes infesting the outletted pus, it was seen that the three very active germs carried the facial features of Canadian politicians, such as bugglesly, sir rawss and sir bilford larry. They were wrathy because they were forcibly removed from the root of the tail of John Bull, so they kicked up quite a fuss, and raged around to prevent any improvement of the noble animal.

However, the man with the pitchfork said to the trio, begone, get out, and leave. Your influence and work are and have been bad. John Bull needs help, and shall have it as quickly as possible.

The bug, having lost his good fat sit, and being incensed thereat, determined to prevent the necessary cure being effected in the hide of John Bull.

Sir bilford larry was as mad as a wet hen be-

(Continued Page 5)

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

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

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Lemon Squash, reg. 25c	per bottle 20c
IXL Chicken Tamales IXL Chili Con Carne IXL Tamales	2 tins for 25c
Ox Tongue, 2 lb. tin	$1.00
German Frankfurt Sausage	50c tin
Bisto (the gravy maker)	20c tin
Pioneer Minced Clams	20c tin
Blue Point Oysters	25c and 45c tin
Cove Oysters	2 tins 25c
Can Crab	20c and 25c tin
Noel's Assorted Pastes	15c bottle
Noel's Assorted Potted Meats	20c tin
Underwood Deviled Ham	20c tin
Keg Anchovies	40c each
Tuna Fish	25c tin
Casarco Sardines	3 tins 25c
Libby Kraut	20c tin
Stuffed Olives, reg. 20c	15c
Ripe California Olives	35c pint
Stephens Mix Pickles, reg. 35c	25c bottle
Heinz Cider Vinegar	85c gallon
Clarke's Custard	10c, 15c and 25c tin
Totem Home Made Relish	25c bottle

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Tate, Doherty, Ward & Wright, Demon and many other well-known brands.

Tennis and Cricket Shoes

A wide range of English and Canadian made Shoes at very low prices.

TISDALLS LIMITED
198-620 Hastings Street, West Vancouver, B. C.

Read the new Serial Story now running in the "Call"

Grandview

Note—News meant for this column should be mailed or phoned to the editor early to insure insertion.

GRANDVIEW METHODIST EPWORTH LEAGUE

Pastor—Rev. F. G. Lett.
Sunday Services:—
Preaching 11 a.m. and 7.30 p.m.; Sunday School, 2.30 p.m.
Epworth League—Monday 8 p.m.
Prayer Meeting—Wednesday 8 p.m.
....The young people invite everybody to their League meetings, and suggest regular attendance at all services of the Church. The People are Welcome.

SMOKER AT GRANDVIEW.

Commercial Athletic Club Members Hold Open House.

The recently organized Commercial Athletic Club of Grandview held their first athletic gathering of the season in the club premises in Marfew Hall last Tuesday night and the affair was a huge success from start to finish. A lengthy and varied programme was staged and everybody went home happy. Here is the programme: Bud Soules and Billy Soules boxed three rounds to a draw while Ernie and Frank Barrieau went the same distance to a similar decision. Fred Smith and Al Hatch went two fast ten-minute bouts in a wrestling exhibition. Al Carter helped along the good work with his own inimitable manner. L. Lambert and G. McEwan gave a clever exhibition of tumbling. F. Ayres and Harry Wills furnished the comedy element, while the Kil Kour trio rendered several good songs. F. Bud and B. Courtell contributed solos and Jocko Vinson wound up the programme by giving a ten-minute skipping rope exhibition and a recitation. J. T. McArthur, honorary president of the club, and Councillor Dickinson, president of the club, made neat speeches during the evening.

At St. Saviour's Church, Grandview, on Tuesday evening Miss Jessie Margaret Fowler, who recently came from Trinity, Newfoundland, was married to Captain Gilbert J. Brown. The bride was becomingly attired in a suit of cream silk with hat to match, and carried a bouquet of white carnations. Miss Janette Butler of Newfoundland, who was prettily gowned in pale blue silk and carried a bouquet of ferns, acted as bridesmaid, while Mr. Russel Kearley, also of Newfoundland, gave the bride away. The ceremony was performed by Rev. H. St. George Buttrum. After the ceremony a drive round the city was enjoyed and later a reception was held at the home of the bride and groom. The bride was the recipient of a number of valuable gifts. The groom's gift to the bride was a handsome gold watch, and ot the bridesmaid a gold brooch set with pearls. Included among the gifts were a number from friends in Newfoundland. Captain and Mrs. Brown will reside on Graveley street, Grandview.

Mr. Ernest Dodd left for Seattle last Saturday night. He will be gone for a short time on an auto trip through California with his brother, who lives in Victoria.

Last Sunday the services in the Grandview Methodist Church were conducted by Rev. Stapleford. In the morning the communion service was conducted by Rev. G. A. Odlum.

The W. M. S. of Mount Pleasant Methodist Church held their regular meeting on the lawn of Mrs. A. E. Burnett's home, 2810 Ontario street, Tuesday afternoon. Supper was spread on a long table, prettily decorated with flowers, and the husbands of the members partook of the ladies' hospitality. Over a hundred sat down to the table, at the head of which Dr. Sipprell presided. Noteworthy in the afternoon's events was the joining of fifteen new members with the society and about eight honorary members. Class number ten of the Sunday school served ice cream on the lawn.

AUTOS ARE BURNED.

Big Fire Destroyed Calgary Garage This Morning.

The Dominion auto garage in Calgary was swept by a disastrous fire early Saturday morning. Fifteen motor cars, a number of motorcycles and the whole interior equipment of the buildings were destroyed. The total loss is estimated at $50,000. The fire was discovered by a night watchman after it had gained considerable headway. The origin of the fire is a mystery.

CHEAPER FRUIT FOR ALBERTA FARMERS.

Grand Forks, B. C.—Fruit growers throughout the Grand Forks district are expressing general satisfaction with the decision of the United Farmers' Association to handle the distribution of British Columbia fruits among the different Alberta unions, thereby eliminating the middleman to a large extent. In the opinion of P. P. Woodridge, secretary of the association, the new method of distribution will mean fruit for Alberta farmers at greatly reduced prices; and the system once organized should remain in force as long a sit proves profitable. With the readiest access of almost any western shipping centre to the leading inland markets, where the almost exclusive grain-growing policy has thus far prevented almost entirely the development of the fruit-growing industry.

WILL DEVELOP B. C. DAIRY INDUSTRY.

Elko, B. C.—Since it has become known that western branch creameries of eastern manufacturers are many carloads behind in their orders owing to the immense demand in the West, renewed interest is being taken in the recent announcement of A. F. MacLaren of Toronto, known as the Canadian cheese king, to the effect that his company is about to establish a chain of creameries in British Columbia for the purpose of handling dairy products under the special process controlled by him. The organization of a provincial company has just been effected with an authorized capital of $400,000. It is practically certain that at least one of the ten factories to be established will be located in the Kootenays, another in the Okanagan Valley, and several more at favorable points along the main line of the Canadian Pacific.

THIS MAN MADE SURE OF CROP.

Canadian western farmers are remarkably ingenious in assuring themselves a crop. At least they are reported to be. An Ontario farmer tells of an incident that occurred when he was paying a visit to a relative farmer in the Canadian west. He followed the trail for many miles and finally found his relative digging in a field. The man dub about eight inches and rooted out a good hill of potatoes. He dug to another depth and revealed a second hill. At still another depth a third hill of potatoes was forthcoming.

Mystified, the farmer from the east questioned the digger concerning the magnificent crop of potatoes, by hills, three deep. "Well," he said, "we plant them three deep this way in order to be sure of one crop at least. You see, in a dry season the upper hill is killed by drought, and in a very dry season the second hill is also lost, but it never gets so dry that the bottom hill is destroyed. On the other hand, when the season is wet the bottom hill rots, in a very wet season the middle hill goes as well, but it never gets so wet that the top hill is destroyed. In the third place, in a favorable season like this has been the result is three crops, as you see."

Canada's Future

It takes years to grow trees—not hours or days.

To keep us in timber, pulp, an equable water supply, fish and game, we must have trees.

Stop the fires.

Stop the waste in logging, milling and utilization.

Stop the insect and fungus depredations.

Cut timber only when it is "ripe"—when it will produce as much value as possible in usefulness to men.

Plant up the waste places.

Plant the needed shelter belts.

These take time, they take men, they take money, but they are worth it.

France has spent $35,000,000 in planting trees on watersheds.

Germany spends up to $13 per acre per annum on some forests, and gets gross returns up to $24 per acre, thus yielding net profits up to $11 per acre every year.

As a whole, German forests produce about $2.00 net per acre annually.

Canada spends much less than one cent per acre per annum on the forest lands under management.

If we set the fire loss against the timber product, Canada's forest balance sheet shows an enormous deficit.

How can Canadians stop the losses, arrest the waste?

There is but one answer.

Public opinion, public interest, public conscience are the only forces that will ever make for progress.

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Grandview Stationery
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Watch our Windows
It will pay you
Every Week a Special.
This Week—Stationery and Sundries.
Ice Cream, we are NOT keeping it—We are SELLING it.

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 west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.
Dated 26th day of April, 1913.
MERTON SMITH,
Per Jas. McKendel, Agent.

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Dated April 28, 1913.
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Per Jas. McKendel, Agent.

COAST DISTRICT, RANGE 1.

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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 four miles south and one mile east of the southerly point of Seymour Inlet, thence running south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.
Dated April 27th, 1913.
MERTON SMITH,
Per Jas. McKendel, Agent.

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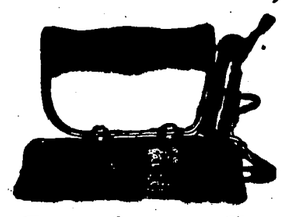
20-6-13—15-8-13



— 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 5000 1138 Granville St. Near Davie St.

THE WESTERN CALL.

Issued every Friday at 2408 Westminster Road, one-half block north of Broadway. Phone Fairmont 1140.

Editor, H. H. Stevens; Manager, Geo. A. Odlum.

Subscription: $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.

The Queen Tea Rooms
618 Granville Street
Luncheon and Afternoon Teas a Specialty

Stanley's Mt. Pleasant WALLPAPER Shop
Stanley's Paint shop in the Central Part of the Business district. Phone us today for Estimates.
Next to P. Burn's & Co.
STANLEY & CO.
Phone Fair. 998
2317 Main Street
Open "Saturday evenings"

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. COWAN

Special Announcements
Our Stock of **WALLPAPER** is latest in design and best in quality.
Our **Paints** are unexcelled and our workmanship is unrivalled.
If you contemplate having your house papered or painted, call on us.
LEE & WOOD
Importers of Wallpaper
523 Broadway, W Phone Fair. 1520

Cut Flowers
Plants
Funereal Designs
Decorations for Social Functions.
KEELER'S NURSERY
Cor 15th Ave. & Main St
PHONE: Fairmont 817

Merton Smith, President
Geo. A. Odlum, Manager

THE TERMINAL CITY PRESS, LTD. PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS

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

Vancouver, B.C., July , 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 Westminster Road, corner of Eighth Avenue, Mt. Pleasant.

Yours respectfully,

TERMINAL CITY PRESS, LTD.
Per Geo. A. Odlum, Mgr.

Some of the Things We Print:

Letterheads	Milk Tickets	Books
Billheads	Bread Tickets	Counter Slips
Statements	Meal Tickets	Programmes
Envelopes	Professional C'ds	Laundry Lists
Business Cards	Street Car Cards	Legal Forms
Hand Bills	For Sale Cards	Order Forms
Window Cards	To Let Cards	Bills of Sale
Post Cards	Index Cards	Deeds
Blotters	Visiting Cards	Agreements
Butter Wrappers	Waiter Checks	Shipping Tags
Bread Labels	Circulars, Letter	Pamphlets
Bills Fare	" Note	Vouchers
Admission Tick'ts	Cheques	Receipts

You are invited to write us freely on any or every matter that affects public interests. Observe the following rules:—

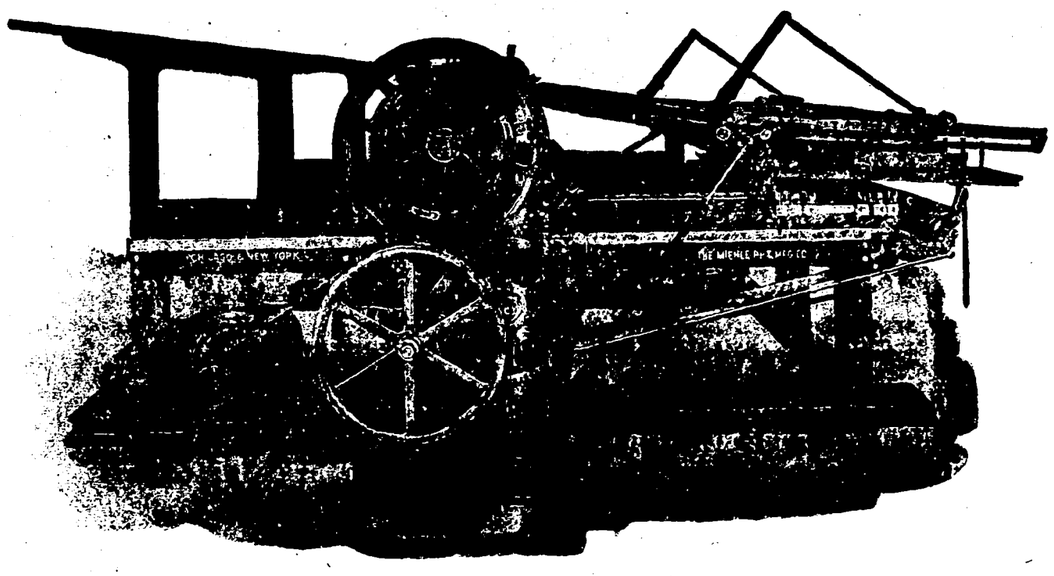
Send copy early in the week to insure its immediate appearance.

Sign your name, not necessarily for publication, but for assurance of good faith.

Be patient. Don't expect every article to appear at once. It may be impossible.

Write legibly. We cannot decipher hieroglyphics.

Address all communications to Western Call Editor, 2404-2408 Westminster Road, Vancouver, B.C.



THE NEW MIEHLE PRESS OF THE TERMINAL CITY PRESS, LTD.

Children's Gardens

Each child in Vancouver is invited to enter the children's garden competition of the City Beautiful Association, regulations for which were drafted on Friday night by the Domestic Garden Committee of the organization. Children desiring to compete for the prizes must file their entries by June 15, and blanks for that purpose may be obtained from the teachers in the schools or from Mr. W. E. Payne, secretary of the organization at the Board of Trade rooms. The entry forms must be countersigned by parents.

Prizes Offered

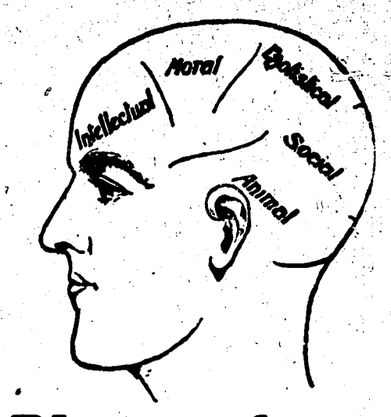
Two cups donated by the city aldermen will be awarded this year, one for vegetable growing and one for flower growing, together with four other graded prizes in each ward. In addition to the prizes, each winner of a prize will be given an appropriate certificate, and a further certificate will be given each competitor not successful in winning a prize.

Conditions.

Children from 8 to 16 years old are eligible to enter the contest, and those between the ages of 8 years and 12 years will be allowed to avail themselves of assistance, but those more than 12 years old must work alone. Flower gardens and vegetable gardens will be judged in two classes, and the entry blanks must tell whether the competitor will contest for the prize for flower gardening, vegetable gardening, or both.

Competent judges appointed by the twice each season, and in making their decision will take into consideration the varios conditions for which the competitors have worked. The following points will be considered in making the awards: the nature of the soil, exposure of garden, variety of specimens used, and the design and artistic effect of the whole.

The committee recommends that a record be kept of the time of planting and maturing of plants, character of soil and difficulties overcome, weather conditions, weeds, insects and diseases, in order that the data may be available for future reference.



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

A DETECTIVE'S ADVICE

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

Electric Restorer for Men
Phosphonol restores every nerve in the body to its proper tension; restores vim and vitality. Premature decay and all sexual weakness averted at once. Phosphonol will make you a new man. Price $3 a box, or two for $5. Mailed to any address. The Scobell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.
Sold at
Campbell's Drug Store
Cor. Hastings and Granville Sts.
Vancouver, B.C.

SPECIAL
Ernest Shaw, D.C.
Chiropractor.
Has removed his office to Suite 307, Lee Building
Cr. Broadway & Main St.
Office Hours:
1:30 to 5:30
Consultation Free.
Residence: 250 22nd Ave. E.

The Successful Firms Advertise. WHY?

Mt. PLEASANT

Probably Your Eyes are at Fault

If you suffer much from headaches either frontal or accipital you should have a strong suspicion that your eyes are the cause. The proper glasses have cured tens of thousands of cases of headache.

We can tell you in a few minutes if your eyes are at fault or not.

If they are, we can stop those headaches for you as if by magic.

Surely it's worth your while to get the benifit of our optical advice and assistance.

J. E. HOUGH

Jeweller and Optician — Cor. 7th Ave. and Main St.

OUR MARKET SPECIALS

Local Lamb, Legs 25c — Loins, 22c — Shoulders, 15c
Fresh Loins Pork, 22c — Shoulder Roast Pork, 18c
Prime Ribs Beef, 20c — Sirloin Roast, - - 22c
Choice Pot Roast, 15c — Ranch Eggs, 3 doz. for $1.00
Eastern Township Butter, 3 lbs. for $1.00
Good Lard, 2 lbs. for 25c

A fine line of Fresh Cooked Meats always on hand.

Kamloops Vancouver Meat Market, 1849 Main Street

Residence, 662 12th Avenue, East

Fairmont Repair Shop

E. R. Matthews, Machinist

Cor. 8th Ave. Westminster Rd.

Auto, Bicycle Repairs and Accessories.

General Repairs

Electric Irons, Lawn Mowers, Baby Buggies.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD-FELLOWS

MT. PLEASANT LODGE NO. 19

Meets every Tuesday at 8 p.m. in I.O.O.F. hall, Westminster Ave., Mt. Pleasant. Sooourning brethren cordially invited to attend.

J. C. Davis, N. G., 1221 Hoqier Street
J. Haddon, V. G., 2616 Main Street
Thos. Sewell, Rec. Sec., 431 Seventh Ave. E.

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.

No Delivery — **No Credit**

Sanitary Mark't

Phone: Fairmont 621

We give you the benefit of all expenses of delivery and book-keeping.

This is the place where everybody should Trade

Saturday Specials

	Per lb.		Per lb.
Large Rabbits, -	each 35c	Local Lamb, Legs 25c	Loins 25c
Fresh Local Veal Roasts	25c to 30c	" " Shoulders - -	15c
Choice Rolled Roasts,	20c to 25c	Sirloin Roast - - - - -	25c
Lean Shank Meat, boneless,	12½c	Choice Pot Roast - -	12½c-15c
Fresh Dressed Chix -	25c to 30c	Choice Cuts Round Steak	20c-22c
Leaf Lard - - - - - -	15c	Cooked Lunch Tongue - -	40c
Good Lard - - - - -	2 lbs. 25c	New Zealand Butter	3 lbs. $1.00
Fresh Salmon - - -	2 lbs. 35c	Ranch Eggs, 35c doz.,	3 doz. $1.00
Large Labrador Herrings -	each 5c	Finnan Haddie - -	per lb. 12½c
Smoked Halibut - -	2 lbs. for 35c	Kippers - - -	5c per pair
Fresh Halibut -	10c per lb.	Fresh Smoked Salmon -	20c per lb.

IMPORTANT! Three Prizes given away every week. Save your Register Tickets.

2513 Main Street, nr. Broadway — The Place that Treats You Right — This is an Independent Market

Athabasca Landing Is Swept by Flames

Athabasca Landing, Aug. 5.—Nearly all the business section of this town has been wiped out by fire, starting at 3 a.m. The fire started either in a poolroom or the Grand Union Hotel. The flames swept through Strathcona street and Litchfield avenue. The two hotels were destroyed and over thirty business houses. Bucket brigades finally checked the flames, but not before a total damage exceeding half a million dollars was done. Constable Blair eceived serious burns waking the guests of the Grand Union Hotel. The City Council met and formed a relief committee.

One hundred people were absolutely destitute and twice as many had no place to buy a meal or get a place to rest. The government placed the immigration hall at the disposal of the council, and those merchants having any goods left offered what they had to relieve the stricken.

The heaviest individual loser was Mike Gagnon, who lost a number of buildings worth $200,000, and all uninsured. The Athabasca Forwarding Company's warehouse filled with goods consigned to the Peace River was burned to the ground. The goods were worth $50,000.

The waterworks were not completed and only a hand-pump engine was available to fight the flames except the bucket brigades.

The following are the losses:

The Athabasca Forwarding Company, Athabasca Hotel, Ney's confectionery, Gibbing's restaurant, Hackett's cigar store, Stocker's dry goods, Royal Bank, Cull's drug store, telephone exchange, Bank of Commerce, Friedman's tailor shop, Revillon's warehouse, Dubor's grocery, Generoux barber shop, Greek restaurant and pool room, Hyndman's clothing store, Grand Union Hotel, Lollett's bowling alley, Dueck's hardware, Gaskell's confectionery, Brault & Vien's grocery, R. N. W. M. P. barracks, H. B. warehouse, two cars on C. N. R. tracks.

Quebec May be Government Seat

Ottawa, Ont., Aug. 5.—Lieutenant-Colonel H. C. Lowther, secretary to the Governor-General, has issued a bulletin to the effect that Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught will prolong their stay in England until October 17 in order that they may be able to be present at the wedding of H. R. H. Prince Arthur of Connaught, which has been fixed for Oct. 15.

The "Journal" says: "Historic Quebec, the ancient capital of Canada, may once again become at least the temporary seat of government in the Dominion.

"It is probable that in the event of the alterations which are being made at Rideau Hall not being completed before His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught returns to Canada, he will take up his residence at Spencerwood, the home of the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, or possibly at the far-famed Citadel, and the administration of the country would then be carried n onot a stone's throw from where it was ruled more than 200 years ago by the intrepid and gallant Frontenac."

CALLING A MAN A LIAR

Places in the United States Where It is a Crime

The other day a resident in Louisville, Kentucky, expressed his opinion to another man that he was a dirty liar, and was promptly knocked down. He commenced an action for assault, but lost the case. The judge declared from the Bench that to call another man a liar was to deliver him a blow, and honorably discharged the defendant.

It is a justifiable defence in any of the American States to claim that the man you have assaulted has first called you a liar. A Bill containing such a provision was introduced in the Texas Legislature some years ago, and has not yet been repealed. The senator who introduced the Bill declared that he based it on a law which makes the offensive use of the word a misdemeanor punishable by a $25 fine.

Calling a man a liar is not only an offence against the law in Virginia; it is a crime. There is a law on the statute-books of that State which reads as follows: "If any person shall, in the presence or hearing of another, curse or abuse such person or use any violently abusive language to such person concerning himself or any of his female relatives in circumstances reasonably calculated to provoke a breach of the peace, he shall be deemed guilty of misdemeanor, and on conviction shall be fined not less than $1.35, nor more than $30."

To call a man a liar in Georgia is slander, for which one may be punished by a fine of $1,000, or imprisonment for a year, or both. The defendant has the right, however, to prove his charge and go clear. On the criminal side of the courts the law holds as it does in Kentucky, that the lie constitutes the first blow and justifies violent response.

In Arkansas the use of the epithet is a misdemeanor punishable by a fine. In Mississippi it is not specifically mentioned in the laws, but all insulting words are made civilly actionable. In South Carolina it is not a crime, but may be used as a basis of civil action for defamation of character.

In North Carolina the user of the epithet and the man to whom it is applied are held equally guilty in cases of assault and battery. But every State is careful to warn the public that "all words which, from their usual construction and common acceptation, are construed as insults and tend to violence and breach of the peace shall be actionable."

LIGHTNING PROVES FREAKY

Tearing Off Man's Leg

Globe, Ariz., Aug. 5.—A bolt of lightning travelled through nearly a mile of tunnel in the Copper Reef mine, jumped 300 feet down a winze and nearly tore a leg off one miner and shocked more than a score of others.

The bolt was conducted through the tunnel by the steel rails of a skip hoist.

H. H. Stevens has gone east on business, but is expected in Vancouver in the near future.

Merton Smith, whose office is now in the Terminal Press Building, 2404-2408 Westminster road, has gone up the coast for a few days.

Geo. A. Odlum has been rusticating in the country and mountains recently.

London, Aug. 5.—The engagement of Miss Victoria Mary Sackville-West, daughter of Lord and Lady Sackville, to Mr. Harold Nicholson has been officially announced. Mr. Nicholson is an attache of the British Embassy at Constantinople.

Kelly the Grocer

Gives Pony Ballots with every 25c Cash purchase.

Finest Table Raisins, 3 lbs. for 25c

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

Raspberries for Preserving

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

Gooseberries, 2 boxes 25c | Tragedy Plums, per bas. 40c
Lg. Cantaloupes, 2 for 25c | Burberry Plums, per bas. 40c
Red Currants, 2 boxes 25c | 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, 12 lbs. 25c | Lg. Bannanas, per doz. 30c
Rhubarb, 8 lbs, 25c

Pie Apples

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

GrapeJuice, " 25c | LimeJuice, btl. 25c
Ginger Ale, best, 3 bottles 25c | Raspberry Vin'gr. per bottle 20c

Eggo Baking Powder

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

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

KELLY'S GROCERY

2333 Main Street — Phone Fair. 938

PHONE FAIRMONT 510

THE DON

ICE CREAM PARLOR

PHONE FAIRMONT 510

2648 Main St. 2d store from 11th Av.

Ice Cream in Boxes, 15c, 25c, 50c

Cones, Six for 25c

High Grade Chocolates and Table Fruits
Tobaccos and Stationery.

Printing Terminal City Press, Ltd.

2408 Westminster Rd. — Phone Fairmont 1140

Vancouver Cut-Rate Fruit and Candy Company

J. N. Ellis, Manager — 2452 Main Street, Cor. Broadway

FREE

with every Cone or dish of Ice Cream we give you a large MARASCHINO CHERRY. This is something new. Have you tried it? If not, get the habit.

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

NOTICE

The management of the Terminal City Press wish the people of Vancouver, Victoria or elsewhere to know that they are in no way responsible for any promises or representations made by "The Merchants' Publicity Co." in their pony advertising campaign. All space used in "The Western Call" by them was contracted as paid advertising.

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

The Heart of Vancouver

If You Help Your District You also Help Yourself

CHURCHES

BAPTIST.

Mount Pleasant Baptist Church.
Cor. Tenth Ave. and Quebec St.
Preaching Services—11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Sunday School at 2:30 p.m.
Pastor, Rev. A. F. Baker, 6-14th Ave., East

CENTRAL BAPTIST CHURCH
Cor. 10th Ave. and Laurel St.
Services—Preaching at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Sunday School at 2:30 p.m.
Rev. Geo. Welch, B.A., Pastor.
11th Ave. W.

METHODIST.

MT. PLEASANT CHURCH
Cor. 10th Ave. and Ontario.
Services—Preaching at 11 a.m. and at 7:30 p.m. Sunday School and Bible Class at 2:30 p.m.
Rev. W. J. Sipprell, B.A., D.D., Pastor
Parsonage, 128 11th Ave. W. Tele. Fairmont 1449.

Alert Adult Bible Class of Mountain View Methodist Church meets at 2.30 every Sunday. Visitors will be made welcome. S. Johnston, president.

MT. PLEASANT EVANGELISTIC MEETING
Oddfellows' Hall
Main St. and Sixth Ave.
Sundays—Bible Address 3:15
Gospel Service 7:30
All are cordially invited.
THOS. KINDLEYSIDES, Secy.
4236 John St., So. Vancouver.

ANGLICAN.

ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH
Cor. Broadway and Prince Edward St
Services—Morning Prayer at 11 a.m. Sunday School and Bible class at 2:30 p.m.
Evening Prayer at 7:30 p.m.
Holy Communion every Sunday at 8 a.m. and 1st and 3rd Sundays at 11 a.m
Rev. G. H. Wilson, Rector
Rectory, Cor. 8th Ave. and Prince Edward St. Tel. Fairmont 406-L.

CEDAR COTTAGE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Rev. J. O. Madill, Pastor.
Services—11 a.m., 7:30 p.m.
11 a.m., "The Value of Prayer."
7:30 p.m., "Our need — God — not Luck."
The pastor will preach at both services.

CURRENT COMMENT

(Continued from page 1)

cause his pact with the dirty bald-headed eagle was not successful. Larry looked fierce, and has got the jaundice of defeat and sad failure. He sees his doom, the doom of a badly directed John Bull microbe. He knows, but hates to admit it, that he is but the microbe of a microbe's microbe. And then the third, sir wrass, sworn to be true to John Bull, and to defend the noble animal against all dangers, enemies and other microbes, is disgusted because he has been forced by bugglesley and sir larry to be false to a sacred trust, and give his aid to the master microbe, which mud-woggles around in the Tiberine marshes.

However, since the pitchfork has done its work, these three microbes are growing more harmless every day and soon will be quiescent, especially larry, the disgruntled slave of a slave's slave.

In the meantime John Bull has his tail working in better shape, and soon will have three other helpers, big burly defenders; and these are coming in spite of the three little microbes lately removed from the root of the tail. May their end be restful and their now sorrowful shades be a bit more happy.

THE NEW ZEALAND AND VANCOUVERITES

The advent of New Zealand's gift to the Empire made the people of Vancouver truly proud and grateful. Of course there are some exceptions. Among these are the people who want peace at any price, and would not build a single British ship even though the other nations were doubling their fleets at a most rapid rate. Such people have little influence in the councils of the Empire, and never can so long as nations delight in war and until the big wars of the future, as foretold in Scripture, shall have taken place.

Then there are many foreigners in Vancouver who do not like to see the British Empire so far ahead of their own countries in all that stands for peace or war. And the Battle-Cruiser, New Zealand, stands for both peace and war, either in an emergency.

Then there are certain extreme followers of Sir Wilfrid Laurier who are enraged to see the Empire growing strong in spite of the continued attempts to keep it from thus growing in physical force, a true measurement of its high ideals and visions,—yes, and a measurement of its lofty spirit.

But apart from these and a few others not worthy a mention here, the bulk of Vancouverites were proud, and hailed the New Zealand with joyful spirits.

In this statement I include the vast body of those citizens whom we call Liberals. They, the best of them, were the men who here, and elsewhere in Canada, came to the aid of Canada and the Empire nearly two years ago, when they forsook the leader whom they had followed for many years.

They are sorry for him and ashamed of his late course as well. He has wrecked his party, for a time, and wrecked himself forever. He never can win back what he has lost. He has lost his best men in tens of thousands, as the last election has shown, and as the next will emphasise, unless he and his co-workers make a sharp turn. They need not try working for the enemies of the Empire and expect political success in Canada, which is perhaps more loyal in its units than even Old England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland in their units. When our citizens were manifesting their enthusiasm and high appreciation of the action of the Dominion of New Zealand, it was evident to the close observer that a deep sense of shame and sorrow pervaded the best of the men of the Liberal party, for they know and hesitate not to say that Sir Wilfrid Laurier has disgraced Canada *in the eyes of loyal Britons throughout the* world, and worse yet, in the eyes of our most inveterate enemies.

These very Liberals have aided in chastising the men at Ottawa who ventured to hand the destinies of Canada over to the States; and they are ready to make these same leaders of the party feel the lashings of a fierce disapproval at the next elections if their conversion be not manifest beforehand.

However, it is likely that the loyal and statesmanlike Liberals will be in contral of the party before the next election when their national and Empire plans will be more commensurate with the world needs, claims and aims of Britannia Major. In the meantime they will have to throw Sir Wilfrid, Sir Geo. Ross and the present leaders aside on account of the political act of treachery performed of late. The **old unrepresenting Senate** of Canada simply acted as so many feeble tools of the Laurier manipulators.

In the meantime we welcome as part of the British defending force the splendid ship the "New Zealand." And we shall, ere many moons, place beside that ship three of a similar or superior sort. Then Canada will make its voice to be heard as it long has wanted so to do.

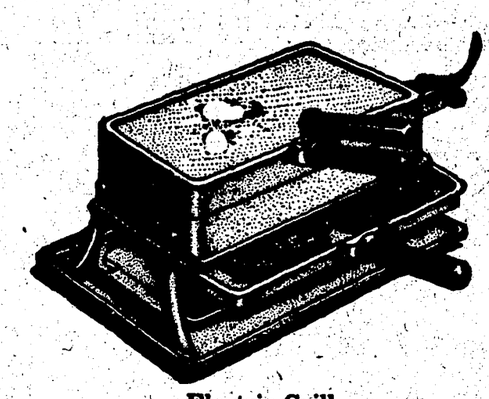
It is remarkable that the Borden policy has been condemned by Germany, Austria, and all the enemies of England, while these very nations and peoples are loud in their praises of the Laurier do-nothing policy. The course to pursue nine times out of ten is the course condemned by our enemies. This is a plain, easily understood and soundly based statement.

Special for Women

A woman's work is never done unless 'tis done the Hot Point way. We have the famous Hot Point Electric Appliances, which do away with the cooking and ironing over a hot stove.

Hot Point Iron

Electric Stove



Electric Grill

Call and get a booklet of the Hot Point Tasty Recipes.

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

SAVE THE BALLOTS

As an Advertising Medium

Numbered Slips are Given with every 25c Purchase

Get all the Ballots you can. The one you miss may be the Lucky Number.

Each Ballot Carries with it One Chance of Winning the Pony and Cart.

THESE SLIPS, OR BALLOTS, ARE ABSOLUTELY FREE.
It Costs the Public Nothing. Ask the Tradesmen.

MERCHANTS' PUBLICITY CAMPAIGN

Drawing Takes Place on Labor Day.

MY LADY OF DOUBT

BY RANDALL PARRISH

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

Illustrations by HENRY THEDE

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"You must have dreamed; perhaps you recall the suggestion?"

"I took it to mean that you would not be altogether averse to meeting me again through the kindness of some mutual friend."

"No doubt you have found such a friend?"

"I have scarcely seen a face I know tonight," I pleaded. "I cannot even guess from what place of mystery you appeared so suddenly. So now I throw myself upon your mercy."

"I wonder is it quite safe!" hesitatingly. "But, perhaps, the risk is equally great on your part. Ah! the lights go on again."

"And the band plays a Hungarian waltz; how better could we cement friendship than to that measure?"

"You think so? I am not so sure, and there are many names already on my card—"

"Do not look," I interrupted swiftly, "for I claim first choice since this afternoon."

"You do?" and her eyes laughed into mine provokingly. "And I had forgotten it all; did I indeed promise you?"

"Only with your eyes."

"Oh, my eyes! always my eyes! Well, for once, at least, I will redeem even that visionary pledge," and her glance swept the room hastily. "But I advise that you accept my surrender quickly, sir—I am not sure but this was Captain Grant's dance, and he is coming now."

CHAPTER IV.

The Beginning of Trouble.

Her hand was in mine, my arm already around her waist, when the officer bowed before us. He had been

"If I Leave You Now as You Request I Must First Have Promise of Welcome Again."

but a dim figure in the afternoon, but now I saw him for a tall, slender man, somewhat swarthy of face, with black hair and moustache, and a keen eye, attired in the green and white of the Queen's Rangers. He smiled, but with a sarcastic curl to the upper lip not altogether pleasant.

"Your pardon, Mistress Claire," he said boldly, sweeping me with a supercilious glance, "but am I mistaken in believing this waltz was pledged to me?"

"By mistake, captain," her lips smiling, her eyes steady. "It seems I overlooked a promise made during the afternoon."

"Oh, indeed," he turned toward me, staring insolently. "The hero of the rescue, I presume."

I felt the restraining pressure of her hand upon my sleeve, and her voice replied calmly, before I succeeded in finding words.

"This is the gentleman who protected me from the mob, if that is what you mean. Permit me to present Captain Grant of the Queen's Rangers, Lieutenant—pardon my having already forgotten your name."

"Fortesque," I stammered, intensely hating the necessary deception.

"Ah, yes—Lieutenant Fortesque of the Forty-second British Foot."

We bowed coldly, neither extending a hand, the captain twisting his mustache as he continued staring at me.

"Fortesque," he repeated slowly. "Fortesque; not of this garrison, I believe."

"No, from New York," coolly. "I regret having interfered with your program."

"Don't mention it; there are other ladies present, and, no doubt, your gallant act was worthy the reward; a pleasant evening, sir," and he withdrew aside, stiffly military. Eager to lose as little as possible of the measure, I swung my partner forward, catching glimpse again of the man's face as we circled.

"Pleasant disposition," I ventured, without meaning to be uncivil.

"Oh, very," and her eyes met mine frankly. "But you must not quarrel with him; that is his one specialty, you know."

"Is the warning on your account, or my own?"

"Both, perhaps. Captain Grant's family and mine are neighbors—or were before war intervened—and between our fathers exists a life-long friendship. I could never consent to be the cause of his quarreling with anyone, and I have reason to know how quick tempered he is."

"I have little use for any man who swaggers about seeking trouble," I returned, as she hesitated. "It has been my experience that there is usually cowardice back of such a disposition."

"Not in this case," earnestly. "Captain Grant's courage has been sufficiently tested already. I warn you not to presume on your theory so far as he is concerned. I advise the safer course."

"What is that?"

Her eyes met mine, smiling slightly, and yet grave enough in their depths.

"To let this one dance prove sufficient reward for your act of rescue."

"You request this?"

"Oh, you must not place the entire burden of decision on me, sir. I can only suggest."

"Has Captain Grant any authority to dictate who shall be your partner?"

Her lashes lifted, and then fell before my gaze.

"He at least assumes the power, and generally with fair success. I must ask to be excused from discussing this matter further now, but—but," her voice trembled to a whisper, "I—I am sure your safety depends upon your leaving me."

Astonished by these words, suddenly wondering if she suspected me, scarcely comprehending what she meant, I stared into her face, as we circled the room. Grant stood stiffly against the wall where we left him, his eyes fastened moodily on the crowd; I realized his presence, yet my whole thought was concentrated on the girl, the strands of her hair brushing my lips, her steps lightly following the music, her eye downcast. Into the cheeks there came a flush of pink, and she glanced up to read the surprise in my face.

"Do I need to say more?"

"Yes, you must," I insisted, "you can never believe I would leave you because of personal fear."

"I did not know—at first. Now I realize it will require a higher motive to influence you; not love of life, but love of country."

I felt the closer clasp of her fingers on my guiding hand, and knew I took a deep breath of surprise.

"Lean your head just a little closer," she whispered. "I—I know you, Major Lawrence, and—and I wish you well."

How I kept to the measure I cannot imagine, for, in an instant, all my house of cards crumbled into nothingness. She knew me, this blue-eyed girl; knew me, and sought to aid my mission, this daughter of a loyalist, this lady of the Blended Rose. It was inconceivable, and yet a fact—my name had been whispered by her lips.

Suddenly she looked up laughing, as though to make others feel that we conversed lightly. We passed Grant, even as I held my breath, almost afraid to venture with words. Yet they would not be restrained.

"You certainly startled me; how do you know this? Surely we have never met before?"

"I refuse to be questioned, sir; it means nothing how I know—the fact that I do should be sufficient."

"Must Mistress Claire—"

"Rather Mistress Mortimer."

"Yet the captain called you Claire."

"And we were children together—you can scarcely claim such familiarity."

"I warrant you can name me."

"Allen, is it not, sir?"

What was it the witch did not know! This was no guess work, surely, and yet how could her strange knowledge be accounted for? Sweet as the face was, greatly as it had attracted me, there was nothing to awaken a throb of memory. Surely I could never have seen her before, and forgotten; that would have been impossible. The music ceased, leaving us at the farther extremity of the hall.

"And now you will go?" she questioned eagerly.

"You mean, leave here?"

"Yes; you said once tonight, that but for me you would be riding yonder. I realized all you meant, and you must not remain. The guard lines are slack tonight, and you can get through, but if you wait until tomorrow it may be too late. Believe me, I am your friend, a friend of your cause."

"I do believe you; I could not connect you with deceit, but I am bewildered at this sudden exposure. Does Captain Grant also suspect my identity?"

"I think not—not yet, at least, for if he did you would be under arrest. But there are others here who would recognize you just as I have. There is no mystery about it. I was in Philadelphia when the Continental troops were here, and you were pointed out to me then. No, we have never met, yet I was sure I recognized you this afternoon."

"I was pointed out to you by whom?"

"My brother—my twin brother on the staff of General Lee."

"Did you not inform me your family were loyalists?"

"Yes; it is true," earnestly, her foot tapping the floor, as though annoyed at such persistent questioning. "I have a father and brother in the king's service—but one is a renegade, and I—I—"

"You are what?"

"I am merely a woman, sir, unable to determine whether to finally become loyalist or rebel."

I looked gravely into her eyes until they fell, veiling their revelation of truth behind long lashes.

"Mistress Mortimer," I murmured, bending so close to her pink ear, I felt the soft touch of her hair on my lips, "you dissemble so charmingly as to even puzzle me. But if I leave you now, as you request, I must first have promise of welcome again."

"Then you mean to return—a prisoner? I am always merciful to the suffering."

"No; we are coming back to Philadelphia victors, and soon. I am not afraid to tell you. I have learned much today, and go back to report to Washington that the exchange of British commanders means the early evacuation of the city. When we meet again you will not be a lady of the Blended Rose, nor will I be wearing this uniform."

Her eyes sparkled brightly into mine, then dropped demurely.

"I—I rather like the colors you are wearing now, and am sure this dress is most becoming. I—I have a passion for masquerade."

"I recognise that, but have already discovered where I can read the truth beyond the masque—what is occurring now?"

She turned to look, attracted as I had been by the change and bustle about us. A few feet from where we stood conversing, large folding doors, previously concealed by draperies, were suddenly flung wide open, revealing a magnificent dining hall. Dazzled by the magnificent spectacle, I turned to my companion, unable to resist temptation. She must have instantly read the purpose in my face, for she grasped my sleeve.

"No; you must not think of remaining a moment longer. There will be a seat reserved for me, and Captain Grant is coming this way now. Something is wrong, I am sure; I have no time to explain, but promise me you will leave here at once—at once."

Her eyes, her words, were so insistent I could not refuse, although as I glanced about I felt convinced there was no danger in this assemblage, not a familiar face meeting mine. At the instant Grant came up, elbowing his way through the press, and staring insolently into my eyes, even as he bowed politely to the lady beside me.

"At least this is my privilege," he insisted, "unless there be another previous engagement of which I am ignorant."

"Oh, no," and she rested her hands on the green sleeve, smiling from his face into mine. "We were waiting for you to come. Goodnight, Lieutenant Fortesque."

They had taken a step or two, when Grant halted, holding her arm tightly as he glanced back to where I stood.

"Would Lieutenant Fortesque spare me a moment after I have found the lady a seat?" he questioned politely.

"Gladly, if you do not keep me waiting too long."

"Then there will be no delay. Shall we say the parlor below?"

I mowed, conscious of the mute appeal in the lady's face, yet with no excuse for refusal.

"As well there as anywhere, sir."

Once again we bowed with all the punctilious ceremony of mutual dislike, and he whispered something into her ear as they disappeared in the stream of people. My cheeks burned with indignation at his cool insolence. What could it mean? Was he merely seeking a quarrel? or was there something else concealed behind this request? In either case I knew not how to act, and yet felt no inclination to avoid the meeting. Studying over the situation I pushed my way through the crowd across the floor of the ballroom. There were a few people still lingering on the stairs, but, except for the servants, the parlors below were deserted. I walked the length of one of the great rooms, and halted in front of a fireplace to await Grant's coming. I was eager to have this affair settled, and be off. I comprehended now the risk I had assumed by remaining so long, and began to feel the cords of entanglement drawing about me. There was a door opposite where I stood, and, staring toward it, I saw it open slightly, and, back in the darkness, the beckoning of a hand. Startled, yet realizing that it must mean me, I stepped closer, gripping the hilt of my sword, half suspecting treachery.

"Quick," and I recognized the deep contralto of the voice. "Don't stop to question; there is not a moment to lose."

CHAPTER V.

The Threat of Swords.

Stepping from the glare of those gleaming parlor lights into the gloom of that narrow passage, blinded me for the instant, yet a moment later, I became aware of the distant glimmer of a candle, the faint reflection revealing the girl's face.

"Please do not talk; do not ask anything—yet," she urged hurriedly, noiselessly closing the door at my back, and as instantly gripping my sleeve. Her breath came quickly; her voice trembled from suppressed excitement. "Come with me, beyond the light yonder."

I followed her guidance, bewildered, yet having every confidence the reason for this mysterious occurrence must be fully justified. The passage curved slightly, terminating at a closed door. Scarce a reflection of the candle reached us here, yet my eyes were by now sufficiently accustomed to the gloom so that I could trace the outlines of her face. A vague doubt took possession of me.

"You are causing me to run away from Grant," I protested blindly. "You are making me appear afraid to meet him."

"No, it is not that," swiftly. "He was not coming to you personally at all—you were to be arrested?"

"What! He knew me then?"

"I am not sure—some one did, and mentioned his suspicions. Captain Grant was glad enough of an excuse, no doubt, but he," the soft voice faltering, "he made a mistake in twitting me for being friendly toward you."

"And you came to warn, to save me!" I exclaimed, pressing her hand.

"That was nothing; I could do no less. I am only glad I knew the way."

"You mean how you might reach me first?"

"Yes; it came to me in a flash when he first left me alone, only I was not certain in which parlor you would be waiting. I ran through the kitchen and down the back stairs; I helped the officers plan their decorations, and in that way learned of this private passage beneath the stairs. It was easy, but—oh, listen! they are in there now!"

We could hear voices through the intervening wall clearly enough to even distinguish words, as the speakers exercised little restraint. I felt the girl's slender figure press against me in the narrow space where we stood, and I clung to her hand, both remaining motionless and silent.

"That fellow has run, Grant," boomed some one hoarsely, "either afraid, or else what you say he is. See here, boy, did you see anyone in here lately in scarlet jacket?"

"I don' just 'member, sah," answered a negro, hesitatingly. "I was busy over dar' cleanin' de sideboa'd."

"Well, he's not here now, that's certain," broke in Grant impatiently, "and we've been in all the parlors? What next, MacHugh?"

"Try to head him off before he can get out of the city, of course. That's his game, probably. Osborne, have Carter come here at once. Why didn't you nab the fellow upstairs, Captain? Fool play that, sending him down here."

"I didn't wish to create a row in the ball-room; he was with Claire Mortimer—"

"Oh, I see," laughing coarsely. "Something besides military duty involved, eh?"

"I'll trouble you to be a trifle more careful, MacHugh," Grant said stiffly. "The fellow did her a small service in the afternoon, and she couldn't refuse dancing with him, as he was in uniform, and apparently all right. I advise you to drop that part of the affair. Here's Carter now."

I could hear the click of the newcomer's spurs as he crossed the room. MacHugh chuckled.

"Touchy about it just the same, I see; however we'll pass up the lady. Carter, there has been a spy in here tonight, calling himself Lieutenant Fortesque, of the 42nd Regiment. He came through the lines this morning with despatches for Howe, I understand. Did you meet him?"

"No, sir, but one of my men was riding about with him all day—Watts; I heard him telling about it an hour ago."

"Is that so? Where'd they go?"

"Covered everything, I judge, from Callowhill to the Lower Battery. Watts said he asked questions of everybody they met, but he didn't take any notes. He liked the fellow, but thought he was mighty inquisitive. Where is he now, sir?"

"The devil knows, I don't, and you'll have to find out. He'll head northwest likely; he'll never try to cross the river here. How many men have you?"

"Twenty."

"Scatter them to every north post. The fellow had no horse, and your troopers can easily get ahead of him. Hurry up now." Carter departed with click of steel, and MacHugh evidently turned to his companion.

"We'll catch the lad all right, Grant. Some of those outposts will nab him before daylight. No use our waiting around here; let's go back upstairs."

The girl's nervous grasp on my arm tightened, her lips pressed close to my ear.

"I—I must get back to my place at the table," she whispered. "Surely you know what to do; this is a rear door; there are stables a hundred feet away; you must get a horse, and ride fast—you—you will do this!"

"Yes, of course—but how can I thank you?"

"Don't try; don't ever even think of it again. I hardly know what mad impulse sent me here. Now I have but one thought—to hurry you away, and get safely back myself—you will go?"

"Yes—but—"

"Not now! there is no time for explanation, promises, anything. You heard what they said; every avenue of escape will be blocked within an hour. If you go at once you can outride them—please, please go!"

She held out her hand, and I grasped it warmly, unable longer to war against the pitiful appeal in her voice.

"Yes, I'll go, at once. But I take away with me a memory which will never permit me to be satisfied until we meet again. We have been together so short a time—"

"Had it been longer," she interrupt-

(Continued on Page 7)

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ed, "you would know me better, and care less, perhaps. I am a sham; a cheat," a trifle of bitterness in the tone. "You will learn all that some day, and laugh at yourself. Oh, I know you will; so not another word, sir. I am going; then, perhaps, you will."

There was a slight pressure of her fingers, and she had vanished so quickly I could only stare blindly along the deserted passage. Yet, an instant later, the peril of my predicament flashed back upon my mind, and I faced the immediate necessity for action. What her strange words might mean could not be interpreted; I made no attempt to comprehend. Now I must find means of escape, and learn the truth later. I opened the door cautiously, and stepped without, every nerve taut, every muscle braced for action. It was a star-lit night, and the numerous rear windows of the mansion cast a glare of light for some distance. The dark shadow of a high fence alone promised concealment, and, holding my sword tightly, I crept in that direction, breathing again more freely as I reached its protection unobserved. There was a guard stationed before the stable door—a Grenadier, from the outline of his hat—and others, a little group, were sitting on the grass a dozen feet away. If they had not been already warned I might gain a horse by boldness, but the probability was that here was where Carter had mounted his squad, and I would merely walk forward into a trap. I had better chance the possibility that some visitor had left a horse tied in front, or to one of the stands. With this possibility in mind I turned, and skirted the house, making myself as inconspicuous as possible. There were soldiers on the outside steps; I heard their voices without seeing them, and was thus driven to run swiftly across an open space, memory guiding me toward the opposite pavilion. Breathless, with heart beating fast, I crouched low in the shadow, endeavoring to make out my more immediate surroundings. There were no horses there, but I could clearly distinguish the stomping of restless hoofs somewhere to the right. As I straightened up, determined upon discovering an empty saddle if possible, the figure of a man suddenly loomed directly in front, advancing toward me. In startled surprise I took one step backward, but was too late. Already the eyes of the newcomer had perceived my presence, and he sprang forward, tugging at his sword.

"If You Go at Once You Can Outride Them. Please, Please Go!"

"Hold on there! hold on!" he commanded shortly. "Who are you? What the devil are you skulking about out here for?"

It was Grant beyond a doubt; I would recognize the peculiar snarl of that voice in a thousand. He had not gone upstairs then; had not rejoined the lady in the dining-room. What would she think of his absence? What would she do when she realized its probable meaning? Someway I was not frightened, at thus meeting him, but glad—if those others would only keep away, and let us settle the affair between us. Here was his test—a coward would cry out an alarm, summon the guard to his assistance, but, if the fellow's nerve only held, or if he hated me badly enough, he'd fight it out alone. All this came to me in a flash, and the words of challenge spoken before he even grasped the thought of who I was.

"So I have discovered you, have I? Why did you fail to keep our appointment within?"

He drew up sharply with an oath, peering at me through the dark, bewildered by my speech.

"The spy! Ye gods, what luck! Do you mean to insinuate I ran away, sir?"

"How else could I interpret it?" I questioned coolly, determined to taunt him to action. "I waited where you told me till I was tired. Perhaps you will oblige me by explaining your purpose."

He muttered something, but without comprehending its purport I went on threateningly:

"And I think you made use of the word spy just now. Did you mistake me for another?"

"Mistake you? No; I'd know you in hell," he burst forth, anger making his voice tremble. "I called you a spy, and you are one, you sneaking night rat. You never waited for me in the parlor; if you had you'd now be under arrest."

"Oh, so that was the plan?"

"Yes, that was it, Mister Lieutenant Fortesque."

"Well, Grant," I said sternly, "I've got just one answer to make you. You can call your guard, or you can fight it out with me here. Whichever you choose will depend upon whether you are a man, or a cur." I took a step nearer, watching him as best I could in the dark. "You are an unmitigated liar, sir," and with sudden sweep of the arm I struck him with open hand. "Probably you will realize what that means."

For an instant he remained so still I doubted him, even held him cheap; then the breath surged through his clinched teeth in a mad oath. He surged toward me, but my sword was out, the steel blocking his advance.

"You—you actually mean fight?"

"Why not? Isn't that cause enough? If not I will furnish more."

"I do not fight spies—"

"Stop! That silly charge is merely an excuse. You do not believe it yourself. You wanted a quarrel yonder in the ball-room. The expression of your eyes was an insult. Don't evade now. I am here, wearing the uniform of the British army. I have every right of a gentleman, and you will cross swords, or I'll brand you coward wherever there is an English garrison."

I saw the sudden flash of his drawn blade, and flung up my own in guard.

"Wait; not here, Captain," I insisted quickly. "We're far too near your watchful friends yonder; besides the light is poor. Let's try our fortunes beyond the pavilion, where it can be simply man to man."

He turned without a word, and I followed, eager enough to have done with the business. The stars gleamed on the naked weapons held in our hands, but we exchanged no words until we had rounded the corner and come forth into the open space beyond.

CHAPTER VI.

The One Hope.

As he stopped and faced about, I as instantly halted.

"Perhaps this spot may satisfy your requirements," he said sarcastically. "'Tis far enough away at least, and the light is not so bad."

"It will do," I replied, and threw my scarlet jacket on the grass. "Strip to the white, sir, and then we can see fairly well where to strike. That's better. On guard!"

He came at me fiercely enough, confident of his mastery of the weapon, and, no doubt, expecting me to prove an easy victim of his skill. His first onslaught, a trick thrust under my guard, caused me to give back a step or two, and this small success yielded him the over-confidence I always prefer that an opponent have. I was young, agile, cool-headed, instructed since early boyhood by my father, a rather famous swordsman, in the mysteries of the game, yet I preferred that Grant should deem me a novice. With this in mind, and in order that I might better study the man's style, I remained strictly on defense, giving way slightly before the confident play of his steel, content with barely turning aside the gleaming point before it pricked me. At first he mistook this for weakness, sneering at my parries, as he bore in with increasing recklessness.

"A club would be more in your line, I take it, Mr. Lieutenant Fortesque," he commented sarcastically, "but I'll play with you a while for practice—ah! that was a lucky turn of the wrist! So you do know a trick or two? Perhaps you have a parry for that thrust as well! Ah! an inch more and I'd have pricked you—your defense is not bad for a boy! By all the gods, I tasted blood then—now I'll give you a harder nut to crack!"

Continued next week

To Make Rose Beads

Grind fresh rose leaves from twenty to twenty-five times in an ordinary food grinder.

Before the last two or three grindings knead several spoonfuls of olive oil into the dough.

To have the beads corresponding in size measure the dough for each bead with a rather wide gold band ring.

String on a hatpin and let stand for several days. They decrease to one-third their original size.

To polish—When thoroughly dry take from hatpin and lay them in olive oil for a couple of hours.

String on dentists' cord, putting three small cut steel beads between each rose bead.

Note—If you cannot make your beads immediately after grinding it will not hurt to stand for a day or so. Keep in a cool place.

When ready to use regrind, adding more olive oil and water if very dry.

It is better to make up immediately after grinding at first.

Beads of any color and perfume may be made in the following way: Take one cup of fine white salt, one-half cup water, one-half cup cornstarch. Heat the salt very hot. Mix water and starch and pour over hot salt and mould into shape desired. String on broom straws to dry and color with either powder, paint or liquid. Scent in any way with a few drops of any perfume or powders.

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For rigs and carriages at all hours of the day or night, go to the M. Pleasant Livery, corner Broadway and Main. Phone Fairmont 845.

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In the spring the housewife's fancy turns to cleaning and to paint. W. R. Owen & Morrison, 2337 Main street, has a complete stock for painting and cleaning.

• • •

Swindell Bros., 1417 Commercial Drive, on page 7 of this issue have a very interesting list of goods carried by them, and the prices they sell at. For quality, go to this firm.

• • •

For dainty, clean and appetizing luncheon just try the Queen Tea Rooms, 618 Granville Street.

• • •

Many a train has been missed, and many a dollar lost by a man carrying an unreliable timepiece. Take your watch or clock to A. Wismer, 1433 Commercial Drive, and he will make it reliable.

• • •

The B. C. Telephone service makes miles grow short. See their rates and you will find that for quick communication the prices are reasonable.

• • •

For the best grades of stationery, books, magazines, toys and confectionery go to the Grandview Stationery, 1130 Commercial Drive, sub-agency for the Columbia Graphophone.

• • •

At the corner of Commercial Drive and Fourteenth Avenue is the Buffalo Grocery, "The Home of Quality." The groceries, fruits and provisions kept by this firm are all guaranteed.

• • •

Good teeth enhance appearance, conduce to health, aid in use of language, and contribute to comfort is the undisputable argument of Dr. Wood, dentist, 312-313 Lee Bldg.

• • •

For confidential investigations you want a man of integrity, experience and ability. That man is Johnston; secrecy guaranteed. Vide press. The Secret Service Bureau, 319 Pender.

• • •

A reliable, high-class furniture store is the Toronto Furniture Store, run by Mr. M. H. Cowan, at 3334 Main Street. Dressers, buffets, tables, chairs, couches, mattresses, bedsteads, etc.

• • •

Stanley & Co., 2317 Main St., are selling high-class wall paper; they will supply the paper and put it on your walls, by single room or by contract do the whole house. Their prices are very reasonable.

• • •

Did you ever stop to think that the business that remains in business is the firm that gives satisfaction? The Winnipeg Grocery, corner Harris and Campbell avenue, has been giving satisfaction for all its career.

• • •

The Sanitary Market, 2513 Main street, near Broadway, sells meats, fish and poultry of a little better quality and for a little less money than its competitors. For example, see Sanitary ad. on page 4 of this issue.

Queen Takes a Hand

Decides Against Low Cut Dresses at Royal Wedding.

London.—The antipathy of Queen Mary to low-cut afternoon toilettes has been the cause of some friction between Her Majesty and the Duchess of Fife regarding the latter's wedding arrangements. The Queen will permit Princess Mary to be a bridesmaid only on condition that none of the bridesmaids wear frocks cut lower than one inch in the neck in front.

The Duchess of Fie resents such restrictions and has appealed to her mother and Queen Alexandra, but Queen Mary refuses to alter her attitude.

ICELAND AT LAST TO HAVE RAILWAY

Bleak Little Isle to Experience Comforts of Modern Transportation.

London.—Iceland at last is to have a railway. The enterprise is small to begin with, consisting of a six-mile freight belt line around the city and harbor of the capital, Reikiavik, but it is thought that once a beginning is made a railway running across to Thingvalla will be built. Two hundred men will be employed and it will cost $500,000. The line will be done in 1916. It is a private enterprise. Iceland lies 155 miles from Greenland and over 500 miles from Norway. It is about the size of Virginia or Kentucky and has more than 80,000 population.

EXPECTS A MILLENIUM.

New Taxicab Law in Effect—No More Thugs at Wheels.

New York.—The new taxicab law has just gone into effect and New York from now on is expected to enjoy something of a millenium, so far as hacks go. There will be no more shaky old rigs and no novices or thugs at the wheels. The bureau has installed a staff of inspectors to enforce the law, and pending the reconstruction of the taximeters cards will be placed in the cabs showing how to reckon the new rate.

Ask your druggist for it. If he cannot supply the MARVEL, accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies. WINDSOR SUPPLY CO., Windsor, Ont. General Agents for Canada.

"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 CANNING & COLD STORAGE COMPANY, LIMITED.

DATED at VANCOUVER, B. C., this 23rd Day of April, 1913.

THOMAS F. FOLEY,
Secretary.

Try a "CALL" ad.

Dr. de Van's Female Pills
A reliable French regulator; never fails. These pills are exceedingly powerful in regulating the generative portion of the female system. Refuse all cheap imitations. Dr. de Van's are sold at $5 a box, or three for $10. Mailed to any address. The Scobell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.
Sold at
Campbell's Drug Store
Cor. Hastings and Granville Sts.
Vancouver, B.C.

REMOVAL NOTICE

Ernest Shaw, D.C.
CHIROPRACTOR
Has removed his office
to
Suite 307, Lee Bldg.
Corner Broadway and Main St.
Office Hours: 1:30 to 5:30
Consultation Free.
Res. 250 22nd Ave., East

Law the Druggist Wants to See You

Here's the summer nearly gone and we have not sold all our

Grape Juice

Now we don't want to carry this over till next year. We like to get in a fresh stock each year, so while this lasts we will sell the regular

65c size for 50c

and the regular

35c size for 25c

Everyone knows what a delightfnl summer drink this makes and it is healthful as well.

Try it.

Law the Druggist

Lee Building, Broadway and Main

Ocean Park News

Mrs. Peter Wright entertained a party of young friends at her summer cottage "Sunset Crest," Ocean Park, on Friday. Among those who enjoyed the outing were Miss Eliza Matheson, Miss Jennie Crowe, Miss Mildred Thomson, Miss Eura Leeson, Miss Campbell, Miss Miriam Farish, Miss Vara Cassidy, Mr. W. Matheson, Mr. Harold Crowe, Mr. Len Thomson, Mr. Larell Leeson, Mr. Herbert Nichol, Mr. Brian Cassidy and Mr. Peter Wright. During their stay Mrs. Wright's guests were entertained at a garden party and musicale by Mrs. E. W. Leeson, whose spacious verandah and drawing-room were beautifully decorated in Japanese lanterns and large palms.

During the last week a great many visitors have taken advantage of the ideal camping weather, and the hospitality of friends at Ocean Park.

Dr. Sanford, with his family, moved in last week and on Sunday he preached in the tabernacle. His many friends welcomed him enthusiastically.

A most successful garden party and concert was held in the new hall in aid of the Organ Fund. A good many friends came up from Crescent and Annandale to enjoy the evening. The chair was filled by Mr. Lightfoot and those who contributed to the evening's entertainment were Miss Gilmore, who delighted the audience with her recitations; Mr. Dobson, Miss Duke and Mr. Grant, and Miss Leeson gave varied items which added greatly to the evening. The refreshment booth was well patronized. The evening was such a success, ti was decided to hold another concert next Saturday night.

Among those who spent the week-end at the Park were Mr. and Mrs. H. Baker and Helen, Mr. Brenton, Mr. and Mrs. McBeth, Mr. and Mrs. Bricker, Mr. and Mrs. Bannard, Misses Hamilton, Gilmore and Baker, Mrs. J. Willett and Mr. Wood and Mr. Harvey spent Sunday with Mr. E. W. Leeson. Mr. and Mrs. Reid had a house full of guests. Mr. Oxley spent Sunday with his family, as did Mr. Hindman.

The extra cars put on by the G. N. R. are greatly appreciated, especially the week-end service.

HANDLING POISON IVY

How to Protect Yourself From an Attack

Recently a young man engaged in tearing down a fence was poisoned on the hands by ivy, and as soon as he was cured he set about devising means to protect himself against future attacks. There were hundreds of rods of old fence to be torn down at once and fence rows cleaned, so delay would do no good and it was impossible to get help. The long tendrils were woven about the posts, old pieces of boards, bits of rail, and the shrubbery that had grown up along the fence, so that practically every bit of the ground was infected with the poison.

In the first place he put on long gloves of heavy material, and then drew stout old stocking legs over his sleeves above the gloves to protect the wrists and arms. In this way he escaped the scratches that so quickly are infected, and he could work with more freedom because he was not on the lookout constantly to avoid touching the vines. With an old pitchfork he quickly forked them out of the way to dry, and later they were placed on the bonfire with the same tool.

In cutting down the vines he used a long iron or spud sharpened at the end, so that the roots could be easily cut underground. Of course, where they were tangled around the boards and posts and wires, large hedge trimmers had to be used in clipping them, but the spud cut off the roots very easily. Great care was taken not to handle the tools with the bare hands after they had been used in the poison.

The farmer always stood so the wind would not blow in his face, and thus bring the infection, and he avoided wiping his warm face with a handkerchief touched by the poison. Occasionally he had a touch of the old trouble, but almost the entire fence was cleared away and the brush disposed of in comfort.

New System of Towing.

Tests of a new towing system invented by a German government engineer, Herr Koss, have been recently made on the Hiltrup section (1 4-5 miles in length) of the Dortmund Ems canal. An elastic rail is laid at the bottom of the canal, and the tugboat carries at its bottom four rollers which clasp the rail. These rollers are operated from the boat which is thus propelled. A large economy of power is claimed for this method. The experimental tug is worked by electricity, the energy being obtained through a cable from an auxiliary boat equipped with a dynamo. This, however, is only a provisional arrangement, and in ordinary working a trolley wire would be installed alongside the canal. Electrical operation can obviously be replaced by crude oil motors, etc., each barge being fitted with a set of rollers acting on the rail.—London Times.

Ald. Cameron to Leave Council

He Finds That Property Upon Which He Qualified Has Been Sold

Having discovered that the piece of property upon which he qualified as alderman has been disposed of by his realty firm since his election, Ald. Cameron announced today that he would resign from the City Council.

KILLED ON WEDDING EVE.

Winnipeg Woman and Her Brother Meet Death In Runaway

Radisson, Sask., Aug. 5.—Miss Mary Meade of Winnipeg and her brother, a farmer of this district, were almost instantly killed when the team they were driving took fright, throwing them heavily to the ground. Miss Meade was on the eve of her wedding to R. R. Salisbury, also of Winnipeg, who is at present somewhere in Saskatchewan.

B. C. Climbers Conquer Peaks

Mount Robson, B. C., Aug. 5.—On the same day that Mr. Kondrad Kain, with his party of Canadian Alpine Club climbers were returning victorious from the ascent of Mount Robson Peak, Mr. Walter Shauffelberger was leading a party of three up the White Horn, 11,101 feet, the highest peak in the White Horn Range.

The party included Messrs. C. B. Sissons, Toronto; B. Westmoreland, Victoria, and B. S. Darling, Vancouver, and the climbers made the round trip bivouac in 16½ hours.

The only previous ascent was made by Mr. Kain, the guide who piloted the party to the conquering of Mount Robson, and who reached the summit of White Horn alone in 1911. Today's victors found the cairn built by Mr. Kain on the topmost height and within it a record, enclosed in a match-box, which read:

"Kondrad Kain, guide, Vienna, Austria; climbed in storm, August, 1911."

The party brought this record back to camp.

Clarence Eddy the world's greatest Organist will give recitals on the Mount Pleasant Methodist Church Organ on Thursday anb Friday evenings, August 14 and 15. Full particulars will be given later.

Fish! Fish! Fish!

Hastings Public Market

Fresh Fish

SOCKEYE SALMON

Big run now on.

Smoked Fish

Fresh Kippers.....3 lbs. 25c
Finnan Haddie.....2 lbs. 25c
Kippered Salmon.....15c lb.

WE LEAD IN QUALITY.

60 Hastings Street, East

Fresh Local Meats Only

Local Mutton

Legs, 25c per lb. Loins, 22c per lb. Front Quarters, 15c lb.

Beef

Fancy Rolled Roast Beef, 20c per lb. Pot Roasts, 15c per lb.

BUTLER & HARRIS MEAT CO.

Hastings St. Public Market

60 HASTINGS STREET, EAST

Phone Fairmont 1161 Contract Rate $2.50 per month

Modern Dye Works

Dyeing and Cleaning

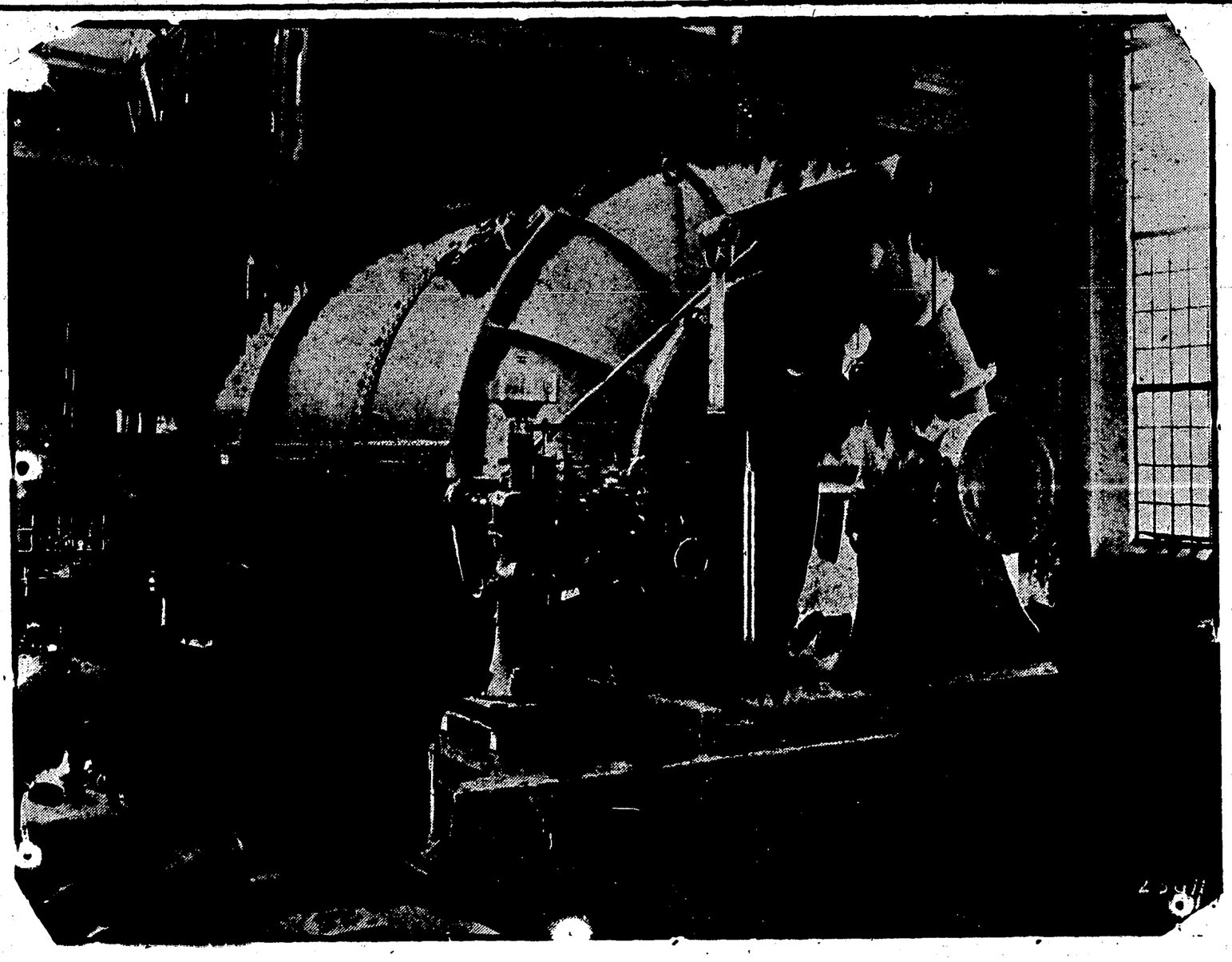
Ladies' and Gents' Suits Cleaned and Pressed $1.50.

Sponged and Pressed 75c

Office and Works: 133 Broadway West

Vancouver, B.C.

13500 Horse Power Turbine



13500 Horse Power Turbine

The Spirit of the Time Demands

RELIABLE, SAFE, ECONOMICAL POWER

Stave Lake Power is Dependable and Economical

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

100,000 HORSE POWER

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

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