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The Week

A British Columbia Review,
Published at Victoria, B. C.

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Agents
WELLINGTON COLLIERY
COMPANY'S COAL
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VOL. VI. No. 46 52 THE WEEK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1909 ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

The Editor of The Week extends the heartiest Christmas greetings to all the readers of his journal, in the hope that any criticism which may have appeared in these columns during the present year of grace will leave no sting during this festive season. With the coming of the New Year The Week will enter upon its seventh year of publication; it has had the usual vicissitudes of a weekly journal struggling for a clientele which would make it self supporting. This gaol has been reached in 1909, and would no doubt have been reached sooner if The Week had been less aggressive and more complaisant. There are, however, sufficient papers governed by considerations of expediency, and there is no raison d'etre for the existence of The Week except as a fearless, independent journal, prepared to criticize, and if needs be fight anything which it conceives to be detrimental to the public interest. This has been its policy from the beginning, and the growing favour which it is receiving at the hands of subscribers and advertisers is the best testimony that its line of action is approved, and that the public realizes its utility in the field which it has chosen. The Week can always be counted on to voice a public grievance, without fear or favour. Most of the issues for which it has contended have in the long run been accepted by the public, and if it has administered a few hard knocks in the fight it can at least claim that it has never indulged in personalities, has never been actuated by unfair motives, and has confined itself strictly to matters of public interest. If those whom it has criticized feel any resentment it should be mollified in view of the above considerations, for, after all, public men have no better friend than fearless, honest criticism, and The Week has never said anything which would prevent it exchanging the heartiest Christmas greetings even with those whom it has most severely criticized.

THE CITY COUNCIL

Out of consideration for the spirit of Christmas-tide The Week defers further comment upon the action of the City Council with reference to Smith's Hill Reservoir until next week. It would, however, point out that the proceedings at Monday night's meeting fully justify all that it has said about the Council, W. L. Adams, and Smith's Hill Reservoir. Several aldermen repudiated the suggestion that they had been guilty of concealing anything in connection with the construction of the Reservoir. The Week wishes to put itself right on this point; it never even suggested that they had knowledge of the defects at the time the work was going on; what it did say was, that they had concealed information which had come to them from reliable sources since the work was completed, and had so constituted themselves "accessories after the event." This statement cannot be disputed, because up to date no official manifesto of any kind has been issued by Mayor or Council, although their own engineer has informed them of serious defects which will cost upwards of $40,000 to remedy. As to W. L. Adams, nothing more need be said. Even if it is Christmas-time justice compels one to say that he is "down and out." His last letter settles the matter, and Aldermen who have hitherto stood up for him were constrained to admit on Monday that they wanted no more of him. With respect to the Reservoir it is still filling very slowly, and leaking faster every day. The view of The Week is that no alderman who has been a member of the City Council this year can avoid a share of the responsibility for the "Smith's Hill Fiasco," and no alderman of 1909 should be on the nominating ticket for 1910.

Under the Mantelpiece

Under the mantelpiece, years ago,
Three little stockings hung,
Three little heads three pillows pressed,
Three little heads that needed rest
When the evening shadows clung.
And oh, the joy of the morning bright
When pattering feet dispelled the night
And baby voices that crowed delight
Prattled in baby tongue!

Under the mantelpiece, years ago
Three little dolls were found;
Three little dollies for three little girls,
Three little dollies with flaxen curls
And talk-springs that had to be wound.
And oh, the love that was lavished then,
The kisses that sounded again and again,
The whispered secrets that travelled when
The dollies were freshly gown'd!

Under the mantelpiece, years ago,
Three little babies played;
Three little babies with Christmas toys---
Three little fairies---and oh, the noise
And the wonderful mess they made!
But, heigh-ho, that was a decade ago;
Those babies are grown, and they're married, you know,
But they've come home for Christmas with Dad; and lo!
Each brings her own little maid!

And under the mantel again to-night
Three little stockings are hung,
Three little heads three pillows press,
Three little heads that are weary, I guess,
Cuddle the quilts among.
And oh, the joy of the morning bright
When pattering feet dispel the night
And baby voices that crow delight
Prattle in baby tongue.

Victoria, B.C., December, 1909 —*C. L. Armstrong.*

Original Poem, written especially for The Week

THE LATE CITY ENGINEER

Mr. C. H. Topp has at last done the only thing consistent with self respect, and the maintenance of his personal dignity, in resigning the position of City Engineer. If he had done so several years ago he would have gained immeasurably in public esteem, and his action would probably have led to a reformation in civic affairs. The Week has been decidedly severe in its criticism of Mr. Topp as City Engineer, and all that it has said was more than justified by his own statement to the Council when handing in his resignation. He said that the blame for the muddle in civic work could not fairly be placed upon his shoulders, that he had been hampered and interfered with by several aldermen, who undertook to countermand his orders and to hold communication with, and presumably give instructions to, his subordinate officers. The impeachment was not denied, and several aldermen who spoke, including the Mayor, confirmed Mr. Topp's statement. This is almost identically what The Week has said on more than one occasion. It has time and again received information that certain aldermen habitually assumed authority over Mr. Topp's department as if they, and not he, were the official head. This should have been resented sooner, but no one will regret that it has led to Mr. Topp's resignation since it has brought about an exposure of these discreditable tactics, and has at the same time enabled him to secure a more lucrative and less exacting position. It is now for the ratepayers to say whether they approve of aldermen who interfere with city officials, and are too cowardly to 'own up" until they are exposed. These men have cost Mr. Topp his position, and might have occasioned him pecuniary loss. They do not seem to have cared for that, and they still have the effrontery to appeal for the suffrages of the electorate. Their names will be published next week. They shall eat their Christmas turkey in peace before being pilloried in the columns of The Week.

CHURCH GOING

Christmas would at least appear to be a good time to discuss church going, and the Colonist has paved the way by publishing a symposium on the subject to which contributions have been made by nearly all the ministers in the City. The majority consider that Victoria is not a church-going city, a conclusion with which The Week agrees, but when they come to assign the reasons for this, it is singular that not one has the frankness to endorse the opinion held and expressed by nine-tenths of the laity, which is that laxity in church-going is mainly due to weakness in the pastorate. Some lay the blame on the climate, others on the traditions of Victoria, but the real reason is that the men who enter the Christian ministry are as a rule less intelligent than the average members of their congregations, and unfortunately are not aware of the fact. The truth is, that the Christian ministry in Canada does not attract the best intellects of the community, and men will not go Sunday after Sunday to listen to the twaddle that is dished up under the heading of "sermon." The remedy is, to pay stipends large enough to attract the best men, and to insist on personal fitness as well as educational attainments. When this standard has been attained there will be no difficulty in filling the churches.

Christmas Logic

Year by year Groucho, the Monk, increases his family, and we hear more wails and lamentations at the approach of Christmas. "A season of bills," says Groucho. "A season of giving away more than you can afford to people who don't require it." But I think, and you think, that we could better afford to do away with Groucho, than with Christmas.

Christmas is essentially a children's feast. Show me a man or woman who doesn't like children, and I will show you a man and woman, who aren't meant to live on this earth. Children are the salt of the earth; if they lose their Christmas, they also lose their Saviour.

Little things like these are worth keeping in mind. Just because you and I, the people who read the papers, are growing old, it is no reason why we should deprive the kids of the fun we had when we were their age. And yet that is the modern tendency. We need to change that. You can't keep kids "Christians" unless you manage to make them realize that on one day of the year the author of Christianity was born.

There are too many people abroad just now, who make it an object in life to abuse old superstitions. I don't suppose that either you or I ever really believed in Santa Claus, but we loved to pretend that we did. Why deprive the modern child of these ideas? He, or she, is modern enough, as we all know, without our helping. There's many a child at the present day, who would be all the better for a more extensive knowledge of Hans Andersen, Grimm, and other childish books. They may seem silly to adult minds, though I confess that I still read them with pleasure; but I am convinced of one thing; they are less harmful to the child, than are many books which they are reading at present.

I am inclined to believe that people are shy about Christmas. They feel that they have got too old for Christmas festivities. It is too much the fashion to decry the greatest feast which the Church holds. The man in the street feels that it is "up to him" to profess a lordly disdain for such frivolities. This same man in the street feels very lonely on Christmas Day itself, when all his friends and relations are celebrating, and he is left out in the cold.

A somewhat long and varied experience has shown me that the only person who really "kicks" at this season of the year, is the man who is absolutely alone; who is dull, and who would give anything to join in with some party and have a good time. Groucho is usually Groucho, because he hasn't anyone to celebrate with.

Of course when we come down to fine points, we have to admit that the bachelor ought to be married. That may be so, but then there would be no more bachelors; and what would the young unmarried girls do then? We have got to have bachelors, and we have got to have Christmas. Let's make it as cheery for the former as possible; then they are less likely to be bachelors next year.

I have often thought for myself what a pity it is that a man of substance in this Western country will pick up a young fellow lately out from the Old Country, stand him a drink, wish him a Merry Christmas and all the rest of it, and then leave him. How much better it would be if the first man were to say, "Come along and have your Christmas dinner with me, old man." It would help out a lot.

The latest report from the Y.M.C.A. showed that there were more boys in the penitentiaries and reformatories of Canada than there were in the Y.M.C.A. Don't you think that this is largely due to the laxity of parents, who have allowed their children to grow up with a small idea of what Christmas and Christ's birth mean? Isn't there something in that?

Thinking Christmasward, we suggest for you—

If you were expecting some sort of a little remembrance from a relative or friend, would you not be delighted to receive

A hamper of G. H. Mumm's Champagne

Now put your friend in your place and act accordingly.

Christmas and Mumm's seem to go hand in hand —Christmas, the greatest of all Festivals, G. H. Mumm & Co.'s Champagne, the greatest of all Wines.

Your licensed grocer or wine merchant can supply you with this best of all Champagne. Do not accept an inferior substitute, ask for G. H. Mumm's Champagne and insist upon getting it. You can procure it in "spits" if you prefer that size.

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Good Music **Good Time**

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Now, while your earning power is good, why not convert part of it into a Cash Reserve that will, later on, yield a competence for old age? You can easily do it by regularly depositing a part of your income in

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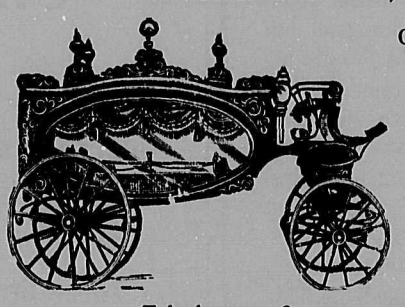

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Tinsel Ornaments, from 25c down to 10c
Xmas Tree Ornaments, immense choice 25c
Xmas Candles, per box 20c
Xmas Candle Holders, per dozen 15c
Xmas Tree Fireworks, per box 10c
Bon-Bons With Caps, from $1.00 down to 25c
Bon Bons With Music, from $1.00 down to 25c
Bon-Bons with Toys, from $1.00 down to 25c
Xmas Stockings, $2.75, $1.50, $1.00, 50c, 25c, and 15c
Paper Bells, 50c, 20c, 10c, 5c and two for 5c
Paper Garlands, two for 25c

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SOCIETY

On last Saturday afternoon Mrs. Henry Croft, Dunsmuir Road, was hostess of a delightful Children's fancy dress ball, about seventy-five young people being invited. The hall which was devoted to dancing was very artistically decorated with large crimson bells, hot house flowers and garlands of evergreens. The refreshment table was most elaborately decorated with silver arches, greenery and crimson carnations. and numerous red bells. Miss Thain's orchestra supplied the music for the afternoon. Those present were: Master Jack Matson (Gentleman of the 17th century), Master Turner Matson (Old King Cole), Miss Vivian Matson (Madamedu Barry), Miss Mabel Rhodes (Fairy), Miss E. Rhodes (Japanese girl), Miss B. Robertson (Red-Riding Hood), Master N. Robertson (Scout), Miss M. Hollyer (Sweet Thirteen), Master J. Hollyer (Chef), Master B. Robertsan (Indian Chief), Master Joe Jones (Neapolitan Fisherman), Master Russel Ker (Scotsman), Master Ted Burns (Turk), Master Torquhie (Prince Charlie), Master F. Holland (Don Pedro), Master B. Holland (Don Pedro), Master B. Holland (Clown), Master Robin Watt (Fisherman), Master B. Watt (Minstrel), Miss Margaret McBride (Dutch girl), Miss Ruth McBride (Doll), Miss Dorothy Naires (Early Victorian), Master Tom Lampman (Pirate), Miss Eleanor Monteith (Red-Riding Hood), Miss Vyvian Combe (Puritan)), Miss C. Dundas (Little Miss Muffett), Master A. Musgrave (A. B. of H. M. S. Egeria), Miss Y. Langworthy (Pink Fairy), Miss Muriel Hinde (Fairy), Master Joe Hinde and Master Paul Hinde (Greek Pirates), Master Walter Hughes and Master Gordon Hughes (Red Pierrots), Miss Joy and Miss Betty Phillips (Kate Greenaway), Miss A. Pemberton (Vivandiere), Miss Mabel Eberts (Poudre), Master Claire Russell (Highlander), Miss Y. Pemberton (Kate Greenaway, Miss N. Pownell (Little Red-Riding Hood), Master John Helmcken (Gingerbread Man), Miss C. Helmcken (Hydrangea), Miss Mary Wightman (China Girl), Miss Helen Strefeild (Punchinello), Miss B. Stretfeild (Lady of 1666), Miss Betty Kirk (16th Century), Miss Flora Burns (Empress Josephine), Miss Baby Courtney (Page), Miss Patricia Burns (Princess Patricia), Miss Inez Ker (Japanese Girl), Master Bobby Harvey (Pierrot), Miss Maud Scott (Gainsborough Lady), Miss Ivis James (Madame Butterfly), Master Douglas Prentice (Scotsman), Miss K. Oliver (Fishwife), Miss Davida Ker (Spanish Gypsy), Master Billy Ridgway-Wilson (Knave of Hearts), Master Percy Ridgway-Wilson (Page), Miss Emily Hannington (Queen of Hearts), Master Ernest Hannington (Zulu Chief), Master Francis Pemberton (Little Lord Fauntleroy), Miss Yickie Jones (Cherry Pipe), Miss P. Pemberton (Dutch Girl), Miss Gladys Peters (Daffodil), Miss Daisy Wilson (Water Lily), Miss Punnett (Fairy), Master Norman Stirling (Boy Blue), Master Walter Rebbeck (Bisun of Nelson's day), Master Matthews (Peter Pan). The grown-up people present were: Judge and Mrs. Lampman, Mrs. Matthews, Mrs. Hasell, Miss Bryden, Miss Green, Mrs. Musgrave, Miss Macdonald, Captain Macdonald, Mrs. Rhodes, Mrs. Courtney, Mrs. Langworthy, Mrs. Pemberton, Mr. and Mrs. Dundas, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Ker, Mrs. Coles, My Tye, Mrs. H. Barnard, Miss Jessie Bell, Mr. and Mrs. Warner, Mrs. Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver, Colonel and Mrs. Peters and others.

* * *

Mr. C. E. Powell was a visitor to Vancouver during the week.

* * *

Miss Baby Holmes from Vancouver visited the city during the week.

* * *

Miss Lillian Burt, who has been visiting in Vancouver for the last three months is again in Victoria.

* * *

Last Friday afternoon Mrs. Charles E. Wilson gave a charming children's party in honour of her little son's second birthday. About twenty-four little people were present and each one was presented with a gift.

* * *

The Bachelors' Ball given on Monday night by the "Men of the Hour" was attended by a large number of people. The dance was held in the Broad Street Hall, which was very artistically decorated with Xmas greenery, and the flags off the Egeria, Japanese flowers and fans extended from the rafters of the ceiling, and the lights were covered by small Japanese lanterns. A very elaborate supper was served in the "Cafe" below the hall. Miss Thain's orchestra supplied the music for the evening. Some of those present were: Mrs. Genge, Mrs. Blackwood, Mrs. T. S. Gore, Mrs. Arthur Gore. Mrs. Lampman, Mrs. Tye, Mrs. Walter Langley, Mrs. Elliot, Mrs. Harry Pooley, Mrs. Slater, Miss Perry, Miss Mason, Miss Doris Mason, Miss Lorna Eberts, Miss Dorothy Williams, Miss Heyland, Miss Day, Miss Helmcken, Miss Fell, Miss Hannington, Miss O'Leary, Miss King, Mrs. Wilson, Misses Lugrin, Misses MacDowell, Misses Pitts, Miss Savage, Miss Arbuthnot, Misses Blackwood, Miss Langley, Miss Hilda Page, Miss Dorothy Spencer, Miss Johnson, Miss Bryden, Misses Blakemore, Miss Eberts, Miss Cross and the Messrs. Roger Monteith, Arthur Gore, Lowry, Arbuckle, Cambie, Wilmot, Pitts, Trewartha-James, Captain Parry, Johnson, Barnes, Angus, Young, Capt. Macdonald, Coeburn, Bromley, Bridgman, Spalding, Holmes, Mr. Cooleq, Hoard, Rockfort, J. Mason, Lawson, Landry, Hebden, A. T. Goward, Hopgood, Raymur, Jeffson, Templeman, Bullen, Bruce Irving and others. The chaperones for the evening were: Mrs. E. E. Blackwood, Mrs. Genge, Mrs. Basil Combe, Mrs. Lampman, Mrs. T. S. Gore and Mrs. Beauchamp Tye.

* * *

Mr. W. A. Churton, from Vancouver, spent Monday and Tuesday in Victoria on business.

* * *

Mr. J. M. Buffner from Atlin is a guest to the city.

* * *

Mrs. J. Minto, who has been visiting in Seattle, returned home last Saturday.

* * *

The engagement is announced of Miss Gladys Perry, niece of Colonel and Mrs. E. G. Prior, well known here, and Mr. George Johnston, of same city.

A Woman's Diplomacy

It was the Chicago man's turn, and he told this one:

"Diplomacy, you know, is a remarkable agent. The other day a lady said to her husband:

"'James, I have decided to do without a new fall dress, and with the money it would cost I shall have mother here for a nice long visit.'

"James turned on her ecitedly. 'What, wear that old brown cloth thing another season? I guess not!' he exclaimed vehemently. 'You go right down to your tailor's today and order something handsome. Remember, please, that as my wife you have a certain position to maintain!'

"The wife bowed her head in submission. On her lips played a peculiar smile."

Perfectly Frank

From an advertisement of a cafe in the program of the Gaiety Theatre, Toronto):

"OPEN TILL MIDTIGHT."

—Punch.

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E. R. RICKETTS LESSEE & MANAGER

With all the Pomp and Magnificence which has always characterized its Brilliant Success, Samuel E. Rork's spectacular production of the brilliant musical extravaganza

The Land of Nod

A stage full of people and an amazing array of superb costumes, scenery and electrical effects.

SEE The Card Castles, The Peppermint River, The Sandman's Palace, The Magic Mirror, The Dancing Dolls.

HEAR Lady Love, The Same Old Moon, Bonnie Brier Bush, I Could Learn to Love You, How Was I to Know, and six dozen other sparkling, crisp features.

Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.50.

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Five cents car fare all this week will take you as far as the

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A whole evening's amusement for a small price.

Special Saturday Matinee for children—Five Cents.

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Diamond Brooches, $50 to..$500	Muff Chains, $1.00 to $3.00
Diamond Earrings, $25 to $500	Hand Bags, $1.75 to $28
Diamond Rings, $7.00 to $375	Hair Combs, $1.00 to $15
Earrings, $1.25 to $150	Silver Toilet Sets, $15 to ...$65
Necklets, $1.25 to $100	Ebony Toilet Sets, $2.75 to $15
Watches, $15 to $700	Opera Glasses, $4.00 to $25
Gold Watch Chains, $5 to $45	Fans, $1.25 to $10
Silver Watch Chains, $1.25 to $3	Silver Photo Frames, 50c to $18
Pearl Brooches, $3.00 to...$50	Clocks, $2.50 to $50
Gold Brooches, $5.00 to $75	Cut Glass Articles, 50c to..$100
Bracelet Watches, $5.00 to $50	Silver Tea Service, $12 to...$75
Gold Bracelets, $5.00 to ...$175	Hand Bags, $3.00 to $25
Blouse Pins, $1.50 to $15	Toilet Sets in cases $3.00 to $20

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Saturday performances commence at 1 p.m. sharp.

Complete change every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

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They are not only interesting to look at but instructive and impressive and oftentimes portray a lesson worth learning.

Complete change of programme on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

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Children's Matinees: Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday—Five Cents.

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Admission—10 cents; Children to Matinee, 5 cents.

CHANGE OF PROGRAMME

Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday

The Week

A Provincial Review and Magazine, published every Saturday by

"THE WEEK" PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Published at VICTORIA and VANCOUVER

1208 Government St., Victoria, B.C.

W. BLAKEMORE, Editor.

REMINISCENCES

BY BOHEMIAN

I often think of the opening chapters of Barrie's beautiful story "The Little Minister." I remember reading the story when it first came out and every chapter appealed to me, but, the opening chapter gripped, and will always remain as a precious memory.

It recalls reminiscences of sundered friendships, and of days which live only in the memory, for their fruition has passed, and there is no tangible evidence that they ever were.

The most precious thing in life is a true friend, and the noblest sentiment genuine friendship. It is not tinged by the red rose of passion, and hardly by the delicate pink of emotion, but it knits and grows through community of interest, oneness of purpose, and profound sympathy.

It is the cruelest irony of fate which decrees that nearly all friendships are short-lived, the few exceptions only tending to establish the rule. Some of them die a violent death, after a paroxysm of anger or reproach, others cool off under the spell of growing indifference, whilst some are terminated deliberately and of set purpose, as a matter of convenience or policy.

I sometimes think that a precious friendship is always too precious to last. Life would be too full of supreme happiness if the purest friendships could be continuous, and so it comes about that at the moment of reminiscence, most men and women look back on a friendship which covered a brief period, but was very sweet while it lasted. So sweet, that though it be terminated its fragrance will never pass away, and of it one may truly say—

"Deep in our hearts
It dwells for evermore."

It is rarely possible to revive sundered friendships. Something has been lost in the process of separation which can never be recovered, which makes another r'approchement impossible.

I remember reading in a very entertaining novel a paragraph which I could not forget. A man and a woman had been excellent friends for several years. Circumstances seemed to point to the necessity for a severance. They faced the ordeal bravely, and philosophically, as becomes good friends who understand each other; but who can plumb the pathos of his remark: "I suppose if we should ever meet again in the years to come I should raise my hat, and you would bow," and therein lies the tragedy of a severed friendship.

It seems impossible that intimacy should decline to conventionality, and yet, that is its fate, and the gladness of Christmastide so near at hand but adds to the irony of that fate. Perhaps the sanest and wisest reflection is to be found in that hackneyed poem "Maud Muller," and its closing lines:

"Ah, well, for us all some fond hope lies,
Deeply buried from human eyes."

MUSIC AND THE STAGE

The Land of Nod

The very agreeable announcement is made that Samuel E. Rork's production of extravaganza, "The Land of Nod," will be seen at the Victoria Theatre Monday, December 27th. It was a genuine delight from all points of view, combining a charming musical score with a plentitude of comedy of the most exhilarating and enjoyable kind. It is a show which keeps the spectators constantly applauding or laughing, which is, after all, what people go to the theatre for when a performance of this character comes along. Those who are responsible for "The Land of Nod" accomplished something worth while when they put this entertainment together. We don't expect a plot when we go to an extravaganza and we don't want one. Genuinely funny comedians, talented and accomplished vocalists, graceful dancing, pretty girls, beautiful electrical effects, "stunning" costumes, brilliant coloring, ceaseless animation—something "doing" all the time—these are the things which most people like when they visit the theatre, and these are things which the Rork management has provided with lavish prodigality in "The Land of Nod." It is an immensely enjoyable show, as all will attest who saw it last winter, and the strong hit which it made then is so well remembered that there will very likely be a lively scramble for seats when the sale opens Thursday, December 23rd, The cast is still headed by Kno Wilson. Two other important members of this season's cast are Neil McNeil and Anna McNabb.

Eskitology

A little iglo now and then
Is relished by the Eskimen.
—Nashville Tennessean.

A little whale oil, well frapped,
Is relished by the Eskimaid.
—Washington Herald.

A little gumdrop, this is truth,
Is relished by the Eskitooth.
—Detroit Free Press.

A little blubber, raw or b'iled,
Is relished by the Eskichild.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The all of which shows just how hard
The grind is for the Eskibard.
—Buffalo Evening News.

But poets might detect a gap,
'Tween truth and Peary's Eskimap.
—Brooklyn Eagle.

And think that Peary, in straits dire,
Rejoiced to find an Eskiliar.
—Florida Times-Union.

A little pemmican to chaw
Is welcomed by the Eskima.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

We could keep this up all fall
But fear 'twould make the Eskibawl.
—St. Louis Times.

'Tis said two gumdrops and a knife
Will buy a man on Eskiwife.
—Houston Post.

His Occupation

"The place where I work," said the Irishman to the Hebrew, "there are a hundred Jews, and I wish there were five thousand."

The Hebrew promptly bought the Irishman a drink.

"And where do you work?" further inquired the Israelite, after Pat had drunk his fill.

"In a cemetery," laughed the Irishman.

Too Big a Job

While studying her Sabbath School lesson, nine-year-old Elizabeth was much puzzled by the statement that Solomon "repaired the breaches of David his father." This was to her mind a remarkable statement, and quite incomprehensible. After pondering it deeply, she asked one of the older members of the family for an explanation, saying that she did not think any man could "mend the breeches of a whole city."

For Mayor

Some say **Henderson**

Some say **Oliver**

Some say **Turner**

No doubt, before the polls close there'll be a HOT time. Let's hope so. At any rate, give the question of your printing a TURN-OR two in your mind. We have the facilities and capabilities for putting it, as the phraseology of the day goes, ALL-OVER the others for that fine touch which is disassociated with any other than the very best work.

THOS. R. CUSACK
Courtney and Gordon Streets.

Phone 220

BEAR US IN MIND

We carry a complete line of Children's Novelties, Silk Garments of every description; Chinaware and Crockery.

LEE DYE & CO.
Next Fire Hall Cormorant St.

There Are Others

A big-hearted Irish politician in a Western city had just left a theatre one night when he was approached by a beggar, who said:

"Heaven bless your bright, benevolent face! A little charity, sir, for a poor cripple."

The politician gave the man some coins, saying:

"And how are you crippled, old man?"

"Financially, sir," answered the beggar, as he made off.

Hard to Suit.

"That editor is certainly getting hard to suit," the author remarked in a discouraged voice, gazing sadly at a heavy envelope upon his table.

"What is the matter?" asked the cheerful friend, who gets a regular salary.

"Oh, he returns this story with the comment that it is too bald. Last week he wrote that he didn't care for stories of the hair-raising kind. What can you do with a man like that?"

"He Laughs Best ——"

Tommy came out of a room in which his father was tacking down carpet. He was crying lustily.

"Why, Tommy, what's the matter?" asked his mother.

"P-p-p-papa hit his finger with the hammer," sobbed Tommy.

"Well, you needn't cry at a thing like that," comforted the mother. "Why didn't you laugh?"

"I did," sobbed Tommy disconsolate.

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WATER NOTICE
Form No. 1

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made under Part V of the "Water Act, 1909," to obtain a licence in the Coast District.

(a) The name, address and occupation of the applicants. The British Columbia Canning Company, Limited of Victoria, B. C., Canners and Sawmillers.

(b) The name of the lake, stream or source (if unnamed, the description is) unnamed stream running in a southerly direction through lot 3, range 2, Coast District.

(c) The point of diversion: 1,200 feet from head of creek.

(d) The quantity of water applied for (in cubic feet per second) four.

(e) The character of the proposed works: Water will be used by means of a dam, ditch, flume, pipe, hydraulic ram and other necessary appliances.

(f) The premises on which the water is to be used (describe same): The said lot 3, arnge 2, Coast District (which is owned by the applicants in fee simple) and the foreshores thereof.

(g) The purposes for which the water is to be used: "Steam".

(i) Head Office of above Company in B. C., is in Wharf St., Victoria, B.C. The Company is licensed under the "Companies Act, 1897." Capital £40,000 in 10,000 preference shares of £1 each and 40,000 ordinary of 15s each all paid up with objects (inter alia) "to carry on salmon fishery and canning business and any other business which may seem to the Company capable of being conveniently carried on in connection with the above and to acquire any rights or privileges which the company may think necessary."

(k) This notice was posted on the 15th day of December, 1909, and application will be made to the Commissioner on the 31st day of January, 1910.

(l) Give the names and addresses of any riparian proprietors or licensees who or whose lands are likely to be affected by the proposed works, either above or below the outlet. Only the applicants.

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA CANNING CO., LTD.
Victoria, B.C.

Recent Observations

Watered stock runs deep.

Whom the gods love die rich.

He jests at scars who never bought mining stock.

He is wise enough who can keep the fact that he is a fool from being discovered.

Virtue is ts own reward, but seldom objects to a slight monetary gratuity on the side.

Many a man thinks he has got religion when he has merely become rich enough so that he can afford to be good.—Ellis O. Jones.

THE SIGN OF THE EAST

(By Walter B. Anderson)

(Original Story for The Week) All rights reserved.

Some years ago my partner and I were cruising some timber limits on Vancouver's Island, in the country lying back of Seymour Narrows. We had been in the woods from September until December 18th, when snow began to fall on the higher levels, and the weather got cold and extremely threatening. Knowing the danger of a very heavy snowfall at short notice in that part of the country, we at once decided to break camp and pull out for the beach, and quickly acting on this decision, we started that day to tramp out the forty odd miles to Menzies' Bay, where our boat was stowed, and our extra supplies were stored in a cabin. Our packs, though not large, were nevertheless quite heavy enough to make travelling through a rough country comparatively slow, and in the short days of midwinter, the distance spanned between dawn and dusk was not great.

The first day out, we got clear of the snow, and hoped that we might yet get out before a further fall, but the next morning we awoke to find our canvass fly heavily weighted, while the fast falling flakes were rapidly coating the landscape with a fair white mantle. From that time on, we had heavy going. Fortunately, having started at the first evil signs, we in a measure kept ahead of the snow, for we were ever descending, and the snowfall was not yet general, but was gradually creeping down to the coast from the high interior land. Still, it was enough to greatly impede our progress, and as it kept on snowing lightly, and the sky looked angry, we were beset with anxiety as we stumbled ahead, lest we would be enveloped in one of the overwhelming snowfalls so common to the coast, from the effect of the warm, moist air off the ocean, meeting the colder air of the mountain ranges. In this case we would have difficulty in making our objective. Day after day, we stumbled through the muffling snow, which got deeper as we floundered on. The storm was gaining on us. At last, on the seventh day out, we struck the head of a valley which led right down to the seacoast, and with lighter hearts we tramped wearily onward, hoping to make the shore before nightfall. About noon, the snow began to fall with inconceivable thickness. One could not see for five yards ahead, and except that our watches told us it was midday, we would have supposed that night was drawing in. The snow now quickly deepened as we wearily toiled on. Under drooping branches of the hemlock trees, now fashioned into Esquimaux igloos by the glistening snow, we sometimes saw deer standing huddled up, waiting for the storm to cease, when they, too, would trek for the seashore, where scanty grazing would be found. Everywhere was quiet, as of death. The whole world seemed to be dead, and was being covered up quietly and quickly with an overwhelming shroud of white. Steering by a pocket compass, we kept ever pushing onward, not once stopping to rest. The clinging, feathery snow was now to our knees, and while we were warm in the depths of the forest, we were getting very tired, and thought we might yet be forced to camp for the night. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon, we suddenly smelt smoke; the pungent, balsamic smoke of burning fir. Wondering greatly, we turned a little, and traced it up to where, in a quadrange formed by some fallen trees, under a bit of shelter formed of pieces of bark laid sloping against the huge trunks, sat an old Indian. In front of him burned a small fire, and by his side stood an old fashioned musket. He smiled when he saw us, and bade us warm ourselves as calmly and courteously as if he were seated in his lodge at home. "What are you doing here?" we asked. He smiled again. "I was out hunting," he answered, "and the snow came. I could not see where to go, so I made a fire to wait until I could get out." "Come with us," I said. "The snow is going to be very deep, then you cannot go." "Yes, the snow will be deep," he said. "I will go! Have you a 'cheekamun'—(compass) to show us the way?" I told him we had, and he picked up his gun and prepared to go. He was dry and comfortable, but except for a small piece of dried salmon, he was without food. In the quickly deepening snow the gathering of fuel would have become impossible in a short time, and the chances of his pulling through were all against him. Yet he was quite undisturbed, fully prepared to fight the sullen elements as had his savage forbears through the long forgotten ages, and under conditions that would have sent the average white man aimlessly wandering through the forest, crazy with fear. Though old, our new companion was still active, and kept well up in our broken trail, and after two more hours of as hard travelling as I have ever experienced, we debouched at dark close to our snug little cabin on the beach. A roaring fire, and a warm supper soon put us all on the best of terms with ourselves, and with the rest of the world. Outside, the snow still fell in blinding volume. The wind had begun to rise, and humming down the wide stone chimney, drew the smoke and sparks up from the sputtering logs in fantastic wreaths. The Indian lay on the floor of the cabin in characteristic position, his feet to the warm blaze, his back propped against an empty box. His fingers toyed idly with a bit of split cedar, his eyes fixed steadily on the flame of the fire. When the storm ceased, he would pull his canoe from the nook in which he had hidden it, and calmly paddle a few miles to his home, as unconcernedly as though he had been away for one hour, instead of facing death in the woods for many. Sam and I lay on our bunks, smoking the pipes of happy peace. "Well Sawitza," I said, "I think you would have died out there in the woods with this big storm on." He did not answer for a moment, but still gazed dreamily into the heart of the fire. "Is tomorrow the white man's Christmas?" he asked. I started up. "By Jingo, so it is!" I said. I had forgotten that it was. "But why do you ask?" "I knew it was," he said, "and I knew, because it was, that something would come to help me. See! You came with your little 'cheekamin.' (compass) and we came to the sea, and to your warm cabin, where you had plenty of dry wood and food. Tomorrow, we will get wild geese and make a feast. Listen! I will tell you a story. Long ago, oh! very long ago, a man of my tribe was a great chief. He was very tall and powerful, and excelled in all manly arts. He was a famous hunter and a great warrior. His strength was so great that he could break the strongest war bows of his fellows as if they were a child's toys, while his own was so strong that no other member of the tribe could so much as string it. One day, he crossed over to this very bay to hunt elk. He hid his canoe where mine is hidden now, and thinking all was safe, he went up the valley in search of the game. Three days he stayed away, finally killing a monster elk, which he prepared for packing out to the beach. Now mark you; when he crossed over into the bay, a band of hostiles lay concealed in their canoe behind a little point to the north. Wetaka, the hunter, was one who they had long sought, for he had led his tribe against theirs in many battles, taken many canoes, many heads, and many captives. And he had single handed often vanquished small parties, killing some and bring their heads in triumph to his own village. Therefore, when they saw his well remembered form, they laid a plan for his destruction and so following cautiously after seeing him land, they hid their own canoe in a convenient spot, and being afraid to follow into the forest, they lay in wait for his return. On the third day, Wetaka came out from the valley, staggering under his load of elk meat. On either side of the narrow, bush fringed pathway, close to the beach lay the hostile warriors. Two bore strong cords of twisted spruce roots. The rest carried arms. For the three days they had thus lain in ambush, half the party relieving the other until at last the quarry came into view. As he stepped unwarily into the ambush, he was surrounded, seized from behind, and securely bound, not, however, before his mighty strength had enabled him to cast aside his load, and inflict fatal wounds on two of the party, and severe ones on three others, with his stone battle axe. The weight of numbers prevailed ere long, and he was carried to the shore, and thrown down helpless to await his captors' pleasure. Huge quantities of the elk were cooked, and a little feast was indulged in, seasoned with many jests and gibes at the bound captive's expense. After eating their fill, the captors hastily launched their canoe, and with Wetaka lying in the bottom, they quickly paddled away for their village. Two days elapsed before the bay was reached in which was the home of the hostiles, and once the point was rounded, their victorious song apprised the still distant tribespeople of their return with honour. When they landed, the beach was thronged with the villagers, who with exultant cries saw the mighty Wetaka, the terror of their tribe, lifted bodily from the canoe helpless as a child. From then on for several days, there was a continuous round of feasting, dancing and torturing of the prisoner. and though some counselled his immediate beheading, on the grounds that so doughty a foe should have no chance to escape, the execution was set for a certain day; meanwhile, every indignity the savage mind could suggest was heaped upon him. During all this time, Wetaka had not spoken one word, nor had he partaken of food, but upon the evening of the last day, he raised his voice and roared a warning at them in so terrible a voice that the boys and women who were taunting and torturing him started away from him in fright. "Listen, ye sneaking dogs! Ye have crept upon me unawares, like snakes crawling through the grass. True, I am now your captive. My arms are tied, and I am helpless. Ye have tortured me and reviled me, and tomorrow ye will kill me. Let it be so! I shall die as I have lived, a brave warrior, and I spit upon ye all, ye reptiles. But one more word and I have done. This night ye shall see a sign of fire in the sky, and if I die that fire shall destroy ye all to the youngest infant. I have done." At these words, a deathlike silence fell upon the band. A child whimpered,

(Continued on Page 8)

What shall I give my wife for Christmas?

Only two shopping days remain, and many good, thoughtful, British Columbia husbands are still trying to solve the problem "What to give." Let us solve it for you with the fine suggestion—

A GAS RANGE

The very heart of the home is in the kitchen. Make the kitchen clean, comfortable and convenient and you will bring happiness to the housewife. A Gas Range or Gas Stove would lighten her burden by reducing housework one-half. A Gas Radiator would also make a fine present to a housekeeper, a bachelor girl, or bachelor man. Our prices range from $4 up. Easy terms on Gas Ranges and Radiators if desired.

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First Class Pianoforte and Organ

TUNER AND REPAIRER

Late Collard & Collard, London, Eng.
Postal communications receive prompt attention.

OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABES

(By L. McLeod Gould)

(Original Story for The Week)

Six o'clock was just striking when Bob's relief came in to take the night shift at the hotel bar, and Bob with a grunt of satisfaction turned to the alcove to change his white coat and vest for the garments of respectable civilization.

"Pretty good of you to be so smart on time, Jim," he said; "I was fraid that seeing as how it was Christmas Eve you might slip over the hour without thinking."

"Well, I probably should have done, if it hadn't been for your impressing it so strongly on me last night that you wanted to be off in good time tonight to meet your Pal for your annual," rejoined the other, as he slipped into his official rig and cast a cursory glance over the bottles.

"Thanks; I did want to get off early, sure enough." Bob lounged up to the bar as he spoke. "Come on, Jim, we'll have a Christmas drink together on me; min'e rye. Now don't forget," went on, as after the chin-chin he shoved his glass over the counter, that little Thomas will be in some time tonight; he's the chap I told you about who'll take my shift tomorrow and till I come back. I introduced him to the boss, and all I want you to do is just to put him wise to the bar when you've a slack time; he's a good mixer and as straight as a die. I guess I shan't be back till after the New Year. Good-night; be good to yourself."

Bob took the cigar proffered by his colleague, buttoned up his overcoat, and with a nod and a smile here and there went through the swing doors out into the stormy night. It was a night such as is most common in Victoria about Christmas time; there was a fine sleet blowing, urged on by a sharp wind, which would not have proved cold had it not been for the damp that lay behind it. It was not by any means an old-fashioned Christmas Eve such as Dickens would have loved to portray, with a fine powdered snow just crisped by the frost, gleaming under a sky emblazoned with stars and constellations. But then, Dickens is said to have been the real founder of our ideal Christmas, and few ideals are ever realized. At all events it was a very unpleasant evening on which to be abroad, and one which made those who had happy memories think of the far different conditions under which they had spent the same glad season of the year. And Bob was one of these.

"Oh, hell!" he muttered to himself, as he half staggered onto Yates St. "This is a pretty way for me to be spending Christmas Eve"; and his mind wandered incontrovertably back to the days of his childhood and early manhood, when Christmas had meant something more to him and his then associates, than it had done for many a long year. "Oh, hell!" he repeated, as turning into Government street he encountered a yet more furious blast; "the sooner I meet Dick the better; I'm getting a proper fit of the blues."

Robert Wendell Charteris, to give him his full name, was not an uncommon type to be met in the West. A youthful indiscretion, or rather a series of them, had sent him out to redeem himself in the great Western world, and a small allowance to keep body and soul together had been made him. The cure had acted as most such cures do. All freedom from restraint having been removed he had "gone the whole hog" and had indisputably found that the portion of hogs is husks. Then had come the reaction and the period during which he had furnished many a paving-stone for the infernal regions. The good, ingrained in him, had prevented him from ever becoming that most detestable of creatures, the "bum-sot," and now he had a good job, as far as wages went, as bartender in a first-class hotel. He had learnt the work thoroughly and was considered an expert, but three times a year he went off on a premeditated "jag"; and it is something to his credit that his services were so valued that he was allowed to obtain a substitute on these occasions, and still hold down his job. Christmas was one of the seasons when he was accustomed to "get out for a good time." His version would have been that then was when he felt most desirous of drowning recollection; but he had found, as have many others, that recollection has an awkward knack of swimming. And so on this particular Christmas Eve we find Bob wandering off to meet his boon companion for a dinner, a show and a prolonged spree.

"The Grotto" was a blaze of light when Bob entered it, and there was a fair sprinkling of customers taking an appetizer before dinner, amongst whom was easily visible the gigantic form of "Dick" Williams, the boon companion already mentioned. Like most really big men he was the soul of good-temper and the quality seemed to radiate from every fibre of his being. Perfectly sober he was somewhat taciturn and showed his natural reserve; half-drunk he was the merriest, best-natured man in God's world; there were few who had seen him totally drunk, but he had the reputation of being the most untamed demon from the pit on such occasions. At the time of Bob's entrance he was in his most delightful mood and cheerily greeted his bosom pal.

"Hello, Bob!" he called. "Just in time; I'm stuck. Third time running, too; it ought to be a dry drink on me, but who cares on Christmas Eve. Come on, get in there, all. Put 'em up quick, so as I'll get my revenge."

The bottles were put up and were followed by the dice. After a few more rounds the two friends went out for supper. They had arranged to have a snack of some kind first at "The Poodle Dog," then a look at the show, to be followed by a regular supper, and later the night was to commence. Such had been the programme for the last half-dozen Christmas Eves. But there was an inkling in the back of Dick's head that something was wrong this particular night.

"What's wrong, old buck," he said, as the two turned out of Trounce Avenue? "You look as blue as the Capri Grotto, which isn't much compliment to the one we've just left"

It might be mentioned here that Dick was much of the same extraction as Bob, and had had his spell of fine weather life in the Old Country, and was popularly known as a "has-been."

"Dunno," replied Bob. "Things don't seem right tonight; doesn't seem like Christmas to me somehow. Tell you what it is, old man; you know me well enough to know I'm not exactly kicking, but you and I were both brought up much the same way, and we used to look forward to Christmas, as kids; and it was the finest time of the year and all that. And we used to look forward to coming down to breakfast and seeing all the presents on the table, or perhaps you had a Christmas tree; we didn't. We used to crawl down in the morning with our little parcels in our hands and try and shuffle them on the right plates without anybody seeing us; and those of us who were down first used to look out of the window so as not to embarrass the late-comers. And then after prayers we used to wander to our places in a nonchalant sort of way and seem fearfully and horribly surprised to discover these mysterious packages. And now what is it? Hell! We set out with the strict determination of getting drunk in the dead hope of forgetting everything decent we ever knew and of waking up when all the Christmassy feeling is off everybody. It isn't good enough, Dick, and I'm sick of it."

Dick turned a humorous eye on his companion and expressed his opinion that after a few oysters and a generous supper he would shortly be feeling better. Which wasn't very wise of him, as he soon found.

"Oh, you and your suppers! I'm sick of them," snapped Bob. And anyway you ought to know better than suggest oysters to a man who has been soaking up whisky like I've been. I'll go in with you and eat with you, and see the show with you, but I don't feel like going round the town with you afterwards, and that's a fact. I should have thought that an Old Countryman like yourself could have felt like I do occasionally, without rubbing it in."

This time the other didn't say anything; in fact he didn't feel like speaking a word. Great big man though he was, something seemed to go wrong in his throat, as his memory swept back over a score of years and a vision of an old rectory stood in his mind. He felt an unreasoning irritation against this little man on his right who had compelled him to think of things he had long ago made up his mind to forget. However, "The Poodle Dog" lights were ahead, and therein lay salvation.

"Oh, come on," he said; "have supper and get your grouch over. You'll be all right in an hour and as bad as the worst of us."

With these words he led the way in and presently the two were seated in a private box discussing a regular Christmas dinner. But though Bob soon lost what Dick called his "grouch," he didn't seem to get quite reconciled to his surroundings, and later on when the two were smoking their cigars over coffee and liquors he gave vent to his feelings.

"Look here, old man," he said, "I don't want to be a spoil-sport, but somehow I don't feel in line tonight. I'll make a bargain with you. We'll stroll round from here to the "New Grand" via Broad Street and Government, and if I see anything which makes me feel that I could do more good in Victoria with my little wad than just spending it on myself, you just cut me out, and go on by yourself; you can easily find some other pal to trot round with. Are you on?"

"Sure, Mike," replied the other with a whimsical smile. "But what's your game?"

"Can't you understand a thing since you've been in God's own country for refugees?" This was from Bob. "Can't you see that there are times when a poor, God-forsaken fellow like myself gets a sort of an idea that he's making a mess of his life. Damn it all," said Bob, as he was throwing his overcoat on, can't you see that there are sometimes in every chaps' lives where they see that they have made fools of themselves, and want to get out straight, and do just a little something for others?"

There was a brief silence. Dick was evidently considering the proposition, and meantime both the friends were getting their overcoats on. All of a sudden the big man turned round.

"I'll come in, Bob," he said, "and what you do, I'll do. We've both been brought up together, much as a muchness, and we'll stick it out. We'll drop into "The Driard" and cement the compact.

And so they did. Leaving "The Driard" the two walked down Broad Street till they reached Government, thence to the right and opposite "Wilson's" they met their fate. Yet, who shall dare to call it their fate? Certainly not I, their chronicler. There they met that which certainly influenced their future career.

At the corner of Trounce Avenue and Government Street may always be seen a small collection of boys. The C.P.R. telegraph office is next door, and it is a favourite stand for newsboys. On this particular night this stand seemed deserted but as the two friends walked on a boy hailed them crying out: "The Evening Times." He was a singularly wretched boy. Although the night was wet and cold he had no overcoat, and there were places where his flannel shirt showed through his outer garments. His cap was bedraggled, his boots flapped as he walked; and yet there was an air about the youngster which seemed to show that either he or his parents had known better times.

"Paper, sir; all the latest news; all about the big wreck." Buy a paper, sir; Christmas Eve, sir."

The words hung in Bob's ear. Suddenly he turned to his pal.

"Hang it all, Dick," he said; "this is where we part; I'm going to see that this poor forgotten kid gets his Christmas. I've had the feeling all over me this night. I'm sick of thinking of myself every Christmas time, and waking up with a head. I'm going to try the other game and play

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Hawkins & Hayward, 728 Yates Street

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Telephone 643 Look for the sign "Electric"

it off on some other bloke. Quit me and find another pal."

"That's all right, Bob," rejoined the other; "we'll see it out together, at least until I feel that the game gets less uninteresting than a vaudeville show. Let's see the finish."

Bob turned and beckoned to the kid. "How many papers have you" he said.

"Four," replied the youngster.

"Follow me," said Bob, and he promptly led the way into "Wilson's."

A smart young clerk came up to attend to the order. All that Bob said was that he should gaze upon the kid until he had got his size firmly fixed in his head, and that when he should outfit him from head to toe regardless of expense. The order was that one good suit, coat, waistcoat and breeches should be supplied, and two suits of underclothing, with six pair of socks. And the kid got them, and Bob paid cash. But that wasn't the big surprise. That came later.

Bob had left his friend at the door, thinking he wouldn't see him again for a few days. Judge of his surprise when Dick suddenly appeared with another small youngster in tow.

"Fit him out same as the first kid," roared Dick, "and don't take any longer about it."

And it was done.

The two friends sauntered out a little later with diminished wads. "Well what d'you think of it, Bob?" said one. This little recollection freak of yours has put us both on the bum to the extent of about thirty-five dollars or so apiece, and how are we going to tide over Christmas?"

"You can't blame me, old man," said the other; "I put you wise to skin out. I've made plans to dine tomorrow with Mrs. Green, and I'm going to order the turkey right away now. The kid guaranteed me a good reception and I'm going. I believe there are a few turkeys still at either "Goodacre's" or "Porter's". By the way that was Green's kid I bought an outfit for. I knew his father some years back.

"Guess I'll see you some time after New Year, Bob," came the answer. Don't think I'll have the merry time I had last year, because you've put the stuffings on me. But I'll see what I can do."

The chronicler is at a loss here; he knows that Bob had a merry Christmas dinner in the house of a poor widow and that there was a merry-featured youngster handing round bread-sauce in a new suit of clothes. But Dick disappeared before the New Year had had a chance to get old? Perhaps he was a missing baronet.

CHRISTMAS A LA MODE

(By W. Carey Wonderly)

It was Rose-Marie who, marking the day of my last visit on the calendar, made the discovery, and Rose-Marie straightway told Mother, and Mother told me.

I was to belong to Father on Christmas day!

This may sound a bit confusing at first, for most little girls belong equally to their parents, I know, but I, Willette Warrington, don't. Ever since I can remember, Mother has lived in our nice apartment in Central Park West, and Father has lived down in the Fifties, just off the Avenue. And I belong to Mother year in and year out excepting three days in each month, and for these three days I belong to Father. It is not at all a pleasant arrangement, I must confess, for when Rose-Marie packs my little suit-case and takes me down to Fifty-something Street I feel just perfectly terrible about leaving Mother, but when, three days later, she comes down to take me home to Central Park West, I feel equally as sorry for Father. For I think Father is the dearest, handsomest father that ever lived, just as Mother is the sweetest, loveliest mother in all the world.

If we could only live together in one house, just Father, Mother and me, and if I could only belong equally to them as other little girls belong equally to their parents, how very, very nice it would be!

I once said something like this to Rose-Marie, only Rose-Marie is quite old and doesn't always understand little girls, so she just shook her head and told me never to mention such a thing to Mother.

"Never, never, never, Miss Billie," she said, and because it has become second nature with Mother and me to always mind her, I never have mentioned it.

You see, Rose-Marie is very fond of giving orders and of being obeyed. Sometimes she talks to Mother until Mother cries. She was Mother's nurse when Mother was a girl in New Orleans, and later, when Mother married Father and came to live in New York, she came, too. Then I came to Mother, and Rose-Marie became my nurse, only she never stopped being Mother's, and she scolds us both whenever she can find the slightest excuse for doing so. Still I love her dearly, and Mother loves her, and I know that Rose-Marie would gladly die for either of us.

When she made the discovery that my next visit to Fifty-something Street would fall upon the twenty-fifth of December, she was quite ready to cry her little black eyes out.

"Perhaps Mr. William won't send the carriage for Miss Billie after all," she said hopefully.

"Then you must get a carriage and take her down to him, Rose-Marie," said Mother, drying her pretty eyes. "Billie belongs to Mr. Warrington on the twenty-fifth, and that is all there is to it. No doubt he will send the carriage on the twenty-fourth, and she will stay over until the twenty-sixth, so get her clothes ready, please."

Rose-Marie gave a little snort, and went over to the kitchen to cry. And Father, sure enough, sent the brougham on the morning of the twenty-fourth.

Rose-Marie had my clothes all packed in the wicker suit-case, and Mother and I were standing at the front window when the carriage stopped at the door of our apartment-building.

"Billie, Billie, dear!" cried Mother, clasping me tightly in her arms when she caught sight of the carriage which was to take me away.

"Don't you want me to go, Mother?" I asked, a little unsteadily.

"Want you to go!" she cried. Then she hesitated and added, very calm and self-possessed: "Of course I always want you with me, Billie dear, but then so does your father want you, and for the next three days you belong to him. So I want you to go."

"But now—and tomorrow Christmas-day! Oh, Mother, won't I see you tomorrow—won't I see you on Christmas-day?" I cried, clinging fast to her pretty gown.

"I'm afraid not, sweetheart," she said gently.

"Mother!"

"Don't—don't, Billie!" she begged.

"But I want you—I want you, Mother, on Christmas-day, of all days in the year," I said.

She nodded softly, and held me as if she would never let me go again.

"But don't you want your father, too, Billie dear?" she asked. "Oh, I know you do, you must! So run along. Dear little girl, run—quickly!"

She let me go and pushed me gently from her, and I knew by the smile in her big brown eyes that the tears were very near. Mother always smiles when she is going to cry, and when Mother cries her eyes don't become red and her face drawn and ugly as most folk's do. Mother is always charming, even when she cries.

I called to Rose-Marie and sent her in the other room, and then while they were consoling each other, I slipped away and ran downstairs to the waiting carriage.

"Good-morning, Johns," I said to Father's coachman, and he touched his hat and wished me a smiling good-morning in return.

"I am going down to Father's alone today," I next told him. "Rose-Marie is going to stay with Mother. So will you please go in the hall and get my suit-case and bring it out?"

Johns is very nice. He fetched my suit-case and helped me into the brougham, and was ever so kind and considerate about my comfort—just for all the world as if I were a grown lady like Mother.

"There, I'm ready. Go slowly, Johns; the asphalt must be slippery," I said, with a little nod.

Father always says that the asphalt streets are treacherous for horses after a rain or snow, and there had been a light flurry early in the morning. Johns touched his hat and replied, "Very good, miss," and we moved slowly down the Avenue.

Father was waiting for me on the steps of the Cordova, and when he saw the brougham halt under the marquise and just one little girl step out, his face went all a-grin, and he picked me up then and there and kissed me.

"Well, well, well! Where's Rose-Marie?" he asked, and then I told him she had stopped at home. But I did not say a word about Mother's tears to him, because that would only make him sorry, and Father is always so happy and alive.

"So you came all the way down by yourself?" he laughed next. "Hello, you are getting to be a big boy, aren't you?"

"A big boy"!—did you hear him? I am Father's boy and Mother's girl, for Rose-Marie says Father was terribly disappointed when he learned that I was not a really-truly boy. Mother cried and named me Willette, for Mather's name is William, but that didn't seem to help much somehow.

I wish you could see Father's rooms in the Cordova. They are ever so nice, with dark walls and gay rugs and big, substantial-looking furniture. There's an open fireplace and a huge old settle with no end of red cushions in his den, and it is here we sit of an evening, side by side, and talk until bedtime. Somehow I can't help thinking how sweet and comfy Mother would look at one end of the old sofa.

After we had gone up in the elevator to Father's apartments, he turned to me and asked me about the day's programme. He always leaves everything to me and treats me in every way as if I were a grown-up and not a little girl.

"I'd like to go down to the shops after luncheon," I told him promptly.

"Good! Jolly! And where shall we lunch?" he asked next. x

I looked at him, not quite certain. There is a lovely restaurant in the Cordova and sometimes we take our meals there, and again we have them sent up to the apartment—we always have our breakfast sent up.

"Suppose we go down to one of the more quiet of the big hotels, and lunch there. Will that do, Billie-boy?" he asked presently.

He always does think of the very nicest things! A big hotel downtown! I was glad I had brought my pretty new frock with the hand embroidery.

Here's Tae Ye

The Silver Spring Brewery

Wish their Friends and Patrons a very

Merry Christmas

and a

Prosperous New Year

Your Xmas will be merrier, and New Year wishes more prosperous when coupled with Silver Spring.

Now, don't you think the proper drink to start the coming year
Is Silver Spring—it's fit for the King—or our new brew of Lager Beer?

The Christmas Present You Have Been Looking For

No doubt "she" would like to find a stylish Dressing Gown upon the Christmas Tree. We think a Dressing Gown or Dressing Jacket about the most serviceable and appreciable gift-things for a lady. These will be really economical Christmas Presents at our

Special Christmas Reductions

LADIES' EIDERDOWN DRESSING GOWNS, splendidly made, lovely, comfortable, warm garments, exceptionally attractive. Regular price $5.75.
OUR XMAS PRICE **$4.00**

LADIES' EIDERDOWN DRESSIN JACKETS, warm and very smart, serviceable and most comfortable for a cool morning. Regular price $4.50.
OUR XMAS PRICE **$3.00**

Henry Young and Company

1123 Government Street **Victoria, British Columbia**

So Mrs. Johns, who is Father's man's wife, hurried in and changed my dress, and in a little while I was all ready. When Father saw me, he gravely extended his hand, and we shook.

"You look bully, Bill," he said, with an approving nod of his handsome head. "Good, old man!"

We took a hansom this time. Somehow I like hansoms, and so does Father. We were both laughing gaily as we entered ours and drove away.

On the Avenue everything and everybody was all a-bustle. Christmas was in the very air. Against the curtains of the residences on either side of the way wreaths of holly and evergreens were hung. The entrances of all the big hotels and smart clubs were filled with laughing, talking people.

Even the faces of the passers-by were bright with the season's greeting. It was lovely!

Then our hansom turned sharply on the snow-carpeted asphalt, and we rolled up to the door of the hotel where we were to lunch.

I can't tell you all about our little luncheon, but we were ever so gay, and Father and I ordered together, he consulting me first before choosing a dish. It is a way Father has, and it makes even a little girl feel as if she were an empress.

After luncheon we entered our hansom again and were driven away to one of the big shops, where, as Father put it, one can buy everything from a collar-button to a steam-launch. Rose-Marie says men do not like shopping, but then Rose-Marie doesn't know everything in the world, and Father and I had a beautiful time. We bought all sorts of gifts for just everybody, and Father didn't look while I selected his present and I didn't look while he selected mine.

"Now," I said, as we came out of the department-store, "I want to buy Mother's gift."

"Why, of course," said Father hurriedly. "What do you want? Where do you want to go? I'll tell the cabby."

"I haven't decided what to get," I said slowly. "What do you think? Can't you suggest something, Father?"

He shook his head. "I'm afraid I can't, Billie," he told me quietly. "Get whatever you think your mother will like—I know she will appreciate it all the more if you select it yourself."

He put me in the hansom and, jumping in himself, told the man to drive slowly up the Avenue. This would give me time to decide upon the present and where it should be purchased. I was wavering between a set of silver for her Antoinette desk and a pair of green Majolica jars for her favorite dwarf pines when our hansom was caught in a block. There were two carriages, a motor-car, a surface-car, and three policemen, and I knew it was going to take us some time to get out of the confusion. So I sat up and watched.

Directly abreast of our hansom was another one, ours going north, our neighbours coming south, and as I turned my head I looked straight into Mother's eyes! She was the sole occupant of the south-coming cab.

"Mother!" I shouted. "Oh, Mother, Mother!"

"Billie!" she cried. We had both seen each other together, just as we always see everything together.

"What is the trouble?" began Father, when he, too, turned his head and looked into Mother's lovely eyes.

She nodded her head in his direction.

"How-de-do, Will?" she said softly.

I saw Father clench his hands tightly; then, "How-de-do, Nell?" he returned. "Awful block, isn't it?"

"Oh, very bad," said Mother; but she was looking at me sitting so proudly at Father's side, and presently I caught the suspicion of a tear in her eyes. Directly a big lump came in my throat. I saw how it was—Mother was thinking of Christmas and of her little girl, and I was sorry, sorry for her and for Father, too.

The three of us were quite uncomfortable during the next five minutes. Somehow the policeman couldn't straighten out the block, and a steady line of vehicles pouring into the Avenue from the side street added to the confusion. The surface-cars banged their bells, the policemen shouted, and the cabbies swore—all except one, that is, and he sat perfectly still on his box and talked beautifully to heaven. And all the while our hansom was jammed tightly next to Mother's, and we sat staring straight at each other and saying not a word.

But when I saw Mother in tears—and my eyes are sharp where Mother is concerned—I arose to the occasion, as Rose-Marie would say, and simply made conversation.

"I've been shopping," I said, and held up my little gun-metal purse Father had bought me at Tiffany's. "There's ever so many people in the shops, aren't there?"

"Yes, ever so many," smiled Mother, and she nodded her appreciation of my purse.

"Have you been out very long?" I asked next.

Really it is hard to make conversation sometimes.

"Yes—no. No; I came away just after luncheon," she replied, still smiling.

"Father and I luncheoned downtown," I told her.

"That was a charming idea," she returned.

"It was Father's idea!" I cried.

She lowered her eyes and said nothing, and Father, who had been silently listening, turned his head and called sharply to a newsboy.

Just then a policeman came up to Mother's hansom and shouted to the cabby. It seemed that the left wheel of Mother's hansom was locked in the right wheel of another carriage in such a way as to render it unsafe to pull out. The policeman suggested that Mother get out of the cab and find another one, as the block was really very bad, and traffic was practically at a standstill all around.

"But—I can't get out," hesitated Mother. "There is not room on the ground for me to place my foot even. I don't see what I can do."

And the policeman, who of course knew nothing of our affairs, said:

"Step across into the hansom next to you, ma'am. Its wheels are safe, and I'm thinking the line will be moving north first."

Poor Mother flushed cruelly and said not a word, but just sat there looking with pleading eyes at Father. But Father didn't move and neither did he speak, so I took the situation in my two small hands and said:

"Father, won't you help Mother into our cab?"

Then the big policeman stared until his face grew red, but the next minute he turned away whistling "New York Town." I knew the tune because the pretty actress who has the apartment across from ours in Central Park West plays it quite often on her piano.

Directly I spoke to Father, he was all attention and politeness. He stood up and held out his hand to Mother, and carefully helped her across into our hansom. I believe Mother would never have come only she knew that a great many persons had heard me and were watching us, and so she yielded gracefully, as Mother alone can.

When she was in our cab and sitting down with me squeezed in between Father and herself, she raised her eyes and said quietly:

"Thank you, Will."

A moment later the line started, slowly moving northward, and our hansom went with the others, Father and Mother and I sitting side by side. It seemed so good just to think of it, although I knew it all came of an accident alone, that I could have shouted with joy in the most unladylike manner. But Mother says I must always remember that I am a gantlewoman, even if I am only six going on seven, so you see it would never in the world have done for me to have shouted in the street.

After we had gone two blocks uptown, Father spoke—very quietly and with tightly pressed lips.

"I'll speak to the man and tell him to stop at the next corner. Then I'll get out, and you and Billie can have the cab to yourselves."

"There is no need for you to get out, Will," Mother told him quickly. other hansom."

"I wouldn't have you do that for the world," he returned. "I shall leave you at the next corner; that is "It is I who am the intruder. Have

(Continued on Page 11)

Merry Christmas! When the glass is filled with good wine, and the heart is filled with good feeling

À VOTRE SANTE

The Christmas Toast

The toast for the King of all Festivals must, of course, be given in the King of all Wines—G. H. Mumm & Co's Champagne. No Christmas is complete without Mumm's "Extra Dry" or "Selected Brut," the Champagnes that are used evclusively at all the high class banquets and best functions throughout the civilized world.

Do not allow your dealer to provide you with an inferior substitute for this best of all brands of Champagne. Insist upon being supplied with G. A. Mumm & Co's.

Why not Champagne for the Christmas Present?

A small hamper containing one dozen "splits" of G. H. Mumm & Co's "Extra Dry" would make a splennid gift for a lady or man. For an invalid, such a present would be very apt. Your licensed grocer can supply you with a small hamper of Mumm's Champagne.

Pither & Leiser, Sole Agents for British Columbia

VICTORIA VANCOUVER NELSON

Greetings

An Xmas gift for yourself, your wife and family, and one that will give untold pleasure to all is one of our new

1910 BUICK MOTOR CARS

The most reliable, up-to-date and reasonably priced cars of the season.
Large consignment just arrived

Western Motor & Supply Co.

R. P. Clark, General Manager

Cor. Government and Superior Streets

Telephone 695; or, if line is busy, 2067

THE SIGN IN THE EAST

(Continued from Page 5)

to be instantly stilled by the mother. A dog gave a low, mournful howl, when a well aimed billet caused him to yelp sharply, when again was utter silence. In silence the captive was led into the death lodge, and watched by guards for the first time silent. Outside, the warriors sat about the watch fire, casting glances, incredulous yet fearful, at the gradually glooming sky. The women and children slunk away to bed, and night fell dark and black. Soon, a glimmer of light appeared in the East, and quickly showed out bright and strong, a huge tongue of flame from zenith to horizon. Horrified, the warriors cowered with hands clasped over eyes to shut out the fearful sight, and from the Death lodge, again came Wetaka's fearsome voice. "See, that of which I warned you has come. Beware your doom, O race of reptiles!"

In awe the warriors trembled through all that fearful night, and when dawn paled the mystic fire, they arose, went to the Death Lodge and cast off Wetaka's bonds. "Go, great Wetaka, we are as your slaves. Take of all you desire, and we will bear you in honour to your home, but save us from the fire, for we are sore afraid. Come, Wetaka, greatest of Doctor men." Then the gong was beaten, and a great feast prepared. All day they feasted, danced and sang, and on the morrow a fleet of canoes bore Wetaka, with the chief's daughter as his bride, and a grea store of presents, to his home. Ther again, did they feast and rejoice fo many days, and ever after the tw tribes were united in firm friendship and never again was the fire seen i the sky. Now the night it was see was the same as this night, and th day of Wetaka's release was what yo white men call Christmas. Therefore when I lay in the snow out yonde in the forest today, I knew that some thing would come to help me, jus as Wetaka was saved so long ago o this night. That is all." The India again gazed dreamily into the fir his hawk-like face lit up by the rudd flame like a bronze carving. San and I watched him for a while, think ing of his strange, wild story. The we shook down our blankets, an soon were dreaming of wild India tribes whose war cries rang on thes shores "before the white man came.

THE MECCA FOR THE HOLIDAY SHOPPERS

AN UNRIVALLED EXHIBITION OF PRACTICAL PRESENTS READY FOR YOU HERE

What Shall I Give Him ?

Has the question looked so large and hard to you? No need to worry with such a list as this to choose from. Fact is this is but a hint to the good things for men folk, to be found at this store—there is a great collection of useful gift pieces here.

And there you have the solution of "What to give a man?" Send him something useful—something that he can use almost daily, and you'll please him. In the list below you'll find a host of such gifts and every one of such magnificent style as to please the artistic taste as well. We could quote prices but they would mean nothing—one must see the articles to properly appreciate their worth. You'll find every item in this store plainly marked and you'll find the values the best in the city. Of course you know "Weiler Quality."

Smokers' Cabinets
Smokers' Sets
Shaving Mirrors
Shaving Brushes
Shaving Mugs
Office Desks
Sectional Bookcases
Card Tables
Willow Easy Chairs
Foot Rests
Medicine Cabinets
Morris Chairs
Easy Chairs
Couches
Steins
Corkscrews
Manicure Sets
Liquer Sets
Electric Lamps
Students' Lamps
Photo Frames
Writing Sets
Stationery Holders
Book Racks
Ink Stands
Tie Racks
Cut Glass Decanters
Fireplace Furniture
Cellarettes
Magazine Stands

GIFTS FOR THE YOUNG FOLK

If you have some little folk you are going to "remember" this Christmas you would do well to inspect our offerings for the kiddies. Many useful little furniture pieces are offered. Chairs, rockers, reed chairs and rockers, cribs, tea sets, etc. Little gift things that'll stand lots of hard usage—wear and tear that toys cannot outlive.

Kindergarten Sets—An ideal gift for the little folk. This set consists of a table and two chairs. Strongly made and nicely finished in either red or golden. Per set $2.25

A Wonderful Assortment of Five Dollar Gifts

¶ Hundreds of people who figure that five dollars should buy an excellent gift will find this assumption splendidly justified when they see among the new china and glass arrivals the gorgeous things at this popular price.

¶ We have this season the largest assortment we have ever presented.

¶ It not only includes conservative varieties in simple decorations but an almost unlimited variety of novelty patterns that are most effective.

¶ But, you must see to appreciate.

What Shall I Give Her ?

Nowhere else in this city will you find such a magnificent collection of gift things designed specially to please the feminine fancies. And every item a serviceable, sensible remembrance—something that your lady friend is sure to appreciate.

There are a thousand and one things offered here—things which may be enjoyed not only by the recipient but also by the entire household—and by the donor besides. And they needn't cost much, either. A visit will convince you that our claims are reasonable—that we have the grandest collection of holiday merchandise ever presented Victorians and that these items are remarkably low-priced.

The list below gives a few hints for those looking for a gift for a lady. Special attention is directed to our magnificent stock of china and silverware:—

Reed Chairs
Easy Willow Chairs
Kitchen Cabinets
Reed Rockers
Ottomans
Wicker Workbaskets
Wicker Cake Curates
Sectional Bookcases
Jardiniere Stands
Medicine Cabinets
Cheval Mirrors
Ladies' Desks
Morris Chairs
Easy Chairs
Couches
Music Cabinets
Magazine Racks
Library Tables
Tea Tables
China Cabinets
Bridge Tables
Framed Pictures
Handsome Mirrors
Dressing Tables
Down Quilts
Sofa Cushions
Hearth Rugs
Table Covers
Tray Cloths
Pillow Slips
Table Linen
Hemstitched Sheets
Art Table Covers
Mexican Drawnwork
D'Oylies
Satin Marseilles sh
Satin Marseilles Quilts
Oriental Rugs
Lace Curtains
China Ornaments
China Vases
China Tea Sets
China Dinner Sets
China Chocolate Sets
Fancy Plates
Silverware
Silver and Oak Ware
Manicure Sets
Salad Sets
Reading Lamps
Electric Lamps
Brass Goods
Photo Frames
Stationery Holders
Writing Sets
Jardinieres
Book Racks

COUNTRY ORDERS
Packed and Shipped
FREE
Your only shipping charge is freight

WEILER BROS.

Home Furnishers Since 1862, at Victoria, B.C.

SHOP TODAY
SHOP EARLY
SHOP HERE
SHOP AGAIN

An Unique Ballet in the Bib Musical Extravaganza "The Land of Nod"

Not What He Expected

Last Christmas Day a postman was hurrying along on his round, when he was accosted by a lady at the door of a large house.

"Are you the regular postman?"

"Yes, mum."

"Do you come in the morning?"

"Yes, mum."

"And in the afternoon?"

"Yes, mum," eagerly.

"Oh, then, it must have been you who broke our bell!"

He Was Taking No Chances

While riding on an electric car, during his first visit to the city, a farmer passed the yard of a monument company, where gravestones and monuments were displayed. Turning to his host, he remarked in an awe-stricken voice:

"They dew bury 'em close in the city, don't they?"

In a corridor of a certain University building there is a large replica of "The Winged Victory." A waggishly-iiclined student observed the headless, armless, footless statue, and wrote underneath:

"God pity Defeat!"

Reflections of a Spinster

When kissing becomes a fine art it ceases to be a pleasure.

A kiss night and morning is the badge of settled domesticity.

For a kiss to mean anything it must mean everything.

A man regards kissing as a hors d'aeuvre; a woman regards it as a raison d'etre.

The Manchu's Dogs

At a country club near Washington some members were swapping rather "tall" stories touching the intelligence of their respective dogs, when a reserved chap in the corner spoke up. Said he:

"Those are good stories; but the best dog story I ever heard was of Chinese origin. I'll tell it as I got it at Shanghai, where I was stationed for some time.

"A Manchu had three dogs. Returning home on one occasion, he found them on his couch of teakwood and marble. He whipped the dogs and drove them forth.

"The next evening when the Manchu came home the dogs were lying on the floor. But he placed his hand on the couch and found that it was warm from their bodies. Therefore he whipped the dogs again.

"The third night, returning home a little earlier than usual, he found the dogs sitting before the couch blowing on it to cool it!"

She Spoke Truth

"I am undone!" shrieked the Tragedy Queen, as she threw her arms upward with a wild gesture.

"Yes," agreed the Villain, as he stole a surreptitious glance behind her back; "two buttons at the top and three at the bottom."

For Mayor

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE CITY OF VICTORIA

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I beg to announce that I am a candidate for Mayor at the approaching election. After having served as Alderman for three years I now respectfully solicit your vote and influence for the more important position, and promise to do my utmost for the progress and betterment of our city. My views have already been published, and will be more fully explained from the platform. My principal objects are:

The securing of Sooke as a water supply.

The introduction of more efficient management of the public works department.

The stricter guarding of public morals.

A systematic improvement in making and beautifying our streets and parks.

A. HENDERSON.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the matter of the Estate of Andrew McAfee, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given that all persons having any claims or demand against the Estate of Andrew McAfee, deceased, who died on or about the 2nd day of November, 1909, are requested to send, by post prepaid, or to deliver to the undersigned their names and addresses, with full particulars of their claims, and particulars of all securities (if any) held by them, duly verified, on or before the 10th day of January, 1910.

Dated this 10th day of December, 1909.

BODWELL & LAWSON,
No. 918 Government Street, Victoria, B.C., *Solicitors for the Executor.*
dec 11

No. 402 179

CERTIFICATE OF THE REGISTRATION OF AN EXTRA-PROVINCIAL COMPANY.

"Companies Act, 1897"

I HEREBY CERTIFY that the "Michigan-Puget Sound Lumber Company," an Extra-Provincial Company, has this day been registered as a company under the "Companies' Act, 1897," to carry out or effect all or any of the objects of the Company to which the legislative authority of the Legislature of British Columbia extends.

The head office of the Company is situate at the City of Detroit in the State of Michigan.

The amount of the capital of the Company is fifty thousand dollars, divided into five thousand shares of ten dollars each.

The head office of the company in this Province is situate at No. 1114 Langley street, Victoria, and William John Taylor, Barrister-at-law, whose address is Victoria, B.C., is the attorney for the Company not empowered to issue and transfer stock.

The time of the existence of the Company is thirty years from the 22nd day of November, A.D. 1909.

Given under my hand and seal of office at Victoria, Province of British Columbia, this third day of December, one thousand nine hundred and nine.

(L.S.) S. Y. WOOTTON,
Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

The objects for which this Company has been established and registered are: Buying, selling, manufacturing and dealing in forest products.
dec 11

A man is as great a fool as a clever woman thinks it worth while to make him.

Masterful men are finally mastered, because they fail to measure the staying power of woman.

Between two evils, it is better to wed a talkative lobster than a self-satisfied clam.

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NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed Tenders, superscribed "Tender for Sewerage Works, Prince Rupert," will be received by the Honorable the Minister of Public Works up to noon of Wednesday, the 19th of January, 1910, for the construction and completion of a portion of the permanent system of sewerage at Prince Rupert, B.C.

Plans, specifications, contract and forms of tender may be seen on and after the 7th day of December, 1909, at the office of the undersigned, Public Works Department, Victoria, B.C., at the offices of the Government Agent, and of Mr. James H. Bacon, Harbor Engineer, Prince Rupert, B.C.; at the office of the Government Agent, New Westminster, B.C., and at the office of the Provincial Timber Inspector, Vancouver, B.C.

Each proposal must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque or certificate of deposit on a chartered bank of Canada, made payable to the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, in the sum of five hundred dollars, which shall be forfeited if the party tendering decline to enter into contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. The cheques or certificates of deposit of unsuccessful tenderers will be returned to them upon the execution of the contract.

A guarantee bond in the sum of fifteen thousand dollars will be required as security for the faithful performance and completion of the work.

Tenders will not be considered unless made out on the forms supplied, signed with the actual signature of the tenderer, and enclosed in the envelopes furnished.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

F. C. GAMBLE,
Public Works Engineer.
Public Works Department,
Victoria, B.C., 2nd December, 1909.
dec 4

Satisfaction

We guarantee quality and satisfaction with every purchase of Groceries.

Phone orders carefully attended to.

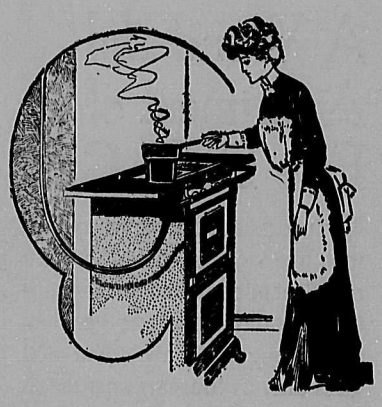
A. POOL

623 Yates St. Phone 448
Watson's Old Stand

One Touch of Christmas Makes the Whole World Kin

The crowded streets, the brilliantly decorated stores, the glowing Xmas Tree, the interchange of gifts and greetings and the services in the churches are the chief features of Christmas observance. One might aver that the giving of presents is really the chief feature, for this has become a source of great delight to kind-hearted people who love this great festival because it gives them an opportunity to contribute to the happiness of others—the true joy of giving. To paraphrase Shakespeare, "This one touch of Christmas makes the whole world kin"—makes one almost clairvoyant in knowing the desire of another. Almost instinctively this season we turn our attention to the serviceable offering.

A Gas Radiator, or a Gas Grate, either of which are delightfully cheery and a charming addition to any residence, will prove one of the most thoughtful and acceptable presents for either lady or man who "batches," even if only one room forms "home." A furnace may be baulky, or out altogether, steam heat may become obstreperous, wood or coal fire entail labor in re-lighting; but a Gas Heater is always ready with the turn of the tap and scratch of a match. It is a most economical apparatus; the expense stops the minute the gas is turned off. It can be brought into service in a second without work, so different from fire-building. It will not only give the required warmth, but will at once dispense a genial air of hospitality. As a little heat is required almost every day of the year in British Columbia, a Gas Radiator, or a Gas Grate will form a most appropriate Christmas offering.



For every housewife there is a "Merry Xmas" in a Gas Range. She will revel in the possession of such a present, appreciating the saving in time, strength and worry, the cleanliness, accuracy and healthfulness of gas for cooking purposes. Henceforth she will have no kindlings to buy, no coal to carry in, no ashes to take out, no blinding, choking smoke in starting wood or coal stove, no blistering heat while cooking and no fear of fire from overheated flues. Early breakfast will have no terrors for her; just as easy will she be able to get up a late supper for unexpected guests. If she has a dinner to cook which takes hours, she will set the Range right and she will find it hours later just exactly as she left it. Nothing uncertain about a Gas Range; it is as hot at the beginning as it ever gets. What could be better for a Christmas Gift?

A VISIT TO OUR SHOWROOMS WILL SUGGEST MANY SPLENDID IDEAS FOR PRACTICAL CHRISTMAS PRESENTS. YOU ARE MOST CORDIALLY WELCOME, WHETHER TO PURCHASE OR MERELY TO LOOK.

The Victoria Gas Company Limited

Telephone 123 *COR. FORT AND LANGLEY STS.*

At the Street Corner

By THE LOUNGER

I always rather dread these Christmas "Loungers"; they have to be so much in the same style, and it is hard to be original. However, there is always one thing permitted, and that is to wish all the readers of the column a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Readers, please consider yourselves wished it with all the fervency with which a mere hanger-on at the street corners can confer. My wishes are no less sincere because I am a nonentity. I do honestly hope that you all will really have a very good time at this festive season of the year.

Now, there is a class of person of whom I wish to talk, who appeal to me and I believe to a good many other people about Christmas time. I refer to the unattached bachelor. I belong to the class myself, but I have no complaint coming as to Christmas festivities. There was one Christmas, which I spent in Calgary, having arrived at eight o'clock in the morning of Christmas Day. Being an Englishman, fresh out from the Old Country, where we have some respect for our laws, and Christmas Day falling on a Sunday, I naturally had rather a miserable day. I didn't then understand that there are laws here which are meant to be evaded. If I had been wiser I might have fared better; as it was I met a Good Samaritan who introduced me to the Club; where I satisfied both my conscience and my desire without breaking either the law of God or the Dominion of (well whatever part of the world I was in).

Since then I am to be classed among the lucky ones, as I met good friends, and have always been splendidly entertained at Christmas, and have an invitation for the coming festival, to which I am looking forward with all the eagerness which a "Lounger" is supposed to exhibit.

But there is many a poor man for whom I feel sorry. When I say "poor man" I do not mean a poverty-stricken person; he can be looked after by the various charitable institutions, which do such excellent work in all our provincial towns. I refer to the homeless bachelor; such an one as myself; the inhabitant of a bed-sitting room, but not like myself, the fortunate possessor of friends who will invite him to share the genial fare of the season.

Such a man becomes a cynic; naturally so. It is only human nature for him to scoff at Christmas. "A beastly season," he says; "nothing but bills coming in; nothing to do; stay in bed all day." And how can you blame him And at the same time, how can you cure his complaint? You can't do it. I'm not talking about the sort of man who is a pauper; not about the sort of man to whom a good suit of clothes would be a blessing; but about the gentleman with moderate means, who hasn't had either the pleasure or the opportunity of meeting what I might call decent and respectable families in our midst, and who is therefore compelled to spend his Christmas alone.

I confess that I do not see a solution to the problem. And yet there must be one. If I may be so bold as to say so, I think that the real fault lies in the general conduct of the Anglican Church. I am a High Churchman myself, so far as my religious principles extend; I do not pretend to be an enthusiastic one. But I would like those members of the Anglican Church, who happen to read this paragraph, to compare the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church, in regard to its members in this country, with that of the Anglican. Their opinion must be the same as mine, viz., that the Anglican Church does not look after the members of its flock, as closely as does the Roman Church. And that is why you will always find that the homeless, disconsolate bachelor is, in 90 per cent of the cases the son of an Anglican parson.

Of course I expect to be called down for these remarks. I should like to be. But I want it to be understood that if there is any "calling down" to be done it is to be on "The Lounger." The Editor of this paper is not at all responsible for what I say, but he will gladly furnish my name and address to any member of the Anglican Church who would like to contest anything I have said. And I would just as gladly meet any such gentleman, and endeavour to prove my contention.

Now we have done with my Christmas remarks, and we will just genially "lounge" round together on subjects which will appeal to us all.

And first I would like to express my surprise, (I may have done this before), as to the system of furnishing electric lights in the majority of houses in the cities of Vancouver and Victoria. Dear reader, have you never gone into your sitting-room, or it may have been your bed-room, and furtively embraced the darkness? A burglar, hiding behind the sideboard, or secreted under the bed, might have thought you were looking for somebody you expected to meet; but he would have been disappointed; you were merely trying to find the electric light. Both hands were out-spread; the body was bent forward; the attitude was tense, and all of a sudden, after minutes of anxious expectation, the bulb hit you on the nose. I know; I have been there myself.

But why? Why don't we have sensible installments? Most of the hotels have them. In the majority of the latter you just press a little button as soon as you enter your room, and lo, there is light! I never saw the absurd installation which prevails in this country, in England; and yet England is supposed to be behind the times. Can any one private individual or one connected with the electric lighting of this Province, tell me what particular advantage is possessed by the eccentric system here employed? Possibly it might be a cheaper installation; I am not sufficient electrical expert to know; possibly it might be an installation instituted by the married women of the country, as a test of their husbands' sobriety; not being a married man I cannot tell. But undoubtedly, there must be some explanation for such an idiotic general installation, and I want to know what it is.

I made a complimentary allusion not long ago to the Moving Picture Shows of Victoria, and I have no wish to take anything back. I think that they are good, clean shows, and I have been glad to see the number of young lads of an undeterminable age attending them. These latter will never learn anything wrong from these shows, and they may pick up a lot of more or less useful information. But occasionally the educated man sees some quaint mistakes. For instance, at a show I saw last week, Nero was represented with a beard; now, I am open to correction, but my classical lore tells me that Nero grew one beard, which was sacrificed to Jupiter Capitolinus; moreover he was represented with black hair, whereas, unless I am greatly mistaken, Tacitus tells us that he was fair-haired. Again, if any of the old frescoes which I have myself seen in Pompeii are correct, no Roman of Nero's time ever wore a toga which looked like an embroidered nightshirt. And ancient Greece, which Nero worshipped, never produced a lyre after the pattern of that on which the unfortunate Emperor was depicted as playing.

I don't suppose that it makes much difference, because there is not one man in a hundred who would "spot" discrepancies such as these; and it is certainly not the fault of the local companies, because they take what is sent; and most of it is very good stuff indeed. But one is inclined to wonder why the original company, the company who takes the pictures, is not a little more careful as to detail.

Poor old Nero! I have always felt rather sorry for him, as having been held up to countless generations as the epitome of everything bad. He really had hard luck. He had an abominable mother in the shape of Aggripina, who fully deserved murdering, though I must confess that it was in rather bad taste of her son to take the job on. Rome was much better burnt than otherwise, and it was a great stroke of policy to put the blame on the Christians who were not "much class" just then. (Of course this is heretical). Personally, I have always rather admired Nero with exception to his attitude of suicide, when it came down to cases, and then he seemed a wee bit cowardly. But it is a funny thing that, seeing how Nero has always been abused, so many people call their favourite dog by his name.

I have seen a lot in the daily papers with regard to the desecration of Beacon Hill Park. I regret that I have been too busy to go and spend an hour or so up there, as I consider that is just the sort of thing for which I am employed. But I shall most certainly do it, and if I do happen to come across anything reprehensible, I'll "get 'em; you betcher life," to use the euphonious language of the country.

We have heard a great deal about the paving of the City sidewalks and I have said that in my opinion, though there is is still a great deal to do, a good work has been done. But I do think that more attention should be paid to lighting. The other night, somewhere about midnight, I was on my way home; just as I reached the junction of Fort and Douglas the arc light went out; at least it didn't exactly go out, but it went "buzzy." That is the best description I can give; you probably have all seen an arc light do the same. There is no real reason for it. Why should it happen? That's another thing I want to know. I'm here to know things, but I have always found that when I ask these pertinent questions, nobody ever gets up and answers them. Perhaps they don't know now! P'raps so; p'raps not.

Well, anyhow, we don't want to do any "kicking" at this season of the year. It doesn't suit my disposition any more than it does yours. So just once more, and to show that I mean it, I will say "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year" to all readers of The Week, and to those unfortunates who don't know good literature when it is put in front of their noses, and therefore don't take the paper, from LOUNGER.

CHRISTMAS A LA MODE

(Continued from Page 8)

him stop, please, and I will find ansettled."

Mother put out her hand and let it rest lightly on Father's arm.

"Will," she cried, "please don't make me feel worse than I already do. I was forced in your cab, by accident it is true, but, nevertheless, I did allow you to help me enter it. But that was because—people were—watching us—and I thought—it best. Now that we are out of the tangle, I must thank you and ask you to set me down—at once! Else I shall never forgive you."

"You have already promised me that," said Father, with a queer, strange laugh.

And they continued to talk, and the hansom continued on its way, and nobody but myself noticed that we had got well up-town and were within two blocks of the apartment-building in Central Park West, where Mother and I live.

So, quite unobserved, I spoke up the tube to the cabby, and said:

"The Strathmore, and quickly, please!"

We turned down a cross street into another, and before one could say "Jack Robinson" we had stopped at the door of the Strathmore.

"Oh!" cried Mother.

"What is this?" frowned Father.

But he leaped out on the snow-covered pavement and gave Mother his hand. A moment later we all hurried up the steps and—stopped in the lobby!

"Thank you," said Mother. "You are very kind."

Father laughed. "Oh, not at all," he told her. "This is not a case of being kind—exactly."

Mother stroked the fur of her pretty sable muff, but Father showed no inclination to go. People whom we knew came down in the elevator and nodded to Mother and me as they went out, and Mother moved uncomfortably, but still Father stayed.

Then, "Won't you come in—for a little—a cup of tea, perhaps?" asked Mother, slowly.

I don't know what Father would have answered, so I took no chances. I threw my arms around his neck and whispered that he must—I wanted to show him where the Majolica jars were to go.

"Do come!" I cried, and looked at Mother to further second my invitation.

"Yes, do," she said, without raising her eyes.

"Thanks, I will!" cried Father, and we all went up in the elevator together.

When we were safely in Mother's pretty sitting-room and I had securely locked the door, I slipped away and left them together. Somehow it seemed as if they would get along better without me just then, and, besides, I think I had helped a lot as it was for a mere little girl, don't you?

An hour later—it seemed hours and hours later, although it really wasn't, of course—I went back and found Mother in Father's arms. "Never again," I heard her say, and right away I knew what that meant.

"Oh, won't we have a bully Christmas?" I cried joyfully. "Father and Mother and I—what a lovely, lovely time we'll have together!"

"You can wager anything you own that we will," laughed Father. Why it will be a regular Christmas a la Mode, eh, Nell?"

And then he kissed Mother, and Mother hid her happy face on his broad shoulder, and I was oh, so happy!

Merry Christmas, indeed!

What Are the Trumps of Life?

(By Alfred B. Mackay)

"What are the trumps of life?
"Hearts," said the maiden fair;
"For sweetheart, maid, or wife,
Love is beyond compare."

"No," said the heartless flirt,
"Diamonds the trumps shall be;
Hearts are as cheap as dirt;
Give wealth and power to me."

"No," said the man blase,
"Clubs are the trumps we want;
Such gauds for the young and gay,
But Clubs for the bon vivant."

Then the gravedigger said:
"Vanities soon are past;
The earth shall be your bed,
And Spades must win at last!"

The Farm-Wife

(By Reginald Wright Kauffman)

Where ends the road across the hill?
I do not know—I do not know;
But all day long and all the night
I long to go—I long to go!

It runs so straight beneath the sun,
So white beneath the moon;
It calls me from my work and dreams,
And I must answer—soon.
I bolt my door, I do my tasks,
I kiss my goodman's cheek—
Yet I cannot hear my baby's laugh
For what the Road would speak.

Where ends the road? I only know
Here, from the pasture-bars,
It is familiar to the sun
And mistress to the stars.

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NOTICE

PROVINCIAL LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY

PRIVATE BILLS

Copies of Bills, Petitions, and notices as published must be deposited with, and all fees paid to, the Clerk of the House, not later than 12th January, 1910.

Petitions for Bills will not be received by the House after 31st January, 1910.

Bills must be presented to the House not later than 10th February, 1910.

Reports from Standing Committee on Bills will not be received by the House after 17th February, 1910.

THORNTON FELL,
Clerk, Legislative Assembly.

Victoria, 1st November, 1909.
nov 20

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LICENSE TO AN EXTRA-PROVINCIAL COMPANY.

"Companies Act, 1897."
CANADA:
Province of British Columbia.
No. 550.

This is to certify that "Dodwell and Company, Limited," is authorised and licensed to carry on business within the Province of British Columbia, and to carry out or effect all or any of the objects of the Company to which the legislative authority of the Legislature of British Columbia extends, except the construction and working of railways.

The head office of the Company is situate at the City of London, England.

The amount of the capital of the Company is two hundred thousand pounds, divided into eight thousand shares of twenty-five pounds each.

The head office of the Company in this Province is situate at Victoria, and Norman Hardie, Merchant, whose address is Victoria aforesaid, is the attorney for the Company.

Given under my hand and Seal of Office at Victoria, Province of British Columbia, this tenth day of December, one thousand nine hundred and nine.

(L.S.) S. Y. WOOTTON.
Registrar of Joint Stock Coompanies.

The objects for which this Company has been established and licensed are:

To acquire and take over as a going concern and to carry on the businesses now carried on by George Benjamin Dodwell and Arthur John Hepburn Carlill, in the Colony of Hong Kong, at Shanghai and Hankow, in the Empire of China; at Kobe and Yokohama, in the Empire of Japan; at Tacoma, in the State of Washington, and at Portland, in the State of Oregon, in the United States of America; at Victoria, in the Province of British Columbia, in the Dominion of Canada; and at Dock House, Billiter Street, in the City of London, under the style or firm of "Dodwell, Carlill and Company," either with or without all or any of the real and personal property and assets of the proprietors of that business used in connection therewith or belonging thereto—and either subject or not subject to the liabilities of the said firm or any of them and with a view thereto to adopt and carry into effect (either with or without modifications) an Agreement dated the 30th day of August, 1898, and made between the said George Benjamin Dodwell and Arthur John Hepburn Carlill of the one part, and Philip Charles Emil Dennys (a Trustee for the above named company) of the other part.

To carry on, develop, and continue as Joint Stock Company, Limited, and as a going concern the businesses referred to in the said Agreement, and such other businesses in connection with the above-mentioned businesses as are customarily or usually carried on in connection therewith or are naturally incident to such businesses.

To carry on the businesses of merchants, exporters, and importers, shipowners, carriers, agents brokers, storekeepers, and contractors, and the business of marine insurance in all its branches, and in particular without prejudice to the generality of the foregoing words to make or effect insurances on ships, vessels, boats and craft of all kinds, and on goods, merchandise, live or dead stock, luggage, effects, specie, bullion, or other property, respondentia and bottomry, interests, commissions, profits and freights, and to carry on all kinds of transit, insurance business, and generally every kind of insurance and re-insurance business, except the issuing of Policies of Assurance upon human life.

To carry on any other business which may seem to the Company capable of being conveniently carried on in connection with the above, or calculated directly or indirectly to enhance the value of or render more profitable any of the company's property.

To buy, sell, manufacture, and deal in goods, wares, and merchandise of every description.

To purchase or by other means acquire any freehold, leasehold or other property for any estate or interest whatever, and any rights, privileges or easements over or in respect of any property, and any buildings, factories, mills, works, wharves, roads, railways, tramways, machinery, engines, rolling stock, plant, live and dead stock, ships, or shares in ships, barges, or things, and any real or personal property or rights whatsoever and wheresoever situate, which may be necessary for or may be conveniently used with or may enhance the value of any other property of the company.

To purchase or by other means acquire and protect, prolong and renew, whether in the United Kingdom or elsewhere, any patents, patent rights, brevets d'invention, licenses, protections, concessions, trade secrets, and secret processes which may appear likely to be advantageous or useful to the company, and to use and turn to account and to manufacture under or grant licenses or privileges in respect of the same, and to expend money in experimenting upon, testing and in improving or seeking to improve any patents, inventions, or rights which the Company may acquire or propose to acquire.

To build, construct, maintain, alter, enlarge, pull down and remove or replace any buildings, factories, mills, offices, warehouses, works, wharves, roads, railways, hydraulic or electric works, or any other works for applying, transmitting, or supplying energy in any form, machinery, engines, walls, fences, banks, dams, sluices, or watercourses, and to clear sites for the same and to work, manage and control the same.

To acquire and undertake the whole or any part of the business, goodwill, and assets of any person, firm or company carrying on or proposing to carry on any of the businesses which this company is authorized to carry on, and as part of the consideration for such acquisition to undertake all or any of the liabilities of such person, firm or company, or to acquire an interest in amalgamate with or enter into any arrangement for sharing profits or for co-operation or for limiting competition or for mutual assistance with any such person, firm or company, and to give or accept by way of consideration for any of the acts or things aforesaid, or property acquired, any shares, debentures or securities that may be agreed upon and to hold and retain or sell, mortgage, and deal with any shares, debentures or securities so received.

To promote any other company for the purpose of acquiring all or any of the property and undertaking any of the liabilities of this company, or of undertaking any business or operations which may appear likely to assist or benefit this company or to enhance the value of any property or business of this company.

To search for, get, win, work, raise, make marketable and use, sell and dispose of coal, oil, iron, clay, precious and other metals, minerals and other substances or products on, within or under any property of the company, and to grant prospecting and mining and other licenses, rights or privileges for such purposes.

To sell or otherwise dispose of the whole or any part of the undertaking of the company either together or in portions for such consideration as the company may think fit, and in particular for shares, debentures or securities of any company purchasing the same.

To invest and deal with the moneys of the company not immediately required upon such securities and in such manner as may from time to time be determined.

To lend and advance money or give credit to such persons and on such terms as may seem expedient, and in particular to customers and others having dealings with the company, and to give guarantees or become security for any such persons.

To borrow or raise money in such manner as the Company shall think fit, and in particular by the issue of debentures or debenture stock, perpetual or otherwise, and to secure the repayment of any money borrowed or raised by mortgage, charge, or lien upon the whole or any part of the company's property or assets, whether present or future, including its uncalled capital, and also by a similar mortgage, charge or lien to secure and guarantee the performance by the company of any obligation or liability it may undertake.

To draw, make, accept, endorse, discount, execute and issue promissory notes, bills of exchange, bills of lading, warrants, debentures and other negotiable or transferable instruments.

To apply for, promote and obtain any Act of Parliament, Provisional Order, or license of the Board of Trade, or other authority for enabling the company to carry any of its objects into effect, or for effecting any modification of the company's constitution, or for any other purpose which may seem expedient, and to oppose any proceedings or applications which may seem calculated directly or indirectly to prejudice the company's interests.

To improve, manage, cultivate, develop, exchange, let on lease, or otherwise mortgage, sell, dispose of, turn to account, grant rights, and privileges in respect of or otherwise deal with all or any part of the property and rights of the company.

To enter into any arrangements with any Governments or authorities, supreme, municipal, local or otherwise, or any corporations, companies, or persons that may seem conducive to the company's objects, or any of them, and to ority, corporation, company or person, any charters, contracts, decrees, rights, privileges, and concessions which the company may think desirable, and to carry out, exercise, and comply with any such charters, contracts, decrees, rights, privileges and concessions.

To subscribe for, take, purchase or otherwise acquire and hold shares or other interest in or securities of any other company.

To act as agents or brokers and as trustee for any person, firm or company, and to undertake and perform sub-contracts, and also to act in any of the businesses of the company through or by means of agents, brokers, sub-contractors or others.

To remunerate any person, firm or company rendering services to this company, whether by cash payment or by the allotment to him or them of shares or securities of the company, credited as paid up in full or in part or otherwise.

To pay all or any expenses incurred in connection with the formation, promotion and incorporation of the company.

To support and subscribe to any charitable or public object and any institution, society, or club, which may be for the benefit of the company or its employees, or may be connected with any town or place where the company carries on business; and to give pensions, gratuities, or charitable aid to any person or persons who may have served the company, or to the wives, children or other relatives of such persons, and to form and contribute to provident and benefit funds for the benefit of any persons employed by the company.

To distribute among the Members of the Company in kind any property of the Company, and in particular any shares, debentures or securities of other companies belonging to this company, or of which this company may have the power of disposing, but so that no distribution amounting to a reduction of capital be made, except with the sanction (if any) for the time being required by law.

To procure the company to be registered or recognized in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, or in any Colony or Dependency, and in any foreign country or place.

To do all or any of the above mentioned things in any part of the world, and as principals, agents, contractors, trustees, or otherwise, and either alone or in conjunction with others.

To do all such other things as may be deemed incidental or conducive to the attainment of the above objects, or any of them.

FOUR PER CENT. ON DEPOSIT.

We pay four per cent. interest on deposits of $1 (one dollar) and up, withdrawable by cheque.

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Paid up Capital over $1,000,000
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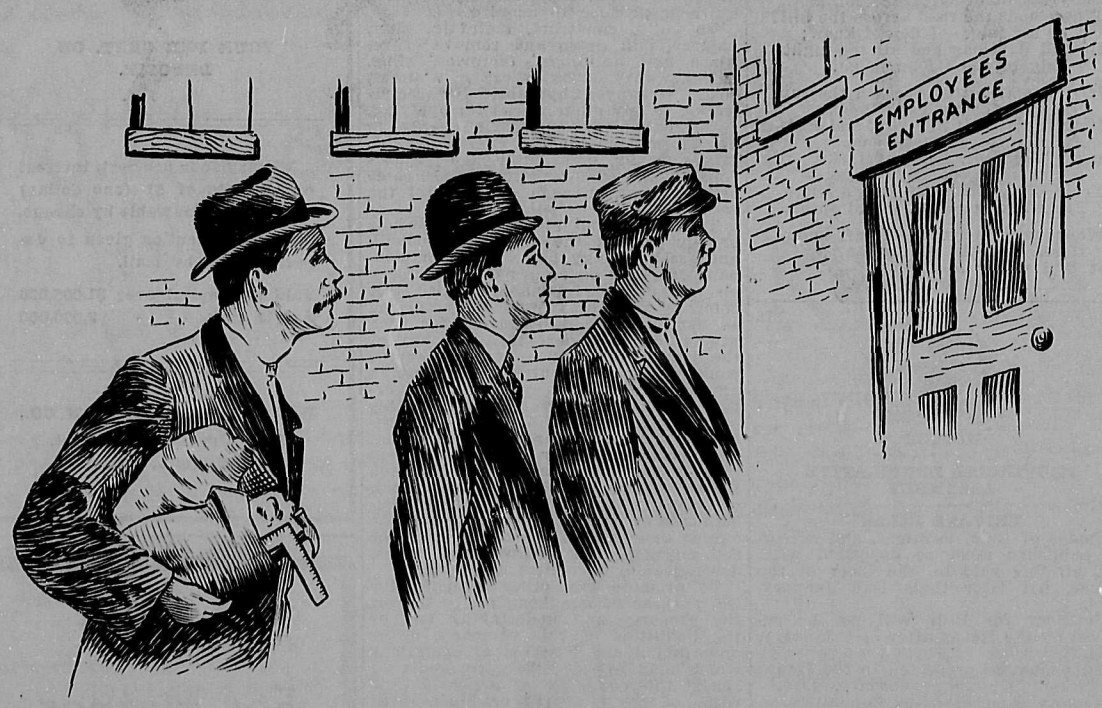
SEE BOLDEN
THE CARPENTER AND BUILDER.
FORT STREET



WAGE SLAVES

these — every mother's son of them, locked in bonded servitude, just the same as the negroes of the South in the ante-bellum days. See the gaunt, hungry, haunted look depicted on their faces? Incessant toil, day in and day out the same old thing, and at the end of the year wind up with nothing but a job.

Don't be like this pathetic trio! Strike out for yourself — one good investment in California oil shares is worth a lifetime of labor.

There is money to be made in California oil! You must admit this! It is the biggest industry in the State, and growing every minute.

This corporation owns One Hundred Acres of absolutely proven oil land — Forty Acres in Coalinga, California, and Sixty Acres in Midway, California. These are the world's biggest fields.

All about us are big producing wells. We are at work on our Midway holdings, and we should be in oil by April. When we get oil, this stock, now at Twenty-five Cents per Share, should be worth One Dollar, maybe Five Dollars.

There is only a limited block for sale at this figure.

The company is incorporated under the laws of British Columbia, and is officered by men of repute and integrity—so you may be assured of a square deal.

Whenever you put your money in the ground —for oil, gold, copper, zinc or whatnot — it is a gamble, pure and simple. But this is the best gamble you ever saw in your life, and the returns should be big enough to satisfy everybody.

This advertisement will not appear for long. We have already about all the capital we require. When you see this advertisement next week you might find shares have gone to Fifty Cents, perhaps One Dollar. You can buy them now for Twenty-five Cents.

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VOL. VI. No. 4 53 THE WEEK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1910 ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM

SMITH'S HILL RESERVOIR

Unfortunately Smith's Hill Reservoir is one of the legacies which the Old Year has bequeathed to the New, and which will not "down." Until the responsibility for this "fiasco" is landed on somebody's shoulders, The Week will be reluctantly compelled to keep the more salient features of the case before the public. Once in a while, in a moment of generous impulse, the Water Commissioner promised to issue periodical bulletins on the progress of the disease, and more particularly on the heighth of the water in the reservoir, and the amount of leakage. Like an historic personage of very ancient date he repented himself of his promise, and no bulletins have been issued. The Week, however, continues to make investigations on its own account, and is able to report that there has been no appreciable addition to the depth of water in the reservoir during the last fortnight; it still stands at about six feet, and leaks like a sieve. Turning to one or two matters of construction, which have not been brought to the front by any of the critics of W. L. Adams' chef d'oeuvre, The Week wishes to state that by no means can the engineer from San Francisco be acquitted of blame for the present condition of the reservoir. Under the most favourable circumstances for him he would at least have to share that blame with someone else, because he selected his own superintendent, and any professional man who is allowed that privilege must assume responsibility for wi follows. Now for once, to put the ca before the horse, it may be remarked that the workmanship was bad, even if the specification had been all right. It was bad in two respects: first, in that the mixing of the concrete was not properly done; and second, in that the method adopted of putting the concrete into position after it had been mixed was of the faultiest kind. The mixing was due to carelessness or indifference on the part of the workmen, who either were not adequately supervised, or who intentionally disobeyed orders. Be that as it may, it is a well known fact that the mixing was not properly done, and that therefore the mixture was not suitable for the purpose for which it was intended. It was on discovering this, and failing to get his remedy that Mr. Icke resigned. As to the putting of the concrete into the walls, the system adopted could not have been worse. A wooden apron was constructed and placed the full height of the sloping walls of the reservoir, nearly thirty feet. The distance between this wooden apron and the rubble wall within, was supposed to be eight inches, but owing to the unevenness of the wall it would not b half that distance i many places. The concrete was then poured into the space between the apron and the wall, in the expectation that it would flow to the bottom. To assist it long poles were used, and with these the workmen prodded the material. It does not take an expert engineer to premise what the condition of a concrete wall would be under these circumstances. When the apron was removed its condition was apparent, for it was found that in each section there were holes into which the fingers could easily be thrust, and in each case the gravel in the concrete, being the heavier portion, had developed a tendency to sink to the bottom, thus destroying the homogeneity of the concrete, and rendering it extremely permeable to water. From this it will be seen that there was really nothing to prevent leakage but the smear of rich concrete which was ultimately placed on the inside of the walls. Many people knew of this at the time, and the engineer who resigned was not the only one who spoke of it. It is all very well for the City Council to screen itself behind W. L. Adams; no doubt he is responsible and it is an easy way out of the difficulty for them to say: "Having engaged him to supervise the work, we left it to him." The argument, however, smacks more of sophistry than logic, because no man would keep his mouth closed if he saw his own house being built in this manner, even though he was paying an architect to supervise the work. It yet remains to be explained why the Mayor did not acquaint the Council and the public with conditions which were sufficiently explained by Mr. Icke at the time he resigned. Now a word as to the specification: Any engineer knows that concrete in which cement forms one-ninth, or one-tenth, is for practical purposes not concrete at all. No engineer who understood his work would dream of specifying less than one-fifth. W. L. Adams specified one of cement to three of sand, and five of gravel. This is one-ninth, and therefore it is clear that W. L. Adams authorized a defective specification, which in any event could not have resulted in satisfactory work. Up to date he has evinced no disposition to come to Victoria and consult with the Council, or any persons whom they might appoint. To one wishes to be unfair to W. L. Ada , and if his defect specification has en rendered ore ive by inferior workmansh , he o to make the fact clear, in order that the ponsibility may at least be shared. In that spirit of fairness which should prevail at all times, but which is perhaps peculiarly apposite at the present season, The Week suggests that Mr. Adams be invited to come to Victoria to examine the reservoir, to consider the complaints which have been made and to let the costs follow the verdict. Meanwhile The Week also suggests that whether Mr. Adams comes or not, an independent engineer should be engaged to examine and report, and in this connection would respectfully remind the Mayor and Council that there are several engineers in the City of the highest professional status, and one Mr. Mohun, who is acknowledged to be one of the highest authorities on hydraulics in the Dominion. No doubt the consent of the Government could be obtained for Mr. Mohun's undertaking an inspection and report. Meanwhile The Week can only express its extreme regret that the Mayor could not see his way to claim the $100 which it offered conditionally as a Christmas present to two of the most deserving charities in the Province. Unfortunately his failure to accept the challenge is only open to one interpretation.

THE MAYORAL CONTEST

The date of the Municipal elections is within hailing distance. As time goes on the qualifications of Mr. W. E. Oliver for the position become more apparent. The Colonist has stated that he is the only candidate who has shown a grasp of the situation, and that in itself must be regarded as an important recommendation. Victoria has reached a crisis in its municipal history, and needs a man at the helm who is capable of grasping the situation. Recent Councils have muddled along without a head, but Victoria is awake and things are moving, and "muddling" must be a thing of the past. There are three important matters demanding skilful handling, which must be dealt with during the coming year: the Water Question, the Streets and the Assessment Roll. The ratepayers are not ready to vote on any definite water scheme, simply because the Mayor and Council have failed to take advantage of the repeated suggestion of the Press to collect and publish reliable data on all the suggested schemes. The ignorance of the public on the general details is hardly less profound than that of the Council, and the proposal to rush the Sooke By-law to a vote at the next Municipal election is little short of ridiculous. The Mayor apparently lacks the capacity to state a case for the ratepayers, and until we have a Mayor who is able to do this it is idle to expect a favourable vote. The candidate who says that Elk Lake will suffice until Sooke Lake can be got ready demonstrates his utter incapacity for the office which he seeks. The only intelligent proposal is that of Mr. Oliver. His argument is unanswerable; he points out that not only Victoria but the southern part of Saanich peninsula is interested in any water scheme which the Capital City may bring forward, and that the only practical and economic method of dealing with the question is on the broad basis of working out a scheme which will supply all municipalities, rather than one which will make one municipality dependent upon another. The details of this proposal are yet to be worked out, but it is the only sound proposition which has been advanced, and Mr. Oliver possesses the ability to work it out. As to the streets, the subject is sickening. Every candidate, Mayoral and Aldermanic, will promise reform in the street work, but the point is that Aldermen Henderson and Turner have filled the position of Chairman of the Streets Committee, and Victorians know the result; enough said. With reference to the Assessment Roll enough has not been said. The Victoria ratal is one of the highest in the Dominion. The Week maintains that this is due to low assessment and to unequal assessment. For this it does not blame Mr. Northcote, whose reputation is of the highest, and who has rendered the City invaluable service for many years. But anyone who compares our Assessment Roll with that of other cities, and anyone who compares the assessments of various properties within this city, must realize that drastic changes are necessary, and that if the Council could be induced to launch out into an enlightened policy such as has been adopted by other Canadian cities, and have a re-assessment by outside experts, the result would be to equalize taxation and to reduce the rate very considerably. This suggestion is not offered by way of criticism upon the present methods, but as a suggestion in keeping with the growth of the city, and the requirements of the times. There is little expectation that such a policy would be ndorsed by any of the Mayoral cand ates except Mr. Oliver, and he is not a an pledge himself upon the question, but he is a man who may be safely trusted to look at the finances in an intelligent and enlightened manner, and some such consideration is urgently needed, for there is a perennial cry of lack of funds for nearly every important purpose. Sizing up the situation The Week believes that no man who has been a member of the retrogressive Councils of the last few years is competent to direct the affairs of the City. It therefore urges the claims of Mr. Oliver, who has been making a conspicuous success in the neighbouring municipality while his competitors have been scoring a failure in Victoria.

THE ISOLATION HOSPITAL

Nothing more conclusively demonstrates the incapacity of the present Council than its action in the matter of the Isolation Hospital. This hospital is a municipal institution, under the direction of the Health Committee, and under the control of the City Council. City By-law 344, Sub-section 25, defines the status of the Health Officer with respect to the Isolation Hospital, as the one person having a right to engage and discharge nurses and other officials. On December 20th Dr. Robertson wrote a letter to the Council asking that Mrs. King, the matron, should be dismissed. He specified the ground of his application, which was that on November 7th the matron telephoned to the mother of a child which had died in the hospital on July 13th of malignant diphtheria, stating that the child had during its illness been ill-treated by its nurse. Dr. Robertson considered that whether the statement of the matron was true or false, she was to blame for making it four months after the death of the child. If true it should have been made at the time so that it could have been tested; if false it should never have been made at all. In this conclusion the public is likely to concur. No doubt Dr. Robertson could, under the By-law, and possibly should, have dismissed the matron on his own responsibility, without referring the matter to the Council, but those who use that argument are not personally acquainted with Mrs. King. The action of Dr. Robertson in demanding her resignation is a serious one, and it is inconceivable that a gentleman of his high character and professional standing would have adopted such a course except upon the strongest grounds. Clearly there can be no division of authority in such a matter. The Medical Officer in charge must be supreme, or there is an end to all discipline, and the hospital might as well close its doors. But none of these things trouble the City Council, and its own officer is placed in the humiliating position of having his request ignored in a matter which directly concerns the public interest and the public health.

THE BRITISH ELECTIONS

As time wears on it becomes more apparent that the real issue of the present campaign is neither the Lords nor the Budget, but Free Trade v. Tariff Reform. The Week always maintained that the fight would be waged round this standard, and now that a definite pronouncement has been made as to the extent of Protection proposed the matter has been reduced to simple terms. At the time of writing it looks as if the Tariff Reformers are gaining ground every day, and that the Unionists will have a decisive majority over straight Liberals. It is by no means so certain that they will have a majority over Liberals, Laborites and Nationalists combined. There is this, however, to be borne in mind, that the Lords would not be likely to count the Nationalist vote in favour of the Budget; they might fairly argue that it was a simple Home Rule vote, in which case if they had a majority over the Government candidates, they would probably claim that the country had ruled against the Lloyd-Geogre Budget.

At The Street Corner

By THE LOUNGER

"Hello!—Yes.—Speaking.—Who is it?——WHO, do you say?——What express company?——Oh the Satanic; well, no; I don't think I shall be able to help you out on your sidewalks again this year.—What's that? ——Call round a little later? Well, you can do so if you like, but I assure you that it will be a waste of time.——Said the same thing last year, did I?——Ah well, that was different. Say, wait a minute, it might be as well for you to send round a small boy with a barrow, or one of those little hand-carts, just in case, you know. Just as well to be on the safe side, but there won't be any need for a team or anything of that sort.——Coming round on Monday morning, did you say?——Oh, that's absurd, just send that boy round about the end of the month, and even then I shan't have enough paving material to fill the bottom of his barrow. ——*Thanks. Well, so-long.*"

Yes, once more we have come round to the time when road-makers down below "get busy," and though they depend entirely for their material on the offerings of humanity, I have never heard that there has been a shortage yet. There are those who scoff at New Year resolutions, and sneeringly ask what good there is in making them, when they are sure to be broken within the week. But if there is truth in what the poet sings regarding love, surely,

"It is better to have made resolves
Than never have resolved at all."

Let us grant that good resolution is not always, nay, is seldom followed by good action; nevertheless, it must be admitted that good action is in the majority of cases preceded by good resolution. There can't be any harm in making good resolutions; so let's make them, and incidentally so try to fulfil them, that when the expressman above mentioned comes round, we can give him the cheerful ha-ha, and tell him to go to h—l.

* * *

But this little disquisition on the moral aspect of the case, and I find that as I grow older, I am becoming more and more inclined to moralise, must not prevent me from greeting my readers with a friendly wish that they may all have a happy and prosperous New Year. It seems indisputable that 1910 is to bring about unparalleled development to the cities of the Coast and also to Vancouver Island. Victoria, herself, has done more than just turn round in bed; she has actually progressed to the stretching and yawning stage, and the close of the year which is ushered in today, will see her out of bed, and in a fair way to complete that toilette, which when finished, will make her one of the proudest, as she is now the fairest, of the cities of Canada.

* * *

But there is a lot to be done yet, and that brings me to a state of affairs which was called to my attention lately over the telephone. The Friendly Aid Society, which has done such a good and noble work in Victoria, has the misfortune to have its offices opening out of the market. Probably more than fifty per ecnt of the people now residing in Victoria are unaware that we have a market, and I don't blame them. No one could possibly recognise it under existing circumstances; they might be pardoned for supposing that they had wandered by mistake into a junk shop, or the deserted barn of a bankrupt hardware firm. The floor is worn into unsightly and dangerous holes and is filthy with manure; heaped out against the sides of the buildings are masses of pipe-jointing and rolls of wire, scattered vaguely around are out-of-date fire engines, and several ancient-looking water wagons. Through this heterogeneous mass, or rather mess, the ladies who attend the Friendly Aid Society's meeting have to plough their way. From their point of view the inaction of the City is discourteous and ungrateful; from the point of view of the average citizen it is unsanitary and wasteful. Victoria is not too well provided with public halls and such like. The Old Market is surrounded by an excellent gallery, and roofed with glass. If cleansed and put into repair it would make an admirable ball-room, and could doubtless be leased for many other social and public functions. If anyone doubts the accuracy of my statements, and would like to see for himself, I will give him instruction as to the best way of reaching this relic of the past. The easiest way is to walk straight through the waiting-room of the V. & S. Railway.

* * *

I have received many replies with respect to my little dollar competition as to the best rendering of the Provincial motto in epigramatic form. I print three of them below. The dollar goes to "A Carpet Knight." When it is remembered that one of the glories of the Provincial Buildings is the magnificent carpet on the floor of the House, into which is woven the Arms and Motto of the Province, the witty and concise translation will be appreciated.

"Splendor sine occasu."

I. "Warranted not to fade."
—A Carpet Knight. (Prize).

II. "O'er every clime from heat to the eternal snows,
O'er every creed and colour, the Sun of Empire glows
In Splendour without setting.

III. "The real thing without lugs."

The second rendering is doubtless very fine, but then it is too long, relates more to Empire than to Province, and lastly, and this is always a bad fault, it uses the same word in English as in Latin. I have forwarded the dollar to the winner, who wishes to preserve his nom-de-plume. Any Doubting Thomas can obtain his name and address by applying to me at this office. Personally I am rather inclined to pat myself on the back for the rendering which I evolved after opening the competition. "The light that will never fail" is rather apt, eh, what?

* * *

I was not aware till the other day that we had in Canada a living proof of my pet theory of metempsychosis, which being translated into the vulgar tongue, signifieth the transmigration of souls. I find that Mrs. Malaprop has come to life and is living in our great Western country. Lest I harm the feelings of anyone whom I know I will say to start with, that I have never met the lady, nor does she live on the Coast, but the following two stories were told me by an ear-witness, who solemnly vouched for their authenticity.

The good lady runs an hotel. Arrived there an American mater-familias suffering from a bad attack of microphobia. "Will it be quite safe for my children to drink milk at your hotel?" she queried. "Certainly, madam," vouchsafed the hostess. "All our milk before it is brought to table is paralysed by the public anarchist." Again on being questioned by a caller as to the health and progress of her

(Continued on Page 6)

"Hope will Brighten Days to Come
And Memory Gild the Past."

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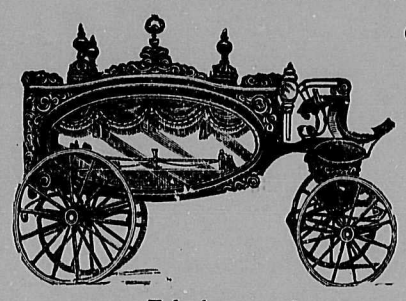

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Independent Grocers and Wine Merchants
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SOCIETY

Mr. Ross Turner, from Vancouver, came over to Victoria to spend Christmas with friends.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Saunders, from Revelstoke, are guests in the city.

* * *

Mr. B. Sweeney, from Vancouver, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Pooley during the Christmas week.

* * *

Mr. Thomas J. Dunn, of this city, is visiting friends in Revelstoke.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Dundas and Mr. R. G. Dundas from Shawnigan Lake, are staying with friends in Victoria.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Roper, from Cherry Creek, were guests in the city for Christmas.

* * *

Miss Florence Gillespie left last Wednesday evening for an extended trip to the Old Country.

* * *

Mr. C. Campbell, who has been visiting in the city, returned during the week to Alberni.

* * *

Mr. C. B. Burns from Dawson is registered at the Empress Hotel.

* * *

Mr. Cambie and the Misses Cambie from Vancouver spent Christmas in the city as the guests of Mrs. R. G. Tatlow.

* * *

Miss G. MacKay spent Christmas at South Pender Island as the guest of Mrs. Spalding.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher and Mr. A. Fletcher have returned to town after spending the Christmas holidays in Vancouver.

* * *

Mr. Robert Wilmot has returned to town after spending Christmas with his parents in Vancouver.

* * *

A very pretty wedding took place recently between Miss Effie C. B. Croft, from Discovery Island, and Mr. D. C. Hutchison of this city. The ceremony was performed at St. Paul's Church. The bride who looked very charming was supported by her sister, Miss Edith Croft, and the groom's best man was Mr. William Dixon. The young couple will spend their honeymoon in Vancouver and the Sound cities, and on their return to Victoria they will take up their residence on McPherson Avenue, Victoria West.

* * *

Mr. W. H. Whittle, from the City of Mexico, is a guest to the city.

* * *

Mr. Walter Barton, from Winnipeg, and Mr. William Barton, from Vancouver, spent Christmas with their parents in this city.

* * *

On Christmas night the home of the Hon. C. E. Pooley and Mrs. Pooley was the scene of a merry dance. The rooms looked very pretty with their Christmas decorations. A large number of young people were present and a very jolly evening was spent in dancing and other Christmas amusements. Some of those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pooley, Captain Parry and officers of the Egeria, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gore, Miss Monteith, Miss Lorna Eberts, Miss Mason, Mies Doris Mason, Miss Eberts, Miss Irving, Mr. Bruce Irving, Mr. R. G. Monteith, Mr. Young, Mr. Barnes, Messrs. Gillespie, Mr. K. McCallum, Miss McCallum, Mr. Potts, Mr. Lowry, Mr. M. Mason, Misses Blackwood, Mr. Trewartha James, Mr. John Arbuckle, Mr. Alders, Mr. H. Davis, Mr. Muskett, Messrs. Matthews, Miss MacDowell, Mr. Villies, Miss Bryden, Mr. Jephson, Miss Combe, Mr. Gore-Langton, Mr. Colley, Miss Perry, Mr. George Johnston, Captain MacDonald, Mr. Twigg, Mr. Spalding, Mr. B. Sweeney, Miss Bridgman, Mr. Foote, Mr. Barnes, Miss Little, and others. Miss Thain's orchestra played for the evening a very fine selection of dance music.

* * *

Miss Bowron, who has been staying with friends in Tacoma, is again in town.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Angus McRae spent Christmas with Mrs. Pudney of Nanaimo.

* * *

Mr. Villier, from the Old Country, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Pooley, Lampson Street.

* * *

Miss Edith Davie is the guest of Mrs. Burchell of Thetis Island.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Roberts are visiting relatives in Seattle.

* * *

Miss Pooley is visiting friends in Vancouver.

* * *

Mr. E. Baynes Reed spent several days of the week in Vancouver on business.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. N. Shakespeare celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary last Wednesday, December 29th.

* * *

Premier McBride is out of town on business.

* * *

Mr. Rothwell, from Duncans, was a guest to the city for Christmas.

* * *

Miss Bolton, from Vancouver, is again in town, and is staying with her parents at Esquimalt.

* * *

Mr. Brakespear, from Duncans, was a guest to the city during the week.

* * *

A very pretty wedding of interest to Victorians took place last Wednesday afternoon, at the Metropolitan church at three o'clock, when the Rev. T. E. Holling united in marriage Mr. William Spencer and Miss Lillian T. Watts, both of this city. The church was crowded with intimate friends and relatives. The bride, who looked very pretty in her wedding gown of white satin trimmed with real lace, entered the church on the arm of her father, Mr. J. H. Watts. Miss Vera Watts acted as maid of honor and looked very pretty in a white dress, with lace trimmings. The bridesmaids were the Misses Sarah and Ada Spencer, and wore very handsome gowns of old mauve with over dresses of white lace, their costumes being completed with large black picture hats. The groom was supported by his brother, Mr. David Spencer, Jr., and the fololwing gentlemen acted as ushers: Mr. Herbert Pendray, Mr. Geo. Crow, Mr. Bishop, Mr. J. D. S. Spencer, M. B. MacLeod, and Mr. J. Potts. After the wedding ceremony was performed the party drove to the home of the bride's parents, Pemberton Road, where a large reception was held. The groom's gift to the bride was a ruby scarf pin, to the bridesmaids amethyst brooches set with pearls. Mr. and Mrs. Spencer left in the evening on the Princess Charlotte for the Mainland on their honeymoon tour. They intend to return in about six months and will then take up their residence on Rockland Avenue.

SONG

If you had thought a heart
Was worth the keeping,
When passion could impart
More than the heart's quick leaping!

If you had taken pains
To guard love's treasure,
When love forewent refrains
Of dalliance and leisure!

Had you but done these things,
Love would have grown new wings
For happy, wider flight
And deeper-felt delight!

—William Struthers.

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and ten cents more will admit you to see the London Bioscope and a Grand Amateur Entertainment.

A whole evening's amusement for a small price.

Special Saturday Matinee for children—Five Cents.

"The year is dying in the night"

We are almost sorry to see this Old Year depart, for it has brought us many new friends and many new customers, doubling, nay, more than trebbling our business in such a manner that may be considered no less than remarkable.

A Prosperous 1910
A Happy New Year

is the wish we would convey to our old friends, new friends and patrons, at the same time thanking them for their generous support and soliciting a continuance of their favors.

W. H. Wilkerson, the Jeweler
Telephone 1606 915 GOVERNMENT STREET

Interesting Instructive

ROMANO
THEATRE

A visit to our amusement house will prove that we have the best in Moving Pictures and Illustrated Songs.
Daily from 2 p.m. to 5.30 p.m., and 7 until 11 p.m.
Saturday performances commence at 1 p.m. sharp.
Complete change every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.
ADMISSION—Ten Cents; Children at Matinee, Five Cents.

ORCHESTRA IN ATTENDANCE.

A PLACE OF ATTRACTION FOR THE YOUNG AND OLD IS

EMPRESS
THEATRE

The strides made in the improvement of Moving Pictures are nothing more than marvellous.
They are not only interesting to look at but instructive and impressive and oftentimes portray a lesson worth learning.
Complete change of programme on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
Continuous performance: 2.00 to .30—7.00 to 10.30 p.m.
Children's Matinees: Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday—Five Cents.

Admission - Ten Cents

MAJESTIC
THEATRE

Yates Street, Just Below Government

where you can see the latest and best Motion Pictures money and skill can produce. Illustrated songs. Continuous performance daily from 2 to 5.30—7 to 11.

Admission—10 cents; Children to Matinee, 5 cents.

CHANGE OF PROGRAMME

Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday

The Week

A Provincial Review and Magazine, published every Saturday by

'THE WEEK" PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Published at VICTORIA and VANCOUVER

1208 Government St., Victoria, B.C.

W. BLAKEMORE, Editor.

THE NEW YEAR

BY BOHEMIAN

Everybody is wishing everybody else a Happy New Year, and as the phrase is practically universal, it may be not unfairly assumed that happiness is the goal of the human race, the "summum bonum" of existence. I have heard more than one argument in support of the proposition that men should not seek happiness, but that they should rather live up to the maxim: "Be good and you will be happy." But human nature is not so constituted; such a maxim may be all very well for philosophers; all men, however, are not philosophers, and it will be very much nearer the dawn of the millenium before the world will cease to pursue happiness as the chief object of life.

The wish, however, is probably based upon the idea that the Fates may in some way or other be propitiated, and vouchsafe immunity from many of "the ills that flesh is heir to," and the troubles which distract the mind; and this is the unknown quantity which perplexes mankind; the uncertainty of life, the ignorance of all it has in store for us, the impossibility of fore-telling what will happen, even during the next moment, the hope that the happening may be conducive to peace and happiness. These are the ideas which flit through the brain, as one attempts to analyse the seasonable greeting.

I remember many years ago seeing a striking cartoon in Punch. It represented the New Year as a bright, sunny infant, just stepping across the threshold to commence the journey of another year; immediately above him the sky was clear; a little further small clouds began to gather, while the horizon was overhung with heavy black clouds. I imagine that this is a fairly accurate picture of all the years to come, as it is an accurate reflex of all that have gone. There are but two ingredients in the skies of life, sunshine and shadow; at times they brighten in an azure blue; at times they darken to blackness, and most of the time they preserve a monotonous grey.

The only doubt about 1910 is as to the proportion in which the great Artist will mix the shades. In spite of the blatancy of agnosticism and the arrogance of materialism the world still believes in an over-ruling Providence, and the poorest man on this first of January in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and ten, is he who lacks faith in a guiding hand. To blind fate he lifts his voice; his idol is deaf as well as blind, and he is flung back upon his own resources, whose faith depends not on Providential destiny.

Some of us may think that there is room for pessimism in forecasting the near future. On the horizon loom several dark clouds; the clash of parties at home is fiercer than for twenty-three years, and a new element is imported into the conflict. The truculence and aggressiveness of a rival Continental power are constant sources of uneasiness and anxiety. The growing disregard for the law in the New World, and the universal weakening of the orthodox Christian churches cannot be viewed without apprehension.

And yet there are counter-balancing influences at work which may neutralize the efforts of all the demons to disrupt the peace of the world, or to shake its faith. The conservatism and sanity of the British people, the universal spread of the cosmopolitan, democratic spirit, and the permanence of that faith which is embalmed in lives rather than in creeds will suffice to maintain the standard of justice and truth. He who holds this faith has no fear for the future, and believes that while 1910 may bring its share of trouble and trial it will find a solution of all the problems which confront it, and will prove in no less a degree than its predecessors "a happy New Year."

Bohemian.

To Inspect Oil Fields

Andrew Gray, president of the Marine Iron Works, and Thomas Arnot Ker, of the Brackman-Ker Milling Company, are going to California on Sunday to inspect the holdings of the Canadian Pacific Oil Company of B. C., Limited. Mr. Gray is vice-president of this corporation, while Mr. Ker is one of the directors. They will spend about a fortnight in the field, taking in Coalinga, Midway, Kern River and the other producing districts. H. H. Blood, oil expert, who has been in British Columbia for the past week, delivered an address on California oil in the board of trade hall on Tuesday night. Mr. Andrew Gray presided. Mr. Blood gave the history of the California oil industry during the past ten years when the state produced $4,000,000 worth of oil until today it is producing $30,000,000 worth. Mr. Blood left for California last night.

MUSIC
AND THE STAGE

Victoria Theatre

On the theory that comedians have a weakness for serious roles, W. H. Crane was asked if he had ever wished to play "Hamlet." "No matter what I may have wished," the actor replied, drily, "I never did play 'Hamlet.' Oh, no, I had too much regard for Shakespeare, my audience and my reputation."

Then the chat drifted to plays, and in particular to some of the big successes of recent years.

"Do you know," asked Mr. Crane, "what has been the most successful play of the century?"

The interviewer confessed himself stumped. Then the actor continued: "You will be surprised when I tell you. The most successful play of the century is without doubt "Camille," and when I was in Paris last summer, a venerable old critic, now eighty years of age, who wrote a review on the first production of the piece, told me its history just as he got it from the author a few days after the opening performance.

"Alexandre Dumas, the younger, wrote the story of 'Camille,' or, to give it the original title, 'The Lady of the Camelias,' in 1847, when he was just twenty years old. It was published in book form one year later, and merely had what the French call a success of curiosity. In 1849, Dumas was at Marseilles, living in a sheap lodging house. He dared not enter Paris on account of his debts. He wrote to his father and his friends, begging them to take him out of pawn, as it were, but they failed to respond financially. To relieve the boredom of his position he decided to dramatize his story. He wrote the first two acts in three days. Then remittances arrived, he returned to Paris, and in fifteen days he wrote the three remaining acts of the piece. And thus, 'Camille,' that famous five-act drama, was written in eighteen days. He took the play to the Theatre Historique, long since torn down, but the censor prohibited its production. Dumas waited, and in 1850 offered it at the Theatre Vaudeville where only light comedies were produced. The manager accepted it politely on account of the reputation of the author's father, and carelessly placed it aside without even reading it. For two years it accumulated a coat of dust. Then the vaudeville through a series of failures was about to close its doors. In this emergency a young actor of the company called Charles Fetcher, the afterwards famous Charles Fetcher, who had read 'Camille,' suggested to the manager that he produce it. The manager, however, when Fetcher told him there was a death scene at the end of the play, refused point blank, pointing out that there had never been a death scene on the stage of the vaudeville, and that his audience would not accept such a thing. But Fetcher was eager to play the leading part of Armand—and, by the way, it made him,—so finally after much entreaty, it was decided to produce 'Camille.' The play achieved an instantaneous triumph, running over two hundred consecutive nights, which in Paris, in 1852, was going some. Immediately following its production in the French capital, Matilda Heron, a celebrated American actress, made an English adaptation and brought it out in this coutry. It was practically the first problem play, as we use the term now, ever seen on the American stage. But people did not talk about problem plays at that time. Now-a-days it is a glib phrase.

"But 'Camille' has gone on and on, it has been played in practically every language, and it never fails to draw. All the leading women and all the stars want to have a try at it. It was amongst the best things done by Bernhardt, Duse and Modjeska—and who that saw Clara Morris in it will ever forget her? Verdi turned it into an opera, 'La Traviata.' It is sung season after season in all the opera houses of the world, and all the prima dona sopranos are willing to break their necks to sing it. Generations of women have wept over it, and will continue to weep over it. It has been condemned over and over, but it always draws. I tell you 'Camille' is the most successful play of the century."

New Grand Theatre

It is pretty well all comedy that is coming to the Grand next week and it will surely be laughing week for all vaudeville lovers.

A comedy turn direct from the London Music Halls and entitled "A Hot Scotch" will be placed this week by Emerald and Dupree, offering one of the most popular London Music Hall attractions. This act now playing an American circuit for the first time has earned good criticisms and has become a public favorite all along the line.

Then there is the Columbia Comedy Four, dealers in harmony and fun. These are four men, a Dutchman, a Sissy and two others. The reputation of the Sissy is here already and he will be most acceptable on the Grand stage. They are fun-makers pure and simple and can never get away from an encore.

"The Way of the West" is the title of the comedy drama by Charles W. Dotty that will be played for the amusement of the Grand patrons all next week by Al Fremont and Company. The Company included Mary Freyheld and there is action throughout the story.

Probst, America's Whistler, scored an emphatic hit in Vancouver. He will be here Monday for the first matinee. There is not a bird that he cannot imitate, and the act is enhanced by stereopticon views of the birds he does imitate for the audience.

Thomas J. Price will have a song illustrated and the Moving Pictures will be new again this week. Saturdays there will in future be two matinees, the first commencing at 2.30 and the next at 3.45 and admission to children will be ten cents.

The best trimming for a woman's hat is a good-humoured face.

For Mayor

Some say *Henderson*

Some say *Oliver*

Some say *Turner*

No doubt, before the polls close there'll be a HOT time. Let's hope so. At any rate, give the question of your printing a TURN-OR two in your mind. We have the facilities and capabilities for putting it, as the phraseology of the day goes, ALL-OVER the others for that fine touch which is disassociated with any other than the very best work.

THOS. R. CUSACK

Phone 220 Courtney and Gordon Streets.

Prosperity to You!

YES and an abundance of it. May this year be the most prosperous you have ever enjoyed and may happiness be your constant companion. This city and this great Western land is on the eve of "great times." Prosperity smiles upon us and prospects never were brighter. May you share in it.

For months we have been planning to make 1910 our banner year—to make it eclipse the record of 1909, the best year we have ever enjoyed. And if the best goods, the biggest assortments, the fairest prices and honest merchandising will do it, the result is assured.

We have never been better prepared to supply the home-furnishing wants of British Columbians. Never have we shown better assortments. A hearty invitation is extended you to inspect the offerings. Resolve—"That Weiler's is the store for me, through 1910."

FURNISHERS OF
CHURCHES
SCHOOLS
BOATS
SINCE 1862
AT VICTORIA, B.C.

WEILER'S

FURNISHERS OF
HOMES
HOTELS
CLUBS
SINCE 1862
AT VICTORIA, B.C.

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WATER NOTICE
Form No. 1

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made under Part V of the "Water Act, 1909," to obtain a licence in the Coast District.

(a) The name, address and occupation of the applicants. The British Columbia Canning Company, Limited of Victoria, B. C., Canners and Sawmillers.

(b) The name of the lake, stream or source (if unnamed, the description is) unnamed stream running in a southerly direction through lot 3, range 2, Coast District.

(c) The point of diversion: 1,200 feet from head of creek.

(d) The quantity of water applied for (in cubic feet per second) four.

(e) The character of the proposed works: Water will be used by means of a dam, ditch, flume, pipe, hydraulic ram and other necessary appliances.

(f) The premises on which the water is to be used (describe same): The said lot 3, arnge 2, Coast District (which is owned by the applicants in fee simple) and the foreshores thereof.

(g) The purposes for which the water is to be used: "Steam".

(i) Head Office of above Company in B. C., is in Wharf St., Victoria, B.C. The Company is licensed under the "Companies Act, 1897." Capital £40,000 in 10,000 preference shares of £1 each and 40,000 ordinary of 15s each all paid up with objects (inter alia) "to carry on salmon fishery and canning business and any other business which may seem to the Company capable of being conveniently carried on in connection with the above and to acquire any rights or privileges which the company may think necessary."

(k) This notice was posted on the 15th day of December, 1909, and application will be made to the Commissioner on the 31st day of January. 1910.

(l) Give the names and addresses of any riparian proprietors or licensees who or whose lands are likely to be affected by the proposed works, either above or below the outlet. Only the applicants.

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA
CANNING CO., LTD.
Victoria, B.C.

NICOLA DISTRICT

NOTICE is hereby given that I intend to apply to the Assistant Commissioner of Lands for a Licence to prospect for Coal and Petroleum on and under the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted about two (2) miles west of E. Todd's No. 2 location post, being "M. L. G." N. E. corner; thence west eighty (80) chains; south eighty (80) chains; east eighty (80) chains; north eighty (80) chains to point of commencement.

Dated 1st December, 1909.

M. L. GRIMMETT,
jan 1 Per A. B. Roberts, Agent.

NICOLA DISTRICT

NOTICE is hereby given that I intend to apply to the Assistant Commissioner of Lands for a Licence to prospect for Coal and Petroleum on and under the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted about two (2) miles west of "E. Todd's" No. two (2) location post, being "G. R. B." S.E. corner; thence west eighty (80) chains; north eighty (80) chains; east eighty (80) chains; south eighty (80) chains to point of commencement.

Dated 1st December, 1909.

G. R. BATES,
jan 1 Per Emmett Todd, Agent.

NICOLA DISTRICT

NOTICE is hereby given that I intend to apply to the Assistant Commissioner of Lands for a Licence to prospect for Coal and Petroleum on and under the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted about two (2) miles west of "E. Todd's" No. 2 location post being "E. T." S. W. corner; thence east eighty (80) chains; north eighty (80) chains; west eighty (80) chains; south eighty (80) chains to point of commencement.

Dated 1st December, 1909.

EMMETT TODD,
jan 1 Locator.

NICOLA DISTRICT

NOTICE is hereby given that I intend to apply to the Assistant Commissioner of Lands for a Licence to prospect for Coal and Petroleum on and under the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted about two (2) miles north of "E. Todd's" No. three (3) location post, being "G. R. B." N. W. corner; thence south eighty (80) chains; east eighty (80) chains; north eighty (80) chains; west eighty (80) chains to the point of commencement.

Dated 1st December, 1909.

G. R. BATES,
jan 1 Per E. Todd, Agent.

NICOLA DISTRICT

NOTICE is hereby given that I intend to apply to the Assistant Commissioner of Lands for a Licence to prospect for Coal and Petroleum on and under the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted about two (2) miles north of E. Todd's No. 3 location post, being "A. B. R." N. E. corner; thence south eighty (80) chains; west eighty (80) chains; north eighty (80) chains; east eighty (80) chains to point of commencement.

Dated 1st December, 1909.

A. B. ROBERTS,
jan 1 Locator.

NICOLA DISTRICT

NOTICE is hereby given that I intend to apply to the Assistant Commissioner of Lands for a Licence to prospect for Coal and Petroleum on and under the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted about two (2) miles north of E. Todd's No. 3 location post, being "M. L. C." S. W. corner; thence east eighty (80) chains; north eighty (80) chains; west eighty (80) chains; south eighty (80) chains to point of commencement.

Dated 1st December, 1909.

M. L. GRIMMETT,
jan 1 Per A. B. Roberts, Agent.

NICOLA DISTRICT

NOTICE is hereby given that I intend to apply to the Assistant Commissioner of Lands for a Licence to prospect for Coal and Petroleum on and under the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted about one and one-half (1½) miles from Otter Creek in a northerly direction or Lot nine hundred and three (903), being M. L. G. N.E. corner post; thence west eighty (80) chains; south eighty (80) chains; east eighty (80) chains; north eighty (80) chains to point of commencement.

Dated 1st December, 1909.

M. L. GRIMMETT,
jan 1 Per A. B. Roberts, Agent

NICOLA DISTRICT

NOTICE is hereby given that I intend to apply to the Assistant Commissioner of Lands for a Licence to prospect for Coal and Petroleum on and under the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted about one (1) mile west of M. L. Grimmett's No. 1 location post, being "G. R. B." N.E. corner; thence west eighty (80) chains; south eighty (80) chains; east eighty (80) chains; north eighty (80) chains to point of commencement.

Dated 1st December, 1909.

G. R. BATES,
jan 1 Per E. Todd, Agent.

NICOLA DISTRICT

NOTICE is hereby given that I intend to apply to the Assistant Commissioner of Lands for a Licence to prospect for Coal and Petroleum on and under the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted about one (1) mile west of E. Todd's No. 1 location post, being "A. B. R." N.E. corner; thence west eighty (80) chains; south eighty (80) chains; east eighty (80) chains; north eighty (80) chains to point of commencement.

Dated 1st December, 1909.

A. B. ROBERTS,
jan 1 Locator.

NICOLA DISTRICT

NOTICE is hereby given that I intend to apply to the Assistant Commissioner of Lands for a Licence to prospect for Coal and Petroleum on and under the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted about one (1) mile west of G. R. Bates' No. 1 location post, being "E. T." N. E. corner; thence west eighty (80) chains; south eighty (80) chains; east eighty (80) chains; north eighty (80) chains to point of commencement.

Dated 1st December, 1909.

EMMETT TODD,
jan 1 Locator.

NICOLA DISTRICT

NOTICE is hereby given that I intend to apply to the Assistant Commissioner of Lands for a Licence to prospect for Coal and Petroleum on and under the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted about two (2) miles west of E. Todd's No. 2 location post, being "A. B. R." N.W. corner; thence east eighty (80) chains; south eighty (80) chains; west eighty (80) chains; north eighty (80) chains to point of commencement.

Dated 1st December, 1909.

A. B. ROBERTS,
jan 1 Locator.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the matter of the Estate of Andrew McAfee, deceased

NOTICE is hereby given that all persons having any claims or demand against the Estate of Andrew McAfee, deceased, who died on or about the 2nd day of November, 1909, are requested to send, by post prepaid, or to deliver to the undersigned their names and addresses, with full particulars of their claims, and particulars of all securities (if any) held by them, duly verified, on or before the 10th day of January, 1910.

Dated this 10th day of December, 1909.

BODWELL & LAWSON,
No. 918 Government Street, Victoria, B.C., Solicitors for the Executor.
dec 11

No. 402 179

CERTIFICATE OF THE REGISTRATION OF AN EXTRA-PROVINCIAL COMPANY.

"Companies Act, 1897"

I HEREBY CERTIFY that the "Michigan-Puget Sound Lumber Company," an Extra-Provincial Company, has this day been registered as a company under the "Companies' Act, 1897," to carry out or effect all or any of the objects of the Company to which the legislative authority of the Legislature of British Columbia extends.

The head office of the Company is situate at the City of Detroit in the State of Michigan.

The amount of the capital of the Company is fifty thousand dollars, divided into five thousand shares of ten dollars each.

The head office of the company in this Province is situate at No. 1114 Langley street, Victoria, and William John Taylor, Barrister-at-law, whose address is Victoria, B.C., is the attorney for the Company not empowered to issue and transfer stock.

The time of the existence of the Company is thirty years from the 22nd day of November, A.D. 1909.

Given under my hand and seal of office at Victoria, Province of British Columbia, this third day of December, one thousand nine hundred and nine.

(L.S.) S. Y. WOOTTON,
Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

The objects for which this Company has been established and registered are: Buying, selling, manufacturing and dealing in forest products.
dec 11

NICOLA DISTRICT

NOTICE is hereby given that I intend to apply to the Assistant Commissioner of Lands for a Licence to prospect for Coal and Petroleum on and under the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted about one (1) mile west of E. Todd's No. 1 location post, being "A. B. R." N. E. corner; thence west eighty (80) chains; south eighty (80) chains; east eighty (80) chains; north eighty (80) chains to point of commencement.

Dated 1st December, 1909.

A. B. ROBERTS,
jan 1 Locator.

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NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed Tenders, superscribed "Tender for Sewerage Works, Prince Rupert," will be received by the Honorable the Minister of Public Works up to noon of Wednesday, the 19th of January, 1910, for the construction and completion of a portion of the permanent system of sewerage at Prince Rupert, B.C.

Plans, specifications, contract and forms of tender may be seen on and after the 7th day of December, 1909, at the office of the undersigned, Public Works Department, Victoria, B.C., at the offices of the Government Agent, and of Mr. James H. Bacon, Harbor Engineer, Prince Rupert, B.C.; at the office of the Government Agent, New Westminster, B.C., and at the office of the Provincial Timber Inspector, Vancouver, B.C.

Each proposal must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque or certificate of deposit on a chartered bank of Canada, made payable to the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, in the sum of five hundred dollars, which shall be forfeited if the party tendering decline to enter into contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. The cheques or certificates of deposit of unsuccessful tenderers will be returned to them upon the execution of the contract.

A guarantee bond in the sum of fifteen thousand dollars will be required as security for the faithful performance and completion of the work.

Tenders will not be considered unless made out on the forms supplied, signed with the actual signature of the tenderer, and enclosed in the envelopes furnished.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

F. C. GAMBLE,
Public Works Engineer.
Public Works Department,
Victoria, B.C., 2nd December, 1909.
dec 4

Satisfaction

We guarantee quality and satisfaction with every purchase of Groceries.

Phone orders carefully attended to.

A. POOL

623 Yates St. Phone 448
Watson's Old Stand

At the Street Corner

By THE LOUNGER

(Continued from Page 2)

daughter, who is by way of being a songstress, she made answer:—"Oh, she's doing fine, she is; she's up at C—— just now, and they say that she's quite a belladonna." Quaint, but true.

* * *

I spent Christmas this year for the first time in my life in Vancouver, and I was amazed. I never felt quite so much like the Queen of Sheba before. Of course I have seen the Terminal City many times, and have always realised what a busy and growing place it was and is; but I was not prepared for the immense crowds which swarmed up and down Hastings Street on Christmas eve, and filled the stores to over-flowing. The merchants without exception say that the volume of business done this year is at least 50 per cent. better than that done last year, while one firm stated that they had exceeded previous figures by over 80 per cent. Somebody has said something about coming events casting their shadows before; it augurs well for the future of this little bit of the Garden of Eden that the above should be the case.

Nor is Victoria behind. Perhaps we can't point to figures as portentous as the above, but I understand from the activity of the real estate market, that if Adam and Eve were living just now they would be making big profits on choice sections. Moreover the Christmas business was far and away ahead of any previous year. Where's your kicker now?

* * *

Honour to whom honour is due. On this occasion it is done to Alderman Turner, the chairman of the Streets Committee, who yielded to the urgent appeal of a local property owner and inside of twenty-four hours had three or four teams and a dozen men working on Cook Street. Ald. Turner is a man who does things, while others "gas" about them. It is true that the work has been suspended during the Christmas holidays, but I am sure that it is his intention to have it finished early in the New Year, and to cover the coarse granite stones with fine crushed material. I have no doubt that he will also order out the steam roller to finish the job properly.

* * *

A few people, but not many, have chided "The Week" for its remarks in the last issue which were evoked by the Colonist's symposium on church-going. My editor is quite able to take care of himself in the controversy, but I wish to remark parenthetically on an incident which has done more har mto the cause of religion than all the attacks of hostile critics. I refer to the conduct of Rev. Dr. Campbell, Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, in performing the marriage ceremony between a girl of fifteen and a boy of seventeen, who had run away from Seattle. Subsequent proceedings in the American Courts make the Doctor look like "thirty censt," and the case is made worse by the fact that the sheriff doubted the statement made by the youthful pair as to their correct ages. There is far too ready a disposition on the part of Victoria ministers to play the role of the blacksmith of Gretna Green always for a consideration. Probably the thing will go on as long as there are a few dollars in it, or until some irate parent from across the Sound comes to Victoria with a stout whip and administers well-merited punishment.

* * *

I have been asked by several young ladies who attended the dance given in Assembly Hall a fortnight ago, to register a protest against the use of powdered borax for polishing the floor. This most objectionable and unhealthy practice seems to have taken root in Victoria; not only does it destroy dark dresses, but it is extremely bad for the lungs. I know towns in the Interior where its use is no longer permitted, and I am sure that the parties responsible for getting up public dances in Victoria will be willing to go to the little additional expense necessitated by using the old-fashioned preparation of bees-wax, which is unexcelled for the purpose.

Lounger.

Wm. H. Crane and Margaret Dale, in Scene from "Father and the Boys," Victoria Theatre, January 3

Festivities at Pender

The annual Christmas Tree was held at Pender on Friday, December 19, 1909. The schoolroom was crowded by eight o'clock, everybody had turned out to have a good time. The room was most artistically decorated with evergreens and flags and the grand old Union Jack hung over the Chairman's seat.

The programme consisted of recitations and songs by the children, any they were most admirably rendered. There were some very good glees and songs by the Pender Musical Society, and at 10 o'clock Father Xmas arrived by wireless aeroplane, late, but his excuse was that he had missed the trail owing to some Yankee having taken away the North Pole.

Every child received some nice present, ample justice was done to the refreshments and everybody felt good and happy. The singing of Auld Lang Syne and God Save the King brought a most enjoyable evening to a close.

It is surely most noteworthy that an island like Pender can furnish with ease, a very good concert and entertainment without drawing on outside assistance. The new teacher, Miss Hamilton, has earned a very large mark, for the devotion and pains she has bestowed upon the school children in bringing them to concert pitch, and there is one certain fact, the department has a most promising teacher in this young lady.

FROM MALT AND HOPS ONLY

Victoria-Phoenix Beer

THE ONE PURE BEER

We wish everyone a most Prosperous New Year

Victoria THEATRE
F. R. RICKETTS LESSEE & MANAGER

Monday, Jan. 3

Charles Frohman Presents

Wm. H. Crane

In His Greatest Laughing Success

Father and the Boys

George Ade's Best and Funniest Comedy

Prices—50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.50, $2.00.

Seat sale opens 10 a.m. Friday, December 31st.

FOR

School Trustee

Ladies and Gentlemen:

I beg to offer myself as a candidate for School Trustee at the forthcoming Municipal Elections and respectfully solicit your vote and influence.

Wm. P. Sweeney

Something New

We are now able to offer to our patrons

A GUARANTEE

on our splendid line of PLATED KNIVES, FORKS and SPOONS. This line which is specially made for us is guaranteed to have MORE SILVER than any other standard make and we GUARANTEE to replace

Free of Charge

any of these goods which, a er use, do not prove satisfactory. This condition we believe accompanies no other flatware made.

Prices as follows:—

COFFEE SPOONS	per doz.	$2.70
TEASPOONS	"	3.15
DESSERT SPOONS	"	4.95
TABLE SPOONS	"	5.85
DESSERT FORKS	"	4.95
TABLE FORKS	"	5.85
DESSERT KNIVES	"	4.95
TABLE KNIVES	"	5.40

Challoner & Mitchell

Diamond Merchants and Silversmiths

1017 Government Street Victoria, B. C.

Non Scribit Cujus Carmina Nemo Legit

He was lean of figure and long of hair,
And he twiddled his thumbs with an absent air—
He was a country poet.
He wasn't a man of worldly means;
No currency jingled in his jeans—
For it's hard lines writing for magazines
When the magazines don't know it.

Transferred Their Affection

Among the domestic duties of a young husband in Indianapolis is the careful supervision of the toilets of his wife's two dogs, one a Great Dane and the other a by no means diminutive St. Bernard.

"Oh, Marie," shouted hubby from the yard late one afternoon, "there's not a flea on the dogs now!"

"How splendid!" shouted back Marie. "Not a single flea?"

"No!" yelled Tom. "They're all on me!"

Definition of Tact

Mrs. Pyne—"Mrs. Blank certainly possesses a lot of tact."

Mrs. Hyne—"What is your definition of 'Tact'?"

Mrs. Pyne—"Tact is a woman's ability to make her husband believe he is having his own way."

The way to make good apple jam is to pare good sour apples, core and chop fine. To equal weight of good brown sugar and apples add juice and grated rind of three lemons and a few pieces of white ginger root and boil until the apple is clear and yellow.

NOTICE is hereby given that I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands for a Licence to prospect for Coal on and under the following described lands:—Commencing at a post about three miles north of the Wendle Coal exposures on the east bank of the Bear River in the District of Cariboo; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

October 25th, 1909.

MRS. J. ROWAN

jan 1 W. Blakemore, Agent.

NOTICE is hereby given that I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands for a Licence to prospect for Coal on and under the following described lands:—Commencing at a post about three miles north of the Wendle Coal exposures on the East Bank of the Bear River in the District of Cariboo; thence North 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

October 25th, 1909.

W. H. PRICE,

jan 1 W. Blakemore, Agent.

LICENSE TO AN EXTRA-PROVINCIAL INSURANCE COMPANY

"Companies Act, 1897."

Canada:

Province of British Columbia,

No. 549.

This is to certify that "The London and Lancashire Plate Glass and Indemnity Company of Canada" is authorized and licensed to carry on business within the Province of British Columbia, and to carry out or effect all or any of the objects of the Company to which the legislative authority of the Legislature of British Columbia extends.

The head office of the Company is situate at the City of Toronto, in the Province of Ontario.

The amount of the capital of the Company is two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, divided into two thousand five hundred shares of one hundred dollars each.

The head office of the Company in this Province is situate at Vancouver, and Robert Ward & Company, Limited Liability, whose address is Vancouver aforesaid, is the attorney for the Company.

Given under my Hand and Seal of Office at Victoria, Province of British Columbia, this third day of December, one thousand nine hundred and nine.

(L. S.) "S. Y. WOOTTON,

Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

The objects for which this Company has been established and licensed are: The making and effecting of contracts of insurance against loss or damage to plate or other glass. The making of contracts of insurance against loss or damage by burglary, house-breaking, or theft, including theft by servants, workpeople, casual employees or any other person lawfully or unlawfully upon the premises of the person insured.

For Mayor

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE CITY OF VICTORIA

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I beg to announce that I am a candidate for Mayor at the approaching election. After having served as Alderman for three years I now respectfully solicit your vote and influence for the more important position, and promise to do my utmost for the progress and betterment of our city. My views have already been published, and will be more fully explained from the platform. My principal objects are:

The securing of Sooke as a water supply.

The introduction of more efficient management of the public works department.

The stricter guarding of public morals.

A systematic improvement in making and beautifying our streets and parks.

A. HENDERSON.

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FORESHORE LEASE

TAKE NOTICE that I, James Chichester Harris, of Victoria, B.C., intend, 60 days after date to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands for a lease of the following Foreshore, viz.: Commencing at a post planted at the southeast corner of Lot 56, Esquimalt District, thence northeasterly following the sinuosites of the foreshore a distance of 15 chains more or less to the northeast corner of said lot 56.

J. C. HARRIS.

Dated December 16th, 1909.

dec 25

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LAND REGISTRY ACT

In the matter of an application for Duplicate Certificates of Title to Lots 785 and 778, Victoria City.

NOTICE is hereby given that it is my intention at the expiration of one month from the date of the first publication hereof to issue Duplicate Certificates of Title to said lands, issued to. Robert. Paterson. Rithet,. William Fisher and William Fitzherbert Bullen on the 7th day of May, 1886, and numbered 6874A and 6875A respectively.

Land Registry Office, Victoria, B.C., the 22nd day of December, 1909.

S. Y. WOOTTON,

dec 25 Registrar-General of Titles.

HIDDEN LOVE

(By Reginald Wright Kauffman)

If you could see me weeping here before
The empty hearth that cannot make a home,
I think, sometimes, my dear, unto my door
Your steps would come.

If you could know my gladness when your eyes
Meet mine, tired, in one swift Heaven-born glance,
Up to my window you would look, I think,
As if by chance.

My darling! If you knew I loved you, how
So great a love and pure your own must win,
Perhaps—perhaps you'd lift the latch even now
And enter in!

—From the French of Sully-Prudhomme.

NOTICE is hereby given that I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands for a Licence to prospect for Coal on and under the following described lands:—Commencing at a post about one mile North of the Wendle Coal exposures on the Western Bank of the Bear River in the District of Cariboo; thence north 00 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

October 25th, 1909.

J. ROWAN,

jan 1 W. Blakemore, Agent.

NOTICE is hereby given that I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands for a Licence to prospect for Coal on and under the following described lands:—Commencing at a post about one mile North of the Wendle Coal eposures on the West Bank of the Bear River in the District of Cariboo; thence south 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

October 25th, 1909.

MRS. F. H. HEPBURN,

jan 1 W. Blakemore, Agent.

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NOTICE

PROVINCIAL LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY

PRIVATE BILLS

Copies of Bills, Petitions, and notices as published must be deposited with, and all fees paid to, the Clerk of the House, not later than 12th January, 1910.

Petitions for Bills will not be received by the House after 31st January, 1910.

Bills must be presented to the House not later than 10th February, 1910.

Reports from Standing Committee on Bills will not be received by the House after 17th February, 1910.

THORNTON FELL,

Clerk, Legislative Assembly.

Victoria, 1st November, 1909.

nov 20

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LICENSE TO AN EXTRA-PROVINCIAL COMPANY.

"Companies Act, 1897."

CANADA:

Province of British Columbia.

No. 550.

This is to certify that "Dodwell and Company, Limited," is authorised and licensed to carry on business within the Province of British Columbia, and to carry out or effect all or any of the objects of the Company to which the legislative authority of the Legislature of British Columbia extends, except the construction and working of railways.

The head office of the Company is situate at the City of London, England.

The amount of the capital of the Company is two hundred thousand pounds, divided into eight thousand shares of twenty-five pounds each.

The head office of the Company in this Province is situate at Victoria, and Norman Hardie, Merchant, whose address is Victoria aforesaid, is the attorney for the Company.

Given under my hand and Seal of Office at Victoria, Province of British Columbia, this tenth day of December, one thousand nine hundred and nine.

(L.S.) S. Y. WOOTTON.

Registrar of Joint Stock Coompanies.

The objects for which this Company has been established and licensed are:

To acquire and take over as a going concern and to carry on the businesses now carried on by George Benjamin Dodwell and Arthur John Hepburn Carlill, in the Colony of Hong Kong, at Shanghai and Hankow, in the Empire of China; at Kobe and Yokohama, in the Empire of Japan; at Tacoma, in the State of Washington, and at Portland, in the State of Oregon, in the United States of America; at Victoria, in the Province of British Columbia. in the Dominion of Canada; and at Dock House, Billiter Street, in the City of London, under the style or firm of "Dodwell, Carlill and Company," either with or without all or any of the real and personal property and assets of the proprietors of that business used in connection therewith or belonging thereto—and either subject or not subject to the liabilities of the said firm or any of them and with a view thereto to adopt and carry into effect (either with or without modifications) an Agreement dated the 30th day of August, 1898, and made between the said George Benjamin Dodwell and Arthur John Hepburn Carlill of the one part, and Philip Charles Emil Dennys (a Trustee for the above named company) of the other part.

To carry on, develop. and continue as Joint Stock Company, Limited, and as a going concern the businesses referred to in the said Agreement, and such other businesses in connection with the above-mentioned businesses as are customarily or usually carried on in connection therewith or are naturally incident to such businesses.

To carry on the businesses of merchants, exporters, and importers, shipowners, carriers, agents brokers, storekeepers, and contractors, and the business of marine insurance in all its branches, and in particular without prejudice to the generality of the foregoing words to make or effect insurances on ships, vessels, boats and craft of all kinds, and on goods, merchandise, live or dead stock, luggage, effects, specie, bullion, or other property, respondentia and bottomry, interests, commissions, profits and freights, and to carry on all kinds of transit, insurance business, and generally every kind of insurance and re-insurance business, except the issuing of Policies of Assurance upon human life.

To carry on any other business which may seem to the Company capable of being conveniently carried on in connection with the above, or calculated directly or indirectly to enhance the value of or render more profitable any of the company's property.

To buy, sell, manufacture, and deal in goods, wares, and merchandise of every description.

To purchase or by other means acquire any freehold, leasehold or other property for any estate or interest whatever, and any rights, privileges or easements over or in respect of any property, and any buildings, factories,. mills, works, wharves, roads, railways, tramways, machinery, engines, rolling stock, plant, live and dead stock, ships, or shares in ships, barges, or things, and any real or personal property or rights whatsoever and wheresoever situate, which may be necessary for or may be conveniently used with or may enhance the value of any other property of the company.

To purchase or by other means acquire and protect, prolong and renew, whether in the United Kingdom or elsewhere, any patents, patent rights, brevets d'invention, licenses, protections, concessions, trade secrets, and secret processes which may appear likely to be advantageous or useful to the company, and to use and turn to account and to manufacture under or grant licenses or privileges in respect of the same, and to expend money in experimenting upon, testing and in improving or seeking to improve any patents, inventions, or rights which the Company may acquire or propose to acquire.

To build, construct, maintain, alter, enlarge, pull down and remove or replace any buildings, factories, mills, offices, warehouses. works, wharves, roads, railways, hydraulic or electric works, or any other works for applying, transmitting, or supplying energy in any form, machinery, engines, walls, fences, banks, dams, sluices, or watercourses, and to clear sites for the same and to work, manage and control the same.

To acquire and undertake the whole or any part of the business, goodwill, and assets of any person, firm or company carrying on or proposing to carry on any of the businesses which this company is authorized to carry on, and as part of the consideration for such acquisition to undertake all or any of the liabilities of such person, firm or company, or to acquire an interest in amalgamate with or enter into any arrangement for sharing profits or for co-operation or for limiting competition or for mutual assistance with any such person, firm or company, and to give or accept by way of consideration for any of the acts or things aforesaid, or property acquired, any shares, debentures or securities that may be agreed upon and to hold and retain or sell, mortgage, and deal with any shares, debentures or securities so received.

To promote any other company for the purpose of acquiring all or any of the property and undertaking any of the liabilities of this company, or or undertaking any business or operations which may appear likely to assist or benefit this company or to enhance the value of any property or business of this company.

To search for, get, win, work, raise, make marketable and use, sell and dispose of coal, oil, iron, clay, precious and other metals, minerals and other substances or products on, within or under any property of the company, and to grant prospecting and mining and other licenses, rights or privileges for such purposes.

To sell or otherwise dispose of the whole or any part of the undertaking of the company either together or in portions for such consideration as the company may think fit, and in particular for shares, debentures or securities of any company purchasing the same.

To invest and deal with the moneys of the company not immediately required upon such securities and in such manner as may from time to time be determined.

To lend and advance money or give credit to such persons and on such terms as may seem expedient, and in particular to customers and others having dealings with the company, and to give guarantees or become security for any such persons.

To borrow or raise money in such manner as the Company shall think fit, and in particular by the issue of debentures or debenture stock, perpetual or otherwise, and to secure the repayment of any money borrowed or raised by mortgage, charge. or lien upon the whole or any part of the company's property or assets, whether present or future, including its uncalled capital, and also by a similar mortgage, charge or lien to secure and guarantee the performance by the company of any obligation or liability it may undertake.

To draw, make, accept, endorse, discount, execute and issue promissory notes, bills of exchange, bills of lading, warrants, debentures and other negotiable or transferable instruments.

To apply for, promote and obtain any Act of Parliament, Provisional Order, or license of the Board of Trade, or other authority for enabling the company to carry any of its objects into effect, or for effecting any modification of the company's constitution, or for any other purpose which may seem expedient, and to oppose any proceedings or applications which may seem calculated directly or indirectly to prejudice the company's interests.

To improve, manage, cultivate, develop, exchange, let on lease, or otherwise mortgage, sell, dispose of, turn to account, grant rights, and privileges in respect of or otherwise deal with all or any part of the property and rights of the company.

To enter into any arrangements with any Governments or authorities, supreme, municipal, local or otherwise, or any corporations, companies, or persons that may seem conducive to the company's objects, or any of them, and to ority, corporation, company or person, any charters, contracts, decrees, rights, privileges, and concessions which the company may think desirable, and to carry out, exercise, and comply with any such charters, contracts, decrees, rights, privileges and concessions.

To subscribe for, take, purchase or otherwise acquire and hold shares or other interest in or securities of any other company.

To act as agents or brokers and as trustee for any person, firm or company, and to undertake and perform sub-contracts, and also to act in any of the businesses of the company through or by means of agents, brokers, sub-contractors or others.

To remunerate any person, firm or company rendering services to this company, whether by cash payment or by the allotment to him or them of shares or securities of the company, credited as paid up in full or in part or otherwise.

To pay all or any expenses incurred in connection with the formation, promotion and incorporation of the company.

To support and subscribe to any charitable or public object and any institution, society, or club, which may be for the benefit of the company or its employees, or may be connected with any town or place where the company carries on business; and to give pensions, gratuities, or charitable aid to any person or persons who may have served the company, or to the wives, children or other relatives of such persons, and to form and contribute to provident and benefit funds for the benefit of any persons employed by the company.

To distribute among the Members of the Company in kind any property of the Company, and in particular any shares, debentures or securities of other companies belonging to this company, or of which this company may have the power of disposing, but so that no distribution amounting to a reduction of capital be made, except with the sanction (if any) for the time being required by law.

To procure the company to be registered or recognized in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, or in any Colony or Dependency, and in any foreign country or place.

To do all or any of the above mentioned things in any part of the world, and as principals, agents, contractors, trustees, or otherwise, and either alone or in conjunction with others.

To do all such other things as may be deemed incidental or conducive to the attainment of the above objects, or any of them.

FOUR PER CENT. ON DEPOSIT.

We pay four per cent. interest on deposits of $1 (one dollar) and up, withdrawable by cheque.

Special attention given to deposits made by mail.

Paid up Capital over $1,000,000
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Vapor Sulphur Baths Will Cure Rheumatism

Will open the 7,000,000 little pores in the body and draw from them all impurities, filth germs and poisonous matter accumulated in the system. See our fine

BATH CABINETS
$13, $9, $7.50

Come in and let us tell you more about them. Ask for free circular.

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1228 Government Street
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There's Nothing half So Sweet In Life as Love and Dudleigh's Mixture

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because he gets a good square meal

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Any Length in One Piece
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THE CARPENTER AND BUILDER.

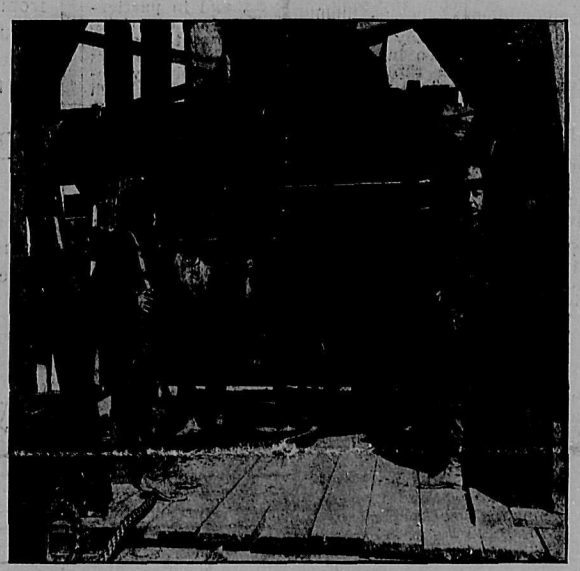
FORT STREET

What Is Your Money Doing?

Money in hand is worth whatever you can buy with it. Money in bank is worth 4 per cent. Money wisely invested is worth whatever it earns—sometimes 10 per cent., sometimes 1,000 per cent., depending on how and where you put it to work. Where is yourd? Is it making a living for you, or are you simply living for it?

One hundred dollars spent buys comparatively little. One hundred dollars saved grows slowly. One hundred dollars or so judiciously invested may mean a comfortable income for life. That opportunity is here and now, in California Oil. A great many people have the erroneous idea that small investments are hardly worth while. That is a great mistake. If capitalists waited until they had a large sum to invest, they never would have become such. It is the judicious placing of the small amounts where they can be earning something every day that soon brings wealth.

Thousands of men have reaped much from little, in this way, and if you take advantage of this opportunity there is no reason why you should not do the same.



INTERIOR OF A CALIFORNIA OIL WELL

What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander—what is a good thing for the rich is likewise a good thing for the man in moderate circumstances. Now, then! Here are the circumstances! A corporation known as the Canadian Pacific Oil Co. of B.C., Limited, incorporated in this Province, and officered by some of the biggest men in Vancouver and Victoria, has acquired 740 acres of oil land in California. One hundred acres of this is absolutely proven oil land. There are big wells all around the property. Oil is the biggest money-maker in the world—bigger than gold, lead, copper or zinc. It is making lucky investors wealthy.

This corporation is drilling for oil, and is already down 500 feet. To the west of us, three-eighths of a mile, is the St. Lawrence well—one of the biggest petroleum wells in America. Its depth is 2,500 feet. This company should strike oil at the same strata, because the land formation is exactly the same. The big men in this company have taken over most of the stock themselves, for they see the immense possibilities. But there is a little stock on the market yet. You can buy it for an investment or a speculation, if you like—it is selling for 25c. per share, having a par value of $1.00. It is non-assessable. When the company gets into oil the stock should jump to par overnight. It will pay, according to Mr. Blood, the oil expert, from 25 to 100 per cent.

How does this look to you?

The Canadian Pacific Oil Company of B. C., Limited

ROYAL LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY, LTD., Fiscal Agents 638 VIEW STREET, VICTORIA, B.C.