

Readers of the B. C. M. will be agreeably surprised to know, on the other hand, that within the past ten years only 19 citizens have been killed or died as the result of burns sustained in fires. These figures speak for themselves.

To be able to tackle the heavy work fire fighting involves firemen must keep in the pink of condition. To this end compulsory drills are carried out for each crew, four times a week—each drill of from two to three hours duration. By this means the men are kept fit.

In any occupation where danger of life is involved, and where unquestioning and immediate response to commands is the very essence of efficiency, rigid discipline must be maintained. It would never do if slipshod methods were allowed. Among the rules laid down by the V. F.D.—rules as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians—is one whereby any member reporting for duty after the bell (changing crews) has struck (8 a.m. or 6 p.m.) is fined as follows: 1st offence, \$1.00; 2nd offence (within 30 days) \$2.00; 3rd offence (within 30 days) \$5.00 or dismissal from the service, (at the discretion of the Fire-Chief). A man reporting over 30 minutes late is fined a day's pay, and dismissed on 2nd offence. No excuses for "Tardiness" are accepted.

It is worthy of note that Vancouver has the distinction of being the first city in Canada to adopt the Two-Platoon system, which has worked so successfully since October 1st, 1918. Also that the first motor apparatus was bought in 1908, and all apparatus motorized in 1917.

To write of Vancouver's Fire Department, without mentioning its "grand old chief," would be to miss the secret of its wonderful progress and efficiency. From a "one-horse brigade" to one of the most efficient and modern departments in the world, Fire Chief Carlisle has led his men. Through storm and stress for 35 years he has piloted his department. It is impossible for any man to hold a public office for any length of time, without meeting criticism, but in all the years Chief Carlisle has been at the head of affairs, adverse criticism has been such a negligible quantity, as to be overwhelmingly smothered by the splendid work he has accomplished. He has only to point to what his department was and is, to silence the would-be critic. Passing years have not dimmed his foresight, but steeled his endeavour to make Vancouver Fire Department second to none in the world.

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ORIGINAL VERSE---Selected

THE VALLEY OF THE STARS.

Far from bustling city shoppers,
And the noisy clang of cars,
Gently flows the silent River,
Through the Valley of the Stars.

Velvet green is each embankment,
Richly set with flow'ry gems,
Cyclamen and snowy Orchis,
Lilies borne on graceful stems.

Thick as leaves upon the alder,
Are the trout within its deeps,
And above, in mighty circles,
O'er the cliff the eagle sweeps,

Lovely deer come with the evening,
When the blue grouse go to rest,
And the owl sounds out his welcome,
As he comes forth from his nest.

Round about this virgin meadow,
Giant pines uprear their heads,
And o'er all the peaceful valley,
Blue the vault of Heaven spreads.

O'er the souls of those who enter,
Steals a great serenity;
And there dawns a clearer meaning,
Of the Vast Eternity.

—George Hopping.

MY LOVE IS DEAD.

(By Robert Watson).

I dreamed.
How real it seemed!
I dreamed that she was dead.
I had not known till then how much I loved her
'Tis ever so!

I rose.
—Still in repose—
I hastened to her bed.
Her face, so pale; no pulsing life now moved her.
The light burned low.

I gazed.
With senses dazed
I sank beside her there.
Numbed by the agony of mortal doom,
I groaned and wept.

At last,
For all was past,
I roused me, touched her hair,
Her cheeks so fair from which had flown life's bloom
While I had slept.

Her eyes!
Ah! Love's surprise.
They opened wide. She smiled.
I crooned and caught her, living, to the fold.
And darkness sped.

* * * * *

'Tis dawn.
I wake and gaze upon
My love, in sleep exiled.
How still and calm she lies! Great God! how cold!
MY LOVE IS DEAD.