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WILL THRASH OUT HARBOR BOARD PLANS

At a meeting of the harbor and navigation committee of the Board of Trade held Wednesday afternoon, it was decided to hold a general meeting of the board next week to discuss the recent order-in-council passed by the Dominion government authorizing the issue of bonds to the extent of $5,000,000 for the development of the Vancouver harbor. Considerable criticism was indulged in by certain members of the committee at what they termed the reluctance of the harbor commissioners to give out any information with regard to the harbor scheme and the lack of publicity in the matter of the recent order-in-council. It was at first proposed that a telegram should be sent to Premier Borden, but it was pointed out that it would be advisable first to hear what the harbor commissioners had to say on the matter.

Mr. Stevens to Attend

It had been the intention of the Board of Trade to hold its full meeting of the board on Monday night, but Mr. Stevens notified the board that he would like to attend the meeting, and having a previous engagement for that night, suggested Tuesday night. The board acquiesced and notices are being sent out calling a meeting for Tuesday.

There appears to be considerable criticism of the harbor development from certain sources and it is believed that Tuesday's meeting will see a complete statement of the grounds for this complaint, giving opportunity for the harbor commissioners to make their reply.

Mr. Stevens, who has taken a leading part in the matter, said that the whole question had been carefully investigated by the Dominion government, and three of its most competent officials had been out here and gone over the plans carefully. He said that the basis of the policy of the harbor board and of himself was to bring about a reduction in the charges of freight in this port. None of the figures in the harbor board's estimated plans and application to the Dominion government were definite, but only estimates.

Not one inch of property, he declared, would be purchased for harbor development except under expropriation and arbitration proceedings and nothing would be done hastily.

JAPANESE CONSUL RAISES PROTEST

Something in the nature of a boomerang was thrown out by the license commissioners on Wednesday afternoon when they passed a resolution to the effect that all licenses for the year should be granted subject to the holders thereof substituting their Asiatic labor by white help after December 31, 1916, the understanding being that a similar resolution would be passed by the city council covering cafes, rooming houses and restaurants.

The resolution went through very nicely, after Miss Helen Gutteridge and Mr. J. H. McVety had said a few words, words which they explained had been sai dover and over again during the past year and a half, in favor of the exclusion of Asiatics.

Then the commissioners proceeded to deal with the licenses, all those granted being with the proviso, as covered by the resolution, and it looked as if everything was settled so far as the employment of Asiatics was concerned, when, at the conclusion of the meeting, Mr. Abe, the Japanese consul, asked permission address the board, and his address, figuratively speaking, put the fat in the fire, and loaded the minutes with still one more resolution.

The word Asiatic was the stumbling block insofar as Mr. Abe was concerned, and he promptly showed the board that in order to live up to the treaty between the British Empire and Japan, it would be necessary for them to eliminate the word and substitute some other, or do away with the resolution altogether. He pointed out that it was most offensive to his countrymen as they were allies of Great Britain and had taken their part in the war in which the Empire was involved.

Mr. Abe put his questions to the board in a most incisive form:

"Do you know that the word Asiatic includes Japanese?"

"Do you intend to exclude Japanese employees from hotel premises?"

"Do you know the empire of Japan is one of your allies in the present war?"

These queries being answered by the mayor in the affirmative, Mr. Abe continued: "Then do you know the meaning of the flag which is hanging over there at the extreme left?" pointing to the Japanese flag on the wall.

Mayor McBeath still stuck to his guns and explained that the board having decided to allow none other than British subjects in hotels as bar tenders had determined to extend that provision to the employment of help around hotels.

Mr. Abe: "I object to the exclusion of Japanese. Two years ago my country declared war on Germany, not for material gain, but in order to live up to the treaty she had with Great Britain. She helped your ships to their great victory in the Southern Pacific and the power of the Pacific ocean is wholly under the hands of the Japanese at the present time."

Proceeding the consul pointed out that only forty Japanese were employed around hotels in the city, and that it was unfair to hurt the feelings of seventy millions of people on account of a few.

He suggested the addition of the words, "except Japanese" or "except the Allies of Great Britain," and explained that by the commercial treaty Japan was assured of every consideration and favor. He further pointed out that in the case of the recent Shipping Bill, it was altered after going through its third reading owing to this favored nation clause being pointed out by the consul to the lieutenant governor.

The effect on his countrymen he showed the board would be bad, even if the city council by its action caused the present resolution to be rescinded, and he begged the board to reconsider its decision. The mayor then remarked that taking into consideration the remarks of Mr. Abe, he, while strongly in favor of excluding Asiatics, felt that the board should have legal opinion on the matter, whereupon Commissioner Leek suggested that the resolution be held up pending an opinion from the city solicitor.

CLEVER CHILDREN TO BE SEEN IN FRIVOLITIES

Vancouver child artists will be heard in the Frivolities, a Ridotto, at the Vancouver Opera House (Empress theatre) tonight and Saturday. These children have been coached by Miss Jean Mollison of Glencoe Lodge, who will take charge of the program.

There will be several new Vancouver baby artists performing, among them May and Phyllis Keith in a Scotch duet, the latter making a hit in her recent rendering of "Walking in the Park Wi' Geordie." Another artist will be Polly Redfern's little sister Nellie, aged four and a half years who bids fair to rival Polly; and Patricia Salmon's little brother of five years. Other Vancouver favorites will be Miss Vivien Dana in a most captivating new dance, and ever popular Miss Babs Macpherson in a charming new turn, and Mr. Harry Chrimes in some of his inimitable selections.

The business end of the programme is being looked after by Mrs. W. E. Graveley and Mrs. Willoughby Brown.

The entertainment is for the benefit of the Returned Soldiers' Welcome Club, and Ward II Red Cross Material Fund and is under the patronage of Lady Tupper, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Mrs. A. L. Russell, Mrs. Duff Stuart, Mrs. A. P. Proctor, Mrs. T. W. Peters, Mrs. W. E. Graveley, Mrs. Willoughby Brown, Mrs. Jukes and Mrs. Parsons.

Evening shows at 8.30, Saturday matinee, 2.30 p.m.

REV. DR. MACKAY ON CHURCH UNION

Principal John Mackay, who has been attending the General Assembly of the Pesbyterian church in Winnipeg, has returned to the city. Principal Mackay was this year appointed assembly preacher, the highest honor in the gift of the church on such an occasion, next to the moderator's chair.

When interviewed he said: "This has been perhaps the greatest assembly in the history of the Presbyterian church in Canada. The attendance of commissioners was large and the public interest was so great that Westminster church, one of the largest churches in Western Canada, was crowded at every public session, even standing room being often at a premium. It is very evident that while the war has drained the money and the manhood of the church of the church, it has deepened and enriched its real life and given it an intensity of spirit which means much for the future. The feeling of all was that this world crisis means a new opportunity for the Christian church in the whole world.

A Momentous Decision

"That does not mean that men are more content now with the old forms and the old methods of expressing truth than they have been, but that there is a new spirit, seeking new forms of expression which the church must utilize or step aside and allow some other institution to take its place. But the church is awake to its meaning and is seriously seeking to make the most of it. This is the meaning of the church union vote, the most momentous decision of the assembly. Some of us feared the result of final action during the present world crisis. Yet all were agreed that before long some definite decision must be reached on the vote which was taken this year throughout the church.

"The matter was discussed from every point of view for over two days and while the feeling was intense, the spirit displayed was admirable. The vote was taken by calling the roll and each man, as he rose in his place and answered 'yes' or 'no' felt the seriousness of the decision he was called upon to make. The result showed that 403 were for taking immediate steps to consummate a union of the Methodist, Presbyterian and Congregational churches of Canada, while 88 were either opposed to such a union or favored delay.

Wanted Decision Deferred

"Personally, having had experience of the strife and unsettlement produced by the union in 1900 in Scotland and knowing how intense the feeling is in many parts of Canada, I could not vote to create a similar state of affairs in Canada during these tragic times. On the other hand, I could not vote 'no' without explaining that my opposition was only to proceeding at once, and not to the movement itself. When my name was called I discovered that the rules of procedure do not allow of an explanation being made during voting and simply said, "I prefer not to vote.' About 30 or 40 others, feeling the same difficulty, remained silent.

"But the vote was so desicive and the spirit in which it was taken was so fine that it has simplified matters for many of those who, like myself, had difficulty in knowing how to vote. The church by its vote has said that while difficulties are bound to arise, it is better to go forward than to remain longer in the state of indecision in which we have been for the past few years. For me, and for many others, that means that we will fall in and heartily support the action of the great majority of the church, seeking to bring about the necessary adjustments with the least possible friction and loss.

Favored Federation

"I have always felt that the ideal method of expressing the unity which is growing so rapidly among all branches of the Christian church was by federation, allowing a large measure of autonomy to the existing churches as the first step and working out the ultimate form by experience. But that would require quite as high a unity of spirit as the organic union proposed and, since the great majority of the church prefer the latter form, those of us who have been advocating federation can have no conscientious scruples against, heartily supporting what we believe is the next best thing. There are, however, many able and broad-minded men and women in the church who have conscientious scruples against the movement proposed, but if the fine spirit shown at the assembly continues to mark all the negotiations, whatever occurs, the Christian forces of the nation as a whole stand to gain much from this movement."

MANY IMPROVEMENTS FOR NEXT EXHIBITION

Manager Rolston has been busy out at the exhibition grounds during the week making ready for the big show that will open on August 14. A gang of men have been employed going over the sheep and pig pens and putting them into shape, while a number of additional pens are being constructed to accommodate the increased number of entries that are expected.

This year Mr. Rolston looks for a remarkably good stock show at the exhibition as, he says, all the British Columbia producers are loaded up with good stock, and everybody is looking for a good market. The stables and cattle barn are being renovated, water troughs put in, extra stalls added, and many other improvements made. Mr. Rolston is of opinion that this department will be one of the features of the exhibition this year. He states that although they are not offering any inducements to American and Eastern stock raisers this year, indications point to these being well represented. Inquiries are being received from various parts of the States and Eastern Canada for information generally and for prize lists, and a promise has already been received of two car loads of Herefords from a point on Montana, and others are expected. Most of these inquiries are from beef cattle men, the dairy cattle men evidently fearing the keen competition of British Columbia breeders, who, Mr. Rolston declares, possess some of the finest dairy cattle in the world.

A meeting of the committe,e which was held on the ground, decided to make several important improvements to the fine arts building. Permanent show cases for the exhibition of pictures are being built on the walls, and pedestals being erected for showing statuary, while shades are being hung across the ceiling in order to secure the right light for the pictures. Hitherto there has been too much glare of the sun for the right effect to be obtained, and the light will now be mellowed by a large cotton screen 100 feet in length by 50 feet in width, which will be stretched right across the ceiling. A new floor has also been laid in the building.

The race track is in splendid condition for the harness events, and Mr. Rolston characterizes it as being one of the finest and fastest race tracks on the Dominion.

ARTS AND CRAFTS GUILD NOW ORGANIZED

A visit to the newly reorganized Arts and Crafts Association of Canada would be enlightening and perhaps interesting to those who are lovers of the truly beautiful in art. It is somewhat of a surprise to visit the local association and find from the evidence there that Vancouver possesses some craftsmen and women whose work is equal in its own particular line to any that may be found elsewhere. When the branch opened here as the Handicrafts Guild the greater part of the stock was the product of eastern workers, but today the shop is being supplied almost entirely by local workers and there is no scarcity either in quantity or quality.

The new quarters of the association are located at 715 Georgia street.

The object of the guild is not charity, but to provide some centre where those who create with the hands beautiful objects may find a place in which to come in touch with those who purchase such articles. Its object is also to foster and increase a love of good handicrafts and to keep alive those arts which in this machine-made age are disappearing. The association asks from the worker only a very small percentage of the sale price not enough to cover the expenses of keeping open their shop. In previous years they have depended largely on the revenue grant of $500 from the provincial government, but this year they did not receive this grant owing to the financial pressure, and are now depending on their membership fees for funds with which to carry on their work.

The committee this year includes: Mr. H. H. Morris, president; Mr. J. W. McFarland, vice-president and treasurer; Mrs. J. H. Senkler, second vice-president; executive committee, Mrs. A. H. McNeill, Mrs. Jonathan Rogers, Mr. Dubois Phillips, Mr. Marega and Mr. Gintzburger. The committee is anxious to have the people of Vancouver know the association rooms at 715 Georgia street, not only because of possible purchases, but because they hope by acquainting people with work of artists and craftsmen, which is to be found there, to stimulate the growth of the love for beautiful and artistic things.

Some interesting specimens of wood carving on totem poles, done by helpless patients at the General hospital, are to be found there and form a mute appeal from these patient sufferers who can never hope to take their place in life again. Other interesting work includes willow chairs, cabinet work, Indian basket work, embroidery, painted china and pottery, silver and enamel work, and much other beautiful handiwork.

PREDICTS BIG BOOM IN MINE DEVELOPMENT

The possibilities of the mineral resources of the province and the opinion which shrewd financial men in the eastern centres hold of the future development of British Columbia, especially from the standpoint of mining, is indicated in The New York Commercial, one of the leading and most conservative publications of its kind in America. The high price of metals consequent upon the war, the effect which the opening of the Panama Canal will have in improving shipping facilities, and the active steps which existing companies in the field are taking towards further development are factors, it is pointed out, which will result in a remarkable revival in the mining industry, both in British Columbia and Alaska. The article follows:

"A mining boom, if the word boom may be used, surpassing the Klondyke boom twenty years ago, has been quietly under way for more than a year past in Alaska and the west coast country of British Columbia. As yet the outside world has scarcely awakened to the fact. There have been no hurrah methods of booming, and no romancing. Quietly, but firmly and energetically, and with paying results, capital has applied itself intelligently to the business of developing copper, gold, zinc and lead-silver mines, as a busines.

As a business pure and simple, mine development and mining needs no booming.

Dr. Casselman has joined the militia, and is now wearing the khaki.

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.

INVALID DIET

What is more disgusting to an invalid than to be served with a liberal supply of food adapted to a laboring man or to a person in robust health? Delicate appetites need to be delicately appealed to with dainty dishes, nicely served But these dishes must be nourishing and easily digested. In short, the problem in sick-room diet is, how to furnish the patient the most valuable nutrition in the pleasantest form, and with the least tax upon his enfeebled powers.

To meet this need, organized movements have been made in many cities in the line of "Sick-Diet Kitchens." Benevolent contributions and skilled work are the corner-stones of these institutions. The foods are well prepared by competent hands. The sick who choose to purchase delicacies which can be relied on, can find them at these places. Those who are too poor to purchase, but who are deserving, can have them free. Instruction concerning diet for the sick is given also.

Beef Tea

One pound of lean beef, cut into small pieces. Put into a jar without a drop of water, cover tightly, set in a pot of cold water. Heat gradually to a boil, and continue this steadily for three or four hours, until the meat is like white rags and the juice all drawn out. Season with salt to taste, and when cold, skim. The patient will often prefer this ice-cold.

Beef Tea, No. 2

Take lean, juicy beef, chopped very finely; cover with cold water, and set on back of the range for two hours; then draw forward, allowing it to heat gradually; then boil for five minutes. Season and strain.

Mutton Broth

One pound of lean mutton, cut small; one quart of water, cold; one tablespoonful of rice or barley, soaked in a very little warm water; four tablespoonfuls of milk, salt and pepper, with a little chopped parsley. Boil the meat, unsalted, in the water, keeping it closely covered, until it falls to pieces. Strain it out, add the soaked barley or rice; simmer half an hour, stirring often; stir in the seasoning and the milk, and simmer five minutes after it heats up well, taking care it does not burn. Serve hot, with cream crackers.

Chicken Broth

Proceed precisely as above, but substitute chicken for mutton.

Chicken Jelly

Half a raw chicken, pounded with a mallet, bones and meat together; plenty of cold water to cover it well, about a quart. Heat slowly in a covered vessel, and let it simmer until the meat is in white rags and the liquid reduced one-half. Strain and press, first through a colander, then through a coarse cloth. Salt to taste, and pepper if you think best; return to the fire, and simmer five minutes longer. Skim when cool. Give to the patient cold just from the ice—with unleavened wafers. Keep on the ice, or make into sandwiches by putting the jelly between thin slices of bread spread lightly with butter.

Soft Boiled Eggs

Put in a pan of boiling water, and set on a part of the range where they will not boil for several minutes. At the end of that time they will be like jelly, perfectly soft, but beautifully done, and quite digestible by even weak stomachs.

Egg Gruel

Beat the yolk of one egg with one tablespoonful of sugar; pour one teacupful of boiling water on it; add the white of the egg beaten to a froth, with any seasoning of spice desired. To be taken warm.

Raw Egg

Break a fresh egg into a glass, beat until very light, sweeten to taste, and add two tablespoonfuls of port wine, then beat again.

Egg Cream

Beat a raw egg to a stiff froth; add a tablespoonful of white sugar and a half wineglass of good blackberry wine; add half a glass of cream; beat together thoroughly, and use at once.

Indian-Meal Gruel

One tablespoonful of fine Indian-meal, mixed smooth with cold water and a saltspoonful of salt; pour upon this a pint of boiling water and turn into a saucepan to boil gently for half an hour; thin it with boiling water if it thickens too much, and stir frequently; when it is done, a tablespoonful of cream or a little new milk may be put in to cool it after straining, but if the patient's stomach is weak it is best without either. Some persons like it sweetened and a little nutmeg added, but to many it is more palatable plain.

Oatmeal Gruel

Soak a handful of oatmeal over night in water, in order that the acid gases which oatmeal contains may be withdrawn. Pour off the water, and add a pint of fresh; stir it well, add salt, and boil an hour and a half. This is much used, prepared in this way, by dyspeptics.

Sago

Soak and wash it well; add a pint of water, a little salt, and boil till clear. Add lemon-juice or wine, if permitted.

Arrow-Root Jelly

Boil a pint of water with a few bits of cinnamon or yellow rind of lemon; stir into it two tablespoonfuls of arrow-root, dissolved in a little water; boil ten minutes; strain, salt, and season with sugar, wine, and nutmeg, if proper.

Arrow-root Broth

Put half a pint of water into a saucepan; add a little lemon-juice, sugar and nutmeg, and a very little salt. Boil it up, and stir in a teaspoonful of dissolved arrow-root; boil five minutes. It should be taken warm and be very thin.

Cracked Wheat

To one quart of hot water take one small teacupful of cracked wheat and a little salt; boil slowly for half an hour, stirring occasionally to prevent burning. Serve with sugar and cream or new milk.

Cracker Panada

Six Boston crackers, split; two tablespoonfuls of white sugar, a good pinch of salt, and a little nutmeg; enough boiling water to cover them well. Split the crackers, and pile in a bowl of layers, salt and sugar scattered among them. Cover with boiling water and set on the hearth, with a close top over the bowl, for at least an hour. The crackers should be almost clear and soft as jelly, but not broken. Eat from the bowl with more sugar sprinkled in.

Bread Panada

Set a little water on the fire in a very clean saucepan; add a glass of wine, if allowed, some sugar, nutmeg and lemon-peel. The moment it boils up stir in a few crumbs of stale baker's loaf. Let it boil very fast for five minutes. It should be only thick enough to drink.

Chicken Panada

Boil a chicken; take a few bits of the breast and pound fine in a mortar. Season it with a little salt, a grate of nutmeg, and a bit of lemon-peel; boil gently till a little thick, but so that it can be drunk.

Soft Toast

Some invalids like this very much indeed, and nearly all do when it is nicely made. Toast well, but not too brown, a couple of thin slices of bread; put them on a warm plate and pour over boiling water; cover quickly with another plate of the same size, and drain the water off; remove the upper plate, butter the toast, put it in the oven one minute, and then cover again with a hot plate and serve at once.

Milk Porridge

Two cupfuls of best oatmeal, two cupfuls of water, two cupfuls of milk. Soak the oatmeal over night in the water; strain in the morning, and boil the water half an hour. Put in the milk with a little salt, boil up well and serve. Eat warm, with or without powdered sugar.

Thickened Milk

With a little milk, mix smooth a tablespoonful of flour and a pinch of salt. Pour upon it a quart of boiling milk, and when both are thoroughly mingled put all back into the saucepan and boil up once, being careful not to burn, and stirring all the time to keep it perfectly smooth and free from lumps. Serve with slices of dry toast.

Toast Water

Toast stale bread until quite brown, but do not burn it; put it into a large bowl, and pour over it boiling water; let it stand for an hour or so, strain, and put in a piece of ice before drinking.

Barley Water

Soak one pint of barley in lukewarm water for a few minutes; then drain off the water. Put the barley in three quarts of cold water and cook slowly until the barley is quite soft, skimming occasionally. This barley water, when cold, flavor with a little jelly or lemonade.

Rice Milk

Pick and wash the rice carefully; boil it in water until it swells and softens; when the water is partly boiled away, add some milk. It may be boiled entirely in milk, by setting the vessel in which the rice is in boiling water; sweeten with white sugar and season with nutmeg. It also may be thickened with a little flour or beaten egg.

Flaxseed Tea

One-half pound of flaxseed, one half pound of rock candy, and three lemons pared and sliced; pour over this two quarts of boiling water; let it stand until very cold; strain before drinking. This is good for a cough.

Appleade

Cut two large apples in slices, and pour on them one pint of boiling water; strain well and sweeten. Ice it before drinking.

Apple Water

Roast two large tart apples until they are soft. Put them in a pitcher, pour a pint of cold water on them, and let them stand in a cool place for an hour. No sweetening is needed. This drink will be found very refreshing if the patient have fever or eruptive diseases.

Roast Apples

Good-sized, juicy, tart apples are best for roasting. Wipe them clean, and put in a slow oven, allowing an hour for the work of roasting. When entirely done, sift fine, white sugar over them, and serve warm or cold, as desired.

Wine Whey

Sweeten one pint of milk to taste, and when boiling throw in two wineglassfuls of sherry; when the curd forms, strain the whey through a muslin bag into tumblers.

Blackberry Sirup

One quart of blackberry juice, one pound of sugar, one-half ounce of nutmeg, one-half ounce of cinnamon, one-fourth of an ounce of cloves, one-fourth of an ounce of allspice.

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/, 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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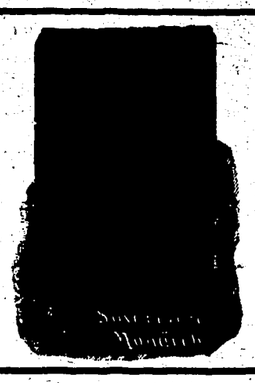

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

SUFFRAGE WORKERS ELECT OFFICERS

An enthusiastic meeting of the representative women of Ward V. was held in the Red Cross room, Lee Building, last week for the purpose of organizing a ward five Women's Suffrage Referendum Association, resulting in the election of the following officers: President, Mrs. Clark; vice-president, Mrs. Steeves; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Ralph; recording secretary, pro tem, Mrs. Arnett; treasurer, Mrs. Franklin; press, publicity and literature, Mrs. J. O. Perry; delegates to central committee, Mrs. J. O. Perry, Mrs. Budlong, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Franklin, Mrs. Burrows. Delegates from the following organizations were appointed on the executive: The W. C. T. U. the Ward V. Women's Forum, the Mount Pleasant Suffrage League, the Ward V. Women's Conservative Association, and the Maccabees.

His First Sentry-Go

He was a "rookie" on his first sentry duty at one of the government reservations. The corporal of the guard had told him what to do when the officer of the day appeared, which by rule ought to be at about half-past nine that night. Sentry was to notify corporal, when the officer had passed. At 10 o'clock no report from the sentry. The corporal wanted to know why. Much perturbed, the sentry said he was sorry. He had not seen the officer. "Keep me posted," said the corporal sharply. "He is mighty late." Fifteen minutes later the officer appeared and the sentry challenged: "Who goes there?" "Officer of the day." Replied the "rooky" most earnestly: "You're late, you are. You'll get hell when the corporal of the guard sees you."

LOCAL RED CROSS WORK

SUMMARY OF YEAR'S RED CROSS WORK

The Vancouver branch has just received the annual report of the Central Council of the Canadian Red Cross Society. The report deals in a general way with the work done during the year ending December 31, 1915. Certain extracts and data from this report might be of general interest to the public and consequently the following statement has been prepared by the local branch for publication.

The report summarizes the work for the year—firstly, done in Canada; secondly, the work accomplished in England; and thirdly, the active assistance given by the society in the several war zones in co-operation with the British Red Cross Society.

Million Dollars Raised

Nearly a million dollars was raised by the Canadian Red Cross Society throughout the Dominion up to December 31 last. The exact amount received by headquarters was $975,515.50. Of this amount $340,976.98 was remitted to the London office of the Canadian Red Cross Society, and other contributions towards Red Cross work were made as follows: British Red Cross Society, $50,000; French Red Cross Society, $23,350; St. John's Ambulance Brigade, $25,000; Duchess of Connaught Hospital, Cliveden, $14,950; The Queen's Canadian Military Hospital, Beechborough Park, $5,005; hospital supplies, exhibition camp, $1,831; Port Said Hospital, $100.

Office maintenance and expenses amounted to a total of $33,621.86, and this total is made up as follows: Halifax and St. John offices, $4,936.76; wages of paid staff, $11,472.09; stationery, $2,116.13; postage and sundries, $1,972.23; travelling expenses, $1,563.75; office furniture and equipment, $166; rent, $275; telephone, telegrams, etc., $859.93; insurance, $126.10; fuel and light, $264.71; nurses' expenses, $9,869.16.

Garments and supplies received and despatched up to December 31 last amounted to 45,358 packages, and these were shipped to England. Included in these shipments were 285,000 pairs of socks; 200,000 shirts, 108,000 nightshirts; 106,000 hospital shirts; 43,000 suits of pyjamas; 41,000 sheets; 13,000 mufflers; 15,000 bed jackets and nightingales; 7,000 cholera belts; 13,000 kit bags; 5,000 vests of underwear. There were also sent 2,000,000 handkerchiefs and vast supplies of bandages and surgical dressings, of which no definite account can be kept. The bandages amount to at least two and a half millions, and surgical dressings, compresses and wipes to at least five milions. There was also sent nine tons of tobacco, 85 tons of jams, and 3,000 cases of apples. The total value of the goods shipped, according to the report, is, upon a very conservative estimate, about three million dollars.

Large Sums Raised

Up to December 31 last the local branch, according to the report, had raised $28,659.48, of which $12,905 had been forwarded to Toronto, and $12,791.22 was spent locally on Red Cross supplies. This sum, however, does not include an additional $12,000 whilch was raised by the local branch and forwarded to the British Red Cross Society, nor the further sum of $33,000 raised by the local branch and the St. John's Ambulance Association for the British Columbia base hospital. The report credits the local branch with having forwarded to headquarters the vast total of 808,711 articles. This number will, of course, include vast quantities of smaller articles and a very large quantity of larger articles.

During the war the work of the society has developed to an enormous extent, and many new branches have been established throughout the Dominion, so that at the end of 1915 the number of such branches stood at 484. In addition to these new branches, a large number of auxiliary societies, acting in co-operation with them, have been established in places where, owing to sparse population, it has been found undesirable to issue warrants to establish branches.

The hospitals established and equipped by the society, and which are under construction, and for which funds have been voted to complete them, are as under: The Duchess of Connaught Hospital at Clivedne, numbering 900 beds, with recreation rooms, dining hall, etc., of which the cost of the building and equipment amounts to $200,000. This hospital is said to be second to none for the completeness of its plan and arrangements. Bushey Park, which was graciously offered by His Majesty the King to the society, was made suitable for the purpose of a convalescent hospital, and some 300 beds have been installed. Another convalescent hospital was established at Buxton, and is known as the Peak Hotel Hospital.

In addition to the establishment of the above named hospitals, the society has given material assistance to the military hospitals in Canada wherever established, and offers of assistance have been sent to medical officers in command of convalescent hospitals under the Dominion and provincial commissions.

Canadian Red Cross supplies are furnished to numerous hospitals and institutions in England, France and in other theatres of the war, which number about 100, and a detailed list of which is given in the report.

A large number of letters of appreciation have been received by the society, one of which was from Sir Robert L. Borden, who has had ample opportunity of judging the operations and results of the society. This letter says in part:

"From time to time there have come under our observation instructive and interesting reports of the work of the Canadian Red Cross Society, and I desire, on behalf of the government, to express to the executive committee, and, if possible, through the committee to the workers everywhere throughout the country, our very great appreciation of their splendid efforts. I hope that everyone in Canada realizes the extent and efficiency of the society's work. Its organization has provided a means for co-ordinating the patriotic societies of every community in the Dominion. The unselfish devotion and the tireless energy with which the women of Canada have consecrated their efforts to this work deserve and command the highest praise.

"Last summer I had the privilege of seeing at first hand a great deal of what is being done by the society in the United Kingdom and France, and of hearing of its exertions in other fields, such as in the Mediterranean. In London the information department, the prisoners of war department, and the parcels department, conducted under the supervision of a number of ladies who have devoted themselves to these branches, are doing most efficient work in securing and sending to relatives at home news of the sick and wounded and prisoners of war, and to distributing to all these the various comforts sent forward from Canada. And it can confidently be said that the Duchess of Connaught Hospital, maintained by the society at Cliveden, which I had the pleasure of inspecting more than once, is not surpassed by any military hospital in Europe.

"For all this the people of Canada must, I am sure, be very grateful. In the still greater work that lies before the society, any appeals for further effort and support will surely not fall on deaf ears."

In its retrospect of the work done by the society in England during the year, the report states that from the small beginning in October, 1914, the work has extended by leaps and bounds so that at the time of the report the central office in London numbered some 16 rooms, with a staff of voluntary and paid workers numbering 84, and the report further deals with the activities of the central office, which include those of the commissioner, the information and prisoners of war departments, and the parcels branch.

The information department, which was formed in February, 1915, follows up the wounded and sick Canadian soldiers from the place where the pay and record office first reports the soldier, and in his devious wanderings from hospital to hospital, either in France or Great Britain, or in both countries, and to keep in touch with him so that reliable information is obtained weekly of his condition, and to communicate the same to his relatives either in Canada or elsewhere.

In addition to gathering such information, this department sends a body of voluntary workers, chiefly ladies, who visit the hospital to which they are severally assigned, and who report weekly, or more frequently, as the case may require, to London. The work done by this large body of workers on behalf of the society, and for the benefit and information of the relatives and friends, is invaluable.

The parcels branch has been formed for the express purpose of sending parcels of Red Cross comforts to the individual Canadian soldiers who were scattered throughout the hospitals of Great Britain, and this is being done by the parcel post. A large staff of voluntary workers are continually at work distributing many thousands of packages of supplies made in Canada.

The system adopted for carrying out this work is highly efficient, and a number of voluntary lady workers are engaged in rendering every possible assistance to the prisoners in Germany, as well as furnishing information to their friends. The difficulties of this department are quite different from any other departments. Parcels are addressed separately, and sent by post or by express, and are dispatched on receipt of messages from the prisoners themselves that they are in want, and the society has every assurance that what is sent from London reaches the prisoners of war.

Dealing briefly with the work in France, the report states that the offices of the society in France are at Boulogne, which is also the headquarters of the British Red Cross Society. It is from the Boulogne depot that the advanced depots are kept supplied. There is an advanced depot with each of the three Canadian general hospitals, namely Nos. 1, 2 and 3, and one at general headquarters, from which supplies are distributed to the Casualty Clearing Hospital and the five field ambulances, this being the nearest point at which can be placed stores for the mobile units and the Casualty Clearing Hospital. A department has also been established in Paris for the distribution of supplies amongst needy French hospitals.

The Canadian Red Cross Society cooperates intimately with the British Red Cross Society, with which the former is affiliated, and the relations subsisting between the two societies has been most intimate, cordial, and sympathetic.

Qualified

Wifey—What do you think baby will become when he grows up?

Hubby—Well, he had experience enough to be a town crier.

Not Particular

Butcher—Will you have a rond steak, ma'am?

Mrs. Youngbride—I don't care what shape it is, so it's tender.

Maude—See Mrs. Fashun in the stage box? They say every cent her husband earns goes on her back.

Jack—Poor chap! I thought he was doing well, but if he doesn't earn any more than that—!

SHRAPNEL

Modern War

"Then I drew my good sword," said the Captain,
"And I slew him where he stood."
But the colonel reproved him—"Don't take such big risks!
Wasn't the gas pressure good?"

* * * *

The Beton Discourteous

Wife (with newspaper)—It says here that men grow bald because of the intense activity of their brains.

Hub—Exactly! And women have no whiskers because of the intense activity of their chins.

* * * *

French Honor the British V. C.

Lieutenant Norman D. Holbrook, R. N., who was awarded the Victoria Cross for his exploit in submarine B11 in the Dardanelles, has just received the cross of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, conferred upon him by the President of the French Republic.

* * * *

Bad Company

Magistrate, discharging prisoner — "Now, I advise you to keep away from bad company."

Prisoner, feelingly — "Thank you, sir; you won't see me here again!"

The Colonel: "It was so hot out in West Africa that I wished I could die."

The Girl: "Indeed! Wouldn't you have got out of the frying-pan into the fire then?"

* * * *

Putting It to Practical Use

A Canadian traveller, who has just returned from Europe, relates an amusing incident that happened recently in a Continental cafe.

An American who was dining there chanced in some manner to give offence to a fashionably-attired actor.

The latter went over to the American's table, handed him his card and asked him to name his seconds. He must fight a duel.

The Yankee picked up the card, saw on it the name of a famous actor and matinee idol, and promptly wrote in French on it, "Admit One."

He enjoyed the play that night very much.

* * * *

The Amenities of War

The following is vouched for by M. Millerand, former French Minister of War. A French scout came suddenly one day upon a German scout. The German was standing by his dying horse. "Why do you not shoot it?" inquired the Frenchman. "I have no pistol," replied the other. The Frenchman drew his gun and was about to shoot the horse when he said: "But you would sooner shoot your own horse," and handed the weapon to the German, who gravely bowed, shot his horse and returned the pistol, and then gave himself up as prisoner.—London Daily News.

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Evan W. Sexsmith, Editor

THE MEXICAN CRISIS

It is a self-evident fact that the Mexican situation of today is but a part of the general scheme of German treachery, whether carried out in detail by the Central German government itself, or directed by its powerful representatives in South America. Circumstantial evidence is too strong to arrive at any other conclusion, even in the face of the denial made by Mexican authorities that they are dominated by German influence. To begin with, brave as they are, the Mexican bandits would hardly dare to face the superior forces of the United States—superior in ammunition if not in numbers at any rate—if they were not backed up by a greater power. Alone and unaided, they could, no doubt, make things very interesting for their American neighbors for a while with their practiced methods of guerilla warfare. But they would eventually have to succumb in spite of their claim that they could put 100,000 men in the field now and that they have a reserve force of a quarter of a million more. They could not long hold out against the American army of 150,000 men and its vast source of reserves.

Germany would have everything to gain by a state of war between United States and Mexico. The supply of munitions to the Entente Allies would, of necessity, be very considerably lessened. Germany could desire nothing better. Then, with the attention of the United States centred elsewhere and upon an all-engrossing situation of their own, Germany could afford to forget her honorable pledges made to the Americans with regard to submarine warfare. They would merely be another "scrap of paper" to be torn up at the first opportunity. German frightfulness would be more in evidence than ever.

So while General Carranza has as it were, thrown down the gauntlet to President Wilson, and while his men have committed the serious offence of ambushing a portion of General Pershing's forces with serious casualties, diplomacy requires that the quarrel be carried back to its true source and that the issues be settled with the real abettors and intriguers, the Hun betrayers, and not with the tools. For General Carranza is nothing more or less than a pawn in the Kaiser's hand, to be moved at will.

It has been proved that the secret service of the Huns has been an active factor in Mexican affairs ever since the war began. The co-operation between the German embassy at Washington and the ministry in the Mexican capital has not escaped watchful eyes. While professing friendship for United States, Germany is at heart her most vindictive enemy, if for no other reasan than that she has designs against the freedom and civilization of the world. If Germany thinks to retain American friendship whilst instigating vile plots against that country's welfare, she will eventually find that by very dint of her treachery, she has created a feeling of most lively hostility in the largest neutral country in the world.

United States has, therefore, every reason for being desirous of keeping out of war with Mexico. The deliberate attack upon American troops was of German origin. The casualties, however serious, were inferior in number to the loss of American lives on the Lusitania, if that is to be taken as a casus belli. And by declaring war they would virtually be accessory, unwillingly, no doubt, to Germany's criminal procedures against the larger welfare of humanity, besides running a long chance of one day being themselves dominated by the iron hand of a military state.

THE HUNGER GRIP IN GERMANY

The outlook for Germany is unrelieved by a single ray of hope. The Kaiser knows his military power is doomed, and is battling for peace terms with the courage born of despair. Added to the ghastly failure of Verdun is the tightening grip of hunger throughout Germany. The enemy enters upon another year of war with scarcely any reserves of food, and with greatly diminished opportunities of evading the horrible pressure of the British naval blockade. Much depends on the coming harvest, but in the opinion of those best competent to form a conclusion the harvest prospects are not so good as last year. The German farmers are seriously handicapped by shortage of seeds and nitrogenous manure, as well as by scarcity of labor. Unless the coming harvest far exceeds the expectations of the Germans themselves, the enemy, now hard pressed to keep body and soul together, must reach the stage of actual want and starvation.

Dr. Delbrueck, German Minister of the Interior, was made the scapegoat to appease the wrath of Berlin over the shortage of bread, potatoes, meat, milk, and other necessities that required the placing of the people on very meagre rations. A new department has been formed to deal with the food problem, with a civil as well as a military head responsible to the Imperial Chancellor. It has full power to enforce the adoption of uniform food rations throughout the country. In the agitation over the food problem two factors emerge. There has been a real scarcity of foodstuffs, though until recent months this scarcity had not become acute. To the actual shortage has been added the artificial scarcity brought about by what the German press calls "faults of distribution," which, interpreted, means the greed of the agrarian classes and middlemen. Prices have jumped, making the lot of the poor intolerable. On one side were the lower and middle classes, filled with discontent as their hunger increased, on the other side were the agrarians, the Junkers, who are the real driving power behind the Kaiser's armies, and who resent any infringement of their privileges. The government sat on the fence until the food riots portended disaster, when it promptly jumped down on the side of the masses and broke with its traditional supporters. A tremendous task is now placed upon the government, no less than the daily rationing of the whole empire, in addition to the armies in the field. What relief the harvest will bring remains to be seen. The odds against the enemy are daily increasing.

Staggering under the exhausting strain of foredoomed failure in the field and shortage of food, the Teutonic enemy knocks at the door of peace in vain so long as he seeks to dictate terms. He must sue for peace, and the allies, and they alone, must determine on what terms peace will be proclaimed. This is Germany's war. The crime against humanity must be expiated in sackcloth and ashes. Germany has climbed down from her first arrogant proposal of peace terms which would have made her master in Europe. Starvation and the appalling losses at Verdun have humbled the Teuton's pride, but he still insists on "the freedom of the seas." German peace manoeuvres are as clear as daylight. The enemy that set Europe ablaze still hopes to fix his own terms of peace. The time is coming when Germany will want peace on any terms.

THE FUTILE PACIFISTS

In the past two years this old world has learned thoroughly the futility of pacifism and peace conventions and Hague conferences. Men who formerly looked to the Peace Palace gatherings to evolve by degrees a universally respected international code, have abandoned that amiable view in favor of adequate preparedness and defensive alliances. Sir Harry Johnston, who is well known to many Canadians, both personally and as a writer on world relations, has given up his former hopes as to what The Hague conferences might achieve. The events of August-September, 1914, shattered his ideal. Mr. Carnegie's work received its death-blow when neither the United States nor the kingdom of the Netherlands protested to Germany against the invasion of Belgium. From that moment it was evident that the two previous Congresses at The Hague had been a sheer waste of time, a mockery, a mask behind which the Central European Powers carefully prepared for an assault on the liberties of Europe.

Sir Harry Johnston's recantation appears in The London Chronicle, most influential of Liberal newspapers in London. At the outset he rejects the suggestion put forward in some quarters that the United States be invited to convoke a third Hague Congress—the United States, which has never protested the breach of laws laid down at the previous conference. This Third Conference is to abolish war, but how? It is to bind all the Powers to abide by the future arbitrament of The Hague, but how is it to bind them? An International Police, military and naval, is to punish the nations which refuse to abide by the laws, but who is to run the Police? Who is to command it on sea and land? The United States? Is this a proposal to which the British Empire could possibly submit its fate? Or France? Or Russia? Certainly not. The eleven millions of German-Americans and the five or six millions of Austro-Hungarian Americans, form a most noteworthy element in the United States, and by their capacity for military affairs would naturally gravitate to such command to the eternal prejudice of the present Entente Allies.

If it be said that the supreme command should be given to Swedes, or Swiss, or Dutch, the obvious reply is that the Swedish gendarmerie in Persia, the Dutch gendarmerie in Albania, and German-Swiss officers chosen for other international forces have, by a tendency not unnatural, eventually identified themselves with the interests of Germany-Austria. We cannot overlook the fact that so great is the intellectual potency of Germany that the German language is the dominating tongue amongst the Dutch upper and mercantile classes, over three-fifths of Switzerland, and in the intellectual world of Scandinavia. The British Empire and its allies can never trust its interests to the control of a force likely to be, directly or indirectly, dominated by the Hun. Those who advocate such a plan are working against the civilized nations now defending the world's liberties with their blood and their treasure. The allies cannot trust their future to neutral or enemy nations.

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POULTRY RAISING IS UNUSUALLY PROFITABLE

To anyone who has not carefully followed the direction of poultry development in Canada, an understanding of the status which the poultry industry has now reached must constitute a distinct surprise. Whether viewed from the standpoint of the farmer or of the produce trade, it is now one of the best organized and most progressive of Canadian live stock industry. Co-operation among farmers in marketing is improving the product and realizing for them a higher price than they have hitherto been able to obtain. The reorganization of methods by the trade is providing against loss in handling, is assuring to the consumer a better article and establishing export business upon a firm basis.

It is estimated that Canada and Cuba, during the last twenty years, received from the United States about three-fourths of all the eggs exported by that country during that period. This situation, however, has now changed. As against an importation in 1913 of 13,240,111 dozen Canada imported in 1915 not more than 3,783,952 dozen. On the other hand, while in 1913 Canada exported only 147,149 dozen, in 1915, it exported 7,898,322 dozen. This constitutes a net increase in production in two years, of at least 17,100,000 doben. Practically all of these exports went to the United Kingdom.

Notwithstanding the surplus in Canada which these figures indicate, prices during March, April and May have remained at an extraordinarily high level. For the first quarter of the year 1916, the price to producers, selling co-operatively, has been at least four cents in advance of the price received for the same period in 1915. For the month of March it was at least five cents in advance, and for the month of April at least three cents in advance of last year's price for these respective months. The demand for eggs for local consumption for storage purposes and for immediate export, has rarely been so keen as at the present moment. This situation is clearly reflected in the prices just quoted. Heavy domestic consumption in the face of the high price for meats, partly explains this condition. Confidence in the export demand, on the part of the produce trade, confirms it from another direction. Notwithstanding increased production, the egg and poultry business in Canada is in a very strong position at the present time.

Under these circumstances, it is believed that it will be a very wise practice to raise as many chickens as it is possible or practicable to handle. Early hatched chicks make good winter layers. Rough grains will probably be produced in abundance in Canada this year and the feeding of poultry at a profit should be materially assisted from this source. Eggs at winter prices are a paying proposition in any event. Poultry, alive or dressed under prospective market conditions, can unquestionably be reared and finished at a decided profit. A good flock of poultry, if carefully handled, will serve to prevent waste on the farm and etaoinu waste on the farm and promote economy in living expenses, such as is particularly necessary when all farm products are becoming so marketable and so dear.

HOW GEORGIAN CIRCUIT WAS GIVEN ITS NAME

The reasons which, historically and otherwise, caused the selection of the name Georgian Circuit are of much interest. In 1792 Captain Vancouver named the entire country through which this tour passes "New Georgia" Vancouver, of course, selected this name in honor of King George. Events since have caused the southern part of New Georgia to be called "Washington," and the northern part forms part of British Columbia. The name "Georgian Circuit" was first made public in February, 1915, after exactly one hundred years of peace between the United States and Great Britain: both King George and George Washington were "Georges," and it was felt that uniting their names in the meaning of this international tour would be particularly applicable at this time.

The Gulf of Georgia is the principal international geographical feature embraced by this tour. This, together with the fact that the name Georgian advertises no particular community on the tour, and that there is a real North American sound to the word were the final arguments that caused the selection of the name "Georgian Circuit."

Willis—I was at Bump's trial today.

Gillis—Bump arrested! Tell me the accusation.

Willis—He was accused of—what do you call it where a fellow lies for money?

Gillis—Politics, diplomacy or war corresponding?—Life.

UPHOLDS DECISION

The finding of Mr. Justice Murphy in the case of Messrs R. B. Hayes and A. M. McCreery against the P. G. E. Railway has been sustained by the Court of Appeal.

This action was taken to recover the sum of $5,000 for the purchase price of a portion of the right-of-way of the railway in North Vancouver. The defence was that the money had been paid by the defendants to Mr. W. R. Arnold, late manager of the Dominion Trust Company, to be held in trust by him until certain formalities in connection with the title to the property had been adjusted. In the meantime the Dominion Trust went into liquidation and the money was lost. Counsel for the defendants argued that the payment to Arnold had been ratified by the plaintiffs, and that they could not be held responsible for the loss of the money. Plaintiffs' solicitors, on the other hand, said that no payment had been made to his clients, and that Arnold was a trustee for the Pacific Great Eastern, and not for the plaintiffs in his holding of the $5,000. Mr. Justice Murphy found for the plaintiffs and his ruling has been upheld.

Sword of Honor to Botha

A unique sword of honor has been presented to General Louis Botha, Premier of the Union of South Africa, by Cape Town in recognition of his services to the Empire as the conqueror of German South-west Africa.

It is a beautiful weapon of finest English workmanship, and was designed specially to reflect So. Africa. The handle is of So. African boar's tusk, showing its natural features. The guard is of silver gilt repoussee with vine leaves and grapes, and the terminals of the guard are formed of modelled pomegranates, the seeds being of South African garnets.

The blade bears on one side in English and Dutch the following inscription:

"From the Mayor, Councillors, and citizens of Cape Town to General the Rt. Hon. Louis Botha, P. C., M.L.A., Prime Minister, General Commanding in Chief the Union Forces in the Field. A taken of admiration for services rendered to South Africa and the Empire." On the other side of the blade is the inscription, in English and Dutch:

"Draw for God, thy King, Justice and the Truth," and the word "Damaraland, 1915."

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READ The Practical Measures Page, which contains each week items of absorbing interest on the development and investment opportunities of our wonderful province. Lovers of music who appreciate impartial criticism will find with us on the page devoted to "Pipe and Strings," many topics in common. Under the heading of "Books and Writers" edited by 'Aimee,' 'a friendly review of the latest in prose and poetry is ably dealt with. The front page by "Bruce" will always find many friends and interested readers.

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"OUT THERE IN THE DRIZZLE"

(Special to Western Call from Anne Merrill)

London, May 31.—Here is a letter red hot from the trenches from a Western colonel to a friend in London, which will show you what the fighting men think of the "shell" game over there:

"One really hasn't much spare time out here. As you will understand that having the lives of one thousand men on your hands is no light responsibility. At least I do not take it lightly. We had a bad blow a few nights ago. When we were relieving a battalion in the front line, the Huns caught us with shrapnel and we had fifteen casualties—most of them only wounded I am glad to say. It was hell for a few minutes and a terrible job gathering them up in the dark. I went out next morning to see if we had missed any, but they shelled me out of the place.

"Isn't it the limit the way they are stealing the cash that was meant to purchase shells with over in Canada. I am very proud of our little army over here "(mentioning the Western Canadian unit, but which for reasons I cannot give you) "but it seems to me that the Germans are smearing the Belgian soil with Canadian blood, while the Canadian politicians are stealing the money that was sent to them by England to purchase shells to help win this war, and at the same time save the lives of men who are risking everything for freedom's sake. **I wonder if they ever think of any one but themselves!**" the writer adds with pardonable bitterness.

The Colonel continues: "There is one man out here to whom everyone who enjoys the protection of the British flag owes a debt of gratitude, and that is 'Thomas Atkins,' or the men who have volunteered to take his burden during the war."

And the Canadian officer goes on to draw a graphic picture of "Thomas" as he sees him. The letter proceeds:

"Last night I was around the front line about midnight. It was raining and they had no cover, standing out there in the drizzle, the mud up to their knees in lots of places, but still they kept their faces to the front, looking at the German trench—not more than fifty yards away. In one isolated post eight men had commenced the tour of duty, but two had been killed and their dead bodies were lying behind the little outpost, in the rain, until someone could be spared to carry them out to be buried. The six that were left still kept watch over the line and looked as though they were prepared to stay there and die, if necessary, like their comrades had already done.

"It's sad, I can tell you," concludes the letter. "But I have to try and keep their spirits up no matter how things are going. So you can see how all of us out here feel about the shells."

From the men "out there" in the drizzle, to the man lying on the most comfortable and sanitary cot that modern scientific ingenuity man has been able to devise, is not such a big jump after all; for as Lt.-Col. Armour (a Canadian and surgeon-in-chief at Beachborough Park hospital, Shorncliffe) has stated, soldiers wounded one night were often in bed at their hospital on the following night—pretty quick work, don't you think, when the perils of "the channel" are considered?

It was in this particular hospital that I found the wounded soldier from the 7th of B. C. that I wrote you about some time ago—the one whose only request was for Vancouver papers. Their wants seem to be so few and they are so grateful that it is such a privilege to do anything for them. After my return from Shorncliffe on that occasion, I sent my B. C. patient (whom I have "adopted" for the duration of the war) two copies of "J P's Weekly" which had just arrived; and I also wrote to the Red Cross asking them to put him on the list to get Vancouver papers regularly. This they very kindly did (The Canadian Red Cross is splendid) and yesterday such a nice little letter arrived from my wounded "comrade."

The soldier said: "Awfully pleased to have received papers, also Easter card. Red Cross are also sending me papers, which I thank you for. Yes, I remember you visited the hospital on a Sunday" (This because I said on the post card that I didn't suppose he would remember me, but that papers were on the way for which he had asked) "We Canucks don't forget a Canadian visitor. They are a link from home—the land of the Maple Leaf. We are always pleasd to see visitors from no matter what part of Canada, and we don't forget them easily."

In another hospital in the Shorncliffe area I found a man, nearly recovered, almost ready in fact, to go back to stand in "the drizzle." He was a middle-aged, well read and thoughtful man to whom the war was much more serious a business than to these dashing youngsters you so often come across. He was something of a philosopher, and calmly discussed the methods adopted regarding the soldier in war-time, speaking evidently from personal experience and observation. He began by praising the hospital, and the amazing kindness and indulgences of the officials and the nurses.

And then he smiled—not a bit cynically, merely understandingly—as he said: "Yes. Out there they work you to the last ounce of your strength. And quite right, too. The discipline is severe and you go till you drop. But when you do 'drop,' they turn right round, and your hardest taskmaster there can't do enough for you; and from that moment the kindness and the comforts and the luxuries—well, you can see for yourself what this hospital is like for instance. Yes, they treat us royally when we are down and out!"

If you want to do a little "missionary" work in Vancouver for the B. C. soldiers, I would urge you to make continued appeals for newspapers—the home town papers—for the boys. The people here can and do supply every other demand, and Mrs. MacKeen, of Folkestone, in unfolding to me a scheme she is about to launch in Canadian cities, said, "I've seen tears come into a boy's eyes when I've handed him a paper from his home town."

Mrs. MacKeen's idea is to ask about seven different women in each Canadian town to fold up and send on her paper, after she has read it; and to undertake to do this daily, or weekly, according to the paper. She herself has offered to look after their distribution among the seventy or more hospitals in the Shorncliffe area. Mrs. MacKeen, who is the wife of Capt. MacKeen, admitting officer of the Moore Barracks hospital, is doing this authoritatively, as convenor of the newspaper committee of the Canadian Women's Club for war work.

The address to which papers may be sent is Mrs. MacKeen, St. Nicholas, 142 Sandgate Road, Folkestone, Kent, England.

Jacques Suzanne, the Arctic explorer, who furnished the famous team for "The Spell of the Yukon," is a personal friend of Rear Admiral Peary, the discoverer of the North Pole.

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THE SITUATION IN QUEBEC

(From the Winnipeg Saturday Post)

Those who think that the present trouble in the east, nominally over bilingualism, is merely the result of an agitation conducted in Quebec for the purpose of establishing the French language on equal terms with the English language in the schools of Ontario do not understand the situation at all. Bilingualism is merely a phrase used for the purpose of disguising the real plans of the Quebec majority. Those plans are much greater than they are generally understood to be. They are so ambitious as to be almost insane. A very influential party in Quebec—undoubtedly a party that constitutes a majority—is fully convinced that by complete organization of that province the French-speaking people can eventually dominate this Dominion and dictate its destiny. The "educational" talk is merely the disguise employed to deceive the English-speaking people of Canada.

It does not seem to be generally known in this part of the Dominion that throughout Quebec today a carefully organized campaign is being conducted in the most open manner for the purpose of putting a definite stop to all Canadian participation in the world war. Speakers and organizers are scattered throughout the province and are insistently urging the French-speaking people not only to refrain from enlisting—little urging on that point appears to be necessary—but also to resist the paying of war taxes, resist the government's spending money for war purposes, and to refuse to contribute money to the Patriotic Fund, the Red Cross Fund, the Returned Soldiers' Fund, or any other fund directly or indirectly connected with the successful prosecution of the war!

Now this is open sedition. The heaviest penalty is provided by law for just such treasonable practices. Yet these practices continue on a rapidly growing scale, openly and without interference by the government authorities! That section of the Quebec press which is printed in English lacks the courage to deal with this infamous scandal. The English newspapers of Quebec carefully ignore it. They fear, evidently, a loss of business should they expose the infamy. They apparently fear that they would be subjected to the same kind of a boycott to which participants in the war are now subjected by these traitors. In other parts of Canada the daily newspapers are almost exclusively party newspapers. Such publications do not wish to embarrass their respective parties by exposing the seditious condition of Quebec. Consequently the Canadian people today who are marked as the victims of this monumental conspiracy are kept almost totally in ignorance of its real character and its serious dimensions.

The provincial government of Quebec and that section of the opposition at Ottawa led by Sir Wilfrid Laurier must share the responsibility for encouraging this outrageous state of affairs. But the Dominion government must also take the full responsibility for having endorsed it. If, when Bourassa and Lavergne first started to preach treason, after the outbreak of hostilities, the law had been enforced against them and they had been punished according to their deserts, the propaganda designed to create and to develop an attitude of hostility against Great Britain would never have flourished. It was governmental fear of offending Quebec's susceptibilities that made it possible for this serpent to develop and to gain strength until it has reached threatening dimensions.

It is not merely idle to ignore these facts—it is pernicious to do so. In Quebec the more serious of the French newspapers admit that the situation is as it is. "L'Evenement" of Quebec only the other day thus editorially sized up the situation:

"We must perforce submit to evidence. The recruiting campaign in the province of Quebec is almost a complete fiasco. It is time to state that the number of recruiters is larger than the number of recruits.

"After twenty-two months of war it would be stupid to try and justify this extraordinary fact by local considerations. It is better to admit the truth publicly.

"The large majority of French Canadians is hostile to the idea of all participation in the war. Why? For two principal reasons: First, by lack of military vocation; second, by antipathy to the cause of Great Britain."

There you have the truth from a French source. But that is only part of the truth. This antipathy is made manifest not in mere indifference to the British and the French cause,, as one might infer from the above quotations, but also in openly hostile propanga and agitation.

It will not do for Canada outside of Quebec to continue to ignore this menace. We must recognize it as it is—recognize it as the English-speaking people of Quebec recognize it—and we must publicly discuss it and deal with it, as the English-speaking people of Quebec have not yet dared publicly to discuss it and deal with it. Those who preach sedition in Quebec believe that they have an opportunity to gain control of the destinies of this country by taking advantage of our embarrassments caused by our participation in the war. Agitators openly express sympathy with Irish rebels in Dublin and, by inference at least, suggest that the French Canadians of Quebec ought to be prepared to gain advantage for themselves in some such way—probably not quite so heroic—as that by which the Irish rebels sought to obtain their advantage in the moment of the Empire's embarrassment.

The English-speaking Canadians ought at once to cease to carry on their profitless party squabbles. They ought to recognize the need for unity in the face of a common danger which threatens their predominance in this Dominion. They will not unite, however, they will not cease to divide themselves into two opposing party camps, they will not cease to weaken themselves by their divisions, unless they are adequately informed concerning the real nature of the menace in the east and the real ambitions of those who hypocritically profess to seek educational privileges while they really conspire to obtain political control.

The Grand Duke

The Grand Duke Nicholas is not a man who talks much, says Mr. Julius West in "Soldiers of the Czar," but he has a playful way at times. Some time ago, during an inspection, the grand duke was standing next to the Czar, a few yards from a group of lesser generals. He ordered General Ruzsky, then in command of the forces in that region, to step forward. The grand duke next ordered a private soldier to come forward and hack off the general's epaulettes. We can imagine the dismay of the other generals as the soldier obeyed.

"Now cut mine off," was the next order. The soldier did so.

"Now put mine on his shoulders."

It was the grand duke's playful way of promoting General Ruzsky to the highest rank in the Russian army.

"Is that boy a chip of the old block?"

"Why, no. He's only a little shaver."

THE DISASTER

The Charge of the Margueritte Division at Sedan

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

At last the two batteries of artillery reserve arrived. It was an immense relief to the anxious men, as if those guns represented the ramparts, the hope of success and the thunderbolt which would silence the hostile guns yonder. And, besides, it was a magnificent sight; this timely arrival of the batteries, in their order of battle, each gun followed by its powder-cart, the drivers mounted on the horses, the gunners sitting on the chests, the brigadiers and quartermasters galloping in their regulational places. In the solicitude with which they kept their distances, they might have been said to be on parade, whilst they advanced at a rapid pace across the stubble-fields, with a dull thud like the rumbling of a storm.

Maurice, who had crouched down again in a furrow, rose up, with enthusiasm, to say to John:

"Look, the one which is stationed on the left is the battery of Honorius. I recognize the men."

With a back stroke of the hand, John had already thrown him down to the ground again.

"Do stretch out! and pretend to be dead!"

But both, with cheeks glued to the earth, kept the battery in sight, and very much interested in its manoeuvres, their hearts beat violently on seeing the calm courage of these men at whose hands they expected another victory.

Abruptly, to the left, on an open crest, the battery stopped, and in a minute the gunners, leaping from the chests, had unhooked the fore-carriages, whilst the drivers put the guns into position, and made a half circle with their horses, in order that they might be carried backward about fifteen yards where, motionless, they faced the enemy. Already the six guns were levelled, having been set up some distance apart, coupled in three sections commanded by lieutenants, whilst the whole six were under the orders of a thin and very tall captain who, with some difficulty marked out the ground. And, after making a rapid calculation, that captain shouted:

"Advance about sixteen hundred yards!"

The objective was to be the Prussian battery, at the left of Fleigneux, behind some brushwood, whose terrible fire made the hill of Illy untenable.

"You see," Maurice began to explain, for he could not keep silent, "the gun of Honorius is in the centre section. There he is bending over with the ammunition man. It is little Louis, the artilleryman; we drank together at Vouziers, do you remember? And see down yonder, the rider at the left, the one who sits so erect on his horse—a magnificent chestnut horse—is Adolphus.

The gun with its six gunners and its quartermaster, farther on the fore-carriage and its four horses mounted by two drivers, further still the powder chest, its six horses, its three drivers, and still further again the ammunition wagon, the forger, the forge, all that rear-line of men, horses and ammunition stretched over a straight line, about a hundred yards backwards; without reckoning the bare-back riders, the recharge powder-chest, the horses and the men held in reserve for filling up the gaps, and who were waiting at the right so as not to be uselessly exposed by being within firing range.

But Honorius was busy loading his gun. The two gunners of the centre section had already got a supply of cannon-cartridge and projectiles from the powder-chest, over which the brigadier and artificer were keeping watch; and, immediately, the two gunners, after having put into the mouth of the cannon the cannon-cartridge, and the gunpowder wrapped in serge, which they carefully pushed in with the help of a cannon rammer, also slipped in the shell, the little wings of which ground the grooves. Quickly, the assistant artillery-man, having exposed the powder with a blow of the priming-iron, thrust the quick match into the opening. And Honorius wanted to level this first shot himself, half lying on the bonnet, working the screw of the regulator to get the range, indicating the direction, with a little continued gesture of the hand, to the artillery-man, who, behind, armed with the lever, was pushing the gun imperceptibly now a little to the right and now a little to the left.

"That should be the exact range," he said, rising.

The captain, his tall body bent double, came to verify the back sight. At every gun, the assistant gunner was holding the string in hand, ready to draw the clutch, the saw-toothed blade which lighted the explosive. And orders were shouted, by numbers, slowly:

"First gun, fire! Second gun, fire!"

The six shots went off, the cannon recoiled, and were brought back, whilst the quartermasters ascertained that their aim was much too short. They regulated it, and the manoeuvre commenced again, still the same, and it was that very deliberation, that mechanical work done in cold blood which kept up the morale of the men. The gun, the beloved brute, grouped around itself a little family whom a common occupation bound together. It was the binding link, the sole source of anxiety, everything existed for it, the powder-chest, the carriages, the horses, the men. From it arose the great cohesion existing between the whole battery, a solidity and a tranquility such as is found in well-managed households.

Amongst the 106th shouts had welcomed the first salute. At last they were going to nail the mouths of the Prussian cannon! All at once they became aware of a fallacy, however, when they saw that the shells stopped on the way, that they had burst, for the most part, in the air, before reaching the brushwood, down there, where the artillery of the enemy was concealed.

"Honorius," resumed Maurice," says that the others are nails beside his; he would sleep with it, there never was its like! Just see how his eye dwells on it, and how he makes his men wipe it off so that it may not be too hot!

He joked with John, both being cheered up by that noble, calm courage of the artillerymen. But, in three shots, the Prussian batteries had just determined their aim; at first too long, it became so accurate that the shells fell on the French guns; whilst the latter, in spite of their efforts to lengthen their range, were still wide of the mark. One of Honorius' gunners, he of the mouth, at the left, was killed. They pushed the body aside, and continued their duties with the same careful attention to regularity, without undue haste. On all sides, the projectiles were flying and bursting; and, around each gun, the same methodical proceedings went on, the cannon-cartridge and the shells were put in, the distance measured, the shot fired, the wheels reversed, as if that work were absorbing the attention of the men to the point of hindering them from seeing and hearing.

But what struck Maurice most of all was the attitude of the drivers, who, fifteen yards in arrears, sat erect on their horses, facing the enemy. Adolphus was there, broad-chested, his red face contrasting with his long fair moustache, and truly a fiery courage was necessary to keep from lowering the eyes, and to watch thus the shells coming straight upon them, without being able to so much as distract their attention by biting their nails. The gunners, for their part, in attending to their work, had something else to think about; whilst the drivers, motionless, were gazing straight at death, with full leisure to think of it and wait for it. They were compelled to face the enemy because, if they had turned their backs, an irresistible desire for flight would have got the better of the men and the horses. If people see danger, they brave it. There is no heroism more abstruse and at the same time greater. Another man had just had his head carried off, two horses belonging to a powder-chest had fallen, the running fire and aim of the enemy continued to be so murderous, that the whole battery was going to be dismounted if they persisted in keeping the same position. It was necessary to confuse that terrible aim, in spite of the inconveniences of a change of position. The captain no longer hesitated, he shouted the order:

"Bring up the fore-carriages!"

And the dangerous manoeuvre was executed with lightning rapidity; the drivers performed their half revolution again and brought up the fore-carriages which the gunners hooked again to the guns. But, during this movement, they had developed an extended front, of which the enemy took advantage by redoubling its fire. There were still three men left there. At a very rapid pace the battery filed off, describing a circle on its way, as it proceeded to take its position about fifty yards farther to the right, on the other side of the 106th, on a little plateau. The guns were unhooked, the drivers were again facing the enemy, and the firing recommenced, without any cessation and with such impetus that the ground did not cease shaking.

This time, Maurice uttered a cry; again, in three shots, the Prussians had succeeded in getting their range, and the third shell had fallen right on Honorius' gun. The latter could be seen rushing up, feeling with a trembling hand for the fresh wound, a whole corner having been chipped off the bronze mouth. But it could be loaded again; manoeuvres were resumed, after which they rid the wheels of the body of another gunner, whose blood had bespattered the carriage.

"No, it is not little Louis," Maurice continued to think out loud. "There he is levelling the gun, and yet he must be wounded, for he is using his left arm only. Ah! that little Louis, whose management suited Adolphus so well that the gunner, the man on foot, in spite of his greater attainments, became the humble valet of the driver, the man on horseback.

John, who had been silent, interrupted him with a cry of anguish: "They will never hold it, it is madness to try!"

Indeed, this second position, in less than five minutes became as untenable as the first. The projectiles rained with the same accuracy. One shell broke a gun and killed a lieutenant and two men. Not one shot was lost, to such a degree that, if they persisted any longer, there would soon be left not one cannon nor one artilleryman. It would be a crushing defeat, sweeping everything before it.

Then the shout of the captain resounded a second time.

Bring up the fore-carriages!"

The tactics were renewed, the drivers galloped up, and made a semi-circle again, in order to enable the gunners to hook the guns up again. But, this time, during the advance, a splinter perforated Louis' throat and tore off his jaw, and he fell across the bonnet of the powder-chest which he was in the act of raising. And, as Adolphus came up, at the moment when the line of horses were advancing to the right about, a fierce broadside burst over him; he fell over, his chest ripped open, his arms outstretched. In a last convulsion, he had seized hold of the other, they remained clasped together, fearfully twisted, united even in death.

Already, in spite of the slain horses, in spite of the disorder into which the murderous volley had thrown the ranks, the whole battery reascended a slope, and took up their position farther forward, a few feet from the spot where Maurice and John were lying. For the third time the guns were unhooked and the drivers faced the enemy whilst the gunners immediately reopened fire with the obstinacy of invincible heroism.

"That is the end of everything!" said Maurice, whose voice was growing faint.

It seemed, indeed, as if the earth and sky were mingling together. Rocks were bursting asunder and a thick cloud of smoke hid the sun at intervals. In the midst of the frightful uproar the horses were seen, stunned, stupefied, their heads hanging. Everywhere appeared the captain, too tall. He was cut in two, he broke off and fell, like the staff of a flag.

But, around Honorius' gun especially, the effort continued, without any flurry and with persistance. He, in spite of his officer's stripes, had to help with the handiwork necessary to the manoeuvre, for he had only three gunners left. He levelled the gun and drew out the clutch, whilst the three went to the powder-chest and loaded the gun, wielding the sponge and the cannon-rammer. They had asked for men and barebacked horses, to stop up the gaps hollowed out by death, and, as these were a long time in coming, they had to defend themselves meantime. They were furious when there was still no reinforcement, and almost all the projectiles which they were hurling burst in the air, without doing any great damage to those terrible batteries opposite them, whose fire was so efficacious. And, Honorius uttered an oath in a gruff voice which was heard above the noise of the firing, of all the evil chances, the right wheel of his gun had just been broken! thunder of God! a foot being broken, the poor thing was hurled on its side, its nose to the earth, bandy-legged and good for nothing! He wept great tears over it, he put his hands around its neck distractedly, as if he were trying to place it upright again by virtue of the very warmth of his affection. A gun which was the best, which was the only one capable of sending some shells down yonder! Then, a mad resolve took possession of him, that of replacing the wheel at once, under fire. When, assisted by a gunner, he himself went to look in the ammunition wagon for a spare wheel, the advance of troops began, the most dangerous move which could be made on a field of battle. Happily the men and bare-backed horses had at last arrived, and two new gunners gave a helping hand.

However, once more, the battery was dismounted. They could not carry to any further lengths their heroic madness. The order was given definitely to retreat.

"Let us be quick, comrades!" cried Honorius. "We will carry it away at least, and they will not get it!"

It was his idea to save his gun, as one saves the flag. And he was still speaking, when he was riddled with shot, his right arm being torn off and his left side laid open. He had fallen on his gun, and he remained there as if strteched out on a bed of honor, his head erect, his face, unscarred and beautiful in its wrath, turned down in the direction of the enemy.

The only lieutenant who was not dead, hurled the command:

"Bring up the fore-carriages!"

A powder-chest had blown up, with a noise like pieces of fireworks which are expanding and bursting. They had to make up their minds to take the horses belonging to another powder-chest to save a gun whose team had fallen. And, this last time, when the drivers had made a semicircle and when the remaining four cannon had been coupled, they galloped away, and they did not stop till they had made a thousand yards, behind the first trees of the forest of Garenne.

Maurice had seen everything. He repeated, with a little shiver of horror, in a mechanical voice:

"Oh! the poor boy! the poor boy!"

This grief seemed to give edge to his increasing bodily sufferings. The animal in him was revolting; he was at the end of his strength, he was dying of hunger. His vision was obscured, he had no longer even a consciousness of the danger to which the regiment was exposed since the battery had retreated. From moment to moment great masses might attack the plateau.

"Listen," said he to John, "I must eat * * I would rather eat and take the chances of being killed at once!"

He had opened his bag, and taking a piece of bread in his two trembling hands, he began to bite into it voraciously. The bullets were whistling and two shells burst a few yards away. But for him nothing existed save that of satisfying his hunger.

"John, do you want some?"

The latter looked at him, stupefied, his eyes wide open, his stomach torn by the same pangs.

"Yes, just like you, I am willing to take chances; I am suffering too much."

They shared up, they finished the bread greedily, without taking notice of anything else as long as a mouthful remained. And it was only then that they saw their colonel again, on his big horse, with his boot covered with blood. On all sides the 106th was outflanked. Already companies had been put to flight. Then, obliged to give way to the onset, raising his sword, his eyes full of tears.

"Boys," cried M. de Vineuil, "I commend you to the keeping of God who has not been on our side."

Bands of fugitives surrounded him, and he disappeared behind an undulation of ground.

Then, without knowing how, John and Maurice found themselves behind the line with the remains of their company. About

(Continued on page 7)

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THE DISASTER

(Continued from page 6)

Forty men, at the most, remained, commanded by Lieutenant Rochas, and the standard-bearer was with them, the sub-lieutenant who carried it having just cut the silk away from the staff to facilitate his efforts in saving it. They filed right to the end of the line and threw themselves amongst some little trees on a slope, where Rochas ordered them to resume firing. The men, scattered amongst sharpshooters and under shelter, were able to hold out; so much the more so as a great advance of cavalry was taking place on heir right, and they were getting the regiments into line, in order to support its movements.

Maurice then understood the slow invincible pressure which was about achieved. In the morning he had seen the Prussians debouch along the defiles of St.-Albert, reach Saint-Menges, then Fleigneux; and now, behind the forest of Garenne, he heard the cannon of the Guards thundering, and he began to notice other German uniforms coming up over the slopes of Givonne. In another few minutes the circle would be closed, and the Guards would give a helping hand to the 5th regiment, enveloping the French army with a living wall, with a thundering girdle of artillery. That gave rise to the desperate thought of making a last effort, of trying to break through that marching wall, especially sa a division of the cavalry reserves, that of General Margueritte, was massing behind an undulation of ground, ready to charge. They were going to make a charge to the death, without any possible results, for the honor of France. And Maurice, who thought of Prosper, was a witness of the terrible drama.

Since dawn, Prosper had merely urged on his horse in the continual marches and countermarches which they made from one end to the other of the Illy plateau. They had been awakened at dawn, man by man, without trumpets; and for coffee, they had contrived to envelop each fire with a cloak so as not to give the alarm to the Prussians. Then, first thing they knew, they heard cannon, they saw clouds of smoke, and distant movements of infantry, being entirely ignorant of the battle, its significance, its results, in the total inaction in which the generals left them. Prosper, for his part, was overcome with sleep. It was the effects of great suffering, bad nights, accumulated hardships—an unconquerable somnolence, increased by the rocking motion of his horse. He had hallucinations. He imagined he was on the ground, snoring on a mattress of pebbles, and dreaming that he was in a nice bed with white sheets. For whole moments, he really slept in the saddle, and was only an inanimate object marching, carried along by chance at a trot. His companions, at times, had tumbled in this way from their horses. They were so weary that the trumpets were no longer sufficient to waken them, and it was necessary to stand them up, to get them over their trance by kicking them.

"But why are they driving us, why are they driving us?" repeated Prosper, trying to shake off that irresistible torpor.

The cannon had been thundering since six o'clock. On going up a slope, two of his comrades had fallen beside him, killed by a shell; and further on, still three others had remained on the ground, their skin riddled with bullets, without anyone being able to ascertain whence they were coming.

It was exasperating, as well as useless and dangerous, this military promenade across the field of battle. At last, towards one o'clock, he realized that they were to meet their death in a becoming manner at least. The whole Margueritte division, three regiments of African light infantry and one of hussars had just joined forces on a rise of ground, a little below the hill, to the left of the road. The trumpets had sounded the command to alight. And the command of the officers resounded:

"Gird the horses, secure the packets!"

Having alighted from his horse Prosper stretched himself and stroked Zephyr. This poor Zephyr, he was as besotted as his master, and his back was broken with the hard work he had to perform. Withal, he carried a burden; the linen from the washings, and the cloak rolled around them, the blouse, the trousers, the wallet with the surgical dressings behind the saddle, and across that, in addition, the sack of provisions, without counting the goatskin vessel, the tin can and the wooden bowl. A tender feeling of pity filled the heart of the horseman, whilst he tightened the girths and made sure that everything was quite secure.

It was a bitter moment. Prosper, who was no more of a coward than anyone else, lit a cigarette, his mouth was so dry. Each one who is going to make an attack must say to himself: "This time, I may be killed!" Five or six minutes later he was told that General Margueritte had gone forward to reconnoitre. His men were waiting. The five regiments had been drawn up in three columns, each column was seven squadrons deep—fine food for the cannon.

Suddenly, the trumpets sounded: "To horse!" And, almost immediately, another trumpet burst forth: "Sabres in hand!"

The colonel of each regiment had already galloped up, taking his place in battle-line, twenty-five yards forward from the front. The captains were at their posts, at the head of their men. And the attempt against the enemy recommenced amidst a silence of death. No more noise, no more puffing under the burning sun. Only the men's hearts could be heard beating. Another order, the last, and that motionless mass began to move, to rush forward like a tempest.

But, at that moment, an officer appeared on the crest of the hill, on horseback, supported by two men. They did not recognize him at first. Then, a murmuring arose, and rolled up into a furious shout. It was general Margueritte, through whose cheeks a bullet had just passed, and who was on the point of dying. He could not speak, he waved his arms down in the direction of the enemy.

The shout kept growing louder: "Our general! Let us avenge him, let us avenge him."

Then, the colonel of the first regiment, lifting up his sword, cried in a voice of thunder:

"Charge!"

The trumpets sounded, the mass of men moved forward at first at a trot. Prosper was in the first rank, but almost at the extreme end of the right wing. The great danger is in the centre, where the fire of the enemy instinctively plays havoc. When they reached the crest of the hill and began to descend on the other side towards the vast plain, he saw very clearly about a thousand yards away, the Prussian squadrons against whom they were being hurled. Otherwise, he rode as in a dream, he had a light-headed feeling, a sense of floating along in a state of sleep, an extraordinary vacuity of mind which left him without a single idea. It was his body which was advancing, under an irresistible impulse. The officers kept repeating: Bunch together! Bunch together!" to close the ranks as much as possible and give to them a granite-like resistance. Then according as the pace quickened and became changed into an enraged gallop, the African cavalrymen pushed forward, Arab fashion, with savage shouts which excited their horses. Soon that furious gallop, those fierce howls became transformed into a diabolical race, a hellish onset, which the crackling of bullets accompanied with a sound like hail as they beat down on all the metal, the wooden bowls, the tin vessels, the brass of the uniforms and armour. Into that hail passed the tempest of the wind and lightning with which the ground was shaking, leaving in the sun an odor of burning wool and of perspiring deer.

At a distance of five hundred yards, Prosper fell beneath a terrible eddy of shot which was carrying everything before it. He seized Zephyr by the mane and succeeded in getting back into the saddle. The centre ranks, riddled and routed by the fusilade, had just given way, whilst the two wings eddied and fell back in order to renew their sally. It resulted in the fatal and anticipated annihilation of the first squadron. The slain horses lay in a heap on the ground, some killed at one blow, the others struggling in the throes of a violent dying agony; and dismounted riders were to be seen running with all the strength of their little legs looking for a horse. Already the dead were scattered over the plain, and many riderless horses kept on galloping, returning of their own volition to their place in the battle line, in order to take part in the firing of a mad company, as if attracted by the powder. The charge was renewed, the second squadron advanced with increasing fury, the men lying on the neck and shoulders of their horses, holding their sword at their knees, ready to thrust. Two hundred yards more were crossed, in the midst of a deafening, tempestuous shout. But, again, under the shower of bullets, the centre was hollowed out, and men and horses fell, stopping the progress onward with the inextricable obstruction of their bodies. And the second squadron was thus mowed down in its turn, giving place to those who followed.

Then when, with heroic persistence, the third charge was made, Prosper found himself in the midst of the French hussars and light cavalry. The regiments were getting mixed up, they had become, as it were, a huge wave which was constantly being broken to pieces and reforming, in order to facilitate its work of carrying off everything which it met. He had no longer any idea of what was going on, and he committed himself to his horse, that brave Zephyr whom he loved so much and whom a wound in the ear seemed to madden. Now, he was in the centre, other horses were rearing and falling down around him, men were being thrown to the ground, as if blown over by a gale of wind, whilst others, killed at once, remained in their saddles, still charging, with vacant eyes. And, this time, behind the two hundred yards which they had carried anew, the stubble-fields came into view again, covered with the dead and dying. Some of them were lying with their heads buried in the ground. Others, having fallen on their backs, were looking up at the bright sun with eyes of terror, starting from their orbits. Again, it was a big black horse, an officer's horse, its body cut open, trying in vain to stand up, its two fore feet caught in its wound. Beneath the redoubled fury of the fire the wings eddied once again and fell back only to advance again, infuriated.

At last, it was only the fourth squadron, who fell, at the fourth charge, into Prussian hands. Prosper, his sword uplifted, struck casques and dull-colored uniforms which he saw as through a mist. Blood was flowing and he noticed that Zephyr's mouth was bloody and he imagined it was with having bitten someone in the hostile ranks. The clamor around him rose to such proportions that he could no longer hear himself shouting, yet his throat felt torn with the howling which must be proceeding from it. But behind the first Prussian line there was another, and then another and then another again. Heroism was useless, those deep masses of men were like high blades of grass in the midst of which horses and riders were disappearing. They might try in vain to cut them down, there were always more of them. The firing kept on with such intensity at close quarters that uniforms took fire. Everything was foundering, was becoming engulfed amongst the bayonets, in the midst of battered chests and broken skulls. The regiments left there two-thirds of their strength, and there remained of that charge only the glorious madness of having attempted it. And, suddenly, Zephyr, struck by a bullet right in the breast, fell, crushing beneath him Prosper's right hip, the pain of which was so acute that he lost consciousness.

Maurice and John, who had observed the heroic gallop of the squadrons, uttered a cry of anger:

"Thunder of God, it is of no use to be brave!"

And they continued to discharge their chassepot, crouching behind the brushwood on a little hillock, where they stationed themselves as sharpshooters. Rochas himself, who had picked up a gun, fired a shot. But the Illy plateau was indeed lost this time, and the Prussian troops were invading it on all sides. It must have been about two o'clock when the junction was effected at last and the 5th corps and the Guards had just joined forces, closing the ring.

Suddenly John fell over:

"I am done for," he stammered.

He had received a heavy hammer-like blow on the top of his head, and his military cap, torn and blown off his head, lay behind him. At first, he thought his skull had been cleft and that his brains were exposed. For some seconds he did not dare to put his hand to his head, sure of finding a hole there. Then, having risked it, he lowered his fingers and found them reddened by a thick stream of blood. The pain was so violent that he fainted.

But Maurice was in despair.

At that moment Rochas gave the order to retreat. A Prussian company was not more than two or three hundred yards away. We were bound to be taken prisoners.

"Do not be in a hurry, turn around and fire your shot. We will join forces down there, behind that little wall.

"Lieutenant, surely we are not going to leave our corporal here?"

"If he has received his reckoning, what else can we do?"

"No, no! he is breathing . . . Let us carry him away!"

Shrugging his shoulders, Rochas seemed to say that they could not encumber themselves with all those who had fallen. On the field of battle, the wounded are no longer of any consequence. Then, in a beseeching tone, Maurice addressed himself to Pache and Lapoulle.

"Come, give me a helping hand. I am too weak, all by myself."

They did not listen to him, they did not hear him, they were thinking of themselves only in the over-excited instinct of self-preservation. Already, they were gliding along on their knees, and disappearing at a gallop, in the direction of the little wall. The Prussians were only a hundred yards away now.

And, weeping with rage, Maurice remained alone with the unconscious John, and, seizing him in his arms tried to carry him away. But, indeed, he was too feeble and puny, and exhausted with fatigue and anguish. Suddenly he tottered and fell with his burden. If only he could see an ambulance man! He looked around wildly, thought he recognized one amongst the fugitives and made violent signs. No one returned. He summoned up his last forces, took John up again, and succeeded in taking about thirty steps, and, a shell having burst near them, he thaught it was all over, that he, too, was going to die beside the body of his companion.

Slowly Maurice rose up again. He felt himself, he had not been hurt, he had not even a scratch. Why, then, did he not flee? There was still time, he could reach the little wall in a few bounds, and he would be safe. His fear became revived and maddened him. With one bound he was about to start running, when bonds stronger than death held him back. No! it was not possible, he could not abandon John. His whole flesh bled at the thought, for the fraternal tie which had sprung up between this peasant and himself pierced his inmost heart, and the very root of life. It owed its source, perhaps, to the early days of the world, and it was also as if there were no longer two men, one of which could renounce the other without renouncing himself.

If Maurice, an hour previous, had not eaten his crust of bread under shell fire, he would never have found the strength to do what he did then. Besides, it was impossible for him to remember anything about it later. Putting John on his shoulders, he dragged himself along, stopping to get his breath, twenty times, in the middle of the stubble fields and brushwood, stopping at each stone, and recovering himself, although standing. An invincible determination sustained him, a strength of resistance which would have enabled him to carry a mountain. Behind the little wall he found Rochas and the few men of the squad, still firing and defending the flag which the sub-lieutenant held under his arm.

In case of failure, no line of retreat had been pointed out to the army corps. With want of foresight and on account of the confusion, each general was free to act as he liked, and all, at that hour, found themselves thrown back into Sedan, under the formidable pressure of the victorious German armies. The second division of the 7th corps had retreated in good enough order, whilst the remains of the other divisions, mingling with the remains of the 1st corps, was already rolling towards the town in a frightful rout, a torrent of anger and of fear carrying along men and beasts.

But at that moment Maurice had the joy of seeing John open his eyes again, and as he was running to a neighboring stream to get some water to wash his face, he was very much surprised to see again, to his right, at the bottom of the secluded valley protected by rugged slopes, the peasant whom he had seen in the morning and who continued to plough in a leisurely manner, pushing his plough which was drawn by a big white horse. Why lose a day? It was not because men were fighting but because the wheat would stop growing and the world would stop living.

—From the French of Emile Zola.

Buttonholed by an over-inquisitive journalist, a British cabinet minister administered a neat rebuke. "How long do you think the war will last?" was the final question of a long series asked by the interviewer. Very promptly the minister asked: "How long is a piece of string?" The interviewer stared at him in astonishment. "I—I don't know," he gasped. "Neither do I," said the minister, cordially. "I'm glad we've agreed about something. Good morning."

Western Call, $1.00 per Year.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Telegraph Wire" will be received at this office until 4.00 P.M. on Monday, July 10, 1916, for 163,500 lbs. of Galvanized Iron Telegraph Wire delivered at Montreal, Que.; or 128,500 lbs. of same delivered at Kamloops, B. C., and 35,000 lbs. delivered at Vancouver, B. C., early dates of delivery desired.

Specification and forms of tender can be obtained on application to the office of the General Superintendent of the Government Telegraph Service at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa; also at the office of Mr. J. T. Phelan, superintendent of Government Telegraphs at Vancouver, B. C.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent (10 p. c.) of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the person tendering decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or fail to complete the contract. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest of any tender.

By order,

R. C. DESROCHERS,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works.
Ottawa, June 13, 1916.

Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.—63727.

IN THE MATTER OF THE "BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES ACT"
and
IN THE MATTER OF THE FIREMEN'S BENEFIT ASSOCIATION OF VANCOUVER, B. C.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the above-named Society intend to alter its objects as contained in its Declaration of Incorporation by substituting therefor the following objects, viz.:

"For making provision by means of contributions, subscriptions, assessments, donations or otherwise against any one or more of the following:

(a) Sickness, accident, unavoidable misfortune or death of its members;

(b) For pensioning its members or relieving widows and orphan children of members deceased;

(c) For giving such financial or other assistance to its members or to their families or dependents, or to any benevolent or provident purpose as the Society may from time to time by its by-laws determine."

AND FURTHER TAKE NOTICE that a special meeting of the Society will be held at Firehall No. 2, 754 Seymour Street, Vancouver, B. C., at the hour of 2.30 o'clock in the afternoon on the 18th day of July, 1916, to determine the action to be taken in this regard.

DATED at Vancouver, B. C., this second day of June, 1916.

HUGH STEEN,
JOHN A. PAUL,
THOS. BOTTERELL.
Trustees of the above named Association.

An American stopping at a London hotel rang several times for attendance, but no one answered. He started for the office in an angry mood, which was not improved when he found that the "lift" was not running. Descending two flights of stairs, he met one of the chambermaids.

"What's the matter with this dashed hotel?" he growled. "No one to answer your call and no elevator running."

"Well, you see, sir," said the maid, "the Zeps were reported, and we were all orderd to the cellar for safty."

"—," ejaculated the American. "I was on the fifth floor, and I wasn't warned."

"No, sir," was the bland reply, "but you see, sir, you don't come under the employers' liability act, sir.—Boston Transcript.

* * *

Visitor—But whatever induced you to take up safe-cracking for a living?

"Oh! I dunno, lady. I guess I had a natural gift for it."—Life.

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Mr. Clive Pringle is a member of the Bar of British Columbia.
Citizen Building, Ottawa.

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.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.—33576.

LEGAL ADVERTISING

Get our Rates for Advertising Legal Notices, Land Notices, Etc., which are required by law to appear but once a week. We can advertise your requirements at a satisfactory price.

THE WESTERN CALL

MOUNT PLEASANT

The secretaries of all Clubs and Associations (whether social, religious or political) as well as private individuals, are invited to send in any items of general interest each week for publication in these columns. Copy may be sent by mail or phoned in, and should reach this office not later than Thursday noon to ensure publication.

Miss Jessie Laird, of Nanaimo, is the guest of Miss Ella Bell, 20th avenue west.

A children's flower service will be held in Mt. Pleasant Presbyterian church on Sunday morning.

The annual picnic of the Mt. Pleasant Presbyterian Sunday school will be held tomorrow afternoon at Mahon Park, North Vancouver.

In the Mt. Pleasant Methodist church on Sunday night an honor roll tablet of members of the B. C. Conference now serving at the front will be unveiled.

Residents of this community are deeply interested in the condition of the Vancouver Y. M. C. A. in the financial crisis which threatens to impair the organization as a working force for good in the city. In this connection a large representation was present at the meeting called by Mayor McBeath on Tuesday evening. While no tentative plans have as yet been arranged for assisting the Y.M.C.A. it is the general opinion that much help could be obtained in Mount Pleasant.

Schools close today. The entrance examinations will be held next week. After that the kiddies are free for the holidays.

Large audiences have been in attendance at the Mt. Pleasant Baptist church all this week to hear the boy evangelist, Charles Forbes Taylor. The meetings are bright and cheery, and are a splendid tonic for those who feel depressed.

The annual summer festival of the Ladies Guild of Mt. Pleasant Presbyterian church was held on Thursday afternoon and evening on the church grounds. There was a good attendance and the festival proved a success.

Those residents of this district who were stung during the coal shortage of last winter will be well advised if they will stock up now and save themselves a great deal of discomfort during the cold weather.

At this season of the year roses are the pride of many of the amateur gardeners of this vicinity, and many beautiful specimens are to be seen. One thing, however, which takes the heart out of the amateur gardener is the rose thief, and there are rose thieves in Mount Pleasant. Several gardens have been visited within the last week and have been robbed of their choicest blooms. A more despicable trick can hardly be imagined and the police will take a hand in the game shortly if it continues.

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Seymour 336.

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DELIGHTS OF A TRIP ON THE NORTH SHORE

How often you hear it said that we do not appreciate the natural advantages for recreation which lie at the very doors of this city. No other city in Canada can boast such facilities for a sudden transition from the city streets to primeval wilds as we have here. Within an hour one may leave the the crowded city streets and be in the vasty silences of mountain forests or trudging along the banks of uproarious mountain streams as far away, in environment, from city sights and sounds as though this continent had only just been discovered.

There is no more delightful trip for the holiday seeker or picknicker than that over the P. G. E. railway from North Vancouver to Whytecliff in the course of which the traveller will encounter in a matter of twelve and a half miles as great a variety of scenery of such grandeur and beauty as can be found anywhere on this continent. Lofty mountains, dizzy precipices, sombre roaring canyons, glimpses of the sea and gem-like islands and channels, splendid forests and rushing mountain streams, all go to make a panorama of natural delight and ever changing interest.

During the two years or so in which this line has been in operation many villages, summer resorts and camps and cottages have been built along the shores followed by the road. The entire run from North Vancouver to Whytecliff occupies just forty minutes and at the end of the line is the beautiful Horse Shoe Bay which has grown into a dedelightful summer resort with a beautiful bathing beach, yachting wharves, green lawns, shady walks, pavilions, cottages and all that goes to make a pleasant play ground and place of rest.

Along the line are many beautiful places each with its own particular charm. Eagle Harbor is a pretty little bay around which the line curves at a considerable height, affording an uninterrupted view of the islands and channels with which the bay is studded and then beyond, away down the gulf of Georgia to the horizon studded with the glaciers and snow caps of the Olympian mountains, seventy miles away.

On the P. G. E., North Shore: Sylvan Trail and Beach at Horse Shoe Bay

Caulfeild is really a big game center where bears and deer and lynxes are seen almost daily. From Caulfeild the thickly forested mountain side slopes steeply away up to an altitude of 5,000 or 6,000 feet.

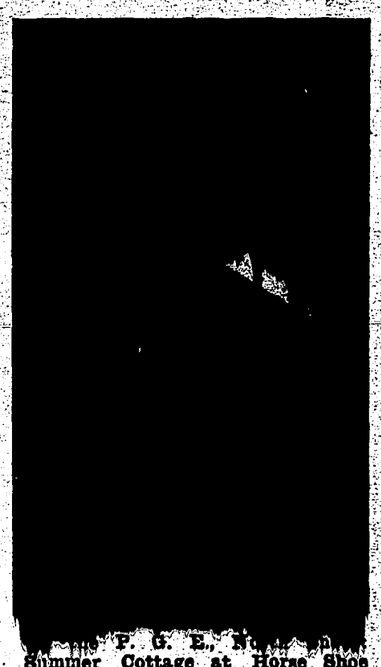
At Cypress Park the line crosses a splendid canyon at the bottom of which a mountain stream, crystal clear, roars over its stoney bed or loiters in deep green pools where the fisherman finds his delights.

Dundarave is quite a pretentious settlement of permanent homes and camps and is a veritable fairy land of beauty. So also is Hollyburn.

At almost any point along the road beautiful spots for picnicking, mountain climbing, fishing, exploring or what not, may be found. The mountains are intersected in all directions with trails and skid roads.

The train service is excellent, there being an average daily of fifteen trains with four extra on Sunday, both ways. The trains consist of a gasoline motor car and trailers. The cars are big, roomy and comfortable. The delights of a trip along the north shore on this line need only be known to become a very popular institution in Vancouver.

One charm of the trip is that thousands of picknickers might be distributed through the woods and there would be no crowding. A party can in five minutes be esconced in the forest, to all intents and purposes miles away from civilization or any other parties.



P. G. E., North Shore: Summer Cottage at Horse Shoe Bay

Some Famous Chargers

One probable result of the introduction of mechanical vehicles into warfare will be the abolition of the old custom of cherishing the memory of famous war horses. When generals conducted campaigns on horseback, before the advent of the field motor car their favorite charges used to receive many honors. When a statue of Lord Kitchener was erected at Calcutta, the famous soldier arranged that the sculptor should picture him mounted on a stone reproduction of his famous horse Democrat, which carried him through many important campaigns.

Wellington's famous charger, Copenhagen, when he died was buried with full military honors. The Iron Duke's horse was a magnificent chestnut, and he carried his master many hundreds of miles in Spain, and at the battle of Toulouse. "If he fell," said the Duke, "it was on standing corn as I sat in the saddle." The remains of Napoleon's white stallion, Marengo, are preserved at the Royal United Service Institution, while another of Bonaparte's steeds, which he purchased at St. Helena and bore the name of King George, figures in many famous paintings. The horse which Lord Ronald rode in the Balaclava charge was cherished by his family until its death, when a tombstone was erected over its grave.

Things They Didn't Do

Nero did not blow out the gas.

Cromwell never rode in a motor car.

The Queen of Sheba never attended a bridge party.

Napoleon never telephoned for reinforcements.

Cleopatra did not wear a union suit.

Julius Caesar was not known to write notes to rival nations.

Solomon was never investigated by a graft commission.

Noah did not carry an umbrella:

George Washington never threw his hat in the ring.

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When your feet slip into a LECKIE they feel at ease at once. The style is there, too, and wear! well just make your next pair of boots LECKIES' and compare them with any boots you have ever worn before.

LECKIE BOOTS

come in all styles and sizes and your shoe dealer will be glad to try them on your feet. Don't forget---they're made in B. C.---name stamped on each pair.

AT ALL DEALERS

SOUTH VANCOUVER

Want Saturday Holiday

Ninety-seven per cent. of the merchants in South Vancouver have signed the agreement circulated in favor of a Saturday half-holiday, and the reeve and council are to be petitioned to proclaim a half-holiday for every Saturday afternoon. The council is also to be requested to secure the consent of the Attorney-General to prosecute under the Sunday Trading Act.

No One to Blame

The jury which inquired into the circumstances surrounding the death of Cecilia S. Clark, the little girl who was run over by an interurban car on Wednesday afternoon, returned a formal verdict and attached no blame to anyone for the accident. Riders were added, however, recommending to the B. C. Electric Company that the cars, and particularly the fenders, be inspected on every change of motormen. It also recommended from evidence submitted that the company issue instructions to lower the speed of the cars between short distance stops and when approaching curves. The child was the daughter of a motorman on a Central Park car.

Are Deceiving Austrians

The Petit Provencal, of Marseilles, publishes the following strange story, which is generally believed in southern France: "A former Austro-Hungarian diplomat who left the service of the Dual Monarchy many years ago and now lives in France states that the present Austrian ruler is an imposter. The real Emperor Francis Joseph died in 1884 after a short illness. He was poisoned, but for political reasons the government and the court kept his death secret. To explain his absence from Schoenbrunn it was reported the monarch had started on a hunting trip in the mountains. Several weeks after the burial of the ruler a Hungarian by the name of Hyjanos, who looked exactly like the dear Emperor, was found and brought to Schoenbrunn. This man played his part to perfection, but he lived only five years. When he died in 1889 another substitute had to be found.

"Since that time a dozen old men who look like the original Francis Joseph have been kept in a convent in Bohemia and three of them already have posed as rulers of the Dual Monarchy. The present occupant of the thrones of Austria and Hungary is a Bohemian peasant who cannot even read or write." The Petit Provencal promises affidavits to prove the story.

"Every time baby looks into my face he smiles," said the proud father. "Well, it may not be exactly polite of baby, but it shows he has a sense of humor," was the crushing retort.

"I understand," said Mrs. Twickenbury, "that Germany has invented a new and very powerful expletive."—Christian Register.

HOME TO RENT

For Rent—6 room, modern house, Balsam street, Kerrisdale; lawn, flowers, garden, chicken run, fenced and newly decorated. Garden in first rate shape, small fruits, roses, etc. Rent, $16 per month. Box A., Western Call.