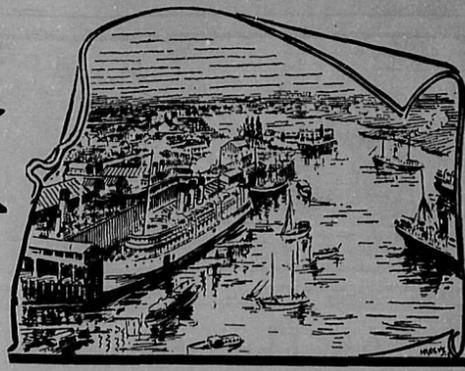


The Week

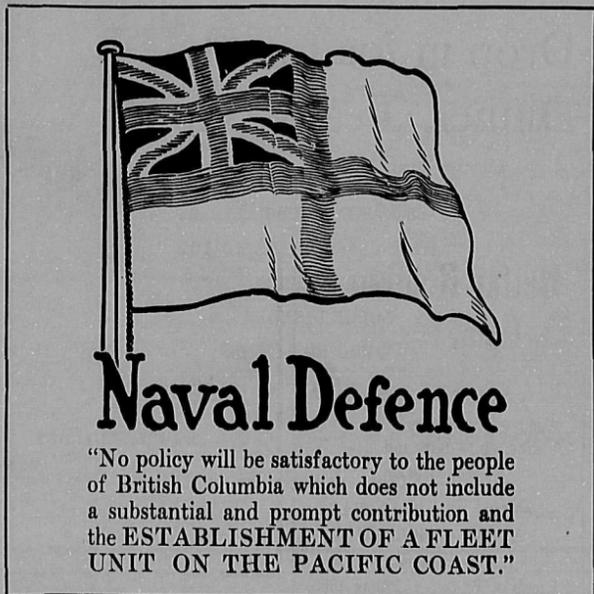
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Naval Defence

"No policy will be satisfactory to the people of British Columbia which does not include a substantial and prompt contribution and the ESTABLISHMENT OF A FLEET UNIT ON THE PACIFIC COAST."

Canada's Naval Policy

THE feeling of profound disappointment felt throughout British Columbia on Thursday when it was known for a certainty that no mention of a naval policy had been made in the Address from the Throne at Ottawa, would have been more intense but for the conviction which had been deepening for some weeks past, that such would be the case. In the first flush of regret it is difficult to speak in measured terms. The least that can be said is that Mr. Borden has failed to do what was expected of him and what most people understood him to promise. When speaking in the House last session on the subject of the Naval Bill, he said that if it were defeated he would bring it forward again, would push it to a settlement and, if necessary, appeal to the people. He has not brought it forward, he is certainly not "pushing it to a settlement," and to anyone having the slightest acquaintance with politics, it is obvious that he has no intention of appealing to the people. No one wishes to charge Mr. Borden with bad faith. His whole career is calculated to inspire one with confidence in his sincerity and honesty. His present attitude therefore presents a problem which is none too easy of solution. It is not necessary to suspect Mr. Borden of any change of opinion, or of any weakening in his desire that Canada should do her duty in the matter of Imperial Naval Defence. The only logical explanation of his conduct is that, whilst not relinquishing his intention, he has been persuaded to postpone its fulfilment. Writing in its issue of July 5th, 1913, The Week said: "The truth of the matter is that the Senate not merely carried out the wishes of the Liberal leader, but knew that in doing so it was acting in accordance with the honest opinion of so large a number of Canadians as to leave it uncertain whether that number would not constitute a majority. Outside of British Columbia there is no enthusiasm in Canada for a naval policy which involves the expenditure of money." The Week believes that that analysis of the situation is still absolutely correct and that Mr. Borden knows it. He occupies the anomalous position of leading a House of Commons in which a party majority will support him on the Naval Bill, whilst Sir Wilfrid Laurier dictates the policy of the Senate, secures a majority against that Bill and is more truly interpreting the views of the constituencies. One of the most regrettable features of the case is that both parties appear willing that the naval issue shall be forced into the background, for they are choosing the Tariff as the battlefield for the session, and it goes without saying that when trade is in question nothing else will stand a chance of consideration. When it ventures nowadays to touch on the naval policy, the Liberal press twits the Government with missing an opportunity of putting into effect Bill 95 of 1909-10, being "an Act respecting the Naval Service of Canada." It points out that no new legislation would be necessary, and that if Mr. Borden were in earnest he would allow this Act to become operative and call for tenders for building ships as Sir Wilfrid Laurier did. But the Liberal press conveniently forgets that as long as Clauses 17, 18 and 19 of that Act are on the Statute Book, no self-respecting Government will be anxious to invoke its operation. Those are the clauses which place the naval forces at the disposal of the Imperial Government through the Governor-in-Council, in any emergency, subject to the issuance of a proclamation calling Parliament together to decide whether such action should be endorsed or not. There are many aspects of this great question which it might be profitable to discuss. That of self-respect and the reproach which Canada must bear while she continues to be the only one of the great self-governing Dominions which holds aloof. Then, not a few of our leading financial authorities claim that this inaction is highly prejudicial to our financial interests, though with that The Week is less concerned. It may, however, be permissible to point out that by a strange irony of fate the same telegraphic despatch which announces the continued hostility of Mr. F. D. Monk to a naval bill, also publishes that gentleman's optimistic manifesto in favour of spending \$520,000,000 on great public works, every dollar of which would have to be borrowed from England. What really concerns patriotic Canadians is an answer to the question as to what means can be adopted to change public opinion. In its editorial of July last, already referred to, The Week advocated "a campaign of preparation and education before the constituencies can be brought to pronounce favourably on any expenditures for naval purposes." That campaign

should be initiated by the Federal Government, which up to date has done nothing in this connection. It should be backed by that section of the press which believes that Canada should make a practical contribution, but possibly more than all, it devolves on the Navy League and kindred organizations to sound a decisive note and to unite in an active, energetic and wide-spread campaign. Indeed, this is the "raison d'etre" of their existence.

The Municipal Elections

FOR the first time in many years Victoria finds itself under the rule of a Mayor who has been elected by the "popular" vote. To secure 3,762 votes out of 5,414 polled is the strongest testimony that any man could ask for from the bulk of his fellow citizens, and Mr. Alex. Stewart in assuming the reins of office can feel that he has behind him a practically solid public opinion. He has spent the whole of his life in Victoria. He has had ten years experience in the Council. He enjoys the confidence and respect of his fellows, and there is no reason why he should not attain the highest success possible to a municipal administration. He finds himself surrounded by a Board of Aldermen containing three newcomers and seven who sat in the previous Council. The newcomers are men of position and influence, Mr. A. E. Todd in particular being a member of one of the oldest Victoria families and a young man of conspicuous ability who has already distinguished himself in other walks of life. Mr. Bell and Mr. Sargent have had a long experience in municipal government elsewhere, and without any disrespect to the retiring aldermen, it may be said that these three strengthen the Council. It would be an impertinence to offer any advice to a Board so strongly constituted. Probably what Victoria needed most was a Mayor with whom it was possible for the Council to work. Having secured one, the rest should be easy.

The "Algerine" Repairs

THE COLONIST is involved in a controversy on the subject of certain repairs to the sloop "Algerine." It started the ball rolling by complaining that the "Algerine" was to be sent to Seattle for these repairs, instead of to one or other of our local shipyards, which, it alleged, had quoted a lower price. If this bald statement of the facts fully covered the case, there is little doubt that public opinion would sustain The Colonist in its protest. But in this, as in many other cases, one story is good until another is told. The Week is in a position to state that there were other conditions besides the nominal price of the repairs which determined the disposition of the contract, chief among these being the fact that the American firm was prepared to complete the work in about half the time of the Canadian firms, which in itself was a most important feature. No one will accuse The Week of favouring American firms, but emergencies upset all ordinary rules, and the injury to the "Algerine" being due to an accident which occurred when she was on her way to southern waters, necessitated prompt repairs. The moral of the incident is that our local engineering firms cannot too quickly equip themselves with a larger plant to deal more expeditiously with emergency cases. Lest anyone should be disposed to blame our local naval officers for what has happened in the case of the "Algerine," The Week may say that the tenders were all forwarded to the Admiralty in London and dealt with there. The letter of Captain Kingcombe in Friday's Colonist raises many questions, some of them pertinent, some of them almost impertinent; but as it is not likely that the placing of a contract for a few thousand dollars was influenced by the unpatriotic conduct of Canada in the matter of naval defence, they may probably be more fitly considered in connection with another branch of the subject.

A Victoria Manager

HUNDREDS of Victorians have congratulated Mr. Clifford Denham on his appointment as manager of the Royal Victoria Theatre. He was the logical choice of the directors; he had well earned the position as the promoter of the enterprise and as one who for ten years has satisfactorily conducted the theatrical business in the city. It says much for a young man, coming to Victoria a perfect stranger, that he should have given such general satisfaction that, when for a moment any doubt arose as to his receiving this appointment, there was a general chorus of disapproval. Rarely has there been a more marked demonstration on the part of the public in favour of a man holding a position of this kind. It proves that he has conducted a somewhat difficult and delicate business with tact and discretion, for if anyone doubts that theatre management is a business of this character, let him spend an hour or two in the office, and he will find that there is more human nature to the square inch at the aperture of a booking-office than anywhere else. Mr. Denham brings to the management of the Royal Victoria Theatre ten years experience of Victoria people, their likes and dislikes. He has many times interpreted these correctly with the result that the standard of theatrical entertainments here has been kept much higher than in any other city. He also brings a life-long experience of the technique of theatrical management, which will stand him in good stead in the most important position he has yet occupied. Of his success there will be no doubt among the many thousands of his admirers, and congratulations are quite as much due to the directors on having secured Mr. Denham as to the new house manager of the Royal Victoria Theatre.

The Voters' League

A CORRUPT organization has sprung up in Victoria for the purpose of introducing politics into our municipal elections. The organization is known as the Voters' League. It has no status, no responsibility and no representative committee. Is it

officered and managed by James McEwan and Clarence Harris. The former is so ashamed of the work of the League and of the personnel of his associates that he refused point blank to give their names to the press. The latter was charged before the Court of Revision by Mr. Fred Webb with having attempted to induce him to perform an illegal act. The association of this self-constituted League with the recent municipal elections was of the most disgraceful character. After undertaking to support, it ended by trying to "knife" ex-Alderman Gleason, one of the Mayoral candidates, and in the last hours of the contest its dishonest practices led to a fracas in the committee rooms and ended in closing them up. This precious League is responsible for originating and circulating false rumours about Mr. Alex. Stewart as well as for putting several respectable aldermen on its ticket without their consent, in order to gain a semblance of countenance for their own real nominees, the most prominent of whom the secretary, polled 629 votes. As 5,437 votes, in all, were polled, it is easy to estimate the strength of the Voters' League. The object of The Week in calling attention to its vagaries is still further to strengthen public opinion against a pernicious, prying, discredited organization, which is constantly interfering in matters with which it has no legitimate concern and which would, if it could, regulate the comings and goings of every citizen in Victoria.

The Late James D. Sword

IT came as a great shock to the writer of this paragraph to learn on Thursday morning that Jim Sword had been drowned in Quathiaski Cove. He had no older friend in Canada, for the acquaintance dates back to the period antedating his arrival in this country. Sword was an extraordinary man in many respects. Twenty years ago he was one of the finest athletes to be met with anywhere, and probably the best boxer in Canada. This trait in his character stood for more than mere physical prowess. He was a straightforward, outspoken, care-for-nothing, hard hitter; the warmest friend a man could have, and an enemy from whom one might well wish to be delivered. He had in him a streak of the Bohemian; he could not settle long in one place. Perhaps the Kootenays claimed him longer than any other district, for he lived at Rossland and in the Boundary for upwards of ten years. Sword was essentially a free-lance. The trammels of any business organization were irksome to him; he preferred a loose rein and a free foot. This spirit carried him to Colorado, Nevada and Mexico, in each of which he engaged in mining. His hobby was prospecting; he was always looking for properties, and was an excellent judge of ore. Latterly he had made his headquarters in Victoria and Seattle, and had done considerable mining business for important firms in both cities. His last enterprise was the formation of a copper company to operate on Valdes Island. He thought he had a good thing there; in his own words, "a sure winner," and had just been up to record the assessment work in order to hold the title for another year. Then fate wrote "Finis" to a strenuous and perhaps stormy career. No man was more widely known. No man was more respected for sterling qualities. Wherever one travelled in the mining districts of the West, the question was sure to crop up "Have you seen anything of Jim Sword lately?" and this wide-spread interest in his career was the best evidence that he had secured a permanent place in the thoughts of men. It is not an easy thing to appraise the value of a man's life work, but this much may well be said of Sword, that he has blazed many a mining trail, that he has been a pathfinder to ore deposits in a hundred places and that his name will forever be associated with the strong, honourable, rugged pioneers of mining in British Columbia.

The Medicine Man

THE practice of medicine is a great profession. In civilized society it is classified as one of the learned professions; it is hedged round with many bulwarks of protection; it enjoys many privileges; it has been legislated into an almost impregnable position, until today it is probable that the minister of drugs stands on a higher pedestal than the minister of consolation. Sometimes the public doubts whether the profession has not been protected just a little bit too much. It is apt to put its head in the air, stiffen its neck and assume rights which trench on the divine. It has long ago adopted the maxim "The medical fraternity can do no wrong." One likes to believe this, for if faith be the essential element in healing, it is very necessary to maintain faith in one's doctor. Still, at times, the insidious element of doubt will creep in. In its treatment of outsiders the medical fraternity is not always characterized by the most exact observance of the Golden Rule, and in its treatment of the public in the matter of an erring medico it is apt to act too literally on Portia's advice. But it all depends on whether the brother is inside or outside the pale. Dominic Two Axe was outside. It mattered not that he was a Caughnawanga Indian, a recognized medicine man and the son and grandson of a medicine man. It mattered not that he confined his practice to his own tribe, and it did not count for his salvation that he administered only medicine made from "bark, herbs and roots which were harmless." What seems to have mattered the most was that while a number of white doctors had failed to cure Mrs. Montour, an Indian woman, of an illness from which she had suffered for many years, Dominic Two Axe with his bark, herbs and roots effected a perfect cure. This was the most serious clause of the indictment. Fancy the impudence of a mere Indian medicine man, even if his father and grandfather had been medicine men of the Iroquois nation for a hundred years, daring to effect a cure where white doctors had failed! That was where Dominic Two Axe made his fatal mistake, a mistake which cost him \$24.80.

(Continued on Back Page.)



At The Street Corner

BY THE LOUNGER

IT is always satisfactory to be able to report progress, and when one can feel that progress has been stimulated by one's own efforts, the satisfaction is at least doubled. A few weeks ago I had occasion to comment on the fact that the new swing doors leading into the Post Office by the east entrance had been labelled wrongly, people being invited to enter by the left instead of by the right. I am glad to be able to say that this mistake has been rectified, and those who enter or leave by the new doors will do well to follow the instructions which are now correctly given. Would that all complaints received such prompt attention! If only the men and women who use the building would comply with the rules of thoughtfulness, there would be less crowding and inconvenience, and if recipients of letters would refrain from reading them at their boxes, or at the desks provided for other purposes, there might be a chance for a little fellow to get to and fro without bumping into so much humanity. I noticed the other day, when the Post Office was most crowded, one man idly waiting for his companion; while the latter was opening his letter box, the former was propping himself up against the desk facing the boxes on the right as you go in by the north entrance. Here the passage-way is narrowest, and here my casual friend had chosen a resting-place for his lean and lanky form. Truly, some people are born with a big hollow on their heads, where the bump of thoughtfulness should be apparent.

But though the Post Office can set to work and remedy a defect of the nature mentioned above, I am afraid that it is still hidebound with the red tape which, issuing from the Circumlocution Office like the thread of a giant spider, winds round every Government institution throughout the world. I have a case before me which would have delighted the heart of the author of "Little Dorrit," and which goes to show that the race of the Barnacles is by no means dead in the land. A gentleman of my acquaintance, a resident in Victoria for some time, and well known in business circles, had occasion to change his address. He conformed with the regulations and registered his change. Some time after the thirty days, which is specified in the registration form as a sort of time limit beyond which no postal clerk's memory can be expected to work, a letter arrived for him at his old address from England. It was returned to the Post Office with the word "Gone" on the envelope, and was forthwith sent back to the Old Country, to be re-addressed by the original sender and to travel once more to my friend at his new address. Seeing that for thirty days the postal authorities had the registered change; seeing that for some time my friend had made a point of calling at the wicket for any letters which might by chance have missed the eye of the guardian of this registered change, and seeing that he was, and is, daily in receipt of a large amount of mail at his office, one might have thought ("might have," I said) that some bright genius in the Post Office would have awakened to the fact that the addressee was still in town. But no! Whether the thought transpired, I cannot say. But "Red Tape" could speak and did speak. "Red Tape" said that it was thirty days since any change of address was registered, and, therefore, the letter had to be sent whence it came. And sent it was. Today I received two letters back from Stewart. One was addressed to a man who was, as I thought, in that town, last May, the second to the same man last August. Both returned to me at this office on January 12th with the remark "Not known," after having been kept respectively seven and four months.

I sometimes feel ashamed, however, of writing nasty things about the Post Office, for, when all is said and done, the Post Office is but one of many public institutions which are shackled with red tape, and we mostly "pick on" it, because it is the most important, the nearest to hand, and the one against which every man, woman and child has, or has had, some

grievance. We feel safe when we abuse the Post Office, because we know that we shall find heaps of sympathy on every side. I don't think I have ever heard a good word said anywhere for a Post Office, and this is rather hard, for, when everything is considered, it has a gigantic business to manage, it receives very little help from the public, and it doesn't really make so very many mistakes in comparison with all the wonderfully clever things it does. The public is very often an ass with respect to letters. I have, as it were deliberately, posted American letters in the city box, and vice-versa, through sheer absent-mindedness. I once received a letter addressed to me "Government St. B.C.," which may be natural, but seemed marvellous, considering that the letter came from a country village in the depths of England. One thing more. How many of us would be content to work on and on, as a matter of course, through the Christmas rush? However much annoyed we may feel, from time to time, with the Post Office, let us remember that "there are others."

For instance, there are the city garbage carts. Now, would it not seem natural to suppose that in this age of anti-germ legislation, when, one and all, we try to eliminate the microbe and hire men to make regular rounds throughout the city to collect the garbage which our grandfathers used to keep around the backyard, some effort would be made to convey the germ-laden filth safely and securely to its last resting-place? Yes, I am sure that you agree with me. But do they do that in Victoria? "Not on your life," if I may be permitted to break out into this highly-empathic style of language. No, they choose a nice windy day, and then send a cart heaped up with garbage down such a street as View, where I saw one the other day, and allow the wild winds to play havoc with the dust and filth, so that it may blow wheresoever it listeth. I have heard of garbage being placed in a covered cart. I have heard of sealed cans cart, and some make-shift, tarpaulin-covered carts have been seen here at intervals. I have heard of sealed cans being set out to replace the old ones which are taken away without being opened, so that by no possible chance can the neighbours get a whiff of the vile stuff. But not in Victoria. Here we have nothing mean about us. Heap the garbage cart high with refuse and let 'em all have a bit. Throw out the germs with both hands, and the higher the wind the better. That's the way to keep sickness at a distance. Inoculate the citizens with a profuse variety of microbes, and let the typhoid bugs kill the smallpox. That's our idea evidently. What does the new Council think about it?

It would be interesting to know just how many houses in Victoria have suffered during the recent prolonged rains. I have heard so many men complain that their cellars have leaked, or that their bathroom walls are running with water, or that in some other way the rain has found a weak spot in the armament of their dwelling, that I have begun to believe that no houses are built in the city which may be guaranteed to stand any weather outside the ordinary delightful climate for which Victoria is so justly famed. Is it possible that we build our houses in the same haphazard manner as that in which the city used to lay its water pipes? You may remember that some few years ago, whenever there were a few degrees of frost more than what was politely considered the fit and proper average for our town, the waterpipes under the roadways used to freeze. They had been carefully laid so near the surface that whenever the thermometer went below the aforesaid average, they would freeze. I believe I am right in saying that of late more foresight has been exercised in this respect, and that it will take something quite exceptional to produce this time-honoured catastrophe. But recently we have passed the average rainfall for the month during the first few days of it, and our houses are complaining. What a race of opportunists we are, to be sure.

After all, perhaps the opportunist

is the most desirable man for a companion. If a consensus of opinion were taken, I believe that we should find that Mr. Micawber would win the "popularity" prize amongst Dickens' characters. We most of us live in the hope of something turning up, and, sooth to say, it is wonderful how often something does turn up. However much we may admire, in the abstract, the virtue of steady, plodding consistency, we much prefer, in the concrete, the man who trusts more or less to luck. Nobody ever yet liked the "good little boy" in the Sunday School book. Like Mark Twain, who wrote the real truth in his skit on the subject, we feel that he was a prig, who most probably came to a bad end, whereas the "bad little boy" was an opportunist, who took the apples from his neighbour's field when nobody was looking, and caught fish on a good fishing Sunday, because he had the sense to realize that the fish wouldn't know any better. So for the most part we go on through life, and we build our houses to withstand ordinary temperature, and if it rains too much, well, when the fine weather comes, the house will dry of itself, and in the meantime, doctors have to live, so let us give them some kind of occupation in this over-healthy city of ours.

I believe that more and more we are becoming fatalists. "Kismet"

is an excellent word, just as it is an excellent play, and it saves a tremendous amount of worry. If it be true that love makes the world go round, I am sure that it is worry which makes it stand still for a great many people. I am told that at one time there was a rage amongst a certain class of American churches for one-sentence sermons. On one occasion, the chosen divine for the day stood up in his pulpit and said: "Don't worry; it's wicked." After saying which, he sat down. An excellent sermon and very much to the point. We have many proverbs all teaching the same lesson, but too many of us fail to give them heed. I am sure that the people who look on worrying as a sin live the longest, though, of course, that is a doubtful advantage. I think on the whole that Victoria is more free from the vice than any city in which I have ever dwelt, and I am sure that in this respect I practise what I preach, for you have an excellent example of one wholly free from carking care and all the other pseudonyms for the same thing, when you gaze on the placid features of the

Lounger.

PURPLE AND RED AND GOLD

Purple and Red and Gold,
And a colour that never grows old;
Like the scintillating glow of a summer's sunset sky,
Like the iridescent gleam in a maiden's 'witching eye,
Like the effervescent foam on a goblet mantling high,
Is the fleeting shaft of light
That beckons ever bright
Through eternities of night
From the Purple and the Red and the Gold.

Purple and Red and Gold,
And a feeling that thrills the bold;
Like the animating call of a bugle's brazen blare,
Like the stimulating sight of an action brave and rare,
Like the emulating strife when warriors do and dare,
Is the tingling of the nerve,
Which follows every curve
And never wants to swerve
From the Purple and the Red and the Gold.

And the tingling of the nerve
And the fleeting shaft of light
Are known to every fisher,
When the troutling makes a bite.

L. McL. G.

PERSONALITIES

IT is nearly two years since Bishop Roper came to Victoria. He came practically a stranger, for there were very few people here who had met him before. He came after what was in reality a deadlock in the Synod, and after a series of sessions which were stretched out for three or four days. On the part of the majority of people there was a feeling of uncertainty as to how the appointment would turn out. Many would have preferred a bishop direct from England or Canada, and under the circumstances it may fairly be said that the Bishop started with a handicap. It is only a matter of simple fairness to say that he has won his spurs, and today there is probably no man in the community who is more widely respected or who has more certainly secured the confidence of his fellows. In the Anglican Church, Bishop Roper is beloved. Every feeling of strangeness has disappeared. He has got very near to the hearts of the people, who realize that he is a broad-minded, generous, honourable man. They are not afraid to confide in him, and they have good reason to congratulate themselves on having one to whom they can turn with a certainty of help. Bishop Roper has "made good" in the pulpit. Whilst not an orator, and whilst obviously lacking some of the graces of oratory, he is a fine, forcible, intellectual speaker; one who never talks nonsense, who carefully prepares what he has to say, and who invariably illuminates his subject. He has been heard all too rarely on the public platform. This is because his time has been fully taken up with diocesan affairs, for he is an indefatigable worker, having made many long trips to acquaint himself with the work of the church in the most distant and difficult parts of the Province. It is to be hoped that later on Bishop Roper will be able to find time to figure more largely in civic affairs. His help would be invaluable in connection with many important subjects which occupy public attention, and as a platform speaker he has no superior in the city. There is possibly one fear about Bishop

Roper, and that is that he may work too hard. It is certain that he will never rust out, for he is always "on the go," but the preservation of his health and energy is a matter of so much importance, not only to his family, but to his church and the community, that it is to be hoped the fact may somehow be brought home to him, when he is inclined to overtax his physical strength. If one may speak of Bishop Roper as one of the newcomers, one may also say that Victoria has been strengthened and enriched by his advent.

I HAVE more than once commented on the fact that Victoria seems to be the home of a number of remarkably hale, vigorous men of advanced years. I hope the subject of this sketch will not feel aggrieved at being placed in this class. It is not intended to suggest that he is an old man, but he is an outstanding figure among the strong and vigorous men of Victoria who are not as young as they used to be. Mr. George Gillespie is a unique personality. He was for more than twenty years manager of the Bank of Commerce, during which time he gained a high reputation as a capable manager, a sound adviser and a financial expert of no mean attainments. His policy may have been conservative, but it was sound. He was personally known to every one of his customers, took an interest in their business, possessed their confidence, and in pursuit of an enlightened policy, succeeded in building up the largest banking business in Victoria. But that banking business demands the whole of a man's time, and its rules prohibit a manager from taking part in any other affairs, there is little doubt that Mr. Gillespie would have cut an important figure in the public business of the city, for he might have had any position he chose. Even now, in the days of his retirement, it would be an inestimable gain to the city if he could be dragged from his retreat and induced to place his great abilities at the service of the community. A few years ago, Mr. Gillespie retired. He

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purchased a fine estate near Sooke, match, and no wonder, when one reads and now divides his time between the town and the country. Being an athletic man, he is fond of physical exercise, and I have heard that he is an ardent follower of Mr. Gladstone in the matter of chopping down trees. Having seen the former operating on elm at Hawarden, I can well believe that Mr. Gillespie is a much more skilful performer. It would be no detraction from his valuable services as a banker to suggest that he is perhaps better known as the father of a family of athletes. There is no keener follower of athletics than Mr. Gillespie. He is to be seen at every important Rugby and cricket

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The Seer of Wessex

BY BOHEMIAN

THE Nobel Prize for Literature for the year 1913 has just been awarded to Thomas Hardy, the "Seer of Wessex." Commenting on the award, one of the London dailies remarks that he is the last of the old school of men who in the Victorian age have advanced the standard of English literature. It might have gone further, and said that not only is he the last, but one of the greatest.

Hardy has not been a popular man (thank goodness) in the sense in which the term is applied to writers like Hall Caine, Marie Corelli, H. G. Wells, or Florence Marryatt; neither has he reached either the heart or the intelligence of a public as numerous as that to which Dickens and Thackeray appeal. He has been rather like his great contemporary, George Meredith, the creator and conservator of a style, which he has assiduously cultivated through a long

man suffering, but the agony of the suffering. With him there are no half measures. His reader must drink the cup to the dregs.

As "Tess" has been one of the most misrepresented books in modern fiction, it may be well to quote Hardy's own preface:

"The story is sent out in all sincerity of purpose, as an attempt to give artistic form to a true sequence of things, and in respect of the book's opinions I would ask any too genteel reader who cannot endure to have said what everybody nowadays thinks and feels, to remember a well-worn sentence of St. Jerome's: 'If an offence come out of the truth, better is it that the offence come than that the truth be concealed.'"

It is this quality which led the world, a quarter of a century ago, to brand Hardy as morbid and pessimistic. This was about the time when that great book, "Jude, the Obscure," was given to the world, and perhaps of all his books it is the most morbid. In judging of it, one has to

may press in the wake of the strongest passion known to humanity, and to point, without a mincing of words, the tragedy of unfulfilled aims, I am not aware that there is anything in the handling to which exception can be taken."

The other quality of Hardy's work to which I will refer is that of construction and dramatic intensity. Nearly all his books are skilfully constructed. While he eschews elaborate and complicated plots, and while his chief interest depends upon the gradual and natural development of individual character, he shows himself, nevertheless, to be a master of construction. There are no loose ends in his books. Everything is rounded out to a logical conclusion, and this is as true of the story and the plot as it is of the characters.

Dramatic intensity is one of his most marked features. Most of his books grip the reader; they are of the kind which one sits through the long night to finish, unable to lay them down when once the story is fairly running. And this dramatic intensity not only pervades the whole of the book, but is crystallized in a few great scenes.

In what modern work of fiction,

excepting the products of Tolstoi, or some other of the Russian school of novelists, who, however brilliant their execution, still lack the poise and philosophy of Hardy, could one find a scene which for dramatic intensity, poignancy and that sheer pitifulness which belongs to our Lady of Sorrows, could match that never-to-be-forgotten scene in "Tess of the d'Urbervilles"?

It is certain that no award could have been so gratifying to the English-speaking people who know Hardy as the one which the Nobel Committee has seen fit to make. It is a fitting recognition of brilliant work extending over a whole lifetime, work which with many other striking features presents a consistency to which that of few other contemporary authors can lay claim. The committee has honoured itself as much as it has honoured the "Seer of Wessex" by crowning him king.

Bohemian.

The Quality of Dominance

By Reginald R. Buckley

WRITING of Sir J. M. Barrie the other day, the Manchester Guardian suggested that in his desire to "touch" he failed to "stimulate," and that, in so far as this was the case, a writer comes short of greatness. Applying that idea, not only to literature, but to the larger sphere of life, let us try to discover what Greatness is.

Not Ability

Greatness certainly is not ability. Many of the cleverest men and women leave their period unmarked. They neither touch to tears nor stimulate to action. Nor is goodness akin to greatness. Many are the persons, admirable in personal conduct, free also from the secondary goodness that merely follows rules, who are by no means great. Numerous are the social reformers, the honest business men, the self-denying women, about whose bodies clings no aura, at whose name shall no trumpet sound, whom the present does not know, nor shall the future remember. Many are acclaimed today with fervent fanaticism whose lives are as dust, while true greatness stands aside, a little scornful, well knowing that the world, like a kitten, would open its eyes but slowly.

Is It Accident?

Was it accident that stamped Wilberforce as great, which identified him with the abolition of slavery? Any other man who had done the same thing would have been as noble. Shall we deny greatness in Wilberforce because you or I, given the same chance, would have done the same thing? Is greatness in the Man or in the Thing Done? You or I could not have composed the symphonies of Beethoven. Not even Wagner, himself a vaster man, could have done just that. It is a hard matter to decide. All of us regard Florence Nightingale as a great woman, not only as the heroine of the Crimea, but as a pioneer of women's work when such work was looked upon with disdain. Few of us would apply the word "great" to Mrs. Pankhurst. Yet both these women stood for a generation as suffragettes, and have endured physical and mental anguish for a cause. And Florence Nightingale was so reckoned from the beginning (except by medical competitors). "Ah," says the astute reader, "one represents deeds, the other words." On the contrary, the active part of Miss Nightingale's work was short, and her government negotiations and report writing of long duration. Then Mr. Gladstone, the most voluble man who ever lived, is great, while one only recollects one dumb person who has been called great. And that is Helen Keller, who has contrived to write and so live by words after all. There is a certain quality which tells us that people have the seeds of greatness in them even if the soil is not such as to lead to growth.

Right or Wrong?

Can anyone be great and at the same time wrong? Cobden is a hero to the Free Trader; an erroneous thinker to the Tariff Reformer. I have never heard anyone who disagreed with Cobden call him great. But Disraeli has idolaters even among his enemies. Yet Cobden certainly was as sincere, nor had he the mannerisms that for many years fought against Disraeli. What is it that makes the judgments of Time at once sure-footed and inclined to slip? The few deem Meredith great, not only as a writer, but as a humanist. The many consider Dickens a master, yet he was carelessly simple as Meredith was recklessly complex. Dickens, too, was keen on social reform; while Meredith held a kind of pessimistic

Whiggism. Ask the same people if Galsworthy and Hall Caine are great. Probably the answer will be "No." Yet these two men are the modern equivalent of their predecessors. In aloofness and self-assertion, in sincerity and social zeal, in hard-thinking and copious effect, the two pairs are well matched. In literature times and judgments change. In literature greatness does not hang upon an event, as in the case of Nelson. What would Nelson have been had he not served his country at sea?

Invention

Genius is not greatness. Rudyard Kipling is a genius, for his name stands for an idea, the glory of the things that are, and the dream of a noble Empire. Oscar Wilde was a genius, for was he not expression incarnate? Strauss is a genius, for is there a pang or an emotion that does not cry out from his orchestra? From the sensuality of Salome to the nobility of Orestes, all is known to us through him. Stephenson and Watt gave a new impetus to steam traction. Madame Curie gave us radium, and Marconi, like a wizard, sped ideas winged through the air. But is it upon our knees that we approach them? Not for a moment do I suggest that either their lives or their aims leave anything to be desired. Each in his or her way has laid at the feet of the world the fruit of the tree. And so the philosophers and poets from Homer and Whitman, from Plato to Emerson, from Aristotle to Nietzsche move in an august procession, heartening or frightening, bracing or teaching the generations. We take off our hats, but we do not kneel. The standard that our souls set is a high one. Perhaps one forgets nowadays what a wealth of prowess, of suffering, or of genius one needs in order to wring from humanity the cry: "He is a Prophet."

At War With the World

Perhaps one must be at war with the world to reach that standard. Had Isaiah been popular, had Pilate been a man of courage, had no coward been found to hand the hemlock to Socrates, would not a world's history have been changed? There lies the modern danger. When anyone is reviled look warily, for here may be the man or woman for whom the world waits. This is the more needful in an age like this, when the press and the film can establish names and spread ideas which seldom receive any test at all. To be at war with existing things always has been the sign of greatness. Though only one soldier in a thousand is a hero.

The Rare Quality

The truth is that greatness is more rare than we think. I would deny it not only to Sir J. M. Barrie but to every living and nearly every dead writer. For greatness neither is of a man nor an event. It comes like Tragedy from causes beyond our ken, from a world where dark and wayward strands of thought are woven together. Lincoln was great because he lived by the labour of his hands, expressed his thoughts with vigour and rightness, and guarded his inner life. He was great because the soul within him bound a people to him, because principle was more than power. And further, his principle triumphed and he was exalted through an ideal. But most of all was he great because at the end he came to his Calvary unstained, and was made immortal by the very hand that struck him. America, the World and God were glorified in a full and complete life. His labour was worthy, his speeches have the ring of literature. He was a father, a husband, a national prophet. Shakespeare lived fully and wrote as

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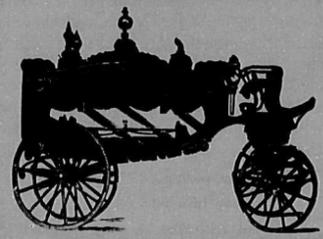
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Railway and Steamship Guide to Victoria

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Victoria-Seattle.—Leave Victoria daily 4:30 p.m. Arrive Seattle, 9:30 p.m.

Vancouver-Victoria.—Leave Vancouver daily, 10:00 a.m., 2:00 p.m., 11:45 p.m. Arrive Victoria, 2:30 p.m., 6:45 p.m., 7:00 a.m.

Seattle-Victoria.—Leave Seattle daily, 9:00 a.m.; arrive Victoria 1:15 p.m.

GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC STEAMERS

Northbound.—Leave Seattle 12:00 midnight Sunday and Wednesday; arrive Victoria 6:00 a.m. Monday and Thursday; leave Victoria 10:00 a.m. Monday and Thursday; arrive Vancouver 3:00 p.m. Monday and Thursday; leave Vancouver 12:00 midnight Monday and Thursday; arrive Prince Rupert 9:00 a.m. Wednesday and Saturday; leave Prince Rupert 8:00 a.m. Thursday, midnight Saturday; arrive Stewart 5:00 p.m. Thursday; arrive Granby Bay 7:00 a.m. Sunday.

Southbound.—Leave Granby Bay 9 a.m. Sunday; leave Stewart 8:00 p.m. Thursday; arrive Prince Rupert 6:00 a.m. Friday, 5:00 p.m. Sunday; leave Prince Rupert 9:00 a.m. Friday and Monday; arrive Vancouver 7:00 p.m. Saturday and Tuesday; leave Vancouver 12:00 midnight Saturday and Tuesday; arrive Victoria 7:00 a.m. Sunday and Wednesday; leave Victoria 10:00 a.m. Sunday and Wednesday; arrive Seattle 3:00 p.m. Sunday and Wednesday.

E. & N. RAILWAY

Victoria to Port Alberni.—Leave Victoria daily at 9:00 a.m., 3:15 p.m.; arrive Duncan 11:10 a.m., 5:40 p.m.; arrive Nanaimo, 12:45 p.m., 7:20 p.m.; arrive Port Alberni 4:20 p.m. on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays only.

Port Alberni to Victoria.—Leave Port Alberni on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays only at 11:10 a.m.; leave Nanaimo daily 8:35 a.m., 2:50 p.m.; arrive Duncan 10:45 a.m., 4:41 p.m.; arrive Victoria 12:15 p.m., and 6:45 p.m.

Cowichan Lake.—Leave Duncan 11:30 a.m., Wednesdays and Saturdays; reach Cowichan Lake, 12:30 p.m. Leave Cowichan Lake 3:15 p.m. Wednesdays and Saturdays; reach Duncan 4:10 p.m.

V. & S. RAILWAY

Victoria-Sidney.—Leave Victoria daily, 9:00 a.m. (except Sundays), 2:00 p.m., 5:00 p.m.; Sundays at 10:00 a.m. Arrive at Sidney one hour later. Leave Sidney week days at 7:30 a.m., 11:30 p.m., 4:30 p.m. Reach Victoria 8:30 a.m., 12:30 p.m., 5:30 p.m.; Sunday leave Sidney 5:00 p.m., reaching Victoria 6:00 p.m. Saturday special train leaves Sidney 6:15 p.m.

B. C. E. RY. (Interurban)

Victoria-Deep Cove.—First car leaves Victoria for Deep Cove, 7:30 a.m.; last car leaves Victoria for Deep Cove 11:15 a.m. (except Sundays). First car arrives Deep Cove 8:45 a.m.; last, 12:30 midnight. First car leaves Deep Cove, 6:00 a.m.; last car, 9:00 p.m.; first car arrives Victoria, 7:15 a.m.; last, 10:15 u.m.



Thomas Hardy

lifetime, a style which at first was "caviar" to the general public, and which they have only come to understand and appreciate by slow degrees.

The style of Hardy has many excellences. Its first and possibly its least meritorious is exemplified in a marvellous gift of word-painting. Never has rural scenery been pictured with greater fidelity than in Hardy's Wessex tales. The woodland, the lane, the moorland, the narrow village streets, cottages, the quaint inns and churches, are all depicted with such a clearness and in such microscopic detail that one can see the leaves fluttering on the trees and the raindrops pattering on the woodland glades.

Not less impressive is Hardy's description of Wessex people. Surely no English writer has limned so many types, each one easily recognisable and ranging from the masterful mayor of Casterbridge to the shy, trembling, apologetic Thomas Leaf.

Hardy has earned his title as the Seer of Wessex by concentrating his attention on that small stretch of country, and picturing it with its people, their manners and customs, their comings and goings, indeed, their whole little span of existence for all time.

The second great excellence of Hardy's work is his knowledge and control of the English language. I doubt if any modern writer has equalled his finest passages for definite expression, logical force and dramatic intensity. It would be easy to quote some such passages from any of his works, but I think the finest occur in "Jude, the Obscure," "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" and "The Return of the Native."

remember that it was written when morbidity was a subject of world-wide discussion, when Nordau's "Degeneration" was being talked of everywhere.

I remember reading "Jude" when it was published. While I never wavered in my high estimate of its author, I was painfully impressed by some of its passages. I have read it again and again in later years, and today it stands out for me as a great epic, too true to life, too appreciative of some of the finer instincts of the human race to be either morbid or pessimistic.

The picture of any man struggling Titan-like with his fate, surmounting obstacles, at times through the weakness of the flesh succumbing to temptations, but ever preserving the fighting instinct, and at the last putting his back to the wall and defying fate until nature took her final toll, must be possessed of perennial interest.

I regard "Jude" as the greatest of Hardy's creations, and the book, whilst unequal in some respects, incomparably the strongest. It illustrates perhaps in a greater degree than any other the quality of Hardy's writing to which I have referred, that wonderful power of analysis, of expression and of insight, which marks him out as one of the great writers of the Victorian age.

The following paragraph from Hardy's own preface to "Jude" is worth reproduction:

"Like former productions of this pen, 'Jude, the Obscure,' is simply an endeavour to give shape and coherence to a series of summings, or personal impressions, the question of their consistency or their discordance, of their permanence or their transiency, being regarded as not of the first moment. "For a novel addressed by a man to men and women of full age, which attempts to deal unadornedly with the fret and fever, derision and disaster, that

POSTAGE RATE

The drop-rate of postage, viz., one cent per ounce or fraction thereof, on letters posted in Victoria for delivery in Oak Bay municipality, or posted in Oak Bay municipality for delivery in Victoria, has now been authorised by the Post Office Department.

GOSSIP FROM THE STALLS

VICTORIA has always been noted for its high class amateur performances. One cannot read the records of the Victoria Theatre as far back as thirty years ago without coming across the name of our respected Police Magistrate, his wife and many others of our most prominent citizens as contributors to the theatrical performances of the city.

Since those days there have been amateur dramatic societies galore. Some have lived their little day and petered out; others have fluctuated from active success to moribundity. At the present time there is a distinct revival, both in the line of dramatics and operatics, the former due to the energy and ability of Colonel Hobday and his coadjutors, the latter to the indefatigable efforts of Mrs. R. B. McMicking, who has done so much to revive public interest in amateur operatic performances, and was mainly responsible for the presentation of "The Chimes of Normandy" about a year ago.

Some people have compared the recent performance of "The Gondoliers" with that of "Everykid." This is not fair, for they are essentially different, and possess absolutely no points of comparison. All that can truly be said is that "The Gondoliers" is a much heavier and more pretentious work, and its presentation by the Victoria Amateur Operatic Company challenged comparison with the work of professional companies.

The performance as staged in the Royal Victoria Theatre was one of which any amateur company might well be proud. It is true that on the first night there was a little stiffness and a little awkwardness; there was also at the commencement an obvious lack of "vim," which led one to fear that the show was going to be lifeless. But this soon passed off, and the second and third performances left little to be desired.

The first feature which calls for comment is the splendid work of the chorus. The voices were fresh, well trained, tuneful and powerful, and rarely has any chorus, professional or amateur, been heard in a Victoria theatre to such good purpose. The next feature was the singing of the soloists, and here it difficult to apportion praise. The work of Mrs. D. B. McConnan as the "Duchess of Plaza Toro"; Miss Goodwin Barton as "Casilda"; Mr. Eric Pilkington "as Marco"; Mr. F. E. Petch as "Giuseppe"; Mr. J. F. Bennett as the "Grand Inquisitor"; Mr. R. B. Mackenzie as "Luiz," and Mr. J. V. Barrett-Lennard as the "Duke of Plaza Toro," deserve the highest compliments that can be paid.

Perhaps the heaviest work fell on the shoulders of Miss Goodwin Barton, who specially distinguished herself as "Casilda," but there was no finer representation than that of Mrs. McConnan, whose "Duchess" was perfect, both dramatically and vocally. Mr. Pilkington and Mr. Petch were more than satisfactory in their somewhat difficult dual role. Their singing was at all times excellent, and Mr. Pilkington received a well-deserved encore for his beautiful singing of "Take a Pair of Sparkling Eyes." Mr. Mackenzie was perhaps not particularly well suited by his part, which gave but limited opportunities for his fine vocal abilities. Mr. Lennard entered fully into the spirit of the comic part of the "Duke" with just the suspicion of slightly burlesquing it. But no doubt this is a natural tendency with one who is such a born comedian. For a piece of clean-cut, consistent acting and distinct vocalism, Mr. J. F. Bennett's performance as the "Grand Inquisitor" was possibly the most meritorious in the whole cast. He looked, acted and sang the part to perfection. Miss Grace Rosher and Miss Phyllis Davis did fairly well as "Gianetta" and "Tessa," although neither was particularly well suited to the part.

There was a lot of dancing, especially in the second Act, most of which was well done, winding up with an artistic performance of the Spanish "Cachucha," by Miss Swepstone. There was also a rather too plentiful display of bouquets, but they were not distributed among the fair performers with that due regard for their merit which the fair-minded critic would like to have seen.

For the success achieved by "The Gondoliers" as a production, credit must be given to Mr. Hamilton Earle, the musical director, and Mr. Bernard Tweedale, stage manager, who proved themselves to be capable officials.

It is just over two years since Luigi Dell 'Oro with his quaint instruments visited the local vaudeville house. Writing at that time I said that it was a pity that he introduced so much music of the modern variety into his selections, instead of keeping on with the classical compositions with which he starts, and I still feel that it is a pity that the undoubted genius which M. Dell 'Oro possesses would be prostituted to the vulgar rag-time. However, the public pays the piper and has the right to call the tune, and undoubtedly the public, for the most part, prefers rag-time. Consequently Dell 'Oro has to cater to their taste, but I for one should like to hear him at length in music that is music; also, I should prefer to hear him when the theatre is not filled with the noise of people taking their seats. "Hutchins' Run," the one-act play, has scored a big success, as have Burke & Harrison in comedy and song. The remaining items on the programme contributed by the Stewart Sisters and Leonard & Louie are well up to the average.

brother is accused of forgery, and in order to save him, Bertie voluntarily exiles himself. The next act, ten years later, shows him a soldier of France, his meeting with "Cigarette" the French vivandiere, and also his meeting with the "Silver Pheasant." Miss Page will be seen as "Cigarette," a part she is well fitted to play. Mr. Mitchell will appear as Bertie Cecil, Miss Graham as the "Silver Pheasant"; Mr. Aldem as "Black Hawk," and Mr. Belasco as "Lord Rockingham. Particular attention is being paid to scenery, costumes and effects for this beautiful play requires perfection in all its details.

OPENING on Monday next at the old Victoria Theatre, the Charles E. Royal Stock Company of players will commence a long engagement with a presentation of J. K. Forbes' play "The Fortune Hunter," which has achieved enormous success wherever played. The new company consists of sixteen members headed by Miss Edyth Elliott, who together form a most capable and well balanced aggregate.



MISS EDYTH ELLIOTT
With the Chas. E. Royal Stock Company, at the Victoria Theatre.

COMING to the Crystal Theatre for the first three days of next week are two acts which have only recently left the well-known Pantages Circuit, where they have been commanding exceedingly high prices. Appearing in popular priced vaudeville they are in the happy position of receiving the biggest money paid to artistes in this line and the patrons of the Crystal who have had reason in the past to congratulate the management on securing good vaudeville turns, will have an opportunity next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of seeing the best that appears on the picture-vaudeville stage.

LAST week the Variety Theatre scored a big success with the turn contributed by "Electra," the human dynamo. This was a really wonderful act and left the audience puzzling, both as to how it was done and how the management could have secured such an attraction. This week has seen some good pictures and first-class vaudeville, and unless intending patrons go in good time or are prepared to take a box, they are apt to find themselves relegated to the front seats, so great is the popularity achieved during the past two months by the new variety house.

"UNDER TWO FLAGS," a dramatization of Ouida's famous novel, is the announcement for next week at the Princess Theatre. The story opens down on the shores in England showing Bertie Cecil of the First Life Guards, who has just won a noted horse race. His younger

brother is accused of forgery, and in order to save him, Bertie voluntarily exiles himself. The next act, ten years later, shows him a soldier of France, his meeting with "Cigarette" the French vivandiere, and also his meeting with the "Silver Pheasant." Miss Page will be seen as "Cigarette," a part she is well fitted to play. Mr. Mitchell will appear as Bertie Cecil, Miss Graham as the "Silver Pheasant"; Mr. Aldem as "Black Hawk," and Mr. Belasco as "Lord Rockingham. Particular attention is being paid to scenery, costumes and effects for this beautiful play requires perfection in all its details.

A feature of the Royal Company will be the scenic production of each play. Every week new scenery will be built and painted and no detail will be found wanting to enhance the effect of the offerings.

During the current week the theatre has been undergoing a much needed spring cleaning, with the result that on Monday night the audience will find a more cheerful abode in which to sit and enjoy a first-class play presented by an all-round good company.

FORBES-ROBERTSON'S HAPPIEST CHRISTMAS

Famous Actor, Who Makes His Farewell Visit Here Shortly, Tells of Various Christmas Days Spent in America and Elsewhere—His Happiest Holiday Period.

THE life of an actor takes him to many and odd places, and especially at Christmas time does fate play strange tricks with the player. Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, who is now making his farewell tour of the United States and Canada, recalls many curious experiences he has had at this festive period of the year, some happy, so sad. Perhaps one of the most unusual that has come his way happened when the great English actor was last in this country,

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while he was making a transcontinental tour in "Passing of the Third Floor Back." His wife, Gertrude Elliott, was not playing with him that season, and so it came about that when Christmas arrived, Forbes-Robertson found himself in San Francisco, about 7,000 miles from his children in London, and, as his wife was appearing as an independent star in Chicago, about 2,000 miles separated them.

"The first Christmas I spent in America," said the actor, "was when I came to this country six-and-twenty years ago to play leading parts with Mary Anderson, that lovely woman and splendid actress. Altogether I have spent six happy Christmases in this delightful land, and among the cities which have contributed to my happiness at this festive season are New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Toronto and San Francisco. One Christmas I spent on a liner crossing to New York with my company for a New York production of 'Love and the Man.' We had had a fine passage, and were in the best possible spirits under the circumstances of spending Christmas Day in mid-ocean, away from home.

"I was seated next to the captain, separated from my company. At a given signal, my fellow-actors and I arose and drank a silent toast across the intervening tables, while they elinked their glasses in sympathetic silence. The solemnity of the occasion and the deep sentiment expressed seemed to touch our fellow-passengers. One old lady burst into tears. Perhaps she was homesick too!

"When at home in London at Christmas, we always have a gathering of our clan at my home," continued the actor, who is Scottish by direct descent. "Sometimes with our brothers, sisters, wives and children, we muster a score of happy kith and kin, mostly clad in kilts. Christmas Day at home in England—with the children—ah, that is happiness indeed! It was so that we spent our Christmas last year.

"But I must most certainly give place of honour for the happiest and best Christmas I have ever spent to that we experienced over a decade ago—thirteen years ago, to be exact—when, with my American bride, Gertrude Elliott, we were enjoying this holiday under the blue skies of Biarritz on the Bay of Biscay. Near by was the Spanish border, and we sat basking in the shadow of the Pyrenees, not far from the scene of Pierre Loti's famous novel, 'Ramuntcho.' But it was not so much the romantic atmosphere, the glorious sun, or the wonderful, exhilarating effect of Spain's heavenly blue skies which made the occasion so memorable—it was our honeymoon.

"I can still see the great castle—a magnificent pile not far from being in ruins—that stood just over the Spanish border. It was for sale, and had been offered to us at a remarkably low figure (and the price included a title, the Duke of Fuenterabia, if you please), but we were happy enough as it was, building our own castles in an even more glorious Spain than that which stretched before our enchanted eyes. So what need had we of a purchased one?"

THE ANGLO-INDIAN NOVEL

We shall have to look to the educated and cultured native—natives like Mr. Rabindranath Tagore—for the real Anglo-Indian novel that will have in its pages something of the truth and magic of Kipling. A well-known native once told me that he thought the new Kipling—that is, the Kipling of the Indian stories, would come not from the West, but from the East. I am inclined to believe that

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this is true; and if I was asked from which class in India the novelist will come, I should say the Eurasian.—Frederick W. Heath, in the "Book Monthly."

The Ladies' Review

SUPPLEMENT TO THE WEEK

Vol. 1

VICTORIA, B. C., JANUARY 17, 1914

No. 12

EDITORIAL

ULSTER

WE direct the attention of our readers to an article headed "Other People's Troubles," which appears in this issue. The article is of more significance than its title might lead one to suppose, containing as it does an extensive quotation from an illuminating letter on the situation in Ulster. Apart from the general interest of the letter it will be noticed that the writer makes mention of the action of the women in preparing themselves that they may be of practical assistance in the event of war. We are strongly of the opinion that their action in taking an active part in the scheme of preparation for defence of their country and their rights is one of which every loyal woman should be proud. Women may have a difference of political opinion the same as men, but they will all approve the motive which has inspired the women of Ulster.

HYSTERIA

SOME amusing correspondence has been illuminating the columns of English newspapers over an even more amusing book by Mr. E. Belfort Bax, which is entitled "The Fraud of Feminism," and is supposed to be an exposure of women's lack of reason, logic, and general tendency to hysteria. One lady writer who is on the staff of The Referee trenchantly points out that it is somewhat unfortunate that Mr. Bax commences by extensively quoting Otto Weinger who is presumed to have said among other things that "Woman is ONLY sexual, man is ALSO sexual"; the unfortunate point being that Otto at the age of twenty-four was insane and shot himself. Most women would be more influenced by arguments from someone who was sane and grown up; but perhaps as one might gather from its title the book is written for the perusal and edification of men. We deplore a book of this nature which is conducive to the fostering of sex-hatred unworthy and unnecessary. In pleasing contrast is Mrs. H. M. Swanwick's book, "The Future of the Women's Movement," which treats in a sensible and unsensational way the questions about which women are thinking. She says: "The women are thinking. What are they thinking about? About education and training; about marriage and parentage; about the economic and moral and religious side of all questions; about organization and agitation; about politics and representation in politics; about laws and the administration of laws."

WAR AND WOMEN

ON interesting new book is "War and Women," by Mrs. St. Claire Stobart, on her experiences as the organiser of the "Women's Convey Corps," which did such remarkable work in the recent Balkan war. It is an inspiring account of the organisation of the hospital and canteen under fearful conditions, and of the gratitude and successful treatment of the patients. Lord Esher in his preface to the book says, in effect, that it is impossible to resist her plea for the right of women to a place in the scheme of National Defence, and the necessity for their training under military conditions dictated by military authorities. It is generally supposed that women are averse to war, but until some scheme is evolved by which war is eternally abolished women are bound by duty to take the possibility there seem always to be a number of women who are not tied by the demands of domestic life, and it is these useful women who so often undertake the unsexed occupations of life and minister to the needs of their fellow creatures. Instead of receiving love, they give love, and their reward is the relief they are enabled to give to the sufferings of others. In this country the number of leisured women is small. Where there is no home and family to care for, women are mostly engaged in earning their own living. For the free there is more than enough to be done in social and charitable work. Should Canada ever be on the verge of war as a unit of the Empire, what would women do? Should we be able to organize an ambulance corps? Should we have enough trained nurses to spare from the hospitals or private work to engage in systematic military service? We should be very glad to have some opinions as to what could be done on an emergency. Women are vitally interested in the defence of their homes, and in time of war are sometimes called upon to play the harder part. Relating to the question of Imperial Defence out attention has been drawn to the following remarks which appeared in an English paper which are particularly interesting. "The end of the world-eruse of H. M. S. New Zealand brings comments on the Imperial spirit of the Dominion from Mrs. Robinson, who writes from Lustleigh as follows: 'Every grown person in New Zealand (women as well as men, for women's suffrage has been exercised there for twenty-one years) has voluntarily fined his or herself for the cost of this Dreadnought. Nor is this the whole of their help to the Mother Country. The New Zealanders were the first British Colony to fit out a splendid contingent to help us in the Boer war, and they are now maintaining a Flying Column of trained soldiers, nurses, and all needful appliances to go anywhere to the aid of the British Empire directly they are wanted. With the lowest death-rate in the world and a full treasury, New Zealand speaks well for women's suffrage, and it is a remarkable example to the rest of the Empire on the value of a united democracy, in which high patriotism prevails, and no one part of the inhabitants is driven into revolt by the injustice of those in power.'"

The Honourable Bertrand Russell, contested a parliamentary seat as a who lately signed an agreement with suffragist candidate. Both himself and Harvard University to become a wife have pronounced views on the member of the faculty as professor of the elimination of class distinction, on philosophy, is now a tutor at Oxford, where he was a wrangler, and a fellow of Trinity College. He has lived at Cambridge for several years, engaged in his studies. He is a warm supporter of the suffragist cause, and

OTHER PEOPLE'S TROUBLES

A SAGE once wrote that "Sorrow's crown of sorrows is the remembrance of happier days." This is no doubt greatly true, but the sage did not add (as he might have done!) that one of the antidotes of sorrow lies in the remembrance of other people's troubles.

Though matters are perhaps not too bright and rosy in British Columbia at the moment, albeit there is a hopeful expectancy in the air that "things will look up soon," I think one may take some comfort from the thought that we at any rate are not going through the terrible struggle which now prevails in Ulster.

The distress and unrest which now exist in that part of Ireland are almost beyond comprehension. A few days ago I had a letter from a naturally loyal and peace-loving citizen of Londonderry regarding the situation there. He says: "Very many thanks for your words of sympathy and encouragement to us here in Ulster. Heaven knows we want them for we have a hard battle here to fight and worse may be yet to come. We are drilling and arming ourselves here. I go to drill every Monday, and I can try my rifle any day here."

"The latest step of the Government is to prohibit by proclamation the importation of arms into Ireland,

class of Irish Catholics are strongly against Home Rule, because they realize that should it be given, their country will at once become a scene of anarchy and bloodshed, and would inevitably become more impoverished and desolate.

CHRISTOPHINA COLUMBA.

VICTORIA PHOTOGRAPHIC CO.

THE photographers occupying the premises at No. 7 Promis Block have re-organized and are now in a position to undertake every branch of photography, advertising and interiors being a specialty. The charming picture of a soloist who danced in "The Gondoliers," and a reproduction of which appeared in this paper last week, was taken by this enterprising firm.

In addition to commercial work, amateur's films are carefully developed and printed; mounting and framing is also tastefully executed.

Photography, which now plays such a large part in the best class of advertising makes the services of an expert photographer essential to any business which is conducted on up-to-date lines. Samples of work done will be gladly displayed to enquirers, and estimates given on application.

then it has become largely patronized by people who appreciate good cooking and food of the best quality. There are few places in town where one can be sure of getting a really fresh egg, but "The Dorothy" is unique in this respect and the omelettes served there are a treat, to say nothing of the attractions of a fresh boiled egg.

Most people know the pretty bright room with its restful tones of fawn coloured walls and blue carpet. Masses of flowers are heaped at one end of the room, and all is illuminated by lovely shaded lights, so that one can pick up one of the illustrated papers of which there is always a generous supply and enjoy one's tea or luncheon in comfort and repose. That its comfort and convenience are appreciated is evinced by the considerable patronage extended by members of the sterner sex, who demand well-cooked food be there ever so many other attractions. They also demand a homelike resort where they can feel at their ease after busy office hours.

"WAR AND WOMEN"

MRS. ST. CLAIR STOBART, the organiser of the Women's Convey Corps, found in the Balkan war her first chance to prove the capabilities of women, adequately trained, as

our smelly little dining-room when I was summoned to the hall. There stood an official with the familiar red cross upon his arm. He saluted; then, pointing outside into the darkness, said: 'We have here fifty wounded soldiers. They have come in springless ox-carts from Chatalja; their wounds have been untreated for six days. Can you take them in?' It was done. The wards of the hospital were tenanted within forty-eight hours of the arrival of the corps at Kirk-Kilisse.—Sunday Observer.

WOMEN'S CANADIAN CLUB

At the last meeting of the Canadian History Study Class about one hundred and fifty members of the Women's Canadian Club were present, the paper for the meeting being on "Fontenac and the French Regime." Letters were read from Lady Crease, Lady McBride, Miss Maria Lawson, Mrs. Mary Riter Hamilton and Mrs. Dennis Harris, accepting the kind invitation of the club to become honorary members.

The following programme was announced at the conclusion of the meeting: January 23, "Fall of Quebec"; February 6, "United Empire Loyalists"; February 20, "War of 1812"; March 6, "Explorers of the West"; March 20, "Confederation"; April 3, "Northwest Mounted Police," and the last meeting, on April 17, "British Columbia."

IDLE THOUGHTS

All people should keep a diary; but only put down the nice things in it. On looking through it in after years they would then realize how much they had to be thankful for, instead of grumbling about the uselessness of life and the wasted years, etc.

We are rapidly coming to an age of make believe—not fairies, they died when mechanical toys were first introduced—no! a different kind of make believe to that. Perhaps it would be better to call it imitation; think of all the things you possess which are imitations, and then ask yourself whether they are not every bit as good as the original.

The world is after all very much like a store-eupboard, isn't it? In it there are bitter things, and sweet; and we can only find them out by sampling them.

When we pick up a book which we haven't read for a long time, it is like meeting an old friend of whom we have lost sight of. They may tell us of things we have heard before, but that is of no consequence, for in the rush of life we have forgotten much, and in recalling the details it brings us back to a happy day out in the fields perhaps under God's blue sky, or else in one's own home round a cosy fire.

We all of us suffer from hero-worship some time during our lives; and it generally ends in the same way; how often, and with what a keen sense of disappointment do we find that our heroes are after all only human.

Excessive wealth and disease are much alike; both of them mean either an unhappy existence, or a comparatively quick death.

An accomplished liar will never fail in society in this world whatever he may do in the next.

A woman who suffers and says nothing is only one of those thousands of heroines the world never hears of.

CYNICUS.

Miss Marjorie Wale is a young girl of fifteen years who is coming to the fore among women tennis players. She was a conspicuous figure at the San Francisco tournament this season, where she put up a great fight against the State champion, Miss Anita Meyers, actually winning one set from her. Her style resembles that of Miss Hazel Hotchkiss of well-known fame.



WOMEN OF ULSTER ASSISTING THE UNIONIST VOLUNTEER FORCE

but that comes very much the day after the fair, for there are rifles here already for every man of the Ulster volunteer force. If I have any knowledge at all of the character of the Ulstermen they will fight if Home Rule is passed, and this part of the British Empire will be turned into a hell. That is a nice prospect to look forward to!

"You may be thankful to be clear of it. I often wonder what madness induced me to return to Ireland, having once left it."

I rejoice to hear that the women of Ulster are determined that they will be as ready to stand by their beliefs as the men, and for their part they are preparing themselves for contingencies by attending classes for instruction in signalling, telegraphy, first-aid to the injured, and surgical nursing.

Since the later negotiations between the Unionist and Liberal parties have now fallen through and the Liberal Party declares that Home Rule will be carried within the next two or three months, things look very black indeed for Ulster.

Unfortunately the majority of English speaking people do not realize that the question at stake is not whether Ireland is to have her own parliament, but that the wider issue is whether she is to have religious liberty and toleration or not. Ulster is, of course, the great Protestant stronghold, and already it is almost impossible for Protestants in the other Provinces of Ireland to obtain any important civil post, and hundreds of capable men and women have left their country because they found it impossible to succeed on account of the persecution of the Protestants. The more educated

THE CULT OF THE TEA ROOM

SOME people may consider this a ridiculous title, but after all, the business of conducting a really attractive luncheon and tea room is quite an art in itself. It is entirely different from an ordinary restaurant or eating house where all is hurry, bustle and clashing of dishes, its discomforts generally accentuated by an exhausting stiffness and conglomeration of divers smells.

An important point, of course, is the location. It must be convenient to shops, theatres and cars; it must be cheery, bright and well-ventilated. Perhaps even more important, is food. Everybody knows the difficulty experienced in obtaining only the best quality of food-stuffs, and this is the particular difficulty to be daily solved by the tear-room proprietress. She has not the facilities or opportunities for hatching up scraps and making soups which figure prominently on the bill of fare of a large restaurant. Her patrons want the best of everything, daintily served, and the manager who can accomplish this and keep her prices reasonable is assured of success. Even supposing one does pay five cents more than would be charged at a cheap restaurant, surely it is worth it to have a dainty meal in a quiet pretty room.

A tea-room is essentially a business suitable for ladies, and among the many ladies who have been successful in this way, none is more popular than Miss J. Edwards, of the well-known Dorothy Tea Rooms, 1006 Broad Street in the Pemberton Block.

Miss Edwards took over "The Dorothy" nearly two years ago, and since

an integral part of the army. She went out to Sofia, although the British Red Cross Society, in refusing her services, said there was "no work fitted for women in the Balkans." In her book, frankly enthusiastic as it is, she is able to back her argument by stern experience. There was work absolutely crying out to be done, and Mrs. Stobart, having seen the need there was, sent for her Corps to do it.

The book is a splendid record of difficulties surmounted and labour accomplished, of courage, grit and capability. It is a pity that the apathy shown by the British Red Cross Society towards this particular enterprise makes Mrs. Stobart's narrative seem at times rather militantly feminist, though she pays tribute to the work done by the British Red Cross Society unit, under Major Birrell, at Kirk-Kilisse, but her attitude is to be understood when we realize that she had to vindicate the woman's claim to take such part in war, if war must be, as that which she has outlined here. The work of the hospital run by her Corps is a strong proof of the justice of the claim. On arrival at Kirk-Kilisse, after a journey of considerable hardship, Mrs. Stobart was given leave "to go through the town and select any houses we thought suitable for conversion into hospitals," and if needful to turn out the house's inhabitants. She got her horses and began the dire task of cleaning them:—

"It was dark at five, but the work of unpacking, sorting and cleaning was continued by the light of candles stuck into bottles, as no oil was available. It was nine o'clock when a halt was called for supper. We had just sat down to a meal of bully beef in

The Ladies' Review

SUPPLEMENT TO THE WEEK

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Society

The Knights of Columbus held their sixth annual ball at the Empress Hotel last Wednesday night, and the event was a conspicuous success. The floor was in first class condition, and the excellent music provided by Messrs. Bantley & Heaton's orchestra was well appreciated, many of the guests being loath to bring to a close the joyous proceedings at 3 o'clock this mornig. The entire arrangements for the evening were in the hands of a committee consisting of Messrs. J. D. O'Connell, A. B. Stewart, R. F. Fitzpatrick, F. I. Doherty and W. H. P. Sweeney, and all praise is due to them.

Supper was served at 11:30 in the dining room, the tables looking gay with their tasteful decorations of scarlet carnations and smilax. A special table was reserved for the Lieutenant-Governor and party, which consisted of His Honour and Mrs. Paterson, Mr. and Mrs. O'Connell, Mr. and Mrs. Muskett, Mr. and Mrs. Hart, Mr. and Mrs. Sehl, Mr. and Mrs. O'Leary and Mr. Sweeney and Mrs. J. Webb.

About three hundred guests were present, among them being noticed Mrs. Paterson, handsomely gowned in



Ella Crim Lynch, L.L.B.
Lecturing in the Hypatian Round Table Lectures

grey satin; Mr. and Mrs. Muskett, the latter in black velvet; Mrs. Peter Webb, in white satin; Mr. and Mrs. D. Leeming; Miss Carlin, in pale pink; Miss Redding; Miss Dumbleton, in mauve satin with ninon overdress; Mr. and Mrs. Lester, Vancouver; Mrs. Lester was gowned in scarlet broadcated velvet; Miss Parsell, in pale pink satin with touches of black; Mrs. George Stelly, in white satin with sequin trimming; Miss Fletcher, much admired in an exquisite toilette of tango coloured broadcated charmeuse, the bouffant overdress being of self-coloured broadcated ninon; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Geiger, the latter in white with sequin overdress; Mrs. George Simpson, becomingly gowned in pale blue broadcated satin; Miss Seaker; Miss McDonald; Mrs. Trenchard; Mrs. O'Brien; Miss Kelle, in a charming gown of pale pink satin; Miss Norma Jones, in white broadcated velvet; Miss Gannon, in yellow satin with silver trimming; Miss E. Sparrow, in emerald green, and wearing a becoming Juliet cap; Mr. and Mrs. O'Connell; Mrs. Jackson, in black; Miss Amberton, in white satin with ninon overdress trimmed with swansdown; Miss Archibald; Miss Diamant; Miss Nicol; Mrs. John Hart; Thos. eGiger, Cowichan Lake; Messrs. O'Leary, F. Sehl, Charley Kirk, Aubrey Kent and many others.

On Wednesday evening Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Simpson, gave a delightful dance at their charming residence, "Stoneyhurst," Rockland Avenue. Mrs. Simpson received in a Paris gown of blue ninon trimmed with gold passementerie over blue silk. A recherche supper was served in the diningroom, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion.

Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. H. Puekle, Mr. and Mrs. W. Blakemore, Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. Cathels, Miss Stringer, Miss P. Stringer, Miss Georgeson, Miss Norman, Miss Denning, and Messrs. J. Bridgman, Ri-

cardo Greenwood, Wickson, Mallach and A. L. Brin.

Society was much interested in the performance of "The Gondoliers" by the Victoria Amateur Operatic Society and large audiences gathered at every performance. Among those noticed on the first night were Sir Richard McBride and the Misses McBride, Mr. and Mrs. Barton, Mr. and Mrs. Rattenbury, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Pemberton, Mr. McIntyre, Miss Irving, Mrs. George Johnstone, Mr. and Mrs. T. Cuppage, Mrs. L. Cuppage, Mrs. Langworthy, Mr. Doig, Mr. Watts, and Mr. Bernard Tweedale, the producer.

Victoria society will be pleased to hear of the coming of the Hypatian Round Table Lectures: Mrs. Ella Crim Lynch, "the First Woman Admitted to the Bar in Texas," and Lawrence Harmon, who has lectured before some of the largest colleges and institutes in America.

They deal with current topics as also with some of the most important events in the building and overthrowing of empires, both ancient and of today.

Among the subjects treated are "The Ancient Rivals: Rome and Carthage"; "Alaska and the Coal Question"; "Panama and the Canal"; "Mexico's Many Revolutions"; and "The Roman Politicians: Cataline, Pompey and Caesar," all by Mrs. Ella Crim Lynch, and the following by Mr. Lawrence Harmon: "Six Centuries of the Turk in Europe"; "The Russian Empire"; "Ireland and Home Rule"; "China: Oldest Living Nation and Youngest Republic."

Full details as regards the time and place of these lectures has not been definitely announced but will be published in next week's issue.

A very pleasing feature of this event will be the showing, by means of a stereopticon, important cities, maps, views of battlefields, officers, armies and pictures illustrating the dress, habits and customs of the different peoples which assist the word pictures wonderfully.

The world's great paintings by the world's greatest artists that have a bearing on the subjects under discussion are also shown which makes the lectures very interesting to lovers of art also.

(See Page Four)

The Bishop of London tells many amusing stories, and the following proves that he does not mind telling one even against himself. He was once spending a week-end at a country house with some friends. On the Monday morning he was playing tennis with a young man he could usually beat, but for some reason or other the bishop was not in form, and was faring badly. Between games he remarked to his opponent, "I simply can't stand your service today." "Then we're quits," was the cheeky reply; "I couldn't stand yours yesterday."

Some people have a mania for growing cacti. They seem to afford scope for ingenious effects; for instance, a big cactus ball hanging in front of the verandah in the blooming season affords a crimson mass of great beauty.

To grow cacti in this way, George E. Walsh, in The Ladies' Home Journal says: "A wooden tub twelve inches across and six inches high is bored full of holes one inch in diameter, then filled with rich soil, and a cactus plant inserted in each hole. When the roots of the plants are established the head of each protrudes through the hole, and in its search for sunlight it grows round and big. The sides and bottom of the tub are studded with these cactus heads, and as they develop they convert the tub into a ball of green spikes, bulbs and odd-looking heads, presenting a crimson mass worth a long trip to see."

It is expected that at the next session of the Dominion Parliament a bill will be introduced to incorporate the National Council of Women of Canada for the purpose of uniting in a Dominion federation all societies and associations of women interested in philanthropy, religious education, literature and social reform for the betterment of conditions pertaining to the family and the state.

SALE OF ANTIQUES

LOVERS of antiques and art generally will be interested in the auction sale which will take place at the Curiosity Shop, 611 Belleville Street. Miss W. Chambers, whose work as an artist is well known in Victoria is returning to England, and has decided to dispose of her entire collection of art treasures, which include genuine old china, oil paintings, old oak and mahogany furniture, old brass and copper bric-a-vrac, Japanese prints and other things too numerous to mention. Many people will be pleased to know that some of her own work in oils will also be on sale.

The sale will be conducted by Messrs. Edwards & Fuller on Tuesday, January 20th. The time will be announced in the daily paper, or more particulars can be obtained from the auctioneers.

THE STAGE

By The Owl

THE annual dinner of the Actor's Benevolent Fund which was recently held at the Hotel Metropole in London was the scene of an unusually distinguished company. Mr. Martin Harvey was accorded the honour of taking the chair and among many others present were Sir Charles Wyndham, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, Sir George Alexander, Sir George Framp-ton, R.A., Sir James Dunlop-Smith, K.C.V.O., Mr. Henry Dickens, K.C., Mr. Rose-Innes, K.C., Mr. G. K. Chesterton, the well-known novelist and playwright, Mr. Austin Harrison, editor of The English Review, Mr. J. T. Grein, the distinguished critic of The Sunday Times, and many others, were present to support the great theatrical charity and to testify the high regard in which the chairman, Mr. Martin Harvey, is held by members of his as of other professions.

Much interest was evinced in Mr. Martin Harvey's tour of Canada which is now taking place under the direction of the British Canadian Theatre Organization Company, Ltd.

Mr. Henry Dickens, K.C., eminent both for his own position at the Bar and also because he is the son of Charles Dickens of immortal memory, in proposing the health of the chairman, aroused the greatest enthusiasm from the large company present by his allusions to the Imperial work and service such a tour as Martin Harvey is about to undertake performs. The arts and especially the dramatic art which is par excellence popular and universal are a by no means unconsiderable bond among peoples of one language, one kindred, and one flag, and the speaker was sure that no one was more justly qualified to represent the English stage of our generation on a great journey overseas than the distinguished artist, Mr. Martin Harvey. The chairman in reply spoke with great warmth of the pride and pleasure with which he and his company were looking forward to their visit to their fellow Britishers across the Atlantic.

Unfortunately for Victorians, Vancouver is the last point on the outward journey which will be reached on March 30th.

The repertoire of plays which will be brought on the tour consists of three of Mr. Martin Harvey's best known and remarkable successes, "The Only Way," the famous dramatization of Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities," in which Mr. Martin Harvey first sprang into fame at the Lyceum Theatre, "The Breed of the Treshams," a stirring romance of the Parliamentary wars in Caroline days, and "A Cigarettemaker's Romance," a charming play founded on the well-known novel of the same name by the late Marion Crawford.

Lovers of opera who have been watching the outcome of the opera in English at Covent Garden will be interested in the following account appearing in The Observer which explains the situation clearly:—

"The conclusion of Mr. Raymond Roze's season of opera in English last night affords another opportunity for a glance at the English position in the making of a national opera. Are we making any progress towards a much-desired goal? It is to be feared that the several costly attempts in that direction that have been made during the past three or four years have not even established a working basis for the future.

"However laudable may be the desire to assist native art and artists to recognition, a commencement at the "wrong end of the stick" is to be deprecated. It may even be asserted that the large expenditure on recent ventures has been mainly misapplied, that the few promising artists who have appeared are little likely to reap any benefit, and that the public is as far off from acceptance even of the idea of native opera as ever, if it

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is not entirely on the way to being estranged from it. And it would be easy to show that the money spent would have been sufficient, with a considerable margin to spare, to have established a proper school; to have given selected pupils a two years' constant training, and paid them an adequate retaining fee while they were learning their business; and to have secured a dozen capable teachers of the essentials of various departments, teachers who would be ready to discard all the ordinary conventions of operatic production and possessed sufficient intelligence to perceive that the future is more than likely to revolutionize every present idea of the functions of opera. Of course it would be much more difficult to find the teachers than the promising pupils, for there is no reason whatever why the English singer should not be fully capable of holding his or her own with foreigners on the operatic stage. For the success of any scheme public support is necessary, but half-fledged talent will never command it, for patriotic or any other reason.

"May one plead 'for the encouragement and fostering of new ideals and thoughts and for the preservation of recognized standards in art,' as Mr. Roze puts it, that any future scheme for the furtherance of the cause of English opera will not deal with production, but preparation for

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PIANOFORTE AND SINGING

Studio: 1526 Beach Drive (Alight from Car at the Bend) Phone 3201 E 1

For Sale—A teaset of old Staffordshire China consisting of teapot, sugar basin, cream jug, three cups and saucers and two plates. Can be seen at the Persian Art Store, Broughton Street (opposite Weiler's).

Madame Carlyon begs to announce that during January she will dispose of this season's hats and gowns at greatly reduced prices, in order to make room for an expected shipment of Spring goods.

Madame Elise



Having taken into partnership an experienced London Dress-maker, is now able to give entire satisfaction in this department, maintaining her reasonable charges.

112 BELMONT HOUSE
PHONE 3119

What Smart Women Wear

By FRIVOLETTE

THEY give them imposing names—"Chinoise" and "Chasuble"—and "Pagode"—make them of brocades and velvets in which a queen might be crowned, line them with ermine and edge them with sable, fling a bit of priceless lace against the throat—and you have the evening coats of Paris, says a writer in The Delineator. And all their wonderful richness and beauty is for the brief moment between the street door and the vestiaire. The door swings open, and there is a flash of brilliant color, a faint gleam of silver and gold, and you have a confused impression of a dark fur falling away from white shoulders, of filmy lace as fragile and unsubstantial as gossamer, which, even as you watch, drops in a soft, crumpled mass into the hands of a maid, and its evening's work is over. The evening coats this winter have been wickedly seductive. There should be, I think, a merciful provision of Providence that the poor should be born blind or without a sense of beauty, for then they would be spared the tug of desire for the lovely, costly things beyond their reach. However, even in evening coats there is a law of compensation, for the real essentials of their loveliness are their cut and color, and these are within the means of even a limited purse. The new coats are all very big and ample and droopy at the top, and narrow and knee-hugging at the bottom. In their lines, which are suggestive of the priestly chasubles, in the richness of the metal brocades so much in use, and in their stoles and deep cape-collars of wonderful, exquisite lace, there is a queer mixture of the ecclesiastical and extravagant, self-indulgent worldliness.

low the hip line. The coat is cut on the very newest lines and is quite short and straight, cut away in front, the back hanging straight with a longer line at the centre back. The material of the coat is narrow cord in black, and the complete costume is a charming example of the black and white effect. Another new model in grey with the short cut away coat shows a waistcoat in grey and black silk. There is a long roll collar, and the only fastening is by the waistcoat. Waistcoats will be a strong feature this Spring and this little suit is a good example of the coming style.

Very pretty is a blue suit in misses' or small ladies' size. The coat buttons well up to the neck, and can also be worn open if desired. The back is slightly gathered below the waistline into what is almost a deep band, as the rest of the coat fits tightly to the figure. These suits are all shown at Dynes & Eddington's who are offering them at prices less than twenty dollars.

Some of the tunics just now are in velvet brocaded muslin, some in crystal beaded gauze, some in iridescent spangles in masses, with or without a mousseline de soie flounce, or a black tulle flounce at the hem of a light coloured crepe de chine, but invariably we see the tunic. There is no doubt something new is being prepared for the spring, for it is the moment when the dressmakers are making their models, but at the theatre, although there are some beautiful dresses, there is nothing novel. We have had the tunic starting from the waist with the bodice in some transparent material quite independent

of the beautiful afternoon dresses, copies of models created by Paquin, Drecol and other famous designers, ensuring one a distinctive toilette at any function.

*

Miss Livingstone of the Crown Millinery Parlours, Fort Street, invites inspection of a large assortment of hand-painted and decorated china in lovely designs and colourings. There are cups and saucers, cream jugs, vases and other things which I think would be delightful and novel prizes for bridge or five hundred parties.

She is also showing many new ideas in sachets and novelties of every description. Ladies who are in search of dainty trifles should pay the Crown Millinery a visit, and certainly everybody interested in beautiful china should have a look at Miss Livingstone's collection.

The Art of Beauty

I WAS sitting behind two ladies at the theatre the other night, and really, sad as it is to say, the state of their hair left much to be desired. It was in both cases fine silky hair, but it was greasy and ill-kept, hanging in doleful wisps down the back of their necks, scratched up behind their ears, dragged off their foreheads, and in fact was everything it should not have been. To make matters worse they each wore a dainty bandeau and aigrette which heightened the shortcomings of the coiffure. I never could understand why women will spend a lot of money on a hair ornament or a needlessly expensive hat and yet begrudge a dollar on a suitable head shampoo. I say a dollar, because for that price one can get a treatment which will work a revelation in the appearance of the hair. You all know the state when one's hair won't do up nicely and puts one in a dreadful temper, well, that is the time to have it properly washed, with suitable soaps, according to its colour and condition. It is not every hairdresser who takes the trouble to discriminate, but Madame Russell of the Beauty Shop is indefatigable over the needs of her patrons, and no one has been more successful in the results. In most cases where the hair and scalp is in normal condition, the right shampoo once a fortnight is generally sufficient to keep the hair glossy and of a good colour. Few people realize the value of a few minutes massage before the washing, but it makes a considerable difference in the appearance of the hair afterwards. Then, of course, thorough rinsing is essential and this is where washing at home is rarely satisfactory unless one has a good maid and all the proper appliances. When one considers the fact that for the small sum of two dollars a month one can have one's hair so well kept it is extraordinary to me that more ladies do not make a practice of selecting their hairdresser and attending regularly. The matter of hair is of far more importance than the matter of hats where money is easily wasted. Where the hair is faded or has in any way lost its beauty of colouring as so often happens in the case of blondes, I can thoroughly recommend the course of massage and electric vibration in which Madame Russell has had long and valuable experience. The course, which includes a series of eight treatments with the shampoo when necessary, is the finest thing possible for renewing the colour and growth. I know many ladies who never miss taking two courses a year, one in the Spring and another in the Fall, and regard it indispensable as far as their looks are concerned.

*

While on the subject of hair, there are cases where it is not a question of more hair, but less hair. I do not think there are many ladies who are troubled with superfluous hairs, but as I had an enquiry the other day there may be others who would like to get full particulars about 'rusmie' which is a valuable remedy used by London and Paris women. There is one place in Victoria where it can be obtained, and full information will be given to anyone sending me a stamped addressed envelope, or a non-de-plume for reply in this column.

*

Blondy: You need not resort to peroxide or dyes of any sort. All fair hair is apt to become darker or "mousy," but the right shampoos and a course of the treatments I have described this week will renew its brightness if you have a little patience to give it time to work.

"HEBE."

SENT WITH A ROSE

Deep in a Rose's glowing heart
I dropped a single kiss,
And then I bade it quick depart,
And tell my Lady this:

"The love thy Lover tried to send
O'erflows my fragrant bowl,
But my soft leaves would break and bend,
Should he send half the whole!"

"THE SHRINE OF FASHION"

FINCH'S

Mid-Month's Attractive Prices

\$100,000 Worth of High Grade Ladies' Ready-to-Wear to be Reduced to \$25,000 — Keen cut prices in Ball and Evening Gowns, Reception and Dinner Dresses, Tea Gowns, Opera Wraps, Velvet Coats, Millinery, Furs

BLOUSES AND SHIRT WAISTS

Ladies' White Tailored Shirtwaists, in fancy vestings and corduroys. Originally \$1.75. Mid-Month's price\$1.35

Clearing Line of White Pique Shirtwaists; colored stripes. Originally \$2.25, at.....\$1.65

Black, also Navy Indian Cashmere Waists, fine white hairline stripe. Originally \$3.50. To clear at \$1.65

Also Henley Flannel Shirtwaists at \$1.65—Fine striped Flannel Waists in newest colorings. Originally \$2.25. Mid-Month's price.....\$1.65

Pure Silk Shirtwaists, \$2.65—Very fine messaline Silk Waists, in all colors and sizes. Specially priced at

We Have Added to our \$3.50 collection of Blouses extra special values in cream and ecru lace and nets in various styles. Values as high as \$10.00. Mid-Month's price

\$12.50 Values for \$5.00—36 Blouses, each a model, in silks, lace and net, net and crepes, in cream and colors. Specially turned out to clear at.....\$5.00

New York, Paris and Vienna model Waists for \$7.50 —A whole section has been devoted to the display of these marvelously clever models in lace effects. Originally secured on exceptionally advantageous terms. Actual values up to \$20.00. Specially reduced to

Final Clearance of Furs

Two Only Fur Coats, one elegant seal musquash coat. Originally \$150.00. Mid-Month's price \$75.00

Another in a Fine Grade. Originally \$200.00 Mid-Month's price

Eight Mink Stoles. Originally \$165, for.....\$80.00

Seventeen Mink Muffs. Originally \$105, for.....\$50.00

Sixteen Mink Muffs. Originally \$95, for....\$42.50

Grey Squirrel Stoles. Originally \$60. Now..\$29.50

Muffs to match. Originally \$18.00 and \$35.00. Now \$8.50 and

Two Sets of Selected Moleskin, long stole and pillow muff. Originally, the stole \$50.00. Now \$27.50

Muff. Originally \$30.00. Now.....\$16.50

Marmot Stoles, \$16.00. Now

Muffs from \$15.00.....Half Price

One Handsome Labrador Mink Set, each skin of equal value; muff contains 20 skins, the stole 24; perfect blending of shade. The set originally \$450. Mid-Month's price only.....\$225

Velvet Coats—Superior quality Lyon's Velvet Coats perfectly plain; also with heavy corded silk collars and revers; lined with rich silk in grey and bright contrasting colors. Originally \$60.00 and \$75.00. Reduced to

Opera Cloaks in brocaded velvets and plushes, chiffon broadcloths; some trimmed fur in the loveliest colorings. Originally \$75.00 to \$100.00. All one price to clear

Afternoon Dresses at \$45.00—We have added some very special lines in copies from models, such as those created by Paquin, Drecol, Lacroix, etc., in this enticing selection for Mid-Month's selling; suitable for reception and dinner wear; no two alike; individual in style and positively exclusive in the leading fabrics and colorings. Originally \$75.00 to \$125.00. Note the price.....\$45.00

Special Mid-Month Sale of Whitewear

Several Dozen Ladies' Corset Cover and Drawer Combinations, best quality cotton used, trimmed torchon lace and ribbon. Regular \$1. Sale price 80c

Also a Splendid Line in white crepe, trimmed linen lace. Regular \$2.00. Sale price.....\$1.40

Another Line in fine white mull, fine lace and embroidery yoke and embroidery flouncing on the drawers. Regular \$2.50. Sale price.....\$1.80

Also a Leader Line in fine white mull, trimmed fine embroidery and ribbon. Regular \$3.00. Sale price

Ladies' Fine Cotton Drawers, made of strong, durable material; some plain with hemstitched tucks; others trimmed linen lace; open and closed style; all sizes. Regular 50c. Sale price.....35c

Also a Splendid Line in white nainsook; some trimmed lace and others embroidery. Regular 65c. Sale price

Also a Line in White Cotton, embroidery flouncing, well made. Regular 85c. Sale price.....60c

200 Dozen Splendid Value in White Cotton Drawers in a variety of styles; some torchon lace trimming; others linen and tucks; another style fine lace and insertion. Regular 65c. Sale price.....50c

20 Dozen Corset Covers in good quality cotton, with lace insertion yoke and arm hole and ribbon insertion. Splendid value. Regular 50c. Sale price 30c



60 Gowns Have Been Added to Our \$25 Dress Racks —Consisting of satin duchesse, brocaded silks and satins, ninons, accordion pleated crepes, some net tunics; embroidered silk ribbon design and bugle trimming in black and white and colors over silk skirts; beautifully draped effects. Reduced from \$60.00 to.....\$25.00

Ladies' White Cotton Nightgowns, good, durable material, slip-over style, short set-in and kimono sleeve, trimmed neck and sleeve, best quality linen insertion; others with torchon lace. Regular 85c. Sale price

A Splendid Quality Gown in strong white cotton, with fine embroidery and lace yokes, frilled sleeves and ribbon insertion. Regular \$1.25 and \$1.50. Sale price

Another Line in fine mull, slip-over style, short sleeves, trimmed fine open embroidery on neck and sleeves, and ribbon insertion. Regular \$1.75. Sale price

Also Another Line, consisting of a variety of styles, slipover and short sleeves; also high neck and long sleeves. Regular price \$2 to \$3. Sale price ..\$1.75

A Splendid Line of Corset Covers in fine white nainsook, some trimmed fine lace, others embroidery beading and ribbon insertion. Reg. 65c., Sale, 45c

Another Line in white nainsook, trimmed embroidery and ribbon; also a few dozen all-over embroidery trimmed torchon lace and ribbon. Regular 75c and 85c. To clear at.....55c

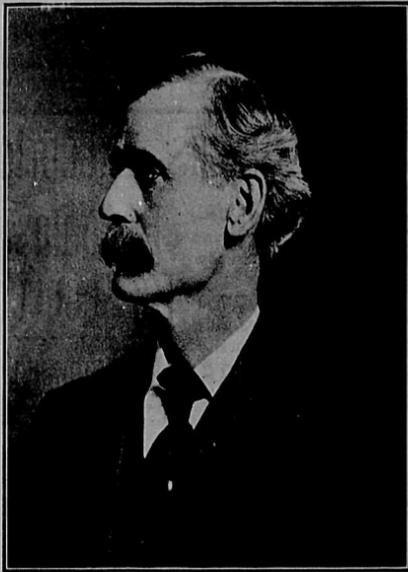
Princess Slips in white, superior quality cotton, good fitting, yoke trimmed torchon insertion and flouncing of tucks or torchon lace. Regular \$1.50. Sale price

FINCH & FINCH

Select Your Furs
Now at Less
Than Half Price

Yates Street, Victoria

SPECIAL
MID-MONTH
PRICES



Lawrence Harmon

In Hypatian Round Table Lectures

Nearly all the evening wraps are draped, the drapery coming under the arms and at the bottom, wrapping the figure closely below the hips. Although the evening corsage is invariably low, the coat makes no pretence of covering the throat; even if the long closing line is edged with fur or the coat is finished with a wide collar of fox or sable, both the collar and the closing leave an open V at the neck.

*

A very lovely wrap seen at Dynes & Eddington's is made entirely of a beautiful shade of green brocaded chiffon velvet, the feature of which is the sort of leaf-design on the material, quite distinctive from the ordinary brocade. The draping and style is in accordance with the fashionable models just described, and it is altogether one of the most attractive opera wraps I have seen.

*

Afternoon gowns are still in great demand and a charming model is made up of tan silk eoline, very simply made in one-piece style. The sleeves are distinguished by the cuff effect of net with a band of self-silk from which falls a ruffle of dainty lace. This gown is very good value at twenty-three dollars at which it was marked at Dynes & Eddington's.

A very effective dinner gown, also seen at this house is a delightful study in gold which would arrest attention anywhere. The foundation is of good quality gold satin, the skirt draped and slit a la mode, while a tunic of white net heavily trimmed with gold bugle covers the whole. Some good odd shades in afternoon and evening petticoats are on sale at very low prices and are worth laying by as they are always useful.

I have just seen a few advance Spring models in suits and very attractive they were. Very smart was a street costume with a skirt in shepherd's plaid, the distinguishing feature being a deep fold right round be-

from the skirt; we have had it short in front and long behind, and short behind and long in front; we have had it in tulle edged with fur on satin skirts, in tulle with a satin flounce, but it is always the tunic, and we have had enough of it. The spring models, I am told, will owe their charm to the colouring and design on the materials as much as to their simplicity. The Parisiennes know that there is nothing younger than a simply made dress, and as the object of every woman is to look young, the plain skirts, unadorned, and the pretty loose bodices caught into the waist with ribbons will be once more received with open arms.

*

Most women have paid a visit to Finch's this week where this is a plethora of bargains this month, and from what I have heard shoppers are delighted with their purchases in whatever department it may be.

A visit to the hat department would tempt the most careful lady, as the prices are ridiculously low. For the small sum of two dollars and fifty cents, I saw a charming little street hat in mole plush, small and neat and just the thing for present year. Another good shape was in orange plush lined with black. For ten dollars some really good chapeaux may be obtained. A very smart model is in mole beaver plush, the crown encircled by handsome mole plumes with one fine feather drooping over at the back. A touch of color is introduced by a bit of red and green ribbon. A chic blue model has an up-standing mount in shaded ostrich. There are also several smart little toques in black velvet and fur suitable for demi-saison wear.

The furs are going rapidly, but there are a few very handsome sets on sale at clearance prices; and a glance at the details given in the advertisement on the opposite page will give one an idea of the bargains. I can also recommend an inspection

Society and Personal

There have been an unusually large number of social events this week, among the most notable being the Patriot Ball given at the Alexandra Club by the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, which proved a brilliant function.

At the opening of the House on Thursday a large and representative gathering was seen, and many smart toilettes were in evidence. The opening function was followed by an "at home" given by Lady McBride at the Empress Hotel, at which many well-known people were present.

Full particulars of these interesting functions will appear in these columns next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowser have issued invitations for next Tuesday in honour of the debut of Miss Bowser.

Mrs. Gibson has issued invitations for an "at home" at the Alexandra Club on January 22nd.

On Thursday evening of last week Hon. T. and Mrs. Cecil entertained a few of their friends at a smart dinner given at their charming residence on Linden Avenue. Mrs. Cecil was artistically gowned in purple and among her guests were Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pooley, Mr. and Mrs. Despard Twigg, the Misses Dunsmuir, Miss Bodwell, Miss Brownie Bodwell, Miss Lucy Little, Miss Nora Combe, Mr. Glen Holland, Prior, Captain Harker, H. Patterson, Wise and others.

Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan-Bickers had a number of friends from Victoria as their guests at their pretty home at Shawnigan Lake last week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Henderson are guests in Victoria from Chilliwack.

One of the most largely attended functions of the season was Mrs. R. D. Finlayson's tea at the Empress Hotel on the 7th inst., evincing the popularity of the hostess with a wide circle of friends. Mrs. Finlayson expressed her regret that the inclemency of the weather prevented some of her old friends from being present.

Mrs. Finlayson received in a gown of pale blue satin with a handsome black overdress, her costume being completed by a large blue hat and ermine stole and muff.

The Empress orchestra supplied a delightful programme of music for the afternoon. Among the many guests were: Mrs. Paterson, Lady McBride, Miss McBride, Mrs. Croft, Mrs. Matson, Mrs. Roper, Miss Finlayson, Mrs. Arthur Crease, Mrs. Hickman Tye, Miss Grahame, Mrs. Robert Beaven, Mrs. Beauchamp Tye, Master T. Tye, Master B. Tye, Miss Crease, Mrs. Burke Roche, Miss Fitzpatrick Smith, Mme. Martin and Miss Martin (Vancouver), Mrs. Helmecken, the Misses Helmecken, Mrs. W. Finlayson, Miss Clarice Finlayson, Mrs. H. R. Beaven, Mrs. Laundry, Mrs. W. R. Higgins, Mrs. Gregory, Miss J. Keith Wilson, Miss Wilson, Mrs. Irving, the Misses Irving, the Misses McTavish, Mrs. D. McTavish, Mrs. McDonald Fahey, Mrs. Fleet, Miss McDonald, Mrs. A. Dumbleton, Mrs. Byng Hall, Mrs. R. Jones, Miss Davey, Mrs. Napier, Mrs. J. E. Wilson, Mrs. Stewart Robertson, Mrs. and Miss Raynor, Mrs. B. Wilson, Mrs. B. S. Heistermann, Mrs. F. Jones, Mrs. Howden, Mrs. Wheatley, Miss Wheatley, the Misses Tolmie, Mrs. Scriven, Sister Frances of St. Mark's Divinity College, Mrs. S. F. Tolmie, Miss Jean Tolmie, Mrs. Lugin, the Misses Lugin, Mrs. McCurdy, Mrs. Warren, Miss N. Dupont, Mrs. Troup, Miss Troup, Miss Wark, Mrs. C. Todd, Mrs. Charles, Mrs. N. Shaw, Mrs. Blackwood, Miss Blackwood, Mrs. Moresby, Mrs. Berkeley, Mrs. Reismuller, Mrs. B. Pryor, Miss Marian Pryor, Mrs. Punnett, Mrs. John Irving, Mrs. Devereux, the Misses Devereux, Mrs. Houghton, Mrs. Blaielock, Mrs. and Miss Rome, Mrs. Langworthy, Mrs. L. V. Cuppage, Mrs. Arthur Coles, Miss Sorby, Mrs. Church, Mrs. Bullen, Mrs. Mellin, Mrs. Knight, Mrs. J. H. Todd, Mrs. A. Gillespie, Mrs. E. Todd, Mrs.

Holmes, Mrs. E. B. Shaw, Mrs. Chaytor Payne, Mrs. W. Holmes, Mrs. Worlock, Mrs. Janion, Mrs. Hamilton Burns, the Misses Burns, Mrs. J. Harvey, Miss Gaudin, Mrs. A. W. Jones, Mrs. Ridgway Wilson, Miss Wilson, Mrs. Hermann Robertson, Mrs. E. G. Millar, Mrs. Heming, Mrs. Brett, Mrs. Garesche, Mrs. Ard, Mrs. Connell, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Heisterman, Mrs. H. Heisterman, Miss Heisterman, Miss Cowley, Mrs. W. E. Scott, Mrs. Arthur Jones, and many others.

On Wednesday evening of last week, the Invitation Dancing Club held one of their enjoyable dances in the ballroom of the Alexandra Club. Among the guests were Miss Pegg, Hon. Wm. Bowser and Mrs. Bowser, Mr. and Mrs. Garrett, Miss Gordon, Miss Mara, Miss Morley, Miss Peters, Miss Lottie Bowron, Miss Eberts, Miss Mabel Eberts, Miss Dumbleton, Miss Faith Leeder, Miss Brownie Bodwell, Miss Luey Little, Miss Rochfort, Mrs. Michael Hallward, Miss Hole, the Misses Pitts, Miss Muriel Hall, Miss Tommy Scott, Miss Guernsey, Miss E. Rowley, Miss Helmecken, Miss T. Helmecken, Miss T. Helmecken, Miss Edith Helmecken, Miss Norman, Miss Mann, the Misses Bagshaw, Mr. and Mrs. C. Payne, Miss Lemon, Miss Mary Boggs, Miss Callingham, Miss Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Mook, and the Messrs. J. Case, K. Denniston, Major, Ford Young, Pooceok, B. Wickham, Plumbeley, Graham Carstairs, Arthur Pitts, Clarence Pitts, Morley, Nation, Baun, Fred Loeholm De Norman, Wright, Payne-Gallwey, Darcy Martin, Carewe Martin, and Aekland.

Mrs. James Dunsmuir was hostess one evening last week of a very enjoyable farewell dance given for her son, Mr. James Dunsmuir, Jr., who has since left for Montreal where he will resume his studies.

Mrs. Dunsmuir wore a handsome toilette of black and white, Miss Eleanor Dunsmuir was gowned in purple and Miss Muriel Dunsmuir was becomingly gowned in yellow.

Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Despard Twigg, Hon. T. Cecil and Mrs. Cecil, Mrs. E. V. Bodwell, Miss Bodwell, Miss Brownie Bodwell, Mrs. Robin Dunsmuir, Mrs. Harry Pooley, Mrs. A. W. Jones, Miss McDowell, Miss Lucy Little, Miss Vera Mason, Miss Nora Combe, and the Messrs. Glen Holland, Fred Loeholm, Bruce Irving, B. Irving, Capt. T. Harker, John Dewar, Darcy Martin, Carewe Martin, Hugh Patterson, and others.

Mrs. T. Kidd is in the city from Vancouver on a short visit here.

On last Tuesday evening a very jolly dance was given in the Alexandra Club when the Wanderers' Football Club held their Annual Ball. Mr. Heaton's orchestra was engaged for the evening. Dancing commenced at 9 o'clock and was kept up until an early hour in the morning. A dainty supper was served downstairs in the cafe, the tables being daintily arranged with red carnations, white narcissus and greenery.

Among the numerous dancers were noticed the following: Dr. and Mrs. Hudson, the latter in black; Mrs. Jas. Harvey, in mauve; Mrs. J. Stevenson, in black and white; Mr. and Mrs. Beauchamp Tye, the latter in pale pink; Mr. Gavin Burns and Miss Burns in white dress with orange sash; Miss Pegg, in white dress with sequine tunic; Mr. and Mrs. Heney; Mr. and Mrs. Hotham; Mrs. J. D. Helmecken; Miss Edith Helmecken, in dainty white dress; Miss Ethel Helmecken, in blue; Miss Gurnsey, in amethyst shaded satin; Miss Gurnsey, in peacock brocaded satin; Miss Scott, in white satin with overdress of spangled tulle; Miss Robinson, in violet ninon over magenta satin; Miss Shiela Dumbleton, in pink ninon over white satin; Miss Marsh, in eau de nille satin; Miss Monteith, in tomato colored brocade over yellow ninon edged with fur; Miss Baba Monteith, in grey satin draped with flame-colored ninon; Mrs. Hallward, in nasurtium colored chiffon velvet grace-

fully draped; Miss Cotsworth, in white satin with black lace overdress; Mrs. Dundas, in blue satin; Miss Bodwell, in smart black and white gown; Miss Brownie Bodwell, in dainty white dress; Miss Lottie Bowson, in smart black gown; the Misses Bagshaw; Miss Newcombe, in bright green; Miss Cross, in dainty white dress; Miss Gordon, white satin with shadow lace overdress and touches of black velvet; Miss Gladys Peters, in shell pink satin; Miss Hudson; Miss Cox, in shell pink ninon over alicia blue satin; Miss Collie, in white satin with overdress of cerise; Miss McAllister, in pale blue charmeuse with white ninon overdress; Miss Graee Monteith, in white satin with sequin trimmings; Miss Mulligan, in blue satin; Miss Buss; Miss Rowley; Miss E. Floyd, in white satin; Miss Little, in scarlet gown relieved by touches of black; Miss Sybil Street; Mr. and Mrs. Ward; Miss A. Robertson; Miss Beatrice Heyland, in blue satin, with sequin trimmings; Miss Guernsey, in blue; Miss Muriel Hall, in black and white; Miss Duncalfe, in pink; Mrs. Pideock, in white satin; Miss Faith Leeder; Miss Harvey, in pink with white ninon overdress; Miss Vera Mason, in smart black gown; and the Messrs. Rev. G. F. Andrews, Hoard, Beekton, Collumbine, Alex. Milligan, J. Hudson, Marup, W. Wardle, Aekland, K. Raymur, D. M. Grant, Payne Gallwey, Rawdie Matthews, Beekton, Hugh Peters, W. B. Monteith, Wright, Carewe, Martin, Darcy Martin, Dugald Gillespie, S. Gillespie, E. Gillespie, Plumbeley, Denniston, Carstairs, W. Spalding, T. W. Buss, T. Calvert, Simpson, Deispecker, Girdwood, Wise, Capt. Rothwell, Schaff, Tilliard, Edgar Horton, Duncan, Dr. d'Erterre, C. B. Grant, Chalk, Bauhin, Irving, Colburn, C. Baxter, and many others.

The Bachelors of Shawnigan Lake district gave a most successful ball on Monday evening last in the S. L. A. A. Hall, Shawnigan Lake. Mr. Heaton's orchestra from Victoria was engaged for the evening and played an excellent programme of music.

This is one of the most successful balls which has ever been held in the district and great credit is due Mr. J. S. White, the honorary secretary, and also the committee, which consisted of Messrs. W. T. Ellis, Leslie Ravenhill, P. A. C. Fry, C. Hogg, B. Nelson and Jack Atkins.

Among those present were: Colonel and Mrs. Gardly Wilmot, Mr. Gordon Hunter, Mr. and the Misses Ravenhill, Captain and Mrs. H. C. de Salis, Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan-Bickers, Mr. and Mrs. Furlonger, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, Rev. and the Misses Aitkins, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Cheeke, Major Oldham, Miss Cole, Mr. and Mrs. Hogg, Mr. and Mrs. Brooke Wilkinson, Mr. and Mrs. Gooch, Mrs. and Miss Hook, Mr. and Mrs. G. Aitkins, Mr. Cancellor, Mr. and Mrs. Lye, Mr. and Mrs. Young, Mrs. and Miss Keene. From Victoria there were: Mr. and Mrs. Cook, the Misses Eileen and Lorna Dumbleton, Miss V. McDougall, Miss Irving, Miss Warde, Miss A. Payne, Duncan and Cowie-an were represented by Colonel and Mrs. Medby, Mr. and Mrs. Ruseombe Poole, Mr. and Mrs. Parry, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Bevan, Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. Knoeker, Mrs. Hirsch, Mr. and Mrs. Kennington, Mr. and Mrs. Schwabe, Mrs. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Auklett Jones, Miss Stillwell, Mr. and Mrs. Powell, Mrs. and Miss Holmes, Captain and Miss Easton, Mrs. Phipps, Mr. Middleton, Mr. J. R. Boothby, Mr. and Mrs. Swarthwaite, Mr. and Miss Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, the Messrs. Gore Langton, and many others.

Beginning at the Royal Oak Hotel, where the Union Jack was hoisted in their honour, the Hunt Club members held their run Saturday afternoon over field, ditch and fence, finishing up near Braefort Farm. The "going" was rather soft as a result of the recent rains, but the attendance was good and the outing was voted highly enjoyable.

Among those who followed by road in motors and carriages were the Misses Dunsmuir and party, Judge Irving and party, and Mrs. Henderson and party.

The riders were: Mrs. Cecil, Misses Pearce, Eberts, Irving, Little, Henderson and Bode, Captain Clarke (master of the hounds), Captain Jones, Drs. Hall and Richards, Messrs Crawford, Marshall, Henderson, Wilgress, Cecil, Hart, Mugetroid and Masters Clifford and Bert Henderson and Robbie Clark.

The musical ride held at the Horse Show Building last Monday night drew quite a number of interested spectators. About thirty people took the ring and a very good programme was presented under the management of Riding Masters J. McLeave and Henderson. The stake and bending races were keenly competed, several ladies taking part. Jumping con-

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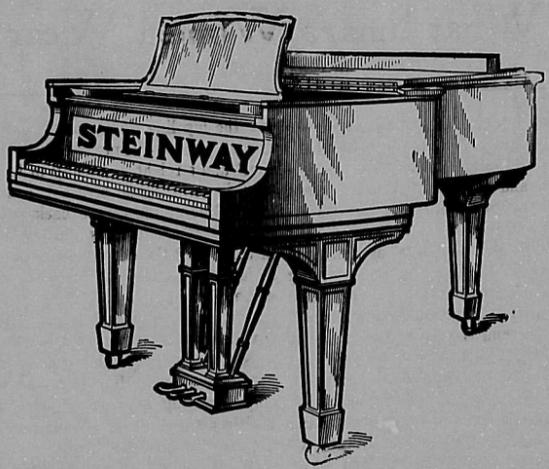
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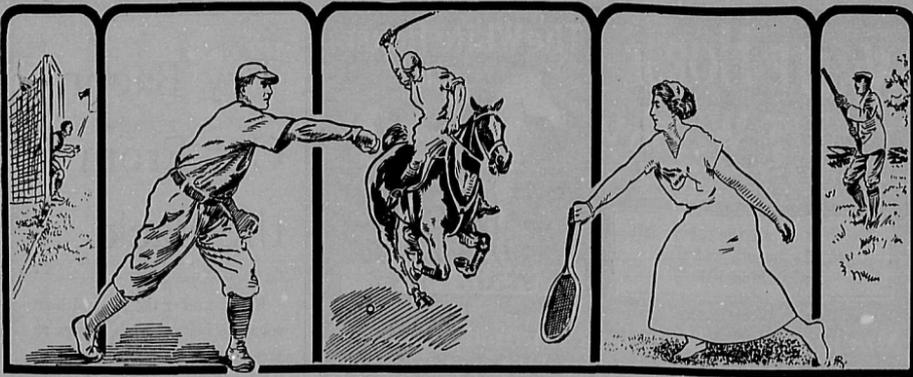
BELMONT BUILDING

FACING EMPRESS HOTEL

Auction sale of antiques, Tuesday, January 20th, at 611 Belleville Street, opposite the Empress Hotel.

Furs at Finch's—25% off all Furs

Imitation lace is being peddled in Victoria and several ladies have been disillusioned about their purchases. For genuine service go to the Real Lace Shop in the Pemberton Block on Broad Street.



Sports of All Sorts

By their victory over the Royals of New Westminster at the Arena on Tuesday night the champions regained their place in the running for this year's honours.

To obviate these squabbles which do not add to the interest in the game, the referee should be given full power and the rule made absolute that his word was final.

There is no doubt that six-man hockey will never be popular here. The Eastern method does not speed up the game as much as the seven-man game in effect here.

The teams on the Coast League have suffered much this season as a result of the rough tactics that have been indulged in, the long list of crippled players attesting to this.

there are several others who might be mentioned. Johnson, however, it must be said is willing to take as much as he gives, and he is a splendid skater and stick handler.

IN Montreal a cup has been put up for a school cricket league. If arrangements were made for a trophy for the students of Victoria for school cricket it would doubtless do much to bring on the younger players.

Another team of Australians is to visit Victoria during the coming season, according to an announcement made by Mr. R. B. Benjamin, who managed the tour which did so much to assist cricket on Vancouver Island.

VICTORIA and Vancouver are now even in the struggle for the McKechnie Cup, representative of the Rugby championship of the Province.

Regiment Band will be in attendance and a good game is in prospect, for although the regiment fifteen started off with a weak aggregation it has been strengthened of late, and now is a contender with any team in the league.

THE second division series in the Association League will be started today when the Navy team meets Victoria West at the Canteen grounds, D. Dougan acting as referee; the North Wards meet the Pandoras at Beacon Hill, Mr. Goward officiating; and the Sir John Jackson eleven and the Empires meet at Albert Head, C. Jasper holding the whistle.

THE feature on the world-wide sporting calendar this year will be the fourth attempt of Sir Thomas Lipton to lift the America Cup. Preparations for the big yachting event are well under way, and it is expected that the Shamrock IV will give a good account of herself.

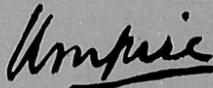
FIELD hockey played last week at Vancouver between the Victoria and Vancouver ladies teams proved a most interesting event, the game ending in a draw. Both teams scored two goals.

SATURDAY afternoon runs of the Victoria Hunt Club are becoming more popular with each succeeding week, and there is usually a large field when the run starts.

IT seems that the recent announcement that Con Jones would be again at the head of a Vancouver professional lacrosse team was made too soon.

A NUMBER of Victoria players have been entered in the Badminton tournament being played in the Drill Hall at Vancouver.

The players representing Victoria include Miss Lawson, Mrs. Shield, Mrs. Wheatley, Miss E. Schmitz, Messrs. Harrison, F. C. Benson and A. W. Gelston.



EXPERT EVIDENCE

Sir A. Conan Doyle's Opinion on the Wells-Carpentier Fight

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle stated on December 8th to a representative of The Times that he had never imagined he would come away from a fight so miserable as the meeting between Wells and Carpentier had made him.

RUDYARD KIPLING

There is an unsigned article in the World's Work on "Rudyard Kipling—Apostle to the Pessimists," that is of interest to all those who study contemporary literature.

The Microbe

"The pessimistic microbe," adds the writer, "attacks Mr. Kipling in vain, because he is aware, with the eye of faith, that fine character is a thing good enough to out-balance all evil."

Which Will Prevail?

"All must agree as to the presence of good and evil in the world. Mr. Kipling himself knew that the husband of Bedelia Herodsfoot was bad. But he was unable to tell that tale without incorporating Bedelia, a redeeming element, a heroine, a martyr, a witness to the pervading glory of life.

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Victoria, B. C., to Tampa and return \$129.10
Victoria, B. C., to Palm Beach and return \$136.10
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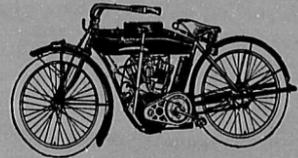
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the London County Council Schools, as the years pass conditions in the primary schools are certain to be levelled up to those prevailing in the secondary schools.

"The point of view makes a great deal of difference," said the ready-made philosopher. "Yes," replied Mr. Chuggins. "When you are walking you think every motor car is trying to hit you. When you are driving a car you get an idea that every pedestrian is insanely ambitious to get run over."

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W. H. MURPHY, Proprietor

In the Days of the Indian Mutiny

Being a Personal Narrative Concerning the Sepoy Revolt at Delhi on the Morning of May 11th, 1857, from the Notes of the Late Col. Henry Danvers Osborn.

COLONEL HENRY DANVERS OSBORN, who had previously served as Brigade Major at Lahore, was Adjutant of the 54th Native Infantry which mutinied at Delhi, and an Indian historian has written of him: "Whose extraordinary adventures must be remembered by many amongst us, and would well deserve a permanent record." Although Osborn, after enduring incredible sufferings, was eventually carried into Meerut more dead than alive, he was able to take the field after a comparatively short time in hospital, and served as Orderly Officer to Colonel (afterwards Sir Thomas) Seaton on his march down to Doab from Delhi to Futehgarh, and in all the later campaigns of the mutiny, serving in India for many years after the stirring events of 1857.

"On Monday morning, the 11th of May, 1857, the Delhi Brigade, consisting of a battery of native artillery and three regiments of native infantry, viz., the 38th N.I., 54th N.I., and 74th N.I., were paraded to hear a Government order read out to them, after which the officers of the 54th N.I. repaired as usual to the "Coffee shop" at the mess, returning as the sun got hot to their respective bungalows. Soon afterwards, I received information that the native cavalry from Meerut had arrived at the bridge of boats at the entrance to Delhi and were trying to rouse the city. The Colonel of the 54th also received this information.

"I turned off to the parade ground and found that many men of the regiment had already got ready and were assembling on parade. Some of them said to me, holding up their muskets as at an imaginary enemy: 'This is the way we will serve out the blackguards.'

"The regiment was soon ready, and we marched off to the city, the band playing in front. On the way down, I suggested to the Colonel that it would be advisable to load, but the Colonel replied that we should polish them off with the bayonet.

"We entered Delhi and were crossing the open square in front of the church when we saw a small body of cavalry coming round the corner. Directly they perceived the regiment, the native officer in command halted the party, and, waving his sword, as a signal to the men, came towards the regiment.

"The Colonel now gave orders to load, when the native cavalry began firing their pistols at our men, without effect, to which some of the regiment replied, but obviously without intent to kill, as I did not see a single trooper fall. In about three minutes, the cavalry turned and retired, and the 54th immediately began to attack their officers.

"I cut down one man and tried to pacify the nearest group of mutineers, but received a shot for my pains, luckily aimed too high, as it went over my head. The Colonel was fatally wounded, and four officers were killed, and every officer to save his life was compelled to escape, if such a thing were possible.

"I turned my horse's head in direction of the city, and charged a small body of mutineers, cutting down two men, which was necessary, since they threatened to unhorse me. I was not pursued, and miraculously escaped the last volley sent after me, and reached the nearest street; and after proceeding for some time, picked up one of my brother officers who had taken refuge in a native house.

"We then proceeded to Ludlow Castle, the residence of the Commissioner of Delhi, ignorant of the fact that he had gone into the city early in the morning and had been killed; so we determined to return to the city and reach the Cashmere gate, if we could do so, for by this time the native populace was aroused and seeking to exterminate all the English people.

"When near our place of refuge, we proceeded on foot, and ran through the groups of natives, who shouted at us and pelted us with stones. Once or twice the situation was perilous, but by the free use of our swords and seeking secluded places, we finally reached the main guard at the Cashmere Gate and, to our great joy, found two of our companies with their officers.

"We were informed that the 11th and 20th N.I. were in the palace making terms with the King. This was about eleven in the morning. Escape for us now might have been easy, as the men of the 54th on duty preserved a respectful attitude all the time; but we waited on, unable to do anything, with the faint hopes that succour might be sent to us from

Meerut. About five o'clock we were startled by a loud explosion, and immediately afterwards Lieutenant Willoughby, the Commissary of Ordnance, came running up to us with his face blackened by powder, and we learnt from him that by his orders the magazine had been blown up, to prevent it falling into the hands of the mutineers. Things were now approaching a crisis, but we were obliged to wait on, though nobody seemed to know why.

"Our doubts were soon removed, for a party of Sepoys had quietly taken up a position and suddenly poured a volley into a group of officers belonging to the 74th with whom I was chatting. Several officers fell, and I was treated to a bullet in my side. It was a 'sauve qui pent' for the remnant who were making for the ramparts, and I followed as well as I could. On reaching the rampart, I unbuckled my sword and threw it down into the ditch below and followed after it by dropping from one of the embrasures, and mounted the opposite counterscarp.

"On arriving at the top, I instinctively turned in the direction of the river Jumna, and in arriving at the bank found a party of five officers and a teacher from Delhi College, who had managed to get away.

"After a hasty consultation, we decided that the best thing to be done was to endeavour to get to Meerut, a distance of some thirty miles. We had to wade through the river, which at the dry season of the year runs in two or three streams, all fordable. On going through one of them, one of my Wellington boots stuck in the mud and came off, so that I had to trudge on leaving it behind. We were followed by groups of villagers assuming a threatening attitude, and as they kept on approaching, Willoughby from time to time pointed his gun at them, till they gradually dropped off. It was now about sunset, and continuing our way, stopping from time to time during the night to rest, we reached the Hindu River, about ten miles from Delhi, a little before sunrise. The stream was so narrow that we had to join hands to help each other across it. On the opposite bank we came to a cave, which we thought fortunate, as we could rest there and be protected from the sun.

"We had not been there long before we were discovered by a native, and he ran off at once to give notice to his friends. Not wishing to be caught like rats in a trap, we left the place and, proceeding some way further, we found a dry water course, whose shallow banks afforded little or no protection from the sun. The teacher preferred lying down under a small tree a few yards off.

"We had not been there many minutes before we heard him shout out: 'Willoughby.' On jumping up we saw a camel on which two men were seated, one of whom had a spear in his hand. On seeing us, the front man turned the camel's head and made it trot off. The teacher told us that just as he was dropping off to sleep, he heard one of them say: 'Give me the spear.'

"We had therefore to make another move, and this time selected a large tank with steep banks, which appeared to offer a convenient shelter, as it was at some distance from a village. Here we remained the rest of the day, not in an elated state, and I do not remember that we exchanged a word all the time.

"When it was nearly dusk, we made a fresh start, and as we were parched with thirst, we searched for a well, where we could slake our thirst. This we found at a short distance. When we began to move on, I found the wound in my side so painful that I could hardly hobble, much less accompany my companions on their way.

"This was no time for hesitation, so my companions at once considered the only thing to do was to find some place for me to lie in where I should not be easily found, which was soon done, in a dry water course, where I was left, my companions saying that as soon as they reached Meerut they would send out a doolie with bearers to bring me in.

"Willoughby offered to stay, but I forbade him, and, bidding them be of good cheer and Godspeed, we made the parting as brief as possible.

"Little did I think then that I should be preserved, but would never see the faces of my friends again, for they were all waylaid and cruelly slain by a party of natives within three miles of the spot where I was left to perish (if not rescued) at the hands of relentless natives, or to die a lingering death from exposure and starvation.

"Truly, my escape from death was

wonderful, and the wound which brought me low ultimately proved my salvation. During the night I had snatches of sleep, but for the most part the pain from my wound and my dire predicament kept me awake.

"Early the next morning I was aroused from a brief slumber by a kick given to me by a boy who was tending goats, and who ran off at once to give information to the villagers. Without the companionship of one friend, I was to die, so it seemed, but I determined, reduced as I was, to sell my life as dearly as possible, so as to make the stroke speedy and induce my adversaries to put me out of all sufferings with one blow.

"I crawled out of my resting-place to see what was going on and found that the spot was just outside a village. Several natives came and unarmed me, and relieved me of my watch, ring and sword, but did not molest me further.

"I heard one of them remark: 'He is an officer.' Had they not seen by my sword that I was an officer they would probably have made short work of me, but they no doubt thought that by sparing my life they might eventually be rewarded.

"They carried me to the village, and I should have been allowed to remain in it, but when the women heard of my presence they got alarmed, and said if a European was found there by the Sepoys, they would all be killed.

"My bearers carried me out and threw me into a mango grove which was close at hand. I lay under the mud bank of the grove, when a few minutes later several men ran up who had heard that I was there. One of them got on the bank above me, and I saw that he had a bamboo in his hand, which was just about to descend on my head. By some special providence, the other closed round about him, and, after some hot argument, they all went away.

"I remained in the grove which afforded a good shelter from the heat of the sun, and a kind-hearted villager brought me a light bedstead of native made and I was left alone.

"I had not been quiet very long when a native watchman came along and claimed the bedstead as his property and threw me off it, then raised a spear as if to strike me; but he as suddenly desisted, and walked off taking the bedstead with him, so that I was obliged to lie on the ground, the disagreeable part of this being the visits of black ants which swarmed through the hole in my clothes and clustered round my wound.

"Later on, an old gardener came to me and I was grateful to him, for he brought me a few 'chupatties,' and water in an earthenware pot. However, I had made up my mind that I was never going to see an English face again, and all I wanted was to be allowed to die in peace.

"So the days passed until Saturday evening, and in my delirium I heard the sound as if men's feet running, and awoke to consciousness, and hoped that the end would come quickly, and I looked up and beheld several men with a bedstead upon which they placed me, and said they were going to carry me to Meerut. They covered me with a sheet and told me I was not to show my face or hands, and if anyone spoke to me they would say they had a sick Mohammedan going to Meerut to see a native doctor.

"They lost no time, and started with me on their journey. After proceeding some miles, they halted after dark at the house of some 'synds,' where I was received in the kindest manner. I was furnished with clean linen and delicious sherbet was brought.

"I said what I wanted most was a good sleep, as I had slept but very little all the week.

"They replied: 'It is not possible for you to remain here; if you were discovered we should not be able to help you, and you must get on to Meerut under cover of night.'

"So off we started again, and reached Meerut early the next morning.

"I was taken to the artillery hospital, where I received every care and attention, which enabled me to take the field against our faithless soldiery within a few weeks.

"My sorrow was very great on learning the fate of my six companions, including the gallant Willoughby; all had been massacred very close to the spot where they had been obliged to leave me."

THE DEATH OF THE GOLDEN GOOSE

In the old days Simpson's was the headquarters of the Chess world in London. Champions from every country used to meet in the old room on the second floor, and many are the tales that are still told about its habitues. One of the Baring family used to visit the room three, and sometimes four times a week, and play

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flavour of this bacon makes the
back a peculiarly acceptable cut,
whether you intend to fry it in
rashers or boil it in the piece
to eat cold.

PRICE PER POUND
22c

Victoria Market

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A white bottle
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WHARF STREET, VICTORIA
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PAINTS

For painting your boat or your
house. Varnishes for your boat
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MOTOR OIL for auto or boat
ALL the little fixings for
your auto or motor in stock.

We can satisfy you in service
and price.

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We retreat and Repair Motor
Tubes and Casings.
We are sole agents for the
Famous

FIRESTONE TIRES

And we want your business.

H. BAINES
Cor. Yates and Wharf Sts.,
Victoria, B.C.

METCHOSIN
TEA HOUSE

(Next to Hall)
METCHOSIN, B.C.

The Misses Willson and Smyth
(formerly of the Dorothy Tea
Room, Victoria, B. C.) have
opened the above for Teas,
Light Refreshments, etc., etc.

Open on Sundays

MINING NEWS

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE MOST IMPORTANT HAPPENINGS IN THE MINING WORLD, WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO NEW DISCOVERIES AND DEVELOPMENTS

Edited by W. Blakemore, M.I.M.E., Greenwell Medallist



SYNOPSIS OF COAL MINING REGULATIONS

Coal mining rights of the Dominion, in Yukon, Saskatchewan and Alberta, in the Yukon Territory, the Northwest Territories and in a portion of the Province of British Columbia, may be leased for a term of twenty-one years at an annual rental of \$1 an acre. Not more than 2,560 acres will be leased to one applicant.

Applications for a lease must be made by the applicant to the Agent or Sub-Agent of the District in which the rights applied for are situated.

In surveyed territory the land must be described by sections, or legal subdivisions of sections, and in unsurveyed territory the tract applied for shall be staked out by the applicant himself.

Each application must be accompanied by a fee of \$5 which will be refunded if the rights applied for are not available, but not otherwise. A royalty shall be paid on the merchantable output of the mine at the rate of five cents per ton.

The person operating the mine shall furnish the Agent with sworn returns accounting for the full quantity of merchantable coal mined and pay the royalty thereon. If the coal mining rights are not being operated, such returns should be furnished at least once a year.

The least well included coal mining rights only, but the lessee may be permitted to purchase whatever available surface rights may be considered necessary for the working of the mine at the rate of \$10.00 an acre.

For full information application should be made to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to any Agent or Sub-Agent of Dominion Lands.

W. W. CORY, Deputy Minister of the Interior. N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

WATER NOTICE

APPLICATION for a licence to take and use and to store on pen back Water will be made under the "Water Act" of British Columbia, as follows:—

1. The name of the applicant is Victoria-Vancouver Lime and Brick Co., Limited.

2. The address of the applicant is 636 View Street, Victoria, B.C.

3. The name of the stream is Millstream. The stream has its source in Highland District, flows in a S.E. direction, and empties into Esquimalt Harbour, at Esquimalt Bridge.

4. The water is to be diverted from the stream on the north side, about 700 feet southwest from the S.W. cor. post of Sect. 105, Esquimalt District.

5. The purpose for which the water will be used is Domestic and Industrial.

6. The land on which the water is to be used is described as follows: Part of Sect. 105, Esquimalt District.

7. The quantity of water applied for is as follows: Four thousand (4,000) gallons per day.

8. The quantity of water to be stored is —

9. The reservoir site is located —

10. This notice was posted on the ground on the 20th day of December, 1913.

11. A copy of this notice and an application pursuant thereto and to the requirements of the "Water Act" will be filed in the office of the Water Recorder at Victoria, B. C., or with the Comptroller of Water Rights, Parliament Buildings, Victoria, B. C.

VICTORIA-VANCOUVER LIME AND BRICK CO., LIMITED, Applicant. By H. C. H. Barnes, Agent. dec 27 Jan 17

WATER NOTICE

APPLICATION for a licence to take and use and to store on pen back Water will be made under the "Water Act" of British Columbia, as follows:—

1. The name of the applicant is Victoria-Vancouver Lime and Brick Co., Limited.

2. The address of the applicant is 636 View Street, Victoria, V.I. B.C.

3. The name of the stream is: A gulch on Sect. 105, Esquimalt District. The stream has its source on the hill on Sect. 105, Esquimalt District, flows in a southerly direction, and empties into Millstream.

4. The water is to be diverted from the Gulch on the northeast side, about 1,400 feet from the S.W. cor. post Sect. 105, Esquimalt District.

5. The purpose for which the water will be used is Domestic and Industrial.

6. The land on which the water is to be used is described as follows: Part of Sect. 105, Esquimalt District.

7. The quantity of water applied for is as follows: Ten acre feet per annum.

8. The quantity of water to be stored is four acre feet.

9. The reservoir is located on Sect. 105, Esquimalt District.

10. This notice was posted on the ground on the 20th day of December, 1913.

11. A copy of this notice and an application pursuant thereto and to the requirements of the "Water Act" will be filed in the office of the Water Recorder at Victoria, B. C., or with the Comptroller of Water Rights, Parliament Buildings, Victoria, B. C.

LAND ACT.

Victoria Land District—District of Victoria, British Columbia.

TAKE NOTICE that Mabel Hope Eberts, of Victoria, B.C., occupation, married woman, intends to apply for permission to purchase or lease the following described lands: Commencing at a post planted on high water mark, the same being situated 10 feet east of the south-east corner of the west half of Lot 24 A, Section 11, Victoria District; thence S. 10 degrees, 34 feet west magnetic for a distance of 80 feet more or less to low water mark; thence north magnetic for 274 feet; thence N. 47 degrees, 45 feet E. for 160 feet more or less to high water mark; thence following high water mark to a northerly, southerly and easterly direction to the place of commencement and containing 2.09 acres more or less.

MABEL HOPE EBERTS, F. A. Devereux, Agent. November 14th, 1913. Jan. 31

VICTORIA LAND DISTRICT—DISTRICT OF OYSTER.

TAKE NOTICE that I, Walter Jones (Hotelkeeper) and William Henry Price (Com. Agent), of Ladysmith and Victoria, intend to apply for permission to lease the following described lands:— Commencing at a post planted 1,650 feet more or less south-east 15 deg. south of the south-west corner of Lot 23, Oyster District, thence south a distance of 1,164 feet, thence west a distance of 264 feet, thence south a distance of 654.3 feet, thence east a distance of 528 feet, thence north a distance of 1318.8 feet, thence west a distance of 284 feet to the point of commencement, containing 15 acres more or less.

WALTER JONES, William Henry Price. Dated 21st October, 1913. Jan. 10

CLAIM NO. 1

TAKE NOTICE that Hugh Taylor, of Hazelton, B.C., intends to apply for a licence to prospect for coal over the following described lands: Commencing at a post placed one mile west of the Skeena River and about 12 miles northeast of the Indian village of Kispiox, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the place of beginning.

HUGH TAYLOR. Dated October 25th, 1913. Jan. 17



PRIVATE BILLS

Legislative Assembly Notice is hereby given that petitions for leave to introduce Private Bills must be presented to the House on or before Monday, January 26th, 1914.

Private Bills must be presented on or before Thursday, February 5th, 1914. The time limited for presenting Reports of Committees considering Private Bills expires on Thursday, February 12th, 1914.

THORNTON FELL, Clerk of the Legislative Assembly. Dated 17th day of December, 1913. Dec 20 Feb 00

CLAIM NO. 10

TAKE NOTICE that Hugh Taylor, of Hazelton, B.C., intends to apply for a licence to prospect for coal over the following described lands: Commencing at a post planted at the southeast corner of Claim No. 4, near the west bank of the Skeena River, and about eleven miles northeast of the Indian village of Kispiox, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the point of commencement.

HUGH TAYLOR. Dated October 25th, 1913. Jan. 17

NAVIGABLE WATERS PROTECTION ACT.

NOTICE is hereby given that Giovanni Baptiste Ordano, of Corfield, Vancouver Island, British Columbia, is applying to His Excellency the Governor General of Canada in Council for approval of the site and plans and description of a Works of being a work constructed prior to the 1st day of March, 1899, on a portion of the foreshore of Rock Bay fronting upon Lot 22, Block L, Harbour Estate in the City of Victoria, owned by the said Giovanni Baptiste Ordano, and that he has deposited the area and site plans and description of the works with the Minister of Public Works at Ottawa and a duplicate thereof with the Registrar General of Titles at the Land Registry Office at the City of Victoria, British Columbia, and that the matter will be proceeded with on the expiration of one month from the time of the first publication of this notice in the Canada Gazette.

Dated 30th day of December, 1913. GIOVANNI BAPTISTE ORDANO. By his Solicitor, Chas. Jas. Prior. 1218 Langley St. Victoria, B.C. Jan 3 Jan 31

CLAIM NO. 5

TAKE NOTICE that Hugh Taylor, of Hazelton, B.C., intends to apply for a licence to prospect for coal over the following described lands: Commencing at a post planted two miles south of the southwest corner of Claim No. 1, and about ten miles northeast of the Indian village of Kispiox, and about one mile west of the Skeena River, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the place of beginning.

HUGH TAYLOR. Dated October 25th, 1913. Jan. 17

CLAIM NO. 6

TAKE NOTICE that Hugh Taylor, of Hazelton, B.C., intends to apply for a licence to prospect for coal over the following described lands: Commencing at a post planted two miles south of the southwest corner of Claim No. 1, and about ten miles northeast of the Indian village of Kispiox, and about one mile west of the Skeena River, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the place of beginning.

HUGH TAYLOR. Dated October 25th, 1913. Jan. 17

CLAIM NO. 7

TAKE NOTICE that Hugh Taylor, of Hazelton, B.C., intends to apply for a licence to prospect for coal over the following described lands: Commencing at a post planted two miles south of the southwest corner of Claim No. 1, and about ten miles northeast of the Indian village of Kispiox, and about one mile west of the Skeena River, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the place of beginning.

HUGH TAYLOR. Dated October 25th, 1913. Jan. 17

CLAIM NO. 8

TAKE NOTICE that Hugh Taylor, of Hazelton, B.C., intends to apply for a licence to prospect for coal over the following described lands: Commencing at a post planted two miles south of the southwest corner of Claim No. 1, and about ten miles northeast of the Indian village of Kispiox, and about one mile west of the Skeena River, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the place of beginning.

HUGH TAYLOR. Dated October 25th, 1913. Jan. 17

He pressed a card into my hand. I read on it, "The Brilliant Children's Conversation Society, Ltd. Annual Subscription—One Guinea for Three Bright Sayings per Week." "We provide the good things, sir, that you parents quote with pride. Now, let me give you a free sample or two just to show you the type of thing you would get for your guinea. Wouldn't it please you to say at a dinner party, 'My thoughtful little boy remarked the other day: Daddy, do the little black children have black angels to make them comfortable in Heaven?'"

"It would not afford me the slightest gratification," I answered.

"Wait one moment. Suppose you could say, 'My dear little fellow asked me for my favourite, and when I asked him why he wanted that precise sum he replied: Because Mr. Lloyd George will give me ninnepence for it, daddy.'"

"If I'd a child who said a thing like that I'd wring its neck."

"If the theological and political samples do not appeal to you, let me give you a free specimen of the Social type. That dear little fellow might be made to say, 'Daddy, I want to be taken over that bridge mummie goes to every afternoon!'"

"Permit me to explain," I began.

But at that moment the wedding bells of the Marchioness of the Mill must have rung out, for the nurse-girl awoke to her duty, and shouted, "Master 'Erbert, come here at once or I'll give you what for."

The child ran away. The genial gentleman lost his geniality, glared at me, and moved off to seat himself by a lady with a mail-cart. However, he had quite broken the thread of my speech. I rose to leave the Park, and at the entrance met Spiffkins.

"Very gloomy, isn't it?" said Spiffkins.

"Awful," I replied.

"It reminds me of what my little girl said the other day," proceeded Spiffkins. "It was very dark and foggy, and the imaginative little creature said, 'Dad is drawing the curtains early, daddy!'"

"Spiffkins," I said, looking him full in the face, "you atrocious humbug. Do you think I don't know that you pay an annual guinea for fatuities you father on your miserable brat?"

I had not made my speech, but I had the gratification for the first time of seeing Spiffkins blush.

And when any parent approaches you with the remark, "My little fellow said," just checkmate him at once with the remark, "Ah, they do you very well for a guinea, don't they?"—London Opinion.

LOVE

A man does not wish to kill that which he loves. He seeks rather to protect, to serve, to honour, to worship. And I am not sure that in the love which we extend to those below us, those who are in our power, those whom we could, if we would, destroy, kill or crush, there resides not the purest element of love. Those who are on the same level with us, we may honour and respect, as well as love; those above us, we may honour, respect, even fear, as well as love. But love is not just the same as honour, respect and fear. Again from those who are on the same level with us, we desire an answering love; and from those above us we may look for benefits, though I do not hold that we always do. But the truest love is that which seeks to give itself, which seeks to protect, to help and to improve the object which it loves.—Mathilde Hompes, in the "Vegetarian Messenger."

Surveyors' Instruments and Drawing Office Supplies. Electric Blue Print & Map Company, 214 Central Building. Phone 1534.

LAND ACT

Victoria Land District—District of North Saanich

TAKE NOTICE that Caroline E. White Birch, of Sidney, B.C., occupation Married Woman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:— Commencing at a post planted at high water mark at the northwest corner of Lot 4, Map 1237, North Saanich; thence following the westerly boundary of the applicant's land produced 1 1/2 chains; thence easterly following the sinuosities of the shore to the easterly boundary of the said lands produced; thence southerly along said easterly boundary produced to the northeast corner of the said lands at high water mark 1 1/2 chains; thence westerly along high water mark to point of commencement about 1.40 chains.

CAROLINE E. WHITE BIRCH. By Charles S. Birch, Agent. Dated 22nd December, 1913. Jan 10 mar 8

CLAIM NO. 9

TAKE NOTICE that Hugh Taylor, of Hazelton, B.C., intends to apply for a licence to prospect for coal over the following described lands: Commencing at a post planted at the south-east corner of Claim No. 4, near the west bank of the Skeena River, and about eleven miles northeast of the Indian village of Kispiox, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the place of beginning.

HUGH TAYLOR. Dated October 25th, 1913. Jan. 17

CLAIM NO. 2

TAKE NOTICE that Hugh Taylor, of Hazelton, B.C., intends to apply for a licence to prospect for coal over the following described lands: Commencing at a post planted one mile west of the Skeena River and about twelve miles northeast of the Indian village of Kispiox, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the point of commencement.

HUGH TAYLOR. Dated October 25th, 1913. Jan. 17

CLAIM NO. 3

TAKE NOTICE that Hugh Taylor, of Hazelton, B.C., intends to apply for a licence to prospect for coal over the following described lands: Commencing at a post planted one mile west of the Skeena River and about twelve miles northeast of the Indian village of Kispiox, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the point of commencement.

HUGH TAYLOR. Dated October 25th, 1913. Jan. 17

BE PREPARED FOR SPRING SEEDING

NOW is the time for farmers to consider the question of a good seed grain supply for next Spring.

The greater part of the grain in the West was harvested under ideal conditions last fall, and little difficulty should be met with in getting seed of strong vitality. Notwithstanding this there are some individuals, and even sections of the Western Provinces, that were not so fortunate at harvest time, and now have seed of doubtful vitality in their granaries for the Spring seeding.

Seed of strong vitality makes a good start, helps to keep down the weeds and finally gives the big yield, while seed of poor vitality is a sure loss.

Therefore every farmer who suspects the vitality of his seed should send a sample to the Dominion Government Seed Laboratory, Calgary, for a germination test. In order that the report of this test may be of the greatest value to the sender, preparatory to sending the sample he should first clean his seed, as for seeding.

Too often seed that is badly contaminated with weed seeds is sown. Every year the proportion of Western wheat and oats which contain wild oats is increasing. Such grain must take a lower grade because no satisfactory method of separating it has been devised. Samples of flax containing fifteen per cent of weed seeds are only too common. This amounts to approximately 200 bushels of waste per acre. When the cost of threshing, handling and freight on this useless material is added to the loss occasioned by the injury to the growing crop, the net profit per acre is very materially lessened.

Flax is the most badly contaminated seed which the farmer sows, and since it is usually sown on new breaking, his land is practically ruined at the start. Farmers who have clean farms, or farms free from some of the most troublesome weeds—wild oats, stinkweed, false flax, ball-mustard, wild mustard, etc., should be very careful to sow only clean seed.

The Seed Laboratory at Calgary is at the disposal of the farmers and of the public, and it is hoped that they will make use of it in their efforts to obtain a pure seed supply.

In former years most of the samples have come in to be tested in March and April, overtaxing the capacity of the Laboratory, and sometimes causing a delay in reporting on the samples. It is therefore urged that samples be sent in as early as possible to avoid this delay and to enable the farmer to replace his seed who thereby finds it unfit for use.

ABOUT OLEVER KIDS

By One Who Has Suffered

I WAS sitting in the Green Park pondering the address I was to give to the Chiswick Junior Imperial Association that evening. I had nearly hit on a novel epithet for Lloyd George, when the child arrived.

It had escaped from a nursemaid, who was absorbed in reading "The Marchioness of the Mill" on an adjoining seat. The infant squatted at my feet, remarked confidentially, "Nice mud, daddy," and proceeded to investigate the mud. I ignored its claims to be my offspring, and proceeded with the construction of my oration.

Then the genial gentleman arrived and seated himself beside me.

"Delightful child," he said.

I grunted.

"Easy to see who's his father," he proceeded, glancing from me to the child.

I started. Was this infant to be forced upon me? Talk about forcible feeding; what of forcible fatherhood! "Unmistakable," said the genial gentleman, "I suppose he says a great many sharp things."

"There I differ. So far this afternoon he has said nothing but "Nice mud, daddy."

"You're an honest man," said the genial gentleman, with enthusiasm. "Let me tell you that children never do say brilliant things. You are bored in your business, and at your golf club, by men who tell you what their thoughtful little boys and girls say. I tell you, sir, they never say anything better than 'More jam,' or 'Shan't.' All the brilliant sayings, sir, are provided by us."

Besides these the Ivanhoe, Noble Five, and the Colonial have closed down for the winter.

The Sloean Star is looking better than ever. Two feet of clean ore was seen last week. Local people have been buying stock lately. The Surprise also shipped a car last week.

Mr. McFadd has left for the Coast. He has been superintendent of the Surprise for sometime. Alex. Smith, who has managed the property for the last fifteen years, left for the East a fortnight ago.

A STRIKE of gold is reported at Beaver Lake, east of Prince Albert, Sask. The find came as a result of many months' prospecting by Dan Mosher, who is backed by a local syndicate of prominent men. After Mosher reported his find last June these men went to the location and returned to the city satisfied that the first samples were true indications of the wealth of the gold area.

SHAREHOLDERS in the Lucky Jim Zinc Mines, Ltd., to the number of about seven hundred or more, face the alternative of losing what they put into the stock or of permitting a bond issue, says The Kootenian. Such, in brief, is the information contained in a circular sent out from Kaslo last week, the said circular being the appeal of the Hon. Hugh Armstrong, president of the Lucky Jim Zinc Mines, Ltd., who states that as a result of the failure of the shareholders to agree to the providing of the funds required to clear off the mortgage by an assessment, the officers of the company must be permitted to issue bonds to secure the amount, otherwise the mortgage holders will foreclose.

The circular is accompanied by a notice of an extraordinary general meeting of the shareholders of the company to be held at Victoria on the 9th of February next and with the usual proxy form.

In other words, if the Lucky Jim shareholders consent to the bond issue on the credit of the company, they stand a chance to get their money back; if they fail to authorize the bond issue, then they will get nothing.

It is quite clear that no freeze out game is being played, as is sometimes the case with concerns of this kind, but it is apparent that the present officers of the company are making an honest effort to save the shareholders what they have invested at least.

It is stated that there is a reasonable expectation of finding a market for the bonds, amounting to \$150,000, with the mine as security. A portion of the money thus raised is to be used to clear off the mortgage and indebtedness outstanding and it is doubtless the intention to use the balance in making a fresh start, on a sound and businesslike basis. What plans will be undertaken are not at the present time known.

WHAT will prove good news to stock-holders in zinc and lead-zinc mines, especially those in the Coeur d'Alenes, Butte, British Columbia, Colorado and the Mississippi Valley, comes in the announcement that the International Spelter syndicate will shortly renew its agreement, renewal having already been effected by the German Spelter syndicate. No hitch is expected when the time comes for the Belgian and English groups to renew.

The Sherman anti-trust law precludes American representation in the combine. Nevertheless, the domestic market has been recently on a parity with the zinc market in Europe, where recent quotations have been the lowest since 1908. New York quotations have been lately at 5c a pound, although transactions have been made as low as 4.97 1/2c. Against the 5c quotation in the United States the European equivalent has been 5.26c, including the new 15 per cent ad valorem duty.

The renewal of the syndicate understanding among the foreign spelter interests for a term of years is confidently expected to result in an improvement in American zinc prices immediately, and this is expected to redound very favourably upon quotations for stocks of zinc-producing companies.

OSCAR B. WALLACE of Wallace, Idaho, for many years identified with producing and paying mining properties throughout the Coeur d'Alene in Idaho, upon his return to Hazelton from Spokane lately, put out tenders for the tunnel to be driven on the Black Prince group on Rochede Boule mountain, and early in the month closed the contract with Emil Olsen and Oscar Sundberg. The price to be paid is \$18 per foot, writes Jas. Riley in The Omineca Herald.

The contractors left town forthwith with their entire winter's mining supplies and have already commenced work on the tunnel. The present contract will probably last until April or May, when additional work will be started on the Wonder group adjoining, which is also under bond to Mr. Wallace and associates.

Speaking of the local mining situation in general, Mr. Wallace stated that his inspection of the different properties now working in the New Hazelton district had entirely convinced him that the district was a winner and that he looked to see several more prospects opened up during the coming winter and summer. His report to his Spokane associates made them lose no time and is rather significant to say the least, when capital is so pessimistic in the big cities.

Mr. Wallace has been identified as one of the owners and operators for the past twenty years of the famous Standard mine in the Coeur d'Alenes and is also one of the principal owners of Silver Standard at Silverton, B. C., just now in the public eye as one of the big producers of high-grade silver-lead and a big dividend payer. The Black Prince and Wonder groups consist of seventeen adjoining claims situated directly above New Hazelton at the head of Mud Creek. Both groups are well known to have good surface showings and lie directly north and east of the Rochede Boule Copper Co., the Highland Boy and the Great Ohio all under working bonds or leases. The ore is much similar, being a chalcopryrite with gold values, and in some places of different leads has shown quite a lot of tetradedrite or grey copper. The opening up of this new property will be directly under the supervision of Mr. Wallace and will be watched with great interest by the whole district. Predictions are made that it will enter the shipping class with the coming year. The property was located in August, 1912, by Barney Halteron, Billy Thompson and Robert Hadden.

RETURNS received from the smelter at Tacoma of the shipment of ore sent down some weeks ago from Stewart by Jim McKay have proved more than satisfactory, according to The Portland Canal Miner. The shipment from the Lakeview, which was a little less than three tons, netted a clear profit of over \$300 per ton after all expenses of mining, packing and shipping had been paid. The certificate showed: Per cent. of moisture, 2.3; gold, \$9.80; silver, 57.0 oz. per ton; lead, 22.1 per cent; zinc, not enough to penalize; freight, \$8.15 per ton; duty on lead 3-4c; customs, \$2.50; sampling for lots under 5 tons, \$10. These are the figures as supplied by G. A. Clother, M. E., who sampled and shipped the ore.

This ore was mined last summer with about two weeks work on the Lakeview Group on Glacier Creek, situated three and a half miles from the main wagon road up the Bear River valley. The property is owned by J. McKay and C. Bibeau, and is admirably located at an elevation of 2,700 feet.

An excellent pack trail was built to the property this summer by the Government and it is now possible to pack and rawhide ore out at quite a reasonable figure.

A fine lead of some 6 ft. to 8 ft. in width has been exposed by open cuts for a distance of some 1,500 feet, the whole of which is said to run in the neighbourhood of \$70 per ton. There is a considerable tonnage of ore in sight of the same grade as that now shipped, and which will be mined next summer. The Lakeview is one of the several high grade properties in the district, one which the hopes of the future are built, and of which great things are expected.

DURING the last month ore cars left Sandon every day. The Surprise, Sloean Star and the Ruth

(Continued from Front Page)

A Correction

IN the last issue of The Week reference was made to the employment of aliens on the alterations being made at the Manitoba Bar. The statement on which the reference was based was made to The Week by a responsible person, of whose "bona fides" there could be no doubt. On the protest of the contractors that the statement was incorrect, The Week has carefully investigated the whole matter, and finds that the workman who supplied the original details to our informant is unable to substantiate them. While one member of the firm has been a contractor in the States for many years, the other is a Canadian, and the foreman is an Old Countryman, who strongly repudiates the suggestion that in the employment of workmen he has in any instance discriminated in favour of aliens.

William Blakemore



"SOTTO VOCE" By the Hornet

THAT all the regrettable happenings at the Empress Hotel on New Year's Eve were due to the absence of Manager Jackson.

That the correspondent of "The Week," whose letter created such a furor, did not tell half the story.

That if "The Week" is deserving of any blame whatever, it is for understating the case.

That the attention of the police authorities is hereby directed to the condition of affairs existing on the old Charles property, View Street.

That when they go to make an inspection it would do no harm to take the Medical Health Officer with them.

That none of the vagaries of the Voters' League is more amusing than that which led them to turn down so excellent a School Trustee as Dr. G. A. B. Hall.

That the Finance Committee of the Council has shown sound judgment in the business-like manner in which it has dealt with the finances of the Jubilee Hospital.

That the proposal of the President of the Board of Trade as a substitute for the "Carnival" is an admirable one.

That attractions spread over two months at a cost of \$10,000 would do far more for Victoria than the \$40,000 which the Carnival Committee spent last year.

That the report of the sub-committee of the Council endorsing Secretary Sangster's balance sheet would seem to show that Mr. Morley is not even an expert accountant.

That the flotsam and jetsam of the recent heavy rains may be found on the Uplands car track in the shape of antediluvian cars.

That the conductors of the B. C. E. R. still allow passengers to ride on the platform and encourage them to leave by the entrance doors.

That "Hornet" saw an elderly gentleman fall from the platform to the pavement on Monday last on Fort Street, because the entrance doors were opened for exit purposes.

That it would seem to be a very simple matter to enforce the rules in this respect.

That the amount of the deposits held by the B. C. E. R. was overstated in last week's issue of "The Week."

That "Hornet" has the authority of the company to state that the amount has never exceeded \$100,000.

That this does not affect the principle involved, viz., the illegality of holding any deposits without paying interest.

That the reception held by Sir Richard and Lady McBride at the Empress Hotel after the opening of the House on Thursday was by far the largest and most brilliant function of the kind ever held in the city.

That "The Week" was not far out when it described the Royal Victoria as a theatre "built by Victor-

That some men have no sense of the eternal fitness of things, or of the inexorable logic of events.

That Professor Dean of Ontario Agricultural College says that what Canada wants is a Lloyd George.

That there are many people in England who would be pleased to sell Canada one specially marked down for the January sales.

That Sir George Paish, the eminent financier, thinks that Canada is about to enter upon the productive stage.

That for once the anticipations of an expert synchronize with the wishes of the people.

That the strike in South Africa is subjecting the Anglo-Boer relations to a severe strain.

That it looks as if trades unionism in the Dark Continent is facing its Armageddon.

That the dropping of the Naval Bill by the Federal Government is a sad disappointment to many loyal Canadians.

That once more politics have triumphed over patriotism.

That it is more than ever clear that Mr. Borden never intended some of his letters on the naval policy to be published.

That today they constitute the strongest condemnation of the attitude of his Government on this vital question.

A TWENTIETH CENTURY GENIE

Anyone who goes into the new Brown Jug Hotel will find it hard to believe that just a fortnight ago it was the old Challoner & Mitchell store, yet in that brief time the magic wand of Crawford Coates, the architectural genie of Victoria, has been waved over it, and, hey presto, there appear three floors with a sumptuous diningroom on the first, a lounging-room de luxe on the second and thirty well appointed bedrooms on the two upper floors. The design is unique. The furnishing and appointments are up to date, and the whole is a tribute to the skill of the architect and the energy of the builder. In such a home the venerable old Brown Jug will not only renew but extend its hospitable catering to the thousands of the Capital City who have patronized it in the past and to the tens of thousands who will visit it in the future.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Week accepts no responsibility for the views expressed by its correspondents. Communications will be inserted whether signed by the real name of the writer or a nom de plume, but the writer's name and address must be given to the Editor as an evidence of bona fides. In no case will it be divulged without consent.

CAB FARES

Victoria, January 12, '14.

To the Editor of The Week:—Dear Sir:—It is in the best interests of all classes in Victoria, including the cab and motor drivers themselves, that the present exorbitant tariff of passenger fares be revised, and you are doing a public service in directing attention to the matter. In support of your contention I give the following personal experience that I had a few weeks ago:

I engaged a two-horse cab to drive me to the Vancouver afternoon boat, and in passing through Bastion Square, on the way, I stopped the cab for only a few seconds while I stepped out and across the sidewalk, to get a small hand bag which I had left just inside my office door, and thence went on to the boat, and when I arrived at the C. P. R. wharf, I offered the driver half a dollar which I thought was the present legal fare as it was formerly, but he said it was one dollar and referred me to the policeman on duty there, who had a copy of the tariff, and who consulted it and told me that the driver was right. So I paid the driver his lawful but outrageous charge—and have ever since, and often, walked or taken the street car instead of hiring a cab, owing to which the cabmen have lost many a dollar.

Now if residents can be "held up" legally in this fashion, what is the fate of the stranger within our gates? No wonder our town has a very bad and harmful name in this important connection.

There is no matter of minor public policy which more earnestly requires the attention of the new City Council than this question of licensed passenger transportation at reasonable rates, which will greatly increase the use of cabs and taxis. The present

tariff directly fosters legalized robbery and is a disgrace as well as a great public detriment to our town. Yours faithfully,

A. SUFFERER. P.S.—I am informed that the present scandalous tariff is due to the short-sighted influence of a former alderman who was interested in a cab business.

B. C. E. RY. CO. January 12, '14.

To the Editor. Sir:—I hope the other side of the question as given by you last Saturday, will duly reach the Board of Directors of the tramway company in London.

Victoria has a special side, that of the free franchise enjoyed by the company and granted by this city. The "slight" increase in fares as put by the company make it nearer 25 than 20 per cent. The majority of people who used the cars during those hours when the fare was eight tickets for twenty-five cents were working men and trades people who took the 7:30 to 8:30 cars. These tickets are now five cents. In other words, all but those who go to work at 5 and 6 o'clock (and they are almost nil), have to pay the highest fare, that of five cents.

In Seattle and Portland, six tickets for twenty-five cents may be obtained at any drug and stationery store, which are good for much longer distances than our five cent fare.

Add to these conditions the bad car service we have, and I think Victoria has special cause to kick. As you say the change has not increased the tram company's revenue, but on the contrary has reduced it, for hundreds who used to ride now walk, which will do them no harm. I hope the matter will not be allowed to rest.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

ARTISTRY IN ADVERTISING

Even Victoria advertising experts would find it hard to beat the following, taken from a weekly published in that effete old city, London:—Allegro.—Musicienne, striking the dissonant chords on the keyboard of life, seeks harmony in correspondence. (X1,504).

Mrs. R. C. Janion, of Vancouver, who with Mr. Janion has been a guest at the Empress for the past week, entertained a number of old friends at the tea hour on Tuesday afternoon.

QUALICUM BEACH

A most informative pamphlet has been prepared by the Qualicum Beach Development Association and is being distributed at the present time. It contains a vast amount of useful information regarding this ideal pleasure spot, which is destined without doubt to be one of the most popular holiday resorts on the Coast.

In view of the abnormal amount of rain which has been experienced on the Coast this winter the following figures supplied by the Government Temperature and Rainfall Station at Qualicum for the month of December will not be without interest and speaks volumes for the climate of the place selected by the association as Vancouver Island's playground.

Maximum Temperature.....50. Mean Max.....43.7. Minimum.....26. Mean Min.....32.6. Total precipitation...1.81 inches.

THE HON. THE SPEAKER

(A Paradoxical Portrait)

A kindly friend, a better pal Had he the leisure; Impartially, we'll now proceed To take his measure.

A rhymester with a pretty wit, Tho' not a poet; Not quite the new Demosthenes, And yet—the Speaker.

An Epicure, the envious say; In truth, no Stoic; In short, tho' tall, a man of parts; In parts—heroic.

F. E. H. EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF A REFORMER By Ellis O. Jones I AM wondering tonight whether it pays to try to uplift the human race. As I walked along the street this afternoon, I passed thousands upon thousands of people, not one of whom seemed to have the slightest inkling of what I would do for them if they would only listen to me and repose a little confidence in me. Not one of them realized how I grieve for their unregeneracy or how glad I should be to put into effect the many splendid ideas for their welfare which I have worked out. Sometimes, however, it seems these people are so wilful. They really act as if they knew better than I what

was good for them. What is a person to do with such people? Why should they presume to think that they know what they want or what is good for them?

I am not sorry I am a reformer. Not even the ingratitude of the entire human race can make me sorry for that. Nevertheless, I am often discouraged, and tonight I almost feel it would be better if I deliberately locked up in my breast all the important theories I have worked out, and left civilization to its fate.

BOOK NOTES

A Tatter of Scarlet. By S. R. Crockett. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.) Tells of the adventures of a young Irishman and a young Scot, who are schoolboys in the Midi when the red flag of the Commune disturbs that tranquil part of France through which no Prussian had swooped.

Sentiment. By Vincent O'Sullivan. (Duckworth. 6s.) Consists of ten short stories, the first of which, "Sentiment," is a good study of a rather hard, rather dull young clerk who is made to pose as a poet in the country. After jilting a girl, he is infinitely relieved to find that she has jilted him.

Jean and Louise. From the French of Antonin Dussere. By John N. Raphael. (Crapman & Hall. 6s.) Written by an Auvergne peasant about the life of his country, this book is strong and truthful, documente, stamped with the impress of the soil its author loves so well.

The Honour of the House. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser and J. L. Stahlmann. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

Italian life in the eighteenth century had its full share of intrigue, and this story is steeped in its atmosphere. It is not a mere costume story, but a genuine study of the life and times of Italy of the eighteenth century.

BIRTH

Jan. 15th.—To Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Bradford, Mona Cafe, Broad Street, a daughter.

A NATURAL MISTAKE

A teacher, noting the boy's interest in the study of insects, and especially of moths, advised him to find a book in the library upon the subject of moths. "I did, and it wasn't any help," said Bobby.

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia at its next Session for an Act to amend the Dominion Trust Company Act of 1913 in the following particulars, that is to say, by repealing Sections 17 and 18 of the said Act.

Dated this 15th day of January, 1914. BARNARD, ROBERTSON, HEISTERMAN & TAIT, Solicitors for the Applicants, Dominion Trust Company.

jan 17 feb 21

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