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The Letter Box

THE RIVER ROUTE

Editor, Daily News:—

In your issue of Monday, there came from the pen of Nick J. Coulter as follows:—That Tyee station has a rocky mud flat which runs out nearly half a mile and that at Raspberry Island, which is opposite Tyee, the same conditions prevail. Mr. Coulter must tell us how much of the river is left or has it dried up lately at that point? If so why not bridge it if there is no river because his mud flats practically take up the whole distance across. I know that Haysport is a short distance from Tyee Station but why knock the road because it doesn't run into Haysport?

In my case I think the route will be surveyed before anything is done in the way of building, and Mr. Coulter's mud flats probably would be surveyed first so the crossing could be looked into.

Mr. Coulter must think the road can be built on the railway side. It's a mass of solid rock

walls. Why are they looking for passes up among the mountains? Let the road go where it is the cheapest and quickest. The North Vancouver ferry seems to run with the fall and rise of the tide.

C. F. SWANSON.

SUCCESSFUL TEA AT HOME MRS. BAZETT-JONES FOR THE ANGLICAN W. A.

Yesterday the Anglican Women's Auxiliary held a most successful and enjoyable tea at the home of Mrs. Bazett-Jones, Waldron Apartments, when over forty dollars was added to the funds of the society.

The rooms were tastily decorated with sweet peas and yellow daisies. Mrs. Andrew, president, helped Mrs. Bazett-Jones receive. In charge of the home cooking stall were Mrs. Woodland, Mrs. Kemp, and Mrs. Russell Smith. Mrs. Morte Craig poured. Assisting in serving were Mrs. Blott, Mrs. Cade, Mrs. West, Mrs. Cullin, Mrs. Parkin, Mrs. Greer, Mrs. Aspinall and Mrs. W. A. McLean. The cashier was Mrs. LePine.

PIONEER OF CITY IS TO BE WEDDED

Donald McLeod, Railway Construction Official Here, to Be Married to Hollywood Widow

Local friends of the groom-elect have been interested to learn of the engagement which was announced in Vancouver recently of Mrs. Anna G. Rebadow of Hollywood, California, well known writer of short stories, to Donald McLeod, secretary of Stewart and Welch, who lived in Prince Rupert during railway construction days. The marriage will take place shortly in Vancouver.

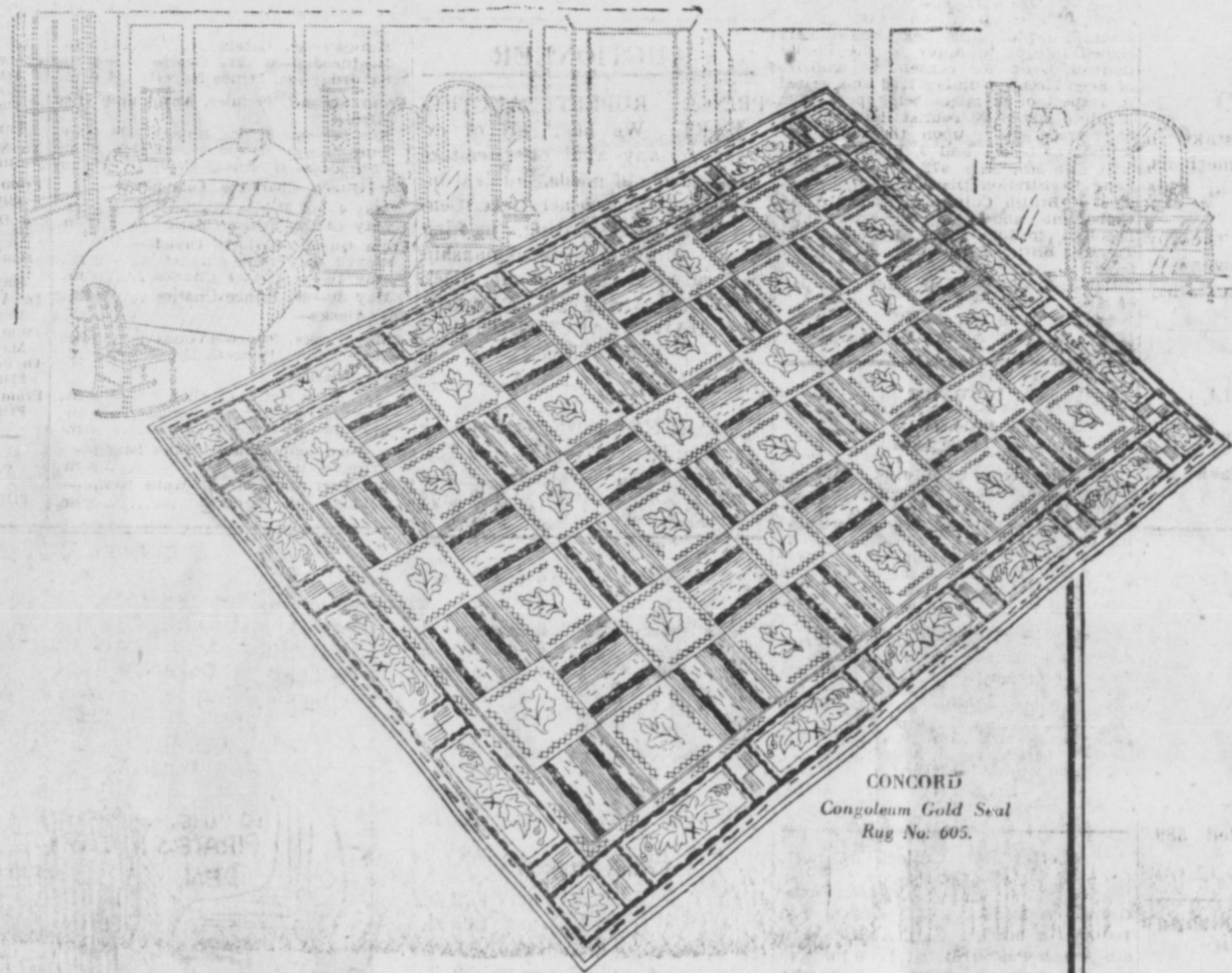
No instructions had been received up to this morning from Ottawa as to the prosecution of the four American trolling boats which were seized at Goose Island at the end of last week by C.G.S. Malaspina and brought here.

Liste silk stripe vests and bloomers, \$1.00, Wallace's.



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Sizes range from rugs for small rooms to rugs 9 x 15 feet.

CONGOLEUM GOLD SEAL BY - THE - YARD Like Congoleum Rugs, long-wearing and easy-to-clean, guaranteed, flat-lying, will not curl . . . needs no fastening. Attractive patterns . . . at low prices. In roll form, two widths, 2 yds. wide—70c. per sq. yd. 3 yds. wide—75c. per sq. yd.

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Creator of Jiggs and Maggie Interviewed by Famous Woman and Tells About His Character

Editor's Note: Helen Rowland, the brilliant satirist of modes and manners and marriage, is the creator of "Chats With the Immortals." In the following interview Miss Rowland rounds out her series by "attacking" a modern mortal, George McManus, creator of "Bringing Up Father."

"Just a moment, Mr. McManus!" I pleaded, catching the genial George by the coat-lapel, as he was doing Jiggs out of his studio. "Tell me something! Where do you get the idea for that Jiggs person?"

Mr. McManus blinked for a moment—then surrendered and sat down.

"Jiggs isn't in idea," he answered. "He's a reality. Just a pencil-portrait of the downtrodden American husband! You'll meet him on almost any street corner where tired business men are gathered together—afraid to go home!"

"MISTER McManus," I said sternly, "doesn't your conscience ever hurt you?"

"Who? Me?" exclaimed the creator of Jiggs and Maggie, innocently. "What for?"

"For showing up poor, weak womankind—and unkind—in the cruel light of the Militant Maggie," I explained.

"Miss Rowland," rejoined Mr. McManus, "doesn't your conscience ever hurt you for exposing poor, timid, trembling mankind under the guise of the caustic Mrs. Solomon?"

"Oh, that's different!" I protested easily. "The men deserve it! And they love to read about themselves. They'd rather have you say satirical things about them than nothing at all. They simply must be noticed. A man doesn't deny his little foibles—he brags about them. Besides, in a way, I've been a benefactor to my sex."

"Well," said Mr. McManus, with an air of modest deprecation, "how about me—and my sex? How do you think the average married man would get out of the house, evenings, if I did not sit up nights working up new alibis for him? If all the alibis Jiggs has invented were laid end to end—"

"They would make one good feminist argument!" I broke in. "But, honestly now, do you believe that the average man marries in order to have a home—and then spends the rest of his life trying to get away from it? Is the comic strip husband really representative of the Great American Husband?"

"The Great American what?" queried Mr. McManus, chuckling. "Are you referring to that poor worm who supplies the silk for Mother's stocking and Daughter's teddies? That patient creature of all work, who brings home the corned-beef and cabbage, walks the baby, mows the lawn and keeps his savings, his conscience and his opinions in his wife's name?"

"Oh, no," I assured him arjly. "I was referring to that Noble Being who works like a dog at the office for a couple of hours a day—in order that his wife may live like a Pomeranian! And plays golf the rest of the time in order to forget that he has a wife! The generous soul who hands over his pay envelope to his dear little wife every Satur-

day night—and then borrows most of it back on Monday morning!"

"I see," rejoined Mr. McManus ironically. "You mean the dud who goes back and forth the subway, between his wife's office, like a shuttle. The clown hero, who stands back-seat driving, back-seat dining and a lettuce-and-toast-luicing diet seven days a week. Do you know who should be posed for the statue of the virtue, Miss Rowland?"

I shook my head.

"Mr. Jiggs!" said the cartoonist, emphatically. "That downtrodden, woman-ridden American husband in wrinkled tweeds with a wistful expression in his eye and his wife's poodle under his arm!"

"You are describing a historical figure, Mr. McManus," I said dryly. "There aren't any more of those sweet, old-fashioned bands. There aren't even any more good, old-fashioned beating wives, now that the vacuum cleaner and the vacuum cleaner have replaced the rolling pin and the broom."

"Nonsense!" protested the cartoonist. "The world is full of Jiggses and Maggies. Why output of rolling pins, alone last year, amounted to—"

"Whatever it amounted to," interrupted shortly, "it was nearly so enormous as the output of golf balls and poker chips. Doubtless your conception of a model for the Statue of Liberty would be the figure of a woman rampant, holding a rolling pin in one hand and a can-opener in the other," I said, sarcastically.

"Exactly!" agreed Mr. McManus grimly. "With her foot planted gracefully on a man's neck!"

"Shake hands, George!" I said, putting out my own hand with a smile. "As long as you are giving the men pointers on how to escape the women, I shall be right on telling the women how to catch them! We are absolutely necessary to each other, aren't we?"

And then we grinned at each other with the perfect understanding of two cartoonists!

RAYON FROM WOOD

Few people realize that rayon or artificial silk made by the rayon process is pure cellulose wood fibres.