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BADLY MADE SUPPLIES WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED

The Canadian Red Cross Society in its monthly bulletin calls the attention of Red Cross workers to the necessity for careful attention to details in all their Red Cross work and explains that owing to the lack of space on ships they are approaching the time when they will be obliged to refuse supplies that are not properly made or packed.

Following are the instructions issued by the supply department:

"We have received from England some complaints as to the quality of the goods which are being shipped, especially of the quality of the socks. We, therefore, ask all our workers throughout the Dominion to remember that socks which are badly knitted are really useless. We would also ask all heads of committees and societies to watch carefully the socks sent in by members, and to refuse to send forward those which have hard seams in them, especially at the toe and heel, or which are hard and rough to the feet, or which are obviously too large or too small or too misshapen for any normal soldier to wear.

"We would also draw the attention of workers to the fact that it is useless to send forward large quantities of supplies made of very poor materials. We have had some shirts, for instance, sent in to the society of such wretched material that they are really useless.

"We are afraid that in some places there is more anxiety to send forward large quantities for the sake of appearing well in reports than to consider what would be the feeling of a patient if he were asked to wear the garments sent. We call upon all workers to remember that the object of the Red Cross is not to provide materials for working parties and to occupy the time of the workers, but to provide garments which are really more suitable for sick men to wear. Moreover, as our transportation is limited, we cannot send forward goods which take up space on the ships and which are not of any use when they arrive at the hospitals.

"Surgical supplies made of anything but hospital gauze, absorbent cotton and non-absorbent cotton, are useless, and not worth the carriage or the time of makers. We do not want ordinary bandages except a very small number which should be made only by men and boys and persons who cannot make other supplies.

"We are quickly approaching the time when for lack of space on the ships we shall be obliged to return to the senders supplies of goods which are not of the right kind or of sufficiently good quality to warrant our forwarding them to England, as we do not care to incur the responsibility of disposing of them on this side of the water.

"During the canning and jam-making season, we took pains to request from one of the largest fruit growers and canners in Canada definite instructions as to packing fruit and jam. He kindly sent these and they were inserted in "Suggestions for Work" and "War Work," and we received much beautifully prepared and packed fruit that was much appreciated in our hospitals. Some was not so satis-

factory. Here is the description of one very large shipment when it arrived at the shipping warehouse in St. John:

"This jam was packed in five-pound paint or lard tins, which were not air tight. The action of the acid in the fruit combined with the air in the tin has caused a heavy, black corrosion on the inside of the tin and cover. Furthermore, this shipment was very badly packed, being put up in various kinds of cases, little or no attention being given to the packing, as a considerable number of the tins were packed upside down, the cover having come off allowing the contents to dirty the other tins and penetrate the cases. Also, in nailing up the cases, nails were driven through quite a number of the tins.

"I have had this jam examined by two of the leading confectioners and they are of the opinion that on account of the corrosion on the inside of the tins, that the entire shipment is unfit for food, as there would be great danger of ptomaine poisoning. I have, therefore, arranged to have the entire shipment, consisting of 400 tins, destroyed."

And the worst of it all was that the freight of this shipment cost the Red Cross \$68.00.

INQUIRY DEPARTMENT WORK EXPLAINED

The members of the Prisoners of War Committee have been asked many times, especially just lately, to explain just which is the Information Department of the Red Cross. It is an enquiry department for missing and wounded men. The following is from a British Red Cross report of April 29: "During the past fortnight we have received 685 enquiries and have collected 1,806 reports. We are now issuing a monthly printed list, which is sent to Basra and Bombay, of enquiries for men missing or wounded in Mesopotamia. The reorganization of the searching in the hospitals of the United Kingdom has proceeded without interruption with excellent results. The work is now concentrated on the first line of hospitals, which receives convoys direct from France. In each district a head searcher is appointed, who is responsible for the selection (subject to the approval of the department) of the necessary number of assistants, and for collecting and forwarding to this office the reports obtained. The system is found to work well and the officers commanding the military hospitals have been prompt in giving all necessary facilities.

"It has now been definitely decided to include in our enquiry list the names of all men officially reported missing, without waiting for private enquiries on their behalf * * * and the War Office have further undertaken to supply us with the daily official communique of casualties, from which the names of the missing will be transferred to our own list as soon as they appear.

"We continue to receive an increasing number of enquiries for men wounded and missing in Mesopotamia. We are now issuing these in a monthly printed list which is sent to Basra and Bombay and also to Egypt, in view of the possibility that some of the wounded may be sent there.

GIVES FLOOD WARNINGS

Giving ample warnings of flood possibilities on the Fraser River, F. Napier Dennison, superintendent of the Victoria observatory, says that this season has been abnormally cool throughout this province and the snowfall has been unusually heavy on the mountains. From daily river gauge readings obtained from special observers stationed at Kamloops, Lytton and Yale the following abnormally low readings were obtained on the 27th of this month:

At Kamloops the level is two

feet four inches below the average on that date during the last six years.

At Lytton it is six feet eight inches below the average.

At Yale seven feet five inches below the average of the last seven years.

Under these conditions should there be a pronounced warm spell in the interior during the next two weeks, dangerous floods may occur, which from the 16th to the 19th of June would greatly be increased by the highest tides of the year.

EARLY CLOSING OF BARS WENT INTO FORCE JUNE 1

The amendment to the liquor act imposing new closing regulations on the hotel bars in the province went into force on June 1st. Hereafter, or at least until after the war, in the event of Prohibition failing at the polls, the bars must not open before 11 a.m. and must close promptly at 10 p.m.

Inspector James Reid has given official notice to all hotels and cafes affected by the new amendments, inasmuch as, although the new regulations came into force on Wednesday night, they were not rigidly enforced, some of the bars which had not been notified, remaining open till the usual hour, while others closed at 10 o'clock.

The police on duty in the city have instructions to watch that no infractions of the new regulations take place, and to report any such infractions.

The question as to who will be responsible for the enforcement of the law as regards clubs is not yet decided, as the latter are operated under a provincial

charter, and, in Inspector Reid's opinion, may come under the supervision of the provincial police.

The argument is put forward, however, that as soon as a club sells liquor after the regular hours named in the licence, it becomes an illicit business and would come under the head of the "blind pig" list, the rounding-up of which is part of the duties of the city police department.

Hotel keepers in the city complain that a large percentage of their business is done between the hours of 10 and 11 in the morning, and that until the drinking public become conversant with the new regulations there will be a considerable falling off in the returns from the bars.

Inspector Reid pointed out that under the new act in no hotel dining room shall liquor be served on Sundays as has been the case heretofore, nor during hours when the bar should be closed. This will include cafes as well, while the sale of liquor on Sundays is also prohibited in clubs.

GOOD WORK BEING DONE IN MANY MISSION FIELDS

The twelfth annual meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary to Missions of the Anglican Church, Diocese of New Westminster, opened Thursday morning in Christ church and will be continued until Saturday night. The meeting promises to be one of the most interesting in the history of the Auxiliary.

A communion service in the church conducted by Rev. C. S. McGaffin opened the meeting. The sermon at the communion service was preached by the Ven. Archdeacon of Columbia. Mrs. Harold King gave the address of welcome, to which Mrs. Barton of Camp Slough replied. The president, Mrs. Wm. Godfrey, in her annual address said that despite the war several of the branches are stronger than they were before, but she reminded them that there was still a vast amount of work waiting to be done, and as the strength of the auxiliary is depending on the zeal of the individual, she urged them to put their best efforts into the work. She pointed out the necessity for thoroughness and reminded them of their text "The Love of Christ Constrains Us."

Letters of greeting were read from the General Board of the W. A. in Canada, from the dioceses of Ruperts Land, Calgary, Saskatchewan, Huron, Fredericton, Keewatin, Algoma, Quebec

and Caledonia. The recording secretary, Mrs. Balfour, in her report stated that there was now a total membership of 2841 on their rolls. They have 93 life members, 43 senior auxiliaries with 1069 members, 210 members in girls' auxiliaries, 773 in the junior branches, and 789 in the babies' branches. She referred to the death of Mrs. Thain, one of their oldest life members, and to the absence of the bishop and asked the prayers of the members for his safe return.

Interesting reports were read from the branches throughout the diocese. St. Mark's, Kitsilano, reported the largest junior membership, and St. Paul's the greatest increase in membership, while Broadview, which had decreased to one member, had paid its pledge of \$5 and is still a branch.

The treasurer's report showed the receipts for the year to be \$4,094.31. Though this sum was not less than that raised in other years, there was a small deficit owing to the fact that larger obligations than usual were met this year. The corresponding secretary reported having written 188 letters and 217 replies and notices in which she had had much valuable assistance from the bishop, whose guiding hand they are now missing. She impressed upon the members the necessity for loyalty to their cause.

METHODIST CONFERENCE CONCLUDES LABORS

The sessions of the annual conference of the Methodist church were brought to a conclusion on Wednesday evening with the reading of the final list of station and the election of chairmen for the various districts. The stationing committee were in session most of the day in an endeavor to bring in a report that would be satisfactory to all concerned, and the results of their deliberations are shown in the following list:

Several reports of committees were discussed by members of conference, one of the most important being a supplementary report of the board of directors of Columbian College, which asked the Methodist church of the province to raise the sum of \$5,000 for the support of the college this year. This the conference unanimously agreed to do, and a hearty vote of appreciation was tendered to Rev. Dr. Sanford, the principal, for his unflagging earnestness in the conducting of the institution and the ability he had displayed in managing the business affairs.

The stationing committee recommended that theological work be discontinued for this year, and this was agreed to by the conference. It was found that the majority of the students had enlisted for overseas service, and those who remained were not able to enlist for various causes, but could be used in the work of the church on the mission fields. Academic work will be carried on, and a few students will be helped by correspondence, but no theological teaching will be done by the college staff. The conference accepted this proposal as a contribution of the church to the call of the Empire. A committee was appointed to prepare a conference honor roll of those who have enlisted, and this will be done at once.

Church Taxation

The subject of church taxation came in for consideration on the report of the committee on memorials, and a committee, consisting of the president, Rev. S. S. Osterhout, Rev. R. F. Stillman, Mr. George Bell and Mr. William Savage was appointed to press the views of the conference on the authorities during the year.

Following is the final stationing draft as pertaining to both Vancouver districts:

Vancouver West District

Vancouver (Wesley) — Ernest Thomas; Robert Whittington, D. D., superannuated; John W. Saunby, B.A., missionary in Japan; Eber Crummy, D.D., Principal Wesley College, Winnipeg. Mt. Pleasant—Wilford J. Sipprell, B.A., D.D. Oak Street—To be supplied from Fourteenth avenue. Sixth Avenue—Wesley E. Kerr. S. S. Osterhout, Ph.D., President of Conference, 1454 Fifth Ave. West. Kitsilano—J. G. Brown, M.A. W. Pascoe Goard, supernumerary. Fournetoth Ave.—Wm. S. A. Crux, B. A. Tolmie St.—To be supplied from Fourteenth avenue. Kerrisdale—Charles F. Connor, M.A., B.D. Norwegian Mission—Emanuel L. Nanthrop (Matsqui).

Chinese Mission—Lay Evangelist, 531 Beatty St.

Steveston (Japanese Mission)—R. Misumuna.

Richmond—G. B. Ridland (R. No. 1, Vancouver).

Howe Sound—Robt. C. Scott, B.A., Gibson's Landing.

Cape Mudge (Indian Mission)—To be supplied. (J. E. Rendle), Quathiaska Cove.

Valdes and Cortes—To be supplied by SS. Thomas Crosby.

Alert Bay—To be supplied.

Salmon River—To be supplied by SS. Thomas Crosby, Capt. J. G. Gibson, Chaplain, C.E.F.

Dawson and Klondike—To be supplied.

Marine Mission—To be supplied, S. S. Thomas Crosby, under superintendence of missions.

James Stoodley to attend Columbian College.

Garnet Gibson, enlisted, by permission of conference.

Officers—Chairman, S. S. Osterhout; financial secretary, W. J. Sipprell; S. S. secretary, E. Thomas; E. L. Secretary, W. E. Kerr; temperance secretary, J. G. Brown.

Vancouver East District

Central—Arthur E. Roberts; James Turner, superannuated; Goro Kaburagi, left without a station, at his own request.

Grandview—Elihu Manuel; F. W. Langford left without a station at his own request to pursue post-graduate work.

Dundas—William J. Beamish.

Vancouver Heights—To be supplied.

South Hastings — To be supplied.

Trinity—Osbert M. Sanford; Wm. Pearson, superannuated.

Robson Memorial—J. C. Switzer, B.A.; Henry J. Miller, superannuated.

Grace church—J. Wesley Miller, M.A., B.D.

Mountain View—Chas. B. Sing, B. D.

Sanford—Thomas H. Wright.

Ferris Road—Arthur N. Miller.

Wilson Heights—W. P. Ewing, B. D.

River avenue—To be supplied from Sanford.

Japanese Mission—M. Mutsumaga.

Beaconsfield—To be supplied.

Wm. Boulton left without a station at his own request.

Collingwood E.—Robt. Wilkinson; E. Wesley Morgan, B.A., B. D., missionary in China.

North Burnaby—To be supplied from Dundas.

North Vancouver—W. Lashley Hall, B.A., B.D.

Lynn Valley—To be supplied under superintendence of North Vancouver.

West Vancouver and No. Vancouver, Robt. R. Morrison.

Maple Ridge—John Pye, Port Hammond.

Mission City—John R. Butler.

Agassiz—To be supplied. Robt. C. Wilkinson, supernumerary.

J. S. Weir, enlisted, by permission of conference.

Officers: Chairman, E. Manuel; financial secretary, T. H. Wright; S. S. secretary, O. M. Sanford; E. L. secretary, R. Wilkinson; secretary, A. E. Roberts.

Joseph Olenine's Cloak

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

In spite of German critics I consider as very estimable Salvolini's commentary on the papyrus of Turin and the campaigns of Rhameses the Great. I had planned to make use of it for my great work on the sojourn of the Hebrews in Egypt, when urgent business affairs summoned me, at the beginning of last autumn, to my estate in Bukova, in Little Russia. I set out, taking with me my precious Salvolini; I expected to find, in the solitude of my woods, the long hours of study necessary for finishing my work.

Every proprietor in the district of Pereiaslaf knows that there are three relays from Kiev to Bukova; they know also that this road is marked on the district map—ten years ago it is true—as one of the worst in our dear Ukraine, and that last autumn in particular, the commonest prudence commanded the traveller to avoid the imaginary bridges with which it is embellished. In spite of a combined movement of rolling and pitching which made the hieroglyphic signs dance in front of my eyes, I persisted in reading the commentary, without a glance at the sorry landscape of stubble-fields and tillage which was fleeing behind me. At the relay of Tachagne—one of those poor hamlets, lost in the fuzes of a pond, called "Khoures," in Little Russia—I was distracted from reading by the voice of my friend Stephen Ivanovitch, the postmaster, who invited me to take a cup of tea in his house. Two hours later my carriage entered the lime-tree avenue to Bukova, and the shadows of night which were falling from my old trees stopped me at the beginning of Rhameses' expedition into Nubia. A few minutes later I continued it in a dream tortured by the fantastic jolts of a war chariot rolling over the Libyan sands.

The next day, at dawn, I was recalled to the realities of earth by the steward who came to take me in his "drochki" to visit a distant farm. Our early autumn mornings are colder than noontide in winter; over the benumbed fields creeps a heavy gray fog, the vapor of those marshes which form, as is known, the greater part and the most picturesque ornament of our beautiful country. I ordered my servant to bring to me my pelisse, a wide, warm, fox-lined cloak, which had cut a pitiful figure in the cloak-room of an elegant ball at Petrograd; it was the uncouth companion of my hunting expeditions and of my jaunts through the forest, one of those solid and modest country-friends which one presses to his heart on returning to his country lodgings and which one no longer salutes when one meets them by chance at the court wharf. Ivan appeared with empty hands and scratching his head with an embarrassed air.

"Pardon, baron; but * * * the cloak cannot be found; it must have slipped out of the carriage, goodness knows * * * on the road, not far away."

"What, fallen on the road! You have lost my cloak then?"

"You wanted it thrown over your feet last night, as you were anxious to read your big book; you would not notice it, we were getting such a shaking! The accident has possibly happened at the Tachagne River when we were passing over the bridge * * * Good Lord, I thought we would roll over into the precipice! Ah! the roads are badly neglected, baron; happily the cook of his highness, the marshal, told me yesterday that this year the zemstvo * * *

I cut short my faithful servant's digression, ordering him to send a

post-boy on horseback in search of the cloak and to tell him not to return without it. That urchin returned at nightfall; he brought back from Tachagne a large packet wrapped up in the greasy numbers of the "Journal de Kief." I was just returning from the frozen fields, cursing the rough roads, the zemstvo and the stupid Ivan, when the post-boy brought back in triumph the recovered cloak, kissing my hand as it rolled him a rouble. I tore off the paper and my fingers, numb with cold, became gently buried under the caress of something soft, delicate and warm as a child's breath. I unrolled the object; judge of my surprise and of my ill-humor on seeing unfolded, in place of my old cloak, one of those short pelisses which I believe ladies call polonaises, of great blue velvet lined with sable, which looked very costly. The garment was ancient in style, such as was worn formerly in Poland.

"Ah! now, what kind of a joke is this then?" I shouted, detaining the post-boy.

"I do not know, Osip Evguenitch; it was the postmaster himself who gave me the packet at Tachagne, telling me that it was the fur cloak lost by our father and desiring me to carry to our father his wishes for good health."

"But, you ninny, it is not mine!" "I did not know, Osip Evguenitch."

I sent the stupid fellow away, knowing from those decisive words that there was nothing more to be got from a Russian peasant; and spitefully throwing the strange garment on the divan at the corner of my desk, I lay down, musing on the odd transformations which cloaks undergo in Ukraine.

Next day I awakened very late; a radiant September sun filled with its golden smile my old room with its furniture upholstered in faded chintz. The first object which struck my eyes was the polonaise, spread out on the divan. Light puffs of breeze, blowing through the open window, made ripples in the pretty fur cloak. In the dazzling light, the sable quivered with golden chestnut reflections like those which play on some Titian heads. Mechanically I stroked that silky down, flaming in the noontide light; little sparks quivered along my fingers, the same as come from stroking a young cat's back as it sleeps before the fireplace. From the crumpled cloth rose a strong perfume; I have a very keen memory for perfumes, yet I could not recall any analogous sensation; unless perhaps the feeble, enervating odor of the linden-trees of Ukraine, when they blossom all around the house in June. In short, that pretty little piece of goods breathed a secret grace, a provoking maliciousness; I stopped to play with it, to drape it in the light in order to set it off fully, when I noticed the Salvolini wide open on my desk, waiting for me. I was ashamed of my childishness, and I plunged into my favorite reading. I must say I found it less absorbing than usual. The garden which extended beneath my window, adorned with the last coquetries of autumn, attracted my attention often; it invariably returned to the sables which smiled near me.

Ivan entered, bringing in my breakfast, and made a movement to pick up the unknown and put it away. The hands of my valet bore the trace of a conscientious struggle against the dust accumulated by the summer months on the furniture of Bukova. On seeing that great black hand taking the delicate blue velvet brutally by the collar, I felt an indefinable sensation of irritation.

"Go and finish your work, Ivan, and don't soil that thing which doesn't belong to us; that is right, you may put it away later."

In the evening, Ivan came back to the rescue. I had sketched the plan of the first chapter of my memorial, and I paced up and down my room with that irregular and absent-minded step so favorable to brain-work. Every time that I drew near my desk, my eyes fell on the polonaise; it was lying on the divan in the subdued light of the lamp, with those fantastic and animated postures which clothes, long worn, have in the evening. Sometimes it seemed to me that it stirred, rose up; it assumed caressing attitudes, and a passing light brightened the golden chestnut reflections with more movement and life than in the morning, as if the frolicsome curls of a Venetian head had appeared in the obscure depths of my great mirror. Again I sent Ivan away unceremoniously. The poor fellow looked at me in astonishment and went away with respectful submission, the last legacy of servitude in our worthy servants.

The next day I invented some of those ingenious pretexts which our slightest caprices find so quickly in order to persuade Ivan that he must leave the strange visitor where it was, until such time as it might be reclaimed. In reality I did not like to anticipate that moment. It seemed to me that the polonaise had always been there; it had entered on the same footing in my intimate life, as those familiar and indispensable things amongst which the old boy—even if he is not very old—does not allow any change to be made. In the midst of my faded pieces of furniture, in my severe workroom, it was the only young and gay note, the only luminous touch. With its half-living appearance in the evening, it was a little less than a dog and a little more than a flower. My obsession for that queer little thing increased hourly.

Those people only can understand me

who have known the prodigious monotony and the formidable weariness of a solitary sojourn in our Russian plains. Left alone in that silence, crushing to men and things, the imagination attaches itself to the most trivial objects and ascribes to them proportions out of all bounds. According to the interesting heads of our houses of correction, it is to Russian sailors and proprietors that Silvio Pellico's spider must be dedicated. The polonaise—I beg its pardon for the comparison—became my spider. Soon its influence seriously balanced that of Rhameses. I watched it live its mute and secret life. It was a body without soul, it is true, but like those bodies which the soul has just left and which maintain after the abandonment an expression of great intensity. I looked for the soul, naturally, and my imagination, idle, let at liberty, spent its best hours seeking for the causes and effects by which chance had brought the wanderer to my home, on the eternal feminine which had lately become incarnate in that wrapper. I reconstructed all the types of women with which my rich memory could furnish me, in order to adapt them to my cloak. Finally, tired of groping in the dark, I decided to make investigations with a scientific strictness worthy of a laureate of our Academies. If Cuvier, thought I, was able to resuscitate the antediluvian monsters with a little bone, an insignificant fragment of their vast organism, why should I not reconstitute a woman with a raiment, which is half of a woman, if it is not the whole? I hung the stuff up, allowing it to take its natural folds; they at once gave evidence of a light, vaporous grace; but that was not enough.

One day, I found the farm-hands about to macerate the last harvest of hemp. I secretly carried away a few armfuls; not without blushing a little at my childish amusement, I began to stuff my cloak, buttoning the garment over that improvised mannequin and being careful of all the breaks in the velvet made by much wearing. The result was completely convincing. I saw appear a long and flexible neck, rich and proud features, a slight figure, supple as a young birch. Some affinities, familiar to all who have studied design, helped me to establish, with the half thus acquired, the half still wanting, the height of the statue, the shape of the head. I had never been in doubt as to her hair, which was of the golden chestnut shade of the sables; it was also an axiom long since arrived at that her eyes had the dark reflections of the blue velvet. One single point troubled me, the nose was lacking, and I had no models by which to reconstitute it; until better informed, my statue would have no nose. But why! Had I not madly loved formerly, that ancient head of Ephesus which the barbarous Turk deprived of that same ornament? In a word, had I not loved greatly my beautiful compatriots under similar circumstances?

And so the soul of my cloak being recaptured, its form became henceforth invariably fixed in my imagination. It brought great peace. From the day on which my visionary companion was created, she became alive. I grew so much the more attached to that piece of goods in that it was the visible sign of my creation. I no longer entertained the thought that I might be deprived of it. I had not the slightest curiosity to see the lawful owner of the cloak; that might mean disillusion, and what I had invented sufficed me. Once a very simple idea came to me, and which ought to have come sooner, that there might be something in the pockets to indicate its origin. The idea was very unwelcome. I made several unwilling attempts to put it into execution. At last I plunged my slightly trembling hands into the little pockets; it was with inexpressible relief that I drew them out again empty. My steward wanted me to go to Tachagne to wind up a business matter of importance. I found a pretext for sending him in my place, fearing, above all things, an explanation with the postmaster which might oblige me to make restitution.

On the 15th of October, we had our first frost of winter at Bukova. I saw, on awakening, the melancholy horizon of our fields all wan under its first white sheet. I was to go that morning to superintending some wood-cutting quite a distance away. Ivan brought to me in triumph a coarse peasant's mantle, swearing that it was very cold. I was well aware of it when I opened my window and felt the icy breeze. My hand rested on the soft sables; they always preserved a certain intrinsic and mysterious tepidity. Brr * * *, thought I, how good it would feel to wrap one self up in that warm fur before facing such weather! I repulsed that foolish idea with shame. But it is well known that foolish ideas have a singular manner of making their way and have special arguments at their service. "What is the use?" said the temptress, "of getting inflammation of the lungs when one can guard against it? Do you think that any manner of muffling will astonish your worthy peasants? Those simple people noticed nothing, and even if the village girls did smile a little, what's the harm?"

I struggled, lovers know how struggles with foolish ideas end. After a few minutes' hesitation, I threw the fine cloak abruptly over my shoulders and went out. An entirely new felicity penetrated to my inmost heart. The steward shivered and I did not feel the cold. I was a long time in the woods; it seemed to me

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I would leave the best half of myself behind on returning. The first step had been taken; on the following days, even when the weather became fine again, I did not cast off the lucky cloak. My trips, hitherto hasty and unpleasant, had become delightful. As soon as I put on the enchanted cloak, my sad personality left me, and I felt that a strange personality became insensibly substituted for it. I now spent all my days outdoors, rambling through the forest in my magic garment; the first sensation of delight did not wear away; on the contrary it seemed to me each day that I was a little less I, that the metamorphosis was nearing completion; a world of delicious things, of subtle enjoyments was revealed to me; I had changed my soul with the cloak and cast off the old man; it seemed to me I had become * * * Ah! no! To tell the truth, it seemed to me I was running mad.

At this critical moment of my moral existence, one evening, at nightfall, on the 24th of October, I received a telegram from my friend X. He informed me that he was on his way to Kiev the next morning and begged me to go and see him there for a moment, to confer with him in a matter in which I could be of great assistance to him. I no longer cared for anything except my solitude which was peopled with my love, and I cursed this importunate friendship; but there was no way out of it, and I ordered horses put to the carriage. Ivan came up in the jocosse manner which he had for some time been affecting freely towards me.

"The night may be wet, will Monsieur take a wrap with him for the journey?"

I had to overcome one of those little feelings of shame which returned at intervals, but I had already overcome so many of them!

"The fur-cloak," I answered, turning my head aside, and, a few minutes afterwards, the carriage bore me away, trembling with pleasure in my dear sables, which expanded in an atmosphere of love over my being, indifferent to everything else.

The night was far advanced when my carriage entered the courtyard of the Tachagne station-house. An unharnessed stage barouche was awaiting exchange horses.

"I am going to waken Stephen Ivanovitch," said Ivan to me.

"Attend to the horses at once and don't disturb those who are sleeping," I answered ill-humoredly.

You may well believe that I was possessed of only one idea, that of avoiding the postmaster. For fear of meeting him I even went into the tea-room; I rolled a cigarette, and began to pace up and down the wooden gallery of the lean-to which reached all around the yard. The night was dark and wet, as Ivan had predicted. An evil-smelling oil lamp, on a door-case, threw a feeble light at one of the turns of the gallery.

I had been walking for some moments when that door opened and gave passage to a traveller who began to promenade in the opposite direction to me. Her profile struck me from the very first; there was about her a peculiarity which made it impossible to determine to which sex the unknown belonged. What puzzled me more was that it seemed to me I found in the figure, the gait and the manner of my walking companion very familiar memories; but those memories were so much the less easy to specify in that they corresponded to two evidently very different persons; without being able to put a name to these vague analogies, I was certain that I had become familiar with that silhouette during my intim-

acy with some one of my friends and with that carriage of figure and gait during my intimacy with some other friend. Very much perplexed, I stopped under the lamp to wait for the walker to pass. Into the lighted space stepped a woman's two little feet, protruding from beneath a man's long cloak; my eyes dwelt on that cloak; it was mine, my old fox-lined pelisse!

You may guess that the throng of disordered thoughts which burst forth in my brain. I began walking again like an intoxicated man. Chance brought it about that in the next turns, we met each other right under the lamp. My first impressions were explained without lessening my agitation. When I looked at the cloak I thought I was looking at myself in a mirror, and beneath that borrowed personality, I divined another which I recognized as if I had left it the moment before. The face of that woman—it was decidedly a woman—was muffled up in a black scarf; but judging by the fixity of her look, I felt myself the object of an attention equal to my own. The promenade continued; a sharp feeling of anguish took possession of me. Have you ever come across a face in a drawing-room which was well-known to you? You realize that you ought to speak to it, fraternize with it, and for want of being able to give a name to that face, not a word comes to your lips; you divine that it, on its part, recognizes you; and every moment of delay increases your discom-

fort. Suddenly, after a last turn, the lady stopped right under the lamp, threw back her veil abruptly, and a peal of laughter, long restrained, burst forth like a rocket; the young and fresh voice which that laughter bespoke was raised and said to me in French:

"Sir, will you return my cloak?" "I remained motionless, dumb-founded, seeking for words with which to stammer:

"Goodness, Madame, I was going to make the same request of you; but will you deign to explain to me how?"

"Ah, as to that, I am incapable. I only know that you have my pelisse, and it seems to me you have adopted it without too much ceremony."

"It is true, Madame; but are you yourself not giving me the example?"

"This cloak is yours? And it is I who owe you explanations? Come, I am willing; besides, it is very simple. A month ago, in passing through here on my way to a neighboring district, I lost my fur cloak. When I sent for it, they brought me this in its place. I have been away longer than I expected to be. The cold weather caught me unawares, far from all resources, and, my faith, I made use of the one which Providence deigned to leave me in exchange for my sables. That necessity will seem to you sufficient justification, I hope. What is less so, is why a man should need to wrap himself up in a woman's mantle in the manner of a young clergyman; without taking into account the fact that it seems to me to have got somewhat out of shape on your shoulders, my poor cloak!"

Oh! certainly not, madame. I swear to you. It is on the contrary I who have become * * *

"In a word, sir, since it pleases you to think our wrongs are reciprocal, let us say no more about them. We are both about to re-enter upon our property and to get back the attributes of our sex. But as two people who have worn for a month each other's mantles seem to me to have had sufficient introduction, I invite you to have a cup of tea with me

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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 panelling on living room and dining room, hall burlapped and panelled, 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.

HORNEY 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. Terms.

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.

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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 Ave. 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.

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...hilst we are effecting the change." And the stranger opened the hall door, showing me the way. I followed her reluctantly. I had covered reflection. I saw only one thing, the near and inevitable separation with my well-beloved companion. I felt no gratitude to its mistress, for having revealed herself. I was little concerned about her, it was her pelisse I was interested in. Yet, whilst my heroine was taking off my cloak, I gave myself up to that summary scrutiny which is the first attention due by a man to a woman with whom he has anything to do. It was not to be disputed that it was my statue who appeared to me, statue such as I had gazed at from its wrapper, only with a nose in addition. Was it that, nose which disconcerted me? I do not know, yet the apparition gave me no pleasure and remained for me quite distinct from the real soul, that which lived in the pelisse. The golden chestnut hair was there, however, and the great blue eyes. She asked the servant for some tea; by the accent of the first Russian words which she uttered, I recognized that she was a Polonaise. Everything, besides, betrayed in her that race, particularly formidable in the feminine nature; the electrical glance, the venomous perfume, the serpent-like suppleness, the unconscious provocation of each gawgaw, from her heels to the curl in her hair. Whilst she was pouring the tea, Stephen Ivanovitch entered, bowed to us, and smiled. "I suppose," said he, "that the error is now explained to the countess. The same day on which she visited my house and forgot her pelisse, M. Joseph Olenine lost his cloak near here. The next day, when the messenger from Bukova came to reclaim the latter, my stable-boy brought back the garment which he had picked up. A few hours later, a passer-by brought back M. Olenine's cloak and found at the door the courier who was asking for the pelisse of Countess * * * ska; the courier did not verify the object, and I heard no more about it." The postmaster had thrown some light on my romance. The name of

the Countess * * * ska was well-known to me. She had just left Varsovie at the time at which my regiment was garrisoned there. People talked then of her beauty and of her second marriage with the old Count * * * sky, one of the richest nobles in Poland, formerly high in favor at court, and who had even been governor-general for a moment during the preceding reign. For some time the count and his wife had been living in retirement at their beautiful estate of Rogonostzova, on the confines of Podalio, a hundred versts from my place. I knew that they passed at rare intervals through our district on their way to another estate situated nearer Kiev. The countess dismissed Stephen Ivanovitch, begging him to have the horses ready soon, and the conversation was resumed by us with the ease which the assurance of belonging to the same society gives to a new relationship, even when people have not exchanged cloaks. "Well! Monsieur Olenine, the introduction is completed, and in quite a romantic manner. My friends at Varsovie have often spoken of your exploits of all kinds, when you were with the hussars, but I did not know that you carried your disdain for common morals to the point of appropriating sables lost on the highway: "You may even add, countess, to the point of not returning them!" "Why is that?" "I declare that that pelisse will be wrested from me only with my life." "Indeed! and why?" "Because * * * because I love it." "That is what all the heroes of the police-court might say." "No, you do not understand me, you cannot understand me. It is too subtle a thing to explain what it is exists between that garment and myself. Yet, you, too, are a Slav, consequently more or less spiritist, believing in the transmigration of the soul and in a lot of similar things. Well, a month ago that piece of goods came into my life; it has, little by little, driven out my own self and intro-

duced another soul, a fantastical soul emanating from it; or perhaps it is I who have passed into it and taken the form and the being which it held under its sway, as the philosophers say. I do not know. But, understand, I love, madly, it and all that my imagination has put into it. The countess assumed a little air of severity suitable to such a case. But it is to be remarked that this severe air has never succeeded in being an astonished air, a circumstance which leads to the belief that women are always expecting that word as a natural result of a conversation with them. "Oh! do not mistake my meaning," I resumed. "Far from me be the intention of offending you. Your person does not count in all this, it is absent, it does not exist, there can exist in that pelisse only the ideal foim called forth from its folds at my invocation." "That is not flattering to the material form which has contributed not a little to those folds. In short, I am willing to enjoy your originality, but I am none the less obliged to again make a formal demand for my cloak." "Never, my life rather! Why did I meet you? Come, go away," I cried in despair, "but do not ask me for my soul!" "I am only asking for my fur cloak. Ah! now, but you are the Tartufe of the pelisses, my dear sir. With all my desire to oblige you, I repeat to you that I am going to appear in a few hours before my legitimate lord, who would betray a just astonishment if he saw me landing in a man's cloak. I intend to return home in my own form and nature. So much the more as these furs are a family inheritance to which we have a thousand rights of possession." "But you are asking for me myself! How would you have me render myself to you?" "Come, I enter into your mad idea. Am I not leaving you one consolation? This cloak, yours, which I have been wearing for a month will undergo a slight metamorphosis in your favor. You will find there, according to your theories of the adaptation of cloaks, a little of yourself, a little of another."

And with an air of superb authority which, I must say, suited her marvellously, she took from my hands my beloved cloak, threw it over her arms and reached the door. There she turned around, doubtless to have a little laugh at my expense. But, I looked so heart-broken that she cried to me with a shade of sympathy in her voice: "There, I will take pity on your madness. You love this polonaise! Well, you will see it again at Rogonostzova. I promise you that it will always hang on the first coat-peg in my vestibule. Come then, and consider yourself always welcome under our roof, M. Olenine. You may say, modifying the proverb: For one lost polonaise two are found." I will pass over the details of an inward struggle the issue of which has already been guessed. The first sound which restored joy to the house was that of the bells of my trotters, the day on which they brought to the steps the sled harnessed for taking me to Rogonostzova. The road seemed long and the approaches to the place rough; great frozen ponds, fir forests, and an old castle of the time of Elizabeth, with prison-like outlines; one of those wearisome jails in which the most mediocre companion must be welcomed by the captives as a Prince Charming in the castle of the Beauty of the Sleeping Forest. Today, restored to a more healthy state of mind, I scarcely dare to recall the ridiculous emotion with which I set foot in the vestibule of the manor of the * * * skys. My polonaise—the fur-lined one, of course—glistened on the first coat-peg, radiating light like the Golden Fleece, more caressing and more animated than ever. I ran to the durt object and covered it with furtive kisses. The countess who spied me, appeared on a doorstep, laughing heartily. "Come," said she, "I see that the case is inveterate and that it must be treated energetically if necessary, with cold douches." She graciously did me the honors of the house and introduced me to her husband, a glorious invalid of the Caucasian wars, confined by sciatica to an easy chair, in front of a table, at which his young wife and his steward kept shuffling the cards, each in their turn, for his endless game of preference; a fine-looking old man, for the rest, on whose white temples the wrinkles crossed their furrows with those of the Turkish Yataghans; a rubicund nose and a cheerful disposition gave evidence of the consolations which a cellar well-furnished with Hungarian wine brought to the aged soldier. My hosts gave me a great welcome; but, during the whole of that sojourn, I gave them only what strict politeness would not allow me to deny them. Whenever I found an opportunity, I would make my escape in order to join my well-beloved and lose myself in contemplating it. It was soon evident to me that Mme. * * * ska followed with impatience that conduct which had at first amused her. Her good graces where I was concerned, grew visibly cold. The last occasions on which she caught me engaged in an intimate dialogue with her fur robe, she passed on shrugging her shoulders, and I heard her murmur behind her teeth: "He is a madman!" Being recalled to Bukova for a week, I could scarcely wait for my second visit. My disappointment was great when I no longer found the pelisse in its customary place. I rushed

ed into the drawing-room and reproached the countess bitterly for that violation of her pledged word. She answered me, with a curl of scorn on her lip, that my incoherences had no longer the merit of novelty; then, ringing a bell with a nervous gesture, she ordered her waiting-woman to bring in her "old rag." During that second visit, Mme. * * * ska's manner testified a real hostility towards me. She scarcely veer addressed a word to me, and all my infatuation was needed to endure an attitude which I was obliged to attribute to the disdain inspired by my deranged mind. The old count alone, ignorant of my foolishness, welcomed me with the traditional cordiality of our provinces, and urged me to return and abridge the long winter leisure in his society. I returned indeed, although feeling that my presence was hateful. I returned for the Christmas festivals, tortured by my passion. This time again, the polonaise was missing; but I was not a little surprised to find the countess wrapped up, shivering, in "our" pelisse. Her good humor seemed completely restored, and she received me with a smile on her lips. "My faith, my dear neighbor, I am very sorry for this on account of your habits; but my doctor finds I am not well, and on account of the cold weather, he ordered me to wear some furs in the icy halls of our old ruins. You, doubtless, do not wish me to die; for, I warn you I would not bequeath you my cloak. Resign yourself to looking at it on me. I regret that my uncouth person disarranges the folds draped over my ideal twin. Try and get accustomed to it." "Alas! Madame, you are depriving me of many sweet and very innocent caresses." "Oh! I know that on me the magic cloak loses all its virtue! So much the better, you will get cured, unless * * * unless you find a compromise." Magis cloak, indeed. Since my hostess had put it on, it seemed to me that she became each day a little less alien to me, that she was a little less herself, a little more it. With the strange power of absorption which I had so often established, the pelisse metamorphosed its mistress and brought her to the proportions of my vision. The Countess * * * ska had disappeared; there remained only my polonaise with the unique world of seductions which it had been holding out to me for three months. Insensibly, naturally, I arrived at the point of no longer separating one from the other. It was all the easier for me because the chilly young woman no longer went without that which she had one day so disdainfully called "her old rag," and I, who could not tear myself from that beloved object, became riveted to the footsteps of the one who wore it; I followed her everywhere like an animated shadow. The countess could not have invented a better stratagem if she had wanted to enchain me to her person; far from me the thought that there was any calculation in that; that regular soul was incapable of it. Henceforth, I went with the lady in all her walks; I accompanied her to the park, receiving with an eager hand the frost pearls which clung to the sables, when they grazed the low branches of the birches; I followed her over the ponds where she amused herself skating; when she stumbled, in running rapidly, I was behind her trembling lest my treasure might get torn in some fall, ready to receive it in my arms to save it. If she got into a sleigh to go for a rather long trip, I sat beside her; I blessed the jolting of the road, when, in the shaking of the narrow vehicle, it brought against my shoulder and on my hand the sweet blue velvet, its warmth and its perfume. One evening, the wind of the steppes, blowing in the direction of the Carpathians, roared in the courtyards; the moaning of the village mills died away on the black panes. This din of the elements carried a vague feeling of terror to our country-houses, usually so calm. We were silent; the old major-domo entered, bringing in the tea; a shutter broke loose, and the barking of a dog, or of a wolf faded away on the air. On withdrawing, the major-domo said sententiously: "It would be well for your ladyship to lock up your jewels this evening; it is on such nights that the Lady returns." "What Lady?" I inquired of my host. "What, you do not know what kind of a visitation threatens you? Do not smile, you sceptic, and listen to a story in which my servants believe as firmly as in the miracles of Our Lady of Czestochau. A long time ago, in the reign of King Stanislas, this house was the scene of a domestic tragedy; one of my ancestors, betrayed by his wife, took the law into his own hands, after the violent manner of his ancestors, and hurled the guilty woman into the great pond. Since then, the condemned soul wanders with the water-fairies, beneath the rushes and water-lilies; at long intervals she returns to her dwelling and visits the very wing in which your room is; her light sighs can be heard, she can be traced through the corridors by little drops of water, sprigs of moss and of iris; some have seen her walking, a tall reed, clothed in green gauze, with a head-dress of seaweed. She appeared twice in my grandfather's lifetime; after each of her visits, an object of great value is missing in the castle; she always carries off whatever is the most precious possession of the master of the house. It was she, the rascal, who led away my old battle horse, on the evening on which he disappeared

when coming back from the pasturage. Now, I do not very well see what else she can rob me of * * * * The count's recommendation was superfluous; brought up by a nurse from Little Russia to believe in popular traditions, I had no desire to rail at such matters. I was even scandalized by the burst of laughter which came from the countess' arm-chair at her husband's last words; it was an undefinable, uneasy laugh, that unknown laugh which seemed to enter into her rather than proceed from her. I took leave and went up to my quarters in the tower, a little nervous, my thoughts dwelling on the story which I had just heard. I lay down, my eyes fixed, as usual, on the pelisse hanging on the fastening of the window. For I must confess to a last childishness, after so many others. I was so distressed, every evening, on leaving my polonaise, that I became emboldened once to say to the countess: "Madame, you have allowed me to seek a compromise; since you are monopolizing my well-beloved all day, at least allow me to take it with me at night in order to have it near me and to look at it on awakening." Without waiting for Mme. * * * ska's assent, I took possession of her mantle, as she threw it on a chair when retiring. Since then I carried it away lovingly on my retreat; on moonlight nights, the pale velvet and the sables stood out in relief against my window-pane, in a halo of rays; I do not know words sweet enough to describe their grace, the divine sympathy of which delayed my sleep. That evening, the full December moon was obscured every moment by the black clouds driven by the wind; the storm raged and penetrated into my room through the old badly jointed casements. An idea came to me which turned me cold; if the Lady were to visit me and carry off my treasure, the most precious object in the castle? Might it not be her property besides? These sables which I was told were a family heirloom, that cloak of ancient style, did they not belong to the unhappy ancestress? And that mysterious soul, which evidently dwelt in the haunted pelisse, was it not her soul? You who have trembled for a beloved being, may guess what terror took possession of my brain, making my heart beat and my temples throb. My eyes wide open, looking at the polonaise I saw it stir, with human movements, at the breath of the wind, doubtless, hide and appear again, at the caprice of the moon and the clouds, of course. There was a longer eclipse; the light again filled my window; the polonaise was no longer there. I heard light sighs and a silken rustling in the hangings, like reeds cleaving a boat. Distracted, I rushed towards the door, I fell on my knees, crying: "Leave, leave me my soul;

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And with an air of superb authority which, I must say, suited her marvellously, she took from my hands my beloved cloak, threw it over her arms and reached the door. There she turned around, doubtless to have a little laugh at my expense. But, I looked so heart-broken that she cried to me with a shade of sympathy in her voice: "There, I will take pity on your madness. You love this polonaise! Well, you will see it again at Rogonostzova. I promise you that it will always hang on the first coat-peg in my vestibule. Come then, and consider yourself always welcome under our roof, M. Olenine. You may say, modifying the proverb: For one lost polonaise two are found." I will pass over the details of an inward struggle the issue of which has already been guessed. The first sound which restored joy to the house was that of the bells of my trotters, the day on which they brought to the steps the sled harnessed for taking me to Rogonostzova. The road seemed long and the approaches to the place rough; great frozen ponds, fir forests, and an old castle of the time of Elizabeth, with prison-like outlines; one of those wearisome jails in which the most mediocre companion must be welcomed by the captives as a Prince Charming in the castle of the Beauty of the Sleeping Forest. Today, restored to a more healthy state of mind, I scarcely dare to recall the ridiculous emotion with which I set foot in the vestibule of the manor of the * * * skys. My polonaise—the fur-lined one, of course—glistened on the first coat-peg, radiating light like the Golden Fleece, more caressing and more animated than ever. I ran to the durt object and covered it with furtive kisses. The countess who spied me, appeared on a doorstep, laughing heartily. "Come," said she, "I see that the case is inveterate and that it must be treated energetically if necessary, with cold douches." She graciously did me the honors of the house and introduced me to her husband, a glorious invalid of the Caucasian wars, confined by sciatica to an easy chair, in front of a table, at which his young wife and his steward kept shuffling the cards, each in their turn, for his endless game of preference; a fine-looking old man, for the rest, on whose white temples the wrinkles crossed their furrows with those of the Turkish Yataghans; a rubicund nose and a cheerful disposition gave evidence of the consolations which a cellar well-furnished with Hungarian wine brought to the aged soldier. My hosts gave me a great welcome; but, during the whole of that sojourn, I gave them only what strict politeness would not allow me to deny them. Whenever I found an opportunity, I would make my escape in order to join my well-beloved and lose myself in contemplating it. It was soon evident to me that Mme. * * * ska followed with impatience that conduct which had at first amused her. Her good graces where I was concerned, grew visibly cold. The last occasions on which she caught me engaged in an intimate dialogue with her fur robe, she passed on shrugging her shoulders, and I heard her murmur behind her teeth: "He is a madman!" Being recalled to Bukova for a week, I could scarcely wait for my second visit. My disappointment was great when I no longer found the pelisse in its customary place. I rushed

do not go away." When my arms closed, they were clasping the sables; the latter stirred, a vague form palpitated under their folds, a warm breath grazed my brow. A mad feeling carried away my sense of realities; I uttered a loud cry, I lost my consciousness * * * and memory too, for I cannot tell what happened next; there remains only a confused feeling of great rapture the next day. On seeing my hosts in the morn, I intended, at first, to announce to them that the ancestress had appeared to me; but a false shame restrained me, and an undefinable fear of displeasing the mysterious being whom I would have liked to see again. Would the Lady come back again? She has returned. It is she who brings me back and enchains me to Rogonostzova. My life and that of my friends is flowing away, in an even and peaceable manner. Count * * * sky, much inconvenienced by his sciatica all that winter, no longer allows his only partner at cards and chess to leave him. Everyone knows that the Russian government, in its paternal solicitude, anticipates the slightest desires of its subjects, and that the most secret wish formulated by a person under its jurisdiction is immediately realized by the administration. I have recently had fresh proof of it. The road to Podalio, which separates our two residences, was opened in January; I am now only two hours distant from my neighbors. In vain my acquaintances at Petrograd and my colleagues at the Academy write letter after letter to me, filled with question marks. Losing my patience, I answered them, once and for all, that I was busy with some furs. I have not yet been able to find time to go and see them, and I even missed the last congress of the Orientalists. How was I to appear there, anyway? My great work has not advanced one line. The excellent count sometimes jests with me about it, asking me why my studies in the Hebrews stopped at the chapter on Joseph. To save my amour-propre, I had to tell him that I was deciphering, in a papyrus, some very difficult passages, which were destined to revolutionize history, and according to which it seemed to me that the Israelites must have recovered his cloak. "Ah, bah!" answered the count, with that large laugh, the secret of which the people of olden time have preserved. "I hope, dear Egyptologist, I hope nothing vexatious has happened to my ancient and illustrious colleague, the governor-general of Pharaoh!" "My dear," interrupted the countess, with her peculiar laugh, the laugh of the "other,"—my dear, you should never make fun of your colleagues nor of your contemporaries."

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Evan W. Sexsmith, Editor

THE DETERMINATION OF THE ALLIES

The increased agitations for peace, within the last month or so, on the part of Germany and the neutral nations, have served to demonstrate one fact very clearly—that the allies are determined to prosecute the war until they have achieved a decisive victory over those inimical to a lasting peace. As Rene Viviani, the French Minister of Justice, said when at Petrograd recently: "The Allies stand for a fight to a finish. They intend to break Germany's heavy sword. They owe this to unborn generations."

And Germany's heavy sword cannot yet be said to be broken. With one foot in Belgium and another in Poland and Serbia, and with the richest territory of France temporarily under their sway, it would be a most advantageous moment for Prussians to procure peace. They would still have enough resources left with which to build up a more formidable military power than ever, and, in the light of past experience, they would proceed to do so at once in defiance of all terms of peace, which to them would be only "a scrap of paper."

There is nothing for it, then, but to completely exhaust Germany's resources, and this the allies are resolved to do, no matter how accumulatively great the burden of war is becoming, nor how ardent the international desire for peace. It will be no victory, indeed it will be no peace if Germany still remains a menace to the future. And now that the latter country is showing signs of financial weakening and is faced with the steadily increasing difficulties of providing for the people, the end of the real issue of the fight is appearing within sight.

For more reasons than one international disarmament is the one and only solution of the biggest problem the world has ever faced. The sacrifice of life has been appalling; every precaution must be taken against any repetition of such wholesale slaughter in future. The question of liberty, of civilization is at issue. It must be ensured at all costs. The rights of small nations must be guaranteed and protected. All this can be accomplished only under the favorable conditions of a world peace which is to be obtained by the removal of all future menace. Otherwise the nations would be faced with the well-nigh impossible question of having to continue their military preparations for defence upon an unprecedented scale—impossible because of the enormous expense. But the cost would have to be met, at whatever sacrifice to permanent debts, if the allies failed "to break Germany's heavy sword." Just what that cost would be approximately may be deduced from the figures in connection with the financial condition of Europe which came before the notice of the allies at their recent Trade Entente conference when they formed an offensive and defensive alliance in the future interests of commerce. The figures are as follows: At the beginning of the war, on Aug. 1, 1914, the combined debt of the five great belligerents, England, France, Russia, Germany, and Austro-Hungary, was \$19,600,000,000. The combined debt of these powers on August 1, 1916, will be approximately \$62,500,000,000.

They have increased their indebtedness by \$42,900,000,000, which represents the cost of two years of war. These figures include the permanent war loans, which up to May 1 had amounted to \$25,525,000,000, and added to that currency expansion and floating debt in the form of treasury bills.

Such a burden of expense would sap the vitality of the nations involved and incapacitate them for the higher work of civilization and progress. The backs of the taxpayers are bending under the load they already have to carry. They would break completely if the additional cost of continued and greater armament were added to their burden. The cost of maintaining Europe as an armed camp has, as proved, been enormous. But it is nothing to what it would be in the future if Europe is still menaced with Germany's heavy sword. For the nations would all be obliged to live up to the new standards of fighting efficiency which have been established by the immeasurable extravagance in the use of men and material. England and Russia could most certainly not afford to be again caught unprepared, and France would have to redouble her efforts.

Under such conditions life generally would become unbearable. It is an alternative not to be thought of. The allies realize this and it is against such a contingency that they are fortifying themselves to carry on this war to a finish, and to secure a peace that will be both sure and permanent, in order that the future may not be fraught with the danger of another war and with the burden of increased expense. It is only by breaking Germany's sword that the allies will be enabled to lay aside their own swords.

ALL FOR FRANCE

The special correspondent of The London Times at Paris writes: Behind the strong characters and commanding personalities who direct the work of the French Army stand dozens of men hitherto unknown but equally efficient, equally devoted and equally strong. Yet one and all they seem to feel that in this great war men hardly count. The cause and its triumph are everything, the individual instruments of triumph nothing. France is grateful to her heroes, as they are wholeheartedly loyal to her. But no French soldier seems to imagine that he can have any special claim upon his country's gratitude or that he can deserve a higher encomium than that of having done his duty. It is this that lends sublimity to the whole attitude of the French army, which is indistinguishable from the French nation. France is, in many respects, the heart and the brain of the allied cause, at least in the west. No country was ever worthier of its work and none ever fitter to do.

A NEW TRADE POLICY

"There is undoubtedly at this moment throughout the nation a widespread and intense feeling that after the war we shall not be able to enter again into friendly equal trade relationships with those who are now our enemies." This statement made by Mr. Herbert Samuel at the dinner given on Wednesday to Mr. Hughes, has been promptly confirmed by the result of the election to the Manchester Chamber of Commerce. We may remind our readers that the election was due to a split in the Manchester Chamber on the question of our future trade policy. About a month ago the directors sought to commit the chamber to the maintenance of our previous policy of free imports, which is conveniently but very inaccurately termed Free Trade.

The members resisted this attempt to prejudice the future, and, on the question being put to the vote, rejected the memorandum of the directors by a large majority. Thereupon most of the directors resigned, and the present election has been held to fill their places. There were twenty-five candidates for twenty-two seats. Of the twenty-two elected eighteen are definitely pledged against Free Trade with Germany after the war, two are in favor of it, and the remaining two are not committed either way. Such is the result of putting the question to the test in the citadel of Free Trade. It proves conclusively that Mr. Samuel has rightly gauged the current of public opinion. If it is running so strongly among the business men of Manchester, it must be strong indeed elsewhere. It is a very plain hint to the government, and coming on top of the recent action by the Associated Chambers of Commerce, from which Manchester was absent, it has a cumulative effect. The plain truth of the matter is that this country as a whole has definitely made up its mind on the broad principles of our future trade policy, and that those principles are diametrically opposed to these which still find favor with a small but powerful section of politicians.—The London Times.

FIGHTING A NATION

People who consider What Ought To Be, instead of What Is, are asserting that only the Kaiser and the Junker class are in favor of the war and that the great mass of the German people have no grudge against Gt. Britain or other nations of the allies. That notion is a false one. It is blown to dust by Mr. J. W. Headlam, whose article, "Peaceful Germany's Real Aims," appears in the current number of The Nineteenth Century.

Two manifestoes were issued in Germany during the spring of 1915. One was signed by The Farmers' League, the German Peasants' Union, the Christian Peasants' Union, the Central Association of German Manufacturers, the Union of German Manufacturers and the Imperial German Middle-Class Association. The other was signed by the "leaders of German thought." Together they represented all the wealth and intelligence of the Empire.

The manifestoes, after the ordinary preambles demanding the continuance of the war, dealt with after-war arrangements upon which Germany insists. First, it would be necessary to extend the Western frontier of Germany to include the main part of the French Channel-coast. The population of the annexed districts would be expropriated, and compensated by France. Then the territory, which includes all the iron and coal districts, would be colonized with Germans.

Concerning Belgium, nothing but permanent annexation was considered. "We would lay special stress," says one of the manifestoes, "on the inhabitants being allowed no political influence in the empire and on the necessity for transferring from anti-German to German hands the leading business enterprises and properties in the districts to be ceded by France." Tyranny and robbery! Nothing less! What is to be done with Great Britain and the British Dominions is of similar type and the annexation of Poland is taken for granted.

The writer, after explaining at length the manifestoes, quotes from statements issued by the German political parties to show that not one even considers the surrender of Belgium or Poland, that every unofficial speaker and writer of any standing demands extension of German frontiers

and treatment of the people of captured lands after the manner of the Assyrian kings of old. Consider the French, the Poles and the Walloons going into captivity as the children of Israel did thousands of years ago!

In the face of this immense mass of documentary testimony, Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg said in his last speech: "Who can seriously believe that it is lust or an extension of our frontiers that inspires our storming columns before Verdun and makes them accomplish even more heroic deeds? It is not for a piece of foreign territory that Germany's sons are bleeding and dying." Pungently, pointedly, Mr. Headlam says: "The united voices of the responsible and elected representatives of the people give him the lie." Let no man think we are fighting merely a mad aristocracy. We are fighting a mad nation.

WEATHER REPORT

Week ending May 30th. Rain, .07 in.; sunshine, 43 hours, 24 minutes; highest, 73 deg. on the 25th; lowest, 43 deg. on the 29th.

SOUTH VANCOUVER FIREBUG ARRESTED

Because he liked to see the fire department in action, and loved the excitement of a fire, is the reason assigned by Abe Craib, an 18-year-old youth, for starting the \$650,000 waterfront blaze on Sunday evening, which blotted out the Alberta-Pacific Grain Company's elevator, the New England Fish Company's premises and destroyed the greater portion of the plant of the Canadian Fish Company. Setting fires is evidently a mania with the youth, who also confessed to having applied matches to the Coast Lumber Company's premises, Victoria drive and B. C. Electric Railway tracks, as well as a stable on Porter road, South Vancouver, on Monday night, and who boasted in a note of warning he left in the fire chief's auto of having been the incendiary who fired the Kalenberg Hall, main street, a couple of weeks ago.

It was nothing of a malicious nature, apparently, which caused the young fellow to commit such crimes, for he returned to the scene of the blaze in each case and aided the firemen in extinguishing the flames, and on Sunday night he risked his life in returning to the blazing waterfront to rescue twenty frightened horses which were locked in a stable close to the burning grain elevator.

Chief Lee, of South Vancouver, suspected the lad from his actions around the fire last Monday night, and on Fire Chief Les-

ter giving him the note found in the auto on Tuesday morning, he took it at once to Deputy Chief McCrae of the city force, who detailed Crewe and Inlah to act with the South Vancouver fire chief, they having successfully cleared up a case of incendiarism recently.

In the South Vancouver police court on Wednesday Craib was committed for trial on two charges of incendiarism. A third charge is pending.

KINDERGARTNERS MAKE APPEAL TO PARENTS

The following appeal issued by the Vancouver Kindergarten Association, will be read with attention by all interested in the work being carried on among the children of the city.

"Every little boy will work for his living some day. Whatever he does, in business or profession, he will depend for success on skill of both mind and hands.

"Every little girl will have just as much need for skilled mind and hands, whether in a home, office or profession. To give every boy or girl the best start both mind and hands must be trained from the time they are first used, trained with regard to their powers and the demands of child nature, not overworked but helped to be usefully active instead of merely heedlessly active. The kindergarten aims to train the whole child within the limits of its age and capabilities; the body to resist disease, to enjoy life, to make efficient; the brain to think, plan, originate; the hands to be useful, helpful, skillful; the heart to be kind, true, sympathetic.

"The kindergarten trains the child by example, influence, experience; through work, play and association. Its method is within the child's ability and bridges from the age of four to six, the sometimes difficult stage from home training to school training.

"The kindergarten is not a fad to be taken up by untrained people, though this is often done to the detriment of a correct understanding of the system.

"The kindergarten system is based on sound pedagogical principles, the laws of mind development, and a knowledge of the inter-relation of the physical and mental activities. The study of child nature is a science, the application of which to the education of the child during his most impressionable years, needs care study and insight on the part of the kindergartner.

"Information which it is hoped will be of value to mothers, children's nurses and students wishing a professional kindergarten course may be obtained

from the secretary of the association.

"The kindergarten is spreading its ideals all over the world. It sings, plays and illustrates them through the free creations of little children. One of the foremost educators in the United States has said: "The kindergarten has preached, sung, played and lived itself into the hearts of the American people and from America it shall go forth to freedom and bless childhood all over the world."

THE WHITE LADY

Kaiser Wilhelm may fear no man on earth, but at the very mention of one woman's name it is said his cheeks blanch.

In fact, there has been no Hohenzollern for many a century past; for whenever "Bertha," known as the "White Lady," has been seen she has always been the harbinger of death or some great calamity to their house. The evening before William I. drew his last breath, and the very night on which his son, Frederick III., died in agony, she was seen by more than one, wandering through the rooms of the palace in which they were lying.

Clothed in White

On the latter occasion it is said the intruder, challenged by a sentry, walked up to him with such fierce eyes and such a menacing aspect that he uttered a piercing shriek and fell unconscious.

Those who have looked on this apparition that haunts the Hohenzollerns describe her as an old woman, clothed from head to foot in white, with black eyes blazing from a deeply furrowed, corpse-like face, and carrying a broom—a circumstance from which the irreverent and sceptical have dubbed her the "Sweeper."

But the Hohenzollerns have no monopoly of White Ladies in Germany. A similar phantom haunts the palace of Hesse-Darmstadt—indeed, it was from the legend of this palace that Wagner borrowed the subject of his Lohengrin; the Grand Dukes of Baden are haunted by a third; and there are few ancient castles in the whole of Germany which are not the haunts of other varieties of this spectral woman, mostly bent old crones, carrying a heavy, tapping walking stick, which heralds their approach.

Ghost Foretold a Shipwreck

But the most attractive—or the least unattractive—of them all is the White Lady who, for centuries, has foreshadowed calamity to the Hapsburgs—"a pale young woman," she is described, "marvellously beautiful, with a long, flowing white veil."

She was seen by many in the Castle of Schonbrunn the night before Maximilian, Austrian Archduke, came to his tragic end in Mexico; and in 1889, immediately before Crown Prince Rudolph died so terribly and mysteriously in the Mayerling hunting lodge.

She was—the herald—of the shipwreck which closed the romantic career of the Archduke Johann ("John Orth"), and at the very time a cowardly assassin struck the Empress Elizabeth her death-blow in Switzerland, a sentry on guard on the Schonbrunn Castle saw the same spectral White Lady slowly walking in the room where he was stationed.

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WITH THE 'JOCKS' AT WAR

Few people will deny that Scotsmen are good fighters, but it is questionable whether they were appreciated at their real worth before the present war broke out. Eighteen months spent amongst them gives an Englishman a fair opportunity of studying them and of comparing them, favorably or unfavorably, with their English comrades.

It so happened that on joining Kitchener's army, I was posted to a battery in one of the Scottish divisions. Most of our artillery were English, but the infantry who were to share our fortunes in France at a later date were "all Scotch." We had battalions representing all the famous Scottish regiments—Cameron's, Seaforth's, Gordons, Argyll and Sutherlands, Black Watch, and others. Yet we were not satisfied. When we met them on parade we turned up our haughty English noses; if we heard the bagpipes wailing, we wished the division had been supplied with proper soldiers, English soldiers. But Scotsmen! How should we show up in respectable society in years to come when we confessed that we went to the front with a Scottish division? To be English among Scottish was surely a bitter fate.

But, believe me, as the months sped by and the time for embarkation drew nearer, we began to think that, after all, we shouldn't do so badly with Jock as a travelling companion. We began to boast in our letters home that we were on the eve of departure for France—in a Scottish division.

A Charge at Loos
In the firing line the spirit of mutual friendship grew apace. If I live to be a hundred, I shall never see a sight so fine as the Scotsmen's charge at Loos. That day a strong link was forged in the chain of the love that Tommy bears for Jock. We saw the Scotsmen leave their trenches with an alacrity that Englishmen can hardly equal. Intoxicated with the frenzy of battle, they swept on in a rush so irresistible that the German troops fell back two miles in less than sixty minutes. We of the artillery, following in their wake, traversed a stretch of open country littered with killed bodies; at three o'clock next morning, in a field behind the battery, I saw the remains of a battalion of Royal Scots Fusiliers falling in for roll-call. It was the same old story of decimation. The "battaion" numbered considerably less than a hundred. These are the things that thrill you and heighten your love for your comrades. It is not until the war-clamour has died away that you can sum them up.

The Scottish Temperament
The Scotsman in battle has a greater advantage over the Englishman in that he is less emotional. In this respect, in fact, there is as much difference between the two nationalities as there is between English and French. In peace time the Scotsman's imperturbability is less noticeable. But automatically with the assumption of kilt and Glengarry somehow he seems to don a still more placid bearing. Compare Englishmen and Scotsmen at the moment when both are waiting to mount the parapet and take part in a charge. Of all moments in a soldier's career, that surely is the one when he sheds completely any artificiality that formerly cloaked his soul. I have seen them both at that moment. The Englishman is no longer his typical self; he carries no characteristic swagger, no self-satisfied expression on his face. He loses all his outward nationality, and becomes, but for his khaki, a nondescript human being, believing in his luck and anxious, desperately anxious, to put it to the test.

But the Scotsmen's behaviour is altogether different. There he stands with bayonet fixed, and, as you watch him, you cannot help noticing that at this supreme moment his nationality, outwardly expressed, is uppermost among his feelings. A Scotsman through and through, more so now than ever he was before. If he turns to right or left in his impatience, he will swing that kilt of his as he used to do in the streets of Edinburgh, though he may be painfully aware of the change in his surroundings. The chances are that his last coherent thought before the charge is one of pride in his native land and of his

own responsibility for its fair name and reputation.

Cling to the Picturesque
Again, it is of no concern to the Englishman that the old-time bugle call no longer sounds the charge. He does not regret the change from the picturesque to the colorless; rather he makes the worst of it by using for the words of command a plain "Go over" or "Get over. Not so the Scotsman. If he cannot have a bugle call, he will at least cling to the old resounding "Charge" as the best available substitute. And in that thought you may read a better comparison of the two nationalities at war than were possible by any other means.

This partiality for the picturesque, distinguishing him as it does from his English brother, is the chief cause of his popularity with men of English regiments. Jock is inordinately proud of his distinctive uniform. It is no uncommon thing in the trenches to see a Scotsman, though caked in mud from head to foot, and wearing such self-effacing articles of clothing as fur coat, woollen cap and waders, flaunting a dirty ribbon or two to let you know his regiment. Everyone is dirty in the trenches, but it takes a Scotsman to defy the fashion of "nondescriptiveness," and for love of regiment and nationality, to hoist his colors in a land of mud.—N. R. Simons in Edinburgh Scotsman.

Another Rebel Knight

Sir Roger Casement's defection is not the only instance of a titled Irishman serving Britain's enemies in the present war. Henry Taaffe, who holds two Irish peerages, being the twelfth Viscount Taaffe and Baron of Ballymote, as well as holding the title of Count in Austria, was an officer of Francis Joseph's army at the outbreak of the war, and as captain of the Austrian First Dragoon regiment served for a time on the western front. His Irish titles date from 1628. Count Taaffe was born in Vienna forty-four years ago, May 22, 1872. His father, the eleventh Viscount Taaffe, was a distinguished statesman in Austria, and was for many years prime minister of Austria-Hungary, while his mother was a Hungarian, the Countess Csaky von Keresztszoh. Although they retain their Irish honors, the Taaffes, through long residence in Austria and inter-marriage with Austrians have had their Hibernian blood diluted. The Taaffe estate is in Bohemia and is immensely valuable, while the Castle of Ellischau, the family seat, contains a remarkable collection of portraits of English monarchs. The Taaffes also own Kolinetz Castle in Bohemia, and a beautiful place in Vienna. The father of the present Count Taaffe, a descendant of the powerful nobleman who proceeded from Ireland and made a great name for himself in Austria, was brought up as a close companion of Emperor Francis Joseph. He held the premiership of Austria-Hungary from 1880 until 1893, when he was compelled to resign because of opposition to a bill he had fathered and which provided far-reaching extensions to the franchise. He died in 1895.

One of the soldiers was asked what lesson he had learned from the attack on the Dardanelles and his reply was "that a strait beats three Kings."

Officer: How is this, Murphy—the sergeant complains that you call him names?

Private Murphy: Plaze, surr, I never called him any names at all. All I said was, "Sergeant," says I, "some of us ought to be in a menagerie!"

Civilian—Hullo, old man, home on leave? How are things going with us out there?

Soldier—I couldn't tell you, haven't seen a newspaper for months!—London Opinion.

"I'm going to decorate you for bravery, Mr. Wadeleigh. Put this French war-orphan medal on your coat."

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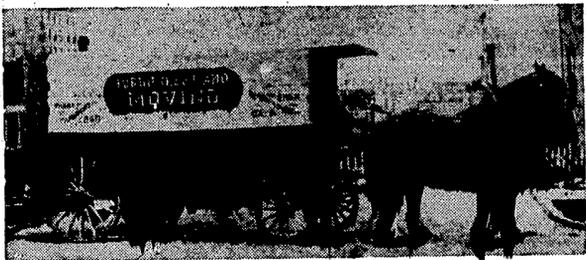
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Being Legal

Finally the killing of American citizens on the Lusitania has not been disavowed, and as long as it is neither disavowed nor some remedial action taken as a consequence of not being disavowed, Germany and the United States will be divided by a guilty feeling of common complicity in a terrible crime. As the situation now stands, Germany is cocking a pistol, pointing it at this country and declaring she will shoot unless we balance the aid rendered to her enemies by aid rendered to her. The American government pretends not to see the pistol, reproaches Germany with its bad manners and reaffirms its own immaculate and scrupulous correctness. Though the heavens fall and the mouth of hell yawns, we Americans always have one fixed star with which to guide our course. We can be

legal; we can be utterly legal; we can be nothing but legal.—The New Republic.

Not Such a Fool

Those whom we are pelted to look down upon as "under-witted" are not seldom very much better equipped with native shrewdness than we realize. In a Scottish village lived Jamie Fleeman, who was known as the "innocent," or fool, of the neighborhood. People used to offer him a sixpence or a penny, and the fool would always choose the big coin of small value. One day a stranger asked, "Do you not know the difference in value that you always take the penny?" "Aye, fine I ken the difference," replied the fool, "but if I took the sixpence they would never try me again."

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.

CROQUETTES AND FRITTERS

Rice Croquettes

Put a quarter of a pound of rice into a pint of milk. Let it simmer gently until the rice is tender and the milk absorbed. It must then be boiled until thick and dry, or it will be difficult to mold. Add three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one of butter, one egg, and flavor to taste with vanilla or cinnamon; beat thoroughly for a few minutes, and when cold form into balls or cones, dip these into beaten eggs, roll lightly in bread-crumbs, and fry in hot butter.

Hominy Croquettes

To a cupful of cold boiled hominy (small grained) add a tablespoonful of melted butter and stir hard; moisten by degrees with a cupful of milk, beating to a soft, light paste. Put in a teaspoonful of white sugar and a well-beaten egg. Roll into oval balls with floured hands, dip in beaten egg, then in cracker-crumbs, and fry in hot lard.

Potato Croquettes

Season cold mashed potatoes with pepper, salt, and nutmeg. Beat to a cream, with a tablespoonful of melted butter to every cupful of potato. Add two or three beaten eggs and some minced parsley. Roll into small balls; dip in beaten eggs, then in bread-crumbs, and fry in hot lard.

Oyster-Plant Croquettes

Wash, scrape, and boil the oyster-plant till tender; rub it through a colander, and mix with the pulp a little butter, cream, salt, cayenne, and lemon juice; mix the ingredients thoroughly together to a smooth paste, and set the dish in the ice-box to get cold; then shape it into small cones, dip them in beaten egg, roll in crumbs, and fry crisp and brown.

Chicken Croquettes

Add to the quantity of minced chicken, about one-quarter the quantity of bread-crumbs, also one egg well beaten to each cupful of meat; pepper, salt, and chopped parsley to taste, add the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs rubbed smooth. Add gravy or drawn butter to moisten it, make into cones or balls, roll in cracker-dust or flour, and fry in hot lard.

Veal Croquettes

Make these the same as chicken croquettes, by substituting for the chicken cold minced veal and ham in equal parts. The salt may be omitted, as the ham usually supplies it sufficiently. Turkey, duck, or the remains of any cold game or meat may be used in the same way with very satisfactory results.

Oyster Croquettes

Take the hard ends of the oysters, leaving the other end for a soup or stew; scald them, then chop fine, and add an equal weight of potatoes rubbed through a colander; to one pound of this combination add two ounces of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, half a teaspoonful of mace, and one-half gill of cream, make in small rolls, dip them in egg and grated bread, fry in deep, hot lard.

Lobster Croquettes

Chop the lobster very fine; mix with pepper, salt, bread-crumbs, and a little parsley; moisten with cream and a small piece of butter; shape with your hands; dip in egg, roll in bread-crumbs, fry in hot lard.

Plain Fritters

Take one pint of flour, four eggs, one pint of boiling water, and one teaspoonful of salt. Stir the flour into the boiling water gradually, and let it boil three minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from the fire and stir in the yolks of the eggs, afterward the whites, they having been well beaten. Drop this batter by large spoonfuls into boiling lard and fry to a light brown. Serve hot, powdered with white sugar.

Bread Fritters

Grate stale bread until you have a pint of crumbs; pour a pint of boiling milk upon these, a tablespoonful of butter having been dissolved in it, and let the whole stand for an hour. Then beat up the mixture and flavor with nutmeg. Stir in gradually a quarter pound of white sugar, two tablespoonfuls of brandy, six well-beaten eggs, and currants enough to flavor the whole. The currants should be washed, dried, and floured. Drop by large spoonfuls into boiling lard and fry to a light brown. Serve with wine and powdered sugar.

Potato Fritters

Break open four nicely baked potatoes; scoop out the insides with a spoon, and mix with them a wineglassful of cream, a tablespoonful of brandy, two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, the juice of one lemon, half a teaspoonful of vanilla extract, and well-beaten yolks of four and the whites of three eggs; beat the batter until it is quite smooth; drop large tablespoonfuls of the mixture into boiling fat and fry to a light brown; dust them with powdered sugar and sent to table hot.

Corn Fritters

Scrape twelve ears of corn, mix with two eggs, one and one-half cups of milk, salt and pepper to taste, and flour enough to hold all together. Fry in hot fat.

Hominy Fritters

Two teacupfuls of cold boiled hominy; stir in one teacupful of sweet milk and a little salt, four tablespoonfuls of sifted flour, and one egg; beat the white separately and add last; drop the batter by spoonfuls in hot lard and fry to a nice brown.

Rice Fritters

Boil a quarter of a pound of rice in milk till it is tender, then mix it with a pint of milk, two eggs, one cup of sugar, a little salt and cinnamon, and as much flour as will make a thick batter. Fry them in thin cakes and serve with butter and white powdered sugar.

Parsnip Fritters

Boil four good-sized parsnips in salted water until tender; drain them, beat them to a pulp, and squeeze the water from them as much as possible; bind them together with a beaten egg and a little flour. Shape into cakes and fry in hot lard.

Fruit Fritters

The following recipe will serve for many kinds of fruit or vegetable fritters: Make a batter of ten ounces of flour, half a pint of milk, and two ounces of butter; sweeten and flavor to taste; stir in the whites of two eggs well beaten; dip the fruit in the batter and fry. Small fruit and vegetables should be mixed with the batter.

Apple Fritters

Take one egg, two tablespoonfuls of flour, a little sifted sugar and ginger, with milk enough to make a smooth batter; cut a good sized apple into slices and put them into the batter. Put them into a frying-pan, with the batter which is taken up in the spoon. When fried, drain them on a sieve and sift on powdered sugar.

Currant Fritters

Take two cupfuls dry, fine bread-crumbs, two tablespoonfuls prepared flour, two cups of milk, one-half pound currants, washed and well dried; five eggs whipped very light and the yolks strained, one-half cup powdered sugar, one tablespoonful butter, one-half teaspoonful mixed cinnamon and nutmeg. Boil the milk and pour over the bread. Mix and put in the butter. Let it get cold. Beat in, next, the yolks and sugar, the seasoning, flour, and stiff whites, finally the currants dredged white with flour. The batter should be thick. Drop great spoonfuls into the hot lard and fry. Drain them and send hot to table. Eat with a mixture of wine and powdered sugar.

Oyster Fritters

Take one and one-half pints of sweet milk, one and one-fourth pounds of flour, four eggs (the yolks having been beaten very thick); add milk and flour; stir the whole well together, then beat the whites to a stiff froth and stir them gradually into the batter; take a spoonful of the mixture, drop an oyster into it, and fry in hot lard; let them be a light brown on both sides.

Clam Fritters

Take a dozen chopped clams, one pint of milk, three eggs. Add liquor from the clams, with salt and pepper, and flour enough to produce thin batter. Fry in hot lard.

Cream Fritters

Take one cup of cream, the whites of five eggs, two full cups prepared flour, one salt-spoonful of nutmeg, a pinch of salt. Stir the whites into the cream in turn with the flour, put in nutmeg and salt, beat all hard for two minutes. The batter should be rather thick. Fry in plenty of sweet lard, a spoonful of batter for each fritter. Drain and serve upon a hot, clean napkin. Eat with jelly sauce. Do not cut them open, but break or pull them apart.

advertisements. Here is one of these: "Bertha Brunberg seeks marriage for a count. The count a widower, 44 years, Protestant, of very respectable and handsome appearance, and owner of large entailed estates. Also for a count, Rhenish Prussian, 27 years, very rich. Also for a professor, a manufacturer, bank directors and merchants. In all cases the ladies must be the possessors of corresponding fortunes."

BURNABY BOND ISSUE UNAFFECTED BY SUIT

The attempt of Messrs. Spitzer, Rorick & Co., purchasers of \$1,250,000 worth of Burnaby treasury certificates to block the recent sale of \$1,000,000 worth of serial bonds to Messrs. Wood, Gundy & Co., is finding expression in the courts of New York. On Thursday an application was made before Justice Donnelly in Supreme Court chambers, by Judge Wehage and other holders of the securities, for a permanent injunction restraining the Equitable Trust Company from delivering debenture bonds held on security for the notes. It was stated by counsel for the applicants that the municipality wanted to pay up on May 17 in order to avoid payment of another six months interest, the notes not maturing for another six months. The judge expressed his surprise that there should be anywhere a municipality that wanted to pay up in advance.

The municipal solicitor, Mr. W. G. McQuarrie, explains that Burnaby is not appearing in the proceedings in New York and does not propose to do so and that in no way do they affect the recent sale of \$1,000,000 of serial bonds to Messrs. Wood, Gundy & Co. That sale has been made and the money paid. The Equitable Trust Company in New York held \$1,750,000 of the old debentures as security for the million and a quarter treasury certificates certificates which were sold through Messrs. Spitzer, Rorick & Co. The treasury certificates, on the face of them, are redeemable at any interest paying period after the end of December, 1914, provided the sale of those hypothecated debentures was made and certain notice given. A sale was made of these hypothecated debentures to the Royal Bank of Canada and sufficient money was tendered to the Equitable Trust Company to take care of the treasury certificates and refused. Burnaby's contention therefore is that it has done everything it could under the terms of its agreement. Burnaby does not, however, propose to enter into any fight in the courts of New York. Burnaby is not repudiating payment and the money will be deposited at the various branches of the Royal Bank of Canada ready for payment to the holders of the treasury certificates.

The debentures held in New York are the long term debentures which Burnaby council decided had become less attractive to the market than a serial bond issue.

Sir John French's Pipe

Sir John French's favorite relaxation from the stress of the campaign is a quiet stroll in what is left of the leafy lanes or gardens of the district wherein his headquarters may be situated. Walking meditatively along, and smoking a smoke-browned pipe, the brain of the British Army in Northern France looks anything but one of the main master-spirits in our shares of the vast struggle. Although he appears to be alone, he is really well guarded—sometimes even against his own wish—a few trusted "Tom-mies" being told to see that no one, not even though they appear to be harmless peasants, approaches within hundreds of yards of his choice far niente.

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Marriage Rate in Germany Falling

From the published statistics of various large towns in Germany it is seen the war has very unfavorably influenced the marriage rate. In Berlin, between March and December, 1915, the number of marriages was over 20 per cent. below the number

for the corresponding period of 1914, and 25 per cent. below that of 1913. In Frankfurt 1915 fell behind 1914 by 30 per cent.; in Hamburg 32 per cent.; in Dresden 32 per cent.; in Breslau and Leipzig 35 per cent. Munich seems to have the lowest rate, namely 45 per cent. below the figures for 1914.

The advertising columns of the big daily newspapers, however, show little falling off in the number of persons seeking this gate of entry into matrimony, and no diminution of the indelicacy employed in describing their wants. In the Berliner Tageblatt of recent issue three or four columns were occupied with those

ABLE ADDRESS BY REV. DR. CHOWN BEFORE CONFERENCE

The part the Methodist church had taken and is taking in the present war, the question of prohibition with particular reference to compensation, and the matter of the union of the churches in Canada were the themes that were dealt with last Friday at the Methodist Conference in Mt. Pleasant Methodist church by Rev. Dr. Chown, superintendent of the church in the Dominion, in a vigorous address of a most interesting character, for which he received the thanks of the conference. Dr. Chown expressed himself as strongly opposed to compensation to the hotelmen, and said that the Methodist church was always ready for the union of the churches in this country, and spoke in eulogistic terms of what members of the church had done in the great conflict in Europe.

Prefacing his remarks with the statement that he liked to be back on the coast as he admired the climate of British Columbia, he brought greetings from Rev. Mr. Powell, formerly of Vancouver, and now of Toronto, and who, he said, was doing a good work in the eastern city, as well as greetings from Dr. Crummy, of Winnipeg, to whom their hearts, he remarked, went out in his great sorrow. He went on to say that he found himself going about nowadays with a feeling of detachment. He did not like to feel detached from the world; he liked to feel that the tendrils of his heart were twining their way into the hearts of everybody, and that he had a warm interest in their hearts, but owing to the trend of the war and

the consequence thereof, he found that he was moving about with a feeling of uncertainty.

Many Members Enlisted

"The Methodist church," said Dr. Chown, has reason to congratulate itself on the part it has taken in this war. It is probable that we have not been represented correctly in the returns of the military authorities of the country, but I do not know that I need go into that. I have felt that it makes no difference whatever whether we get credit for the full number of our enlistments or not. It does matter, however, that we should make enlistments and help to bring this war to a successful termination. We are fighting for freedom, for the supremacy of the Empire, and all that the Empire stands for.

"Three hundred of our ministers are in khaki; three hundred of our probationers are serving at the front, or are training to go overseas. There are three Methodist majors of the same name—Williams. There is Major Williams, the Welshman, who is in charge of Nos. 1 and 2 recruiting divisions, and there is Major Williams, the Englishman, who is in charge of another, and there is Major Williams, the Irishman, who is in charge of Nos. 4 and 5 divisions, so that if we are not represented in quantity to the extent of doing us full justice, at least we are represented in the quality of the men who have gone into the army."

Referring to the much debated question of amusements and the position of Methodism thereto,

Dr. Chown said that Methodists liked fun as much as anybody else, but they had always in their history stood for efficiency. Today society was plotting all sorts of amusements that were striking at the moral energies of the people, and the Methodist church was realizing that if their people were to be efficient they must really be on the basis of a war footing and that had been the aim of the Methodist church in all its history.

Question of Prohibition

As regards the liquor traffic, Dr. Chown said that the Methodist church had been abused, that the maturity of their intellect had been wanting on many occasions and it had been charged that they belonged to a lower order of ecclesiasticism because they had stood uncompromisingly on that great issue; they had stood at the top of the stairway beckoning other people upward.

"I notice," he proceeded, "that there is talk about compensation in the province of British Columbia, that a commission is to be appointed to consider the whole question, and the only answer that I have heard in opposition to compensation is that it never has been done before. That is not an answer that is satisfactory to intelligent persons. The state has sanctioned the liquor traffic, and if a man obtains a license which holds the privilege of selling liquor for one year, that man has had that privilege and he has got everything he paid for."

"The government and the people of British Columbia have a right to say to the liquor people 'We have decided to go out of the business of selling licenses,' and what right have they to turn round and say 'You must give us compensation because you have decided to go out of the business?' The thing is perfectly absurd. They talk about the increased value of their premises. If there be any increased value of licensed premises it is a fictitious value as created by the action of the law of the country, by the action of the lawmakers of the country who are responsible for having created that fictitious value and who therefore have a right to destroy it. All that has to be taken into consideration is what is in the public interest."

The historic position of Methodism had, said Dr. Chown, been vindicated with regard to revival meetings. What were these recruiting meetings but revival meetings? They were bringing out the patriotic feelings of the people. He had never said that everybody had to enlist and go to the front, but he had said when a young man stood up and looked at the great issues in the Empire today he is not bound to stay at home. If he turned aside from the duty then his foot was in hell. That is where a man consigned himself if he did not stand up for the Empire and every man who was of military age and had the strength was bound, he declared, to give an account of himself to his conscience, to the Empire and to God.

Church Union

On the question of the union of the churches, Dr. Chown said that there were people who thought that the Presbyterian church was going to give its sanction within a limited number of years. If that were done in a way so that we could depend upon union and so that we could go forward he did not know that he would object to it. "In this matter," said the speaker, "the Methodist church has played a strong hand and we have had that testimony from many of the leaders of the Presbyterian church in Canada. At the same time we have been misunderstood. By those who have opposed union we have been re-

presented as a people standing with our mouths open waiting for the sugar plum of union to drop into it.

"We are a church with over forty-one million dollars' worth of real estate, in Canada, we have more members than any other church in the Dominion, we have more theological students in our colleges and we have a larger Sunday School roll than the Anglicans and Presbyterians put together, and yet some people imagine that we are staggering along anxious to be taken into union. We are not in that position at all," said the speaker with emphasis. "We are a strong church and we will get stronger."

TIMBER RETURNS SHOW INCREASE

The timber returns for the month of April, issued by the Minister of Lands, show that the total scale of saw-logs for the province amounted to 55,061,261 feet board measure, in addition to 309,678 lineal feet of piles and poles, and 21,990 cords of ties, shingle bolts, etc.

The saw-logs sealed in the various districts include Vancouver, 37,613,742 feet; Island, 9,804,994 feet; Cranbrook, 4,491,277 feet; Vernon, 1,001,379 feet; Nelson, 998,604 ft.; and Prince Rupert, 620,711 ft.

In the Vancouver district there were sealed 117,945 lin. ft. of poles and piles, Island district 58,937 lin. ft., Prince Rupert, 42,680 lin. ft., Kamloops 36,974 lin. ft., and Nelson 32,077 lin. ft.

Timber sales recorded during April cover an estimated total of 2,234,000 ft. B.M. sawlogs, to produce a revenue of \$3,927.

MANY SOCKS SENT TO FRONT FROM HERE

During the month of March the Vancouver branch of the Red Cross Society forwarded from Vancouver the following comforts: Day shirts, 190; khaki handkerchiefs, 990; hand knitted socks, 2645 and kit bags, 10. It is interesting to note that of the total number of socks sent to the front from England for March, Vancouver women contributed almost one-sixth.

In a letter to Mrs. Mills, of the Central Red Cross Society, Eleanor McLaren Brown, hon. secretary of the ladies' committee of the C. W. C. A., pays a special tribute to the Vancouver ladies and says it is often noticed what particularly nice socks the Vancouver society forwards. In reply to a request made her for any information which would assist in the work here, she says:

"I would like to say that perhaps the people of Canada do not quite understand the nature of the things which constitute comforts. As you know, this association provides every unit with our 'comforts pads,' a sample of which is enclosed. When anything coming under the heading of 'comforts' is wanted, the officer fills in the form and forwards it to us, whereupon we at once bale up the particular things asked for and send them off. If we have not the particular things in stock, they are purchased.

"The demand for other things besides woolies is very great. Socks, of course, are always needed, and we send out many thousands of pairs a month. The call for other woolies is not, of course so heavy, but if you knew the quantities of such things as tobacco, confectionery, cake, gum, soap, etc., which we send, you would see that these things are really asked for more than anything else.

"When a man leaves his billet to go to the trenches, the equipment which he must carry on his back weighs about 60 pounds. Naturally, he is not going to add

to it by carrying things that he does not need. When he leaves the trenches to go back to his billet, it is unlikely that he will occupy the same billet as before, so that he has to carry all his belongings with him, or else if he leaves them behind he runs the risk of never seeing them again. The men get a change once a week, unless under exceptional circumstances, and therefore they do not ask us for much in billets, or whether in the trenches, they always like extra tobacco, extra food, extra gum. These things are light and easily carried, and therefore the demand for them is incessant and insistent. I have talked to many soldiers back from the front, and all of them have the same tale to tell. A man cannot weigh himself down with more clothing than he actually needs, but he will always find space to carry comforts for the inner man, and these of course, he stores inside him.

Money Most Acceptable

"It is for the above reasons that the Association is always glad of money wherewith to purchase commodities which cannot, excepting at great expense, be forwarded from Canada, but for which there is a great demand. There are other commodities such as tobacco, confectionery, and cake, which can be forwarded from Canada, and I may say that these things are sent from Canada in large quantities. Though 500 pounds of tobacco and 1000 pounds of gum may sound a great deal, it does not go very far among tens of thousands of men. We supplement by purchase what we get from Canada, and in that way keep pace with the demand.

As you know this association equips and maintains the Queen's Canadian Military Hospital, which has been most generously supported by our friends in Canada. This is the only Canadian hospital which is not under the jurisdiction of the Canadian Red Cross. However, we were in very close co-operation with Col. Hodgetts, and any surplus we may have at any time is always at his disposal, and he of course would do the same by us. We are always glad to receive contributions in kind for the hospital such as tins of cocoa, malted milk, confectionery. We like to be able to tell our patients that these come from Canada. Of course, we can and do buy whatever is necessary, but the sentiment counts for something. On the whole, and I have many sources of information, I think it can be safely said that the Canadians are extremely well looked after."

The Manufacturers' Association received word last week from Ottawa that an order for service clothes, amounting to \$75,000 had been allotted to this city. Several firms will be benefited by the order.

Western Call, \$1.00 per Year.

Married Beneath Them
According to a telegram from Vienna the Archduchess Isabella, daughter of the Archduke Frederick, Commander-in-Chief of the Austrian Army, is engaged to Professor Paul Albrecht, a Viennese doctor. Austrian arch-esses have a curious habit of "marrying beneath them." There was Elizabeth, the only daughter of Crown Prince Rudolf, who wedded a mere Prince—Otto Windisch-Graetz—in 1902. A year later a second granddaughter of the Emperor, Archduchess Elizabeth of Bavaria, married Baron von Seefried, a penniless Bavarian lieutenant. Then a third Elizabeth made a misalliance with her brother's tutor, Count Waldburg, a man with no property and no prospects.

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SYNOPSIS OF COAL MINING REGULATIONS

Coal mining rights of the Dominion, in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, the Yukon Territory, the North-west Territories and in a portion of the province of British Columbia, may be leased for a term of twenty-one years renewal for a further term of 21 years at an annual rental of \$1 an acre. Not more than 2,500 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.—33575.

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THE WESTERN CALL

SOUTH VANCOUVER

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.

Finds His Own Tomb

It is given to few men to be absent from their own funerals, much less to carry around the tombstones erected to their memories, as souvenirs. This, however, is what Lieut. Arthur Grindell, a transport officer, who left here with the first draft from the Irish Fusiliers, is doing.

Lieut. Grindell, in writing to a friend in South Vancouver, tells of a unique experience. He was looking at some of the headstones and crosses erected over the graves of the brave boys who fell in the battle of a year ago, when he was surprised to see a neatly lettered cross dedicated to his memory, and marking a grave where he was supposed to be at rest.

"I got after the Graves Registration Committee," he says, "and explained to them that I was not dead. They took a lot of convincing, but finally were satisfied that I was very much alive. I asked permission to take my own property—my cross—as a souvenir. They could not give me any official permission to do so, but intimated that if the cross was missing they would make no enquiries."

Continuing, the lieutenant says that he has his "cross" with him, and is looking forward to getting leave so he can take it to England and send it home. "I have been 'officially' dead for 12 months, and I did not know it," he concludes.

C. P. R. May Assist

The damage done by the floods last spring on Manitoba street near Marine Drive was examined on Friday last by Councillors Russell and Grinnett in company with Mr. Cambie of the C. P. R., who advised that the matter be discussed with Mr. Newton J. Ker and the advisability of constructing large open drains to carry the water from the C. P. R. property may be considered. Mr. Cambie did not commit the company in any way, but hinted that assistance might be secured from them. The matter will be allowed to lie until the company can be interviewed.

Gray's Park Opened

Gray's Park, situated in Ward III, which was recently given as a gift to the municipality by Mr. David Gray, was formally opened on Friday last, Reeve Winram performing the ceremony of turning the first sod in the presence of members of the council and a large number of ratepayers. The new park, which comprises 2½ acres, is bounded by Windsor and St. Catharine streets, and by 33rd and 34th avenues, and will take but little work to put it in shape for the purpose for which it is intended, a playground for the children of the neighborhood. Reeve Winram and Rev. J. R. Robertson made brief speeches, in which they expressed the gratitude of the people of South Vancouver at the generosity of Mr. Gray, Mr. Robertson pointing out that the donor had also presented the ground on which St. David's Presbyterian church is built. Several members of the council, including Coun. Pollock, of Ward III, also made brief speeches. Mr. Gray, the donor. Engineer Bennett and many other prominent citizens were present on the occasion.

Want Fraser Street Oiled

The dust nuisance on Fraser street is really becoming serious, and numerous requests have been made that the street be oiled. The people have even requested that if the municipality will furnish the necessary labor and the sprinkler that they will furnish the oil. The matter was brought up in the board of works committee on Friday last and was laid over for further consideration. In this connection the question of making general repairs to the street was discussed, and the engineer was instructed to bring in an estimate of the cost of ditching, grading and rocking the street.

An interesting patriotic service attracted a large congregation to St. David's Presbyterian church Sunday night. Mr. Yates, military secretary of the Y.M.C.A. at Hastings Park military camp, gave an address of unusual interest in which he described the work done by the Y. M. C. A. among soldiers in Canada, England and France. Three members of the 231st mational, Seaforth Highlanders, Lieut. Beatrice, Private Hutchinson and Private Jenkins, sang solos, which were greatly appreciated. With appropriate ceremony 12 additional names were added to the honor roll of the church, which is now the largest roll of honor possessed by any moderate-sized church in the Vancouver district. It now boasts of 87 names. The names added on Sunday were: Sergeant D. Robins (invalided home), Lance-Corp. Irving, formerly a member of the So. Vancouver police force, now with the 121st battalion, Western Irish; Corp. William Atkinson, 29th battalion (killed at St. Eloi a few days ago); Pte. Colin Crawford, 231st; Pte. W. J. Campbell, 158th; Pte. Edward Todd, 158th; Pte. Robert Leece, 121st; Pte. W. B. Walling, 121st; Pte. John McMillan, 131st Westminster Fusiliers; Pte. Andrew Love, Western Universities Battalion; Pte. Bain Drummond, 6th Canadian Engineers; Pte. James E. Barker, 6th D.C.O.R. Private Walling has been Sunday school superintendent of St. David's church for over four years, and Private John McMillan has been clerk of the session of the church since the congregation was organized.

This service was followed by a grand concert in the church under the direction of W. W. Robertson, on Monday night, which was enjoyed by a large and enthusiastic audience.

Women Enter Protest

At a meeting of the South Vancouver Women's Forum, held at the home of Mrs. Woods, 1400 34th avenue, a strong protest was made against the action of the provincial government in extending the franchise to soldier minors through the recent amendment to the Election Act, while at the same time they refuse to give the vote to women without first getting a mandate from the people. It was argued that there was no mandate from the electors for the extension of the vote to soldiers under age. A resolution voicing the protest was passed unanimously. A talk on "Co-Operation" was given by Mr. S. P. Jackson at the close of the meeting. The speech caused an interesting discussion and it was decided to arrange for a debate on the same question at the next meeting of the Forum. The meeting will be held in the evening and if the interest manifested Wednesday is any criterion it will likely attract a large attendance.

Left Without a Charge

The British Columbia Methodist Conference has left Rev. William Boulton, at his own request, without a charge, in order to give a free hand to conduct his campaign as Conservative candidate for the provincial legislature for Vancouver south. The committee has also left his present charge, the Beaconsfield Methodist church, without a pastor, and Mr. Boulton will continue to supply the pulpit there until after the election.

May Use Sewers Jointly

A delegation from So. Vancouver council attended the meeting of the city council on Tuesday afternoon and discussed with the board different matters pertaining to sewerage and road paving. It was felt by the municipality that some satisfactory arrangement could be made with the city for the joint use of a sewer in Ward Eight, but upon the matter being taken up with the Joint Sewerage Commission, permission was refused. City Engineer F. L. Fellowes was instructed to take up the various questions with Mr. Bennett, the engineer for the municipality, and report to the board of works later.

Mt. Pleasant

Glee Club Will Sing

This year is the centenary of Sir William Sterndale Bennett, one of England's most gifted musicians. One of his best known and most beautiful compositions, "The May Queen" will be given by the King Edward High School Glee Club, accompanied by the orchestra of the Vancouver Musical Society, on Friday, June 9, at 8.15 p.m., under the baton of Mr. Geo. P. Hicks. The work has been thoroughly rehearsed and the club assures their patrons a musical treat.

This is believed to be the only attempt to commemorate the centenary of this eminent musician in Vancouver while it has been very generally observed in England, and in other parts of the Empire. The club is therefore to be commended in their endeavor to fittingly observe the event. And doubtless the music lovers of the city will show their appreciation of their efforts.

A very pleasant surprise party was given Wednesday evening at the home of Mrs. A. Milton, 855 Broadway west in honor of Miss Frances Grogan, who for the past three years has been deaconess of Mt. Pleasant Presbyterian church. The following guests were present: Misses Story, Robertson, Smith, Stroul, Mitchell, McCallum, Beatty, Riches, Hill, Wallace and Knight. Messrs. Moore Kelsburg, Story, McCallum, Nixon, Sproule, Mennie, Watkins and Paxton. Miss Grogan left last night for Treherne, Manitoba.

Shoe On the Other Foot

Germany has complained bitterly of the attempt of England to starve out her civil population in order to bring the war to a close. This suggests a very pertinent question. Suppose that Germany, instead of Great Britain, had had command of the sea at the very beginning of the war. It has been stated many times that the home supply of food for Great Britain would not last over six weeks if her imports of foodstuffs were stopped. Is there anybody so silly as to believe that Germany, in case she had had command of the sea, would not have cut off Great Britain's supply of food instantly and entirely and brought her to her knees by starvation within two months after the institution of such a blockade?

It must be remembered also, as to Germany's complaint (that the Allies are trying to starve the civilian non-combatant population), that every bushel of American wheat going to Germany releases a bushel of German wheat to feed the army. Any importation of foodstuffs into Germany for the civil population is therefore simply an indirect way of supporting the German army.—The New York Outlook.

THE EFFECT OF THE BLOCKADE

Some of the most notable men of France in the world of letters, the world of science, of politics, of commerce and industry, of military affairs, have formed an association, the object of which is to keep the public authoritatively informed on all matters of moment regarding the war.

The significant motto of the association reads: "Patience, Effort and Confidence." The "Letters" of the association so addressed to the nation are distributed through the agency of well-known magazines, in leaflet form.

The most recent letter has for subject matter: "The Control of the Seas." Under the first heading: "The Allies Control the Sea," the superiority of the allied sea-power is explained in detail. The second division tells of the loss of the enemy in colonial possessions. The third, the blockade and effects on German commerce. Division four sets forth the various consequences of the blockade. The conclusion shows how the land held by the central powers in Belgium, France and Russia is more than offset, territorially, by the allies' gains in China and Africa.

Rear-Admiral Degony gives a clear account of the results, present and future, of the blockade. He says:

"The reduction of Germany's imports has deprived her of industrial resources indispensable to the support of her economic life. Her commercial fleet, destroyed or closed in for the last eighteen months, and the chief agent of the imports, and the manufacturers, to whom she brought raw material and supplies. The list is long: Minerals, cottons, flax, wool, textiles of all sorts, raw hides, leathers, fats, oils, petroleum gasoline and rubber. Any of these materials that now reach Germany from the outside world, are necessarily very high in price, therefore, many enterprises have been affected seriously.

"Since the beginning of September, 1915, cotton-weaving establishments work but one or two days a week. Iron and steel are manufactured for military purposes solely. With leather the story is almost the same.

"The reduction of the industrial output has sensibly increased the cost of living. We have some time since ceased to listen to the exaggerated accounts that told of imminent famine. The increase, however, has caused the government no little alarm. In order to remedy the situation there are many cases in which a maximum has been placed, with the effect that the products thus tariffed have been withdrawn from the market.

"Notwithstanding these facts, Germany, at present, has no idea of looking upon herself as conquered, but it would be useless for her to argue that her power of resistance has not been seriously diminished. The allies have every intention of rendering the blockade yet more effective and stringent.

"Germany has often boasted that her territorial gains have been so important that when the time for the signing peace contracts comes, she will be able, by reason of these gains, to dictate terms to the allies. Nearly all Belgium, a good slice of France and some Russian territory are in our hands, they triumph.

"Germany forgets the mortgage we have on her holdings!

"In first rank come the colonies we have taken from her. In Africa alone, according to the German official reckoning, we have now possession of 452,382 square miles, which is almost equal to the total surface extent of Germany, Austria-Hungary and France.

"As a result of the blockade, the seas that Germany covered with her fleets, merchant and marine, are free of all her vessels. And in consequence an embargo is put on her foreign commerce and the products necessary for trade.

"This sequestration of German commerce will last as long as Great Britain finds it necessary to the end she has in view, in conjunction with her allies. No matter what might be the military events, continentally speaking, as long as Great Britain keeps the sea superiority, she could, of herself alone, restrict German contact with the seas and oblige that country 'to live her own.'

"Thus the allies hold the controlling odds, which are considerable. The German colonies, the external commerce and all the industries dependent upon importations and exchange."

GEN. TOWNSHEND FORETOLD WAR

According to a writer in the London Daily Mail, General Townshend, who surrendered to the Turks at Kut-el-Amara, with almost uncanny prescience, actually predicted the date of the outbreak of hostilities, and many of the events that have occurred in the present war. He says:

"Four years ago, when the possibility of war with Germany was derided as empty talk, he not only knew that it was inevitable, but he predicted that it would break out suddenly in the autumn of 1914.

"He spread out a map on the table in his rooms in Paris and traced out the course which the opening stages of war would take. This was to his friend, George Grossmith, who was in Paris playing with Rejane at the time, and Mr. Grossmith is an amazed witness today to the absolute accuracy of his forecast. He told how the Germans would pour over the Belgian and Luxembourg frontiers, how their heavy artillery would batter

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down the forts in their way, how with incredible swiftness they would spread a wide front across Belgium, and sweep the fated country clear, making Antwerp and Brussels and Ostend in their rapid southern descent, so as to strike a great blow at the French defences while the French preparations were yet incomplete.

"He even laid his finger upon the map and marked the region to which the British expeditionary force would be sent and told how inevitably it would be outflanked and overwhelmed by numbers and forced to retreat to escape annihilation.

"He was exact also in his predictions that the first real trial of strength between the attackers and the defenders would occur in positions far behind those originally chosen and that the British troops would fight their first pitched battles in defence of the French channel ports.

"Maybe there was nothing in these predictions of his that any other qualified and studied soldier might not and did not foresee, but there was nothing more than an expert's deductions from military and geographical conditions in another prediction that he made with confidence and conviction and which he consistently maintained, unshaken by all contrary opinions. For he declared time and time again that in spite of all the German early successes, France would be saved, and saved by the new and wonderful spirit of the French people.

"This was more than expert anticipation. It was the insight of a prophet. He knew and understood and loved the French nation and people. He spoke French like a Parisian, his devoted wife is a French lady, he had studied French military history with an enthusiast's application, had followed French army manoeuvres, had reconstructed on the spot the battle-grounds of the past and had examined with German thoroughness the positions in which the future battles that he foresaw would take place. He was aware—he served for a time as military attache in Paris—of the weaknesses and difficulties of France and of French politics, but for all that, with the eye of faith he foresaw the great and commanding fact twenty months of war have proved and the morale of the French soldiers that no German mechanical superiority could overcome.

"His heart has been in France since the war broke out. General Charles Townshend is the heir presumptive of the Marquisate of Townshend and he is the great-great-grandson of the Townshend who fought with Wolfe at Quebec."

Embarrassment

Germany is now in a position to sympathize with that fellow who wanted somebody to help him let go of a bear.—Boston Transcript.

General Smith-Dorrien

General Sir Horace Lockwood Smith Dorrien, the distinguished British officer, who last February relinquished the command of the British forces operating in German East Africa, was born fifty-eight years ago, on May 26, 1858. Early in the war he commanded the British second army in Flanders, but he retired from that position last summer and returned to England, where he remained until December, when he went to South Africa to take charge of the expedition to be dispatched against Germany's East African colony. He remained in command there until about three months ago, when he turned over his authority to Gen. Jan Christian Smuts, who was a Boer leader in the South African war. General Smith-Dorrien's retirement was said to be due to ill health. Smith-Dorrien began his military career in the Zulu war of 1879, and afterwards fought in the Egyptian war and the Sudan campaign, receiving high honors in all and has no patience with suckly in India and on the Nile he went to South Africa to fight the Boers. In that war his command included a Canadian contingent, and he became a favorite with the Canadian soldiers and returned their admiration in full measure. Gen. Smith-Dorrien is a younger brother of the "Dorrien-Smith" who is known as "King of the Seilly Isles." The family seat of the latter is in Trecoo Abbey, on the largest of the Seilly Islands, a picturesque old edifice which dates from the tenth century. General Smith-Dorrien played a conspicuous part in the early part of the war, when his masterly retreat before the overwhelming force of Teutons saved the British force from threatened annihilation.

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