

THE PROVINCE

W. C. NICHOL

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AFTERMATH OF RIOT

What people at a distance think of Vancouver is important and interesting to us not only from the natural pride of cities as well as men to be the seat of well but because our existence and growth is affected in some measure by the estimation in which we are held in those distant places. A city's name is as important to a city as an individual. It is necessary to attract population, of the right kind, and our attractiveness in this respect depends not only on the climate, but of our situation, the temperateness of our climate, and our general advantages as a city to dwell in. It depends also on our character as a corporate body of citizens; as people who respect law and order and maintain them intact; who will not go to some trouble and make a fuss to uphold them. Anything calculated to give a different impression from this to the country in general, and to any places from which we settlers may come, is of the nature of a serious injury to Vancouver's prospects, and whatever tends to create such an impression must be checked and held in check with all determination of which we as a city are capable.

Is dreary reading, as the newspaper exchanges come in from distant more distant places, to read the reports that are made on the deplorable events of Saturday, Sept. 7, n, for a short time, a part of our was given over to the riot and disaster of an uncontrolled mob. It is the nature of things that those reports should in some instances be based on a conception of what took place that was not exact accordance with fact. That erroneous conclusions should be jumped and matters represented as worse than they are is not surprising in the instances. That which must be pressing to every good citizen is that there was so much basis of reliable fact as there really was. We want enough to blacken Vancouver's good name and to do the prestige much damage. Those not Vancouver's best friends who to minimize the evil that was done to pass it off as the mad work of a few unrestrained hoodlums. As a matter of fact, coming upon after the lawless occurrences at Ellingham, it was lumped together and Vancouver was supposed to have adopted the same tactics of mob that are prevalent occasionally in the South of the United States today. And we may as well acknowledge that thereby a very regrettable stab has been given to Vancouver's reputation as a city. We will quote one of the references:—

lean machines have doubled, yet notwithstanding this, as many have been imported from Europe. As a matter of fact, the thing most desired by automobilists is a lowering, not of the price of the car, but of the expense of running it. And if the cheapening of the cost means inferiority in quality, most men would prefer the dearer article. If the outrageous charges for tires could be reduced, the automobile industry everywhere would profit by it. As yet, however, the prestige of the French car is not in grave danger on this continent. They are still looked up to, despite our own excellent production. But the American market for them is likely to shrink because of the expensiveness of repairs and the growing belief that American motors are better adapted for the rough American roads, even though they are generally not as well made.

OBLIGING ADVERTISERS.

The advertising columns of newspapers open a world of their own to the discriminating reader, and afford snapshots glimpses of human nature that are often interesting. Perhaps my advertisements are more attractive in this respect than those in which advertisers for positions set forth in order their claims upon the notice and confidence of the public. For instance, I take this from a New York paper by a "retired captain." His age is 38 and he has "no disability." He says further that he "can take an intelligent hold of anything." Money no object or objection. To be "able to take an intelligent hold of anything" is surely a great deal, for "anything" is so inclusive. The advertiser sets no bound to his capacity. Why people have been looking all their lives for that sort of man. He can not only regard things intelligently, but he can take hold of them. He would evidently do for any business in the world, and in an official position he would be simply delightful. Put him at science, art, law or gospel and he would come up to the scratch. He would do for a mayor, a president of a college—we demand no more of a premier. But his second qualification should make him at once successful—"Money no object or objection." He does not care whether you give him a salary or not—all he wants is the opportunity to "take intelligent hold of something" and the wonder is that a man like that has to advertise in order to find it, but it is only a corroboration of the great truth that everybody has to advertise, whether they are great geniuses or not.

A second advertisement in the same paper is from a lady who "would like a position as visiting housekeeper, charge taken of opening house, engaging servants, catering and household accounts." This advertisement brings us face to face with the wealthy people of New York who are so busy and so rich that they not only have housekeepers, but find it to their advantage to have them.

to her. They will probably get Mrs. Besant from the present. But while ruining her chances the thinking few she will enlarge influence with the unthinking. A woman with the two souls is nearly as interesting to them as a late lamented Two-headed Nightingale.

If the Hon. Wm. Templeman go talking in the way he has lately, about choosing his words better, he will begin to think that it does matter much what he says. Had the breath thus vainly spent, used in blowing up the authorities in Ottawa for their lethargy on the immigration question, it might have been better for us to-day. Cabinet Minister by accident, Templeman is, perhaps, unable to play any other role.

By the death of Mr. James A. Donald Oxley in Toronto, at the age of fifty-one, Canada loses one of its most industrious and entertaining writers. In the field he chose, the boys' stories, Mr. Oxley filled a useful role, and readers of the Boys' Paper and similar periodicals will regret his passing away. The stories he wrote had enough of romance and action in them to be highly appreciated by their readers, while they were free from the oversensationalism and tendency of the ordinary dime novel. The difficulty of writing that sort of story is shown by the smallness of the number of those who have been successful in it.

The astounding damages given Judge Langley to the Dominion Iron and Steel Company against the Dominion Coal Company, form another step in the legal proceedings which have been going on for months, and demonstrating that the course of capitalist companies does not always run smooth. By the time the case has gone through the various stages of appeal the parties may feel that it would have been worth while to submit the case to the Hague arbitration committee.

THE RAGBAG

When I am Dead,
When I am dead, and nervous hands have thrust
My body downward into careless dust;
I think the grave could not suffice to hold
My spirit, prisoned in the useless mold.
Some subtle memory of you would be
A resurrection of the life of me.
Yes, I would be, because I love you so,
The speechless spirit of all things that grow.
You could not touch a flower but it would be
Like a caress upon the cheek of me.
I would be patient in the common grass,
That I might feel your footfall should you pass.
I would be kind as rain and pure as dew,
A loving spirit round the life of you.
When your soft cheeks by perfumed winds
Were fanned,
I would be my kiss, and you would understand.
But, when some sultry, storm-bleared sun
Had set,
I would be lightning—if you dared to fret.
—John G. Neilland