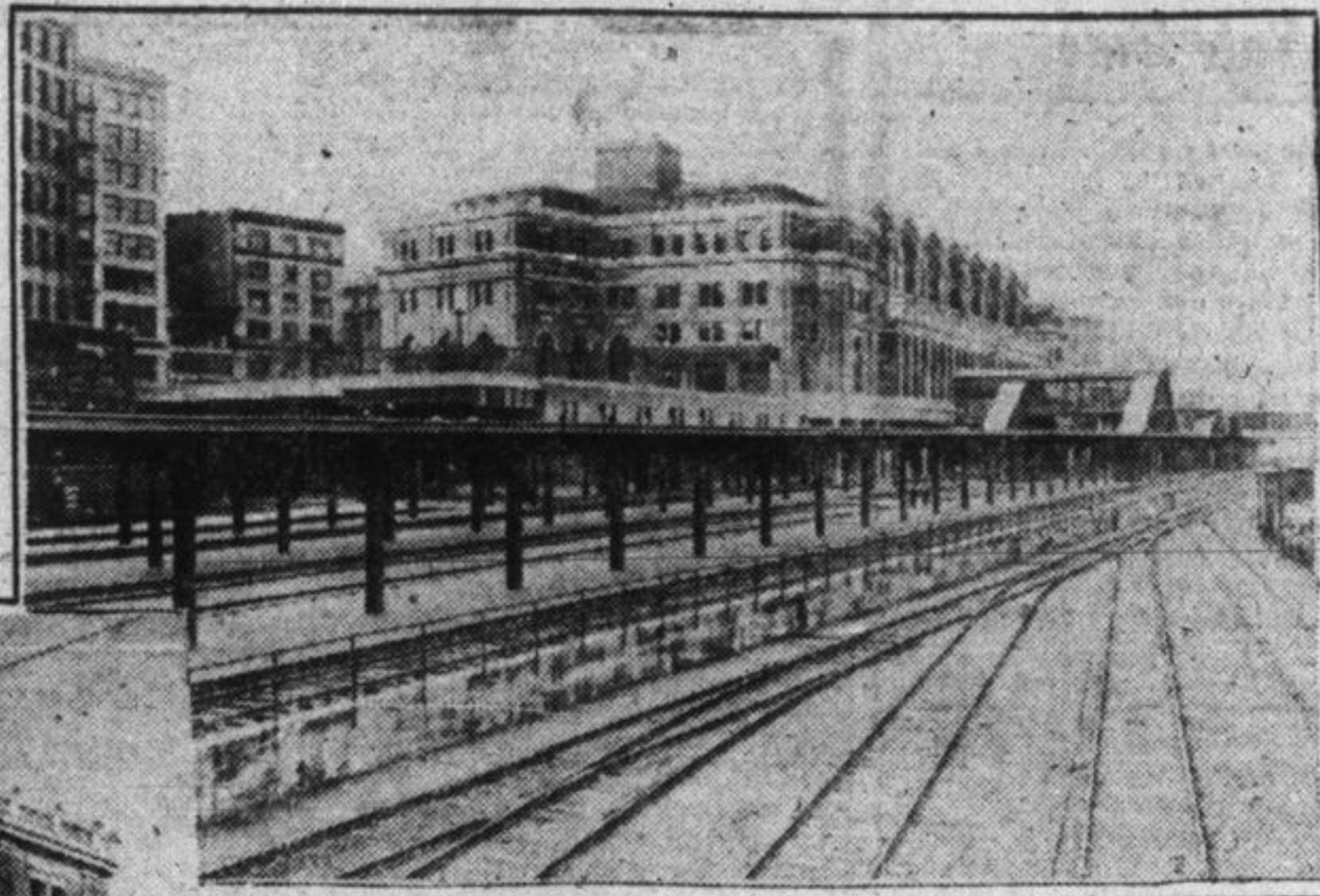


CANADA'S PACIFIC TERMINUS

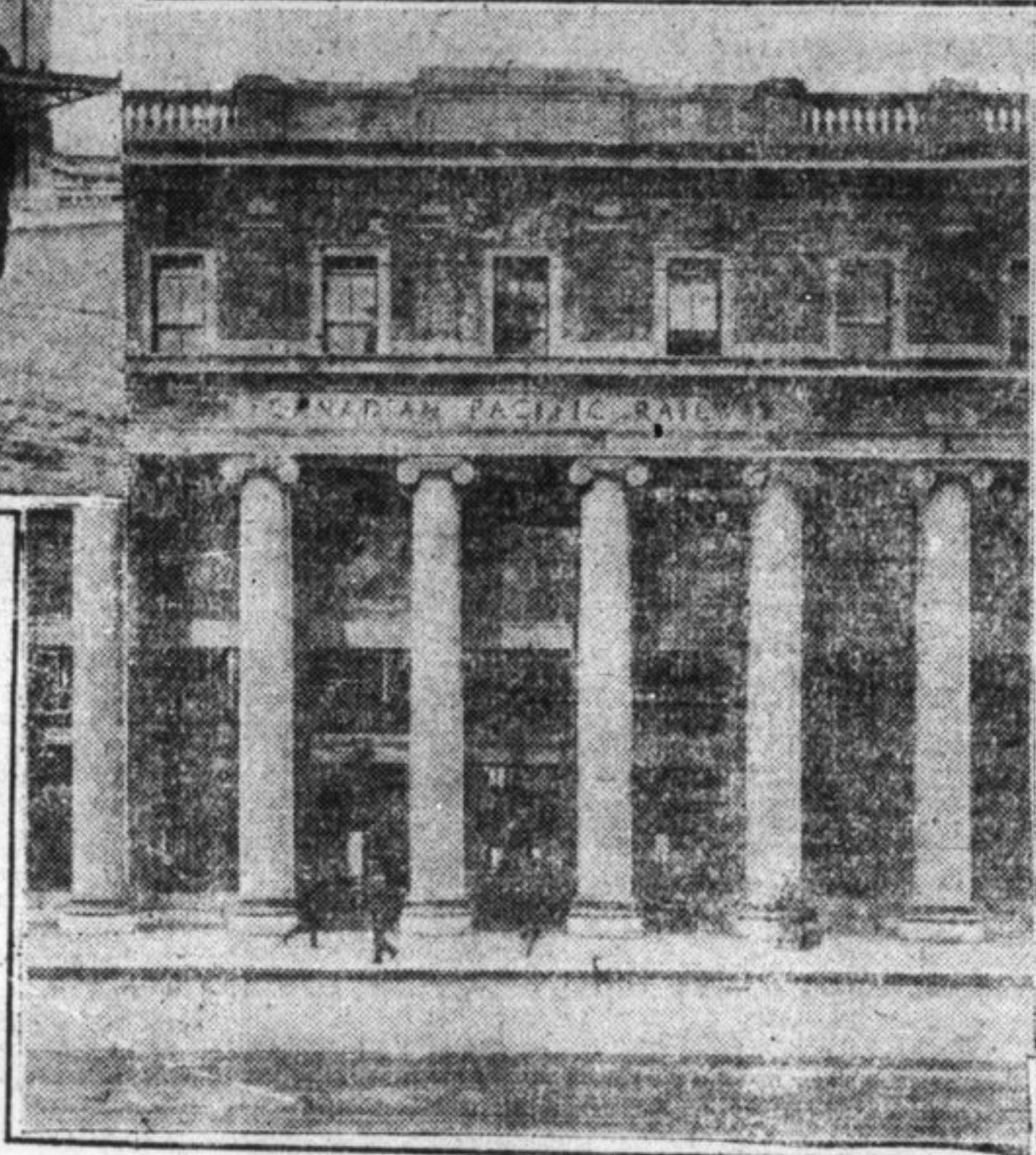


VIEW OF TRACKS



GENERAL WAITING ROOM

C.P.R. STATION Vancouver B.C.



MAIN ENTRANCE

It will soon be twenty-eight years since the Canadian Pacific Railway ran its first train into Vancouver, B.C., over the single track which marked the beginning of what has been a most astonishingly rapid growth of one of the great cities on the Pacific Coast. In those short years, the increased business of the railroad has outgrown three stations and the C.P.R. has just completed the construction of a beautiful six-storied station to keep pace with the rapid and substantial growth of this great Pacific Coast country. The work of reconstruction was commenced in March, 1913. It is constructed of red brick with terra-cotta and limestone trimmings. From East to West along the track side, the new station measures 480 feet, practically two blocks. It is six stories high, and along the Cordova Street side there is in the course of construction ten great Corinthian free-standing columns and ten engaged columns, all constructed of limestone. Terra-cotta and limestone cornices and trimmings will also add greatly to the general beauty of the building when completed.

The big main entrance opens out upon Cordova Street, exactly in the center of the building. From the main street entrance straight through the general waiting room is the main entrance and exit to and from all trains, while from the Granville Street entrance on the west end of the building, by a wide sweep of corridor running the full length of the station, people can walk directly through to the Plaza entrance on the east end. There is also another entrance on Cordova Street and one on the track side for third-class passengers from the wharves and trains, making six entrances in all. A retaining wall has been erected to support the tracks, which have been raised four feet above the old level. A covered passenger bridge thirty feet wide leads from the main entrance on the track side to the platforms below, while the stairs, leading down to the platforms from both sides of the passenger bridge are six feet wide.

There are practically two floors below the street level on the track side of the new station which are given over to the baggage and express departments, lower floor being used mostly for heavy and bonded baggage. The mail room, where all business mail of the Company is handled, will also be on this floor, as will the telephone exchange, general service rooms, part of the dining car service department, boiler and pump rooms. The boiler room contains three immense 150 horse power boilers, which will supply all heat to the station and wharves, using the hot water system of heating. On the lower Mezzanine floor are the kitchen, auxiliary store-rooms, and baggage rooms. The central portion of the main floor contains the general waiting room, which is 60 feet wide by 150 feet long, with massive circular columns at the sides, and the ceiling, of heavy beam and panel effect, is 40 feet above the floor. All floors, with the exception of the offices, are of Grandolithic, and the entire ground floor basing is of marble. On the main floor are situated the restaurant and lunch room, railroad and steamship offices, women's waiting room, and smoking room. The ticket offices consist of eight booths. A large lobby opens off from the general waiting room for first and second class passenger business, separate accommodations being supplied for third-class, third-class having separate waiting room entrance, etc. The upper storeys of the building accommodate the various offices of the company. All office floors are of hardwood, and toilet facilities throughout the building of the most modern type. A master clock, operated by the station master regulates every clock in the station, while the architectural design, construction, and arrangement of the interior of the station is such as to facilitate the handling of passengers and business in the best possible way.

THE OBSTACLE

Joan Lee sat in her lighted room, with the shades down to keep out the June night hosts of insects, marking test papers. It had been a hot, hard day in the schoolroom and she was tired. In the next room she could hear Kathleen Thompson moving about and singing to herself. Kathleen was also a teacher, but she did not make hard work of her teaching. She had romped her way through a difficult year and roses still wore in her cheeks, while Joan was as pale as a ghost.

Some one ran up the stairs and knocked at Kathleen's door. Joan's pencil paused as she caught the sound of Mrs. Baker's voice and Kathleen's merry, unrestrained laughter. The color came to her cheek, then fled quickly. "He's here," she thought. "Mrs. Baker has come up to tell Kathleen. I heard the doorbell ring."

The door of Joan's room opened and Kathleen entered. The dress she wore was of pink printed crepe, with a wide, gorgeous girde, pink was Kathleen's color, and she made the most of it.

"Mark Elliott is downstairs on the veranda waiting," she said. "Put up your work and come with me, dearie."

Joan shook her head. "I mustn't leave my work," she said.

Kathleen danced across the floor and with a sweep cleared Joan's lap of its litter of papers. "You can finish them to-morrow morning," she said imperiously. "Come, Joan, you've got to go."

Joan looked up at her wistfully. "How is he ever going to propose to you if I am always by?" she asked.

Kathleen laughed, tugging at Joan's hair. "My dear, he'll find a way if he finds I don't intend to find one," she answered merrily. "What a little, little bit you know about men! Never mind how you look. He'll not notice. Come!"

"No, he'll not notice," Joan murmured sadly, as she permitted Kathleen to draw her toward the door. After all, Kathleen knew, as it seemed

hard that she should be sacrificed just so that Kathleen could get her happiness.

"Mrs. Baker's veranda was an ideal place for carrying on a courtship, especially when there was such moonlight as silvered everything to-night. Kathleen dropped gracefully into the swing seat and looked as beautiful as she knew how. And how beautiful that was it seemed as if Mark Elliott must know if anyone.

During the lively conversation that followed Joan sat very still, half in the shadow, listening and at the same time thinking her own thoughts. This was the last week of school and her last week in Westmore. In just six days more she would be at home with her father and mother and the younger children, whom she was trying to help to educate by giving them every cent of her wages she could spare.

Next fall she would go into another town to begin another year's work under entirely new conditions, at an increase of salary. It was the increase of salary that was taking her away from Westmore and Mark Elliott. Kathleen was going to have a year at home. She had only taught for pastime, she said. Yet she had not dared to do so, even on Mark's account. How sure she must be of him! Joan feared that Kathleen was something of a flirt, for another man wrote to her constantly. Joan felt trouble because of this. As if any man living was as worthy as Mark to stand in a girl's heart!

A boy came down the street on a bicycle, started to pass, then hesitated, turned back and, half alighting, called to the group on the veranda: "Is this Mrs. Baker's? Here's a telegram for one of the boarders—Miss Kathleen Thompson."

"That's me?" Kathleen said excitedly. She snatched the yellow envelope and tried to open it. "Oh, Joan! I'm trembling so. What has happened?"

Joan opened the telegram and read aloud, while Kathleen hung on her shoulder:

"Come home at once. Donald is hurt. Serious. MOTHER."

"Your brother?" she questioned, wondering.

"No—no," Kathleen sobbed. She was white with terror. "It's Donald Smith. Oh, Joan! I don't know what to do."

"Why, you must do just what the telegram commands—go home at once," Mark said.

"I will," wept Kathleen. "Oh, I'm so upset! I trust you two to do everything. You will, won't you?"

"We will," replied Mark, firmly.

In less than half an hour a cab was waiting, Kathleen dressed, her bag packed ready for the journey, her express made to the principal and her ticket bought. Joan and Mark had indeed done everything. Once in the cab with them flying toward the station, Kathleen became calm and told them something about Donald Smith.

"We went to school together and we've always been friends. Mother thinks almost as much of him as she does of my brother, Harold. He's so fine. And to think this has happened to him. Why, why this afternoon I got his letter! Oh, Joan, do you think he will be dead by the time I get there?" Kathleen asked.

"No," said Joan, gently.

"Keep up courage, my dear girl," Mark said. "It will all come out right. I'm sure of it. Here's your train! We've just made it."

After Kathleen had been handed aboard and the train had plunged forward on its flight, Mark, at Joan's suggestion, dismissed the cab and they walked back together to Mrs. Baker's. But, instead of saying good night at the steps, as she supposed he would, Mark calmly found his way back to the green-painted chair.

"Oh, I don't want to," Joan cried. She drew a long breath. It all seemed so strange. Kathleen gone to a lover and she and Mark sitting in the moonlight alone! She looked at him earnestly. He did not seem to be heartbroken at Kathleen's going. It must be that he was very clever at hiding his feelings.

"I was going to add," Mark said, "that I should stay just the same, because there's something I've got to say. Fate has given me this chance." He hitched the chair boldly up to Joan's hammock. Miss Kathleen—

"Yes," whispered Joan. Was she going to tell her about it?

"Miss Kathleen—very bright and pretty—but didn't you know that I'd never have come here the way I have if it wasn't for you?"

"No!" gasped Joan. The moonlight seemed to be spinning around her in waves.

"Well, Miss Kathleen knew it," said Mark, grimly. "Joan, dear,

Isn't there room in that hammock for me, too?"

The second morning after the blissful evening Joan got a pink monogrammed perfume letter from Kathleen, saying: "It was mostly scare. Mother got hysterical. Don't be coming out all right."

Take care of the little things and let the big things take care of themselves is a motto for the nursemaid.

THE FERRY-HOUSE.

(Between Ypres and Dixmude there is a ferry-house which has been persistently shelled since the Germans reached the east bank of the Yser. — Press Despatch.)

Beside the Yser's lazy bank
A cot of stone was found,
A rose-embowered Ferry-House,
A vine-clad wall around,
And there the larkspur, proudly blue,
Climbed toward the summer sky,
A sweet, old-fashioned garden spot,
With swallows whirling by.

The Flemish ferryman was old,
But happy as a king,
He heard the travelers "Ahoy!"
Along the river ring.
His lumbering punt he proudly pressed,
Across the sunny stream,
Or walked among his countless blooms,
And life was like a dream.

To-day a horrid rain of shell
Has torn his wall to dust,
His roof-tree is a blackened wreck,
The flame has fed its lust,
For fell Destruction walks abroad,
And e'en the vagrant House
Flees, terror-blasted, from his nest
Within the Ferry-House.

And, ah, the sturdy ferryman —
Or dead, or broken-hearted?
His home was Hell's anathema,
His loveliness departed,
And still the iron furies roar
Their anger from the wood,
And hurting devils scream on high,
And call their labor good!

Difficult to Do.

"Why doesn't the policeman pay his fare?" inquired the old gentleman on the two penny tram, observing that no money passed between the constable and the conductor.

"Well, you know, sir," explained the conductor, "you can't get twopence out of a copper." — London T.D. 114.

Township of Kingston By-Law, Re. Gananoque Electric Light and Water Supply Co., Ltd

By-Law No.

1. By-law empowering the Gananoque Electric Light and Water Supply Company Limited, to exercise its powers within the Township and for that purpose to use and occupy the Highways of the Township.

2. WHEREAS it is deemed expedient to authorize and empower the Gananoque Electric Light and Water Supply Company, Limited, to exercise its power within the Township and to use and occupy the highways of the Township for the supply and distribution of electric power, light, heat and energy;

3. THEREFORE be it enacted by the Municipal Corporation of the Township of Kingston as follows:—

4. That the said Gananoque Electric Light and Water Supply Company, Limited shall for a period of Thirty Years from the passing of this By-law be authorized and empowered to exercise within the Township of Kingston its power and franchise for the supply and distribution therein of Electric Light, Heat, Power and Energy and for that purpose they are authorized and empowered to lay down pipes or conduits for enclosing wires for the

transmission of Electric Light, Heat, Power and energy under the highways of said municipality and to carry their wires in said conduits and to also carry wires for the transmission of such electricity for said purposes across and along any highway of said municipality and for said purposes to erect and maintain poles, towers and wires upon said highways.

5. That the rights and powers granted in the preceding section are subject to the Public Utilities Act and said wires, poles, towers and conduits are to be strung, erected and laid subject to the approval of the Engineers of the Municipality which is not to be unreasonably withheld and that the rates charged to consumers within the Municipality shall not exceed those charged by the said Company to consumers for similar service in the Town of Gananoque.

6. That the votes of the electors of the said Township of Kingston on this By-law shall be taken at the following times and places that is to say on Monday, January 4th, 1915, commencing at the hour of nine o'clock in the forenoon and continuing until five o'clock in the afternoon of the same day and at the polling places used on said day and by the Deputy Returning Officers appointed for taking the annual Municipal election.

7. On Wednesday, the 30th day of December, 1914, the Reeve of the said Township shall attend at the Town Hall of the said Township at

Ten O'clock in the forenoon to appoint persons to attend at the various polling places aforesaid and at the final summing up of votes by the Clerk on behalf of the persons interested in and opposing or promoting the passing of this By-law respectively.

8. The Clerk of the said Township of Kingston shall attend at the said Township Hall at Two O'clock in the afternoon of the 7th day of January, 1915, to sum up the number of votes given for and against this By-law.

Dated at the Town Hall in the Township of Kingston this 4th day of December, A.D. 1914.

JOSEPH T. HAWLEY, Reeve.
CHARLES F. ADAIR, Clerk.

NOTICE.

Take notice that the above is a true copy of the proposed By-law which has been taken into consideration and (in the event of the assent of the electors being obtained thereon) it will be taken into consideration by the Council of the said Municipality after the expiration of one month from the date of its first publication which date is Saturday, December 5th, 1914. The day and places for taking the votes and the day for appointing persons to attend at the polling places and the day for the final summing up by the Clerk are those set forth above in said By-law.

CHARLES F. ADAIR, Clerk.

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