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The Western Call

Published in the Interests of Mount Pleasant and Vicinity

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AN INTERESTING CEREMONY AT SOUTH VANCOUVER

One of the most interesting ceremonies in the history of South Vancouver took place last Saturday afternoon when a large gathering of spectators witnessed the unfurling of the Union Jack over the recently established Khaki Home. The ground in front of the house was very artistically laid out in the form of barracks, and the grass made an effective background for the reproduction, in colored stones, of two Union Jacks and the badge of the Soldiers' Wives and Mothers, embellished with an inscription, similarly made, of the name of the institution, "Khaki Home," together with the title of our National Anthem, "God Save Our King"; in the centre of this patterned decoration rose the flag-pole. This work, which was generally admired, was done by the Fatigue Party of the 231st Highlanders and of the Engineers.

The ceremony was performed by Mrs. S. D. Scott, president of the Local Council of Women, and vice-president of the Women's Patriotic Auxiliary. It was a most impressive proceeding, an interesting programme being carried out, beginning with a selection by the pipe band of the 231st Highlanders, and followed by a tableau in which fifty-three soldiers' children of South Vancouver took part. Miss Lorna McDonald, daughter of the president, took the role of Britannia most admirably. The other children represented the allies and the various British possessions. This spectacular tableau which met with such huge success on Saturday, is to be repeated in the Mount Pleasant Presbyterian church tonight, when the collection will be taken to purchase material for the Red Cross work of the Woman's Guild of the church, thus making doubly interesting its patriotic aspect. As soon as all were assembled "Onward Christian Soldiers" was sung by the children and audience, followed by a prayer for the Empire and the men on active service, and the dedication of the flag by Rev. O. J. Nurse, of St. Luke's, South Vancouver. Then followed the singing of Kipling's Recessional by the children, immediately after which the National Anthem was sung and Mrs. S. D. Scott unfurled the flag after making a few suitable remarks, in which she expressed the deep impression which the occasion had made upon her, and the pleasure it gave her to unfurl for the first time over the Khaki Home, the flag which would float as long as the Home should be necessary, representing the cause for which husbands, brothers and sons were fighting; and also as a memorial to the two brothers who had made the flag and who had made the supreme sacrifice by giving their lives for their King and country. Mrs. Scott also paid tribute to the splendid work accomplished by the women of the club under the able direction of Mrs. Jean McDonald, who were always cheerfully working for the Red Cross and to keep their homes together, that they might be ready when the men came home again. They were certainly leading the women of Vancouver in many ways.

At the conclusion of her address, Mrs. Scott was made the recipient of a beautiful basket of carnations, tied with a bow of pink ribbon, the presentation being made by a tiny child named Dorothy Treavor.

Mrs. Waters here recited very feelingly, "Our Flag," which was followed by a chorus, "Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue," by the children, and a selection by the pipers. Miss McDonald sang "Rule Britannia." The audience joined in the chorus.

History of the Flag

Ex-Mayor Baxter congratulated the Soldiers' Wives and Mothers on their splendid home, where they can go and work and enjoy themselves, adding that sometimes unkind things were said about Couth Vancouver, but the Soldiers' Wives and Mothers were removing that and certainly taking the lead in everything. Mr. Baxter referred to the Canadian Patriotic Fund, explaining that $60,000 will be paid to soldiers' wives in Vancouver and immediate district during the month of May. He also told the history of the flag which had just been unfurled by Mrs. Scott. It was made by two men and given to their sister before they left for the front. These two brothers have both paid the great price, and the flag had been presented by the sister to the Khaki Home. Mr. Baxter thought it could have hung in no more appropriate a place, adding that there was one thing sure, never did a citizen die for a nobler cause than now. Mr. Baxter's address was followed by another chorus by the children, "The Sea is England's Glory."

Mrs. Sillitoe, chairman of the Prisoners of War Committee, was the next speaker, referring to the work of the committee since its inception eleven months ago, and how much it had been helped by the women of South Vancouver. She was glad to say that they were now caring for 110 prisoners of war, whose lot, she thought, was the hardest of all. She also explained that the Prisoners of War Committee is a branch of the Red Cross. Mrs. Stilltoe received a surprise at the conclusion of her address, in the shape of $5, being the first donation from the new Prisoners' Adoption League in connection with the Home. The presentation was made by Miss Margaret McColl in her character as Belgium. It is of interest to note that this Prisoners' Adoption League (Pals) adopted its first prisoner on Saturday, and that they held a social on Saturday evening which was in every way successful. They intend to hold a dance in the near future in honor of the soldiers who helped decorate They are also about to form a junior branch of Pals. Their league meets Friday night. Any young people over 14 years of age may be a member of this league.

Mr. J. R. Seymour, vice-chairman of the Red Cross Society, who presided, explained that Mrs. Sillitoe had omitted to mention that the splendid sum of $22,000 had been raised by the Prisoners of War Committee since it had been organized by Mrs. Sillitoe.

Capabilities of Women

"O Canada," sung by Miss Margaret McColl was the next item on the programme, after which Mr. Charles MacDonald gave a most interesting address in which he said that one good thing arising out of the war was that women were showing that they were capable of doing many things undreamt of before, and were getting into the place where they belonged in the forefront. He had been present at the opening of a Khaki Home several months ago, and had predicted then that it would be a success, which it certainly was under splendid management. He was much impressed as he gazed around on the numbers of healthy children, and said that the sun would soon be setting on Vancouver and would not rise again for some hours, but it would still be shining on some part of the British Empire, for wherever under the canopy of heaven the sun was shining it was always shining on the British flag. He wished them to remember that the flag stood for freedom, and told them never to do anything to disgrace it as long as they lived, but to do as their daddies and brothers were doing today in Flanders and France, where they would suffer death sooner than be deprived of the liberty the British flag upheld.

Here the pipers gave another soul-stirring selection, after which Col. Markham spoke a few words on the work of the Returned Soldiers' Club, assuring his audience that no returned soldier need ever want for a meal or a bed, which was always ready for him at the Club. One hundred and twenty-seven men had reported so far since the opening of the club, 95 of whom had been placed in satisfactory employment, a proportion of the others not looking for employment. He also spoke on the Military Hospital Commission.

After the children had sung "Scots Wha Hae" and the National Anthem had been sung, including the special verse for the soldiers, three whole-hearted cheers were raised for King and Empire, led by Col. Worsnop.

At the conclusion of the programme refreshments, under the convenorship of Mrs. McColl, were served in the Home, which had been prettily decorated with evergreens under the convenorship of Mrs. William Spaven, a soldier's wife, who also arranged the basket of flowers presented to Mrs. Scott. Mrs. Shrimpton was the musical convenor, Miss Evelyn Newman the pianist, and Mrs. Waters had charge of the staging of the tabueau and the general arrangements. Mrs. Jeanie McDonald, the cheery president, assisted by a large body of helpers, was busy everywhere. Others present were ex-Reeve Gold, Mr. Grimmett, Mr. Mengel, Mrs. F. F. Wesbrook, Lady Taylor, Mrs. J. R. Seymour, Mrs. Fyfe-Smith and many others.

PREDICT SETTLEMENT OF MILKMEN'S STRIKE

There is hope of a settlement of the milk drivers' strike in the immediate future. As yet the dairymen and drivers have not met, but indications tend toward an early settlement. It is intimated by union officials that one of the largest dairies in the city is prepared to sign the agreement presented by the drivers, endorsing the "closed shop" clause, which has been the bone of contention. The latest union dairy is the Island Dairy in Eburne.

SHIPBUILDING PLANS ARE TAKING DEFINITE SHAPE

That North Vancouver may, in the near future, be the centre of a large shipbuilding industry was the statement made during the week by a gentleman interested in the project, which is likely to assume practical shape without undue delay owing to the bonus for shipbuilding to be offered by the provincial government. While full details can not yet be made public, it may be stated that one of the companies interested in North Vancouver is well known in shipping circles, and has considerable financial backing. Informal negotiations have been in progress for some time between representatives of this company and the Lonsdale estate and matters have, it is stated, reached the stage where the estate is willing to sell the fine large fill in D. L. 265 as a site for the proposed works.

The city council has been consulted and has, according to information, expressed its desire to do everything possible to have the firm locate on the North Shore.

The fill is situated west of the Indian Reserve, contains about twenty-two acres and is suitable in every way for the purpose for which it is being sought. Should the scheme mature the opening of a shipbuilding plant would give a great impetus to the development of the City of North Vancouver as well as the outlying district.

It is known that already three corporations have made representations for the acquisition of the site mentioned. One of these is from the East and two of them are composed of local men, all with substantial financial backing. The former have been at Victoria for some time in touch with the government regarding the proposed subsidy but until the site has been secured on the North Shore nothing definite can be undertaken with a view to making a start on the erection of the plant. This firm would be prepared to build the boats before making a claim for the government grant, a fact which is proof of the stability of the concern from the financial point of view.

The city council is believed, as a body, to be willing to assist in every possible way in the promotion of the new industry to the fullest extent. Negotiations have been in progress with the representatives of the Lonsdale estate for some time and an option was taken out. This, however, expired, though this fact will not in the least interfere with the scheme that is now under consideration or with the sale of the site in question. The price has yet to be fixed, this being dependent solely on the amount of work that the firm will undertake to carry through. It is stated, however, that the estate will render every aid to the promoters in the matter, and that the figure will be a comparatively moderate one.

THERE IS NO PLACE HERE FOR CONSCRIPTIONISTS

The agitation for conscription is still in progress, a few excitable individuals devoting considerable time in endeavoring to raise a clamor that will induce the government at Ottawa to introduce compulsion in some form or other. One result of this agitation, and a very serious one, has been to give the impression in the United States that conscription is about to be adopted in this country. The shortage of agricultural laborers consequent upon the absence of so many young Canadians on military service, has induced the government to make strong efforts to bring in from the United States settlers for the west and farm laborers to assist in planting the crop in the western provinces. Under present circumstances there is small prospect of the production this year being equal to that of last, and it is absolutely necessary that labor should be found; otherwise the prosperity of the country is bound to suffer. Extensive advertising in the United States for farm laborers has been disappointing in results, the main reason given being the persistent rumors about conscription in Canada. The Western Call has official authority for stating that there is no prospect whatever of any form of conscription being adopted in the Dominion, and the more widespread publicity that can be given to that statement the better. The Dominion Government would be justified in suppressing meetings at which it is urged to adopt conscription or the registration of the male population for war service, as there is reason to believe that reports of such meetings are sometimes the origin of mischievous rumors so freely circulated on the other side of the border. The leaders of the two great political parties at Ottawa are on record as opposed to compulsion in any form, but we fancy if the prime minister, instead of telling parliament, as he did the other day, that the government had not dealt finally with the suggestion of a deputation for registration with possible adoption of conscription, were to make a statement in the House declaring the government will not even attempt conscription the effect would be to reassure timorous people whom the department of the interior are anxious to bring over to work on Canadian farms. Canada's offer to the mother country of assistance at the outbreak of war was purely voluntary, and for the government to resort to any other than the volunteer system in raising battalions would be inconsistent. It may be that Sir Thomas Shaughnessy was right when he expressed fear that the government, in deciding to increase Canada's contribution of men to half a million, were running the risk of injuring those industries, agricultural and other, which depend largely on manual labor for their success. The soil products of Canada and the other overseas dominions will be needed by the mother country this year as never before, and in raising crops and still more crops Canada will be serving the Empire in a most important way. Meantime Canada continues raising battalians at a rate that is considered highly satisfactory, and in the end this Dominion will be in the proud position of a country that has rendered splendid aid in the world's greatest war without resort to measures that can in any way be termed harsh. Muzzle the conscriptionist!

HOW THE U. S. REGARDS ENGLAND

H. G. Wells, writing in the Saturday Evening Post on the relations between the United States and England, says:

"So far as I can judge the American mind is eminently free from any sentimental leaning toward the British. Americans have a traditional hatred of the Hanoverian monarchy and a democratic disbelief in autocracy. They are far more acutely aware of differences than resemblances.

They suspect every Englishman of being a bit of a gentleman and a bit of a flunky. I have never found in America anything like that feeling common in the mass of English people, which prevents the use of the word foreigner for an American; there is nothing to reciprocate the sympathy and pride that English and Irish republicans and radicals feel for the States.

Few Americans realize that there are such things as English republicans. What has linked them with the British hitherto has been very largely the common language and literature; it is only since the war began that there seems to have been any appreciable development of fraternal feeling. And that has been not so much discovery of mutual affection as a realization of a far closer community of essential thought and purpose than has hitherto been suspected. The Americans, after thinking the matter out with great frankness and vigor, do believe that Britain is, on the whole, fighting against aggression and not for profit; that she is honestly backing France and Belgium against an intolerable attack, and that the Hohenzollern empire is a thing which needs discrediting and, if possible, destroying in the interests of all humanity, Germany included.

And they find that, allowing for their greater nearness, the British are thinking about these things almost exactly as they think about them. They follow the phases of the war in Great Britain—the strain, the blunderings, the tenacity, the onset of conscription is an essentially non-military community — with the complete understanding of a people similarly circumstanced, differing only by scale and distance. They have been through something of the sort already; they may have something of the sort happen again. It had not occurred to them hitherto how parallel we were. They begin to have inklings of how much more parallel we may presently become."

CASE OF LEPROUSY AT SOUTH HILL

For the first time in the records of the police department a person affected with leprosy has been discovered in South Vancouver. The victim is a Russian named Bedofs who came down from a logging camp last week. He was taken on Tuesday morning by Dr. H. R. Nelson, Dominion medical health officer, from the William Head quarantine station.

Bodefs came to his old home at 5874 Inverness street last week feeling unwell and went to see a local physician. The only signs of ailment he had were two sores one on each arm. The doctor was puzzled and had him examined by another doctor. From the first the physicians were suspicious of the case and their fears were confirmed by the discovery of the leper germ while probing one of the wounds.

Life After The War

An article appearing originally in the Continental edition of the London Daily Mail advances the opinion that the great war has altered the social face of Europe just as much as the glacial epoch once sheltered its physical surface.

The Hohenzollern glacial period has set back the growth of civilization by a hundred years; it has crumbled Europe's social structure, stunted its arts and sciences, and withered away its web of travel and intercourse. A hundred years hence the people of every warring nation will still be taxed by the debts of the great war; dreadful memories will still keep a spiritual and social gulf between civilized Europe and the Teuton.

Twenty-five million men have taken up arms. It is estimated that nine millions already have been slain or disabled and that the total destruction of life in Europe in two years of war will be twenty millions.

This is the combatant waste alone. Civilian populations everywhere in Europe, even of neutral nations, are affected by the physical and nerve stress of Armageddon. Nearly everywhere the birth rate falling, the death rate rising. British births are already 40,000 a year less and deaths 50,000 more than in 1913, a net deficit of 90,000 lives a year—the total population of whole towns like Coventry and Northampton. Paris is losing similarly, and Berlin and Vienna much more heavily.

When the great war is over a shrunken Europe will realize that no plague of the Middle Ages ever ravaged it like the black death that came from Potsdam.

The direct monetary cost of the war to the belligerents can be put at nearly ten thousand million pounds a year, figures that, like the astronomers' distances, outpass the human conception. Titanic is they are, the figures of the indirect cost of the war exceed them; lost trade, lost production, and creations of science, art, humanitarianism and discovery that have perished in embryo.

Europe after the war will be a little Europe, with a population not much greater than the population of Europe before the Napoleonic wars, a Europe with these stupendous social problems:

Two women to every man.

More old men than young men.

More boys than workers in their prime.

More physically unfit than physically fit.

Millions of men to be fitted again into civil employment, millions of women who have learned men's work and earned men's wages.

Millions of manual workers who will have become accustomed to wages twice or three times as high as they earned in prewar days, and who will still expect those wages.

Greatly diminished food supplies for many years owing to ravage of cultivated lands, diminished breeding stock and shortage of production.

These are only a few of the major problems that will confront Europe after the war. There are pessimists who prophesy industrial revolution. There are other prophets who mutter of a war of that sex rivalry and antagonism whose grim beginnings the British saw in days when the "surplus" woman was only one to every seventeen men.

There are other pessimists who prophesy that the century after the great war will have to be spent in sheer material rebuilding, and that all the sciences will stand still, all the arts languish, all the humanities rust, while a shattered Europe lies in a spiritual and intellectual stupor like that strange stupor of the Dark Ages.

Safe prophets are ordinary citizens who say to each other so often, "Our old life has gone; nothing will ever be the same again." The social face of Europe is changed. Old classes and castes have been leveled; new and assertive classes have risen. Many men have been broken, many men have been lifted. There were democrats when the war broke out who cried in despair, "This is the end of democracy." There are other voices which whisper now, "Democracy alone will emerge stronger from the war and what will its demands be?"

As in the great things, so in the smaller things, it will be a new world. Look at the map of Europe and remember how the tourist agencies had made it a holiday ground for us. For a generation to come the centre of that map is blotted out. What Briton will take samples or patterns to Berlin? What tourist will talk in our time of the Rhine or of the Black Forest? The great war has set back European travel and comity to the days of the stage coaches.

Turn from the continent to home, and think of the new world. Already all its chronicles of 1914 are musty and unreal. Where are its "celebrities" and its "notorieties," its puppet passions, its "isms" and "antis?" Where are the parties and policies, when the party politician has become an effigy to smile at in a museum? Was it not in the late summer of 1914 than the "tango" was the newest relaxation, golf the serious preoccupation of multitudes, and the coming league football season the sole preoccupation of greater multitudes? In July, 1914, the "daring" actress, the "realistic" novelist, the man who had broken a record on a billiard table commanded our homage. The summer of 1914 was the last performance of a stale comedy. The book of words is torn up, the theatre is in the hands of the house-breakers, its license is revoked, its players have forgotten their parts and have crept away.

Nothing will be the same again. We must make our best of a harder world and a narrower world. Europe can rebuild herself only by that stern efficiency of Rome when she first rose by Tiber. The curfew hour of all who survive these days will be late, the play hours short, the pleasure money scanty. But, despite all the prophets of woe, the changed world is going to be a better world. These days of our test and agony have hacked out new touchstones of values and worth. Hundreds of thousands of the new men will come home from the battlefields to claim voice and power among the masons; hundreds of thousands of the women who have done the home work of the absent and kept their hearths shining will demand trowels and cement in our work of rebuilding. Neither marionettes who would dance us back to the old fancy fair, nor revolutionaries who would dance us to worse than Armageddon, will prevail. It will be a new world, and nothing will be the same again; but, for all its burdens and sorrows, it will not be a worse world—unless the allies are tricked into "peace" before the war militarism of Prussia is utterly broken.—Arms and The Man.

GROWING MARKET FOR B. C. POTATOES

As a result of the potato export busines of the past season, largely made possible through the inspection service afforded by the provincial government, huge quantities of 'spuds' have been shipped to the United States, Eastern Canada and Australia, and it is believed that possibly 10,000 tons, which otherwise would not have been marketed at all, have been disposed of at satisfactory prices and the price has been advanced on an additional 35,000 tons. The net increase in returns to potato growers of the province, particularly of the Lower Mainland, due to this export business now in full swing, is placed at between $300,000 and $450,000. For the past five weeks cars have been inspected by the department and sent forward at the rate of thirty-five per week.

The horticultural branch of the provincial department of agriculture provides a disease certificate for each car and inspection is free of charge to the growers. These certificates also stand as guarantees of quality to the buyers. The continuance of this export potato business, stated Provincial Horticulturist Winslow, largely depends upon the production of stock free of diseases. Unfortunately, potato diseases are spreading and growers are not attempting as they should to check them. The department urges the selection of seed, development of special strains by continued selection, the disinfection of all seed planted and the planting of no seed, which may possibly be infected with powdery scab. Growers are asked to follow the recommendations of the department as given in Bulletin 68. Samples of infected seed are procurable from J. W. Eastham, plant pathologist, Vancouver courthouse.

Arrangements are now being made for the formation of potato associations in the lower mainland for seed selection, uniformity of varieties, grown, uniform grading, purchasing of sacks, control of potato diseases and marketing. The suggestion which has given rise to the movement came about through the development of the export trade during the past season.

The first associations to be formed will probably come into existence at Hammond and Ladner. R. C. Abbott, coast markets commissioner, will undertake the organization work.

This past season there was heavy over-production on the Lower Mainland and the situation was only saved by reason of the ability of the department and the growers to work up an export business providing for the shipment of potatoes to California, Australia and Ontario. This business, if the associations are able to retain it, will certainly be held by British Columbia spud growers.

NEW CANDIDATE FAVORS PROHIBITION

There was a very large gathering of South Vancouver Conservatives at the Presbyterian church in North Burnaby last Thursday evening to hear Rev. Wm. Boulton, the recently-nominated candidate for that riding.

Mr. Boulton confined his speech wholly to the prohibition question, but intimated that he was heartily in favor of women's suffrage, and that on his next visit to the district he would talk along these lines. No government was justified in licensing a traffic which was destructive to humanity, he declared. He would like to see, he said, Canada take the initiative and make one grand sweep from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and banish from her midst the whole of the traffic, so that humanity could have at least an opportunity to rise to the God-given privilege of manhood without being impeded with the drink monster. Canada, he thought, could quite easily deal with it, since its people were characterized as attempting heroic tasks.

When the people have an opportunity to vote on the subject he had no doubt as to the result, and he was only sorry that the women would not be able to vote too, as then he was certain it would carry in British Columbia by ten to one. The social conscience had been awakened, and the men of British Columbia were only waiting for the opportunity to give a death blow to the monster which had for so long defiantly shook its fist at all that was true, pure, upright and manly.

The anti-prohibitionists had also begun to realize that the measure was to carry, and had begun to prepare for their own funeral service and to sing their departing dirge. Their one great cry was compensation. He contended thay had no more claim for compensation than the miner whose claim did not turn out as he confidently expected it would. He could not see his way to endorse the compensation movement, and intended to do all in his power to influence the government to submit a bill to the people for prohibition without compensation, unless it be to the widows and orphans and homeless, the victims of an unjust and unrighteous traffic.

Mr. E. A. Lucas, president of the Young Conservative Association, was the other speaker.

An old darky appeared in the doctor's office one morning, plainly very low in mind. The doctor, recognizing his old patient, greeted him in his most inspiring manner. "Well, Elijah, how is the rheumatism these days?" "Pohly, pohly, sah!" replied Elijah dejectedly. "Belief me, Marse Doctor, I'se jest a movin' picture ob pain."

An old couple who used to buy a quart of ale every night were persuaded by a friend to purchase a keg of the beverage on economical grounds. The evening that the keg was broached, and the first quart consumed, the old wife said: "Well, George, we've saved five cents on our ale tonight, and five cents saved is five cents earned." "That's so," replied her husband. "Let's have another quart and save ten cents."

GENUINE BARGAINS

Sacrifices that are not made from choice.

HOUSES

WEST END—9-room strictly modern house on Barclay St. west of Denman St. on full lot 66 by 131 ft. with a garage. House has hot water heat, finest selected pannelling on living room and dining room, hall burlapped and pannelled, reception room in expensive paper, the 4 bedrooms have washbowls with hot and cold water, the large front bedroom has artistic fireplace. Property was formerly valued at $22,000. Today's price, $8,900. On terms.

HORNBY ST.—Semi-business, 25 ft., in the first block off Pender St., closest to Pender, with 10-room house, rented, clear title, old time price, about $22,000. Today for $8.300. Tterm.s

FAIRVIEW—Fully modern 6-room bungalow, just off 12th Ave. and East of Granville St. on lot 62½ by 100 ft. and garage. Has hot water heat, hardwood floors, fireplace, buffet and bookcases, full basement with cement floor. Assessed at $7,000. Sell today for $5,800. Mortgage, $4,000. 7½ per cent. Balance arrange.

KITSILANO—8-room modern house on Dunbar St. north of Fourth Ave. hardwood floors, buffet and bookcases, furnace, fireplace, bath and toilet separate, gas and electric light. Sold for $7,500. Today for $4,500. Mtge. of $3,500. 8 per cent. Bal. arrange.

GRANDVIEW—$450 buys equity to mortgage in 6-room modern house on Bismark St. Has full basement, furnace, laundry tubs, pannelling, chicken house, cement walks, erected 1911. Mortgage $2,400. 8 per cent. House was sold for $4,500.

KITSILANO—Most attractive 5-room bungalow, new, on 10th avenue, on full 33 ft. lot., has hot water heat, hardwood floors, beam ceilings, pannelled walls, bath and toilet separate, fireplace, basement cement floored and extra toilet, stone pillars in front, cement walks, best hardware. Price $3,500. Mortgage $2,000. 8 per cent. Balance arrange.

GRANDVIEW—On Third Ave. near Commercial St., 6-room modern house and small house on rear, both rented, $20 a month, lot 33 ft. Today for $1,800. Mortgage, $1,000. 8 per cent. Bal. arrange.

KITSILANO—3-year-old modern house on 8th Rve. on large lot 66 by 132 ft., has hardwood floors, furnace, fireplace, bath and toilet separate, valued at $6,000. Today for $3,150. Mortgage, $2,100, 8 per cent., Bal. arrange.

LOTS

STRATHCONA HEIGHTS—A full 50 ft. lot in this glorious location, as a homesite you can't beat it. Formerly held and sold here as high as $2,500, but owner hard up sell for $600.

POINT GREY—On the brow of the hill near 22nd and Balaclava, a great view, full 33 ft. lot, cleared, for $250

GRANDVIEW—2 lots on 8th Ave. ner Burns St., cost owner $3,150. Sell for $1,500.

FAIRVIEW—50 ft. lot on 10th Ave. near Laurel St. for $1000.

FOURTH AVE. WEST—33 ft. near Trutch St. dirt cheap at $1300. Also 50 ft. between Fir and Pine Sts. for $2800. Formerly held at $17000.

HASTINGS ST. EAST—25 ft. between Dunlevy and Jackson for $7600.

POINT GREY—Beautiful high corner cleared on 34th Ave. Strathcona Place cost $4000 for $1500. A splendid homesite.

KINGSWAY—33 ft. near Nanaimo St. for $450.

SOUTH VANCOUVER—33 ft. lot near Wilson and Knight for $75.

ACREAGE

SURREY—152 acres near Port Mann about 12 acres cleared on Hjorth Road for $37 per acre.

BURNABY—31/5 acres about one-third cleared near Central Park Station. Good location. Valued at $9,500. Today, $3.000.

GIBSON'S LANDING—10 acres between the Landing and Roberts Creek 2 acres cleared, 2 slashed balance alder and small fir creek through one corner. 3-room house finished in beaver board, sink, water in house, 20 fruit trees, 3 years' old, assorted and small fruits. Fine view of Gulf. Price $1000 or will trade for clear deeded lots or house not too far out.

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RENTAL LISTINGS

We are having a number of calls for five and seven room houses, in different parts of the City. We shall be glad to have your listings. No charge unless results obtained. See our Rental Department.

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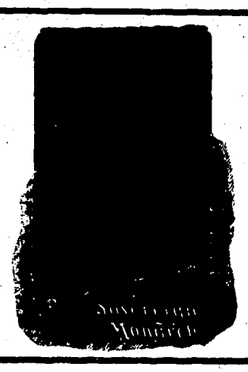

Sovereign Radiators

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Convocation of University of B. C.

A scene which will live long in memory of those present and l longer in the historic annals the province marked the first vocation of the University of tish Columbia last Thursday ernoon in the ball-room of the tel Vancouver.

President Tory, of the Alberta iversity, who has attended nvocations innumerable, told audience that he had never en a convocation ceremony hich attracted the widespread terest of all classes as had the rst convocation of the Univerty of B. C., and he regarded the act as a most hopeful augury.

The Courthouse Procession

The scene before the courtouse was of the liveliest interst. While gownsmen were robng inside the courthouse, a mart squad of the 192nd Battalon (the Western Universities Battalion) composed entirely of nen from the B. C. University nder Major R. W. Brock, perormed evolutions on the courtouse lawn. As the procession of lignitaries, capped and robed in esplendent gowns, wended its way down the steps from the ourthouse, the guard of honor wung into line and led the parde out towards Hornby street, hen past the front of the courthouse to the main entrance of the hotel.

Cameras clicked by scores as the procession passed, while a trio of "movie" operators worked in relays. Thus the brilliant scene, witnessed by thousands of Vancouverites, will—minus the color glory of the green sward, the khaki uniforms and the resplendent robes of the dignitaries—be yet beheld by uncounted thousands over the Empire.

Inside the Great Hall

As the procession entered the brilliantly-decorated convocation hall, the military stood at attention at the entrance forming a guard of honor, while the dignitaries, led by the chancellor, Mr. F. Carter-Cotton, Lieut.-Governor F. S. Barnard, Premier Bowser and President Tory of Alberta University, walked down the aisle to the platform. President Wesbrook was gowned in the the premier presented a more scarlet robe of his office, while sedate figure in the black gown and white and yellow hood of his alma mater Dalhousie.

In the procession other notable figures were the Bishop of Caledonia, Dr. H. E. Young, former minister of education; Principal John Mackay of Westminster Hall, Principal Vance of Latimer Hall and Principal Sanford of Columbian College. Members of the board of governors and the faculty were seated on the platform. The senate, which followed the board of governors, had a large attendance. Among the ladies present were Mrs. J. W. DeB. Farris, Mrs. J. H. Macgill and Miss Edith Paterson.

The speaker of the day, President Tory, of Alberta University, made the patriotic upholding of the moral traditions of the British Empire the highest point of his address. Nine of the men graduates, clad in khaki, came forward to receive their B. A. degree, and the extra meed of applause given to the uniformed graduates was very noticeable.

Dean Brock, who appeared in uniform as the major of the 192nd ,and who humorously questioned whether he was expected to address the convocation as Dr. Jekyll or Mr. Hyde, received an ovation fitting for a conquering hero.

The chancellor, Mr. F. Carter-Cotton, drew attention to the hishistoric importance of the first convocation as marking the successful inauguration of an institution destined to have an important influence over the future life of the province. The days of financial misfortune consequent on the war and other causes which had prevented the governors from carrying out the plans they had originally purposed had gone to prove, he said, that the university is not a collection of buildings, but of purposeful spirits. He drew attention to the university motto above the platform "Tuum Est" (it is yours) and said it was the boast of the university that it was free to all.

The lieutenant-governor, Hon. F. S. Barnard, tendered his congratulations as the first visitor to the university convocation and then made way for the premier W. J. Bowser.

"While I was a member of the executive council when the university was founded," said the Premier, "I do not take any credit to myself for that work. I leave that to my colleague, Dr. Young, who was then the minister of education and who was the father of the university."

The premier said that while the war had interfered with the government's plans to a certain extent, they were hopeful of being able to meet the immediate needs of the university. He congratulated the university on having Dr. Wesbrook as president, and said that the roll of two professors and over a hundred students who had enlisted showing their fine spirit in helping to work out the issues of national destiny in the hour of need.

President Tory, of Alberta, to whom each of the preceding speakers had paid tribute for his former work as head of McGill college, the predecessor of the provincial university, was warmly received on rising. He congratulated the university on the public interest evinced in its work, on the fact that it had been born in strenuous days and free from the divisions of party politics.

Discussing the motives which had brought education within reach of all, he said that there were three leading motives, the hunger for intellectual satisfaction which marked all Aryan communities, the specific practical demands of every-day life and latterly the demand of the mass of the people to obtain a hearing.

In a vigorous, entertaining address Dr. Tory traced the growth of knowledge, picturing Sir Isaac Newton, sitting on his bed in his room at Oxford so engrossed in thinking for hours at a time that he forgot even to dress or eat as he worked out the problems on which all modern physics are founded. He pictured Michael Faraday with his home-made equipment, valued in all at ten pounds, laying the foundations of all we know of electricity. "He was not thinking of dollars, but only of the intellectual joy of unravelling knowledge. The men who have given the world the greatest things have always been content to let meaner spirits exploit the money making possibilities from their inventions," said the speaker.

Of the forty graduates who received their B. A. degree, nine of them are to leave for overseas military service, Messrs. Edward Weldon Berry, Charles Andrew Duncan, Ernest LeMessurier, Sherwood Lett, William Forrest Maxwell, Sranklin Frederick Burrows Sexsmith, Thomas Stinson Becket Sherman, James Percy Caldwell Southcott and William Cochrane Wilson.

The presentation of medals, prizes and Royal Institution Scholarships, Faculty of Arts, was made by the registrar, Mr. George Robinson, the following being the recipitnes:

Fourth Year—Lennox Algernon Mills, Governor-General's medal; Edna May Taylor (proxime accessit), prize $30; James Robert Galloway, second prize, $20.

Third Year—John Hamilton Mennie, first prize, $25; John Russel, second prize, $15.

Second Year — Abraham Lincoln Marshall, first prize, $25; Caroline Pansy Munday, second prize, $20; Harold Remington Stevens, third prize, $15.

First Year—Constance Elizabeth Highmoor, first scholarship; Pauline Emma Gintzburger, second scholarship; Isabel Martin Thomas, third scholarship; Elizabeth Agnus Thomas, first prize, $15; Kosaburo Shimizu, second prize, $10.

Faculty of Applied Science, Third Year—Clive Elmore Cairnes and Charles Alfred Holstead Wright, equal, prize of $25 divided; second year, Theodore Harding Morgan and Frederick Choate Stewart, equal, prize of $20 divided; first year, William Orson Banfield, scholrship; George Frederick Fountain, prize, $15.

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LOCAL RED CROSS HAS SUCCESSFUL YEAR

The Vancouver Branch of the Canadian Red Cross Society, at the meeting of its executive committee last week reported that the society was steadily continuing its activities with a gratifying measure of success.

From the central depot there had been shipped to Toronto during the month of April 178 cases of field and hospital supplies and surgical dressings. The individual articles of varying sizes and degrees of value amounted in the aggregate to 49,809, of which 4658 were field comforts and 44,651 were hospital garments. Included in this total is 3335 pairs of socks forming a record monthly shipment of socks, the total number of pairs sent for the men at the front during the past three months being 9060 pairs.

The supplies sent from the central depot are the products of voluntary labor bestowed by women workers of the society and its affiliated branches upon materials purchased locally with money raised for that purpose. The garments are made up by women workers of the ward branches and auxiliaries within Greater Vancouver and the subsidiary branches in points covering nearly the whole of the mainland.

The report of the purchasing committee showed that during the month of April $1,883.30 had been expended in the purchase of materials for the city branches and that the total for the months of February, March and April of materials purchased for the city branches amounted to $4,066.74. Large quantities of gauze are being constantly used up by the society in the making of surgical supplies and the last order alone amounted to 8,000 yards of cut gauze and was disposed of within a very few days after the arrival of the shipment.

Arrangements for carrying out linen week which begins on Monday, May 15, having been completed by the purchasing committee, it is hoped will prove to be a successful innovation on the part of the society.

Each branch, according to the arrangements that have been made by the committee will have charge of the organization and collecting of such linen and cotton within its own ward or district and after the linen and cotton have been collected and sorted will be forwardedto the central depot.

The monthly financial statement showed that during the month of April there had been received at the central depot for the various funds of the society contributions amounting to $4,579.16. The expenses were as follows: Telephone, shipper and postage, at the central supplies depot of $5, $50 and $11.45 respectively, and at the central office, postage and stationery of $5 and $21.20 respectively.

A Sunday-school superintendent, who happened also to be the leading local draper, was putting a class of tiny children through a little examination.

When he had finished, he said calmly:

"Now, have any of you a question you would like to ask me?"

A very small girl raised a timid hand.

"What is it, Martha?" asked the superintendent.

"Please, Mr. Brookes," said the small girl, "how much are those little red parasols you have in your window?"

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WAR GRAFTERS ARE TRAITORS TO COUNTRY

"A few, a very few I am glad to say, are treating the war as a medium of making money. I have no objection to legitimate profits to business men out of this war, but I say this ,that any man making illegitimate profits out of this war is an absolute traitor to his country." In these spirited sentences Mr. H. H. Stevens, M.P., Vancouver, speaking in Loew's theatre, Toronto, recently, condemned the men who are "bleeding" the country in grim, grave times.

The speaker also alluded to other internal enemies. He remarked "Lloyd George said a few months ago 'we are fighting the Germans, the Austrians and drink.' I put it a little differently. We are fighting the Germans, but there is another enemy, and that is the self-centred and selfish individual at home who is prepared to sacrifice his nation's and his country's interests to his own. Another enemy is the carping critic who is continually nagging at the men who are doing the work."

The President of France, in declaring that the issue involved was life or death, first for France, second for the British Empire, and thirdly for civilization, summed up in one brief sentence, the significance of this great struggle. This war would be won first by the men in the firing line and second by the united effort of everyone—man, woman and child—in all parts of the Empire and allied countries in support of the troops. If the British Empire emerged from this great conflict with her honor intact, her fair name and traditions unsullied, even if she be bankrupt, she will have been the winner and civilization will have been the richer for it.

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Evan W. Sexsmith, Editor

OUR EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY

With this issue of May 12, the Western Call enters upon its eighth year in the journalistic field. Many changes have taken place since we published our first issue. Conditions have altered our plans from time to time. But the policy which we formulated at the outset has not been subjected to any change whatever. Our policy has always been one of general upliftment, and we have endeavored to keep it clearly before the public. We have made it a point to take a firm and fearless stand for the right on all the leading issues of the day. Our interests are inextricably interwoven with those of the public and we hope we have always succeeded in giving as unquestionable proof of that fact to our readers as they have given us proof of their good-will towards us.

During our seven years of public life we have been growing up with the communities to which we have striven to dedicate our earnest and undivided services. And a remarkable growth it has been! The whole aspect of this part of the world of Vfancouver has undergone a complete change. The districts of Mount Pleasant, Fairview and South Vancouver have literally sprung from straggling villages into great and flourishing diminutive cities. Fine and imposing buildings mark the spots where once vacant lots gave a suggestion of jungle wildernesses. Great and flourishing industries have found a foothold in these districts, industries which have been playing an important part in advancing the national and international interests of Greater Vancouver. And the population has grown in proportion, as the Western Call has reason to know.

With this growth in the districts has come an inevitable growth in church and social life. The people in these parts are noted throughout the city for the keen interest which they take in their churches, and for their earnest and unflagging devotedness in advancing the work of the particular denominations to which they belong. And we are proud to say that The Western Call has always worked hand in hand with the people in this branch of their communal interests, and that our columns have been their chief orga nof publicity, through which they have been enabled to keep their members informed of and interested n the various departments of their church work.

Social life has made immense strides, and if the columns of our babyhood issues were to be compared with the issues of the present year, a radical difference in society events would be noticeable.

Most of all we have made it our endeavor to hold all the larger issues of Vancouver steadily before the readers of our districts. We have made a point of holding up the mirror to public law and public morality, and in matters of health and sanitation have made our columns the medium of a demand for better conditions. We earnestly desire to advance the public welfare of our communities as well as of the whole city. We are making prohibition our latest issue, and we are in the battle with our fighting gloves on and with a determination to do what we can towards advancing the cause of right and justice.

Since the outbreak of the European war The Western Call has taken a keen interest in the deep patriotic sentiment of our people and our columns have voiced the pride we have felt at the ready response of so many of our boys in Mount Pleasant, Fairview and South Vancouver to the urgent call of their king and country. We have grieved over the reports of so many deaths but gloried in the patriotism which led them to sacrifice their lives in the noblest cause of all, that of their country. We are proud of our wounded boys and are endeavoring to help our people to give them the welcome due them and the necessary help on their return by giving publication to all that our people are doing along such praiseworthy lines. In publishing the roll-calls of the various churches we are able to keep the general public in touch with the patriotic work which is being carried on in these parts.

In closing this commemoration of our seven years' labor in the service of our public, we beg to thank our many patrons and readers for their hearty co-operation in our work and for the many invaluable acts of kindness which they have performed on our behalf and without which it would have been impossible for us to attain to our present pinnacle of success. And we trust that they will continue to extend to us the kindly helping hand in the future and we hope that together we will be able to achieve big results in the public interests and be the means of bringing about whatever reforms may be necessary to the public happiness and final prosperity of our communities, of our city and our province.

PROGRESS?

"Look at our Progress," says the after-dinner speaker. "Consider the motor car, the wonders of the phonograph, the development of the telephone, the advance in railroad practice." This is not Progress. It is Invention.

The human animal is not made stronger, wiser or nobler because there is a barber on the Imperial Limited, or because he can communicate with a ship at sea, or because he can hear the voice of a man in Montreal. Progress means advance in some definite direction, towards an ideal not yet realized and perhaps not capable of realization. The Ideal man should be strong and wise and good. But most of us are narrow-chested, fairly ignorant and palpably foolish.

War makes men think. Perhaps it will induce some of us to look at past ages with more reverence and to regard our own with less conceit. To what end has man striven to run about the earth like a mad jack-rabbit? Why has he discovered the aeroplane and kept company with the fish? Merely to tyrannize and oppress and kill more effectively than ever before in the history of the world. One may suppose the inventors of gun-powder boasting of Progress. Probably the Assyrians who first used the battering ram grew insane with self-conceit, thinking themselves better than their fathers and immeasurably superior to their grandfathers.

Here we are in black overcoats and bowler hats, thinking ourselves godlike because we can use electric waves in the ether, although the wisest of us cannot tell why such waves exist and how they differ from light waves, and why one form of vibration makes the color Red, while another form of vibration makes the tone C sharp. How can we make Progress? Not wholly by art. The Borgias were art lovers. Not wholly by work. The gospel of work for work's sake is the gospel of slavery.

An old Prophet, whose practical wisdom still shines like a beacon over the wastes of history, gave the formula, so simple that most of us think it unworthy. The multiplication table seems a simple thing, but it measures the stars. A repeating decimal is a simple thing, but it gives us a comprehension of infinity. So the utterance of Micah is a plain and simple one, but it contains the seeds of Revolution: "He hath showed thee O man what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God."

A NATIONAL BUSINESS MANAGER

A nation, and particularly a new nation like Canada, has for its immediate support very matter-of-fact foundations — Dreamers would say sordid foundations. Tradition may inspire or weigh down like lead the habits and mental processes of the nation, but Trade is its real and actual fundament; in its trade figures are revealed the signs of moral strength or weakness in the people; and, though trade is not the be-all and end-all of a national existence, it is the sensible basis for the political, intellectual and "spiritual" achievements of the state. The mainspring of Canada's policy in coming years must be: how shall we build up trade? And in considering this question Sir George Foster, as head of the Department of Trade and Commerce, has shown first of all a comprehensive grasp of Canada's curious economic position; secondly, resourcefulness in finding ways of stimulating those economic departments in which stimulation is necessary; and thirdly, in showing the heart and the will to do great things for Canada. Any politician can sit at Ottawa and give or withhold bounties or tariff protection or lower duties to this or that faction. It takes only common political brains and a thick hide to deal with the importunities of self-centred factions who happen to have more or less pull at election times. But it takes statesmanship to achieve first of a conception of Canada as an economic possibility, and then—in spite of short-sighted colleagues—to hammer away at practical aids to the country's development. Our system of foreign trade commissions, our other aids to exporters and importers, our development of certain trans-oceanic lines of communication—these and other works of Sir George show the hand of a national business-manager.

KELP, A COMING INDUSTRY

The importance of this well known industry is indicated by the fact, that one of its products is potash, the price of which has mounted from $40 a ton to over $200 a ton. By-products also include chemicals, the production of which is being encouraged by the government, the principal source of supply before the war being Germany. When the bill goes through a provincial plant intends to increase its plant from a twelve ton to a sixty ton daily capacity.

The members of the opposition object to any licence being imposed at all. The minister argues that the only reason for the licence is the power of regulation involved in a licence. The government wishes to regulate the industry from the start. They do not know to what extent the kelp groves could be cut without interfering in a much larger industry, that of fishing.

The Socialist leader, Mr. Parker Williams, endorses the principle of competition. Mr. Jack Place announces that he is going to take his kelp, licence or no licence.

COMPLETE ANALYSIS OF CHURCH UNION VOTE

The following analysis of the vote recently taken in the Presbyterian church in Canada will be specially interesting in view of the fact that the question will come up next month at the General Assembly in Winnipeg. The analysis was made by a prominent Presbyterian in the east who does not consider that the vote justifies any further effort to accomplish the organic union of the churches.

In 1911 the question of organic union was submitted to a vote of the people, the total communicant membership, including 287,944 members, 9675 elders and 1297 moderators of sessions, then numbering 298,916. Of this membership there voted a total of 163,751, 65 per cent., or a little more than half, and of this total vote 113,000 voted for the principle of organic union and 50,753 against it.

In 1912 the assembly at Edmonton resolved that "in view of the extent of the minority which is not yet convinced that organic union is the best method of expressing the unity sincerely desired by all, the assembly deems it unwise immediately to proceed to consummate the union, but believes that by further conference and discussion practically unanimous action can be secured within a reasonable time."

Must Be Decisive

In 1915, after three years of the "conference and discussion" thus planned and provided for to secure "practically unanimous action," the assembly at Kingston resolved to submit the question again to the people and in doing so repeated the finding of the assembly at Edmonton as to the unwisdom of going forward with divided opinion, and the necessity for "practically unanimous action"; and it was declared on the platform of the assembly by leaders who were urging that vote, and was accepted by the silent assent of the whole assembly, that unless the vote were more decisive in favor of union than the previous one the matter would be dropped.

The total membership of the church, including 325,811 members, 11,064 elders and 1447 moderators of sessions, was now 338,322, nearly 40,000 more than at the former vote in 1911. Of this membership there voted a total of 187,387, an increase of 23,636 over the total previous vote, but the same proportion of the total membership, about 55 per cent., and of this vote 113,557, practically the same as before, voted "yes" while 73,830, an increase of 23,077, voted "nay," nearly the whole increase in the total vote being in opposition to union.

The percentage of the total vote for and against organic union, which four years ago was in the proportion of 69 per cent, to 31 per cent., is now in the proportion of about 60 per cent. to 40 per cent., a very much less proportionate vote for union and a largely increased proportionate vote against it; thus showing that the "extent of the minority which is not yet convinced that organic union is the best method of expressing the unity sincerely desired by all" is greatly increased and that the "practically unanimous action" repeatedly declared necessary by the assembly is very much farther removed.

Further, in this majority are missions in the United States, where union can not apply, and missions among foreigners in Canada, Finnish, Hungarian, Ruthenian, Indian, Hindu and Chinese, whom the church has tried to help, but who are scarcely qualified as yet to decide her destiny.

The church is bisected by the Great Lakes, with four synods east, in the older provinces,, and four synods west, one each in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia. The four eastern synods have a communicant membership including sessions and their moderators, of 268,750, over 76 per cent. more than three-fourths of the total membership of the church.

Of this membership in these four eastern synods there voted a total of 143,582, more than 56 per cent. of the membership in those synods, and of this total vote, 80,964 voted yea, and 64,618 voted nay, a proportion of about 55 percent. to 45, not far from an equal division. Further, the vote against organic union is largest in the parts of the church that have done the most to build up her work, and upon which the church has always depended to carry on her missionary operations, and where there has been the fullest opportunity for the conference and discussion, recommended by the assembly.

Vote in the West

The total membership of these four western synods, including members, elders and moderators of sessions, is 79,572, less than one-fourth of the church and 15,000 less than in the one eastern synod of Toronto and Kingston alone. Of this total membership in these four western synods, there voted a total of 41,708, only 52 per cent., a smaller proportionate vote than in any other part of the church.

Of this total vote, 32,494 voted for organic union and 9214 against it; while the two synods of Alberta and British Columbia show 10,126 for union and 4963 against it, a proportion of 67 per cent. to 33 per cent., a greater proportionate minority than obtained in the whole church in 1911, which the assembly judged too large to admit of going forward to union.

Of the 720 congregations voting in those four western synods, 334 are mission fields or groups. Some of these missions are in city suburbs, and some are among foreigners, but 300 are home mission fields, or grouped with a total reported vote of 6987, and a total reported membership last year of only 6214, an average of about twenty members each, and many of them not originally Presbyterians.

Apart from these home mission fields, the total membership of the west is 73,358, and the total vote of the west 34,721, only 47 per cent. of the membership showing two things:

1. That more than nine-tenths of the reported church memb ship of the west is in the ci and larger centres, and less t one-tenth is reported as being the home mission fields, and,

2. That in these cities and la er centres of the west there v ed altogether only 47 per ce or less than one-half of the me bers.

DOUGLAS FIR IS USEFUL

In the London "Illustrat News" of January 29 last, the appeared a picture of H.M "Simulation," a battleship co structed of wood, which, aft serving various purposes know only to those in charge of nav operations, is shown stranded a Mudros, Isle of Lemos, formerl the base for naval and militar operations in connection with th Dardanelles. It appears tha the dummy battleship was con structed at Belfast, the materia used being Douglas fir, mainl from British Columbia.

WOMEN CONSERVATIVES COMPLETE ORGANIZATION

At a largely attended meeting at Conservative headquarters Seymour street on Wednesday night, ladies of Wards II, III and VII completed their work o organization of a Conservative club, nominating officers for the ensuing year. Mrs. J. H. Atkins was elected president, and Mrs E. C. Gibbons was appointed vice-president. The office of secretary-treasurer will be filled by Mrs. P. W. Pollock. The executive committee will consist o two members from each ward and the following were appointed from Wards II and VV; Miss Hartney and Mesdames King Shearer and Fitzsimmons. The members on this committee from Ward III will be appointed later.

The meeting was called to order by Mr. Charles Over, president of Ward II Conservative Association, who outlined the work of organization. As soon as the president was selected she took the chair and conducted the meeting. The next meeting of the new organization will be held at the call of the chair, when the executive committee will bring in a report on the work of drafting a constitution. Mr. Over stated that the Ward II officials would willingly assist the executive committee in this work or in any other capacity and his offer was accepted with thanks.

How would it do for Bryan to deliver his anti-preparedness speech in Columbus, New Mexico, where Villa's band made the raid and killed so many Americans?

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You would be surprised to find what a fine selection they have.

BE A MEMBER OF THE BOOSTERS' CLUB. Help your own cause and that of your community by resolving to **"BUY ON THE HILL AND SAVE MONEY."**

HOME TABLE RECIPES

It will be the aim of the Editor of this department to furnish the women readers of the WESTERN CALL from week to week with a series of practical and economical recipes for seasonable dishes; and incidentally to suggest any new and attractive methods of serving them.

We will welcome any suggestions from readers of this page, and will gladly give them publicity in these columns if received not later than Monday of each week.

CAKES AND CAKE-BAKING

In cake-making it is absolutely essential that the best materials be employed. Stale eggs, strong butter, musty flour, or common sugar are not so much as to be thought of in this connection. The idea that such refuse "will do for cooking" is most unworthy. When a luxury, such as cake, is attempted, the maker should certainly be willing to luxuriate in acceptable ingredients.

Flour for cake should be white and dry. It should always be carefully sifted. Sugar should be white, dry, and free from lumps. Eggs and butter should be sweet and fresh; the milk rich and pure. Fruit and extracts must be of the best. The weighing and measuring of ingredients must be accurately done. Guessing at quantities has spoiled many a cake.

* * *

Loaf Dutch Cake

Take one cupful of light bread dough, one egg, sugar and salt to taste, half a teaspoonful of soda, half a pound of raisins, and, if desired, a little butter and nutmeg; work all together very smooth; let the dough rise about half an hour, and bake as bread.

* * *

Soft Molasses Cake

Into one pint of molasses, put one tablespoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one tablespoonful of butter; add one teaspoonful of soda and two teaspoonfuls cream of tartar in one half cupful of milk, one egg, and two and a half cupfuls of flour. Bake half an hour.

* * *

Ginger Snaps

Mix one pint of flour, one cupful of sugar, a piece of butter the size of two eggs; three heaping tablespoonfuls of ginger and a little salt. Pour into this two cupfuls of heated molasses. Add flour enough to make it roll out thin. Bake three or four minutes.

* * *

Cookies

Six cupfuls of flour, two of sugar, one of butter, one of milk, teaspoonful of soda, flavored with cinnamon or nutmeg, as you like. Roll thin, cut with biscuit-cutter, and bake quick.

* * *

Scotch Wafers

Take one pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, one pound of flour, two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon. Roll thin and bake quickly.

* * *

Cinnamon Cakes

Take two ounces of butter, a pound of fine, dry flour, three-quarters of a pound of sifted sugar, and a dessertspoonful of pounded cinnamon. Make these ingredients into a firm paste with three eggs, or four, if needed. Roll it, not very thin, and cut out the cakes with a tin shape. Bake them in a very gentle oven from fifteen to twenty minutes, or longer, should should they not be done quite through.

* * *

Lemon Cakes

Lemon cakes can be made on the above recipe by substituting for the cinnamon the rasped or grated rinds of two lemons, and the strained juice of one, when its acidity is not objected to.

* * *

Walnut Cakes

One pound of sugar, six eggs, three teaspoonfuls of yeast-powder, half a pound of butter, flour to make a dough, and one cupful of walnut kernels; bake in a moderate oven.

* * *

Cocoanut Cookies

One cupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar, two cupfuls of prepared or grated cocoanut, two eggs, flour enough to make a stiff batter, and one teaspoonful of soda; drop on buttered paper in pans.

* * *

One, Two, Three, Four Cake

One cupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar, three cupfuls of flour, four eggs; rub well together, and add some milk or cream, with one teaspoonful of soda and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar; flavor with grated lemon rind and juice; bake carefully in a quick oven.

* * *

Washington Cake

One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, five eggs, one pound of raisins, one cupful of brandy and water, one teaspoonful of soda, two of cream tartar.

* * *

Sponge Cake

Five eggs, half a pound of sugar, quarter pound of flour, juice and rind of half a lemon. Beat yolke of eggs, sugar, and lemon together till light; add half the beaten whites, then half the flour, the balance of the whites and balance of flour. Avoid beating after the ingredients are all together.

* * *

Fig Cake

One cupful butter, two and a half cupfuls sugar, one cupful of milk, six cupfuls of flour, three teaspoonfuls baking-powder, whites of sixteen eggs, and, at the last, one and a quarter pounds of figs, cut and floured. Bake well but do not burn.

* * *

Currant Cake

One cupful of butter, two cupfuls of powdered sugar, four eggs, half a cupful of sweet milk, three cupfuls of prepared flour, half a nutmeg grated, and half a pound of currants washed, dried, and dredged with flour.

A B. C. PATIENT AT SHORNCLIFFE

London, April 19.—He was lying in a ward bed in the Queen's Canadian Military hospital at Beachborough Park, Shorncliffe, Kent, this big broad-shouldered son of British Columbia, a member of the famous 7th of B. C., who came over (as he was most particular to tell me) with the First contingent.

Curious how anxious all these splendid, eager, first-volunteers are to have you know this fact—and yea, on second thought, it is not curious, perhaps, but only a very natural pride which surely they have a right to. But every last one of them has it, whatever it is.

He had been wounded on November 8th, and though he was quite as prostrate as the day good comrades bore him to the nearest dressing-station, he was the cheeriest fellow in the ward that day, not excepting visitors; and I have learned, from being here and there among them that chatting with these incapacitated warriors is the best mental tonic a non-combatant can possibly take; and that those who like to give you the impression that by visiting the hospitals they are doing something heroic, self-sacrificing, are the veriest frauds. These wounded soldiers are the most interesting people in the world just now, and all you have to do is to sit still and let them ramble on. It is futile to ask them questions. This course either has the effect of closing up their lines of communicativeness, or of opening up their valves of humor, and they either grow afraid, bored, or fearfully amused at your efforts—any of which results are undesirable to obtain.

"Funny the questions some of 'em ask you," said this B. C. giant to me, after we had come to friendly terms. And he chuckled to himself quietly, before telling me, that one lady had wanted to know: "Were you wounded or are you just ill?—this to a hero whose legs, beneath the blankets, were so badly shattered that only a day or two before had he been able to dispense with the "cradle" which protected them from the weight of the bed-clothes, seemed to afford great amusement.

"I'm just here for a rest," he had told the sympathetic visitor. "That elevation of the quilts is caused by a parrot's cage which I keep in there so as Sister won't find it," and his hearty laugh at his own little jest was a delightful thing to hear. The visiting lady evidently believed the taradiddle!

I was longing to know his name and something more about him; but having learned by sad experience to beware of the bald questions, got around it with an adroitness which I flattered myself would yet make me a politician, by asking him if there were anything he would like me to send him. After refusing tobacco, and all the other comforts which soldiers are popularly supposed to be pining for, he shyly admitted that he would like some Vancouver papers — the Vancouver Province he mentioned specially, and so he had to give me his address.

"My name's Lagace," he said, "L-A G-A-C-E" he spelled out, "with a hyphen over the e," and a merry twinkle in his blue eye, pleased that I saw the joke. "Number 428519, Machine Gun, 7th Battalion." And of course I knew the hospital address.

This big man, with the boy's eyes, was as full of sentiment as a bee with honey, and like all his tribe, was doing his best to hide the fact. But it would out. All I had to do was to show him a handful of flowers that the matron had gathered for me in the lovely old garden—tucked away out of sight behind high walls at the back of the hospital—to bring a light into his fact that had not been there before. As he was unable yet to be taken to see it, I tried to the best of my ability to describe the garden to him, growing enthusiastic, as Canadians cannot help doing, over these English creations of art and nature.

When I stopped for breath—having run out of adjectives—the B. C. gunner declared with considerable insistence:

"Well, my mother's garden is pretty hard to beat." Following which I was given a graphic picture of an adorable rose-covered cottage near Mission Junction, and informed, further, that "Besides, we had the first wisteria in the Valley." He had been a "drifter," he confessed, and among other trips, was one to Japan, from which he brought back one of these beautiful vines; and though he would have liked me to think him an inconsequent wanderer upon the face of the earth, I could read between the lines, that he had not forgotten to bring home something he knew that dear mother of his would love, partly because he had brought it, and partly for its own worth.

"My home seems just a memory to me now," said he, wistfully, after we had talked perhaps a little bit too long about the flowers; and so I left him, and when I spoke of returning, and that I would look in and see him if he were still there, he waved a cheery hand in farewell, saying, he would be there at least two months yet, with as little thought of complaining about the hardness of his lot, as though he were just visiting friends during the shooting season, at their country house, and having the time of his young life!

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AN AMERICAN FLYER

The mere loss of his left leg does not dampen the military enthusiasm of Lieut Theodore Marburg, jr., son of Theodore Marburg, of Baltimore, who was formerly minister to Belgium, who accompanied the young lieutenant and Mrs. Marburg, jr., formerly the Baroness Gesselle de Vavario, on their wedding trip here aboard the American liner St. Louis, just arrived from Liverpool.

Lieutenant Marburg belongs to the Royal British Flying Corps, which does not depend on leg work for its results. He decided after recovering from the amputation of his leg that he would not only marry the baroness, but also will go back to the front and see what he could do to help vanquish the enemies of his Belgian wife. She approves his resolution.

Lieutenant Marburg found it impossible to get an artificial leg in Europe, most of the factories making them having been utilized for turning out munitions. Naturally crutches would be in his way as an active aviator, but with such a substitute for his missing leg as he can get here he will have no trouble when he returns to work with his command. The lieutenant was a student at Oxford when the war came, and only 21 years old. He left the university and took up aviation, finally joining the flying corps.

While on his way to the German lines to photograph enemy position his aeroplane broke and fell. A strut pierced his left knee, wounding him so badly that amputation of the leg was necessary. He met the baroness, who was a refugee from her native land, in England. They were married at Netley on April 10.

Lieut. Marburg said he had seen King Albert and the Queen of the Belgians about two months ago, and that the king said he was confident that his country would regain its independence. The queen said she was much relieved at having no more court duties. While they were talking an equerry came in and said that a German aeroplane was approaching. The king buckled on his sword and hurried out. Presently he returned and announced that the German airman had been driven off. Lieut. Marburg said it was conceded by everybody in authority among the Belgians that the country had been saved from starvation by the generosity of America. The lieutenant and his bride will stay several days at the Plaza before going to Baltimore.—New York Sun.

Sergeant Duty

When we've loafed beside the river
on a smiling summer day,
And have watched the sunbeams
quiver on the waters far away,
We have thought we'd loaf forever,
that we'd never work again—
But old Sergeant Duty, clever, here
declared he wanted men!
Stiff and taut became each spine as
we quickly toed the line!
And the water of inaction was at
once turned into wine!
For the Sergeant's voice will thrill
you,
Wake you up or nearly kill you,
Till he sees you're keeping step.
Sergeant Duty, you're a beauty!
Hep!
Hep!

Sergeant Duty is a stickler in the doing of a job—
Says the guy as ain't partickler is a
sloppy kind o' slob.
But he don't object to resting—and
he makes it very plain—
So's the sparrows don't start nesting
in the thing you call your brain,
And whene'er the bugle calls, you
must leave the idle balls
And be ready for the muster whatever
else befalls!
See your work and then go to it!
Get a job to do and do it!
With a lit of vim and pep!
Sergeant Duty, you're a beauty!
—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Greece's Problem

Greece would like some convincing information as to which is really the worse, the devil or the deep sea.—New York Sun.

FAMOUS HUNTER FIGHTING GERMANS

With Sir Rider Haggard, author of "Allan Quartermain," off to the Antipodes, the original of Allan Quartermain has departed for Africa to bear arms for King George against the Germans remaining on the Dark Continent.

It was when he was plain Rider Haggard that "Allan Quartermain" was fed to a rapacious horde, eager for anything from the pen of the creator of "She." You remember the story, perhaps, of the mighty hunter of elephants and his wondrous adventures in Africa—his part in a native war, his experience with slavers, and others of the stirring incidents which made the book one not to be laid down until finished.

But perhaps you did not know that an original Allan Quartermain lived, and still lives. Rider Haggard's book was inspired by Frederick Courtenay Selous, most famous of the big game hunters and veteran of several little wars before this big world mix-up. He is now in British East Africa with a detachment of the Legion of Frontiersmen, and a photograph sent to a friend at Worplesden, where he lives when in England, shows him stepping out at the head of the column as briskly as if his years numbered a score instead of close on 65. He is as deadly as ever with a rifle.

Hunter, author, traveller and soldier, F. C. Selous is one of the most picturesque figures of this age. Ever since he was 20 years old he has been hunting big game, chiefly in Africa, but also in the Rockies and the Yukon, in Asia Minor and Amatolia—in fact wherever there was hazardous sport to be had.

Over one hundred elephants, probably a record, have fallen to his rifle, and he must have had as many close calls as any man living.

On his first expedition, when he was not yet 21, he was lost for several days and nights in the depth of a South African winter. He once shot a charging lion within six feet of him and at other times he has been tossed, together with his horse, by an enraged buffalo, been all but crushed by a wounded elephant that actually knelt on him, and been alone in the jungle with a broken collarbone which he had to set himself.

Lobengula, the fearsome Zulu chief, set a price on the head of the original of "Allan Quartermain" and a hippopotamus once all but got him after it had sunk the canoe in which he was paddling down the Zambesi.

Theodore Roosevelt, who called him "the last of the mighty hunters," is one of the keenest admirers of Selous and of the latter's books, which now number five, his "Hunting Trips in North America" being one of the best. It was Selous who planned out Roosevelt's own hunting trip in South Africa, though he was not able to accompany the American leader, as had been his intention.

In appearance he is almost fragile until the close observer notes the hard-as-nails look that, thanks to long seasoning in the wild places, with every muscle braced and every sense alert he manages to preserve even when home.—Kansas City Star.

There are over a thousand dentists in the British army. Filling up the gaps, no doubt.

The First Bug-Jargal

(Translated from the French by Aimee, for Western Call)

(Extract from an Unpublished work entitled "Stories in The Tent.")

When Captain Delmar's turn came * * * he mused for a moment, as if to recall to his memory events which had long since transpired. At last he began to speak.

Although I was born in France, I was sent early to San Domingo, to the home of one of my uncles, a very rich colonist, whose daughter I was to marry.

My uncle's residences were adjacent to Fort Gallifet, and his plantations occupied the greater portion of the Acul plains. That unfortunate position, whose details doubtless possess little interest for you, was one of the primary causes of the disasters and total ruin of my family.

Eight hundred negroes cultivated my uncle's immense domains. I will confess to you that the unfortunate condition of these slaves was further aggravated by their master's insensibility, whose heart had become hardened through a long practice of absolute despotism. Accustomed to being obeyed at first sight, the slightest hesitation on the part of a slave was punished by the hardest kinds of treatment, and often the intercession of his children served only to increase his anger. We were then obliged to limit ourselves to secretly relieving the hurts which we could not prevent.

Amongst that mob of blacks, in whose midst I often spent entire days, I noticed a young negro for whom his companions seemed to have the deepest respect. Although a slave like them, a single sign from him sufficed to command obedience. That young man was of almost gigantic stature. His countenance, in which the characteristic marks of the black race were less apparent than in those of the other negroes, presented a mingling of ruggedness and majesty difficult to imagine. His prominent muscles, the breadth of his shoulders and the vivacity of his movements bespoke extraordinary strength joined to the greatest suppleness. It was a frequent occurrence for him to do in one day, the work of eight or ten of his comrades in order to screen them from the punishment meted out to the negligent and the weary. And so he was adored by the slaves, for whom the respect, I might even say, the kind of worship, seemed, however, to spring from another cause. That which astonished me most of all was seeing him as gentle, as humbled towards those who gloried in obeying him as he was proud and haughty towards our commanders. Speaking justly, those privileged slaves, joining to the baseness of their natures the insolence of their authority, found a malicious pleasure in overwhelming him with work and insults. However none of them ever dared to inflict humiliating punishments upon him. If they happened to condemn him, twenty negroes rose to suffer in his place; and he would be a calm witness of their punishment, as if they were only doing their duty. This singular man was known in the negroes' huts under the name of de Pierrot.

You may well believe, gentlemen, that it was a long time before I understood this character, some of whose traits I have just described to you. Today even, when fifteen years' events would ordinarily have effaced the memory of the negro, I realize that nothing so noble and so original amongst men has yet come to my notice.

I had been forbidden all communication with Pierrot. I was seventeen when I spoke to him for the first time.

I was taking a walk with my uncle around his vast possessions. The slaves, trembling in his presence, redoubled their exertions and activity. Irascible through habit, my uncle was ready to get angry without occasion, when he suddenly perceived a black who, overwhelmed with weariness, had fallen asleep under a thicket of date trees. He ran to the unfortunate fellow, wakened him in a rough manner, and ordered him to resume his work. The frightened negro rose, and discovered on rising, a rare plant on which he had been lying inadvertently and which my uncle had been taking a delight in raising. The plant was lost. The master, already vexed at what he called the slave's idleness, became furious at that sight. Beside himself, he darted upon the axe which the negro had left on the ground, and raised his arm to strike him. The axe did not fall. I will never forget that moment. A powerful hand arrested the colonist's hand. A black of a colossal stature cried to him in French: Kill me, for I have just given you offence; but respect the life of my brother who has only touched your randia. These words, far from making my uncle feel ashamed increased his rage. I don't know what he might have done if I had not, at the very first moment, thrown the axe over the hedge. I entreated him in vain. The negligent negro was bastinadoed and his defender plunged into the dungeons of Fort Gullifet as guilty of having raised his hand against a white man.

Although very young, as nephew of one of the richest colonists of the Cape, I was captain of the militia of the parish of Acul. Fort Gallifet was entrusted to their custody and to a detachment of swarthy dragoons whose chief, who was ordinarily a sub-officer of this company, had command of the fort. It happened very a propos at this juncture that this commander was the son of a poor colonist to whom I had had the good fortune to render three great services and who was wholly devoted to me.

His name was Thadeus?

You will easily conclude that it was not hard for me to obtain the entry to the negro's dungeon. I had the right to visit the fort as captain of the militia. However, to avoid raising my uncle's suspicious, I took care to go there only when he was taking his after-dinner nap. All the soldiers, excepting those on guard had fallen asleep. Guided by Thaddeus, I arrived at the dungeon door; Thaddeus, opened it and withdrew. I entered. The negro was sitting down, for he could not stand up on account of his height. He was not alone; an enormous mastiff rose growling and advanced towards me. Rask! cried the negro. The young mastiff was silent and returned to lie at his master's feet.

I was in uniform, the light which the airhole in this narrow dungeon admitted was so feeble that Pierrot did not recognize me.

"I am ready," he said to me in a calm tone.

On finishing these words, he half rose. "I am ready," he repeated again.

"I thought," said I, surprised at the freedom of his movements." I thought that you were in chains."

He pushed with his foot some rubbish which clanked.

"I have broken them."

There was something in the tone with which he pronounced these last words which seemed to say: "I am not made to wear chains. I resumed:

"I was not told that a dog was left with you."

"I got him in myself."

I was more and more astonished. The door of the dungeon was closed from without with a triple bolt. The air-hole was scarcely six inches wide, and was furnished with two iron bars. It appears that he grasped the trend of my thoughts; he rose, loosened, without any effort, an enormous stone which was placed underneath the air-hole, raised the two bars which were made fast from without by that stone, and made thus an opening through which two men could easily have passed. That opening was on a level with the forest of date-trees, and cocoa-trees which covers the hillock against which the fort rested.

The dog, seeing the loophole opened, thought that his master wanted him to go out He rose, ready to depart; a sign from the black sent him back to his place.

Surprise rendered me mute. The black recognized me in broad daylight but he did not give any signs of doing so.

"I can live two days longer without eating," he said. I made a gesture of horror. I then noticed how thin the prisoner was. He added:

"My dog will only eat out of my hand; if I had not been able to widen this hole, poor Rask would have died of hunger. It is better that it should be I than he, since I have to die anyway.

"No," I cried, "no, you shall not die of hunger." He did not understand me.

"There is no doubt," he answered, smiling bitterly, "that I could have lived two days longer without eating, but * * * I am ready, officer. Today will be still better than tomorrow. Don't hurt Rask.

I understood then what he meant by his "I am ready." Accused of a capital crime, he thought that I had come to lead him out to die; and that colossal man, with all the avenues of flight open to him, gentle and tranquil as a child, was saying: "I am ready."

"Don't do Rask any harm!" he repeated again.

I could not contain myself.

"What!" said I to him, "not only do you take me for a hangman, but you are doubtful of my humanity towards a poor animal!"

His manner softened, his voice changed.

"White," said he, holding out his hand to me, "white, pardon me; I love my dog. And, he added, after a short silence, "and your people have treated me badly!"

I pressed his hand, I undeceived him. "Didn't you know me?" said I.

I knew that you were a white man, and to white men, however kind, a black man doesn't count much! Yet I come of a rank which is not inferior to yours," he added proudly.

My curiosity was excited; I urged him to tell me who he was and what sufferings he had undergone. He maintained a gloomy silence.

My advance had moved him; my offers of service, my entreaties overcame his indifference to life. He went out and brought some dates and an enormous cocoanut. Then he closed up the opening and began to eat. While conversing with him. I noticed that he spoke French and Spanish fluently, and did not sem devoid of education. That man was so astonishing in so many other ways that until then the purity of his language had not struck me. I tried anew to learn the cause of it; he was silent. At last I left him, enjoining my faithful Thadeus to give him every attention and every possible care.

I saw him every day at the same hour. His case made me uneasy; in spite of my entreaties my uncle persisted in prosecuting him. I did not conceal my fears from Pierrot; he heard me with indifference.

Rask often came in whilst we were together, bringing a large palm leaf around his neck. The black would take it off, read some large characters which were traced there, then tear it up. I never asked him any questions.

One day I entered without his appearing to notice me. He had his back to the door of his dungeon and was singing, in a melancholy tone, the Spanish air: "Yo que soy contrabandista." When he had finished, he turned turned abruptly towards me and exclaimed:

"Brother, promise, if ever you feel doubtful about me, to dispel your suspicions when you hear me singing that air."

He looked at me beseechingly; I promised him what he desired. He took the nutshell which he had gathered the day of my first visit and kept ever since, filled it with wine, invited me to touch my lips to it and emptied it in one draught. From that day he did not call me anything but brother.

Meanwhile I began to entertain some hope. My uncle was not so angry. I pointed out to him one day that Pierrot was the most active of his slaves, that he did the work of ten others, and that, after all, he only wanted to prevent his master from committing a crime. He listened to me and gave me to understand that he would not follow up his charge. I said nothing to the black of the change in my uncle, wishing to have the pleasure of announcing to him his liberty outright, if I obtained it. What astonished me was to see how, believing himself condemned to death, he did not take advantage of any of the means within his power for escaping. "I must stay," he answered coldly. "I might be thought a coward."

My uncle withdrew his accusation. I ran to the fort to announce it to Pierrot.

Thadeus, learning of his freedom, went to the prison with me. He was no longer there. Rask, who was there alone, came up to me in a fawning manner; around his neck was tied a palm-leaf; I took it and read these words: "Thanks! You have saved my life; don't forget your promise."

Thadeus was even more surprised than I; he did not know the secret of the air hole and thought the negro had changed himself into a dog. I let him think what he liked, contenting myself with exacting from him silence as to what he had seen.

I tried to lead Rask away. On leaving the fort, he plunged into the neighboring hedges, and disappeared.

My uncle was furious over the escape of his slave; he ordered a search which following events rendered useless.

Three days after Pierrot's singular flight, it was the famous night of August 21st to 22nd, 1791, I was walking dreamily about near the batteries of Acul Bay, whose station I had just visited, when I perceived a reddish light rising against the horizon and spreading in the direction of the plains of Limbe. The soldiers and I attributed it to an accidental conflagration, but in a moment the flames became so bright, the smoke carried by the wind, increased and became so thick that I at once set out for the fort to give the alarm and send help. In passing the huts of the negroes I was surprised at the strange agitation which reigned there; most of them were still awake and were talking with great animation. I went through a grove of mangroves in which was a bundle of axes and pickaxes. I caught some words of which the sense seemed to be that the slaves of Limbe plains were in full revolt, and were consigning to flames the dwellings and plantations situated on the other side of the Cape. Justly uneasy, I had the militia of Acul put under arms at once, and I ordered the slaves to be watched. Everything became quiet again.

Meantime the ravages in the Limbe seemed to be increasing. We even thought we could hear the distant sound of artillery firing. Towards two o'clock in the morning, not being able to contain myself, I left at Acul half of the militia under the lieutenant's orders, and, in spite of the opposition of my uncle and the entreaties of his family, I set out for the Cape with the rest.

I will never forget the appearance of that town on approaching it. Bewildered by the cannon of the fortress, the shouts of the fugitives and the din of the work of demolishing, I did not know which way to lead my soldiers, when I met at the stronghold the captain of the yellow dragoons, who acted as guide to us. All that we could do, aided by the yellow militia and that of the red dragoons, was to drive out the rebels from the Petite-Anse where they were beginning to establish themselves. They left there some traces of their cruelty; all the whites had been massacred or mutilated in a most barbarous manner. We threw into the fort of Petite-Anse quite a numerous garrison, and, at six o'clock in the morning, we returned to the Cape, blackened with smoke, and overcome with heat and fatigue. I had stretched myself out on my cloak, in the middle of the stronghold, hoping to snatch a little rest, when I saw a yellow dragoon, covered with dust and perspiration, running up to me at full speed. I got up at once, and from the few broken words which escaped him, I learned with new consternation that the revolt had reached the plains of Acul and that the blacks were besieging fort Gallifet, in which the militia and the colonists were confined. There was not a moment to lose. I ordered horses for my soldiers who wished to follow me, and, guided by the dragoon, I came within sight of the fort at seven o'clock. My uncle's domains had been laid waste by fire like those at Limbe. The white flag was still floating over the keep of the fortress; a moment afterwards, that building was completely enveloped in an eddy of smoke, which, growing brighter, showed it surmounted by the red flag. All was over.

We redoubled our speed; we were soon on the field of slaughter. The blacks fled at our approach; but we saw them distinctly, right and left, massacring the white people and setting fire to their dwellings. Thadeus, covered with wounds, came up to me; he recognized me in the midst of the tumult. "Captain," he said to me, "your Pierrot is a sorcerer or at least a devil; he got into the fort, I don't know how, and behold! As to your uncle and his family." * * * At that moment a tall black came out from behind a burning sugar-house carrying an old man who was shouting and struggling in his arms. The old man was my uncle, the black was Pierrot. "Wretch!" I exclaimed. I pointed my pistol at him; a slave threw himself in front of the bullet and fell dead. Pierrot turned around and seemed to speak some words to me, then he became lost in the clumps of burning cane. A moment afterwards, an enormous dog followed him, carrying in his mouth a cradle which I recognized as that of my uncle's last son. The dog was Rask, Transported with rage, I fired my second pistol at him, but I missed him.

Meanwhile the fire continued its ravages; the blacks, whose number the smoke hid from view, seemed to have withdrawn. We were forced to return to the Cape.

I was agreeably surprised to find there my uncle's family; they owed their safety to the escort given by a negro in the midst of the carnage. My uncle alone and his youngest son were missing. I did not doubt that Pierrot had sacrificed them to his revenge. I remembered a thousand incidents whose mystery seemed inexplicable, and I totally forgot my promise.

We fortified the Cape at once. The insurrection was making terrible headway; the negroes of Port-au-Prince were beginning to get uneasy; Biasson was in command of those at Limbe, Dondon and Acul; Jean-Francos was proclaimed generalissimo of the insurgents of Maribaron plain; Bouckmant, famous through his tragic death, was crossing the plains of Limonade with his brigands; and last of all the bands of Morne-Rouge had recognized as chief a negro called Bug-Jargal. The character of the latter, if we may believe accounts, contrasted singularly with the ferocity of the others. Whilst Bouckmant and Biasson invented a thousand kinds of death for the prisoners who fell into their hands; Bug-Jargal was eager to furnish them with means of leaving the island. The former made bargains with Spanish launchers who were cruising along the coasts for the purpose of enriching themselves with the spoils of the unfortunates who were forced to flee; Bug-Jargal foundered several of these corsairs. M. Colas de Maigne and eight other distinguished colonists were freed, at his orders, from the wheel to which Bouckmant had had them bound. People were citing a thousand other acts of generosity of his which would take too long to recount.

I heard no more of Pierrot. The rebels, commanded by Biasson, continued to disturb the Cape; the governor made up his mind to drive them back to the interior of the island. The militias of Acul, Limbe, Onanaminte and Maribaron, joined by the Cape regiment and the formidable yellow and red companies, constituted our active army. The militias of Dondon and of the Quarter-Dauphin, reinforced by a body of volunteers, under the command of the merchant Poncignon, formed the town garrison.

The general wisher first of all to get rid of Bug-Jargal, whose diversions alarmed him; he sent against him the militias of Onanaminte and a battalion from the Cape. That body returned two days afterwards completely beaten. The general ordered the same body to set out again with a reinforcement of fifty yellow dragoons and four hundred soldiers from Maribaron. This second army was still worse abused than the first. Thadeus, who went with that expedition, was seized with a violent fit of revenge and swore to me in his turn that he would avenge himself on Bug-Jargal.

News came that Bug-Jargal had left Mome-Rouge and was leading his troops through the mountains to join Biasson. The general jumped for joy. "We will get them!" he said, rubbing his hands together. The next day, the colonial army was stationed a league in front of the Cape, the insurgents, at our approach, hurriedly abandoned Port-Margot and Fort Gallifet. All the troops retreated towards the mountains. The general was triumphant. We continued our march.

On the evening of the third day we entered the defiles of Grand River. We calculated that the blacks were

(Continued on page 7)

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THE FIRST BUG-JARGAL

(Continued from page 6)

twenty leagues in the mountains.

The sun son ceased to gild the sharp peaks of the distant mountains of the Treille. Little by little darkness spread over the camp, and the silence was only broken by the cries of the crane and the measured steps of the sentinels.

Suddenly the terrible song of Oua-Nasse was heard above our heads; the palm-trees and the cedars which crowned the rocks took fire, and the livid brightness of the conflagration revealed to us on the neighboring summits, numerous bands of mulattoes whose copper-colored complexions looked red in the light of the flames. They were Biassou's men. The danger was imminent. The chiefs, wakening with a start, ran to get their soldiers together, the trumpet sounded the alarm, and our lines were formed amidst confusion. But the blacks, instead of taking advantage of our disorder, watched us, motionless, singing Oua-Nasse.

A gigantic black appeared alone on the highest peak above Grand River. A plume of fiery color waved over his brow, an axe was in his right hand, a flag in his left hand. I recognized Pierrot. If a rifle had been within my reach, rage would perhaps have made me commit a cowardly act. The black repeated the refrain of Oua-Nasse, planted his flag on the peak, threw his axe into our midst and became swallowed up in the waves of the river.

Then the blacks began to roll over our columns enormous blocks of rocks; a hail of bullets and arrows fell over the hillock. Our soldiers, furious at not being able to reach the assailants, died in despair, crushed by rocks or pierced by arrows. A horrible confusion reigned throughout the army. Suddenly a terrible noise seemed to issue from the middle of Grand River; an extraordinary scene took place there. The yellow dragoons, horribly injured by the debris which the mulattoes were pushing from the top of the mountains, conceived the idea of taking refuge in order to escape it, under the flexible arches of creepers with which the river was covered. Thadeus was the first to bring forward this means, ingenious moreover.

And behold all the dragoons, the devils, rushing about pell-mell under the creepers. They were the blacks from Morne-Rouge, who had hidden themselves there, without being suspected, probably to fall on our backs, like an overloaded sack the moment afterwards. There was fighting, swearing, screaming. Being disrobed, they were more agile than we; but our blows were better aimed than theirs. We were swimming with one arm, and fighting with the other, as is always done in such cases. Those who couldn't swim, captain, were hanging with one hand to the creepers, and the blacks were dragging them by the legs. In the midst of the tumult, I saw a tall negro defending himself like a Beelzebub against eight or ten of my comrades; I swam there, and I recognized Pierrot, otherwise called Bug. Since the taking of the fort we had been at variance; I seized him by the throat. He was about to rid himself of me with a sword thrust, when he looked at me. Then, instead of killing me, he surrendered. Which was very unfortunate, captain, for if he had not yielded * * * In short, as soon as the negroes saw him captured, they leaped on us to free him So that the soldiers were also going to jump into the water to help us, when Pierrot, seeing, doubtless that the negroes would all be massacred, said a few words in a language of the genuine conjuring-book order, since he put them all to flight. They plunged and disappeared in the twinkling of an eye. This battle under water would have been rather engaging if I had not lost a finger and moistened ten cartridges, and if * * *

The captain proceeded:

Whilst the scene which Thadeus has just described was taking place behind the hillock, I had succeeded, with some of my men, in climbing from brush to brush, to a peak called the peak of Paon, on a level with the position of the blacks. The way once grazed, the summit was soon covered with soldiers; we began a lively fusilade. The negroes, not so well armed as we were, could not reply to us as warmly; they began to get discouraged; we redoubled our fury, and soon the nearest rocks were evacuated by the rebels, who, however, took care first of all to roll the bodies of their dead up to the rest of the army, who were still drawn up on the hillock. With the help of several palm-tree trunks which we cut down and bound together, we passed over the abandoned peaks, and a part of the army found itself thus advantageously stationed. That sight shook the courage of the insurgents. We did not cease firing. Shouts of lamentation in which was mingled the name of Bug-Jargal, resounded suddenly through Biassou's army. A great terror became manifest. Several blacks of Morne-Rouge appeared on the rock from which floated the scarlet flag; they prostrated themselves, carried off the standard and rushed with it into the abysses of Grand River. That signified clearly that their chief was dead or captured.

Our audacity had increased to such a point that I resolved to drive, with side arms, the rebels from the rocks which they still covered. I had a bridge of trunks thrown between our peak and the nearest peak. I rushed first into the midst of the negroes. My men were about to follow me when one of the rebels, with a blow of an axe, made the bridge fly into a thousand pieces. The ruins fell into the abyss, striking the rocks with a terrible noise. I turned my head; at that moment I felt myself seized by six or seven blacks, who disarmed me.

I struggled like a lion; they bound me with cords of bark, paying no attention to the bullets which my men were showering around them. My despair was only mitigated by the shouts of victory wihch I heard uttered around me a moment afterwards. I soon saw the blacks and mulattoes climbing, pell-mell, up the steepest summits, uttering cries of distress. My captors imitated them; the most vigorous one among them took me on his shoulders, and carried me off towards the forests, leaping from rock to rock with the agility of a wild goat. The light of the flames soon ceased to guide him; the feeble light of the moon sufficed him.

After having crossed the thickets and leaped over torrents, we arrived in a valley situated in the midst of the mountains; that place was absolutely unknown to me. A great part of the rebels were already assembled there; that was where their camp was. The black who had carried me unbound my feet, and handed me over to the custody of some of his comrades who surrounded me. Daylight began to appear. The black returned with some negro soldiers, pretty well armed, who took possession of me. I thought that they were leading me to death, and I prepared myself to undergo it bravely. They led me towards a grotto lighted by the first rays of the rising sun. We entered.

Between two rows of mulatto soldiers I perceived a black sitting on a throne of Farbab, upholstered with parrot feathers. His uniform was odd. A magnificent girdle, from which hung a cross of Saint Louis, served to hold up striped trousers of coarse cloth, which formed his single garment. He wore grey boots, a round hat, shoulder-pieces, one of which was gold and the other of blue wool. A sword and pistols of great value completed his outfit. This man was of medium height; his ignoble countenance presented a singular mixture of cunning and cruelty. He made me draw near, and gazed at me for some time in silence. At last he began to sneer.

"I am Biassou," said he to me.

At that name I trembled inwardly but my face remained calm and haughty. I made no answer. He assumed a mocking air.

"You appear to me to be a brave man," he said, in bad French. "Well! listen to what I am going to say to you. Are you a creole?"

"No. I am a Frenchman."

My assurance caused him to frown. He resumed, sneering:

"So much the better! I see by your uniform that you are an officer. How old are you?"

"Seventeen years!"

"When did you attain them?"

"On the day on which your companion Leogri was hanged."

Anger contracted his features; he contained himself.

"It is twenty days since Leogri was hanged," he said to me; "Frenchman, you will tell him this evening, from me, that you have lived twenty-one days longer than him. Meanwhile, choose whether you will be kept a prisoner within sight or whether you will give your word of honor that you will be here this evening two hours before sunset to carry my message to Leogri. You are French, are you not?"

I was almost grateful for the few hours' liberty which he was still allowing me out of a spirit of subtle cruelty in order to make me regret life more. I gave him my word that I would do what he asked. He gave orders to unbind me and leave me entirely free.

Sworn to certain death, I conceived the idea of climbing on a high rock.

I sat down, and a thousand painful thoughts followed one another tumultuously in my mind. I was like the traveller who, drawn by an irresistible inclination towards the precipice which was to engulf him, was casting a last look at the fields which he had traversed and at those which he was hoping to traverse.

I thought of Pierrot, of those days of youth and innocence when my heart expanded to the gentle warmth of friendship; but the thought of the slave's treason made my blighted heart bleed; embittered by misfortune I cursed the wretch whom I blamed for its cause; the very certainty that he was dead did not calm me.

At that moment, a well-known air struck my ears. I started on hearing a manly voice singing: "Yo que soy contrabandista (I who am a contrabandist). That voice was Pierrot's. A dog came and rolled at my feet; it was Rask. I thought I was dreaming. The ardor of revenge transported me; surprise rendered me motionless. A thick copse half opened, Pierrot appeared. His face was joyous, he stretched his arms out to me. I turned away with horror. At that sight, his head fell on his chest.

"Brother," he murmured in a low voice, "brother, tell me have you forgotten your promise?"

Anger restored my speech.

"Monster!" I exclaimed, "hangman, murderer of my uncle, do you dare to call me brother? Stop! don't come near me."

I involuntarily put my hand to my side to get my sword. That movement struck him. He assumed a manner moved but gentle.

"No," he said, "no, I will not approach. You are unfortunate. I pity you. As for you, you do not pity me although I am more to be pitied than you.

A gesture of my hand pointed out the spot where our estates and plantations lay burned. He understood that mute reproach.

He looked at me in a dreamy manner.

"Yes, you have lost much; but, believe me, I have lost more than you.

I resumed indignantly.

"Yes, I have lost a great deal; but, tell me, who made me lose it? Who pillaged our houses, who burned our harvests, who massacred our friends, our compatriots?"

"It was not I, it was my people. Listen; I told you one day that your people had done me a great deal of injury, you told me it was not you; what have I done then?"

His countenance brightened; he expected to see me fall into his arms. I was silent.

"May I call you brother?" he asked in a moved tone.

My anger returned with full violence. "Ingrate!" I exclaimed, "do you dare to recall those days?"

Large tears rolled from his eyes; he interrupted me.

"It is not I who am an ingrate."

"Well! speak!" I resumed furiously, what have you done with my uncle? Where is his son?"

He was silent a moment.

"Yes, you suspect me," said he at last, shaking his head; "it was difficult for me to believe you. You take me for a brigand, an assassin, an ingrate. Your uncle is living, his child, too. You do not know why I come. Farewell. Come, Rask."

Rask rose. The black, before leaving me, stopped and cast at me a look of grief and regret.

That extraordinary man, by those last words, had just worked a revolution in me; I trembled lest I had judged him too lightly. I do not yet understand it. Everything about him astonished me; I had believed him dead, and he was before me, radiating vigor and health. If my uncle and his son were living. I perceived the force of those words: It is not I whom am an ingrate.

I raised my eyes, he was still there; his dog watched us both with an uneasy air. Pierrot heaved a long sigh, and at last took a few steps towards the copse.

"Stay," I cried with effort. "Stay."

He stopped, looking at me in an undecided manner.

"Will I see my uncle again?" I asked him in a feeble voice.

His countenance became gloomy.

"You doubt me," said he, moving forward to retire.

"No," I exclaimed then, subjugated by the ascendency of that strange man, "no, you are always my brother, my friend, I don't doubt you. I thank you for having allowed my uncle to live."

His face maintained an expression of austerity which surprised me; he appeared to be having a violent struggle with himself; he advanced a step towards me and retreated; he opened his mouth and was silent. That moment was of short duration, he threw himself into my arms.

"Brother, I trust you."

He added after a slight pause: "You are good, but misfortune made you unjust."

'I have found my friend again," said I to him, "I am no longer unfortunate.'

"Brother, you are still so; soon, perhaps, you will no longer be so; as for me, I will be so always."

The joy which the first transports of friendship had caused to illuminate his countenance vanished. His features took an expression of singular and vigorous sadness.

"Listen," said he to me, in a cold tone, "My father was king of the country of Gamboa. Some Europeans came, who imported to me that trifling knowledge which has struck you. Their chief was a Spanish captain; he promised my father estates vaster than those he possessed and white wives; my father followed him with his family. Brother, they sold us."

The black's chest swelled, his eyes flashed; he mechanically broke a young papaw-tree which was near him; then he continued without seeming to address me:

"The master of the country of Gamboa had a master, and his son bent, as a slave, over the furrows of San Domingo. They separated the young lion from his old father in order to subdue them more easily. They married the young wife away from her husband in order to derive more profit by uniting them to others. The little children looked for the mother who nourished them, for the father who had bathed them in the swift streams! they found only barbarous tyrants, and slept with the dogs."

He was silent; his lips moved without any words being spoken, his gaze was fixed and wild. At last he seized my arm abruptly.

"Brother, do you hear? I was sold to different masters like a head of cattle. You remember the punishment of Oge. That day I saw my father again; he was on the wheel. My wife was prostituted by white men; listen, brother, she is dead, and asked me to revenge her.

I shuddered; he added:

"My people were urging me to deliver them and avenge myself. Rask brought their messages to me. I could not gratify them, I was myself in your uncle's dungeon. The day on which you obtained my pardon, I set out to snatch my children out of the hands of a ferocious master. I arrived. Brother the last grandson of the king of Gamboa had just died beneath the blows of a white man. The others had preceded him.

He stopped short, and asked me coldly:

"Brother, what would you have done?"

This deplorable tale had frozen me with horror; I answered his question with a threatening gesture. He understood me and began to smile sadly; he continued:

"The slaves revolted against their master and punished him for the murder of my children. They elected me chief. You know the unfortunate victims of that rebellion. I learned that your uncle's family were to be treated in the same manner. I arrived in Acul the very night of the insurrection. You were absent. The blacks were already setting fire to his plantations. Not being able to appease their rage, because they thought to avenge me by burning your uncle's estates, I determined to at least save your family. I penetrated into the fort through the opening which I had contrived there, and I entrusted your relatives to the care of some faithful negroes, charging them to escort them to the Cape. Your uncle could not follow them; he had run to his house to extricate his youngest son. Some blacks surrounded him; they were going to kill him. I appeared and ordered them to let me avenge myself; they withdrew, I took your uncle in my arms, I entrusted the child to Rask, and I placed both in an isolated cavern known to me alone. Brother, that is my crime."

Penetrated with remorse and gratitude, I wanted to throw myself at Pierrot's feet; he stopped me with an offended air.

"Come," he said a moment afterwards, taking my hand.

I asked him with surprise where he wanted to take me.

"To the camp of the white men," he answered. "We haven't a moment to lose; ten heads are answering for mine. We can hasten, for you are free; we must because I am not free.

These words increased my astonishment; I demanded an explanation.

"Didn't you hear that Bug-Jargal was a prisoner?" he asked impatiently.

"Yes, but what have you in common with Bug-Jargal?"

He seemed astonished in his turn.

"I am Bug-Jargal," he said gravely.

"They told me," he resumed, "that you were a prisoner in Biassou's camp; I came to liberate you."

"Why did you tell me just now that you were not free?"

He loked at me as if trying to guess what led up to that quite natural question.

"Listen," he said. "This morning, I was a prisoner amongst your people. I heard it announced in camp that Biassou had declared his intention of putting to death, before sunset, a young captive called Delmar. They reinforced the guards around me. I learned that my execution would follow yours. In case of escape, ten of my comrades were to answer for me. You see I am in a hurry."

I held him back still.

"You have escaped then?" said I to him.

"And how else would I be here? Wasn't it necessary to save you? Don't I owe you my life?"

"Did you speak to Biassou?" asked I.

He pointed to his dog lying at his feet.

"No, Rask led me here. I saw with joy that you were not a prisoner. Follow me now, Biassou is treacherous; if I had spoken to him he would have seized you and forced me to stay. He is not a black. He is a mulatto. Brother, time presses."

"Bug-Jargal," said I to him, holding out my hand to him, "return to camp alone, for I cannot follow you."

He stopped; a grievous astonishment was depicted on his features.

"Brother, what do you mean?"

"I, too, am a prisoner. I pledged my word to Biassou not to escape; I have promised to die."

He was pensive, and did not seem to hear me. He pointed to a peak whose summit dominated all the surrounding country.

"Brother, see that rock. When the signal for your death appears, the report of mine will not be long in being heard. Farewell."

He plunged into the copse and disappeared with his dog. I remained alone. The sense of his last words were inexplicable to me * * * However, the lengthening shadows of the palm-trees warned me that it was time to return to Biassou.

When I entered the chief's grotto, he was busy trying the springs of some instruments of torture with which he was surrounded. At the noise his guards made ushering me in, he turned around. My presence did not appear to astonish him.

"Do you see?" he said, pointing to the horrible apparatus which surrounded him.

I remained calm. I was aware of his cruelty and I was determined to endure everything without flinching.

"Wasn't Leogri very fortunate?" he said, sneering, "in being hanged only?"

I looked at him without answering, with a cold disdain.

"Ah! ah!" said he, pushing the instruments of torture with his foot, "it seems to me you are familiar with that. I am grieved at it; but I warn you that I have not time to try them on you. This position is dangerous; I must leave it."

He began to snicker, and pointed to a great black flag placed in a corner of the grotto.

"That will warn your people of the moment when they can give your epaulet to your lieutenant. You perceive that at this moment I must resume our march. What did you think of the suroundings?"

"I saw enough trees there," said I, coldly, to hang you and your whole troop."

"Well," answered he, with a forced sneer, there is a spot which you doubtless have not seen, and to which I wish to introduce you. Farewell, young captain; good evening to Leogri."

He made a gesture and turned his back to me; his guards dragged me away.

I marched in the midst of them without making any resistance; it is true that it would have been useless. * * * We proceeded along a footpath traced by the edge of the torrent; I was surprised to see this path end abruptly at the foot of a perpendicular rock, at the bottom of which I noticed an arched opening from which the torrent issued. The negroes turned to the left and we climbed the rock, following a winding path. After ten minutes of walking in the darkness, we arrived on a kind of platform formed by nature in the very centre of the mountain. At the extreme north of it the torrent tumbled into the gulf at the bottom of which seemed to float, without penetrating, the vague light which descended from the crevasse.

The blacks stopped at this horrible spot. I saw that I must die there. They began to bind me silently with cords which they had brought when I thought I heard a dog barking; I took that sound for an illusion caused by the rumbling of the cascade.

The negroes finished binding me, and led me to the torrent which was to engulf me.

At that moment a stronger barking was heard; Rask's enormous head passed through the opening. I started. The blacks, whom the barking had not reached, were preparing to throw me into the middle of the abyss.

"Comrades!" cried a thundering voice.

Everybody turned around. It was Bug-Jargul. He was standing on the edge of the crevice; a red feather floated over his head.

"Comrades!" he repeated, "stop!"

The blacks prostrated themselves. He continued: "I am Bug-Jargal."

"Unbind the prisoner," cried the chief.

In the twinkling of an eye I was free. The negro continued: "Brothers, go and tell Biassou that his prisoner saved Bug-Jargal's lift an dthat Bug-Jargal wishes his prisoner to live. Go, and tell Biassou to beware of unfurling the black flag."

He threw his red feather in the midst of them. The chief of the detachment took possession of it, and they went away without proferring a word.

I leaped to embrace Pierrot. We remained a moment mute and oppressed.

At last, he said: "Listen, brother; you will live; and I also."

Surprise and joy hindered me from answering.

"Listen," he said.

A dull noise, like the discharge of a piece of artillery was heard in the valley.

"That is the signal," said the negro in a gloomy voice. He continued: "That was a cannon-shot, wasn't it?"

I made an affirmative sign.

In two bounds he was on a high rock. I followed him. He crossed his arms and began to smile sadly.

"Do you see?" he said to me.

I looked in the direction which he pointed out, and I saw a peak surmounted by a great black flag. I have learned since that Biassou, eager to get away and thinking me dead, had erected the standard before the return of the detachment which was to execute me.

His head fell on his chest. He took a few steps and approached me.

"Go and see your uncle, brother; Rask will lead you." He whistled an Indian air. Rask directed himself towards a point in the valley.

Bug-Jargal took my hand and tried to smile.

"Farewell!" he cried to me in a loud voice.

The captain's voice died away. "Go on, Thadeus, for I have no more strength than an old woman."

Thadeus said:

"So be it! When we saw the black flag, we fired the cannon and I was commanded to take the ten negroes to the foot of a pillar; I was binding them when I saw the tall negro emerge from the forest. He went and unbound his compatriots. He took the place of the blacks. At that moment, his big dog, poor Rask, leaper at his neck. Then * * I believed you dead, captain. I was angry. I shouted * * Bug-Jargal fell. A ball had broken his dog's paw. Since then he has been lame. I heard someone groaning in the neighboring wood. I entered. It was you, captain. A bullet had reached you when you were running to save the big black. Meanwhile Bug-Jargal was not dead. We carried him back to camp. But he was wounded more dangerously than you, captain. He lived only until the next day.

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SYNOPSIS OF COAL MINING REGULATIONS

Coal mining rights of the Dominion, in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, the Yukon Territory, the North-west Territories and in a portion of the province of British Columbia, may be leased for a term of twenty-one years renewal for a further term of 21 years at an annual rental of $1 an acre. Not more than 2,560 acres will be leased to one applicant.

Application for a lease must be made by the applicant in person to the Agent or Sub-Agent of the district in which the rights applied for are situated.

In surveyed territory the land must be described by sections, or legal sub-divisions of sections, and in unsurveyed territory the tract applied for shall be staked out by the applicant himself.

Each application must be accompanied by a fee of $5 which will be refunded if the rights applied for are not available, but not otherwise. A royalty shall be paid on the merchantable output of the mine at the rate of five cents per ton.

The person operating the mine shall furnish the Agent with sworn returns accounting for the full quantity of merchantable coal mined and pay the royalty thereon. If the coal mining rights are not being operated, such returns should be furnished at least once a year.

The lease will include the coal mining rights only, rescinded by Chap. 27 of 4-5 George V. assented to 12th June, 1914.

For full information application should be made to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to any Agent or Sub-Agent of Dominion Lands.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy Minister of the Interior.

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THE WESTERN CALL

MOUNT PLEASANT

MUSICAL FESTIVAL

The first annual vocal, elocution, pianoforte and violin competitions of the Mount Pleasant Presbyterian church will take place in that church on Tuesday evening next, 16th May, commencing at 7.30 prompt.

The competitions have been arranged to cover ages up to 20 years. The first group of classes will take boys and girls up to the age of 12 and will include pianoforte, vocal, elocution and violin.

The second group will be made up of contestants between the ages of 12 and 20, and will cover the same range of selections.

A very large entry list has been received, and a splendid inaugural festival is expected. This year the contestants have their own choice of selection, it being thought advisable in the interest of the contest, and owing to brevity of time, to follow this course. Very handsome medals have been donated for the prize-winners by members of the church, and these are on view in Hilker's store window on Main street. The committee in charge has secured Mr. Fred Taggart as adjudicator in the vocal numbers; Mrs. Paton in pianoforte; Miss Helen Badgely in elocution, and Miss Margaret McCraney in violin. The interest being manifested in the affair by both parents and contestants is such as to warrant a very large and interested audience at the competition on Tuesday evening next. Rev. A. E. Mitchell, the pastor of Mount Pleasant congregation, will be chairman of the proceedings, which will be run off in clock-work style. Contestants are also allowed the privilege, this year, of having their own accompanist, but in cases where no accompanist has been provided, Mr. L. R. Bridgman, organist and choirmaster of the church, will officiate.

Ward Five Linen Week

On Monday next Linen Week will commence and collections of new and old linen will be made for Red Cross work. The ward five committee, which is presided over by Mrs. J. C. Kemp, will have calls made upon residents as far as is possible, but anyone may send their contributions direct to Red Cross rooms, Lee building.

Ward Five did well last Linen Week and on Tag Day, and the committee feels sure it will sustain its high reputation again and a generous response for linen for our wounded soldiers will result from this appeal.

S. Vancouver

The rifle range at the McKenzie school, Fraser avenue, is now completed and in working order. The use of it has been granted by the school board to the South Hill company of the Women's Volunteer Reserve.

With the coming of better weather the health generally of the pupils attending the schools is very much improved. During the first week of May only three cases of infectious disease were reported, two being of whooping cough and one of measles.

The night classes conducted by the board during the past winter have only cost $1.50 per class per night, so economically have they been run. The salaries amounted to $2.458, of which four-fifths, $1,554, was paid by the government.

It was reported from the tax collector's office that payment of arrears were coming in well and that the collections for the four and one half months of this year are 30 per cent. higher than for the corresponding period last year.

The savings banks in the various schools are very largely patronized by the pupils and $379 has been deposited this year. During April deposits amounted to $75.78, made up as follows: General Brock School, $6,20; McKenzie School, $2.50; McBride School, $27.63; Moberly, $14.60; Van Horne, $8.30, and General Wolfe, $16.55.

Patriotic Concert

A patriotic concert will be held next Sunday evening at 8 o'clock in the South Hill theatre on Fraser street, the proceeds of which will be donated to the Prisoners of War Fund. Mr. J. F. Bursill (Felix Penne) will give an address on "Ruined Belgium," which will be illustrated with lantern slides. A number of artists will contribute musical numbers.

GREAT BRITAIN'S PILOT

Herbert Henry Asquith is the greatest Prime Minister England has known since Gladstone. He is now firmly fixed in the saddle and nothing short of a great national disaster can move him.

This remarkable tribute to a political opponent was paid a few days ago to the present Premier by one of the leaders of the Unionist party speaking to a group of party friends in one of the big London political clubs, and there was not a single dissenting voice. Asquith at the comparatively early age of sixty-four—he was born in 1852—has attained the national position held by Gladstone in the later days of his leadership, and the events of the last year have proved that he is practically impervious to political attack. He has weathered political intrigues so influential and widespread that they would have ruined a weaker man, and he has come out of them stronger than ever in the affection of the people of England, and the respect of the politicians.

It may seem a little thing, but it is extremely significant that Asquith has no nickname. In that he also resembles Gladstone. Gladstone was "Mr." Gladstone to every member of the House of Commons and of the House of Lords. Asquith is "Mr." Asquith. The ceremonious title is a sign of the respect in which he is held, and his aloofness from the petty politics of the house. Other prime ministers have all had affectionate or jeering nicknames. Campbell Bannerman was "C. B." to his friends. Balfour was "Arthur" to his friends and "Pretty Fanny" to his opponents. Every effort to fix a nickname on Asquith has failed. During the recent intrigues against him some of the little men who were backing the big politicians who wanted his place referred to him occasionally as "old 'Squith," but this lack of respect for the man who commands the respect of practically everyone in politics, was frowned on so sternly that it is heard no more. Asquith remains "Mr." Asquith to friend and opponent alike and even his foes admit now that no other prime minister is possible while the war lasts.

Mr. Asquith has now been Prime Minister of England for a longer period, without a break, than any other man since the Earl of Liverpool who was the First Minister for 14 years, from 1812 to 1827. He took office on the death of Campbell Bannerman in April, 1908, and, therefore, has held the helm of the British ship of state for nearly eight years. Gladstone's longest continuous term of office was five years and seventy days and Beaconsfield and Salisbury each remained in power for just over six years. The longest term of office as premier on record was that of Walpole who held the post for nearly 21 years from 1721 and William Pitt also had a long reign with just over 17 years.

Th Medical Officer—Not much wrong with him. Give him a Number Nine pill.

The Orderly—I'm afraid we're out of "Number Nines," sir.

The Medical Officer—Then give him a Number Four and a Number Five.—London Opinion.

CONSIDER THESE THREE

France just now is—Verdun, artillery, Petain. The greatest living master of big-gunnery is the man who until Verdun became the focus of the greatest artillery duel on record was to all outside of France a total obscurity. Up till March, 1916, the Allies knew what they owen to Joffre, the resister. Since March they have known even better what they owe to Petain the artillery strategist, the director of heavy fire such as for the first time in the history of this was really surpassed that of the Germans. Petain is the nearest approach to a sudden genius that the war has produced on the side of the allies. He embodies the spirit of Napoleon, who used the artillery of his day with the power of real affection for the big guns—such as they were. The 75 mm. and the giant 400 mm. gun were not even dreamed of in his day. Petain is the master of these terrible instruments of slaughter. But he is humanly a soldier who knows the value of using his artillery to save the lives of the army. With the Germans an army corps is merely a human machinery to follow up the work of the artillery and to be mowed down in masses if need be at the advance. With Petain a battery of 75's or of 400's is an instrument not merely to match the big gun work of the Germans, but to reduce the loss of men to a minimum. France saves her men by the use of her artillery in defence. Germany still sacrifices an army corps as ruthlessly as she would a horse or an international principle for the sake of Verdun.

While the 400 mm. shell blasts the countrysid the most poetic builder of France goes on building his forms of beauty to express modern France. Rodin is the greatest living sculptor. He is the realist and the poet. What Hugo and Zola were to French literature. He expresses emotion. Anatomy to him is a vehicle of feeling. He penetrates the mask of a man's face to get at the sufferings or the joys of his soul as a high explosive shell penetrates the walls of some cathedral to lay bare to the world its shrines and images. Rodin is a thinker. He was fifty years old before he became famous. They say that he was a street gamin of Paris, and his first acquaintance with art was when the once dirty street child learned to mix clay in a studio. The country that can produce a Rodin is no more effete than the land that produced Voltaire.

Recently Rodin, an old man and near the end of his career, deeded his studio of great works in the Hotel Biron to the French nation. An article in the New York Sun says:

"The Hotel Biron is a famous building of magnificent proportions. It belonged to the family of the Duc de Biron, at the time of the American Revolutionary War, and then became the home of the Duc de Lauzun. Then it was successively the nunciature, the home of the Russian embassy, and was later occupied by the Lames de Sacre Coeur. After the reparation of church and state in 1906, the Dames de Sacre Coeur were driven out, and the place stood vacant until 1908, when Rodin secured permission from the government to occupy it as a studio.

Leading Question

Arthur Train, assistant district attorney of New York, has ready wit which has caused the downfall of many witnesses. This was proved recently in a divorce trial. Mr. Train was cross-examining the plaintiff, with whom he had the following tilt:

"You claim this woman drinks. Is that the reason you wish to divorce her?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you drink, yourself?"

"That's my business!" angrily responded the irate husband.

Unmoved, Mr. Train asked this question:

"Have you any other business?"—Argonaut.

The squire's pretty daughter (examining the village school)—Now, children, can you tell me what a miracle is? The children looked at one another, but remained silent, according to the London Globe. "Can no one answer this question?" the new curate asked, who was standing behind the squire's daughter. A little girl was suddenly struck with a brilliant idea. She held up her hand excitedly. "Well, Nellie?" the squire's daughter asked, smiling approvingly. "Please, miss," the small child repied breathlessly, "mother says 'twill be a miracle if you don't marry the new curate."

One of the freshmen at Yale immediately applied to the proper officer of the university upon the day of his entrance into that institution for information touching his father's stay there before him.

"I should like to see my father's record," said he. "He was in the class of '75."

"I shall be glad to show you the record," said the officer, "but have you any special reason for consulting it?"

"Well," said the youth, "when I left home dad told me not to disgrace him, and I wish to see just how far I can go."

Always the Way

Down in Baltimore a German sued his Irish wife for divorce because an American bounced her on his knee. Isn't it funny how in all these international scraps the American almost invariably plays the role of the goat?

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SHRAPNEL

Rank and File

O Undistinguished Dead!
Whom the bent covers, or the rock-strewn steep
Shows to the stars, for you I mourn—I weep,
O Undistinguished Dead!

None knows your name,
Blackened and blurred in the wild battle's brunt,
Hotly you fell . . with all your wounds in front—
This is your fame!

* * * *

A wounded Scot belonging to an English regiment was home on leave A slip in his papers gave a bit of trouble among the clerks at headquarters. After being passed from one to another, he finally found himself once more facing the officer at whom be began. "Good heavens!" said the officer, "you Scotchmen are the bally limit. You go on pestering people until you get what you want. One of you is more bother than a whole regiment." "Yes, sir," said the unspeakable Scot, "that's what the Germans said at Loos, sir."

* * * *

The Scotch version of Tipperary, which reaches us from Glasgow, deserves a wider publicity. It is given with the caution that it cannot be lightly attempted save by a Scotsman:

It's a long wye tae Auchtermuchty,
It's a lang wye tae Perth,
It's a lang wye tae get tae onywhere
Frae onywhere else on airth.

Guid-bye tae Ballachulish,
Farewell but an' ben;
It's a lang, lang wye tae Auchtermuchty,
But I'll gang back again.

—Christian Science Monitor.

* * * *

The Sergeant-Major had the reputation of never being at a loss for an answer. A young officer made a bet with a brother officer that he would in less than twenty-four hours ask the Sergeant-Major a question that would baffle him.

The Sergeant-Major accompanied the young officer on his rounds, in the course of which the cookhouse was inspected. Pointing to a large copper of water, just commencing to boil, the officer said: "Why does that water only boil round the edges of the copper and not in the centre?" "The water round the edge, sir," replied the veteran, "is for the men on guard; they have their breakfast half an hour before the remainder of the company."

Tough

Now that the Hun rulers will not allow them to powder their faces, the German girls are beginning to realize the horrows of this war.

* * * *

A Fair Exchange

Germany has asked the United States for the return of some papers seized with Von Papen. Perhaps Uncle Sam would give the papers in exchange for Von Papen.

* * * *

The Officer (after a complaint) — This tea's all right. What's the complaint?

Tommy—It ain't tea, sir. It's stoo!

The Officer—And very nice stoo!

* * * *

The trouble with Lavergne and his friends is that they are readier to fight for the French tongue than for French freedom.

It's a wonder that the Huns haven't invented a torpedo that won't leave a wake. It would save a lot of denying.

A Canadian officer at the front owes his life to his cheque book having stopped a bullet. Moral, let every soldier be provided with a cheque book.

The Crown Prince is trying hard to work up a military reputation, but somehow we feel that military reputations won't be worth much in Germany after the war.

New York Telegraph remarks that Canadian fighters have better press agents than their British cousins. Speaking of press agents, do you read the Mexican chase stories?

* * * *

Does Germany Hate France?

Henri de Regnier, one of the forty immortals of the French Academy, told the following incident as an example of Germany's hatred for France:

"The army of the Crown Prince, fighting around Verdun, recently sent a cradle to the Crown Princess bearing the inscription: "The wood with which this cradle is made is stained with French blood."