SATURDAY CHINOOK

VANCOUVER BRITISH COLUMBIA CANADA

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GEORGE M. MURRAY - - - - - Editor

"The truth at all times firmly stands
And shall from age to age endure."

THE SPOILERS IN REAL LIFE

CARIBOO mining men assert that nothing that ever happened in the wild days of Alaska and the Yukon in the way of claim jumping, when the rights of the owners of claims were often ignored by the politicians, equals the grabbing by a Seattle man of one of the biggest hydraulic gold mines in the world, the Bullion mine at Quesnel Forks, B.C., owned by R. D. Ward, who has operated in the Cariboo District for the past forty-four years.

Mr. Ward has spent thousands of dollars in a fight for his rights at Quesnel Forks, and it is asserted he has been relentlessly opposed by the officials of the Mines Department of the Government.

Because Mr. Ward is alleged by the Government to have been in arrears two years in the sum of two hundred dollars, the amount of a Free Miners' License, the Government of British Columbia have dispossessed him of a property said to be worth millions, a property regarded by mining men as one of the biggest hydraulic mining concerns on the American continent and one of the richest yet explored in the famous Cariboo district.

A letter from the Government definitely stating that Mr. Ward is to be dispossessed of his property, reached the veteran mining man on Tuesday of this week. A sinister beginning to the mining programme which the Premier declares is about to be undertaken in British Columbia has been made if the claims of Mr. Ward can be substantiated.

The story of the Bullion Mine is known better in New York than in Vancouver. It has received the attention of mining and technical journals in all the large cities during the past two years. Briefly, the property was first taken up by the C. P. R., who spent $4,000,000 developing the mine, and passed it over to the Cariboo Gold Mining Company, a Guggenheim concern. The original company was incorporated by special act of parliament and has rights and privileges enjoyed by few mining concerns in the province. Under the charter it was not necessary to take out year by year the usual Free Miners' License. It was not necessary in the days of the Guggenheims, nor in the days of the C. P. R. people. Nor was it necessary on November 1, 1913, when R. D. Ward and associates took possession after first finding that the Guggenheims were able to deliver as good a title as the Government can give.

Some days after Mr. Ward bought the Bullion Mine, a certain man blew into the country from Seattle, went to Quesnel Forks and planted four stakes, one at each end of the Bullion property.

The C. P. R. had put in $4,000,000 into this rich placer concern, which yielded her a thousand dollars in gold every day when she was working full capacity.

Guggenheims had spent some $2,000,000 on the property.

R. D. Ward and his associates, Vancouver and Victoria people, paid a great sum for the mine, figuring that the value would enhance with improved transportation facilities in that district.

The Seattle chap put up four stakes.

Now Premier Bowser says that the property goes to the Seattle man. He has written a short letter to that effect to Mr. Ward. He tells Mr. Ward that if he is "dissatisfied with it" to go to the blazes or the law courts.

Mr. Ward has had legal advice from leading lawyers in Vancouver of all parties and affiliations. He has been told that he is being robbed and that the Government is in to aid and abet in putting through a clean, complete frame-up.

This big hydraulic mine has been tied up for two years owing to the friendliness of the Government to the Seattle man. Many times has Mr. Ward been before the Executive Council, but each time he has been put off.

The company had a regular little town built up at Quesnel Forks two years ago. Two hundred men lived there and the place was busy and everyone was prosperous.

When Ward took the property over the Bullion yielded $1,000 every day and many a pack of pure gold went out of the camp, over the Cariboo road to Ashcroft.

But the claim jumper came in, and on what is merely alleged to be a technicality, has stopped work on this property and now has taken it over himself and in him has been vested the wealth for which men have paid millions—with the aid, it is charged, of Government officials.

The attention of the SATURDAY CHINOOK to this unusual case was drawn by an article which appeared recently in the MINING AND SCIENTIFIC PRESS. Mining and technical journals of New York, Chicago, Boston, San Francisco and London have devoted a great deal of space to presenting the facts regarding the Bullion Mine.

The Government's decision, if the claims of Mr. Ward are correct, deals a death blow to the hope of bringing in outside capital for the development of British Columbia mineral. For if the Bullion case may be taken as an example, it would appear that Mexico offers as much security to the outside mining investor as does British Columbia.

THERE ARE TORY LAWYERS, TOO

ONE man has written to the SATURDAY CHINOOK to say that there are too many Liberal candidates throughout the Province who are lawyers. He declares there are ten Liberal lawyers among the Provincial candidates and that consequently he is going to vote for Mr. Bowser.

How ridiculous!

While it has been stated that there are ten Liberal lawyers among the forty-two candidates, we have been able to find only eight active lawyers.

What do we find among the Conservatives?

Eight Tory lawyers all active.

Mr. Bowser heads the list of the Conservative lawyers followed by W. R. Ross. The Conservatives have a formidable line-up of agents of one kind or another.

But if we had only the professional callings of the Liberal and Conservative candidates to go upon, it would be about six of one and half a dozen of the other.

CANADIAN PATRIOTIC FUND—SECOND APPEAL

SOMEWHAT over a year ago, as president of the Canadian Patriotic Fund, I made an appeal to the people of the Dominion for funds to assist the families of the gallant men who were going to the front. Though anticipating a generous response, I was hardly prepared for the magnificent manner in which the call was met. Monies have poured into the treasury of the Fund until the total contributions have reached and exceeded six million dollars.

Large, however, as this sum appears, it has not greatly exceeded current demands and, if peace were declared in the immediate future, the entire surplus on hand would be required before all the men of the Expeditionary Force could again return home.

Today there are 25,000 families, comprising, it is estimated, 80,000 individuals, dependent upon the Patriotic Fund.

With further recruiting the demands upon the Fund will, with each succeeding month, continue to grow, so that it is estimated that, should the War continue during 1916, a sum amounting to some $8,000,000 and probably more will be required. This would, however, only mean $1 per head of the population for the people of Canada, and it is little indeed to ask those who remain at home in comparison with the sacrifice in life and limb of those who are fighting in defence of the Nation.

In spite of all the various calls that have been made for funds to aid our soldiers and sailors and the magnificent response that has been made in each and every case, I still feel assured that the warm hearts of all Canadians will respond to this further appeal to enable the Patriotic Fund to continue its splendid work during 1916 and take care of the families of those who are fighting for their Sovereign, the Empire, and the Dominion, on the battle-fields of Europe and on the High Seas.

(Signed) ARTHUR,
President, Canadian Patriotic Fund.

Government House, Ottawa, 1st January, 1916.

PRIME MINISTER AND THE MACHINE GUNS

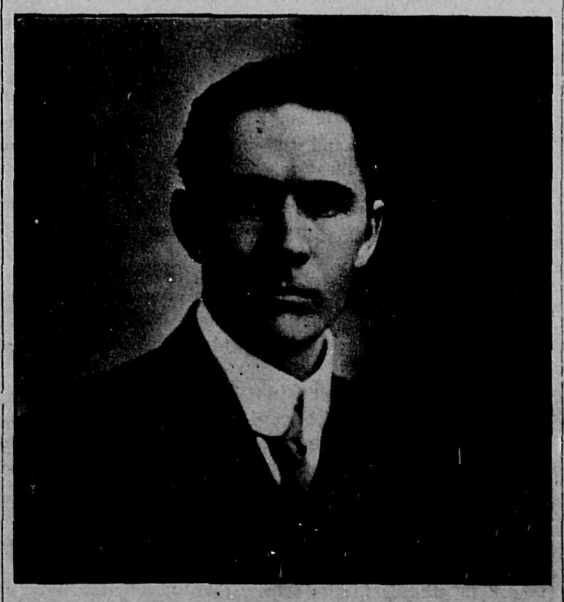
AFTER the very definite, almost emphatic statement of the Prime Minister, at St. John, N. B., on October 20, no further money should be diverted from the Patriotic Fund by well meaning but rather thoughtless people who claim that the equipment of the Canadian forces is insufficient. Sir Robert has made it very plain that the Government is fully prepared to make every necessary provision for guns, munitions and equipments and he appeals to the generosity of the public only on behalf of the Canadian Patriotic Fund, the Red Cross Society and sister associations. We quote below an extract from the speech in question:—

"Regarding machine guns, we realized early in the War the necessity of an abundant supply, and orders have been given from time to time for a very large number. Those ordered during the first twelve months of the War are now being rapidly delivered, and they are more than sufficient to equip two full army corps up to the highest standard of the enemy's forces. During the past summer the provision of machine guns became a matter of vital interest to the Canadian people, as reports through the press emphasized the necessity that our forces should be adequately supplied with all the machine guns that could be utilized. Patriotic individuals offered to contribute large sums for this distinctive purpose. The Government of Ontario made a similar patriotic proposal, and throughout the country various communities generously subscribed to funds for this object. During my absence in Great Britain my colleagues endeavored to make it clear to the people that an ample supply of machine guns had been ordered and that these would be paid out of the Canadian Treasury. The Treasury of Canada ought properly to bear all the cost of equipping and maintaining our forces in the field, and that has been our policy. Nevertheless, the spirit and impulse which prompted our people could not be stayed, and, indeed, any attempt to stay it would have been misunderstood. Up to date the sums thus received by the Government amount to $773,327,955.

"In dealing with other needs which will certainly arise, the Government will not fail to remember that these generous and freewill contributions have been made. And in all your splendid generosity, do not forget the Patriotic Fund and the Canadian Red Cross Society. They have done a great work, but they have a still greater work to do. Appeals which assuredly will not fall on deaf ears must be made in the early future. See that the response is generous and ample. When you are making provision for the Candaian Patriotic Fund, the Canadian Red Cross Society, the Canadian War Contingent Association and other like patriotic organizations, you may be assured that the Government will not fail to make every necessary provision for guns, munitions and equipments."

ONE OF THE oldest printers in Vancouver is Mr. John Bedford, 1137 Bute Street. Thirty years ago he "made up" a publication in Boston, Mass., OUR DUMB ANIMALS, issued monthly in the cause of prevention of cruelty to animals. The owner in those days was Mr. George T. Angell. Mr. Angell still edits OUR DUMB ANIMALS, the "make-up" of which has not changed since Mr. Bedford's day. When Mr. Bedford paid a visit to our office the other day, he saw a copy of the Boston magazine upon the editorial desk and one almost imagined that tears came to his eyes as he embraced his meal ticket of thirty years ago.

THE MAYORALTY



Alderman Malcolm McBeath, the People's Candidate

BY THE WAY

MR. BOWSER, THE new Premier, has gone to the hills at Kamloops, where he will recuperate after a rather strenuous winter at the Capital. His overthrow of the one time idol of British Columbia is entirely due to the Bowser efficiency. We understand that Mr. Bowser doesn't smoke and doesn't drink and usually retires early.

* * *

NOTWITHSTANDING HIS HABITS, Mr. Bowser is often conquered by disease. Hay Fever had him on his back last Fall. Worst enemies will trust that the reason of Mr. Bowser's visit to Kamloops is not of a pulmonary character.

* * *

"YOU CANNOT INDICT a whole nation," said Edmund Burke. But you can indict a police force. For instance, in South Vancouver the MAD MULLAH said the other night that the police force "couldn't arrest a flea."

* * *

THE MAD MULLAH ought by now to be a good judge of police forces.

* * *

WHETHER THE NEIGHBORING police force could or could not arrest a flea, the best of us, if we had a chance would flee from the police.

* * *

WE HEREBY CALL upon Mr. Thomas Kidd, of Lulu Island, to communicate with Mr. J. L. Pridham, of Kelowna. Mr. Pridham is the secretary of the British Columbia Agricultural Organization Association. Mr. Pridham wishes to get in touch with all the leading farmers on the coast who are interested in putting the industry in this Province on a better basis. Mr. Kidd knows all the farmers on Lulu Island and the Fraser Valley, and his services would be invaluable to the organization which has been started at Kelowna.

* * *

IN WARD SIX there is a popular man in the race in the person of Alderman Gale, who has served one year in the city council. Alderman Gale is one of the younger men in the public life of the city. He was the first man to make a move towards having the Great Northern Railway carry out its contract with the city. He stands for making the Canadian Northern Railway always come up to the scratch.

* * *

ALDERMAN GALE UNDERTOOK to have the cost of living in Vancouver investigated by a commission to be appointed by the council, who might enquire into the cost of fuel, light, power and transportation.

* * *

THE COUNCIL TURNED him down on this subject because a number of the members declared that the cost of coal and light was low enough in Vancouver.

* * *

ALDERMAN GALE was instrumental in bringing about the elimination of eight aldermen from the city council, an act which will bulk large in his favor on the Day of Judgment. Posterity will remember Gale for this splendid move.

* * *

ALDERMAN GALE introduced a resolution during the year which had for its object the abolition of all aldermanic salaries. For a short time after this resolution was introduced, Alderman Gale was given the cold shoulder by many of his colleagues.

* * *

HE WASN'T SUCCESSFUL in abolishing the salaries, but was successful in cutting down the aldermanic stipend by forty per cent. Alderman Gale is a hustler and a worker, has outstanding ability and a good presence.

* * *

MAYOR TAYLOR IS going to run for the Legislature. One thing about running for the Legislature is that the Taylor enemies will be foiled on the property disqualification stunt.

* * *

FOR MANY YEARS Mayor Taylor occupied the office in which this line is being written. Had he not moved from here to the Highest B. in the B. E., he would undoubtedly still be in possession of the Vancouver WORLD.

* * *

WE UNDERSTAND THAT Mayor Taylor paid $1,000 a month for the premises now occupied by the SATURDAY CHINOOK. Rents in this district have come down slightly since those days.

* * *

HENRY FORD LANDED at Christiana. So did Doc Cook.

* * *

BUT THE DOC got a better reception than Henry Ford.

* * *

SIXTY MILLION PEOPLE in the United States—two-thirds of the entire population of the United States—live in the dry belt. Nineteen States show all for Prohibition.

* * *

TOMORROW MORNING THERE will be many headaches throughout the state of Washington and water will get a harder run for its money than ever in the history of the State. It would not surprise if the people of Seattle, the morning after putting J. B. on his back, emptied the entire city waterworks.

Editorial Opinions

POLITICIANS AND BUSINESS MEN

It is some satisfaction to know that we are going to have a "business" administration. Here we have been electing men to the legislature and didn't know they weren't business men. Before being elected a number of those fellows actually made a very good living in business. Here are a few within shouting distance: Bill Hunter, Billy McLean, Tom Cavan, John Robert Jackson, W. T. Shatford, Jim Schoefield, and Neil F. MacKay and Ernie Miller, the latter two being lawyers, might possibly be otherwise enumerated without injury to the business interests of the province. These are just a few of the members of the legislature who made money in business and lost some of it in politics. Perhaps true business acumen consists in the ability to make money in politics and not invest it in business.—Slocan Record.

WHEN THE COUNTRY HAS GONE DRY, THE "MOVIES" WILL HAVE HELPED A LOT

Drinking of alcohol by the working classes in our cities is on the wane.

Authority for the statement is Dr. John D. Quackenbos, president emeritus of Columbia university, who gives the credit to the moving picture theatres.

In the early days of the "movie" this column welcomed it to a place in the community with the suggestion that its effect could be exactly that which Dr. Quackenbos has found to be a reality.

The man who formerly spent his time at night in a saloon, now seeks the picture play.

The barroom door at the "Ladies Entrance" does not swing as frequently for young girls, many of whom, unfortunately, yielded to the bright lights because there was no other place their young men could take them—to hear their young men tell it.

These girls can tell their young men now that they can take them to a "movie."

Or they can go alone, in perfect safety, to worship their screen idols.

Well may we endorse the moving picture theatre for standing as a substitute for the saloon and the drinking rooms for women.

Well may we endorse it as a safety zone for the girl who works and occupies a cheerless room for her home and whose evenings are lonely—whose lonely evenings have so often driven her out into bad company, to the drinking room and to her downfall.

However, there is another side to this matter, which takes from the moving picture theatre none of the credit that is due it, but which shows that the "movies" could not have come along at a better time than they did to find a welcome and gather in the nickels. Society has made a place for them.

It wasn't so very long after the movie was introduced to us that there came over the land a wave of reform which began wiping out saloons entirely in some sections, and making it very undesirable to be found going into one even in sections where the saloon had not as yet felt the wave of reform.

Big corporations began firing out their men who drank and filling their places with men who did not drink, and the man who frequented saloons was getting to be pretty unpopular at just about the time a "movie" sign suggested a warm and a better place for him to be hanging out, across the street or further down the block.

When Michigan has been voted dry, which is inevitable, and when the nation has been voted dry, which is inevitable, the moving picture theatre will not be entitled to all the credit for the two facts, but it will have played its PART and played it well.

We will have it to thank for breaking up the crowd that used to be found every night at "the place on the corner," and for having thus impaired the barkeep's organization.

The rummies cannot take "the boys" around to the voting booth with the old-time regularity, for it is too often the fact that "the boys" are over at the "movie" show.

And having won the boys out of a bad environment, let's make good and sure in the making of our laws and in the choice of our public officials, that the "movie" is kept clean, so that it will not degenerate into an influence for evil, but will be sustained as an influence for good such as it has helped to already.—Detroit Times.

FLIMSY CATCH-VOTES

Last session the legislature passed an agricultural credits act and a wokman's compensation act. They were based upon the reports of two royal commissions, one of which toured the continent while the other toured the world. They cost us about $40,000 each. Incidentally they violated the constitution, but "what's the constitution between friends" anyway? Attached to both of these measures was an unbreakable string. Unlike most acts, they were not to go into operation when the Lieutenant-Governor signed them; they were to be enforced only at such time as the lieutenant-governor-in-council, which is the cabinet, may decide. The McBride government had no more intention of putting those measures into force than the Bowser government has now. But an election had been practically decided upon for the spring and the legislation was regarded as an excellent device for gaining political capital. Mr. Bowser is going to try the same game. A second royal commission on labor was appointed a few months ago to tour the continent to see if the first commission had its facts right, and on the strength of its report the act will be amended and adopted with another string long enough to suspend it until after the election determined upon for next spring. It is too late to appoint another royal commission on agriculture to see of the first one overlooked anything, but it is certain that as long as Mr. Bowser is in office that legislation never will be put into operation. Such operation would require the ending of land speculation and the collection of the fifteen million or twenty million dollars owed the treasury, which, while it would benefit the province, would not be agreeable to Mr. Bowser's political or professional affiliations.—Victoria Daily Times.

J. D. McNEILL
SOLICITS YOUR SUPPORT
AND INFLUENCE
For MAYOR

DICK WAS THE WHITE-HAIRED LADDIE FOR A' THAT

Conservatives generally will regret the retirement of Sir Richard McBride from the leadership of the party in British Columbia. He may not have suited all his followers, could any one? He "did things." He may have made mistakes, but he was moving all the time. It will take a quarter of a century to prove whether his railway policy was a wise one or not; whether or not the natural resources of the province would justify the expenditures on railways. When the writer came to B. C. about thirty years ago there were only a few villages in the province, with the exception of Victoria, Nanaimo and New Westminster. The residents of the interior—part white and part brown—pointed with pride to their two great industries—bunch grass and the Cariboo road. They cursed railroads and Canadians. The province has advanced somewhat since then. There are railroads, and manufactories, and mines, and orchards, and cities. Even Victoria has five timse the population it then had. It may be possible that Sir Richard was right when he planned for an empire; time will tell. However, he wasn't a chubber, as many of his predecessors in the office of premier were.—Slocan Record.

WHERE IS NEW MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE?

Bella Coola farmers are interested in a co-operative plan to finance a land clearing undertaking. It is proposed to raise the sum of $3000 from the farmers and purchase a necessary donkey engine and gear for the purpose of stripping the land of its giant stumps preparatory to farming on a larger scale. It is thought that such an outfit will clear up about five acres a week.—Omineca Herald.

RURAL FARM CREDIT IN GERMANY

And now, it may be asked, since the proposal before us on rural credits and on marketing are adaptations of systems in operation in Germany, how does it happen that the German farmers in pioneering the way were so much brighter than the American farmers? says David Lubin, delegate of the United States to the International Institute of Agriculture.

The fact is that the German farmers, originally were not brighter than the American farmers; in fact, they were not nearly as bright. It is only now when they are operating under their effective economic systems that the German farmers have become bright, as bright as the American farmers, and very much brighter. In fact, they have become the brightest farmers in all the world and because this happens to be the case, let it be noted, it has rendered Germany strong among the great powers of the world.

But we have not yet been told how the potential brightness of the German farmers became materialized into actual brightness. Was it then the German farmers who invented and devised these effective economic systems and obtained their legislative enactment?

No, it was not. They were devised and given legislative enactment by the government. Why by the government? Because it is a well known fact that farmers, as a result of their environment, are too conservative to devise systems or to pioneer the way for the adoption of changes in mode or method. The farmers the world over are the last to make changes in their style of garments, their mode of speech or their opinions. No, the German farmers devised no such systems, nor did they pioneer the way for their adoption.

They were devised and adopted for them by the power and far-seeing wisdom of their autocratic government. The rulers of Germany foresaw the tendency which the rising tide of socialism promised to lead up to; the socialism which was confined mainly to the urban population—to its cities; the socialism that threatened the destruction of their political status quo. The government, therefore, sought a method for the control or eradication of this socialism, and it believed that the method could be found in the strengthening of its conservative element—its farming population.

Under the belief that with the reinforcement of sufficient strength the conservative farmers would prove more than a match for the control of the socialist radical of the cities, the ruling power of Germany devised and enacted into law the economic systems of rural credits and marketing now operating there. Experience has since proven that the rulers of Germany were in the right, for not alone does the present advantageous economic status of the German farmer, under these systems, hold in check the socialism and radicalism of the German cities, but it has also so strengthened Germany as to render her almost invulnerable and invincible.

The economic and political advantages of the German systems of rural credits and marketing are so evident as to justify the prompt and well directed efforts of American farmers for their realization.—The Great Divide.

ALCOHOLICS LIKE MEN WITH T. B.'s

The alcoholic subject and the tubercular subject are both the products of society, differing only in the fact that the alcoholic subject is responsible for his own individual case.

The tubercular subject is not blameable to this extent.

If he has contributed toward his condition it is because of ignorance, while there is no such excuse to be made for the victim of alcohol.

Furthermore, the alcoholic's case is not a CONTAGIOUS one.

The case of the tuberculosis victim IS contagious, and it is the duty of the state toward the other convicts in a prison to provide for its segregation.—Exchange.

Elbert Hubbard

(Peace to His Ashes)

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Lady Van's Page

Who dares to say that we of Vancouver, at least, did not receive a Christmas gift straight from the hands of nature, and that it was one of the rarest things on earth. It was a gift which we all could share, and no one received more of it than anyone else. More than that, it was something none of us will soon forget.

The sun rose slowly out of its eastern bed on Christmas morning, and as it caught sight of our part of the world, it seemed to reach out eagerly and lay long, golden fingers on our mountains. The recent rains had washed us at sea level, clean, and had at the same time put spotless robes on the eternal hills. It was no mere nightcap, but wonderful trailing robes that almost swept the sea and just missed North Vancouver by a margin.

Snow, snow, snow as far as a peak could be seen, was the heavenly, chilly and yet marvellously beautiful stuff. It piled on all the high spots and feathered the low places, till in looking at and wondering over it, one almost forgot all about one's Christmas stocking. Every big beauty drew its ermine cloak close about it as the sun swept warm and amorous fingers around their heads, then drew them slowly downward. The most exquisite blush spread over each wonder mountain at the Christmas kiss of the sun, then all too quickly turned to pale gold, and then to silver.

After that as always happens, each mountain threw a beautiful cloud-veil around its head and shoulders, and only peeped out at us at intervals. Toward noon, however, modesty and exclusiveness was thrown to the happy west wind, and each bit of God-made wonder stood out in all its noonday splendor, with only an occasional one having dropped its veil to its knees.

Up Lynn Valley way it seemed as though all the "veils" had been tossed for safe keeping. At any rate, they drifted about there all afternoon, swaying gently and bumping against the huge sides of the mountains from time to time.

All day long those mountains were a general subject for conversation, discussion, wonderment and joy. No one seemed to have missed seeing them, and to have them come on Christmas morn, dressed in their best, undoubtedly added to the happiness of the day. Because you know, your Vancouverite is never really happy unless his own Vancouver mountains are visible. That is why we who live beside Stanley Park and almost in the shadow of the Lions, feel more than satisfied with our Christmas, because on that day we had our mountains with us every moment, and they were dressed as we have seldom seen them. Furthermore, they made ever changing pictures all day long, which few of us will ever forget.

* * *

That world's standard newspaper, "The Times" of London, England, issued in October a Red Cross Supplement which is now being received here. Among other interesting items are two royal messages, one from King George, the other a joint message from Queen Mary and Queen Alexandra. The first one reads as follows:

My Dear Stanley,

I am commanded by the King to forward to you the accompanying cheque for five thousand pounds as a further donation from His Majesty to the funds of the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

Ever since the beginning of the war the King has followed with interest and satisfaction the splendid work jointly achieved by the two organizations.

His Majesty and his people recognize the relief and alleviation of suffering which has been so promptly rendered to the sick and wounded in the different theatres of war by the capable staff and the medical and surgical appliances provided by the two Societies.

It has been specially gratifying to the King to hear from the lips of many wounded soldiers testimony to the tender and devoted care bestowed upon them by physicians, surgeons and nurses of the Red Cross and St. John of Jerusalem, and to the splendid work done by the Ambulances of the two Societies.

His Majesty earnestly trusts that the necessary means may be assured for the successful continuance of your noble work of mercy.

Believe me,

Yours very truly,

F. E. G. PONSONBY,

Keeper of the Privy Purse.

Sent to the Hon. Arthur Stanley, M.V.O., M.P.

The other message reads:

We shall be glad if you will be kind enough to help on October 21st ("Our Day") in making known in your columns to all those throughout the Empire who have now worked for twelve months under the Joint Committee of the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John, how grateful we are for their unselfish labors, which alone have enabled the Joint Societies to carry on their work for the sick and wounded soldiers and sailors of the British and Allied forces.

We enter today upon a new year of the Joint Societies' work, and we feel sure that the assistance so generously given in the past, both in money and goods, and in personal service, will be continued in the same unstinted manner until the war is brought to a successful conclusion, and our immediate task of ministering to the sick and wounded is happily at an end.

MARY. ALEXANDRA.

* * *

The more one thinks about it the more complicated it becomes. When the good ship "Maine" at anchor in Havana harbor suddenly blew up from its inside out, there was scarcely a moment's delay before the United States eagle had poor little down-at-the-heel Spain, with no fight in it, by the throat. Soldier boys from Maine to Washington, from California to Florida, grabbed a gun and went out to fight. There was no end of a row in the twinkling of a nation's eyelid. The eagle forgot its pride and fought—or perhaps it fought because of its pride. At any rate, Spain wasn't allowed to have more than a gasp or two, before Cuba and the Phillipines were snatched out of its hands, and it realized that it had been fought with and beaten—at least to the satisfaction of the outraged eagle. One perfectly good battleship and a certain number of men was quite sufficient excuse for the middle slice of the American continent to become excited about and knock off a piece of the south-west corner of Europe.

That was eighteen years ago.

Today the eagle sits on its perch and views with something approaching nonchalance the destruction of its own property, and the life of its people to an amazing degree, and scarcely stirs a feather. Its tail feathers are pulled, its bill tweaked, its toes chopped at; many of its breast feathers have been plucked out, and though at times it evidently does not know whether it is coming or going, the only thing it does is write notes in the sands of time, which the next tide of injury wipes out

Years ago it could and did pounce upon little, old, almost defenceless Spain, because it thought that Spain had destroyed some of the eagle's property. The world at that time said, "Wait, perhaps it was no fault of Spain's," but no, the eagle must have revenge—and got it.

That attitude in contrast with today's is amazing. Just how the eagle can reconcile the two is a puzzle. To fight for one offense, and to not go beyond pen and ink when there is real fighting to be done, because of every possible insult, to say nothing of helping to establish right in the world's civilization, will form one of the queerest kinds of a nation that history will have had yet to record.

* * *

Well, it is to be a New Year is it not? Just as new as time can hand to earth's people, and it is as full of possibilities as any other New Year ever was, perhaps more so. It has every opportunity to turn this present day world from a near-to-inferno back to the happy-go-lucky little jog-trot it was experiencing two years ago.

A new year is always a problem, and yet the days slide from old to new without any perceptible jerk of cogs. If the calendar did not tell us it was a new year, we would never know that anything so important had happened.

Here in Vancouver we expect to get a new mayor, one that has never worn our much discussed gold chain before. And rumor says that many new faces in the aldermanic line may be expected. We already have a new premier for the province, and supposedly a new Agent-General who will represent us in London. There is little old stock about us just now, that is if one looks from the outside in, and does not know the real facts of the matter.

With everything new except the war, we seem to have a fair chance. If the Kaiser would only seek a new home away from the earth, the new year of 1916 would smooth out most of the wrinkles on this old earth's face and put on it a smile that will remain—for a century at least.

At any rate, this New Year can surely not do worse for us than the old one has done, and it may do a great deal better. In the meantime, it is for you and I to think, talk and hope for peace. Here's to a peaceful New Year.

LADY VAN.

FUN AND FROLIC

"A man in your business can't get home very often?" asked the curious gentleman of the commercial traveller.

"Home, sir?" replied the commercial. "I should think not! Why, I get home so seldom that half the time I can't remember where I live, and have to wire the firm for my address!"

"You don't say so!"

"Yes," went on the traveller, warming up to his work; "its perfectly true. One time I was away so long that I actually forgot I was married, and, taking a fancy to a girl I met in a strange town, I eloped with her!"

"My goodness!" gasped the other.

"It might have been awkward for me," the traveller said thoughtfully; "but when we called on the firm during our honeymoon the boss told me she was my wife already."

* *

Bilson is rather stout. One morning he was puffing and panting wildly in a terrific rush to catch a train, when Jones, a friend, hailed him.

"Hallo, Bilson! In a hurry? Going somewhere?"

Bilson hadn't breath to spare for a reply, but he determined on a grand revenge.

About one o'clock next morning Jones' telephone bell rang wildly, waking the Jones family from end to end. Amid an outburst of baby's cries and mother's anxious enquiries, Jones answered the call.

"That you, Jones?" came a voice over the wire. "This is Billson."

"Yes," replied Jones, rather crossly, "what d'you want? I've been in bed these two hours!"

"Sorry," came the reply, "but do you remember seeing me running the other morning—eh? Yes? Well, I was going somewhere, and I was in a hurry. That's all. Good-night!"

* * *

A beautiful young lady approached the ticket window at a Pennsylvania country station and in a voice like the rippling of a brook asked the agent: "What is the fair to the fair?" To which the thick-headed agent replied: "Same as to the homely, ma'am."

* * *

"Ah, Miss Brown—Gwendolene, at last we are alone!" sighed the young man ecstatically. "Long have I waited for this chance."

"So have I!" murmured Miss Brown with downcast eyes.

"Ah, then, you know what I want?" said the love-sick fellow, with a silly smile. "That I want to ask you to be my wife?"

"Yes," replied the girl, gazing coldly at him; "and I wanted to say 'No' once and for all, and get it over and done with!"

* * *

An advance agent for a theatrical production due shortly in San Francisco was speaking to a newspaper man with reference to the wonderful powers of the leading woman. "Do you know," he said, enthusiastically, "that in New York when she appeared as the dying mother in the last act an insurance man, who had not a week before, written her a policy for $10,000, actually fainted in the theatre."

* * *

There was only one man at the boarding-house, and there wasn't much of him. His chest measurement was about .02. But the girls all made a fuss of him. After all, he was a man!

One evening they had a dance, and our hero engaged himself to Miss A. for No. 1. Miss A. didn't turn up, so he condescendingly suggested that Miss B. might take it on.

Just as they commenced to dance, Miss A. entered the room, and her eyes glittered angrily.

"I'm afraid you're late, dearest," said Miss B., with the air of a victor.

But Miss A. tossed her head.

"Yes, dear," she replied cuttingly; "another case of the early bird catching the worm!"

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WHO PLEDGES HIMSELF TO APPLY TO THE AFFAIRS OF THE MUNICIPALITY BUSINESS PRINCIPLES ONLY, BASED ON SOUND COMMERCIALISM

Our Education Department

* *

THE DETERMINED EFFORT OF THE DEPARTMENT TO TURN THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA INTO HUMAN GRAMAPHONES

* *

SECONDARY SCHOOLS

IN the previous article we have attempted to point out some defects in our educational system as it is applied in our public schools.

We were forced to the inevitable conclusion that it was a failure, and that the main cause of this failure was that our Education Department at Victoria still adhered to a policy which has been abandoned for over twenty years by the most progressive Provinces, viz., that of setting up the number of successful candidates at the annual examination as a standard of efficiency for the teacher, and by that standard her work was judged and her fate sealed by those in authority. Who can blame the poor, over-worked school teacher if she abandoned all the high ideals she was taught to revere at the Normal School and also to abandon all the fine psychological methods she learned there. These take too much time. She is forced to adopt the old method justly condemned by all great educators, the method of cramming a mass of disconnected facts into the poor child's head, as this method only secured the results demanded by her superiors, and her daily bread depended upon results.

We have pointed out the signal failure of our public schools, the graduating school for almost 90 per cent. of our future citizens, let us turn the searchlight on our secondary schools, our high schools, which affect only the remaining 10 per cent. We are led to expect great things from our secondary system.

Here we meet new subjects and hope to find a new and improved system. But, alas! we are doomed to disappointments. Look wherever you will and you are confronted with our old enemy, the examination standard. "Get your pupils through the departmental examinations" is the ukase from the Czar, or your head will pay the forfeit.

Now, I ask you, what can you expect? More cramming. And you get it.

The new subjects you find here are Latin, French, German, Euclid, Algebra, some commercial subjects and some science. Now these subjects are very good, indeed, when used judiciously and in the hands of alert, progressive educators should result not only in increased knowledge, but in increased brain power. But individuality and modern improvements are scorned if suggested by those in close touch with the work. If any change is made it must come as a command from the Central Authority, our progressive Education Department. We do not need to go far afield for an example of this. We had a progressive educator in Vancouver who "lost his head" by making improvements in an "injudicious way."

Now what do we find in our present High School curriculum. We receive our first jolt in finding the important study of geography absolutely ignored. It finds no place on our High School course. In a Province like this where geology and minerology, the scientific basis of the great mining industry, should be so important as to be almost indispensable. They are almost absolutely ignored. In a High School a scientific treatment of this subject would go far to encourage a general knowledge of this important industry.

History also is almost omitted. With the single exception of a partial course covered by the candidates for matriculation, this subject is entirely neglected.

On the other hand, the one subject which receives prominence is Latin. Now Latin, no doubt, is a good disciplinary study, but it is also the one which gives the death blow to the ambitions of many an aspring student. We are informed that every student who applies for a course at the High School is told that he must study Latin. Now, although Latin furnishes a good material for mental discipline, it takes much more time to master it thoroughly than almost any other subject, and time is a commodity that is very scarce with many an ambitious youth. Instead of forging ahead and completing his course he finds himself spending his time studying and perhaps memorizing declensions and conjugations which will be of no material use to him whatever, and which he intends to speedily forget when leaving school. Consequently, he becomes discouraged and quits. He thereby gives up a course which would otherwise do him a world of good. Thus instead of being an optional subject, Latin is made compulsory and is comparatively given more prominence on our High School time-tables than any other subject. This should not be so.

Of our basal subjects, "The Three R's," reading and writing are almost altogether ignored. Neither of these subjects finds a place on a high school time-table. As for arithmetic, we find it confined to the preliminary course; and then limited to a text-book known as Milne's Arithmetic No. III. We have taken the opportunity ofrered us not long since of examining this book. What we found there was very good for the mechanical work of the lower grades of our public school, but to place this book as the highest standard of our educational system is amazing. It is purely mechanical. It encourages the student to think that by juggling a few figures together in a certain well defined manner, he will invariably find the correct result. It follows merely one method of solution. Its questions do not vary one iota. What is the result? The pupils may be quite able to work out every problem correctly as it is worded in the book, but change the wording any way; invert the question; change any of its conditions; note the result. The pupil is helpless; he is absolutely lost. Now what do we get by this means? We get precisely what we have been constructing all through the whole system, a purely mechanical result. The pupil has become merely a human phonograph, to repeat only what he memorized. He has developed no reasoning power. He knows how to work a problem in the orthodox way, but to tell why he did it that way he is entirely nonplussed. Now he faces new problems in euclid and algebra, but he faces them at a great disadvantage. He is suposed to have developed by this time a fair, rational power, but he lacks it. Ask any mathematical master of any of our high schools if this is right. Try it yourself and see if this statement is false.

Now, remember, this is the last course, the last chance the student has to master the science of figures. He goes from here to the Normal School to learn the methods of teaching. He is supposed to be fully equipped with the knowledge, he has only to learn how to impart it. Ask any Normal School master if he has this knowledge. Ask yourself if this young man knows the science of arithmetic well enough to teach it to your children.

We found the subject of grammar neglected in the public schools; it is too much to expect it to be completed thoroughly in three years of high school work.

Let us now turn to the subject of literature. This is intended to instil in the student a love for high and noble sentiments and a taste for harmony and beauty in the expression of these. Here again we find individuality and enthusiasm frozen by the cold, blighting shadow of the examination standard. Glance at the questions found on any departmental examination in literature, and you will find that the student is supposed to be able to quote almost an impossible number of isolated extracts from poems, in themselves beautiful, but mussed by quoting extracts. Memorizing beautiful poetry is very good in itself, but when the student does not appreciate the beauty, what use is it to memorize it? Here again the dreaded examination drives the teacher to force the poor pupil to memorize innumerable extracts—to appreciate its beauty? No! No!—to pass the examination. Examine this examination paper again and you will see that the candidate is asked to locate certain lines extracted from a prose selection and tell its context. More mechanism! Such a proceeding, instead of encouraging a love of literary gems, will go far toward filling the average student with disgust for all forms of good literature and give him a desire for light fiction.

Now let us turn our attention to science. Here possibly is the greatest anamoly of all. We find only botany and chemistry on our high school curriculum.

Botany, if taught properly, is perhaps one of the most interesting as well as the most practical branches of science. But it must be taught practically. The student should begin by finding his own specimens in its proper habitat and study it not only in its form and structure, but also in its environments and in its plant societies, and its economic influences. Knowing that he is better able to understand and appreciate not only its germination and propogation, but also its physiological peculiarities. But with our system the teacher is forced to teach it from the book, and he is only too happy if he can secure a specimen to illustrate his lecture. Here again we have teaching for the examination and not for knowledge. One might almost as well ask a child to learn to talk by first learning to read. Such a method is absurd and serves to create an abhorrence for rather than an interest in the subject.

But the system laid down for the study of chemistry caps them all for an absurdity. It is a well known fact that no student should be asked to study the principles of chemical reactions without a good knowledge of the principles of physics as a base. Without a knowledge of the physical laws of matter, force and motion, leading up to the molicular theory, one should not be asked to study the laws of atomic or chemical action. The student should be thoroughly familiar with the facts of nature which he can see and ascertain by simple experiments before he should be called on to study the more theoretic principles of atomic action. Yet in face of this evident pedagogical principle, we find our high school curriculum plunging the poor bewildered pupil into the maze of chemical action and re-action without any preliminary training whatsoever. The subject of physics, the fundamental basis of all science is utterly ignored in our secondary system.

Now, as we stated in the previous article that the fault of this pernicious practice is not found in our high school teachers. It is our firm belief that like our public school teachers, our high school teachers are just as efficient, enthusiastic and thorough as are to be found in any Province or State, but laboring under a Department of Education so grossly mismanaged they cannot hope for better results.

But still another anomaly exists. Our High School programme calls for a three years' course. Two of these are controlled by the Education Department and the third is given over to the matriculation course for entrance to the university. There is nothing attained at the end of the second year. A pupil completing two years' High School work secures thereby no academical standing. If he leaves school here he is merely as an undergraduate. The only academical standing is secured at the completion of the matriculation course. This admits him into the University or Normal School. Now this means that the Department relinquishes the control of the training of her future teachers in the final year and hands it over entirely to the professors of the University.

Now these educators, as a usual thing, are only interested in the matriculants as future students under their care. They are far from being in touch with the work of Public Schools and are by no means fit and proper men to pass on the qualifications of our future teachers. Nor is the matriculation course a proper preparation for the career of a teacher. It is far from being a thorough and final course in the subjects to be taught in our public schools. This seems to be almost as absurd as many of the other anomalies which we are sorry to find existing in our present system.

Now we have offered a few criticisms of our present educational system as found in our public and high schools. But as some wise writer has stated, "Criticism without a remedy suggested is useless and banal." It is far from our intention to expose ourselves to such a criticism. We hope for a change, but we are assured that no remedy will be forthcoming so long as we are dominated over by an autocratic Department of Education supported by a party machine which has by its machinations usurped and stole the authority from an unsuspecting people, and using it to further their own selfish ends. We must first oust this cabal from its stolen authority and usher in a new order of things. In a future article we propose to suggest some means of better organization which we think will remedy this deplorable condition in which we find ourselves.

Your Vote and Influence is Respectfully Solicited for

R. H. GALE

Aldermanic Candidate Ward Six

WARD 5

YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE IS SOLICITED BY

Alderman C. N. JAMES

Alderman of Two Years' Standing

Here Are the Standardbearers

Complete List of Candidates Thus Far Nominated for Provincial Election.

Below will be found a tabulated list of all the constituencies which have nomitated their candidates for the coming provincial parliamentary elections, along with the names of the gentlemen who are to represent their different parties

Constituency.	Liberal.	Conservative.	Labor & Ind. Conservative.
Alberni	H. C. Brewster	J. G. C. Wood	--------
Atlin	Frank Mobley	H. E. Young	--------
Cariboo	J. Yorston	J. A. Fraser	--------
Chilliwack	E. D. Barrow	S. A. Cawley	--------
Cowichan	--------	W. H. Hayward	--------
Columbia	John Buckam	Dr. Taylor	--------
Comox	Hugh Stewart	M. Manson	H. W. Maynard
Cranbrook	Dr. J. H. King	T. D. Caven	--------
Delta	A. D. Patterson	F. J. Mackenzie	--------
Dewdney	John Oliver	W. J. Manson	--------
Esquimalt	--------	R. H. Pooley	--------
Fort George	G. A. Gaskell	G. A. Hamilton	--------
Fernie	A. I. Fisher	W. R. Ross	--------
Greenwood	Dr. C. D. McLean	J. R. Jackson	--------
Grand Forks	J. E. Thompson	E. Miller	--------
Islands	M. B. Jackson	W. W. Foster	--------
Kamloops	F. W. Anderson	J. P. Shaw	--------
Kaslo	John Keen	Neil Mackay	--------
Lillooet	J. B. Bryson	Archie McDonald	--------
Nelson	A. M. Johnson	W. R. Maclean	--------
Nanaimo	--------	A. E. Planta	J. H. Haw'waite
No. Okanagan	Dr. K. McDonald	Price Ellison	Basil Gardom
So. Okanagan	Leslie V. Rogers	Mayor Jones	--------
Newcastle	--------	Dr. Doier	--------
N. Westminster	David Whiteside	--------	--------
Omineca	A. M. Manson	F. M. Dockrill	--------
Revelstoke	Dr. Sutherland	Hon. T. Taylor	--------
Rossland	W. D. Willson	L. A. Campbell	--------
Richmond	G. G. McGeer	W. J. Baird	--------
Saanich	F. A. Pauline	D. M. Eberts	--------
Similkameen	R. S. Conkling	L. W. Shatford	--------
Skeena	T. D. Pattulo	Wm. Manson	--------
Slocan	Chas. F. Nelson	W. Hunter	--------
No. Vancouver	Mayor Hanes	G. H. Morden	--------
So. Vancouver	J. W. Weart	Comm'r Campbell	R. H. Neelands
Trail	Michael Sullivan	Jas. A. Schofield	--------
Vancouver	Ralph Smith	W. J. Bowser	W. R. Trotter
	M. A. Macdonald	C. E. Tisdall	J. W. Wilkinson
	P. Donnelly	A. J. Welsh	J. H. McVety
	Dr. McIntosh	Walter Leek	J. E. Wilton
	J. S. Cowper	A. H. Macgowan	F. A. Hoover
	J. W. deB. Farris	Thos. Duke	F. Welsh
Victoria	H. C. Brewster	Mr. Flumerfelt	J. H. Haw'waite
	John Hart	--------	A. J. Morley
	George Bell	--------	--------
	H. C. Hall	--------	--------
Yale	Joseph Walters	Alex. Lucas	--------

Socialist candidates have been nominated as follows: Newcastle, Parker Williams; Comox, J. A. Macdonald; North Vancouver, W. Bennett; Fort George, John McInnes; Slocan, E. T. Kingsley; Fernie, T. O'Connor; Vancouver, J. Harrington, J. Sidaway, C. Lestor, W. A. Pritchard, J. Kavanagh, W. W. Lefeaux; Victoria, P. Williams. Social Democrats in South Vancouver, Ernest Burns.

Forward To the Land

* * * * * * * * * *

Here is a Worthy Movement for the Men and the Press of British Columbia to Boost. Write Today to J. L. Pridham, Kelowna Farmer, after You have Read this Article.

* * * * * * * * * *

SOME of us are not experienced farmers, nor tillers of the soil. But we all know enough to know that agriculture is the basis of all wealth, prosperity and luxury.

We know that in a country where the tillers of the field have a chance, everybody has a chance and ought to be prosperous.

The SATURDAY CHINOOK wishes to aid in a worthy move and we will call upon every man interested in the cultivation of the soil within the boundaries of the Province and every weekly newspaper in British Columbia to join us in assisting towards a proper organization the British Columbia Agricultural Organization Association, which has been launched at Kelowna, in the Okanagan Valley.

At Kelowna, the farmers have got together and have formed a tentative executive to proceed with the organizing of all the agricultural interests of the Province.

The SATURDAY CHINOOK is in receipt of a letter from Mr. J. L. Pridham, secretary of the association, in which the aims and objects of the British Columbia Agricultural Association are set forth.

The association is strictly non-partizan and hopes to number among its members every man and woman in this Province who are engaged in tilling the land.

"We hope you will do your best," says Mr. Pridham, "to impress upon the farmers that they must realize what such an organization means and to get together at once and deal freely as a PRACTICAL BODY and therefore must take hold of practical every day affairs, knowing full well that while education is essential, and while knowledge is power, APPLIED POWER ONLY CAN BRING PRACTICAL RESULTS."

Remember that the annual statement of the Bank of Montreal contained this sentence from the lips of the general manager: "We hope that British Columbia may soon be able to feed herself."

Remember this, that until such time as we are able to feed ourselves, our business men are going to receive no consideration from the hands of the banks.

Confidence in British Columbia will never be thoroughly renewed until British Columbia has begun to produce her own porridge and beans.

This movement is non-partizan and is worthy of the support of all right thinking citizens.

One way of helping the FORWARD TO THE LAND MOVEMENT will be to get in on the boosting of the British Columbia Agricultural Organization Association.

— CLEAN, RICH AND WHOLESOME —

Vancouver Creamery Butter

Made under scientific conditions in a clean dairy where only pure sweet cream and ingredients are used, and where every caution is taken to guard against impurities. You'll enjoy VANCOUVER CREAMERY BUTTER because in addition to its **quality** it has a rich, natural butter flavor. Try a pound today.

YOUR GROCER HAS IT —— ASK HIM

Safe Milk for the Babies—

That Means TURNER'S MILK

The best you can afford for your table is none too good during the festive season.

But the wee tiny tots know naught of turkey and plum pudding, so—GIVE THE BABIES THE BEST MILK POSSIBLE—THAT'S TURNER'S MILK—"BEST BY TEST"

So pronounced by the highest authorities in British Columbia.

ORDER YOUR SUPPLY NOW

PHONE FAIR. 597 AND OUR DRIVER WILL CALL

TURNER'S DAIRY

SEVENTEENTH AVENUE AND ONTARIO STREET

Pharaoh Dreamed And Stood By The River

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

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"And, behold, there came up out of the river seven well favored kine and fatfleshed; and they fed in a meadow.

"And, behold, seven other kine came up after them out of the river, ill favored and leanfleshed; and stood by the other kine upon the brink of the river.

"And the ill favored and leanfleshed kine did eat up the seven well favored and fat kine. So Pharaoh awoke."—Genesis xii., 2, 3, 4.

THIS DREAM OF THE ANCIENT RULER IS EVERY DAY A REALITY. YOUNG MEN NEED ONLY THE WISDOM OF JOSEPH, WHO INTERPRETED THE DREAM.

It is the story of Joseph, a wise, patient, prudent young Hebrew who told Pharaoh the meaning of his dream, and in addition gave the king the best business advice that any king ever got in those days.

On Joseph's advice Pharaoh became one of the first of the monopolists, and Joseph may be considered, in a sense, as the first corporation lawyer—advising the possessor of great power how to use it.

The Egyptian king dreamed—and in his day dreams were supposed to be important revelations of future happenings. The king would have been surprised and angry if Joseph had told him the truth, namely, that his stomach was out of order from overeating.

Joseph had had a hard time. His father gave him a fancy coat of many colors. His brothers, jealous, threw him into a pit and he was sold into slavery.

He was the servant of the jailer when the chief butler and the baker of the Pharaoh were in jail. They also had unpleasant dreams and asked the intelligent young Hebrew to tell them what the dreams meant. He said to the chief butler: "You will get your job back," and he said to the baker, "You will be hanged." And it happened as he had stated. For on Pharaoh's birthday he gave a feast to his servants.

"And he restored the chief butler unto his butlership again; and he gave the cup unto Pharaoh's hand:

"But he hanged the chief baker; as Joseph interpreted to them."

The butler advised Pharaoh to send for Joseph. The king did so.

"And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, I have dreamed a dream, and there is none that can interpret it; and I have heard say of thee, that thou canst understand a dream to interpret it.

"And Joseph answered Pharaoh, saying, It is not in me: God shall give Pharaoh an answer of peace.

"And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, In my dream, behold, I stood upon the bank of the river:

"And, behold, there came up out of the river seven kine, fatfleshed and well favored; and they fed in a meadow:

"And, behold, seven other kine came up after them, poor and very ill favored and leanfleshed, such as I never saw in all the land of Egypt for badness:

"And the lean and the ill favored kine did eat up the first seven fat kine."

* * *

When Pharaoh told his dream, Joseph, who had hastily dressed himself and shaved and come from prison, interpreted the dream very nicely, saying: "The seven good kine are seven years; and the seven thin and ill favored kine that came up after them are seven years."

Joseph went on to tell Pharaoh, who probably had a headache and was glad to hear an intelligent man talk, that there would be seven years of good crops and seven years of famine.

Joseph, one of the first of the able business men, advised Pharaoh to "look out a man discreet and wise, and set him over the land of Egypt."

He advised him also to have all the crops of the good years put away "under the hand of Pharaoh."

Joseph showed Pharaoh how he could save up the corn in the good years, save himself the trouble and make a great deal of money by selling the corn at high prices in the seven bad years. He advised Pharaoh as Root would advise Ryan, in our day.

"And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, Forasmuch as God hath shewed thee all this, there is none so discreet and wise as thou art:

"Thou shalt be over my house, and according unto thy word shall all my people be ruled: only in the throne will I be greater than thou."

Then Pharaoh put his ring on Joseph's hand, saying that he would change his name to Zaphnath-Paaneh.

And he married Joseph to Aseneth, the daughter of Poti-Phera, the priest of On. Probably the priest of On was glad to get Joseph for a son-in-law, for the young man had acted very well when he was tempted as a slave in the house of Potiphar.

It was a great day for Joseph when the Pharaoh gave him charge of everything he had. From first to last he was a good business man.

He was put in jail because Potiphar's wife lied about him. The keeper of the prison put him in charge of the jail and gave him a chance to interpret the dreams of the king's butler and baker.

And then the king gave him his own ring and made him ruler over all Egypt.

It is probably hard to realize how much money Joseph made for himself and the king.

"And when all the land of Egypt was famished, the people cried to Pharaoh for bread: and Pharaoh said unto all the Egyptians, Go unto Joseph.

"And Joseph opened all the storehouses, and sold unto the Egyptians; and the famine waxed sore in the land of Egypt.

"And all countries came into Egypt to Joseph to buy corn."

* * *

At present, when the Canadian government is seizing twenty million bushels of wheat at a time, when prices are going skyward, it would be interesting to know just exactly what Joseph sold his corn for, and how much he made.

We shall probably never know.

We know that when his father sent his ten wicked brothers to see Joseph and buy corn, Joseph, instead of getting revenge, gave them corn and gave them back their money. Not only that, but Joseph moved all of his brothers and his father and all their families and their wives and their children into Egypt; he gave them everything they wanted, and more: all that they could eat, public offices and good salaries. Then he showed Pharaoh how he might take advantage of the poverty of the Egyptians by buying their land for next to nothing.

"And Joseph bought all the land of Egypt for Pharaoh; for the Egyptians sold every man his field, because the famine prevailed over them; so the land became Pharaoh's."

Previously Joseph had taken their cattle and their horses and their flocks and their asses in exchange for corn.

And Pharaoh prospered because he had the intelligence to recognize the fact that Joseph was a great business man, and that it pays to treat men on their merit, disregarding race and religious prejudice.

* * *

A satisfactory life, a long one, and a happy ending were Joseph's, the young man who gave good advice, behaved himself well in Potiphar's house, and got his reward to the very end.

"So Joseph died, being an hundred and ten years old: and they embalmed him, and he was put in a coffin in Egypt."—Genesis 50, 26.

Here, embalmed, we shall leave Joseph, only asking you to try to imagine how delighted his aged father, Jacob (the Lord, who liked him, changed his name to Israel), must have been when his sons came back with "ten asses laden with the good things of Egypt, and ten she asses laden with corn, and bread and meat," and told Israel that his son Joseph had sent those things, saying:

"Haste ye, and go up to my father, and say unto him, Thus saith thy son Joseph, God hath made me lord of all Egypt: Come down unto me, tarry not."

* * *

Now for the lesson for young men. The seven fat cows represent your youth. Youth is strength, power and possibility. If you use and save the power and the strength, and seize upon the possibilities, you need not fear the other years that represent the thin cows, the starved years of anxiety, want and pitiful payroll slavery, in which so many live.

Life is made up of two periods—fat and lean, youth and old age.

If you take care of yourself and develop your powers in the young years represented by the seven cows in Pharaoh's dream you need not fear misfortune, poverty or degrading wage slavery in the old years represented by the seven thin cows.

The trouble with young men today is as it was with young men in Pharaoh's day undoubtedly.

The average man is not willing to deny himself, not willing to save, not willing to lay by the product of the fat years, that he may be independent in the thin years.

* * *

Recently there was appointed Archbishop of Chicago a very young man, the Right Reverend George W. Mundelein. A short time ago he was the youngest bishop in America, and today he is appointed the youngest Archbishop.

There are many texts in this editorial. And we shall add as a text for young men a quotation from an interview which the young Archbishop recently gave to a representative of this newspaper. Speaking of the young men of this day, he said:

"Also, they are losing their ambition for success in the search of pleasure. We see in our large cities the young men who should be devoting themselves to work—we see them on the streets under the garish lights, dancing in cafes, drinking and amusing themselves. In the mornings they wonder why they do not get along, are tired and heavy-eyed; and they remain clock-watchers always. They blame it on hard times.

"There are no hard times that will excuse the failure of the individual to make good in the United States. Here, the man who perseveres will succeed, no matter how hard the times. His chance is just as good as it was fifty years ago; but he will not 'arrive' by some stroke of genius. I don't believe in genius. He will amount to something only if he is willing to drudge and apply himself each day to his hard task. This the city boy who has had advantages is not willing to do; he wants things to come to him more easily. It is the country boy who becomes the brilliant man in nine cases out of ten, because he comes to the city expecting to work and have a hard time—he takes a small room, he spends no money on pleasures, he goes to bed early. He concentrates—and concentration is the greatest virtue. That is what makes for success, not genius—for genius without application goes to seed."

As the archbishop says, it is today the young man from the country who succeeds because he concentrates and is willing to work.

So it was in that ancient day when the young man from the country—Joseph—came up to the great Egyptian city as a slave, and immediately proceeded to concentrate so that Potiphar made him boss, and the jailer made him boss, and the king set him over the whole of Egypt.

If Joseph had hurried out to find some place where he could dance, or gamble, or sit up late, he would not have been made the chief manager of the jailer; he wouldn't have had a chance to predict that the butler would get his job back, and the baker be hanged. He wouldn't have been sent for by Pharaoh; he wouldn't have had the opportunity to interpret the meaning of the cows; in short, he would have been a failure.

Get your bible, then read about Joseph. If you haven't a bible, GET ONE.

There is no more interesting reading; none more instructive.

Joseph succeeded because he resisted temptation, represented faithfully the men who employed him, kept his mind concentrated on success, and because also, as is the habit with Jews, he shared his success with his father and his brothers, overlooking on the part of his brothers conduct not easy to forgive.

You cannot all be Josephs. But you all CAN CONCENTRATE AND SUCCEED SUFFICIENTLY TO MAKE LIFE WORTH WHILE.

CANDIDATE FOR SCHOOL TRUSTEE

Dr. W. H. Lang has definitely announced himself as a candidate for School Trustee at the coming civic elections. Dr. Lang was interested for several years in educational matters in Manitoba, having taught school in the vicinity of Winnipeg for four years. He was graduated from the University of Manitoba in 1903, came to Vancouver in 1909, and has practised his profession here continuously the past six years. Dr. Lang thinks that a price cannot be set upon the education of the young minds and that the further cutting of the salaries of the teachers is not a wise plan. Dr. Lang is a Canadian by birth. He has the necessary qualifications for the position.

PANTAGES THEATRE

For the first week of the New Year the Pantages Theatre have arranged for Miss Bertha Gardner, a notable opera soloist, direct from the trenches. Miss Gardner was in Paris and when war broke out kept her engagements in France and Italy and went to serve as a nurse at the French and British front, and up till a short time ago was in one of the hospitals right at the trenches.

Roberts, Stuart and Roberts in a review of 1915-1916 are pleasing singers and delight their audiences with the popular music of the day.

The Heumann Trio are sensational cyclists with a new line of feats on a cycle that are wonders.

Lewis, Belmont and Lewis, a trio that has made a hit with their songs, patter and a new line of jokes; Ray Lawrence, just an American girl, who puts over a line of songs in a good way. Bert Wiggins and Co., comedy jugglers, with an act that lives up to its name, called "Fun in Jay Street" close a well balanced bill, pleasing to all classes.

SUBLIME SIMPLICITY

There is a simple tomb in Lucknow, in India, that cost no more than many a plain farmer's gravestone in our rural burying places, but Mr. Clarence Poe declares that it impressed him more than anything else he saw in India except the Himalayas, the Taj Mahal, and the view of Benares from the river.

It is the tomb of the heroic Sir Henry Lawrence, who died so glorious a death in the great mutiny of 1857. No commander in all India had planned more wisely for the defence of all the men and women under his care; but the siege had only begun when he was mortally wounded. He called his successor and his associates to him, and at last, having omitted no detail or counsel or information that might enable them to carry out his farseeing plans he roused himself to dictate his own immortal epitaph:

Here Lies
Henry Lawrence
Who Tried to Do His Duty.
May the Lord Have Mercy on His Soul.

And so today these lines, sublime in their simplicity, mark his last resting place; and you feel that not even the great Akbar in Secundra or Napoleon in Paris has a worthier monument.

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Sandy thinks the province should congratulate itself on gettin' rid o' Dick

Weel freens, it's a guid twa or three weeks noo sin the last time yae had the pleesure o' readin' onything worth while, an' it wis only unforeseen circumstances that prevented me last week wishin' a' my freens an' readers a richt Merry Christmas—an' mony o' them.

Afore I go ony faurther, seein' there's sae mony explanashuns o' wan kin' an' anither bein' peddled aboot they times, I micht as weel mak it public that it's no' true that I hae accepted a "post" as organizer for the prohibeeshun pairty. I'm no' gaun tae say whether I wis offered the job or no'—but, at onyrate, there's nae use o' folk rinnin' awa wi' the idea that because a fellie disnie happen tae contreebute his weekly story tae a certain journal that he has went an' jined the prohibs.—or broke the "tee-tee" again or something like that.

Hooever, freens, I can hardly let the auld year slip awa—black yin as it has been—withoot haen a bit crack wi' my readers again.

Events hae traivelled gey quickly in the political line in they pairts durin' the last twa or three weeks back. As the fellie wi' a pimple on his nose said, things are beginnin' tae assume gigantic proporshuns.

While we were a' expectin' an' eleckshun at almost any time, the news that came last week that the redoubtable Dick had resigned and that Wee Wullie had taen the "reins o' office" came as a bit o' a surprise at its "suddintness."

There's nae true doobts but that Dick got the dirty kick frae the Wee Fellie—and while I hinnie muckle use for Bowser, yet he performed wan useful thing in his long record o' mischief an' misgovernment (tae use a very mild expression) when he applied the order o' the boot tae that son of a gun McBride.

There's some o' the papers in the province wud gie a fellie a pain tae read wi' the flatterin', honeyed words in which they hae referred tae Dick's record as prime minister o' the province. Maybe they hae their ain ends tae serve. But owre an' above that, I hae even noticed some "eminent" Liberals even referrin' tae him as a this an' that kin' o' gentleman. They wud scunner ony daicent-minded man. I dinnie ken what kin o' dictionary they keep at hame.

They may blether awa as muckle as they like aboot the amenities o' political life an' hoo, efter a', he wis sic a hamely an' nice fellie when yae met him on the street—but, freens, I wud advise yae tae keep a close tab on they Liberals that affect tae be sorry at Dick's depairture.

Tae dub McBride a statesman is tae slander the English language.

The province o' British Columby is weel quit o' him an' I've nae doobt the folk in the auld country 'll sune weigh him up an' pit him at his proper vailue.

But that's the sad pairt o't. When the miners on the Island protested tae him as minister o' mines that there wis gas in the mines that wis liable tae snuff oot their lives at ony meenit, Dicky upheld the mine-owners in turnin' the puir fellies oot-o-wark an' thereby stervin' their wives an' bairns.

But Dicky taks guid care he wunnie be turned oot like that, an' it's gaun tae cost this province a braw penny financin' him in idle luxuriousness in London, besides geyin' a princely pension tae his predecessor.

I'm no' a very raigular attender at the kirk, but I attended wan last Sunday (the saicond time in eleeven years), an' I maun say that I'm kin' o' inclined tae chenge my opeenyins o' the clergy as a whole frae what I heard on the last twa occasions.

The minister wisnie preachin' politics, but his subject led him intae it, an' in referrin' tae British Columby, he said that the darkest prospect often brocht the greatest joy an' prosperity. "Innocence wis unknown in B.C." the preacher said; "and until we grappled wi' the forces that had undermined the province, we would never know what it meant."

Dicky, we're weel quit o' yae. Gerout!

Now tae turn tae Wullie. As yae ken, freens, Wullie an' me dinnie hit it up owre weel—in fact if I wis ca'in' a spade a spade, I wud be tempted tae pit him in a cless lower doon than Dicky yet.

But if there's wan thing atween the twa that yae can admire, it's Wullie's gall an' impidence. There's nane o' the whimperin', staundin' on dignity style sae muckle cultivated by his erstwhile pairtner aboot Wullie.

McBride pits me in min' o' the laddie at schule that used tae gaun hame an' tell his mother that Tammie McNab had gien him a pastin'. Yae ken hoo we used tae despise that kin' o' laddie, freens. Weel, Wullie's o' a different stamp. He micht meet a fellie his match noo an' again, but he disnie blubber owre it. Wullie's like the wee fellie, he kens if he answers back he'll get anither pastin'. But he watches his chance an' when the ither fellie's no' lookin' he gets at his back an' hauls awa his pins—an' then rins awa oot o' reach.

That's what they ca' politics in B. C. It's mare like Comic Cuts, ony mare than it has been responsible for bringing mony a wife an' bairn tae an untimely grave through stervashun.

Tae think that the destinies o' a country three or fower times bigger than the auld country should be in the haunds o' a gang like them.

An' what a noble example these "statesmen" are showin' the risin' generation which, efter a', will be the yins that'll hae tae mak B.C.

An', gee whiz, I'm jist minded o' a story I read in an auld country paper last week. I'll reprint it, freens, for your eddificashun. I'm share it 'll gie yae a guid lauch. The paper wis referrin' tae the wey some o' the Canadian sodgers owre in London are overchairged, an' wis citin' a glarin' example. Here it is:

"Of course some of the young men from the Far West are not used to the wicked men who hang about a city (isn't that rich?), and, I suppose, must learn by experience. A group of them on four days' leave met a nice gentleman who showed them the sights, and accompanied them to a theatre. He arranged to take them for a motor tour on the next day. It would cost $12. He would stand half. He collected the other half from the Canadian boys, and promised to be round with the "auto," two-thirty sharp. But at 2.30 there was nothing doing."

That London edytur has a gey queer idea o' what wickedness means. That wudnie be ca'd wickedness oot here. That's what we ca' politics. The Dominion Trust didnie rin awa wi' $12 or onything like that. Nane o' the directors, auditors, solicitors, or the man that's now premier o' B. C. were ca'd wicked! I should say no'.

Gee, it wud mak a cuddy lauch, wudn't it? It's tae be hoped that they "bad folk" in London dinnie ask Dick ony questyins aboot sic gentry as Mackenzie & Mann, or ask aboot sic deals as Port Mann, or the Songhees Reserve or the Kitsilano Reserve, an' hoo mony are in the "Pen" owre the Dominion Trust steal.

We're weel quit o' yae, Dick—an' Wullie, you'll get what's comin' tae yae shortly I hope.

A richt guid Happy New Year tae yae a' is the wish o' Sandy.

Yours through the heather,
SANDY MACPHERSON.

AN AMERICAN DREAM OF INVASION

By Savoyard, in the "Columbia," S.C., State

Of all the crazy visions even the present war has produced, the bloodiest and most destructive of human history, the stuff quoted herein is the daftest. It would appear that the beliggerent powers over yonder have nothing in particular in the way of malice against one another. Our Uncle Samuel is the man they are after, and his lands, tenements and hereditaments, goods and chattels, rights and privileges, are to become the spoil of embattled Europe, that is now merely in training to lick us, as your Fitzsimmons and Jack Johnsons get in trim for a prize fight.

Here is this pipe dream:

"Great Britain is to occupy New England, Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina. Georgia and Florida.

"France is to get the French parts of eastern Canada, and the states of Louisana, Mississippi, Alabama, Arkansas, Tennessee and Kentucky.

"Germany is to occupy the states of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota.

"Japan is to take the Pacific coast, the state of Oregon, upper and lower California.

"Mexico is to be compensated for lower California by ceding to it Arizona, New Mexico, and part of Texas.

"Russia will receive Alaska.

"The Panama canal will be declared free, while the western states, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklohoma, Washington, Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, Utah and Colorado will be consolidated into an imperial crown domain of the German empire."

Well, they leave Uncle Sam the District of Columbia. That helps some. This pipe dream appeared in the news columns of a Washington paper one Sunday morning and I doubt if its like ever was printed before. London and Berlin, Paris and Vienna, Petrograd and Constantinople, Rome and Sofia, are no more thinking of a conquest of the United States than they are of a military expedition against the planet Jupiter.

* * *

It may be deduced from the idiocy of the conception that some fellow imagined the stuff and put it in the paper hoping to promote the cause of preparedness. That is likely, for our glorious land is full of folk who believe in haunts and witches and things. Here we have it laid down that Germany does not covet Belgium; New York is what she is after, and Calais she cares not a continental for if she can get Chicago. It seems that Germany is to have the lion's share of the great divide, though Mexico will be allowed to regain Texas and some other states round about. England is not interested in destroying the German navy and sweeping the German merchant marine off the seas. She wants New England and the south end of our Atlantic seaboard. France is not after Alsace-Loraine. She covets French Canada and that part of the United States Thomas Jefferson bought of Napoleon Bonaparte. Russia is perfectly indifferent about Constantinople; her aim is to regain Alaska, which she sold to William H. Seward at an enormous price as the trade was then estimated by the public. Japan is to put up with our Pacific slope, and other far western chips and whetstones laying about loose in Uncle Sam's backyard are to be gobbled up and made into an imperial crown domain for the kaiser.

This is the most extravagant and the stupidest crazy dream that the war has produced, so far as my observation goes.—From Bryan's "Commoner."

SAWING WOOD IN A FLAT

There are few exercises so beneficial to the whole body as sawing wood. Those of us who have the misfortune to live in cities rarely have the opportunity to saw wood, and it is for such persons that a patent has just been issued for an exerciser that might be called a dummy saw-horse.

The inventors are Marie de Palkowska and Alfred Bullard of New York. It has a dummy saw-log pivoted with a transverse saw-receiving slot, and a dummy saw in the slot. This may be drawn to and fro just like a saw, and the friction on its sides may be regulated by tightening the halves of the log so as to press more or less firmly upon it.

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The Saturday Chinook

Charges That New Government Still One-Man Affair

Agricultural Development is the Great Need of the Country -::- By J. W. Weart

The chief factor in the upbuilding of any country is the development of its natural resources, and of the natural resources, the cultivation of the land is of paramount importance.

What has the Government done toward the settlement of our vacant arable land? What has the Government done to enable those already on the land to bring it to a profitable producing stage? What steps have the Government taken to prevent the annual outlay of from 20 to 25 millions of dollars for food stuffs which could and should be grown in our own Province?

The answer must be a negative answer, except, perhaps, that the Government at its last session did bring in a bill entitled "The Agricultural Credits Act,' founded on the New Zealand Act. That Act is not yet in force and nothing has been done there under. Thomas Kidd, late member for the Richmond Riding, years ago, as Chairman of a Commission, presented to the House and advised the adoption of the principles of the New Zealand act. There was no costs attached to the findings of the Commission. The McBride Government, after long years of waiting, appointed a Commission to ascertain and report on the best methods to help the farmer. The Commission made its report in 1914; it strongly endorsed and recommended the New Zealand act. That Commission cost the country $48,000.00.

If the provisions of that Act had been in force eight or ten years ago, our valley lands would have been producing double the value now being produced; a happy and contented population would be in occupation of the many abandoned homesteads throughout the country; the farming community would have been able to pay for their homes from the products of the soil. The necessity was just as great then as now for the application of the Act, with its provisions for cheap loans on long term payments. Premier Bowser has been virtually in control of the legislature for years, and if he or Mr. Tisdall or Mr. Ross or Mr. Taylor or Mr. Manson had any business knowledge, or cared a rap for the farming community, they could have brought in and advocated the placing on the Statutes such an Act. The Government could have obtained capital at a low rate and thereby have shown to the people that a sincere step was being taken in their interests.

In what correspondence schools have these Ministers qualified as business men that the Premier is now able to announce to the world that the Bowser Government will be henceforth a "business Government?" That means (judging from the silence of members in these past years in the House) that now the Ministers will not dare advance any legislation which has not first received the approval of the Premier. Have we not had enough of a "one-man Government?" What is the position of the Hon. W. R. Ross, Minister of Lands, in this "business Government?" His being allowed to retain his portfolio is a declaration by the Premier that his administration of that department, under the guiding hand of the Attorney-General, had given satisfaction to the Premier. Mr. Ross, at all times, boldly defends the McBride-Bowser policy of the Land Department. In his zeal to brand as untrue, the statements made that the arable land along the railways has been given to land grabbers, he stated on the floor of the House, February last, that of the 4 -12 million acres in the 6 mile belt along the 1200 miles of railway, only 847,785 acres had been sold to speculators. It is not reasonable to suppose that these locations, these 847,000 acres (over 18 per cent. of the total) would be the choicest along this railway belt? I submit, and I think you will agree with me, that of the whole 4 1-2 million acres, not over 12 to 18 per cent. is arable, the balance being absolutely unfit for agriculture. We have the fact then, that the charges made are well founded and that there are no arable lands left in this 6 mile belt adjacent to the railways. Mr. Ross is not satisfied with the bald statement that this area comprises over 3 1-2 million acres more than the amount sold, he tries to leave the impression that this vast area is vacant land, except as to a few pre-emptions, and is open for settlement. The Hon. Gentleman does not stop here. On November 10th, in speaking at Oak Bay, he made some most astounding statements. He knows, or ought to know, as head of his Department, that there is not in the whole of British Columbia over 30 million acres of good arable land.

The Dominion Year Book for 1915-16, at Page 164, gives the total area of each of the Provinces. It gives the total area of the possible farm lands in each Province:

As the total area of:

British Columbia, 20 per cent, or 45 millions is possible farm land.

Alberta, 65 per cent., or 105 millions is possible farm land.

Saskatchewan, 60 per cent., or 93½ millions is possible farm land.

Manitoba, 50 per cent., or 74 millions is possible farm lands.

Ontario, 25 per cent., or 58½ millions is possible farm lands.

Quebec, 10 per cent., or 44 millions is possible farm lands.

New Brunswick, 60 per cent., or 10¾ millions is possible farm lands.

Nova Scotia, 0 per cent., or 8 millions is possible farm lands.

P. E. Island, 90 per cent., or 1¼ millions is possible farm land.

We can safely say that the above figures are not any too conservative, at least as far as B. C. is concerned. Other authorities give the possible farm lands of British Columbia as 30 millions, and some 22 millions. Of course, these figures would not include perpendicular farms or farms with a few mountain peaks.

At the Oak Bay meeting the Hon. Minister of Lands proclaimed the fact that British Columbia still had **—vacant and unoccupied—**192,870,720 acres, or 301,360 square miles, being 26 times the size of Belgium. In making the statement that this vast area is still **vacant and unoccupied,** he made it with the intent to lead the people to believe that these lands were **capable of occupation** as farm lands and capable of sustaining a large population. Was he truthful in making that statement? If you think he was, then I ask, what is your impression of the following statement? These are his words as reported in the "News-Advertiser" of the 11th November last:

"No other Province of Canada or State of the United States or of Australia, can take stock of such advantages as British Columbia. Alberta, of which 28 per cent. is alienated, has about half the area of unoccupied land that British Columbia has; Saskatchewan, with 38 per cent. alienated, has not half the area, and Manitoba, even with the addition of 107 million cres to its Northern boundaries in 1912, has but 3-5ths the area."

Remember that Mr. Ross is not giving an address on mining or the mining possibilities of the Province, or advancing British Columbia's claims as a game or hunting preserve but he, as Minister of Lands, is telling the people of this Province and the world of the vast area of vacant and unoccupied land of the Province and making it appear that other provinces suffer in comparison.

If Mr. Ross wished to be candid when making the above comparisons, he would have quoted the **possible farm lands** of the different provinces as quoted from the Canada Year Book and not included the glaciers and mountains, of which we have a plenty, he then could have truthfully shown that Alberta has 105 million acres, against our possible 45 million. Saskatchewan 93 1-2 millions, or twice our area; Manitoba, 74 millions, or Ontario 58 1-2 millions. Ontario only estimates that 25 per cent. of her total area is possible farm land, or 5 per cent. more than B. C. Will the electors of British Columbia, who are of Ontario, say that if Ontario has only 25 per cent. of her lands as possible farm lands, that British Columbia has 20 per cent. of its total area possible farm land? I have no hesitation in stating that the comparison made by the Hon. Minister is misleading, it's unfair, it is not warranted by the facts, it is untruthful and made with the intent to mislead the public.

Will the Hon. Gentleman change his absurd tactics under the Bowser Government, or are the above utterances of an irresponsible Minister, acceptable to the Premier? Or perhaps that address was geven before he had taken the business course at that correspondence school.

Another of the many glaring half-truths contained in his address is, "that during the period of the McBride administration, agriculture had increased 500 per cent. He did not state that dairy products in 1912 were $1,270,000.00 less than in 1911 and over $600,000.00 less than in 1910. He did not state that the value of meats for 1912 was $340,000.00 less than in 1911 and $270,000.00 less than in 1910. He did not state that the value of fruit and vegetables in 1912 was $2,114,000.00 less than in 1911. These figures are to be found in the Budget speech of the ex-Hon. Price Ellison—February 24th, 1913. The Hon. Minister did not state that for the year 1914, there was imported into British Columbia 25 million dollars worth of products of the soil that could, and should, have been produced in British Columbia. The Hon. Gentleman did not make any statement at that meeting as to what measures he would adopt, or would like to adopt, in order to prevent this annual impoverishment of the people.

The need of the people of British Columbia is a Government of honest, earnest men, not men like Mr. Flummerfelt and Mr. Lorne Campbell, who are allied with big mining, banking, timber or land corporations, but men who will administer the country's affairs on economic business lines, and when the interests of the Corporations conflict with the interests of the people, curb the Corporations with no uncertain hand and make them understand that they cannot and must not, if they wish to do business in British Columbia, continue to exploit the heritage of the people for the enrichment of the few.

I would like to believe that Premier Bowser has had a change of heart—that he honestly intends to give the word to his colleagues to play the game fair with the people, but I am afraid that the party is so closely allied with, and bound to the Corporation interests, that very little will be done, apart from an attempt to advance a few measures in order to gain a further lease of power.

The workers of this country will not be satisfied with the deathbed promises that have been made by the Premier. They know that the Conservatives have never been able, nor have they ever desired, to bring in legislation in the interests of the masses, which would limit the power over and the right to exploit the worker, heretofore always enjoyed by the elect—the money class—the Corporations—the Conservative party.

We are told that the Liberals have no men in the field capable of administering the affairs of the Province. Well, as there has been only one man in the late Government who had, or dared express, an opinion of his own, we think it fair to say that from amongst the Liberals there could be found at least men with just as much wisdom, with just as much energy, with just as good administrative ability, and who are not tied body and soul to corporation interests, but who have gone into this fight with the firm intent to devote their time and talent to the betterment of the administration of our Province, and to legislate—

To give free and fair play to its citizens and their various activities, without regard to class distinction;

To extend the principle at the root of the idea of nationhood—co-operation for mutual improvement:

To elevate the position of the worker by making it a criminal offence to engage child labor; to shorten the statutory day; to make the worker's position independent by superannuation at a fixed age, thereby enlarging the field of labor; to enlarge the principle of the law of compensation for injuries received no matter what the cause, without litigation, and to adopt a vigorous land settlement policy with free lands for the people, with assistance for improvements, all of which principles are included in the Liberal Platform.

LITTLE STORIES
Told by Mr. John Murray, the Well-known Publisher

Mr. John Murray, of the famous London publishing house, entertained the members of the Y.M.C.A. in Aldersgate Street, E.C., recently, with a fascinating series of reminiscences associated with his historic home in Albemarle Street, Piccadilly.

Livingstone, he said, often dined with his father, and was a great friend of the Murray family, and another visitor was George Borrow, "a big, strong man, who was fond of expressing his opinions in strong language." On one occasion, said Mr. Murray, his father and mother were at a dinner party at which Borrow and the famous Dr. Whewell were present. The two almost came to blows over some dispute. Mrs. Whewell fainted, and had to be taken out of the room.

When Mr. Murray's father died, Gladstone called at Albemarle Street, and in conversation the name of Sir Robert Peel came up. Mr. Murray remarked on the great pains Sir Robert took to revise his big speeches in the House of Commons. He produced the original copy of one such speech pasted in a book with a newspaper report corrected and with copious additions made before the revised version was issued as a pamphlet.

"Do you really mean to tell me," asked Gladstone, "that Peel revised his speeches to such an extent? I am astonished. I wonder how Peel reconciled this with his conscience! I don't think I ever did such a thing in my life."

"Shortly after," commented Mr. Murray, "on going through my father's papers I found that Gladstone's speech on the Irish Disabilities Bill was dealt with in exactly the same way!"

The last time Mr. Murray visited Hawarden he had to say good-bye unexpectedly, and was summoned to Gladstone's bedroom to make his adieu. There in a large double bed lay the great statesman, a Scotch shawl round his shoulders, his feet on the pillow, and his head at the bed-foot, reading, and getting the best light to do it; a comic sight, said Mr. Murray.

Then there was a story of how Dean Stanley, in the heat of conversation and carving a duck, landed on his bird on the floor. "The cat is coming," cried a guest. "Never mind," said the Dean, "I've got my foot on the duck!"

WOMEN'S SOCIALIST LEAGUE PROVIDE ENTERTAINMENT

Among the many Christmas celebrations, few afforded more real joy than that provided by the Women's Socialist League for some children of South Vancouver.

Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Simons kindly gave their home for the occasion and a merry crowd of thirty children and their grown-up friends filled the house on the evening of December 23. The house was charmingly decorated with greenery and tinsel, and a generous Xmas tree proved an imposing spectacle for thirty pairs of dancing eyes until its contents were distributed by Mr. E. Burns, acting as Santa Claus.

A choice programme of songs and recitations was rendered by the children to the great entertainment of themselves and their elders. Games followed and refreshments of a substantial nature were available at all times.

Mr. Simons is a candidate for alderman in his ward, and it is needless to say that his election is certain had the children the franchise.

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PROHIBITION IN NORWAY

A bill restricting and regulating the sale of liquor in Norway, has been prepared by a government committee, and as it has the support of two-thirds of the members of the newly-elected Norwegian parliament, it will soon be enacted into law.

Total prohibition has been rejected by the committee as impossible to enforce, and detrimental to real temperance. But it is felt that the sale of strong liquors should be strictly controlled. Beer containing less than three per cent. of alcohol is regarded not only as a harmless, but a beneficial drink. Light wines will also be favored. The strong drinks will be dealt with according to their relation with the grosser forms of drinking.

The teetotalers, however, are not satisfied with the bill as drawn, and are trying to bring pressure on parliament for statewide prohibition.

A USE FOR HIS VOICE

On one occasion when crossing the ocean, David Bispham, the opera singer, in addition to his contribution to the usual concert programme given for the benefit of the sailors' widows and children fund, offered to auction a programme which had been autographed by all the distinguished people on board. He actually secured $800 for the programme, which was added to the receipts from tickets. After it was all over a gentleman approached Mr. Bispham and said, with all due admiration and enthusiasm, "Say, I'm a New York auctioneer, and I want to tell you that that was great work you did tonight. Here is my card, and whenever you want to give up singing you just come down to me and I'll give you $10,000 a year to sell our stuff."

MAY SOON TEACH BY MOVING PICTURES

Dean Frederick P. Keppel, head of Columbia college, New York city, in his annual report, looks forward to the time when motion pictures and the phonograph may play an important part in teaching. Dean Keppel speaks of the Columbia students's classroom time costing him $1 an hour or more, and refers to the need for using every available device to give him as much as possible for that money. The printing press and multigraph have been employed and the talking machine and movie are likely to come next.

Dean Keppel sees in the rapid growth of Columbia's registration an approach to the limit of the university capacity, and hints at more severe restrictions upon admission and upon the continuance of students who are willing to get through by hook or by crook.

B.C. Electric

SPECIAL NOTICE

December 28th, 1915

The B. C. Electric Railway Company wishes to announce that its sale of Tango Tickets will be discontinued at all points after December 31st next, and will be replaced by a green ticket, six of which will be sold for 25c and which will be available on the street cars in the Cities of Vancouver and Victoria, not only until midnight, but during the whole time the car service is running.

The new ticket will entitle the holder to the privilege of a transfer.

As the supply of Tango Tickets is limited, and it would be obviously unfair for them to pass into the hands of a few, the Company has decided, between this date and the 31st of December, not to sell at any one time more than eight tickets (25c) on the cars, or sixty-four tickets ($2.00), to any one person at the Company's Offices.

Tango Tickets in circulation on December 31st will be accepted on the cars until January 31st, 1916. After that date any outstanding tickets, provided they are not less than eight in number, will be redeemed by the Company at its Ticket Offices at Carrall Street and at Granville Street Stations.

B.C. Electric

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"Your Money's Worth or Your Money Back"

The New Chief Commander

What Sir Douglas Haig's Promotion Means to the Fighting Men in France :—: Britton B. Cooke in "Canadian Courier"

A Scotchman moves in and an Englishman moves out of a cold and draughty mansion in the town where British Headquarters are: and all the world, gaping, squats down as near as it can get to watch what may follow. Sir John French goes to Boulogne in a dirty-grey colored limousine, and is ferried across the channel on a TBD. Sir Douglas Haig's orderly will fetch his bags from a certain lesser mansion, rather a dilapidated one at that, where Sir Douglas has been getting his meals recently. That, so far as outer appearances are concerned, is all that happens. The change of supreme commanders in France may gravely affect the outcome of the greatest struggle in the history of the human race. It touches the destiny of Empires, the course of world politics, and the rise and fall of new forces, political, moral and social. Yet nothing in the event itself gives promise, one way or another, of these things. It looks like nothing more than a shifting of luggage and a different initial on the more important Orders of the Day. The same Taubes will from time to time swing overhead trying to pick out this house from the other houses and drop a bomb on it. There will be a different face at the end of the mess table when the General dines in company, and a different voice in the telephone transmitter. The fighting men in the far ends of the fighting line will feel very little difference. They may never even see this new commander. For them, apparently, the same round of things: a scrap sooner or later and a limping roll-call after it; a few hours of Hell and then some dirty German trenches to clean up and make look like home. But the boss at the G. H. Q.? H——! What's he matter?

Of course it matters, even to the Tommy. The news that there was to be a change in commanders has been in the trenches for a long time, and the knowledge that Sir Douglas Haig was to succeed General French has been claimed in dozens of messes. What difference the change of commanders would bring about has been shredded long ago. If Robertson got the job everyone was prepared to be miserable as all-get-out—and win the war in a fortnight, for Robertson has, as they say in Ploegstreete, "some rep" as a "scrapper." If Smith-Dorrien had been appointed to the position instead of being sent to Africa everybody would have patted himself all over, as it were, and said, "now for business." Sir Douglas Haig was about as intelligently anticipated.

Sunday special stories to the contrary, notwithstanding, Field Marshals in France do not get very close to their men. This should be obvious, but isn't, because people still think in terms of Napoleon and his piffling little armies that were no bigger than a large family when compared to modern armies. Field Marshal Sir John French used to travel over various parts of his line fairly regularly. Sometimes he went in a limousine with a patent table in front of him on which his maps were spread if necessary. Sometimes he rode his horse. At nights he was either given a bed in somebody's brigade headquarters, or by careful arrangement of his schedule he got back to his own house in time for dinner. He was about as close to his men as Sir Thomas Shaughnessy or Sir William Mackenzie or Sir Donald Mann to the railway army of Canada. Once in a long time he made a speech or sent them a message—fine, cheery messages, most of them were—on ordinary military despatch forms which C. O.'s or their assistant officers read out to the men at convenient seasons. There have been cases where the Field Marshal actually met and shook hands with men and went through dug-outs and trenches, but they necessarily were rare. "There goes French!" somebody would exclaim, and point hastily after a limousine.

In spite of the insurmountable barrier of time and space between the men and their commander-in-chief, they get to know him in the trenches. One hears all sorts of things that indicate the interest the men take in these remote personages. They have their estimates of them, and they have their likes and dislikes. French was liked for the way he treated the men. That is to say, he considered their comfort whenever possible, and he employed them carefully. He was not the sort to sacrifice a few hundred lives in a testing-out movement here, or a petty raid over there. He was not the German sort that would pour men by the thousands into a gap which could only be held at enormous costs. And he did not play favorites. That is a most important consideration in the mind of your soldier. French used all parts of the army as nearly evenly as possible. He was not the kind of soldier who, when a corps proves itself specially valiant, works it to death rather than risk troops he knows less about. Whether French on the other hand was too sparing of his men, too willing to protect them and too loath to use them as a mere inexhaustible store of necessary material—is another question. The men used to say he never sent enough troops on an errand.

There is a different feeling about Haig. The men know him little better than they knew French. Haig, they say, studies the special abilities of his men and makes use of them with these points always in mind. They say that when he finds a certain unit capable of greater tenacity than usual under adverse conditions, he makes a note of the fact, and when he has a dirty job that requires this sort of man, he sends for 'em and says, in effect. "Boys. This is your kind of work. Go to it." When he finds troops that are specially good at making good trenches he is liable to keep them moving from time to time, always in new parts of the line, so as to make them improve the whole system of defences under his command. They say he is a believer in big numbers in an assault and less in reserve, whereas French believed in heavier rserves and lighter assaulting parties. More gossip.

These things, however, are more certain. He is a man of great energy. He acts quickly, and he has enough originality to keep his opponent uncertain of his movements. He is the sort of man who places great reliance upon the force of initial shock. At the same time he not one to underestimate the value of, or to neglect providing for sustained effort in the face of difficulty. He began his career at twenty-four in the 7th Hussars. He was the youngest son of a Justice of the Peace in Fife, John Haig, and Rachel Veitch, his wife, daughter of a wealthy Scotsman, of Stewartfield, Midlothian. Young Haig's first distinction came in polo playing. He rode like a part of the horse, and had a quick eye and sure stroke of the arm. He was quick and daring, sometimes rash. He remained a bachelor till he was thirty-four, devoting himself in the meantime to more sport and further military studies. He was soon adjutant of his regiment, later he graduated from the Staff College. Presently, when Kitchener's campaign in the Soudan was drawing to a close, he secured an appointment in that field and did good work. When the South African War broke out he was brigade major at Aldershot. He accompanied General French to the field and won the brevets of lieutenant-colonel and colonel. When that campaign was over he was turned over to India as Inspector General of Cavalry. At forty-three he was a Major-General, and passed from one important post to another as the War Office directed. He was thus Director of Military training for a time, Director of Staff Duties, Chief of the General Staff in India, and was in command at Aldershot.

It is in keeping with the character of the new Commander-in-chief that he was the man selected by Sir John French to deliver the main attack at Neuve Chappelle. The First Army under his command did the striking. The other forces were engaged to hold the rest of the line and put up counter demonstrations. In other words, Sir Douglas Haig is a man of positive temperament, one who will always be the aggressor when possible. He does not, it is said, do his best work on the defensive, although, in the gloomy days when the British army was first in France, he conducted rear-guard actions brilliantly.

"Energy and vigor," "ability and power," "able and skilful dispositions" are terms used by Sir John French in his report of Sir Douglas Haig's work at Neuve Chappelle. Sir John is not the sort of man to use terms loosely or to give praise where it is not due. In France, it was said recently, when the abilities of commanders were discussed, that there could be no difference in magnitude between Sir John French and Sir Douglas Haig, though one was then commander-in-chief and the other his subordinate; the real difference between the men was in physical strength, years and temperament. Sir John is sixty-three and Sir Douglas fifty-four. Sir John has borne a heavy strain for fifteen or sixteen months. Sir Douglas Haig's responsibilities have been lighter. Sir John is of a more nearly phlegmatic disposition. Sir Douglas is more nearly nervous. One man is dogged the other incisive: both great leaders.

M. A. MACDONALD AN EXCELLENT CHOICE

In selecting M. A. Macdonald as their candidate in the event of a bye-election in Vancouver the Liberals of that constituency have made an excellent choice. Mr. Macdonald is a man of exceptional attainments and ability. There are few, if any, in this province who have a wider knowledge of public affairs, for although he has not held office he has been for years one of the foremost figures in his party. He possesses, in a notable measure, all the attributes which make for success in public life. He knows the province and its problems. As an orator and political campaigner he has few equals in Canada. He has strong convictions, is deeply earnest and has a wholesale hatred of sham and pretence. He is a type of which this province is sorely in need today and we have no fear that Vancouver will not record its appreciation of the fact when given an opportunity.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

Vancouver, if it inveighs against German philosophy, has at least not placed a ban on German music, as did a less tolerant city of the famous east. After all, Germanl music is, like German philosophy, no longer German. The monumetal work of the great minds of all races is a vast mosaic that all have helped to pattern and the resulting fabric is so permeated by its numerous elements that it has lost the specific character of race or locality and become cosmopolitan. All this granted, is the incubus of Handelianism about to settle down on Vancouver. Last year, the Yuletide season brought about half-a-dozen presentations of "The Messiah." This year, the same procedure is being followed. Now, of course, "The Messiah" is sui generis, a wholly admirable thing, a British institution, part of the Englishman's religion, someone has called it. But is Vancouver large enough to require half-a-dozen performances at Christmas?

The religious spirit it engenders is peculiarly fitting to the season, but is it not the music distinctly fitting of an age, and words and spirit apart, lovers of music who would willingly attend all six performances, sometimes balk at half-a-dozen draughts from the Handelian well. It is questionable whether the music-lover of today is as deeply enravished with the divine strains as was a near contemporary of the great composer who thus records his feelings. "When the Vast concording Unity of the Whole Congregational Chorus came (as I may say) Thundering in (note the capitals), even so it made the very ground shake under us. Oh, the unutterable ravishing soul's delight! I was so transported and wrapt up into high contemplations that there was no room left in My Whole Man, viz., Body, Soul, and Spirit, for anything below Divine and Heavenly Raptures."

Perhaps it is that the blare and daring flights of Wagner, the subtle chromatic shimmer and polyphonic breadth and richness of modern chorale and orchestral writing make one less responsive to the simpler forms of an earlier day. If that is but symptomatic of a vitiated taste, then, at least one may plead for the inclusion of Bach and Beethoven and Brahme, leaving out of mention the modern British composers who have to their credit works of a nature eminently fitted to the symbolic nature of the Christmas season.

The Christmas Oratorio to. German Requiem, or the Mass in B Minor of Bach would, for instance, provide both an admirable study for some enterprising choir and a delightful change to the listener. The motet, "Jesu, Priceless Treasure," its ten sections strongly contrasted, is a splendid exercise for a body of singers, could it not be recommended to some ambitious choir desirous both of benefitting itself musically and intensifying the interest of its performance to the local public.

Carol singing, too, there might be more of at this season. The old favorites, "Good King Wincelas," "The First Nowell," "Good Christian Men Rejoice," the "Coventry Carol," "Remember God's Goodness," and the old Alsatian "Sleep, Little Dove, Sleep," can bear hearing once a year. The modern hymn-tune type of carol sometimes fails to catch the spirit of the old facile lay that was more like a folk song than an ecclesiastical work of art. The medieval singer was very close to Heaven.

The semi-pagan elements absorbed into the church made religion less a thing concerned with the after life than with the present. There was room for every mood, feeling ranged freely over the festival from the rollicking mirth and steaming wassail-bowl to the thought of the Christ-child lying in the manger. And in this naive simplicity lies much of the charm of the quaint old strains.

Even without the accompanying music, the metre can dance along as never words have danced since—

"Now sweet Son, sin it is, so,
That all thing is at Thy will,
I pray thee graunte me a bone,
If it be both right and skill
That child or man that will or can
Be merry upon My day.
To blisse hem bring, and I shall sing
Lullay, by by, lullay."

Then there is the Cherry tree carol that, after a quaint folklore story breaks out into—

"As Joseph was a-walking
He heard an Angel sing:
This night shall be born
Our Heavenly King;

He neither shall be born
In house or in hall
Nor in the place of paradise
But in an ox's stall.

He neither shall be rocked
In silver nor in gold
But in a wooden cradle
That rocks on the mould."

The carols of olden days were not all equally happy, however. The comic element had as in the miracle plays often to find a place and the shepherds as in these precursors of drama were also prominent figures, smacking of rural England rather than the land of the nativity. A native carol with an obvious moral hails from Hertfordshire. The Christ-child is represented as wanting to play with some lords' and ladies' children, who scorn him, with the dreadful sequel that—

"Our Saviour built a bridge with
the beams of the Sun,
And over it He gone, He gone He;
And after that followed the three
jolly jardins
And drownded they were all three."

Mary reproaches him and whips him with a bundle of withes, whereat he cries,

"Oh, the withy, it shall be the very
first tree
That perishes at the heart!"

An older version, however, savors less of the natural spirit of man. It is the mother who asks her son to—

"Take away these sinfoul souls
And dip them deep in hell."

Whereat the Christ spirit shines forth,

"Nay, nay," sweet Jesus said,
"Nay, nay that may not be,
For there are many sinful souls
Crying out for the help of Me."

Quite a faint, clear echo of the far-off minstrels rings in recent war verse by that sweet, poignantly tender singer, Katherine Tynan, bringing us a benison of today—

"Now tell me, good merchants,
How this thing can be
That the white ships are thronging
The roads of the sea?

"O, listen, good people,
And hearing, praise God,
That the watch-dogs are keeping
The ships on their road."

"Never Touched by Human Hands"

Are You Worried About Baby?

The problems of feeding infants and the younger children become a burden to Mothers when for any cause the little one is deprived of the supply which nature provides—or should have provided for it. Nothing can be quite so good as the milk of a healthy Mother. But there are tens of thousands of babies each year who must depend on other that Mother's Milk, thousands to whom a SAFE substitute is a matter of life or death. The feeding problems of these babies, also the elder children, are further complicated by the difficulty many Mothers have in obtaining a satisfactory supply of safe Cow's Milk.

Mothers!

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Maple Syrup—Special, guaranteed pure, 50c quart bottle 35c
Flour—49-lb. sack No. 1 Manitoba Hard Wheat, regular $2.00 ..... $1.50

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Rogers' Syrup, 5-lb. pails, regular 35c. Special 30c
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Shorts, 10 0lbs., regular $1.40, special $1.20; Bran, 100 lbs., regular $1.30 Special $1.15

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