

ferential streets, will materially assist in the relief of congestion of main traffic and business streets in many cities. State and municipal highways' officials should co-operate in the routing of through traffic around the business sections of large cities, and even outside the limits of small municipalities. Marked relief from traffic congestion has resulted wherever this fundamental principle of city and town planning has been adopted.

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How to make the highways safe both for pedestrians and automobilists is the topic of the hour in automobile circles. It is assumed that no decent person will purposely drive recklessly or deliberately cast aside common prudence. If drivers would always bear in mind that to prevent accidents you not only have to be prudent yourself, but have your car so far under control as to offset as far as possible the imprudence of others, whether motorists or pedestrians. Experienced motorists all agree that what they have most to fear is "the other fellow."

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Don't be an indifferent, inconsiderate, or even discourteous driver. It creates resentment and prejudice against all motorists on the part of pedestrians and local officials, and the result is that all motorists suffer for the sins of the few.

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Don't think because you are a skillful driver in small communities, or even small cities, that you can as easily operate in large, congested communities. Accustom yourself, if possible, gradually, and at all events, cautiously, to new conditions.

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Don't ignore weather conditions, such as wind, rain, fog, mist, snow and sleet. These affect both the vision and the condition of the road, and the worse they are the greater the care necessary. Try to keep your windshield clear.

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Don't neglect to report flagrant violations on the part of other drivers. Most such violations occur beyond the view of the police or other law enforcement officers. If you do not see fit to cause the arrest or summoning of the defendant to court, you can at least notify your automobile club, giving the car number and other identifying facts, as well as describing the occurrence. The club secretary will do all that is needful. If all decent motorists did this, it would make the "road hog" and chronic violator a rarity.

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Don't, on the other hand, become a busybody and report trifling offenses, or yourself be guilty of a more serious one, such as speeding, in order to catch a lesser offender. It doesn't pay.

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Don't forget that human judgment in the matter of speed is very unreliable, even among the most experienced. Appearances are deceptive and conditions misleading. Consequently have a speedometer, keep it reasonably tested, and, lastly, look at it at reasonable intervals. The motorcycle officer is constantly testing his speedometer, and this is why, with his attention concentrated on his observations, he enjoys such an advantage over you when testifying in court.

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OCTOBER DAYS

(By Eleanor A. Postill.)

October is here! Come, let us walk in the fields and woods. This is no time for crowded city streets, with their noise and bustle and hurry.

Through the shady avenues we go, past beautiful homes, and gardens ablaze with autumn flowers—nasturtiums and asters, chrysanthemums and dahlias. Then along the country road and through the fields, passing orchards whose trees are laden with rosy-cheeked apples — and so on into the wood.

What a wealth of color greets us! Dark green firs and pines, silvery birches, and maples glowing with crimson and gold. Many leaves are falling, and here and there a tree stands bare and desolate among its fellows. Dead? Nay, see, on every branch are little buds, a promise of the spring, and a new dress of living green.

Here is a squirrel, busily engaged in gathering his store of nuts for the winter. So busy is he that he scarcely heeds our coming, and only when we approach too near his hiding-place does a shrill chattering tell us of his anxiety and fear. Why is he so busy? What instinct tells him that the cold, dark winter that is coming is not the end of all things, but on the other side are re-awakened life and love and joy and beauty?

Look! Through the trees we catch a glimpse of the sea, with the sunlight playing on its waters, and the blue sky above flecked with fleecy clouds—and over all that indescribable autumn haze, that, like a misty veil, softens, but does not obscure its beauty.

We find a fallen log, and sit and gaze upon the beauty of the scene—and as we gaze it sinks into our hearts, and we rise at last rested and refreshed in spirit as well as body. The evening shadows are falling, the air has become chill, the dead leaves crackle under our feet. But why be sad? Surely if June, with its sunshine and roses, is a picture of youth in its beauty and promise, October, with its garnered fruit and fallen leaves, is no less a picture of age, in its glory of achievement, and hope of a life beyond the grave.

So, as we leave the wood behind, traverse the fields, and enter again the lighted city streets, there is a song in our hearts—not a sigh; and we say, with Browning:—

"The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made;
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all, nor be
afraid."