

The Western Call

Published in the interests of Vancouver and the Western People

VOLUME V.

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

VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA, OCTOBER 31, 1913

No. 25

Employees Punished==Employers Unquestioned

Criminals Developed from Simple, Innocent Beginnings by Bad Conditions. Save by Correcting Conditions.

Western Call and Canadian Countryman One Year for One Dollar

SIR WILFRID ADVOCATES LOWERING THE TARIFF

WHY WERE NOT THE FIFTEEN LIBERAL SURPLUSES DEVOTED TO TARIFF REDUCTIONS?

Sir Wilfrid Laurier is now taking the position that the government ought to lower the tariff because there is a fifty-million dollar surplus. The money, he argues, ought to go back into the pockets of the people through a reduction of the duties.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier has a convenient memory, or rather a convenient forgetfulness. He and his party were in office for fifteen years, coming in as free traders and staying in as protectionists. Did they reduce the tariff? They increased it in some notable instances—that of cement for one. Could they have reduced it? With Sir Wilfrid's own argument as a basis, they could have done so. Here is what the Montreal Telegraph says, in announcing the advent of its new editor, Hon. W. S. Fielding:—

"Mr. Fielding had the distinction unique in Canadian history of introducing the budget for sixteen successive years, in each of which, excepting the first after he took office, he was able to report a surplus."

Fifteen Chances.

Here were no less than fifteen opportunities for the application of the argument which Sir Wilfrid Laurier finds it convenient to make now that he is no longer responsible for the administration of the country's finances.

AN OPEN LETTER.

On behalf of the Printing Industry of Vancouver and for Business Men in General, We Beg to Call Your Attention to the Following Facts:

Vancouver business houses are purchasing annually from Eastern printers more than \$750,000 worth of printed matter. Yet the printing plants of this city are fully capable, with probably one or two exceptions, of producing, at a reasonable cost, "everything" that is made for Vancouver business firms by Eastern printers.

There is, therefore, no real excuse for buying printing outside of Vancouver. Aside from patriotic motives of loyalty to Vancouver's industries, the business men of the city have a narrow view of the subject if they believe they gain by sending printing orders to the East.

The removal of \$750,000 cash each year from this city represents an actual loss, because there is no exchange of trade on the part of the Eastern printers with Vancouver stores or factories.

How many Vancouver stores can say they receive orders from Eastern printers or their employees?

The vital point of this subject is: If Vancouver business men have "all" their printing done in Vancouver, 525 "more workmen" would be needed by local printing plants to turn out the work.

Five hundred and fifty-five extra employees in the printing trades would spend their wages of \$490,000 a year with Vancouver firms. The printing plants would be put to other expense that would total at least \$225,000—all representing just that much more business for Vancouver mercantile and manufacturing concerns.

Population would eventually be increased 1,875 by the coming to Vancouver of printing trades workers with their families.

This is a big thing—big enough to enlist the aid of the biggest men of the city. Because it means the same result, it is surely of as much importance as the endeavor to bring 1,875 more people to Vancouver; it would be the same if you brought to Vancouver "a factory employing 525 workmen of the highest type"—a factory whose "payroll" would amount to \$490,000 "a year," with additional "Vancouver expenditures of \$225,000 a year."

We are convinced that the spirit and work you, as business men, would put into an effort to secure such a large factory for Vancouver could be consistently exercised in this case.

Three-quarters of a million dollars spent in paying for "Vancouver printing" is returned to Vancouver business houses in natural exchange. Three-quarters of a million dollars spent in paying for "Eastern" printing is three-quarters of a million taken out of Vancouver's pockets and never seen again.

We urge upon all public-spirited organizations in the city to formulate ways and means of taking definite steps to concentrate attention upon this problem of bringing Vancouver business men to a

A Doubtful Triumph

From many lips we hear expressions of satisfaction that in the heavy sentences given the striking miners at Nanaimo justice has triumphed, and that law, order and good government have been vindicated.

Is this really so? or, is it not simply another pitiful illustration of the total inadequacy of our laws dealing with labor and industrial disputes?

Who is there in this Province that really understands the dispute in the coal district of Vancouver Island? Who is able to say, with authority, what were the causes of the trouble? Has there ever been a real serious attempt to find out what was the cause? We answer, without hesitancy, *no serious and impartial effort has yet been made to find the real cause.* Our laws are inefficient, but, in spite of them, *more might have been done.*

Public opinion has been led to condemn the men with only one side of the question before them. Never has there been a dispute of such magnitude where the men's side of the question has been so effectually smothered.

We shall not criticize Judge Howey for passing such severe sentences. He is one of British Columbia's most respected judges; nevertheless, we do affirm that the great problem of "Capital and Labor" has become more complicated as a result. These men have done wrong (some at least), of that there can be no doubt, *but are they more guilty than the manager of a mine who refused, three times, to meet a committee of his own employees, not one of whom was a paid official of the union, but working men.*

In our estimation *any* employer who refuses to meet a committee of his employees is *guilty of a more serious offence than even rioting.* Why should he be passed and they sentenced, is the question rankling in the minds of these men. Only one answer can be given—there exists no legal machinery whereby he may be apprehended.

No, law and order *has not* been vindicated, justice *has not* triumphed; nor may we truthfully say such is the case until a free and impartial opportunity has been given to the presentation of the other side of the question. Whatever the results, whatever the cost, a thorough, *impartial* investigation should be made, and the responsibility placed where it belongs.

"Who Makes the Criminals?"

Considerable interest is being expressed in these days in criminology and many plans, more or less appropriate, have been suggested to deal with the problem. It might be well, however, to pause and ask: "Who makes the criminal?"

The following pertinent editorial was published in the St. Louis Star, a big daily of that city, on July 28th last, and is very much to the point, meriting most careful perusal:

What is CRIME? Who are the CRIMINALS? Who makes the criminals?

Do criminals viciously and voluntarily arise among us, eager to lead hunted lives, eager to be jailed at intervals, eager to crawl in the dark, dodge policemen, work in stripes and die in shame? Hardly.

Will you kindly and patiently follow the lives, quickly sketched, of a boy and a girl?

THE GIRL.

Born poor, born in hard luck, her father, or mother, or both, victims of long hours, poor fare, bad air and little leisure.

As a baby she struggles against fate and manages to live while three or four little brothers and sisters die and go back to kind earth.

She crawls around the halls of a tenement a good deal in the way. She is hunted here and chased there.

She is cold in winter, ill-fed in summer, never well cared for.

She gets a little so-called education. Ill-dressed and ashamed beside the other children, she is glad to escape the education. No one at home can help her on. No one away from home cares about her.

She grows up white, sickly, like a potato sprouting in a cellar. At the corner of a fine street she sees the carriages passing with other girls in warm furs, or in fine, cool summer dresses.

With a poor shawl around her and with heels run down she peers in at the restaurant window, to see other women leading lives very different from hers.

Steadily she has impressed upon her the fact, absolutely undeniable, that as the world is organized there is no especial place for her—certainly no comfort for her.

She finds work, perhaps. Hours as long as the daylight.

realization of the benefits of keeping their printing orders at home.

We feel certain that all will recognize the justice of our interest in the matter, since all engaged in the printing and allied industries, employer and employee alike, are citizens of Vancouver, and are doing their part toward of the community.

Where the term "printing" occurs in the

Ten minutes late—half a day's fine.

At the end of the day aching feet, aching back, system ill-fed, not enough earned to live upon honestly—and that prospect stretches ahead farther than her poor eyes can see.

"WHAT'S THE CHARGE, OFFICER?"

"Disorderly conduct, Your Honor."

There's the criminal, good men, politicians, women and bishops, that you are hunting so ardently.

THE BOY.

Same story, practically.

He plays on the tenement staircase—cuffed off the staircase.

He plays ball in the street—cuffed, if caught by the policeman.

He swings on the area railing, trying to exercise his stunted muscles—cuffed again.

In burning July, with shirt and trousers on, he goes swimming in the park fountain—caught and cuffed and handed over to "the society."

A few months in a sort of semi-decent imprisonment, treated in a fashion about equivalent to that endured by the sea turtle turned over on its back in the market.

He escapes to begin the same life once more. He tries for work.

"What do you know?"

"I don't know anything; nobody ever taught me."

He cannot even endure the discipline of ten hours' daily shoveling—it takes education to instill discipline, if only the education of the early pick and shovel.

He has not been taught anything. He has been turned loose in a city full of temptation. He had no real start to begin with, and no effort was ever made to repair his evil beginning.

"WHAT'S THE CHARGE, OFFICER?"

"Attempted burglary; pleads guilty."

"Three years in prison, since it is his first offense."

In prison he gets an education. They teach him how to be a good burglar and not get caught. Patiently the state boards him, and educates him to be a first-class criminal.

There's your first-class criminal, Messrs. Bishops, good men, politicians and benevolent women.

above, it embraces (as is generally understood) to the allied trades such as bookbinding, lithographing, etc.

VANCOUVER TYPOTHETÆ,

511 North West Trust Building,

JOHN BEDFORD,

Manager.

Vancouver, B. C.,

September 30th, 1913.

EXTRAORDINARY OFFER TO WESTERN CALL READERS

Readers of The Western Call will be interested to know that arrangements are made to have The Western Call and The Canadian Countryman combined so that during the first week of November subscribers, both old and new, may have both for twelve months for \$1.00 cash. The price of The Call is \$1.00 and of The Canadian Countryman \$2.50 per year, but for a short time both together can be had for \$1.00.

See notice of this extraordinary offer on page 8 of this issue and in circulars.

All subscriptions to be sent to The Canadian Countryman, 101 Pacific Building, Vancouver, B. C.

NOTE—All free circulation will at once discontinue.

HON. MR. ASQUITH AND HOME RULE

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

As per his last speech of importance, it is evident Mr. Asquith begins to realize that his government is "up against" a hard problem. Some time ago he would not consider any sort of a modification of his pet bill, or rather the pet bill of Redmond et al: "a" stands for "others," and aliens as well.

He must be hard pressed within his party when he comes out and says he is now ready to give Ulster a "temporary" parliament of its own, and thus free it of Dublin rule. But he holds a stiff upper lip in the very act of making this announcement. He whistles while he is in the woods, and in this way tries to keep up his courage, or make others believe he is very brave and fearless of results. He says if Home Rule should pass as it is prepared, and if Ulster will not bow to the new act, he, Mr. Asquith, will call out the soldiers.

Now I would suggest that any man making venture to stir up the British Army to force a people to join submissively in supporting an act that is intended to break up the Empire, and to separate therefrom finally and totally the Emerald Isle, should read the following impressive document.

Lord Wolseley gave the Empire warning as follows: "The general belief in the North is that our troops, if ordered to fire upon the men who will meet them with shouts of 'God save the Queen,' will fire over them. However, what I wish you to realize is that Ulster men mean to fight. I avoid going North myself, and unless things quiet down very much, I shall not inspect the troops in Ulster this year. If ever our troops are brought into collision with the loyalists of Ulster and blood is shed, it will shake the whole foundations upon which our army rests to such an extent, that I feel our army will never be the same again. MANY OFFICERS WILL RESIGN TO JOIN ULSTER, and there will be such a host of retired officers in the Ulster ranks, that men who would stand by the government, no matter what it did, will be worse than half-hearted in all they do." These are very plain and significant words from one of our bravest, most loyal and experienced generals and public-spirited men. He uttered the above in 1893, when Commander-in-Chief in Ireland. Comment is not needed. But the noble lord gave utterance to only a tithe of the tremendous realities underlying any attempt to force obedience from a people who are determined to remain loyal to the Empire, even if forced to fight the troops of that Empire, in order to remain within the folds of the Union Jack, and by the Throne of King George.

There are millions in Canada, and tens of millions in the Empire outside of Ireland, who would defy any and all governments and send aid of every valuable sort to support the brave and loyal Ulsterites in their determination to uphold the British throne, and remain within the folds of the Union Jack.

MR. MALCOLM MATHESON'S QUESTION.

The questions asked by Mr. Matheson can be answered only by those who are in charge of the books of the company. I am sorry I am unable offhand to give the desired information. A few easier questions I may be able to answer, and if so I should be pleased.

There is a phase of the "overloading" which might be considered with profit. It is this. Personally I would prefer to stand on my way home to standing on the street, getting no further forward. Any system of increasing the cars on the one hand and the limiting of occupants on the other, cannot prevent either crowding on the cars, or standing on the streets rather longer than would be comfortable. This I witnessed in many cities where there are very stringent laws for the regulation of tram traffic. A fair average is all that can be accomplished at any time. This

(Continued on Page 8)

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Nabob Coffee - 40c
Nabob Tea - 40c
B.R. Tea, 35c, 3 for \$1.00
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Grandview

The P.O. Club met at the home of Mrs. Sutherland, Commercial Drive, on Friday afternoon.

A Hallowe'en social was given on the evening of Tuesday by the Grandview Baptist Church.

Rev. Mr. James lectured at St. Davids Church, South Vancouver, on the evening of October 23rd.

Mrs. Witter, 747 Lakewood Drive, will be at home to friends on Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 5th, from 4 to 6 o'clock.

Miss Jennie Taggart was listened to with great pleasure at the concert given in the Britannia High School on the evening of the 23rd.

The Ladies' Aid of the Robertson Church, held their regular sewing meeting on the afternoon of the 23rd. They are preparing for a sale in December.

Mrs. Goostry, assisted by her mother, Mrs. T. P. Findlay, will receive at her home 1122 Commercial Drive, Grandview, on the first Tuesday in November, from 3 to 6 o'clock.

The Dorcas Circle of King's Daughters met on Friday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Riggs, Parker Street. The meeting was a consecration one. Mrs. Casselman and Mrs. Knight became members of the organization.

In honor of Mr. Compton Miller, who sailed on the Makura for his home in Australia on Wednesday, the choir and the officers and teachers of the Sunday school, with which he has been connected for the past four years, spent a social evening at the residence of Mr. J. J. Miller, Salisbury Drive, on Tuesday evening.

Miss Dedrick, social worker of the W.C.T.U., addressed the society on Friday afternoon in the Methodist church. This was the occasion of the Mothers' Meeting, and the subject of the discourse was the training of the

child, the responsibility for whose course, the speaker said, lay with the mother, and the training in the home. Miss Dedrick leaves in a few weeks for her home in New York, where she will spend Christmas.

At a crowded meeting of Ward IV ratepayers, held on the evening of the 23rd inst., at the school at the corner of First Avenue, emphatic approval was given to the proposed improvements in the way of the acquisition of a right-of-way from the B.C.E.R. Company on Venables Street, in opposition to the alternative plan of Prior Street, the first plans being likely to cost \$77,427, while the Prior Street scheme worked out at \$178,054, or double the cost.

The resolution which carried was an amendment to the original motion, moved by ex-Alderman King and seconded by Alderman McSpadden, to the effect that disapproval be expressed to giving any portion of Prior Street to the B.C.E.R. Company in an exchange for an easement on Venables Street. None voted against the amendment only the mover and seconder for the original motion.

B.C.E.R. Company's Assurance.

Alderman Evans explained his proposition to open up Venables Street from Glen Drive to Campbell Avenue. After taking up the matter with the B.C.E.R. Company, who assured him that if the proposal went through they would double-track Prior Street through to Main Street, the alderman stated that, at the present time, all the traffic went through Vernon Drive to Pender and other streets, whereas the alterations would draw the traffic along to Campbell Avenue.

The city engineer's estimate of the cost of the alternative schemes is as follows: Venables Street, total cost \$97,910, made up of \$37,986 for opening street, \$56,375 pavement, and \$3,251 sidewalk. The ratepayers' cost would be \$77,427, the cost per foot frontage being \$23.21. For Prior Street, the total cost would be \$178,054, made up of \$104,942 for opening street, \$69,563 pavement, and \$3,549 sidewalk. The cost to the ratepayers would be \$155,585, the cost per foot frontage being \$37.20. The figures, said Alderman Evans, showed that the Venables Street plan was much more feasible.

Alderman McSpadden's Proposal.

Ald. McSpadden held that the Venables Street property was already subject to a first mortgage in the way of the bonds of the B.C.E.R. Company, and, therefore, it would be most unsatisfactory for the people to endeavor to deal with it at all. As he saw the question, the B.C.E.R. Company did not own the space between Glen Drive and Campbell Avenue, but only had the use of a portion of it. In six years' time the franchise of the company would run out, at which time the city could do as it wished. By agreeing to the Venables Street plan they would be deepening the company's property, and would block Prior Street.

His proposition would be to purchase the necessary lots, then they would own their own street and have a direct route right into the Union Station. If they closed the end of Prior Street they would have action for damages.

Alderman Evans was sure that the B.C.E.R. Company would not give an easement to the city if the same were mortgaged; neither, he said, would the city be able to buy the lots Alderman McSpadden had referred to, because the owners wanted them for other purposes.

The amendment as carried made it a condition that the B.C.E.R. Company be required to agree to lay double tracks on Prior Street to Main Street when requested to do so by the City Council.

Grandview Methodist Church 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 Wel-

HAPPY.
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

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. Surrounding brethren cordially invited to attend.
J. C. Davis, N. G., 1231 Homer Street
J. Haddon, V. G., 2616 Main Street
Thos. Sewell, Rec. Sec., 431 Seventh Ave. E.

Beauty Corner as a Means of Grace

Anna Burnham Bryant writes, in the "Woman and Home" department of Canadian Countryman: A school teacher is reported as having fitted up what she calls a "beauty corner" for her pupils, a really luxurious little rest room with a divan covered with an Oriental rug, and among the fine photographs and paintings, a picture of the Sistine Madonna. The effect of the charming nook on restless and mischievous children was soon apparent. Inensibly, they were "gentled" and tamed and refined by the influence of the little retreat which always seemed to lay a soothing hand upon their spirits.

A mother was often puzzled by the request of her little daughter to be allowed to go up to the "spare bedroom" and "stay a few whiles," as she childishly phrased it. The tiny four-year-old was the youngest in a crowded household of children and grown people, and the press of daily work left little time for aesthetic culture. Only in one spot had the mother spent time or money to add anything like adornment, and that was because the guest room was so little used that it seemed best to bestow the one or two nice things there to save them from rough usage. It was a dainty green-and-white room, and, like Bunyan's Chamber of Peace, it looked toward the sun-rising.

One morning, in the midst of the rush and scramble to "straighten out things," it occurred to her to follow the little one, and see what she might be doing. She peeped in at the door, and paused in wonder. There on the floor, in a square of softened sunshine, lay the missing baby, a look of supreme contentment on her chubby face, all the irritation and crossness of the morning gone entirely out of it. "What are you doing here?" the mother had it on her tongue to say, but stopped and only looked the question.

"I'm just loving this lovely room!" said the child, smiling her answer. "It feels nice, mummy."

The mother pondered the matter for a day or two, and then threw open the guest room for general family using, whenever guests were not in it. Moreover, she began to brighten the rest of the house with little beauty touches. The children's manners improved, and her own spirit gained in repose and serenity. Few grown people are aware how the sordidness and hurry-burry of daily life wear and rasp the delicate nerves of children. It is for the mother to appreciate and provide the saving grace of the "beauty corner"—some quiet, graceful nook, a little apart, where small troubled spirits may become sweet and still again.

HOW IMPORTANT IS THE WOMAN?

Dr. Helen McMurchy, at once the acknowledged leader of the feminist movement in Canada, and one of the Dominion's most popular descriptive writers as well, strikes the right chord when she suggests that humanity has long urged greater consideration for our women, not only in public life, let us confess, but in our homes. While women have begun, with some effect, to demand consideration, their most effective advocate is still humanity; which, we all know, is increasing in the world. Men and women make natural partners, in the families' business, as well as in the home life, and we are inclined to think that if each were to seek a closer and more sympathetic acquaintance with the other, both would be better satisfied with life.

Dr. McMurchy, by the way, has editorial charge of the staff of writers for the weekly "Woman and Home" department of Canadian Countryman. She says "The interests of women will be considered in the articles to be published in Canadian Countryman, as well as those of the men. We hope that each will read those published for the other; and both those for the boys and the girls."

GERMAN TOWN PLANNING.

In the case of these German cities, undeveloped land far in the suburbs is laid out in detail for years to come. A map in the city hall will show proposed streets and boulevards; the land to be used for parks, open spaces, etc., all selected in anticipation of the city's growth and purchased almost at agricultural value. The width and character of streets have reference to their use and the traffic they will have. Private owners and builders must conform and are not permitted to destroy the harmony of the whole, nor use their property to injure their neighbors. The city is paramount. The people are sovereign. Dirty factories are not allowed in sections which they would injure. Skyscrapers cannot disfigure and congest, nor are they permitted to rob others of sunlight and air.—From Kenneth J. Dunstan's article, "Taking Care of Our Cities," in Canadian Countryman.

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THE IRISH FUSILIERS

OF CANADA

In Process of Organization



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

I. W. DOWDING
Captain and Adjutant

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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.

MUNICIPALLY-OWNED LANDS.

German cities own much suburban land. Special funds are created with which to buy and sell real estate just as a private operator. The purpose is officially described "to restrain the unnatural augmentation of the prices of land." Through its large land holdings it is claimed the city keeps down speculation values and shares in the unearned increment. The purchase of land is said to be encouraged by the state, which not only advises towns to hold on to what they have, but to add to their possessions. When land is sold to private parties conditions as to character of buildings, etc., are frequently imposed. Sites are reserved for parks and other public grounds.

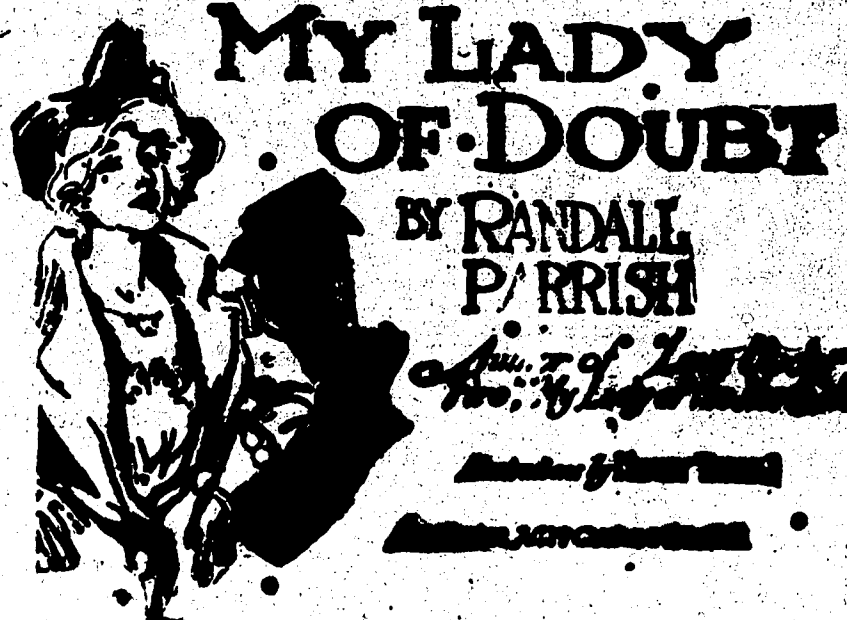
It is claimed that cities are able to finance large works by re-sale of a portion of the land expropriated, thus retaining the unearned increment which the development created. —From Kenneth J. Dunstan's article, "Taking care of our cities," in Canadian Countryman.

RAILWAYS ANTICIPATE INDUSTRIAL EXPANSION

ELKO, B. C.—Through trains from Elko over the Kootenay Central Railway through the Columbia-Kootenay valley are now promised as an assured fact for the coming year. Construction work on the new line between Elko and Golden is said to involve a round three million. To say nothing of the phenomenal expansion of the fruit-growing industry within recent months, the enormous resources of the immediate territory in oil and mineral deposits are now becoming a leading factor in the present industrial situation, and experts state that the Sage Creek oil fields now being opened up east of Elko are likely to prove among the most extensive on the continent.

30 DAYS' CAMPAIGN.

The Family Herald and Weekly Mt. Pleasant Evangelical Meeting Main St. and Sixth Ave.
Sunday School and Bible Class.....2:00
Bible Address.....3:15
Gospel Service.....7:30
A cordial invitation extended to all.
THOS. KINDLEYSIDES, Secy.,
4236 John St., So. Vancouver.
Star, of Montreal, are making an ur-



MY LADY OF DOUBT

BY RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "The Lady of the Lake" and "The Lady of the Sea"

Illustrated by J. H. B. B.

"I represented myself as Eric."

"And was it you also who rode into our lines yesterday, telling of Clinton's whereabouts?"

"Yes," hesitatingly, her eyes lifting to my face.

"But you must listen to me, Major Lawrence; you must learn why I did so unwomanly an act."

"First answer one question."

"Gladly."

"Is there an Eric Mortimer?"

"There is," she answered frankly.

"My brother. It was for his sake I did all this."

A moment I sat in my saddle silently, our horses walking side by side through the night, while I endeavored to grasp the meaning of her confession. I knew that she was riding bare-headed, her face turned away.

"Go on," I said at last, "tell me the whole story."

"I will," firmly, her head uplifted. "I was tempted to do so at Elmhurst, but something seemed to seal my lips. There is now no longer any excuse for silence. I—I wish you to know, and, then, perhaps, you may feel more kindly disposed toward me."

"Your father is aware—"

"No, not even father. He is scarcely conscious of what is going on about him. Peter knows, and Tonopah," with a wave of her hand into the dark shadows.

"They are with you, then—keeping guard over him?"

"Yes; they have known from the beginning; not everything, of course, for that was not necessary. Peter is an old servant, silent and trustworthy. He would never question an act of mine, while the Indian has reason to be grateful and loyal to me. What-ever indiscretion, Major Lawrence, I may have been guilty of, I have gone nowhere unaccompanied by these two. You will believe that?"

"Yes, and whatever else you tell me."

"That, now, must necessarily be the entire story. As I proceed you will be convinced, I think, that only a true confidence in you would enable me to speak with such frankness. I—I know of no one else in whom I could confide, and—the time has come when I must have help—the help of a friend. I should have explained to my father—indeed I intended to do so—but now he is helpless to aid me. There is no one else I feel able to trust. I—I—were in my thought tonight—I—I am not sure I did not even pray for your coming, and—then God sent you."

My hand sought hers, and held it against my horse's mane.

"Tell it in your own way, dear," I whispered.

She flashed one glance into my face, leaving her hand in mine, while our horses took a dozen strides.

"It will not take long," she began, in so low a voice, that I leaned forward to listen, "and you already know many of the characters and can judge their motives. I have been strangely situated since the commencement of this war, only, surely ours is not the only family divided in its loyalty. My father was a King's officer, and felt it his duty to serve the crown. While he has said little, yet I know that down in his heart his sympathies have been with the Colonies. Those of my brother were openly from the start, and my father has never attempted to interfere with his actions. They talked it all over together, and Eric chose his own course. Only Alfred Grant made trouble, presuming on what he termed our engagement, and endeavored to force my brother to join the King's troops. The two quarreled bitterly, and Eric, a hot-headed boy, struck him. Grant has never forgiven that blow, nor Eric's influence over me. To the latter he attributes my dislike—yet this was not true; it was because as I grew older I realized the ill character of the man."

She paused a moment, gathering the threads of thought more closely. I did not speak, preferring she should tell the story in her own way.

"The two did not meet after that for many months. The Queen's Rangers, in which regiment my father secured Grant a commission, were in New York, while Eric was stationed up the river with Morgan's riflemen. When New Jersey was invaded, both commands came south, and, because of Eric's knowledge of this country, he was detailed as scout. This reckless life was greatly to his liking; I saw him occasionally by appointment, usually at Elmhurst, and became aware that his old quarrel with Captain Grant was seemingly forgotten. There appeared to be some understanding, some special connection between them. They met once, at least, and I delivered one note between them."

"Perhaps I can explain that later," I interrupted, "from something mentioned at Lee's headquarters."

"You! Oh, I wish you could, for their relationship has mystified me; has made me afraid something might be wrong with—Eric."

"I think not, dear; say rather with Grant."

"If that be so, then it may prove the key to all the mystery. What made their intimacy so difficult to understand was that I knew the captain's dislike of Eric had in no way diminished. He spoke of him as savagely as ever."

"Perhaps he played a part—his ultimate purpose revenge."

"It might be that—yes, it might be that, and—the consummation of that revenge may account for all which has occurred. But I must go on with what I had to tell."

I had forgotten the passage of time, the men riding steadily in advance, constantly increasing their distance, even the possible importance of the dispatch within my jacket pocket. The evident distress of the girl riding beside me, whose tale, I felt sure, would fully justify her strange masquerade in male garments, her risk of life and exposure to disgrace in midst of fighting armies, held me negligent of all else. I realized that, whatever the cause, I had unconsciously become a part of its development, and that I was destined now to be even more deeply involved. Whatever the mystery, I must solve it for her sake. My hand again sought hers, holding it in firm clasp. There was a sound of hoofs on the dusty road behind us.

"It is Peter," she whispered. "What can have happened?"

The rider barely paused, turning his horse's head even as he spoke hastily.

"Captain Grant is with the ambulance, Mistress Claire," he reported. "He came up alone about five minutes ago."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Before General Arnold.

I felt her hand withdrawn quickly, and the swift intake of her breath, yet there was no sharpness in the voice.

"Captain Grant, Peter? What can the man want here?"

"He claimed to be hunting deserters," returned Swanson, as calmly deliberate of speech as ever. "But that was false. He knew we were on the road, and asked for you."

"For me? And you told him—"

"Merely that you rode ahead to see that the road was clear. Then I left at once, fearing he might join you."

She sat a moment in silence, her head bowed; then looked across into my face.

"This arrival must end our conference, Major," she said soberly. "Captain Grant must not know that you are with me—that would mean fighting."

"Surely you do not wish me to run away?"

"Yes, this time, for my sake as well as your own. If I could have completed my confession you would realize the necessity. However, the fact that you are the bearer of dispatches should be sufficient; your duty to the Colonies is more important than any private quarrel. You will go?"

"Yes—but you? Are you safe with him?"

"Perfectly. I wish I might be clothed in my own proper dress, but with Peter and Tonopah on guard, Captain Grant alone is not dangerous. Besides, I wish to learn his purpose in seeking to join us." She hesitated. "You must not fear for me, but—but I wish to tell you all, and—and I am sure I shall need your help."

"You mean I am to join you again—at Elmhurst?"

"Is that asking too much?"

"Claire," I whispered, bending toward her, so Peter could not overhear, "nothing shall keep me from coming."

"Special Service, Sir! But You Are Not Assigned to My Command!"

dear. I will ride back the moment my dispatches are in Arnold's hands. But tell me, first, if you are not afraid of Grant himself, what is it you need me for?"

"Eric," she answered swiftly. "He has disappeared, dead or deserted. Oh, I cannot believe the last is true. It was to save his reputation that I dressed in this uniform, performed the work assigned him. I feel sure Grant

knows where he is, what has become of him. I want to him in Philadelphia, but he only answered, and said the boy had doubtless run away. I know better; that is not like a Mortimer. But I cannot search for him; I must stay with my father. But if I can only be assured you will come."

"You can be assured."

"Mistress Claire," broke in Peter, "some one is riding up the road."

"Yes, Peter, yes. Major, wait here! Don't move. We will go back and meet him."

I held my horse steady, although he made an effort to follow. Voices came back to me through the darkness—Grant's loud enough to be clearly heard.

"What, is this you, Claire?" he laughed gruffly. "By all the gods, I thought it must be Eric. I never expected to find you tagged out in this style. By Jove, I wish it was daylight."

Whatever she replied must have been the same.

"Everything I say you take wrong. Of course it's all right, for the country is full of stragglers out of both armies. Lord, I don't care what you wear, as long as it suits you. My business? Oh, I explained all that to your pretty-head servant—what agent that fellow? But I'll review the matter again. I'm drinking up Captain's deserters, but now I've met you I'm tempted to go along with you as far as Elmhurst."

"Become a deserter yourself?"

"Oh, no, or at least only temporarily. There will be plenty of fighting yet in the Jerseys. Clinton's whipped all right, and is going to have a time getting away to the ships. In my judgment there will be richer picking for a Jerseyman right here at home, than with the army in New York."

There was a moment's silence; then the girl asked, a shade of horror in her voice:

"Surely, you cannot mean to ally yourself with guerrillas, Captain Grant? With—Fagin?"

The man laughed, but mirthlessly. "That would be horrible, wouldn't it? Well, personally I fail to see why Fagin is any more of a scoundrel than some of these other fellows in gilt spaulders. However, I've not come to that point yet. The fact is I have a private affair to attend to before I leave this neighborhood. Can you guess what it is?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, you will know shortly—the ambulance is coming."

I rode my horse slowly forward, keeping at the edge of the road, until assured a sufficient distance separated us. Then I gave the restive animal a sharp touch of the spur, sending him swiftly forward. My escort would have a mile or two the start, yet that was nothing. My thoughts were not with them, or with my military duty, but reverted to the little company around the wounded man. The bearing of the dispatch to Arnold was more routine, involving only steady riding, but the relations existing between Claire, Grant, and Eric Mortimer were full of mystery. There were connecting links I could not understand; no doubt had the girl been permitted to conclude her story I might at it together, but as it was I was left groping in the darkness. Yet my mind tenaciously held to its original theory as to Eric's strange disappearance—he had been betrayed by Grant, and was being held prisoner. But where? By whom? And for what purpose?

I pondered on this problem as my horse ploughed forward through the dust, my eyes unconsciously scanning the dark road. Grant could not have known that Colonel Mortimer was being taken home. His meeting with the ambulance party was altogether an accident. Yet I had no faith the man was out seeking British stragglers, for had he been dispatched on such a mission he would have had at least a squad of soldiers with him. Then what? The probability was that he was either riding to Elmhurst, or to some rendezvous with Fagin. Some plan had been interrupted by Clinton's sudden march, by the British defeat at Monmouth, and Grant was risking his commission, braving the charge of desertion, for some private purpose.

This might be love of Claire, revenge upon Eric, or possibly both combined. The latter would seem most probable. He would use Eric in some way to threaten the sister, to compel her to sacrifice herself. She was of a nature to do this, as was already abundantly proved by her assumption of male attire to save Eric's reputation. My own responsibility loomed large as I reached this conclusion, and remembered her appeal for help. She, also, must suspect the truth, and had turned to me as the only one capable of unravelling the mystery. She trusted me, loved me, I now believed—and, under God, I would prove worthy of her faith. With teeth clinched in sudden determination I caught up with my little squad of plodding horsemen, and, with word of command, hurried them into a sharp trot.

Riding ahead, boot to boot with Conroy, I thought out a plan for action, and finally, in the gray of the morning, told him enough of the story to arouse his interest. Just before sunrise we passed Elmhurst, the great white mansion appearing silent and deserted. There was no halting, although we turned in the saddle to look, and my eyes swept over the troopers trotting behind us. They were a sturdy lot, their faces bronzed from exposure, their uniforms stained and dust-covered.

"Regulars?" I asked, nodding back across my shoulder.

"Not a man but has seen two years' service," he replied proudly. "Ramston knows the troop, and he picked us out."

"I may need them for a bit of desertion."

(Continued on Page 7)

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Best English Flannel, from 10c per yard
Silk Hair Ribbons, one price only 10c per yard
Remnants of Velvets, Silks, Serges, Tweeds, etc., all clearing out
much below the ordinary prices.

A visit to this store will amply repay you.

Mount Pleasant

A little daughter was born to Mrs.
D. Wilson on Sunday afternoon.

A Halloween social will be given by
the Royal Templars in the Lee Hall
this evening.

Miss Winslow of Twelfth Avenue,
who has undergone a serious opera-
tion in the Burrard Sanatorium, is
recovering.

Mr. Martin Flewelling has returned
from Smith Fall Inlet Cannery, where
he has been foreman for the last six
months. Mr. Flewelling reports that
the catch for the season was excep-
tionally good.

A social evening was held by the I.
O. G. T. in the Lee Block on Tuesday
evening, when about five hundred mem-
bers and guests were present. Re-
freshments were served and an enjoy-
able programme given.

The regular meeting of the W. C.
T. U. was held in the parlor of the
Methodist Church on Tuesday after-
noon. There was a large attendance
of members and important business
discussed. Mrs. A. J. Perkins was
elected president to fill the vacancy
caused by the retirement of Mrs. W.
J. Curtis.

The Mount Pleasant Epworth
League entertainment of Monday
evening was in the hands of the mus-
ical committee. Mr. Stabler was the
speaker of the evening. A song was
given by Miss Slater and a piano solo
by Miss S. Reid. Interesting remarks
were made about several favorite
hymns which were sung.

With the object of ministering to
the needs of the people situated with-
in the district and bringing the church
life into the homes of those who are
without this influence as well as to
bring the most helpful results of the
social life within the scope of all a
congregational meeting was held in
the Mount Pleasant Methodist Church
Monday evening, addressed by Dr.
Sipprell. Women to the number of
one hundred were appointed to canv-
ass the district in the interests men-
tioned, and the field was divided into
twenty-three districts, with one wo-
man in charge of each, having others
to help her. Dr. Sipprell having
spoken along the lines mentioned, the
meeting was addressed by Messrs. W.

Agnew and W. E. Pinchin, secre-
tary of the men's movement, which
made a preliminary canvas of the dis-
trict previous to this meeting, and
who gave to the women canvassers
the benefit of their experience.

For the purpose of arousing a tem-
perance sentiment in this district and
in aid of the interests carried on by
the W. C. T. U., a concert was given
under the auspices of this organiza-
tion Tuesday evening in the Presby-
terian Church. Rev. Mr. Woodside
presided, and several short, but much
to the point, addresses were made by
Mayor Baxter, Alderman Mahon, Rev.
W. Turnbull and Rev. Mr. Ireland.
Mrs. Alma Keeler, elocutionist, gave
two readings. Solos were given by
Misses Burnett, Wallace and Bodwell,
and two piano duets by Miss Hartwell
and Mr. Plant.

Hurled to his death by the break-
ing of a rope, Carl Lyngued fell from
the topmost storey of the Lee Build-
ing to the roof beneath, a distance of
50 feet, receiving terrible injuries. Dr.
Wilson, whose office is in the building,
was immediately summoned and the
unfortunate man, who lay covered
with the paint which had fallen with
him, was wrapped in a canvas and car-
ried with this support to the ambu-
lance and rushed to the General Hos-
pital, where he died a short time af-
ter.

At the time of the accident, which
occurred just before noon on Tuesday,
Lyngued with another man was en-
gaged in painting the wall of the light
well of the Lee Building, corner of
Main and Broadway streets, and had
just completed the portion from the
roof to the floor of the highest storey,
when the rope supporting the scaffold-
ing at the end on which Lyngued was
standing broke and precipitated him
to the roof at the bottom of the well,
where he must have come into con-
tact with the side of the skylight, as
well as with the hard surface of the
roof. Lyngued's companion was stand-
ing at the other end of the scaffold and
beyond the rope at that end, and was
able to lay hold of the rope and save
himself.

An inquest was conducted by Cor-
oner Jeffs, Tuesday afternoon, in the
undertaking parlors of Greene & Mer-
ley, and a verdict given in accord with
facts. It was recommended that scaf-
fold ropes should, in future, be tried
by testing with three times the weight
actually to be borne.

City News

Mr. W. Hamilton, who has spent a
number of years in Yukon, gave a
very able address on his reminiscences
of the life to a large audience at the
Trinity Epworth League on Monday
evening.

The ministerial association, constat-
ing of the Methodist ministry of the
city, held their regular meeting on
Monday afternoon at the Central
Church. Two visitors were present,
Rev. C. M. Tate and Mr. W. H. Gibson,
connected with the Indian work in the
North and who are here in connection
with the Indian murder trial in the
city, spoke on the condition of the
Northern Indians with respect to the
liquor traffic, as it has been reported
that a great deal of liquor is sold to
these natives by the Chinese em-
ployees at the canneries.

An excellent review of the new
book, "The Inside of the Cup," by
Winston Churchill, was given by Rev.
Mr. Sanford of Trinity Church. A dis-
cussion of the book followed in which
Rev. Dr. Sipprell of Mount Pleasant
Church, Rev. R. N. Powell of Kitis-
lano, Rev. Gordon Tanner, B.A., Rev.
George Hartwell, who is engaged in
the Chinese mission, and Rev. F. G.
Leit of Grandview, took part.

Headed by the band and escorted
by the police, a good sized army of
Sunday school adherents carrying ban-
ners, marched under dampening skies
from Gore and Hastings to St. An-
drews church on Thursday evening.
The church was filled almost to the
limit of its capacity. The evening ad-
dresses were delivered by Messrs.
Alexander, of Chicago, and William-
son, of Vancouver. The forenoon and
afternoon sessions of this provincial
convention were held in the Mount
Pleasant church.

The following officers were elected
for the ensuing year:

Honorary president, N. Shakespeare,
Victoria; honorary vice-president, M.
S. Fortune, Enderby; president, J. C.
Robson, Rossland; vice-president, W.
J. Farris, Vancouver; treasurer, C. E.
Mahon, Vancouver; general secretary,
I. W. Williamson, Vancouver; chair-
man central committee, A. Callander,
Vancouver.

Superintendents of departments:
Elementary, Miss S. S. Spencer, Mr.
A. R. Dingman; secondary, H. J.
Knott; missions, Miss G. K. McLen-
nan; teacher training, Rev. M. M.

Moss; temperance, Rev. C. W. Whit-
taker.

Executive committee: A. J. Pass-
age, H. Chapin, W. F. Argue, W. J.
Farris, W. C. Findlay, J. W. Wallace,
A. Stabler, W. J. White, M. Ruther-
ford, P. G. Drost, E. S. Searn, W.
Gleason, F. W. Davey, Dr. W. Rus-
sell, P. Smith, W. F. Muirhead, F.
Sathie, Rev. N. Harknes, Rev. F. W.
Langford, Rev. E. A. Henry, Rev. M.
M. Moss and Rev. A. E. Cooke.

Mr. Macdonald spoke at the closing
session on Friday evening in the
Mount Pleasant church, on the Sun-
day school athletic league. The prin-
cipal aims of this league, said the
speaker, are to secure an increased
attendance for the Sunday school and
to get a better grip on the youth of
the city. The speaker gave Alderman
Mahon credit for a large measure of
the success of the athletic work dur-
ing the season. Boys were promi-
nent in the audience.

The presentation of prizes won at
the Vancouver Sunday School Asso-
ciation league meet was then made.
The cup, donated by Alderman Mahon,
for the all-round championship of the
meet, went to the Common Club of
the Mount Pleasant Presbyterian
church, Alderman Mahon presenting
the cup as well as the many individual
medals attached to the winning of the
various events.

During the day addresses were de-
livered by Rev. I. W. Williamson, on
"Meditation;" Mr. Taylor Statten, on
"The Canadian Standard Efficiency
Test for Boys." In the afternoon a
demonstration of group games and
other physical activities suitable for
Sunday Schools was given at the
Y. M. C. A. gymnasium.

Carnegie Free Library Branch No. 7
is located in Gordon's Drug Store, Cor
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Prime Ribs Beef, 20c Sirloin Roast, 25c

Choice Pot Roast, 12½c to 15c

Extra fine New Zealand Butter, 35c to 40c

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Sealed tenders, addressed to the un-
derigned, and endorsed, "Tenders for
Launches," will be received up to Sat-
urday, November 1, for the construction
of two launches for the Department of
Indian Affairs, in accordance with plans
and specifications already prepared, and
equipped with a 25-H.P., 3-Cylinder, 4-
Cycle Samson heavy duty engine.
Plans and specifications may be seen
at the office of the following: Peter
Byrne, Esq., Indian Agent, New West-
minster; A. M. Tyson, Inspector of In-
dian Agencies, Vancouver; Edison B.
Shook, Naval Architect, 448 Seymour
Street, Vancouver; and W. E. Ditchburn,
Inspector of Indian Agencies, Victoria,
B. C.
Each tender must be accompanied by
a certified cheque on the chartered bank,
made payable to the Honorable the Su-
perintendent General of Indian Affairs,
for five per cent. of the contract price,
which will be forfeited if the party ten-
dering declines to enter into the con-
tract when called upon to do so, or if
he fails to complete the work contracted
for. The cheque of deposit of unsuccess-
ful tenders will be returned to them
upon the execution of the contract.
The lowest or any tender not neces-
sarily accepted.
Payment for this advertisement will
not be made unless the publication of
the same has been authorized.
W. E. DITCHBURN,
Inspector of Indian Agencies,
Box 775, Victoria, B.C.

South Vancouver

The South Hill orchestra will short-
ly reorganize, and is calling for play-
ers.

A little girl stranger arrived in the
home of Mrs. (Dr.) Gray on Sunday
morning.

Dr. and Mrs. F. N. Robertson, who
have been spending a two months'
holiday in the East, have returned.

The B. C. E. R. Company have the
rails laid on Wilson Road as far as
Ontario Street, and within a block of
Main.

South Hill Loyal Orange Lodge, No.
3243, met on Monday night. A large
number were present, including mem-
bers and friends.

Mr. George Thompson has bought a
residence for himself on Thirty-eighth
Avenue. The purchase was made
through the Alert Realty Co.

A. H. McGowan, M.P.P., and H. H.
Stevens, M.P., are expected to ad-
dress the Conservative Club of Ward
Five this evening. A number of other
speakers will be present.

An Italian found to his cost that it
was an expensive pastime to go shoot-
ing in the Municipality of South Van-
couver, when he had to face Magis-
trate Johnson and was fined \$10.00 and
costs, recently.

The Ladies' Aid of Westminster
Presbyterian Church, who are famed
for their good cooking, will give a
supper in the church on November
8th, from 6 to 8 o'clock. After the
supper a concert will be held.

Miss Mackenzie, general superin-
tendent of the order, who is in the city
inspecting the different branches, will
speak at the meeting of the Victorian
District Nurses, at the Nurses' Home,
corner of Chester and Forty-seventh,
on Tuesday at 3 p.m.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellington, who have
been spending the summer with Mrs.
Ellington's brother, Mr. T. Harkness,
left Tuesday for their home in Car-
berry, Manitoba, where they plan to
dispose of their interests and return
to reside in Vancouver.

Mr. R. M. Robson, of Main Street
fame, is showing a spirit of true citi-
zenship by making sacrifices to in-
troduce industries on the North Arm.
This week he is beginning actual work
on the building for the tannery at the
section on Main Street.

On Tuesday night the government
of Central Parliament brought in a
bill for woman's suffrage, which passed
its first reading. The government
are inviting Mrs. McConkey to address
the meeting on this subject next week.
The opposition have invited Mrs. Fre
to respond. The public are cordially
invited to be present.

Rev. Mr. Coffin, rector of St. Peter's
Church, was married on Tuesday to
Miss Mary Tugwell, daughter of the
late Rev. Canon Tugwell, of Oxford,
England, and Mrs. Tugwell, Van-
couver. The ceremony was performed by
his lordship the Bishop of Westmin-
ster, and took place at St. James'
Church. The bride was given away by
her mother, Miss Tugwell, sister of
the bride, was maid, and the groom
was accompanied by Rev. Fane Edge.

Reeve Kerr visited Victoria on Mon-
day, where he interviewed Mr. Bow-
ser. Whether or no the interview con-
cerned the future development on the
North Arm is a matter of surmise.
When asked by a representative of
The Western Call, the Reeve stated
that he had reported to the Hon. Mr.
Taylor, Minister of Public Works, the
completion of Westminster Road and
asked that the second \$50,000.00 prom-
ised by the government, when the pay-
ing of this road should be finished,
should be paid over to the municipali-
ty, and he is confident that South Van-
couver will this fall be in receipt of
\$25,000.00 of the amount. The Reeve
also said that he had visited the water
comptroller and had asked that the
150 miner's inches water supply of
South Vancouver might be increased
by the record of 600 inches. The
Reeve was not prepared to give any
definite statement, but felt assured
that South Vancouver would obtain a
permanent supply of water without in
any way jeopardizing the supply of the
city. Regarding his interview with the
Attorney General, the Reeve was non-
committal.

The South Vancouver Board of
Trade has taken the initiative in the
matter of getting a provincial com-
mission appointed that shall have
power to regulate public utilities of
the province, such as electric railways,
gas and kindred companies. A com-
mittee composed of Messrs. Whelpton,
Bruce and Allan was appointed by the
board at the meeting on Monday night,
to take the matter up with other pub-
lic bodies with the view of getting

them to take concerted action.

Mr. W. A. Blair, secretary of the
Vancouver Board of Trade, thought
this entire section of the Mainland
was one industrial unit and looked for-
ward to great development here with-
in the next ten years.

Mr. W. E. Gibson, who is leaving the
municipality, handed in his resigna-
tion as a member of the board.

A special meeting of the board is to
be called for Nov. 14 to meet with
delegates from the Fraser Valley De-
velopment League. Questions of com-
mon interest will be discussed.

The Main Street Improvement As-
sociation of South Vancouver held
their regular fortnightly meeting on
Monday night in the Old School house
on Main Street, near the city limits.

Mr. Kirkpatrick, chairman of the com-
mittee, who were appointed to wait
on the council re the resolution to
keep inviolate the name of Main Street
reported the resolution approved by
the council. The committee, that had
been appointed to interview the coun-
cil of Richmond with regard to the
bridging of the North Arm, were not
ready with their report. The matter
of the poor lighting of Main Street
south of Twenty-fifth Avenue, and of
the Main Street station on the inter-
urban line, came up for consideration
and the secretary was instructed to
write the council concerning the light-
ing of the street.

As the property owners on Main
Street have to pay 1-12 of the whole
assessment of South Vancouver the
association at this meeting appointed
Mr. Clough to be convener of a com-
mittee, which he should have full
power to select from among the prop-
erty owners, to wait upon the council
with regard to this allotment.

Among other matters taken up was
the apparent hold up of the B. C. E. R.
new line, which is being built through
to Main Street from Kerrisdale on the
Wilson Road, it having been reported
that the municipal rock crusher which
occupies Wilson Road, at the section
a block from Main, was the cause of
delay. Messrs. Greenlay, Kirkpatrick
and James were appointed to investi-
gate.

South Vancouver ratapayers will
vote on the bylaw to incorporate the
municipality on January 7, and if
three-fifths of the voters on the bylaw
approve the measure the municipality
will be converted into a city with the
least possible delay. January 7 is the
day on which the municipal elections
will be held. If the bylaw is passed
the council will take steps at once to
hold an election for a mayor and six
aldermen.

The nominations for mayor and al-
dermen will be made on February 2;
the election will follow on February
7, and the bylaw will come into force
on February 12. The bylaw was given
its second reading Tuesday morning
with the consent of the entire council.
The bylaw for the abolition of the
ward system was brought up for dis-
cussion but the council adjourned
without giving the measure its second
reading. The bylaw was introduced
by Councillor Campbell and shortly
afterwards a petition was circulated
supporting the proposition, and signed
by the C. P. R., as well as other prop-
erty owners.

The council ordered the construc-
tion of a plank walk on Main Street
from the River Road to the water-
front to give access to the industrial
suburb on the North Arm, which Mr.
R. M. Robson is laying out.

The Voters' League of South Van-
couver, in several speeches made at
their meeting in Fender Hall on Mon-
day evening, spoke of the unsatisfac-
tory condition of municipal affairs.

The proposed municipal coal supply,
said one speaker, was difficult to form
because of the presence in the council
of at least two men who were inter-
ested in the present private concern.

Mr. Robert McBride affirmed that
the trouble was increased by the fact
that few voters knew the stamp of
men whom their vote upheld. Many
owners of South Vancouver property
were residents of the city and knew
next to nothing of South Vancouver
affairs. That was one of the reasons
the meeting had been held in the city
that these people could become ac-
quainted with these matters. Men
who awarded contracts without ten-
ders and disposed of the people's
funds in anything but permanent im-
provement were not the men fit to
govern. The people, he said, were not
getting 35 cents on a dollar of expen-
diture. There had been an agitation
for industrial sites. Numberless manu-
facturers had turned away from Van-
couver because of the excessive cost
of factory sites. The municipality
should control the waterfrontage and
other locations for industries, so that
manufacturers could be offered rea-
sonable terms, and thus build up an
industrial city. But it could not be
done with borrowed money.

The municipality owed the Bank of
Montreal \$1,500,000, said Mr. Edward

Gold, and the rate of interest was 7
per cent., which amounted to about
\$9,000 per month. This, he said, was
the outcome of bad management of
the municipality's financial affairs, the
work of incompetent men. What sort
of business was that for a municipali-
ty with an assessment of \$40,000,000?

Cedar Cottage

The Quarterly Board of the Rob-
son Memorial Church met last even-
ing.

Mr. Alfred Lane of the Empress
Theater is building a nice residence
on Lilloett Street.

Rev. Mr. Madill sprained his leg on
Tuesday morning in the attempt to
board a car which he had to run to
catch.

Mrs. W. Saunders of Hazelmore, an
old resident of Cedar Cottage, with
her two children, visited Mrs. J. C.
Madill recently.

The young people of Cedar Cottage
Presbyterian Church gave a Hallow-
een social tonight in the school room
of the church. The proceeds are for
the Rescue Mission, 150 Alexander
Street.

SUNDAY CHURCH NOTICE

Cedar Cottage Presbyterian Church
—Rev. Mr. Madill will preach in the
morning on the subject, "Cure for
Prejudice" and in the evening the sub-
ject will be "Courage, It's Source."

Mr. J. C. McArthur, J.P., school
trustee of South Vancouver and
who has long been connected with
public life of Greater Vancouver, was
appointed first vice-president of the
British Columbia School Trustees'
convention at their recent meeting in
Victoria.

Rev. Dr. Shearer of Toronto, secre-
tary of the social and moral organiza-
tion in connection with the Presby-
terian Church of Canada, is in the city
on business this week. Mr. Shearer
was entertained on Wednesday to
luncheon at the home of his old class-
mate, Rev. J. C. Madill.

Springridge Lodge No. 79, Interna-
tional Order of Good Templars held
their usual weekly meeting in the
Cedar Cottage Hall, Victoria Road,
Friday evening last.

Arrangements are under way for an-
nual church service, which will be
held in one of the local churches on
Temperance Sunday, 9th November.
At the next meeting the officers
will be elected for the ensuing term.

A burglar, whose methods connect
him with a number of petty thefts
committed in the vicinity, gained en-
trance to the home of Mr. William
MacPhie, Thursday night, by raising
the dining-room window. A search
was made in the drawers of the buf-
fet as evidenced by a general dis-
turbance of their contents, which was
the chief proof the outlaw left be-
hind of his presence, except the
open window with a ladder against it
and the wide open back door.

The marriage of Miss Anna Mabel
Terman, daughter of Mr. Patterson
Terman, to Mr. Ernest McCallum, took
place at the home of the bride, 261
Twelfth Avenue East, on Tuesday
evening at 7:30 o'clock, Rev. Mr. Ma-
dill performing the ceremony. The
bride was attended by Miss Myrtle M.
Armour and the groom was supported
by Mr. Walter W. Wilson. After the
ceremony supper was served to a
large number of guests. Mr. and Mrs.
Armour are taking up their residence
in Coquitlam.

Central Park

Mrs. J. B. Toddick, who has been
visiting at the home of Rev. T. R.
Peacock, Chase, B. C., has returned
to her home.

Miss A. Thompson has returned
from Surrey Centre, B. C., where she
has been visiting at the home of Rev.
and Mrs. Gilbert.

The Thanksgiving and Harvest Festi-
val services were celebrated at Cen-
tral Park Presbyterian church last
Sunday. The church was handsomely
decorated with the fruit of the
soil.

Rev. Mr. Clark, the new pastor of
the Anglican church, with his family,
arrived in Central Park on Thursday
and took up his residence in the
house vacated by the retiring minis-
ter, Rev. Mr. Johnson.

Mrs. G. C. Smith, Inman avenue, re-
cently celebrated her birthday by en-
tertaining the girl members of her
class in fancy drill, who took part so
creditably in the exercises at the con-
cert in the Methodist Church on
Thanksgiving Day. Mrs. Roberts as-
sisted Mrs. Smith in entertaining these
lively young girls.

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Chicken Halibut	10c per lb.	Shrimp	10c per lb.
French Salmon	12 1/2c per lb.	French Mackerel	10c per lb.
Smoked Halibut	10c per lb.	French Smoked Salmon	10c per lb.
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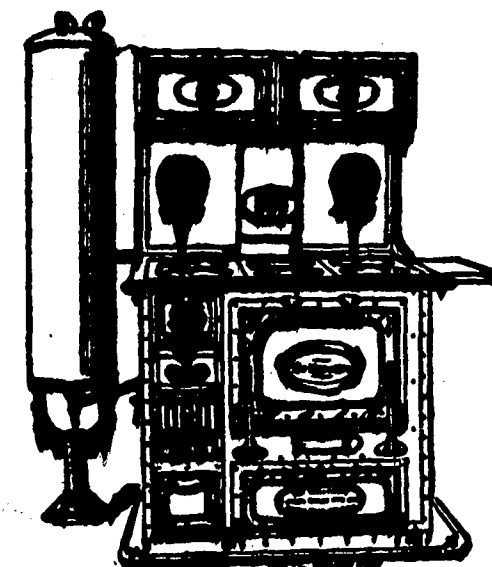
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Investment as a Fine Art

Chart reading, stop loss orders, and scale orders, all of which have been discussed previously in these articles, fall naturally into the category of mechanical speculation, and as such, cannot be advised except as an adjunct to operations. Such methods are valuable only when employed as an auxiliary to sound judgment already formed. So used they possess certain merit in that they permit of a fixed mechanical arrangement for accumulation or protection.

The contention might be made at this point that the scale order should be used only for the purpose of acquiring a line of stocks at low prices, or for the sale of stocks at high prices; and the stop loss order for the protection of profits after an advance. Otherwise employed they become useless, and in some cases even assist in producing loss. The reason for this has already been given.

It is useless to enlarge upon the various methods employed by mechanical traders, for they are all alike in that they resolve the whole speculative and investment structure into a gambling machine, with a big percentage against the player. To the large number of people who risk their money in this manner, and who contend that there is no use in trying to forecast accurately probable movements by actual statement be made:

The man who buys a stock at fifty dollars a share because he has good reason for believing that it is worth one hundred dollars, or who sells at one hundred on account of having good reasons for believing it worth fifty dollars, is the only man in the speculative world who succeeds. Similarly, the person who buys a good security for investment when times are hard and depression rules in financial circles, and who holds it for an appreciation in value until prosperity once again rules, is the only one who will succeed in the investment world.

When the study and thought necessary to forming such conclusions intelligently are eliminated in favor of any or all other methods, the colossal error is made of expurgating from the plan of operations the only possible chance of sustained success, the great basic principle to which all other knowledge, technical or statistical, is purely subsidiary.

There is unfortunately a large class of persons capable of clear thought and sound judgment who in some unknown manner have convinced themselves that they have found a way to beat the stock markets. They have formulated some system founded on their half-baked ideas of chances and probabilities, and they buy here and sell there in accordance with a fixed rule. They ignore the fact that the stock exchange is not a machine, that it is liable to be swung hither and thither by the ever-changing series of events. In consequence they lay themselves open to loss of capital, but instead of looking at the matter from a business standpoint, they take it for granted that there is something wrong with their system, and, like the roulette player, seek to discover some new way to woo the fickle goddess. It is this class which is largely responsible for the mechanical methods of speculation.—A. J. Treble in Canadian Countryman.

WISDOM AND FOOLISHNESS OF FAIRIES.

Some people have scoffed at fairy tales. But more have been wise enough to see the folly of such scoffing. Those that scoff, you have noticed, are usually those who never see the inner meaning of literature, who have no use for parable or allegory, to whom the wealth of the thought of the great men of this earth is a closed book.

Fairy tales usually have their origin in the dim and far-off past. From age to age they have been handed down, with rare accretions and alterations. Children—and, generally, we older children!—are impatient of change. They like to hear the old, old story in the old, old way. But always the stories deal with the primal passions of the race—with the almost invariable accompaniment of an appeal to that sense of wonder which, thank God, is not dead even in this age of wonders, when we are so accustomed to facts dimly hinted at in those old world tales, that we give them no second thought.

Many clever men have found their pleasure in collecting, collating, and translating these old folk tales. Each country has its own, even our own Canada. We hope to take you to the Flords of Normandy, the Black Forest of Germany, the pleasant countryside of La Belle France, the quaint bazaars and wind swept plains of distant Araby, and to India, whose very name seems to breathe the musk and sandalwood.—From the Children's Page of Canadian Countryman.

STORIES OF THE "ROYAL MOUNTED."

For tales of sheer hair-raising exploits, let us recommend to our readers, Professor Wallace's "Stories of the Royal North West Mounted Police" in Canadian Countryman. The laconic manner in which many of these stories are told in the official reports is worthy of notice. The following may serve as a sample. The writer was corporal Hogg, who was stationed at North Portal, near the boundary line:

"On the 17th inst., I, Corporal Hogg, was called to the hotel to quiet a disturbance. I found the room full of cowboys, and one Monaghan, or 'Cowboy Jack,' was carrying a gun and pointed it at me, against sections 105 and 109 of the Criminal Code. We struggled. Finally I got him hand-cuffed behind and put him inside. His head being in bad shape I had to engage the services of a doctor, who dressed the wound and pronounced it as nothing serious. To the doctor Monaghan said that if I hadn't grabbed his gun there'd be another death in Canadian history. All of which I have the honor to report.

(Signed) "C. Hogg, Corporal."

To this the corporal's superior officer added the statement: "During the arrest of Monaghan the following government property was damaged: Door broken, screen smashed up, chair broken, field-jacket belonging to Corporal Hogg spoiled by being covered with blood, wall bespattered with blood." This gloss throws a little light on the brevity of the original text.

WHERE LANGUAGE FAILS.

Perhaps the most charming of all Joaquin Miller's works is his prose romance or autobiography, "Life Among the Modocs," a story of Indian life, in which the soul of the red man is more sympathetically figured than in any other book, suggests a contributor to The Humanitarian, London.

Take this passage:

"I said to the old chief one day: 'Your language is very poor; it has so few words.'

"We have enough. It does not take many words to tell the truth," he answered.

"Ah, but we have a hundred words to your one."

"Well, you need them." The old Indian rose as he said this, and gathered his blanket about his shoulders. His dog lay with his nose on his two paws, and his eyes raised to his master's. "You have not words enough in all your books to give a single look from the eyes of my dog."—Canadian Countryman.

GINSENG—\$6,000 PER ACRE.

Ginseng is, as most people know, a root which is used in the manufacture of drugs and medicines. By far the greater portion of it is exported to China, and the demand is such that the price is advancing year by year. The word ginseng is said to signify "man plant," in the Chinese, from a fancied resemblance of its roots to the form of a man. The root is mildly aromatic and slightly stimulant, but the Chinese and Koreans place a high value upon it, and regard it as a panacea. The demand is for medium sized, ringed, dark, uniform roots, and the prices paid have been as high as \$7.25 a pound.

Mr. W. Walker, a successful Canadian ginseng-farmer, explains at length how he clears six thousand dollars an acre from his farm, in a recent issue of the Canadian Countryman. Briefly summing up for interested "Call" readers, it may be said that the seed is sown broadcast in the fall, and transplanted in the spring of the second year, to rows 6 ins. by 4 ins. apart. The third year the seedlings are placed in rows 6 ins. by 8 ins. apart, and the fourth year in rows 8 ins. by 10 ins. In the fifth year they are ready for sale. Some growers sell at three and four years, but the full growth is not obtained until the plants are five years old. As the price that the Chinese are willing to pay depends, within wide limits, upon the size, appearance, and condition of the roots, it pays the grower to study the demand more than is often done.

KRAAL-PLANNING IN AFRICA.

A writer on colonizing recently stated that the Germans set to work to create two towns in Africa in conspicuous contrast to other settlements, allocating a great park to the natives, making them erect their kraal in large squares intercepted with broad roadways with great palms on either side. Nairobi, a British settlement, is fashioned much in the same way. This illustrates the extent to which town planning has entered into the spirit of other peoples.—From Kenneth J. Dunstan's article, "Taking Care of Our Cities," in Canadian Countryman.

Poles and Cross-Ties

Quantities Purchased in Canada in 1912.

In 1912, there were 608,550 poles purchased by Canadian railways, and telegraph, telephone and light and power companies, according to a recent bulletin of the Forestry Branch, Ottawa. This represents an outlay of \$1,113,524, making the average cost per pole \$1.83. The total number of poles purchased and the average price per pole increased somewhat from corresponding figures for 1911.

Cedar made up 86 per cent. of the total number of poles cut, the western cedar being increasingly used for this purpose. Balsam, fir, tamarack and spruce made up the balance of the cut, the greater part of the poles being between 20 and 25 feet in length.

In 1912, there were purchased 21,308,571 ties representing a value of \$9,373,389. This represents the large increase of 48.1 per cent. over the number of ties purchased in 1911, due probably to the extensive railway construction now going on.

Jack pine ties made up 36.5 per cent. of the total with an average value of \$0.44. Cedar was second on the list with an average cost at point of purchase of forty-five cents, followed by Douglas fir, averaging 30 cents per tie. In all twenty-one different species of wood were used.

Ties treated with preservatives made up 8.5 per cent. of the number purchased. These were chiefly hardwoods, it being found more economical to treat the heavier, stronger woods, than those which are liable to fall from mechanical wear before they have time to decay. Some of the eastern railways are now using hardwood ties exclusively.

IMMIGRANTS AND THEIR MONEY.

In the course of a three-page discussion of the general financial situation throughout Canada, W. L. Edmonds writes in Canadian Countryman:

"Still another factor that must be taken into consideration is that of immigration. The number of new immigrants arriving in the country are averaging about 1200 a day. At least the great proportion of these are wealth producers. Many of them are coming into the country well equipped with this world's goods. The 141,000 who came in from the United States last year are officially estimated to have brought in on an average \$1,000 each in money and effects, while the aggregate from the 400,000 immigrants all told that took up their abode with us is computed at \$200,000,000. This means capital as well as producers. This year the immigration promises to beat all records. And as long as immigration is good we have a strong factor for the maintenance of good trade conditions."

FRUIT INDUSTRY RESTS ON SOLID BASIS

Elko, B. C.—Inquiries from Australia and New Zealand for British Columbia apples have exceeded all past records this year, and as a result shipments to these colonies will aggregate into the high figures. The fruit inspection system of British Columbia has now been thoroughly reorganized, and instead of one inspector for the entire Province deputy inspectors are stationed at all leading shipping points, in some instances the local customs officers having undertaken to act as inspectors.

The active interest that the Provincial government is taking in the fruit growing industry is also indicated by the appointment recently of a commission to visit California and other fruit growing States with the purpose of studying marketing methods and the utilization of horticultural by-products in those districts. Incidentally it is expected that important information will be gathered regarding the citrus fruit industry. The present season has brought substantial prosperity to apple growers throughout the Boundary district of British Columbia. Fruit ranches are being planted and cultivated according to the latest and best approved methods, and farmers who give the necessary study and attention to the business are getting results.

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Some Stories of "John A."

So many stories about Sir John A. Macdonald are apocryphal, and so many of these are unfit to print, that it is a decidedly dangerous pastime to attempt to present a collection of them. Professor W. S. Wallace, the Canadian historian, succeeds admirably in throwing new side-lights upon "John A.," the man, in his "Stories of Sir John A. Macdonald," in that great, new national weekly, Canadian Countryman.

Professor Wallace tells how, on one occasion, Lord Dufferin delivered an address in Greek before the University of McGill College. Sir John Macdonald and Sir Hector Langevin were both present, and afterwards Sir Hector was reading in the newspaper a report of the proceedings. One sentence in the newspaper report particularly attracted his attention. It ran, "His Lordship spoke in the purest ancient Greek without mispronouncing a word or making the slightest grammatical solecism."

"Good Heavens," exclaimed Sir Hector, "how did the reporter know that?"

"I told him," replied Sir John.

"But you don't know Greek."

"True," answered Sir John, "but I know a little about politics."

A remarkable feature about Sir John Macdonald was his capacity for remembering faces and names. On the occasion of his visit to Vancouver in 1886, a man came up to Sir John and introduced himself by saying: "Sir John, I don't suppose you remember me?"

"Oh, yes," said Sir John, without hesitation, "I met you at a political picnic in 1866, and you may remember it was a rainy day."

"Yes," said the man, "that was the very occasion."

Sir John had met him but on this one occasion, and had remembered his face after thirty years.

In this connection, there is a good story which well illustrates the difference between Sir John A. and his great opponent, Alexander Mackenzie. One day there came up to Ottawa a Canadian who had been for a number of years in journalism in the United States, on the staff of the Detroit Free Press. He had met both Mackenzie and Macdonald, and was anxious to have a talk with them. He met Mackenzie on the steps of the Parliament Buildings, and stopping him, he held out his hand and said, "How do you do, Mr. Mackenzie? Do you remember me? I am Smith, of the Detroit Free Press."

Mackenzie looked at him, and said, "No, young man, I don't remember you; and what's more," he said, raising his voice, "I'd like you to know that I'm too old, and I've seen too much of this world, to be taken in by any of these confidence tricks."

A little while later the journalist ran into Macdonald.

"How do you do, Sir John?" he began. "I wonder if you know who I am? I am—"

"Stop," said Sir John, as he shook

him by the hand. "I know your face—just wait a moment—let me see—Detroit—Detroit Free Press—stop—don't tell me—I have it—Smith, of the Detroit Free Press. How are you, Smith? I'm glad to see you again."

In later days, in the House of Commons, a good score was made by Sir Richard Cartwright off Sir John Macdonald, in regard to his bibulousness. Sir John A. had recently had his biography written by a man named John Collins; and discussion having arisen in the House with regard to certain sums paid to Mr. Collins, Sir Richard Cartwright rose and observed that "it was a happy association of ideas, and what a lamented friend of mine called the eternal fitness of things, that a gentleman, who in his life has done justice to so many John Collinses, should at last find a John Collins to do justice to him." It was said that no one in the House laughed at this sally more heartily than Sir John.

Not only his bad habits, but his facial characteristics, Sir John was in the way of joking about. A member of parliament once went down to the barber shop of the Parliament Buildings, and found Sir John in the barber's chair. The barber was shaving Sir John's upper lip at the time, and had hold of his large nose.

"I suppose, Sir John," said the M.P., "that is the only man in Canada who can take you by the nose with impunity."

"Yes, murmured Sir John, "and he has his hands pretty full."

Canada's best loved statesman was great in his knowledge of human nature, in his love for humanity—and himself possessed intensely of human

strength and frailties. He had his bad faults; but his heart was sound. "Sir John Macdonald," said Sir John Abbott, "lived during the greater part of his life with unparalleled facilities for amassing wealth. Yet he died a comparatively poor man." But perhaps the most eloquent tribute paid him was that of his old cabman, Buckley. "I have driven Sir John," said Buckley, with the tears on his cheeks, "for thirty-eight years, winter and summer. I have never known him to be out of temper; never known him to say a cross word, no matter how rough the road might be, or how careless I might drive."

His "Stories of Sir John," is only one of Professor Wallace's tremendously popular historical articles. Professor Wallace has a new sketch, faithful to fact as an historical textbook and entrancing as a romance, in each (weekly) number of Canadian Countryman.

PROLONGED BUILDING SEASON PROMISED

Grand Forks, B. C.—Tenders will be called within the next few days, it is understood, for the construction of the first unit of the new plant of the Grand Forks Canning Co., Limited. A two-story structure of brick and rubble stone with basement is contemplated. Seven lots south of Main Street and close to the railway track have practically been decided upon as the site of the proposed plant. Amongst other new buildings to be completed in Grand Forks during the present season are the warehouse of McNeil & Henniger, the \$3,500 garage of the Grand Forks Garage Company, and a large number of new dwelling houses already booked for occupancy as soon as finished.

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LAND NOTICES



LAND ACT.
Vancouver Land District, District of Coast, Range 2.
TAKE notice that Allen S. Wootton of Vancouver, B. C., occupation engineer, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:
Commencing at a post planted two and one-half miles north of Herbert Point and four miles east of coast, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the point of commencement and containing 640 acres, more or less.
ALLEN S. WOOTTON.
Dated Sept. 11, 1913.

LAND ACT.
Vancouver Land District, District of Coast, Range 2.
TAKE notice that William S. Rawlings of Vancouver, B. C., occupation park superintendent, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:
Commencing at a post planted three and one-half miles east from Herbert Point, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement and containing 640 acres, more or less.
WILLIAM S. RAWLINGS.
Dated Sept. 8, 1913.

LAND ACT.
Vancouver Land District, District of Coast, Range 2.
TAKE notice that William T. Sinton of Vancouver, B. C., occupation broker, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:
Commencing at a post planted three and one-half miles east from Herbert Point, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement and containing 640 acres, more or less.
WILLIAM T. SINTON.
Dated Sept. 8, 1913.

LAND ACT.
Vancouver Land District, District of Coast, Range 2.
TAKE notice that Arthur V. Hutchinson of Vancouver, B. C., occupation dentist, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:
Commencing at a post planted one and one-half miles east of Herbert Point, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to point of commencement and containing 640 acres, more or less.
ARTHUR V. HUTCHINSON.
Dated Aug. 23, 1913.

LAND ACT.
Vancouver Land District, District of Coast, Range 2.
TAKE notice that Harry J. Painter of Vancouver, B. C., occupation assessor's commissioner, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:
Commencing at a post planted one and one-half miles east of Herbert Point, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to point of commencement and containing 640 acres, more or less.
HARRY J. PAINTER.
Dated Aug. 29, 1913.

LAND ACT.
Vancouver Land District, District of Coast, Range 2.
TAKE notice that Arthur B. Cather of Vancouver, B. C., occupation clerk, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:
Commencing at a post planted one mile north and one mile east of Herbert Point, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to point of commencement and containing 640 acres, more or less.
ARTHUR B. CATHER.
Dated Aug. 28, 1913.

LAND ACT.
Vancouver Land District, District of Coast, Range 2.
TAKE notice that Fred Howlett of Vancouver, B. C., occupation clerk, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:
Commencing at a post planted one mile north and one mile east of Herbert Point, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to point of commencement and containing 640 acres, more or less.
FRED HOWLETT.
Dated Aug. 29, 1913.

LAND ACT.
Vancouver Land District, District of Coast, Range 2.
TAKE notice that Charles H. Bonnor of Vancouver, B. C., occupation secretary, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:
Commencing at a post planted seven miles north of Herbert Point and one mile east of coast, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement and containing 640 acres, more or less.
CHARLES H. BONNOR.
Dated Aug. 28, 1913.

LAND ACT.
Vancouver Land District, District of Coast, Range 2.
TAKE notice that Harry W. Nye of Vancouver, B. C., occupation watchmaker, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:
Commencing at a post planted seven miles north of Herbert Point and two and one-half miles east of coast, thence north 40 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement and containing 320 acres, more or less.
HARRY W. NYE.
Dated Aug. 18, 1913.

LAND ACT.
Vancouver Land District, District of Coast, Range 2.
TAKE notice that Margaret T. Nye of Vancouver, B. C., occupation housewife, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:
Commencing at a post planted seven miles north of Herbert Point and one mile east of coast, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement and containing 640 acres, more or less.
MARGARET T. NYE.
Dated Aug. 12, 1913.

LAND ACT.
Vancouver Land District, District of Coast, Range 2.
TAKE notice that Lewis Soul of Vancouver, B. C., occupation laundryman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:
Commencing at a post planted seven miles north of Herbert Point and one mile east of coast, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement and containing 640 acres, more or less.
LEWIS SOUL.
Dated Aug. 12, 1913.

LAND ACT.
Vancouver Land District, District of Coast, Range 2.
TAKE notice that Percy Soul of Vancouver, B. C., occupation engineer, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:
Commencing at a post planted seven miles north of Herbert Point and one mile east of coast, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement and containing 640 acres, more or less.
PERCY SOUL.
Dated Aug. 12, 1913.

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(Continued from Page 3)

"They'll do it, sir, never fear."
"Good, sergeant; we'll ride hard, and trust to getting fresh horses in Philadelphia. I'll tell Arnold the story. When we arrive there have your men get all the sleep they can. I'll attend to rations and ammunition. You are simply to have the men rested and ready. Cannot we make better time? The horses seem in good condition."
We passed swiftly over the level country, meeting a few stragglers, but paying them small attention. By two o'clock we were on the banks of the Delaware, and a half-hour later, I swung down stiffly from the saddle in front of Arnold's headquarters on High street.

He was an officer I never greatly liked, with his snapping eyes and arrogant manner, but he was courteous enough on this occasion, questioning me after reading the dispatch, and offering me a glass of wine.
"You look tired, major, and must rest before you start back. I shall have my report ready by sundown."
"General Arnold," I said, standing respectfully but in hand, "I have a favor to ask—that you will send your report by some other messenger, and give me a detail for special service."
He looked up in surprise.

"Special service, sir? But you are not assigned to my command."
"That is true, general," I insisted, "but the conditions warrant the unusual application."

"What service is contemplated?"
"An attempt to kill or capture Red Fagin, and release a scout whom I believe he holds prisoner."
"You hope to accomplish all this alone?"

"With the assistance of the sergeant and ten dragoons who came here with me. They are in camp now on the Jersey shore."

He walked across the room, stared out of the window, and then again faced me.

"By Gad, sir, this is a most attractive-sounding request. Damme, I'd like to get hold of Fagin all right, but I need to know more of your plan, and the reason you have for asking such a detail. It looks foolhardy to my mind."

I went over the situation carefully, watching the effect of my words in the man's face. He sat at the table now, leaning forward eagerly. Arnold had the reputation of a gallant, and my first reference to a young lady aroused him.

"The name, please—you mentioned a name."

"Claire Mortimer, sir."
"Ah! Ah! I remember her well. Dined with her myself. Now go on, sir; I can appreciate the tale better for my recollection of the fair heroine."

I was not long at it, although he interrupted me occasionally by shrewd questioning. As I concluded he kept silent a moment, looking at me from under his heavy brows.

"It looks like rather a blind trail to me, major," he said kindly, "but I'm no sportsman in such an affair. You might have the luck to stumble onto your party, and I'd take the chance myself if I were in your shoes. You wish to start at sunset?"

"Yes, sir."
"You need horses, rations and pistol ammunition for twelve men?"

"Yes, sir."
"Very well, major, the quartermaster will attend these details. Go and lie down. Washington may not approve, but I'll take the responsibility."

He extended his hand across the table, and I felt the firm clasp of his hand.

CHAPTER XXIX.

I Run Across Eric.

I slept three hours, the dead sleep of sheer exhaustion, but felt refreshed and strong when roughly aroused. Before sunset I was across the river, where I found my little squad of dragoons prepared for their night's adventure. Arnold had kept his word, the fresh horses being fine animals, the ammunition in excess of our needs. Conroy was enthusiastic, and somewhat loquacious, but I cut his conversation off rather sharply, and ordered the men into their saddles. With brain clarified by sleep I realized the importance of the work before us, and how imperfect my plans were. I could merely ride forth to Elmhurst, hoping to pick up some clue to aid me. As we rode rapidly along the deserted road leading to Farrell's I reviewed over and over again every remembered detail, only to conclude that I must get hands on Grant, and by threats, or any other available means, compel him to confess his part in the villainy. Dusk settled about us, succeeded by night, as we pressed steadily forward, the men riding silently, the only sound the thud of hoofs, and the slight fingle of accoutrements. As we passed the black walls of Farrell's shop, I recalled the papers found in Grant's coat, and the reference in Fagin's note to a rendezvous at Lone Tree. Probably that was the spot where the two had been accustomed to meeting. If true in the past, why not now as well? Suddenly it occurred to me that it was at a place called Lone Tree that the minute men had gathered for their attack on Delavan's wagon train. Could this, by any possibility, be the same spot? I drew my horse back beside Conroy.

"Ever heard of a place called Lone Tree?" I asked quietly.

He rubbed his head thoughtfully.
"Not just about here, sir. We camped over east of there once, maybe a year ago, down in a hollow where there was one big tree standin' all alone, kind of an odd-lookin' tree, sir, and seems to me, the guide said the place was called something like that. Say, Tom," to the nearest dragoon.

"Do you remember that Lone Tree where we camped when we were out hunting Tarleton?"

"Sure; in east Medford. There was a farmhouse across on the side of a hill. I got some buttermilk there."

"Wasn't that what the guide called the place—Lone Tree?"

"Darned if I know, sergeant. Don't recollect hearin' the guide say anything 'bout that, but the woman at the house told me her place was called Lone Tree cottage—so I reckon he might."

This was a chance worth trying.

"We will take the first turn to the left, and have a look at the place," I said. "Conroy, you and Tom ride ahead, and keep your eyes open."

We reached the hollow where the big tree stood, about midnight, but found little reward. The house on the hill had been burned to the ground. Near the tree, however, we discovered evidence of recent camp fire, one not yet cold, and apparently there had been quite a body of men camped there lately. Conroy manifested a touch, and seemed about, faintly reporting:

"I don't know how many were here, sir, altogether, but there was a lot of horses picketed over near the creek. I reckon the lot of them didn't leave until dark tonight, as they rode north toward the main road. There was maybe a dozen in that party."

We followed the general direction the fellows seemed to have taken. Conroy and I on foot, scanning the trail by aid of a pine knot. The dust

lay thick on the clay road through the out, where we had charged the foreman, and it was easy to see the hand had turned east. There was but one conclusion possible; if this was Fagin's gang of cutthroats, as I suspected, then they were either returning to their sand caves in Monmouth county after a raid, or else were starting forth on some new project near at hand. Whichever was true, Elmhurst lay in the direction taken. Determined to learn the truth, we pressed forward, riding rapidly, yet guarding the precaution of keeping two scouts well in advance. It must have been nearly three o'clock when we reached the summit of the low hill within a few hundred yards of the house, and found the two scouts awaiting us.

My first glance across the ravine revealed the outlines of the house



He Gave Utterance to One Grunt and Then the Barrel of My Pistol Was at His Head.

above the low trees of the orchard. All appeared peaceable enough, and I felt a sudden relief. There were lights burning on the lower floor, streaming through several windows, while up stairs one window was ablaze. Late as it was, this illumination was not surprising, however, as the care of the wounded man would necessitate night watchers, while, no doubt, Claire would anticipate by reaching there before morning. All this flashed over me, as my eyes hastily surveyed the familiar surroundings. Then I became aware that the older scout was reporting.

"There's quite a bunch of horses picketed down there in the ravine, sir," he said, pointing toward the right.

"How many?"
"Oh, maybe twenty-five or thirty; Joe an' I couldn't get very close, as there's a couple of men on guard on top of the bank. A hundred feet down you can see 'em plain against the sky."

"Wasn't what you saw a cattle herd?"

"No, sir," positively. "They're horses, picketed in line like a cavalry troop, and they've got their saddles on."

What this all meant could not be guessed at, but there must be some scheme of devilry under way.

"Have either of you crossed the ravine?" I asked, endeavoring to reach some conclusion.

"Yes, sir, Joe did. He was up in the edge of the orchard?"

"See any men?"

"Not a man, sir, outside," answered the other. "But I saw shadows against the curtains on that lower floor. I couldn't tell how many; they just come an' go, only they wasn't dressed alike."

One thing was sufficiently certain—we could gain little information remaining where we were.

"Sergeant," I said, determining swiftly on a course of action, "take your men, dismounted, across the ravine, and into the orchard. Keep under cover, but get as close to the house as you can safely. Picket your horses back there beside the road."

"And you, sir?"

"I'll take Tom with me, and we'll circle that horse herd, and come up to the house from the rear. I want to discover where those fellows are, and what they are up to. See this whistle, sergeant?"

"Yes, sir."
"It gives a sharp, shrill blast. If I blow it twice, get your men inside the house instantly. I'll not sound it unless I need you at once. We'll wait here until you get across."

The disappeared into the black depths of the ravine, moving cautiously and with little noise. Tom and I plunged down the steep slope, feeling our way through the darkness, but moving to the right, toward where the scouts had indicated the horses were being herded. We skirted them, creeping along the opposite bank behind a fringe of bushes, certain that the darkness concealed our movements from the two men on guard. We crossed fifty feet above, gained the top of the bank, and crawled down, sheltered from observation, until we were directly above the two guards. Peering cautiously over, we could easily distinguish the black outlines on the hillside below.

One man was standing up, leaning against the trunk of a small tree, while the other was sitting on the ground, his head bent forward, and his hat drawn low over his eyes. Neither had uttered a sound, but as my eyes strained through the darkness I began to perceive details which awakened a new suspicion. The fellow standing up wore a cap and no coat, and his hands were clasped about a short, sawed-off gun. He had none of the appearance of the soldier, but the other man apparently was in uniform, although I could not

distinguish its character. What instantly attracted my attention was the fact that his hands were evidently tied behind his back. If this was true then he was a prisoner, and the other had been stationed there to guard him, and not the horses. Tom perceived this as soon as I, for I felt his fingers grip my arm.

"Creep around the edge of the rock there," I said, pointing. "That will bring you at his back, and not more than five feet away. Can you do it?"

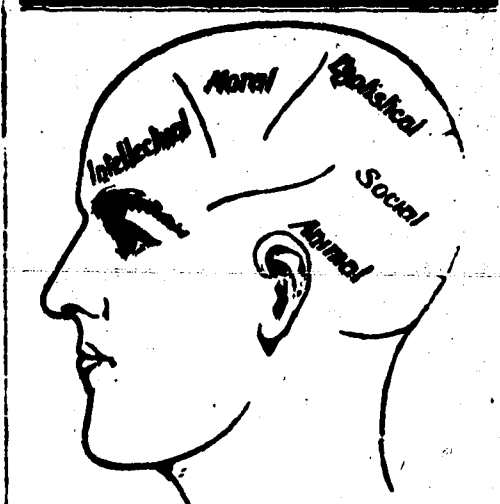
He nodded grimly.
"Leave your weapons here," I added, "and when you spring, get hold of his gun so he cannot fire. I'll cover him the instant you strike. Go on."

He unbuckled his belt, and crept along to the right, so noiselessly that even I, watching his snake-like movement, could hear no sound. The guard did not move his head, and the other remained motionless; his face bent almost to his knees. Down below the horses stamped restlessly, and switched their tails. Watching each motion like a hawk, I saw Tom dip over the crest, and worm his way down behind the rock. The he disappeared, until, as he cautiously arose to his feet, his head and shoulders emerged shadowy just beyond. Realizing he was ready, I got to my knees, gripping a pistol butt. Without a warning sound the dragon leaped, his arms gripping the astounded sentinel with the hug of a bear. He gave utterance to one grunt, and then the barrel of my pistol was at his head.

"Not a word!" I said sternly. "Unclass his belt, Tom. Yes, take his gun. If he moves, or utters a sound, shoot him down."

I wheeled to face the other, who had lifted his head, and was staring at us through the darkness. He was no longer a mere shapeless shadow, but a slender, straight figure, and my heart gave a sudden throb.

(Continued Next Week.)



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VANCOUVER B. C.

Point Grey

Kerrisdale
A number of houses have been turned over in Kerrisdale during the last fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. George Horning of Oak Street moved on Monday to Colingwood East.

The Kerrisdale social club are giving their first dance of the season in the Kerrisdale hall tonight.

The Young People's Social Club held a social for members and friends on Tuesday evening.

The Dramatic Club of the Methodist Church expect to give a concert in the near future. The proceeds will go toward the Tennis fund.

Mr. William A. Irwin and Mrs. Irwin, who have recently come from England, have taken up their residence on Balsam Street.

The Equal Franchise League was addressed by Mrs. Patterson on the subject of the legal status of women in British Columbia, at their meeting held on Monday afternoon.

Mr. R. Brent of Kitano, who is putting up a handsome residence on Angus Road for his own occupation expects that it will be completed by the end of this month.

Rev. Mr. Harbison gave a limelight lecture on New Zealand on Thursday evening, in the Presbyterian Church.

Real estate sales are picking up in Kerrisdale. Mr. S. E. Peters reports the sale of four lots at Magee and Angus and all cash sales. The last ten sales made by Mr. Peters were all for cash.

The committee was also requested to interview Mr. Purvis, of the B. C. Electric Railway Company, to see if it could be arranged to have the cars on interurban lines stop at Cypress Street instead of at Bodwell Road, as at present, as it was stated it is understood that Cotton's construction camp

on Bodwell Road is to close shortly, and Cypress Street is regarded as the proper stopping place for the eastern section of Strathcona Heights.

An association to be known as the Strathcona Heights Improvement Association was formed on Tuesday evening, and the following officers elected: President, Mr. F. Hooper; secretary-treasurer, Mr. C. A. Ross. A committee was appointed to interview Mr. Halse, of the B. C. Telephone Company, to urge that city telephone rates should be charged in Strathcona Heights, and to report at a meeting to be called by the president at Mr. Hooper's residence.

The following cases came under the jurisdiction of Mr. McArthur on Monday: Casmine Johnny, Indian, for having intoxicants in his possession, was fined \$25; Dominici Folica, for being drunk and disorderly, was fined \$8.25; Noto Singh, for being drunk and incapable, not appearing for trial, bail of \$10; W. Farroll, for driving an auto without a rear light, was fined \$25; A. D. Drummond for driving an auto without a rear light was fined \$25; E. P. Mulheirn, who failed to keep the auto he was driving to the left side of the street, was fined \$13.25; John E. Ashroul, for neglecting to have a rear light on auto, was fined \$25; A. Marlon, for driving a rig without lights; A. Gurney, for discharging firearms, were fined \$20 and costs, and Nick Palawzo, for blasting with gunpowder and other explosives after sunset, was fined \$13.25.

Ebourn
The Sodalis Club gave a dance in Granville Hall on Wednesday evening.

Mr. Murphy of Sea Island is erecting a nice house for himself on Park Road.

Miss Irene White and her house guest, Miss Jean Thompson of Orillia, spent the week-end in Seattle.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Ross of Vancouver

arises from the irregularity of travel, both as to hours and to numbers.

THAT UTILITIES COMMISSION.

I do not know who is the first man to suggest and urge an early attempt in this direction, but the move is one in the right direction. There are two phases at least of this question and they are these: "A Commission on Utilities" appointed to study the whole range of possible utilities which should be taken over by the public in the interests of the people. "A Utilities Commission" to handle any utilities taken over at any time in any given place. The first I take to be general and provincial. The second is special, and would have to be for certain corporations, or districts wherein such utilities might be taken over by a municipality or civic corporation.

Of course, if any utility of a provincial scope were established, then the specific commission, which would handle it, would be necessarily provincial. This latter might, for instance, handle the provincially owned and managed coal-mines,

ver have moved into the apartments over the Donald Block, on Townsend and Second streets.

Mr. J. A. Paton, editor of the Point Grey Gazette, is taking a well-earned holiday and enjoying pleasant shooting on Sea Island.

Miss Olga Bracewell, A. T. S. C., gave a lecture in Odd Fellows' Hall on Wednesday evening. Invitations were issued for the lecture, which was on the "Art of Singing," and was exemplified by musical items.

A gang of men engaged with the sewerage construction have been working this week at the outfall on Cypress Street and where it will empty into the Fraser. Another gang have been engaged on the section between Townsend Road and Cunningham Street.

Rev. Charles R. Cascallen, Mrs. Cascallen and Mr. Cascallen's mother, Mrs. I. N. Cascallen, are visiting relatives at the homes of Mr. G. S. Sexsmith and Mr. J. W. Fairhall and renewing acquaintance with a number of old friends in Ebourn. Mrs. A. Mitchell and Mrs. Douglas of the city are also among the relatives to whom Mr. and Mrs. Cascallen have come to

MR. MALCOLM MATHESON'S QUESTION

(Continued from page 1)

when legislation would have brought this commodity within the range of purely public use, and managed by the public.

To the citizens of Vancouver the following may be of interest. In 1894, I believe, Vancouver had a unique opportunity to purchase the entire tram system, but when the crucial time came, the by-law was voted down. Many of the citizens, now urging to take over the service, opposed the deal at that time, even though the sum involved was less than \$400,000.00.

In 1919 there will be another chance to purchase. Of course the sum will run up into the millions. And when the time comes, it may again be that the people will not vote the requisite money for the transaction. They will need to do a lot of serious thinking, and study all the liabilities carefully before going too rapidly into the deal. But when that time comes the public should either face the purchase, or settle down to an ownership similar to the present, which is as up-to-date as any in Canada.

bid frowell as they sail in the Empress of Asia next month for China, where Mr. Cascallen is principal of the Methodist Schools of the western section, and where they will spend their second period of six years' absence.

The North Fraser Harbor Commission, Messrs. R. Abernethy, C. H. Hodgson, F. N. Trites, Monday night waited on the Point Grey Council and requested a grant of \$1,000 to assist in the work of preparing plans for the proposed development work along the North Arm of the Fraser.

The Commission pointed out that it was necessary to have complete plans of the work prepared before the Dominion Government would be prepared to guarantee the necessary bonds to be placed on sale for the carrying out of the work. The cost of preparing the complete plans is estimated at \$20,000. It is proposed to ask \$1,000 from each of the municipalities of Burnaby, South Vancouver, Richmond and Point Grey this year. The four municipalities will be asked to contribute the balance of the \$20,000 next year.

The commission said the plans would provide for permanent improvements. They would make provision

for a deep-water harbor from the Gulf of Georgia to New Westminster, and would accommodate ships with draft as great as those which now enter Burrard Inlet.

The council authorized the payment of \$1,000 to the commission.

A request from Mr. F. Carter-Cotton, chancellor of the University of British Columbia, to the Point Grey Council that the council make some statement as to what they were prepared to do in the matter of furnishing water to the new university resulting in the drafting of two propositions. One of these was to the effect that the University advance the money necessary to lay the water mains and take pay for such amount in water supplied. The other proposition is that the University advance the money for the main until such time as the district becomes settled, when the municipality will take over the main.

It was left in the hands of a committee to confer with the board of governors of the University.

Councillor Cunliffe gave notice that he would move at the next meeting of the council to introduce a bylaw to provide for the division of the municipality into six wards instead of five, as at present divided.

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WE would like to say a word about our Prescription Department this week. We consider this the most important department of the business and give it the most careful attention.

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Lee Building, Broadway and Main

A WONDERFUL COUNTRY

"Canada is a country so vast that it is difficult to convey an adequate idea of its size; so fertile that nothing short of official returns will exonerate a description of it from a charge of exaggeration; so prosperous as to not only rival, but to surpass all other countries on the face of the earth; so healthy in climate, so beautiful in scenery, so abundantly supplied with magnificent lake and rivers, so full of commercial resources, and so rich in minerals, that I am overpowered with the magnitude of the task I have imposed upon myself in attempting to convey even a faint idea of it."—Halliburton.

In the Service of the Public



Few of us fully realize and appreciate the incomparable opportunities our great country affords, not only financially but in point of self-improvement and culture of the mind. Our great statesmen have rightly told us: "Above all Canada needs men of character." The first essential to produce such men is education; the most popular and widespread form of education

is through good reading. Realizing all this: a group of outstanding Canadian statesmen and journalists (representative of both great political parties and of many diverse viewpoints) established "The Canadian Countryman" upon foundations broad and deep, organized the staff upon a scale of quality heretofore unprecedented, and presented this great new national weekly to the public a few months ago. Canada's response was instantaneous; up to July First the circulation returns constituted not only a record in the Dominion, and in America—but a world's record. Such is

The Canadian Countryman

Presented to the Western Call's Paid-in-Advance Subscribers in an Unparalleled Offer, Expiring on Saturday, 8th November. See Enclosed Circulars.

THE COLLEGE IN THE HOME.

The worker who realizes his need of education and fuller information can get it. He must have it supplied to the home, to be studied from day to day. It must be suited to his conditions, and be practical. To help him, it must add to what he knows or can learn for himself from his work. So it must lay before him the experience of others, as well as the facts dug up by Science. And out of the great mass of available material, careful selection must be made for him, so that the greatest amount may be learned, of the best value, in the shortest time. The one instrument that can be relied upon to give the greatest service to the greatest number is the instructive home magazine.

A WIDER RANGE OF READING.

A paper which exists to provide technical and trade education to the people who are developing Canada must, however, in the nature of things, do more than that. As life is more than meat, so are the people of this great new land interested in more than the work of their hands. The women and young folks in our homes are concerned, with the men, in making home life more comfortable, more attractive, more satisfying. In providing articles we shall

assume that all our readers have a love of the beautiful, and that they desire to realize it more in home surroundings and in daily life and thought. There will be profit in studying beautiful designs. Interior decorations and furnishings are of course interesting to those to whom their home is their city in one. Gardening is an art as well as a science, and to many it is a delightful hobby. None can, indeed, yield more of happiness both to oneself and to the rest of the family. The garden of the mind and that of the heart shall be cultivated by the stories and the little histories and the other things we expect to publish.

"THE GREATEST GOOD OF THE GREATEST NUMBER."

Our men and women have an interest in public affairs which might be intensified, and which should be fed with fuller information. The fathers and mothers of the Canadian people of the next generation cannot know too well the story of their country, cannot watch too carefully the conduct of governments. The difficulties of governing and legislating for a nation spread over four thousand miles are intensified by the variety of nationalities and sectional interests which exist. The sympathetic appre-

ciation of these difficulties and the criticism of the government's shortcomings go properly together. Exclusive consideration of self or one's class is contrary to the spirit of citizenship, and is dangerous when it is the habit of many in the nation. There is but one way to be fair. It is to understand. The people of the various classes must get acquainted with each other.

THE NATIONAL SPIRIT.

The first duty of the citizen and the father of citizens is to know his country, all of it, as well as he can. Thinking people will study in fairness the conditions prevailing in other parts than those with which they are familiar. They will seek to balance evenly the interests of all when they set out to promote their own. At bottom, we all need to know the facts more fully, and to listen less impressionably to the politicians that pervade our bounds.

To give the facts as fully as we can, and to open our columns to the opinions of all sides of disputed questions, is the policy we shall follow in such matters. We cannot undertake to endorse the views expressed by every writer. Neither shall we state partial or one-sided arguments. The Canadian Countryman will be the

blackboard on which everyone may chalk up his ideas—if only he writes a good enough hand to please the audience! In such matters the rules of debate shall be Straight Argument, Fair Play and Good Feeling. The big thing is, to dig out the Truth.

OUR NEW NEIGHBORS.

We shall try to make The Countryman especially interesting and useful to those who have not been long enough in Canada to understand very well just what sort of a country this is, or how to make the most of their work here. We extend a warm welcome to these additions to our big family, and offer them our best.

THE NEW MORALS IN BUSINESS.

One of the most striking features of modern business has been the extent to which we are dependent upon advertising for information upon the articles and services we buy. We sell our wheat, our bacon, our wool, to people we have never seen, and they trust to get good quality when they know where the goods come from. Similarly we buy from factories often thousands of miles away, and the men who make our shoes, our clothes, our mowers and engines do not know us from the heathen Chinee.

Yet they talk to us about their goods. They explain their good points,

and give reasons for discrimination between theirs and others; reasons which we consider carefully when we buy. When we are sufficiently convinced by this talk of quality and service by the advertisements, the retailer or agent has a hard time of it if he tries to change our views. But sometimes in the past, and occasionally even yet, we are fooled by false statements or too plausible boasting. There are useful things and useless things advertised. There are occasionally exaggerated claims to merit made for even the best goods. The reader must have confidence in advertising on the whole, or he cannot get along. Advertising should be cleaned of that sort which misleads, which injures the public in "morals, health or pocketbook," as one magazine has expressed it. We pledge ourselves to do our utmost to keep our pages clean of all such questionable advertising.—The Publishers of "The Canadian Countryman."

P. S.—In the next issue of our magazine (our special British Columbia issue, by the way) begins our new serial story, "Gaff Linkum," by that prince of Canadian novelists, Archie McKishine. Insure getting every installment of "Gaff Linkum" by taking immediate advantage of special offer outlined in enclosed circular.

REMEMBER THAT THIS GREAT OFFER POSITIVELY EXPIRES ON SATURDAY, 8th NOVEMBER. DO IT NOW!