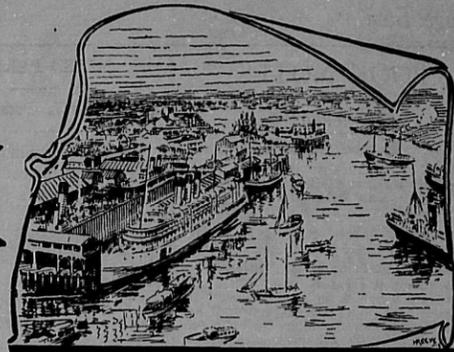




# The Week

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## Christmas 1915

CHRISTMAS 1915 marks a year and a half of the greatest war the world has ever known. According to military experts we must already chronicle a total loss of 20,000,000 on all battle fronts. The figures are staggering. When we contemplate not only the awful loss of life, most of it represented by the flower of mankind, but then think of the weight of woe inflicted on tens of millions who are mourning by their hearths for those who will never return, reason reels, and we feel that our burden is greater than we can bear. Never in ancient or modern times has the God of War so fully justified the title of "Moloch". And still the battle rages, and blood flows, and wounds cannot be healed, and hearts are broken. And the end is not in sight, we only feel that we are groping forwards to the goal, and we realise that when we reach it we shall bring but a shadowy remnant of the pilgrims who started out. Men who do not feel like this are already in despair, men whose feet are not standing on the Rock of Ages find themselves sinking in a quicksand; they can see nothing but the greyest of skies from which the sun has been blotted. In these days no one can walk by "sight", if they walk not by "faith", they stumble and fall. The War is not over, but already it has driven this lesson home. The inscrutable design which permits the holocaust is not human, it is beyond the possibility of human ken; it can neither be explained nor accounted for. In our ignorance we may attribute it to Prussian Militarism, to the works of German Agnostics, or to the insatiable ambition of dynasties, and all may be contributants, but none explain the riddle. When the War is over, when the goal is reached, when the flag of freedom once more floats over the world it will be a regenerated world, regenerated as ever by the "shedding of blood." We feel that, and we realize it because if we fail to do so civilization will plunge into chaos and reel beneath the staggering blows of modern barbarism to oblivion. It is a time for the exercise of faith. There is nothing to do but struggle and fight. Courage must be kept alive in the heart, and the beliefs on which the fortitude of our race has been nourished and developed must be grappled with "hooks of steel". They are all big today, and all essential. None of the verities are negligible. It is with sad hearts that we greet Christmas; the merriness has gone, little of the happiness remains; it is not a time for cheer, but for heart searching. Without knowing exactly why, or at any rate without appeal to argument or reason Christendom will turn instinctively at such a time to the "Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief." It is because Christendom realizes, in spite of the overwhelming clouds of darkness which now envelop its peoples, that there is no other refuge, that it will turn to the one whose Birth it celebrates, and in Whom alone of all those who have appeared on earth its Faith remains unshaken amid the "wreck of Empires and the crash of Worlds."

## Progress of the War

A TRUE perspective of the events of the last week justify a feeling of confidence, if not of optimism. Not that The Week advocates any blind optimism, or any expectation of ending the War easily or soon. It becomes more evident every day that for a long time to come there can be no slackening of strenuous endeavour. This is made evident by the addresses of Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. McKenna. In spite of our stupendous efforts we want more money, more men, and more munitions. To get the money we shall have to organize a system of economy which will reach all classes. To get the men we shall have to organize a more direct method of securing the unmarried. To get the munitions we shall have to secure the more active co-operation of organized labor, as so well explained by Mr. Lloyd George in his magnificent appeal to the House. Given all these our leaders are confident of victory, given promptly and ungrudgingly that victory will not lag. Given tardily the bloodshed which is drenching Europe today will continue for an untold period. The re-organization of the Military staff is already producing definite results. The offensive has been abandoned at the Dardanelles, a large Army is being assembled at Salonica, the Russian movement has commenced against the Bulgarian coast on the Black Sea, and important changes have been effected in the personnel of the staff on the Western Front. It is stated officially, and with positiveness, that we hold command in the West, and that we can force an offensive through the German lines whenever our strategic policy strikes the hour. The Grecian problem has been solved to the extent of removing any disquieting features. Greece will not attack the Allies under any circumstances, she has withdrawn her army from Salonica and will not interfere with our naval or military operations. As a result, the blockade of Greece has been lifted, there has been no German offensive at any point on the Eastern Frontier, nor is such a movement possible until Spring, by which time the Russian forces will so far outweigh the Teutonics that the offensive will lie with the former. In Germany disquiet prevails. It is not necessary to exaggerate or to over-estimate its significance, it is sufficient to state the simple fact that the people, the press, and the Parliament are discussing shortage of food and Peace terms. By way of contrast, there is in England no shortage of food, any increase in its cost is more than compensated

for by the increased earnings of the workers, and peace is not even thought of. No terms that the utmost ingenuity of Germany could devise would be listened to until the conditions laid down in Mr. Asquith's statement a year ago have been complied with, and Prussian Militarism crushed. That is the universal demand of the British Empire; and it will be enforced, because, despite all happenings on land, and all military reverses which the future may have in store for us, as long as Britain remains "Mistress of the Seas" she will dictate the terms of peace, and she was never so truly Mistress of the Seas as today.

## The New Premier's Programme

THE WEEK does not at the moment propose to discuss the political aspects of Mr. Bowser's manifesto, nor any phase of the electoral campaign. Politics can well wait until after Christmas. But there is one feature of the manifesto which can never be out of season, and unless The Week is greatly mistaken it is a feature with which men of all parties are more concerned at the present time than with any other—the business feature. Viewed from this standpoint it must be admitted that the programme put forward by the new Premier is the programme of a business administration. If he had been aiming to make political capital he would have truckled to some of the political extremists who seem able to get all the backing they want from his opponents. These features, however, are ignored, and of the fifteen planks in Mr. Bowser's platform, there is not one which is not designed directly to improve business conditions in the Province. Critics have already said that he has no intention of redeeming some of these promises, but an *ex parte* statement is not an argument, and the average man in that spirit of fairness, which after all predominates among the majority, will judge Mr. Bowser by the fidelity with which he endeavors to implement his programme. There is one thing which some critics of the new administration seem to overlook, which is that Mr. Bowser is the successor of Sir Richard McBride, he is not like the founder of a new dynasty, he is the legitimate heir to his predecessor, and as such committed to the carrying on of the general policy which has characterized the various McBride Administrations of the last thirteen years. This is inevitably so, both because Mr. Bowser is leading the same party, and because he has been identified more than any other man with the inception of the policies. Until he split with his illustrious colleague on the subject of additional aid to certain railways there had not been a single major point of difference between Mr. Bowser and Sir Richard. The former, who is never lacking in courage, has made his first stand on that point of difference, and has boldly declared against aid to new railway enterprises. This is in line with the view of practically all the members of the Local Legislative, and The Week believes that it is equally in

## A POLICY OF DEVELOPMENT AND A DEVELOPMENT OF POLICIES

line with the view of the constituencies. With that single exception, however, Mr. Bowser's programme is a development of the policies to which he has been a party before assuming the reins of office as Premier. While setting his face against aid to new railways, he pledges himself to the completion of existing enterprises "with due despatch," and in order to facilitate this will make a thorough investigation and determine on the most business-like way of securing their early completion. This means, in effect, that the Government and not the railways will determine this question. The key-note of the Programme is retrenchment, and if Mr. Bowser applies the pruning knife throughout every branch of the service as unsparingly as he has already applied it in certain quarters, the saving effected will be great. There are hundreds of superfluous clerks in the service, many of whom ought to be wearing the King's Uniform. There have been hundreds of superfluous men, ostensibly doing road and trail work, and looking out for forest fires. The halcyon days of the *peripatetic fire-warden and road-boss* should have ended, at any rate for a long time. A closer scrutiny of contracts for public works would result in a considerable saving to the Province. Possibly the schedule of salaries for alien Professors might be subjected to revision without inflicting any real hardship. An inventory of the motor cars in use up and down the Province by civil servants, at the Government expense, might result in decreasing their number. One was actually sold by auction at Nanaimo a fortnight ago. Broadly speaking, the subject of retrenchment will offer no difficulties to an economical and fearless administrator as Mr. Bowser. The following four clauses in the manifesto relate to the most important subject which will occupy the attention of the Government—Agriculture. There is to be a Minister of Agriculture, the "Agricultural

## A NEW PORTFOLIO—AGRICULTURE

Credit Act" is to be brought into operation "quickly", there will be a colonization scheme to settle the Crown lands with "a practical farming population," and aid in the establishment of public market to handle the produce. All this is admirable, it is the logical fulfilment of many promises, and shows how clearly Mr. Bowser has sensed the wishes of the electorate. The next clause promises to assist in the development of the mining industry by active encouragement, especially along scientific lines. There is much to be said on the subject of mining, and much expected from the new Minister of Mines, that he will rise to the requirements of the occasion, no one who knows him can doubt. He will have to develop a policy which will on the one hand safeguard the interests of the investor, and on the other protect the miner. Our present laws are a long way from doing this, and are especially defective in their protection of the coal miner. Mr. Campbell will be expected to remedy this without delay. The Week will return to the subject at greater length in a subsequent issue. Akin to the mining legislation contemplated is Mr. Bowser's own "Workman's Compensation Act".

This is in the main an excellent measure, but there are several blemishes which will probably be removed before the measure is submitted to the House. The clauses relating to the Lumber Industry will meet with general approval. The Government will assist in

## A NEW POLICY—AID TO SHIPBUILDING

the matter of market extension, and will make a new departure by giving substantial aid to shipbuilding. The latter is easily the burning question at the moment, because nothing but lack of ships prevents the industry from developing to a pitch never before reached. The lumber men must do their part, they have hardly done so in the past, but with government guarantees, ship-building should be an easy matter, especially as it will be exceedingly profitable for many years to come. Indeed, if properly organized it should bring to the Pacific Coast the same prosperity which the Nova Scotia ship-building yards of early days brought to the Maritime Provinces. Keenly alive to the importance of every phase of shipping, Mr. Bowser indicates his intention to contribute in some way to the development of our sea-ports, especially with a view to grain shipment. This can only mean the building of elevators. In the opinion of all the great Railway companies, Pacific Coast ports will become the natural outlet for nearly all the grain grown in Alberta, and for some of that produced in Saskatchewan. When the Peace River Country is opened up the area tributary to our ports will be largely increased. As a means of rendering the new railways profitable, as well as increasing the business prosperity of the Coast cities, a well

## FIRST THINGS FIRST—THE WAR

considered scheme for grain shipment is a "sine qua non." There can be nothing but praise for the closing paragraph of Mr. Bowser's manifesto in which, whilst promising practical aid to returned soldiers, he outlines in forceful and impressive language the seriousness of the great War, the burden which it places upon us all, and the direct responsibility which it imposes upon the Government. This feature was always insisted on by Sir Richard McBride, and no one who knew Mr. Bowser doubted that he would be equally impressed with its seriousness, and equally determined by every means in his power to see that the Government of British Columbia did its duty. On the whole, Mr. Bowser's manifesto, whilst calling for more detailed discussion at a later date, may fairly be characterized as a frank, courageous, comprehensive, and progressive programme with a solid business foundation, and a directness of appeal which will undoubtedly command it to the people of the Province.

## The Mirthless Man

OUR conception of a teetotaler is a gentleman with dyspepsia who bolts his meals with the aid of ice water, thus foregoing the pleasures of the table, which are not always wholly the pleasures of eating and drinking. What a lot of pleasures this unfortunate creature is cut off from! How much that adds to the discomforts of life he has to endure! He cannot even rid himself with a drink of the cobwebs that are darkening his brain. The truth is that many avenues to pleasure are closed to the teetotaler. He is marooned far from the sparkling stream of social intercourse. Now sociability is part of the sanctity of life, and drink is a spur to wit and creates the conditions in which any sort of conversation seems good conversation. It is no wonder that for a long time man was inclined to regard the gift of strong drink as something peculiarly divine. How natural, since it invited the ecstatic state in which the mind visualized the object of desire, in which the soul transcended the trammels of prosaic existence and communed with the gods! What does the teetotaler know of the sparkling fancies that whirl and foam in a glass of champagne; of the solid comfort furnished by those twin enemies to carking care—a pipe and a glass of beer; of the mild and serene philosophy in "good old Burgundy ready to shed its sunset glow?" It is not to be said that all teetotalers are dull and sombre, but certainly not to a club of Prohibitionists would a man go in quest of a rollicking companion with a relish for the zested frivolities of life. Not from a man with an aversion to wine do we expect the mirth that would "move a soul in agony." When Shakespeare gave us an incarnation of merriment he created the immortal Falstaff. The poet, by the way, was ahead of the scientist in discovering the secret of perennial youth. He tells us that mirth "bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life;" also that he would rather heat his liver with wine than cool his heart with mortifying groans, and in the very next line he imaged for us a figure that symbolizes the Prohibitionist who "creeps into the jaundice by being peevish." It is the figure of "a grandsire cut in alabaster." So much by way of indicating that if merriment is essential to long life the teetotaler has not far to go. The fact is he is under a two-fold handicap: for want of a prophylactic he is exposed to the diseases mentioned in The Lancet; he has fewer aids to essential mirth than the man who is tolerant of the bottle. To compensate for these deprivations, to bathe his soul in sunshine now and then, he must have resources within himself. How rare is the man who is thus blessed! The average teetotaler has few ways to forget the stepmotherliness of the world. By such reflections as these we see that it is with the subject of Prohibition as with religion according to Lord Bacon. Whereas, says Bacon, a little study of the drink question under the guidance of the half-educated W. C. T. U. will drive us to total abstinence, a profound study of it in the temple of science will reconcile us to the juice of the grape,—the fermented juice that St. Paul recommended to Timothy.

William Blakemore

BOOK NOTES

OLD DELABOLE

By Eden Phillpotts

The Best Work of Fiction on the Christmas Bookstalls

No one who receives "Old Delabole" as their Christmas gift book will be disappointed. It is profoundly interesting as a story, it creates an old-world atmosphere which is as stimulating as it is refreshing, and it is characterized by a literary style of which no current novelist need be ashamed, and which few can emulate. Mr. Phillpotts has written many good books—this is the best.

The story revolves round the lives of a community as distinctive as, and far more interesting, than those which Arnold Bennett has immortalized in his "Five Towns" tales. There is something of the same deep insight in both authors, and more than a little of the same meticulous elaboration, but there the comparison ends. Mr. Phillpotts creates characters of which he and his readers can say "they are very good," the same can hardly be said of Mr. Bennett's creations. One might wish to live among the simple, honest, God-fearing people of Old Delabole, hardly among the drabness and sordidness of the "Five Towns."

Mr. Phillpotts' novel is characterized by two things, a picturesque background, a fascinating story, and a sound philosophy. There is not enough of the latter to hinder the progress of the story, and moreover, what there is can only be defined as "cheery optimism." The author is not of those who seek to set a new fashion in philosophy, or who believes that the old truths are out of date. Whilst admitting the frailty of the human nature, and the inadequacy of conventional observances to ensure human perfection, he has too much respect for the traditions of his race to clamour for their demolition. He does not expect too much of men and women, and consequently never loses faith in the end. This is the basis of a novel which comes as a breath of ozone from his native coasts. The story is of a Cornish village where the only industry is slate-quarrying. From time immemorial, Old Delabole has produced the best slates in the world, but a dire and irreparable calamity threatens in the caving in of the quarry and the scattering of the community. Tom Hawkey, the manager, is the hero of the story—a fine young fellow, white through and through—wise, just, tolerant, sympathetic. No finer conception of a manager as he should be is found in modern fiction. One who secured the affection of his men without forfeiting the confidence of his employers.

How he loved and lost Edith Retalack is finely told. How, uncertain which of two noble men she loved the better, and was finally won by Wesley Bake, is as enthralling as anything in Hardy's Wessex Tales, and the telling not unlike that great master's. Indeed Wesley Bake might have been drawn by Hardy. So fine, so strong, so elemental, so resolute.

But Phillpotts sketches his women with a lighter touch than Hardy. Tragedy is not inevitable. There are fires of cleansing, and if Tom Hawkey misses his goal, Edith finds happiness. There are a dozen interesting characters in the book, but after the lovers, by far the most interesting is Grandfather Nute, one of the most charming "old boys" to be met within the realm of fiction. He furnishes the philosophy, the "wise saw and modern instance"—"A man on the worst side of seventy with the heart of a child, and the enthusiasm of youth. One who could not be shaken in his belief that 'good must be the final goal of ill'."

I cannot do better than close with a few extracts from this charming book. Grandfather Nute on "Life": "Life's all a question of not being frightened; so's death for that matter. There's no sting to either for the man who knows his head." Again, on the use of reason, "Where there's doubt, then pray for light; but God gives us our reason to use, and most of the things that come into life are for the reason to tackle. We don't take Magistrates' cases to the High Courts of the land, or to Parliament; and we oughtn't to go to God unless the wits He's given us all are too small for the problem He's set us."

Grandfather Nute's views on the Devil are both interesting and original. "You must give the Devil his due; it can't be denied him, and to scold at him is only to blind ourselves to his power. It isn't only idle hands he finds work for. The biggest blackguards I've known have always been busiest. In fact, you may take it from me that the devil's far too good a student of character to waste much time on the idle. 'Tis the busy folk—they that never let the grass grow under their feet—are most useful to him. The busy man has got character, and you can't no more draw real, useful wickedness—to speak in the devil's words—out of a weak and lazy nature than you can get any real, high goodness."

Tom Hawkey had very definite views on "Socialism" and "Equality." He says, "Equality takes no account of reason. It's not rational, and it's not instinctive—neither heart nor head stands for it. Brains have got to be more and more the measure of men, and till brains are all turned in the same mould, and will be ruled out and character levelled down, you can't have Socialism. So equality is folly anyway, and great brains, along with great hearts will ever be the masters. Mastery lies at the root of progress. From evil mastery we rise, steady and slow and sure to good mastery. The ideal state will be that where only the pure in heart can get to the top; and he'll have to be great in head, too. At present the pitfalls for the self-seeker and the Knave with brains are too few. But he'de about power with right and honour; make it a sacred thing and then only the real big men will get to the top, where they're badly wanted, and where all history shows they're both terrible scarce and terrible misunderstood. That's the secret of Education, to know our great men when we see them, not to mistake ourselves for their equals."

Space will only permit of one more question which fairly illustrates the literary style and the thought which characterize Mr. Phillpotts. "For there is a nobility of mind that handicaps a man out of life's race altogether. A grandeur that denies even the splendours of sainthood or martyrdom; and if the Omnipotent Justice of our dreams should ever open for us the heaven of our hopes, therein many a nameless and forgotten man and woman would be found unwillingly enthroned above the salt of the earth."

Old Delabole, by Eden Phillpotts, \$1.75, The Macmillan Company, Ltd., of Canada, Toronto.

LAND REGISTRY ACT

IN THE MATTER of an Application for a fresh Certificate of Title in Section Fifty-two (52), Victoria District, except that portion conveyed to the Crown.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN of my intention at the expiration of one calendar month from the first publication hereof to issue a fresh Certificate of Title in lieu of the Certificate of Title issued to James Tod on the 27th day of April, 1911, and Numbered 25955C, which has been lost.

Dated at the Land Registry Office, Victoria, B. C., this 17th day of December, 1915.

S. W. WOOTTON, Registrar General Jan 26

MIXED FARMING

By A. Preston

"When," according to Farmer Dale, "a body 'as cows an' pigs an' ship, one must 'ave a body to look after 'un."

Having recklessly admitted the truth of this aphorism, and having still more recklessly recruited the body of Tom Smoothy into His Majesty's Forces, I could hardly do less than offer my services to the farmyard from which I had beguiled him. An offer tentatively made and dubiously accepted.

You must understand that my knowledge of farmyards is practically nil, and, apart from my affection for Ferdinand the tortoise, I have no real ties with the animal world. Also, I generally breakfasted about 9:30.

"Them, sir," explained Farmer Dale, introducing me to the premises, "is the pig-stys."

"Yes," I replied with a gentle snig, "I shall remember them."

"Pigs be fed twice a day; barley-meal bormin's, and swill and mid-din's evenin's."

"Oh!" I remarked carelessly, wondering to which of the elements mid-din's might belong.

"The cows stand in 'ere." He took me through a long and highly-unhygienic building. "We milks 'em five o'clock morning's, and 'alf-past four afternoon's."

"Don't you think," I suggested earnestly, "that at first I had better do the simple jobs—scaring the rabbits, or something?"

Eventually, by handling the situation with skill, I arranged that my daily work should start in the pig-sty at 8 a.m.

Next morning, having mixed a strong solution of barley meal, I entered sty No. 1. The entire family met me in the doorway. I thrust my way towards a large trough, but the family got there first and stood in it. I retreated—so did the family. I made another advance, but they got there first again. Things were looking pretty desperate. I thought to myself, "What would Kitchener do?" and then gave it to them—in the neck.

At sty No. 1 I changed my tactics. Met, as usual by the family, I fought my way to the trough, and then, without moving my stance, made a sudden feint with the pail in a sou'-westerly direction. This would have been a brilliant success—if I hadn't let go of the pail. The pigs fairly yelled with astonishment.

Having refreshed myself with a noggin of lavender-water, I went down to the marsh to count the sheep. This, I discovered, may be done in two ways. You can either stand in the middle of the meadow and pivot round slowly till you get dizzy, or you can shoo the sheep into a corner and watch them drill . . .

"27, 28, 29—" you count gaily, with the company standing at attention. "Form fours," interrupts the Wether-Sergeant-Major, and then you begin again. My morning round was 217 for the five meadows. I did better on the afternoon round—198. Of course, it's pretty serious to lose 19 sheep during lunch. Having no wish to create a panic I decided to Prussianise my report a bit.

"A few small sheep," I remarked casually, "are missing this afternoon, but there is every reason to believe that they will be recovered without loss."

You see, not being a Cambridge man, my arithmetic may have been wrong after all.

At half-past four I tossed old Joe Crabbe for his milking-stool, donned my respirator, and entered the cow-dormitory. I picked out an elderly spinster looking ruminant, and planted the pail beneath her. Very deliberately she put her foot into it. There is a great sameness about these farmyard manners.

After ten minutes of unprofitable labour, during which Aunt Kate displayed surprising activity for her years, I called to Old Joe:

"Look here, Joe." I expostulated, "Katie is horribly ticklish this afternoon, she's simply frivolling away my time."

"Ay," replied Joe, scratching his head and peering into the empty pail, "she be a tricky old varmint."

"That's all very well," I retorted, "but how is the British Public going to get its cafe-au-lait if this sort of game goes on?"

All this happened a long time ago—nearly a week. I am now writing to Tom Smoothy as follows:

"Meet me by the cow-bow—byre, I mean—on Tuesday night, with all equipment and identification disc."

This assignment will, if I can manage it, develop into a kind of Jekyll and Hyde again.

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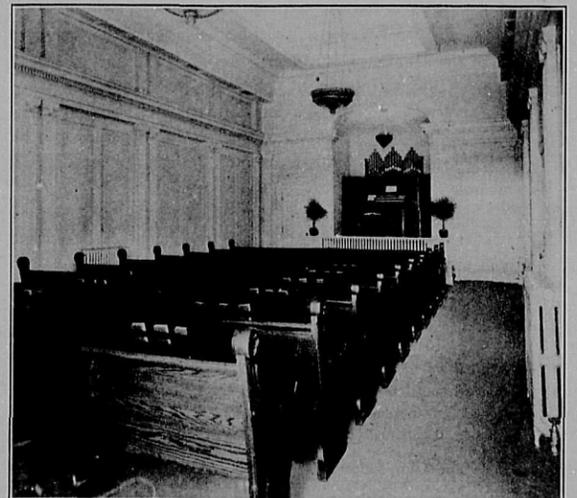
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CHAS. HAYWARD, President.

# When Hearts Are True

A Christmas Story in Two Parts, written Specially for "The Week" by Felix D'Arblay

## PART I

I well remember one bright frosty morning in the month of March. I found myself standing on the platform of a suburban station in the north of England, waiting for the express train which was to convey me to my office, or rather within a measurable distance of it, when a guard, whose face was quite familiar, touched me on the shoulder.

"I beg pardon, sir," he commenced, speaking nervously and with a good deal of hesitation, "but the train you usually travel by has broken down a few miles out. Nothing serious but as some of the carriages are derailed it may be delayed a couple of hours or so."

"Confound it!" I ejaculated; "It's just my luck. I wanted particularly to reach the Bank before eleven o'clock. How soon does the next leave?"

"Well, sir, there isn't another till ten-fifty, and that goes round by Bantry; and now I think of it, that's the very identical train Mrs. Allwin travels by."

"Mrs. Allwin?" I remarked inquiringly.

"Yes, sir."

"My wife, do you mean?"

"Yes, sir."

"You must surely be mistaken," I said as stiffly as I could, for I was beginning to feel very irate at this man's audacity.

"Oh no, sir. I am not mistaken. Mrs. Allwin travels on this line twice a week regular, for I am the guard of the train."

"Impossible, man! You must be dreaming. My wife never travels, unless accompanied by me. However, it's a matter of the most profound indifference whether she does or not," I continued, laughing, endeavouring to disarm him of any further interest in my wife's movements.

"No offence, sir," returned the crestfallen guard. "I thought perhaps you might like to travel in the same carriage should she happen to come, that's all."

"Oh thanks," I replied laconically, "it's very thoughtful of you. Have a cigar," I continued, handing him my open case.

"Thanks, sir; you're a gentleman."

I did not take the trouble to dispute the above assertion, although, at that particular moment I really could not rely on the veracity of his remark, for as I was beginning to have doubts of my wife's fidelity I mentally asked myself whether I could still lay claim to that designation. The guard, having lit his cigar, still hovered round, obviously anxious to relieve his mind of some further gratuitous information should he find a ready listener.

"This is a splendid cigar, sir," he ventured puffing clouds of smoke uncomfortably near my face, as a preliminary to further conversation.

I merely bowed my acknowledgment as to his opinion of my weed, and moved a few paces away. He, nothing daunted, followed and made another abortive attempt to draw me.

"Shall I give you and Mrs. Allwin a carriage to yourselves, should she happen to come, sir?"

"Certainly not," I replied snappishly.

"Very good, sir. Shall I tell her you are here?"

"Mrs. Allwin, should she arrive, will have ocular demonstration of my presence." The man's impertinence had become highly obnoxious, and I felt a keen desire to punch his head.

Having lit a cigar myself, I sauntered to the rear of the station, where I could command a good view of the platform, for there was still some time to wait, and I gave myself up to reflection.

There was not much in the statement the guard had just made, and under ordinary circumstances I should have taken absolutely no notice of it, but coupled with the fact that I had a few days previous received an anonymous letter, in type, urging me to have my wife watched, was to say the least of it a little disquieting and I am bound to say it left an unpleasant sensation in my throat.

I determined, however, to treat the statement of the colloquial guard, as I had done the letter; with the most profound contempt, and banish the whole thing from my mind as unworthy of a moment's consideration.

The very thought of suspecting my sweet wife of duplicity was horrible to me, and I would rather my eyes shrivelled in their sockets than be a mean spy on her actions. What if she had gone to town a few times without having mentioned the fact?

Doubtless she had most excellent reasons for doing so.

Cross-examining myself in this illogical manner, the time drew near for our departure, but I was anything but happy with the result of my argument; and I bit the end of my cigar, as I should have liked to have bitten the writer of that anonymous letter. Never during the whole course of our married lives had there been the shadow of a cloud between us, but now all was changed. The demon of jealousy had been thoroughly aroused in me, and that insidious monster was stirring up a whirlwind of distrust and rebellion which bid fair to sweep away the ideal bliss of our sacred union. At this juncture of mental aberration I was startled by the shrill whistle of an approaching train, which thrilled my nerves like an electric shock. I glanced furtively down the platform, and there amongst the crowd stood my wife. A feeling of syncope stole over me, and I reeled like a drunken man and mentally asked myself what could her mysterious conduct mean, what horrible secret is to be revealed. I closed my eyes for a moment in mental anguish and tried to believe it was all a dream, but when I again ventured to open them I discovered it was no hallucination, but an accomplished fact, too utterly realistic for disputation, for there stood my wife, looking oh so unutterably sweet and graceful, with her beautiful head thrown well back, and round her neck she wore her set of sable tails, my last present to her, which I had with much difficulty and self-denial managed to purchase as a token of my love in commemoration of our marriage: our marriage which had been so supremely happy, without a rift within the lute until some unknown demon cast his evil eye upon us, and sowed the seeds of jealousy in a fertile soil, the leaves of which are beginning to burst through and make their presence felt; and unless I crush them to the earth they will continue to grow and grow until they attain leviathan dimensions, in which the vultures of scandal will find a shelter, while they tear to shreds and feed on the reputation of my sweet wife.

This is the forbidden tree I am helping to rear by pondering over a scurrilous letter and listening to the idle tales of a station guard. I blush for shame at my lack of chivalry, and my impulse was to rush to my wife, take her in my arms, and crave her pardon. With great difficulty I restrained myself, and resolved for my own satisfaction, and for the sake of proving my wife's innocence, to see the whole thing through.

As all this was passing through my mind, my wife stepped into a first-class carriage, and I into a third which happened to be quite near, and the train steamed out of the station. All through the short ride the question haunted me: Should I approach my wife at the end of the journey and demand an explanation of her extraordinary conduct, or would it be wiser to wait for her return and trust to her to tell me. I decided on the latter. It was evident she had business of her own to transact, and as she had not honoured me with her confidence I determined to wait her pleasure to enlighten me. Possibly she wished to purchase a few things for the children, as Christmas was drawing near, and a holiday trip had already been discussed; and then I blushed scarlet as I remembered my own birthday was to be honoured on the following Tuesday. Of course, the dear little woman is bent on buying a memento of that auspicious day. The whole problem was now solved, and I endeavoured to feel happy.

I decided to remain in the carriage until my wife had left the station, for should she discover my presence, half the pleasure of her mission would be gone.

I felt the meanest worm in creation, and having crossed to the other side of the carriage to avoid being seen, slunk into a corner and coiled myself up like a reptile.

Finally our journey came to an end, and the train was brought to a standstill.

I stealthily watched my wife descend, cross the platform and then hurriedly enter a private brougham, and without a word to the coachman drove off. The mystery thickened. To whom could this carriage belong? It was evidently a prearranged appointment, for the coachman needed no instructions where to drive.

My resolutions of the previous half-hour now completely collapsed. So greatly was my curiosity aroused that nothing could deter me from acting the part of a spy in order to ascertain my wife's rendezvous.

I rushed wildly into the first cab on the stand and shouted to the driver, whose plethoric figure was carefully swathed in a horse-rug: "Do you see that brougham?" I said, pointing to the fast-receding carriage.

"Which of 'em, sir? there be two of 'em."

"Why, the one with the red wheels. Look sharp, or you'll lose sight of it."

"Doast ta mean ta man wid ta feddar in 'is yead?"

"Yes, the man with the cockade. Hurry up, or he'll be out of sight."

"Eh, noa fear o' that, sur. Eh, he 'ere pretty offen, he be. I noes 'is aunts and ta leddy's too."

Which set my blood boiling.

"Stop that infernal chatter and be off, or I'll take another cab," I cried, craning my head out of the window.

"All right, sur all right," coolly responded the cabbie. He started, get up there, with a sudden jerk which nearly dislocated my neck, and we rattled out of the station yard at a breakneck pace; but nowhere was the brougham in which my wife was ensconced to be seen.

My feelings were indescribable. What would happen if I should lose sight of her at this most critical moment! For I was now fully convinced that she was the victim of some diabolical plot, and as our cab wound round and round, through some of the most disreputable streets this idea became deeply rooted in my excited brain.

At last we were rewarded, for in turning a sharp corner we came in sight of the brougham driving quickly away from a dingy-looking house in a third-rate street. I called to the driver to stop, determined to walk the rest of the way in order to collect my thoughts.

"That's the 'ouse, sir. Number nine," gratuitously remarked the man. "You'll find ta leddy in there, I'm bound."

"How do you know that, you scoundrel?" I demanded, feeling a fiendish desire to choke him with his own tongue.

"'Ow do oi nowes? Why, I tell 'ee 'ow I nows. 'Cus I drives ta leddies 'ere regular. Eh, we cabmen nowes a bonny lot; we could tell a heap o' things as goes on in 'igh loife. Bless yer 'art, sur, there be more leddies as goes ter see ole Betty than you've a moind of. Tells fortins, they say she do; bah! there ain't nothin' in a' that; fortin-tellin' ain't allowed by ta law; but what 'arm can ut doa? Shall I wait for thee, sur? it's a raren long way out o' t'eb road."

"Yes, you can wait for me at the top of the street."

So saying, I walked off in the direction of the house. By this time I was at boiling point and cold perspiration had broken out all over me. I vainly endeavoured to cool down before taking the final plunge.

In a circuitous direction I made my way to the house, just in time to see a cab drive up and a man, wrapped nearly up to the eyes, jump out, pay the driver and enter the house; but not before I had caught a sight of his face, and oh, my God! it was my friend.

"So this is his innamorata!" I thought, and vowed in my heart to kill him.

With amazement and incredulity I stood riveted to the spot, feeling faint and dizzy. I caught hold of the railings surrounding the area and held on till my strength had sufficiently returned to enable me to walk, and then I literally crawled to the door and knocked, and as I glanced up I saw it was not Number Nine, but Number Eleven.

The door being quickly opened, I found myself inside. I tried to stammer out an apology for having gone to the wrong house, but my power of speech had quite deserted me.

"You are ill, sir," said the woman who had opened the door. Sit down and rest a little while.

By this time I was too far gone to resist, and allowed myself to be led into the room, and for some time I was wrapped in blissful oblivion.

When I again returned to consciousness I found I was in one of those lodging-house sort of dining-rooms with folding doors, never very noise-proof and I could hear distinctly the sweet voice of my wife, and the deep baritone of my friend, in modulated tones.

An indescribable desire seized me to burst through the door and confront them on the spot, and just as I was about to put my thoughts into execution the door of the room opened, and a homely-looking woman entered, whom I at once recognized as

the person who had assisted me when I swooned.

"I am so glad you are better, sir," she remarked kindly. "I've been to fetch you a little brandy. Will you take it? It's good for them fainting fits."

"You are very kind," I replied, "but I would rather not. I am now quite all right again."

"You don't look as if you was, sir. Lor, you do look bad!"

I waved my hand impatiently, for there was no time to waste on useless chatter.

"Never mind my looks, but listen, and answer my questions truthfully, do you hear?"

"Yes, sir, I ain't deaf."

"Is this Number Nine," I continued, "where the Palmist lives?"

"Lor, no sir! this ain't no fortin-teller's 'ouse. What ever made you think that, and the brass figures, as large as a five shillin' bit, a-starin' you in the face? This is Number Eleven, and a respectable house," added the lady, drawing herself up to her full height.

"Did a lady call here this morning?" I asked, as soon as her volubility slackened.

"Several ladies 'as called 'ere this morning; which one do you mean?"

"The lady who came in a brougham."

"Yes, sir, that lady allus comes in a carriage. She is here now, but she's engaged. She 'on't be long, as the gent as meets her 'ere never stops long. Did you wish to see her, sir?"

"Yes, I—I very much wish to see her," I stammered. My breath came in short quick gasps which almost choked me, and my voice sounded unearthly and sepulchral.

"Have you an appointment with her, sir?"

"No."

"Then I'm afraid she won't see you. She's a very particular and hexclusive lady; but if you will give me your card I will ask her, as soon as she is disengaged."

"Card? Who ever heard of cards in this class of house?" I remarked sarcastically. "Are you the woman in charge?"

"Woman!" ejaculated that lady, scornfully eyeing me. "Woman! Well, I never! I should just like to know who you are a-womaning! Allow me to tell you, sir, you are in the house of a lady, and only gentlefolks come here. Woman, indeed!"

With a contemptuous wave of her hand, this fair siren approached the door and held it open, evidently anticipating my speedy departure.

I was now, by my indiscretion, in an awful funk, fearing my only chance was gone, and hastened to mollify this enraged female.

"No, no, madam," I commenced apologetically, "you misunderstand me. I know, of course, you are a lady. Please forgive me. And now I want you to do me a kindness, and allow me to see this lady who is here. She is in that room," I continued, pointing to the door. "I can hear her voice."

"Yes, she is in that room, but she's reading over the papers, and it's *mom's* my place is worth to enter."

"I'll make it worth your while," I said, diving into my pocket, and handing her a handful of silver.

"Oh, sir, I didn't wish for that," she replied, smiling and pocketing the coins; "but though I'm house-keeper here I'm not over-paid. Six shilling's a week, and coal and gas, ain't much to keep a family of eight on, and one's in arms, and there's a deal of wear and tear in houses like these. Thanks too, sir. I'll ask the lady to see ye as soon as the gentleman goes, but I can't say as how she will, for as I've said before, she's a very particular young woman."

"Does she often come here?" I inquired insinuatingly, hoping to ascertain the enormity of my wife's guilt.

"Bless ye, yes sir. She 'as come here regular twice a week for the last three months, an' more. She's a carriage-lady, leastwise she comes here in a carriage. Whether it's hers or not ain't no business of mine, but it do seem strange that a lady like she should take up with that sort of work, for it must be very tryin' for the beyes; but there! in these days they does all sorts of things that they'd never ha' dreamed o' doin' when I was a gal. Bless yer 'art, sir, they thinks nothin' o' ridin' a bycyclette, as they call 'em, and smokin' and drinkin' just like a man. The 'ussies! Not as this good lady does neither of these things. She's a quiet, well-conducted young person, as has been better days, but who she is or where she comes from I ain't never been able to find out, though I've tried 'ard."

Her detailed account of my wife's mysterious conduct and her inability to trace her antecedents was suddenly interrupted by a quick step in the hall, and the subsequent slamming of the front door.

"There!" ejaculated the woman, in a mysterious whisper, "he's just gone. Now if you will tell me your name, I'll ask the lady if she will see you."

For a moment I could not reply to her for I was mentally debating whether I should not rush after the man who had robbed me of my wife's

love, and kill him in the street; but a moment's reflection revealed to me the utter folly of such drastic measures, for in meting out to him condign punishment at this particular stage would in all probability frustrate the only chance I should ever have of confronting my wife in her secret and compromising surroundings. While the opportunities for dealing with my false friend were numerous.

"Your name, sir," repeated the woman impatiently. "Who shall I say wishes to see her?"

"Oh, never mind the name. Just say a gentleman wishes to speak with her for a moment."

"On business, sir, shall I say? Some manuscripts to read or something of that sort?"

"Yes, anything you like. Only let me see her."

"All right, sir. I'll do the best I can," acquiesced the woman, who, as she made sundry preparations for leaving the room, honoured me with a series of nods and smiles. A quick glance in the mirror reflected disorder in her toilet, which she in a marvellously short time seemed to correct by smoothing her turbulent hair, reducing it to its normal placidity. She then, by sleight-of-hand readjusted her capacious apron. Having accomplished these renovating touches to her entire satisfaction, she smiled benignly at me and squeezed out of the room, and I stealthily followed. As she knocked at the door of the backroom I heard the sweet voice of my wife requesting her to enter, and a whispered altercation followed.

"A gentleman to see me? Impossible! you must be mistaken. You know I never see anyone but Mr. Lawrence. How can you ask such a question?"

"Well, Miss, I thought there'd be no harm in askin', and he's such a nice gentleman, too, but if you won't you won't, and there's an end on't."

As the woman squeezed herself out through the half open door I put another ten shillings into her willing hand, and then entered the room and faced my dishonoured wife, who gave a little hysterical scream, and then became passive.

"You can go now," I said, addressing the housekeeper. "I have a little private business to discuss with this lady; if we require you, I will ring."

The woman hesitated and looked inquiringly at my wife, but receiving no encouragement to remain she reluctantly withdrew. I waited until I had heard her footsteps descend to the lower regions and heard the click of the kitchen door as it closed, and then I turned and faced my terrified wife.

"Ceel, why are you here?" she asked, looking into my face with an intense yearning. Oh, do not look at me in that terrible way! you frighten me. Why have you come?"

My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. I could not answer. The vision before me had deprived me of speech, and my breath came in laboured and spasmodic gasps. I could only gaze in silent wonder at this transcendent loveliness moving before me. She had removed her plain travelling-gown and was now robed in soft and clinging cashmere of palest pink, which clung to her exquisite figure, falling in graceful folds to her feet, accentuating the perfect outlines of her sylph-like personality, enhancing her delicate complexion and etherealising her poetic beauty to an almost superhuman degree. I felt like falling at her feet in adoration and allowing her to trample on my despicable body, for I realised for the first time that I was the most pitiable object on God's earth, and I felt my attenuated figure slowly shrinking until my clothes hung as loosely on my misshapen form as the ossified skin of an amphibious reptile. I almost imagined I had suddenly become a humpback, and that my whole being had changed and been transformed into a veritable Quilp.

In unutterable self-abasement I waited for my wife to speak, but only deep and harrowing sighs were emitted. During this interminable silence I took in every detail of the room. It was not at all the sort of luxurious apartment I expected to find, with soft couches and befrilled cushions, nor were the surroundings in any way calculated to confirm the hypothesis I had entertained. On the contrary, it was just a plain ordinary office with the usual fittings.

A large black desk was jammed close to the window, on which stood a typing machine, and numerous and miscellaneous papers fluttered in lunatic confusion. A high stool and a few hard chairs completed the furniture of this very uninviting apartment.

This cursory glance was but the work of a moment, and then I deftly pulled my scattered senses together and stared wildly into my wife's eyes, who with an irritating calmness met my gaze, but still remained motionless. With an effort bordering on insanity I struggled to regain my phonetic powers, but although my lips moved, there was no sound audible. The room swam round with sickening velocity, and the atmosphere became heavy and singularly oppressive; and the long, madden-

ing silence unnerved me. I tore at my throat and unbuttoned my collar; a sense of choking and suffocation had seized me, and I verily believed my last hour had come. At last, having summoned the aid of every fibre in my body, I managed to scream out:

"Speak! or I shall kill you!"

Rushing wildly at her throat, I held her as in a vice and buried my fingers in her tender skin until the blood came, and then a feeling of revulsion came over me and I drew back from my polluted wife with an intense abhorrence.

"I will no longer soil my hands by coming in contact with a depraved woman," I cried. "And oh, God! you are the mother of my children!"

The thought of this made me sob like a child, during which time my wife advanced and laid her hand gently upon my shoulder, the touch of which burned into my flesh and made me shrink from it as from a pestilence.

"No, no, Cecil, you wrong me. I am not what you think me, not depraved. I am a good woman," she cried beseechingly. "Look into my eyes and learn the truth there. Eyes cannot lie; they are the windows of the soul. Oh, why do you look so strange? You frighten me. Oh, God! you will not kill me? Let me explain, let me tell you all; for your own sake, for the sake of our children, do not, I implore you lift your hand to me again."

She shrank into a corner and stood trembling and panting like a stricken fawn which had been mercilessly chased to its death by staghounds.

"How can you be so cruel!" she continued, wiping the blood from her neck. "I am not vile as you suppose. I do not deserve harsh treatment at your hands. If I have deceived you in secretly coming here, it was only to save you humiliation and pain, and when you know the truth you will exonerate and forgive me."

"Never!" I replied. "I never forgive. Out of your own mouth I condemn you, your secret presence here condemns you. You admit you have deceived me. What more evidence do I require? And I have loved you so. God it is too horrible!"

"Listen, dear, and I will tell you all," pleaded my wife.

But I was deaf to her pleadings. My bitter cup was full, full to overflowing. The realisation of her perfidy had inflicted a wound so deep and fatal that no specific remedy could heal, for had she not by craft, subtly carried on a systematic intrigue with the man who had been a guest at my table and who professed to be my friend? and all this time I had loved her as woman never was loved before. She was my satellite, revolving round my life, shedding brightness and joy, on our once happy home; her touch was as gentle as the waft of an angel's wing, and her kiss as the breath of Heaven. This, this was the ideal woman I believed God had given me, only to find that her heart is as false as Hell! to know that my love has been stultified and trampled on is the keenest anguish of a disappointed soul.

"Don't, I beg of you," I continued, "try to cloak your sins by useless excuses and explanations. Your words can have no weight with me, the facts are to damning; doubtless you imagined that your life of sin would never be discovered, and that you could still show your face to the world, and grasp the hand of honest women, who, if they knew of your crime, would gather their skirts aside lest your touch should contaminate them."

"Enough!" she cried. "Enough! I must speak now."

And to my amazement she no longer assumed the penitential air, but an expression of defiance took the place of tears and entreaty. Having drawn herself up to her full height, she tossed back the lovely hair which had broken away from its moorings during the scuffle, and fell in rippling waves like a golden cloak over her well-shaped shoulders, reaching almost to her knees. I had advanced to her side and the look in my eyes must have frightened her.

"Stand back, you would-be assassin!" she screamed, looking at me with an expression on her face I had never seen before; an expression of disdain, amazement and contempt which made me recoil and shudder. And as I watched her flashing eyes and heaving breast I realized that the last spark of love she had ever entertained for me was dead, and that henceforth I must face a loveless life, which is worse than a thousand deaths.

In unutterable self-reproach I gazed in speechless admiration at the lovely woman before me, who in her wounded pride seemed more beautiful than ever, and I began to wonder at my own audacity in ever having asked this beautiful creature to become my wife. Had I been mad to blindness all these years, that I had never realized or appreciated my wife's beauty and superiority till now? Oh, what fools we men are!

"We may as well understand one another now," she continued, "if we have never done before; and it is better that you should hear the truth, although somewhat belated."



# At The Street Corner

BY THE LOUNGER

Since it was announced in a recent issue of The Week that Lounger had joined the 102nd Battalion, not a little curiosity has been aroused at the continued appearance of articles under this "nom de plume," especially as it is well known that service men are not allowed to publish anything relating to military affairs. I want, however, to relieve the readers of The Week of any such uncanny impression as that Lounger has a dual personality, or is, as a matter of fact, a Jekyll and Hyde. While it is a fact that no service man can write to the press on military matters, he is not debarred from doing so on other matters. I would therefore ask my readers to recognize the fact that Lounger is a living personality, and that when he contributes to this column on Military affairs he is not the one and only original Lounger, whose wisdom and philosophy are still available for those humorous and laconic reflections which for more than twelve years made the Lounger column so popular.

The Campaign Committee of the Patriotic Fund has done exceedingly well, and the result fully justifies the appointment of our young and energetic citizen, Mr. A. C. Burdick, as Chairman. Mr. Burdick is a business man to the finger tips, and the manner in which he organized the present campaign shows that he is able to bring the same business acumen and skill to bear on public as on private affairs. At the moment of writing it is impossible to say whether the full amount of \$200,000 will be secured, but the deficiency, if any, will be so small that the Campaign may fairly be denominated a triumphant success. Mr. Burdick has only made one mistake, he neglected to arrange with the Clerk of the Weather for a fine "tag day." This mistake, however, can be remedied, and I do not think anyone would complain if the affair were called off and another day selected. Having regard to the rude assaults of Boreas, there is no reason why, as the immortal Rip van Winkle said, "This one does not count."

I know nothing about politics, and therefore am led to ask, what to the average man may appear a very childish question. "What is a machine?" The reason I ask the question is that from the conflicting definitions being bandied about I am completely mystified. For instance, the Victoria Times says it is disappointed because Mr. Bowser in his manifesto says nothing about destroying "The Machine". It opines that he is going to use it, a not unnatural conclusion, if, as the Times alleges, he is its creator. Then I read that a Mr. Price invented the machine, and that its complications were so many and so difficult that only he could run it. That seems to me a very foolish thing, why should any man make a "machine" that no one could run but himself? Who is to run it after he is dead? Then, elsewhere, I see a great outcry about the "Machine in Manitoba" and the terrible pass to which it has brought Mr. Roblin and his government. Finally I read in Mr. Brewster's address that the "Liberal machine" is in good working order all over the Province, warranted not to run off the track, not to indulge in any head-on collisions and not to go too fast. Turning over the files of the Times I come to an incident which occurred in the earliest months of this year, when a dredge Captain was being investigated, and I notice that the representative of the Liberal Party told the Commissioner that while he objected to certain things that had been done, he had no objection whatever to urge against the principle of "Patronage," which was recognized by both political parties, and which furnished the oil for the "Machine."

So there you are! Both parties curse the "machine," both parties contend that it is too dirty to be touched, both cry "Smash the Machine," but whenever election time comes round, both take good care to "hug the Machine." So in my innocence I ask once more, What is a Machine?

One of the best writers in the English papers commenting on the attitude of the British public towards the War makes the following statement: "It is condemned as a grievous mistake that people are spending so much money in theatre going and other pleasures. But I count it a more grievous mistake to assume that in doing so they are happy. Nobody is happy to-day. People seek distraction from war worry and depression. But I fear that all pleasure at the present time is leavened with pain." How true it is! Nobody is happy at the moment, it matters not what they do, we are all seeking some distraction from the depression induced by the War. Some people are able to find this in throwing additional

energy into their usual occupations, but in Canada at any rate, more particularly in Western Canada, the times are not propitious for increased activity, and it is people who find the time hang heavy on their hands who are suffering most from War depression. As usual, it is worse for women than men, and too much praise cannot be given to the splendid voluntary service which our women are offering. This makes it all the more difficult to understand the reluctance of so many young men to "do their bit." I was reading a leading Ontario newspaper this week which took a somewhat gloomy view of Canadian recruiting. It stated flatly that the response had almost ceased, and all because the middle aged men who were available had been exhausted. It figured out that there were more than 200,000 young men between the ages of 18 and 25 who had failed to respond to the call. This is one of the most striking features of recruiting, not only in Canada, but in England. Young men who are best fitted for service and who have no domestic responsibilities do not enlist. There are many explanations, but no good purpose would be served by pressing the matter too far. The answer is to be found at such places as the Hockey Arena, where nearly 1,000 young men who ought to be at the front assemble to enjoy themselves. One thing is certain, the truth has not been brought home to them. How to do this is the problem of the moment, how to make our really young men see that it is not manly to let the older men and the married men do their fighting for them. The one really potent influence which should be enlisted on behalf of recruiting is the home influence and the woman influence. Once these line up determinedly against shirking, most of the 200,000 young men in Eastern Canada, and probably 50,000 in Western Canada will flock to the colours. Where is the woman wise enough and brave enough to lead public opinion in this direction? It must be some noble woman who has given her own son; and there are many such.

*Lounger.*

**SHELTON'S OLD COUNTRY DRY GOODS STORE, 734 Yates St.**  
Children's and Misses' kilt skirts in Shepherds plaids and navy serge. Middies to match from \$1.50 per garment. Ladies' Tweed Skirts from \$1.50.

**APPLICATION FOR TRANSFER OF HOTEL LICENSE**

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Board of License Commissioners for the City of Victoria at their next sitting for a transfer of the liquor license now held by me in respect of the Grand Central Hotel, situate at 551 Johnson Street in the City of Victoria, to Adam Paterson, of the said City of Victoria. Dated the 16th day of December, 1915.  
CHARLES PAGE,  
By his Attorney in fact,  
John F. Dickson.



**PUBLIC NOTICE**  
NOTICE is hereby given that the Harbour Quay Line at Victoria, B. C., established by Order in Council of the 15th May, 1914, beyond which line breakwaters, wharfs, piers and similar structures should not be built, has been amended by Order in Council, passed on the 3rd December, 1915, in so far as that portion of the said Harbour Quay Line covering the West Side of the Harbour is concerned. Plans and descriptions in this connection can be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and at the office of the District Engineer, Victoria, B. C.  
R. C. DESROCHERS, Secretary.  
By Order,  
Department of Public Works, Canada,  
Ottawa, December 13, 1915.  
Dec. 24 Dec. 30

**Brentwood Beach Hotel**  
12 MILES FROM VICTORIA  
Following the example of many other hotels, these hard times, the management of the Brentwood Beach Hotel have decided to reduce their rates. Patrons will therefore kindly take notice that on and after the 15th of September there will be a marked reduction of rates for the winter.  
**RATES ON THE AMERICAN PLAN AS FOLLOWS:**  
By the Day By the Week By the Month  
With Private Bath.....\$3.50 \$21.00 \$70.00  
With Public Bath.....\$3.00 \$17.50 \$60.00  
Special rates for longer terms, and families  
Good fishing, free row boats to guests staying at the Hotel  
Short orders and special dishes a la carte  
All meals are the same price both Sundays and weekdays  
75 cents is now our regular charge  
Fortnightly dinner dances commencing 25th September.. Heaton's orchestra in attendance  
Phone 21L. H. CANCELLOR, Manager.

The manager of the Empress Hotel is arranging for the usual excellent entertainment which has always characterized the great C. P. R. hostelry under his management. There is to be a Christmas dinner of the most recherche character, and the annual ball on New Years Eve. No doubt these delightful functions will be participated in as largely as ever, for in spite of the many absentees there are sufficient visitors to the city at the present time to make up the deficiency.

**MEDICAL MASSAGE.**—Ethel Geary, Masseuse. Vapour, Steam and Tub Baths. Hand and Electric Massage. Electric and Scalp Treatment. 707½ Yates Street, Victoria, B.C. 2nd Floor. Office, No. 10.

Patronize "HIBBS", Trench Al- ley, opposite Colonist Office. Best Shoe Repairing in town.

**CROWN MILLINERY**  
THE CROWN MILLINERY PARLORS  
present the smartest models available  
Special offers for Christmas Week  
M. E. LIVINGSTONE,  
921 Fort Street

**Clarence Hotel**  
Harry Campbell, Prop.  
Rates \$2 and \$2.50 per week  
Corner Yates and Douglas Sts.

LUCAS-UP at the  
**COMMERCIAL HOTEL**  
JOE LUCAS, Prop.  
Corner Douglas and Cormorant Streets, across from City Hall. Phone 1702. Wines and Liquors.

**Gifts that are always Welcome**  
POCKET DIARIES  
WATERMAN FOUNTAIN PEN  
BILL WALLET  
WRITING CASES  
ONE OF THE NEW BOOKS  
SECTIONAL BOOK CASE  
ALL THE ENGLISH CHRISTMAS NUMBERS NOW ON SALE  
Victoria Book & Stationery Co.  
Limited  
1004 Government Street

**WEILER'S STORE NEWS**

**Carve Your Xmas Turkey**

With one of our best English Steel Carving Sets, and you'll take pride and pleasure in carving, instead of finding it an unpleasant duty.

**CASH PRICES**  
3-Piece Carving Sets, horn handles, in cases, \$1.80, \$2.95, \$3.15, \$4.05, \$6.30, \$6.75, and.....\$7.65  
3-Piece Carving Sets, white handles, in case, \$5.85, and...\$6.30  
2-Piece Carving Sets, horn handles, \$1.58 and.....\$3.15

**Christmas Specials for the Children**

We have just opened up a very desirable shipment of Doll Carriages that will be the pride and delight of all the "Little Mothers." They are exact models of real Baby Buggies, in dark blue and black leather with leather cloth hood, and ten-inch rubber-tired wheels. These are easily worth from \$11.00 to \$15.00, but we have priced them specially for quick selling during Christmas Week at Cash Prices of \$3.15, \$4.95, \$6.75 and \$9.00. Child's Wagons, at Cash Price of \$3.50; 4-Piece Kindergarten Sets, consisting of Table, one Arm and two Small Chairs, "Made-in-Victoria," well finished, at Cash Price of \$2.70.

**Splendid Gift Things Which Cost Little**

A well chosen china and glass-ware stock like ours abounds in beautiful, useful and decorative bits within the reach of the smallest purse.  
This season it would seem that such things were grander than ever—it is almost inconceivable that such handsome pieces can be produced for the prices obtaining.  
If you have only a modest sum to expend, you will be delighted with what we can show you.  
No trouble to do it, we assure you.

**WEILER BROS LIMITED**

**LaFrance Chocolates**  
Xmas Orders Now Being Taken  
Specialties:  
Marzipan Walnut Creams (Only ones in Victoria)  
Pistachia Nut Creams, Marachina Cherries, Angelica Creams  
Any kind of Candies made to order, from 60c to \$1.00 lb.  
Daintily Packed Marzipan Stuffed Dates, 60c lb.  
Phone 3656R1.

We Give Away Absolutely FREE  
One Pair \$5.00 Shoes every week  
Coupons given with every purchase  
"Get your repairing done here" MODERN SHOE CO.  
Controlled by Bob. McCoubrey (Late of Watson's)  
Cor. Yates and Government Sts.  
"We sell Men's Shoes only"  
20% Cheaper Than Elsewhere

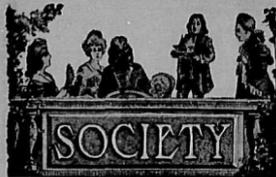
**Terry- scriptions Terry sodas Terry kodaks**  
Your doctor's order absolutely accurately filled. Keeping the quality up and the prices down.  
This complaint was recently handed to our Fountain Department—"On my recent visit through several states I only wanted to find a 'Chocolate Malted Milk' as good as yours, but I didn't succeed."  
The Eastman Quality  
Developing, 10c a Roll  
Prints, 35c and 50c per Dozen

**TERRY'S DRUG STORES**  
Fort Street Pandora Street

**DOMINION HOTEL**  
Yates Street  
ANNOUNCES A SPECIAL WINTER RATE  
To a limited number of desirable guests.  
The central location of the DOMINION, its modern equipment, high class service and sensible rates should make this announcement worthy of your attention.  
By making your home at this well located and complete hotel you will have no street cars to worry over—but have a servant to attend to every want.  
The DOMINION is in the centre of everything, yet possesses the exclusiveness of a private residence.  
Each room or apartment contains a long distance telephone, hot and cold water and up-to-date open plumbing, steam heat, pile carpet, brass beds, exquisite furniture and commodious closet space, which is an attractive feature to every woman. 200 rooms with private bath attached. Prompt elevator service.  
A skilled white chef presides over the culinary department. The kitchen of the DOMINION HOTEL is as clean as the parlor.  
The homelike atmosphere—quiet, quick and perfect style—combined with Special Winter Rates should appeal to you.  
We will also make a special rate to a limited number of table boarders during the winter months.  
The DOMINION HOTEL will please you both in price and comfort. It will be a pleasure to show you our accommodations.  
STEPHEN JONES, Proprietor

**The Westholme Grill**  
Caters to most exacting patronage, and is a most delightful place to go, where you may enjoy a full course dinner or a light supper.  
Entire Change of Programme  
MISS ERNESTINE DIDIER  
MISS ORELIA COLLINS, Soprano  
MISS WATSON, Pianist  
MARGIE HARDY, Singer  
THE BRIGHT SPOT IN TOWN  
1417 Government St. Phone 4544

*Hotel Prince George*  
**Have Your Home During the Winter AT THIS HOTEL**  
Our rooms are cosy, bright and warm, and we are quoting exceptionally low rates to permanent guests for the Winter months. Everything spick and span, with steam heat and phone in every room. Right in the heart of the City (opposite City Hall). Maximum comfort at minimum cost is our motto. We have a limited number of well furnished rooms at \$8.00 per month, with bath privileges. Special rate for Service men. Ask those who are staying here.  
Cor. Douglas and Pandora Streets. Phone 3280.



**"SOTTO VOCE"**  
By the Hornet

That in consequence of the high price of eggs even patriots have had to welcome the foreign yolk.

That under Prohibition many a loyal subject of King George has become a ginger Alien.

That critics of Greece should remember that a policy of drift is natural to a land of currants.

That the Zeppelin raids have greatly improved the booksellers business, there is now a rush for the best Cellars.

That Mr. Brewster's manifesto neither does justice to himself nor his party.

That he either fails to take the subject seriously, or he is unable to grapple with it.

That his joke about "Interior Irrigation" is by no means original, even if it were funny.

That it is more worthy of a pot-house politician than of a party leader.

That there is only too much reason to fear that Mr. Brewster has fallen under the baneful influence of the Victoria Times.

That such jokes may "tickle the ears of the groundlings", but they will never advance the interests of the Party.

That it is about time that some of the delinquents in the case of the Dominion Trust were being brought to justice.

That the public would be less impatient at the wheels of justice grinding "exceeding slow" if they had confidence that they would grind "exceeding sure."

That there is altogether too much disposition to lay the blame on one who cannot be brought to the Bar.

That whatever some people may think to the contrary, a scandal does not improve by keeping.

That the public has more than a suspicion that if there were not so many fat fees in the Liquidation, the wheels would move much faster.

That it is not easy to understand the exact position of the Vancouver "News Advertiser".

That even the "Province" exhibits less than its wonted enthusiasm for the Conservative Cause.

That the "Saturday Chinook" is forging ahead, and must feel pretty proud of itself in the World Building.

That it is a better paper than the Saturday Sunset ever was, but still a little "hide-bound."

That there is a sergeant in the Convalescent Hospital, Esquimalt, who deserves taking to task.

That when asked by a lady the other day, if he had met her son at the Front, he replied: "I did not have to associate with the privates, so don't know anything about him."

That, as a matter of fact, the private was a gentleman and the sergeant a "cad."

That there are not so many sergeants at the Convalescent Home that it will be difficult to place this one.

That recruiting in the 88th has improved this week, thanks to more energetic measures.

That the finest thing in Victoria this Christmas is the universal anxiety to brighten the lives of those who are in trouble.

That the most interesting functions were the entertainment of 1500 children under the direction of the Women's Canadian Club and the Rotary Club.

That now, as ever, Yule Tide is the festival of "T. y Tim."

**PANTAGES**

Real holiday attractions will be in order at Pantages this coming week, and from the beginning to the end the aggregation of vaudeville offerings will be replete with interest. Every act is a headliner.

Maurice Samuels and his players in "A Day at Ellis Island", has a natural outlet for real pathos and human interest.

Barnold's dog and monkey actors, presenting "A Hot Time in Dogville" is a medium for wonderful canine sagacity.

"The Ten Toozoomins", a band of whirlwind tumblers.

The "Revuette" by the Hazel Kooze Trio, talented artists in impersonations and songs.

Princeton and Yale in "One Hundred Miles From New York," introduce novelty, slang, patter. Taken

in all the programme is unusually interesting.

**IN A FUNK TO KNOW WHAT TO GIVE;** Call at 1302 Douglas St., and get some useful presents. Large stock of useful Cookery and China, Carvers, Bread Mixers, Nut Crackers, Pocket Knives, Berry Sets, Dinner Sets, Etc. R. A. BROWN & CO.

The Columbia, Wednesday evenings, pays \$15.00 to the holders of certain numbered programmes.

**Mumm's Champagne**

Is indispensable for Yuletide festivities. Its sparkling excellence is the very spirit of mirth, enjoyment and healthfulness.

Made from the choicest grapes of the world's most famous vineyards—its superb quality, natural dryness and purity are incomparable.

When ordering, specify MUMM'S and accept no substitute.

WHOLESALE AGENTS

**Pither & Leiser Limited**

VICTORIA VANCOUVER B. C.

**THORPE'S Lithia Water**

Relieves Rheumatism

Doctors Recommend It

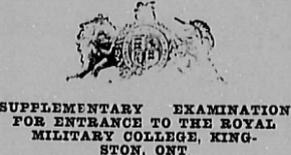
Phone 435

**LIQUOR NOTICE**

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Board of Licence Commissioners for the Township of Esquimalt, at their next sitting, for the transfer to me, the undersigned, of the licence lately held by Eliza Marshall, deceased, to sell spirituous or fermented liquors by retail at the premises known as the "Gorge" Hotel, situate on the Tillieue Road in the said Township of Esquimalt.

Dated this 1st day of November, 1915.

CLARENCE GANNER, Applicant.



**SUPPLEMENTARY EXAMINATION FOR ENTRANCE TO THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE, KINGSTON, ONT.**

A Supplementary examination for entrance to the Royal Military College will be held on Monday, January 10, 1916, in order to fill forty vacancies that have been created by Gentlemen Cadets of the Royal Military College, who have been granted commissions in the Canadian and Imperial forces.

This examination is open to all British subjects between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one years inclusive, unmarried, and who have resided, or whose parents have resided in Canada for two years immediately preceding the date of examination.

Application by the parent or guardian of any intending candidate to be made in writing to the Secretary, Militia Council, Ottawa, not later than Monday, December 20, 1915, accompanied by:

- (a) Certified birth certificate in duplicate.
- (b) Certificate of good moral character signed by the head of the school or college at which the candidate has received his education for at least the two preceding years or by a clergyman of the place of worship attended by the candidate; and,
- (c) Remittance for \$5.00 in favor of the Receiver General.

Any further particulars regarding said examination can be obtained from the Secretary, Militia Council, Ottawa, Ont.

EUGENE PISSET, Surgeon-General, Deputy Minister, Department of Militia and Defence, Ottawa, December 4, 1915.

Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.

**WE HAVE MOVED**

Owing to our increased business we have had to seek increased space. We have a well appointed garage at 1052 FORT ST. TEL. 4633

Where we will be pleased to attend to all kinds of Auto Repair work, and Garage custom.

CASEY & EATON

**Madame Watts**

Suite 401-4 B. C. Perm. Bldg. Douglas St., Victoria, B. C.



SPECIAL LINE OF CHIFFON TAFFETTAS FOR YOUNG LADIES' EVENING FROCKS, FROM \$45.

**LADIES**

Bring in your Velours, Beaver and Felt Hats; we remodel them into the latest styles. VICTORIA HAT FACTORY 1104 Broad Street Phone 1729

**Royal Victoria Theatre**

Thursday, Friday and Saturday DECEMBER 23, 24 and 25

"THE DEFENCE OF OUR EMPIRE"

Film taken by authority of Army Council

**High-Class Chocolates**

IN BEAUTIFUL BASKET

or Boxes, make an Ideal Gift for a lady

**Clay's**

QUALITY BAKERS AND CONFECTIONERS

619 Fort Street. Telephone 101

**NEW METHOD LAUNDRY Limited**

"Quality Launderers"

1015-1017 North Park Street Phone 2300

**HOTEL RAINIER-GRAND SEATTLE**

EUROPEAN-MODERATE MODERN-CONVENIENT 225 OUTSIDE ROOMS-135 WITH BATH.

WHITE LUNCH LIMITED, 1009 Government Street, 642 Yates Street, 554 Johnson Street. Our food, variety and service are of the best. Inspection invited.

**U.V.I. Wine & Liquor Co., Ltd.**

(Successor to West End Grocery Co. Liquor Department.)

Notwithstanding the increase in the price of

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS BARGAINS

**PORTS, SHERRIES, CLARETS**

Brandies, Sauternes, Whiskies, Champagnes, Gins, Rum, Imported and Domestic Beers. Liqueurs

We can please your fancy as regards price and quality. A wide and complete stock to choose from.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS HAMPERS

Phone 4859

1624 GOVERNMENT STREET

Opposite Pantages

Daily delivery to all parts of city.

**OFFICERS' UNIFORMS**

COMPLETE, CORRECT, AND OF UNRIVALLED WORKMANSHIP AND QUALITY

The materials we use are of the best that money can buy. Our tailors, under the direct supervision of Mr. Brown, are highly skilled in this branch of our business.

Every Officer who has a kit to buy would be well advised to take advantage of the service we have to offer. The cost will be no greater—the satisfaction certainly will be.

Measurement forms and patterns on application.

WE HAVE A NEWLY-ARRIVED SHIPMENT OF FOX'S SPIRAL PUTTEES

**LANGE & BROWN**

(Late of London, England.)

NAVAL, MILITARY, LADIES' AND CIVIL TAILORS

TELEPHONE 4830 747 YATES STREET

**PANTAGES Unequaled Vaudeville**

Week Commencing December 27

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| THE TEN TOOZOOMINS<br>Whirlwind Tumblers                    | BARNOLD'S DOG AND MONKEY ACTORS<br>In "A Hot Time in Dogville" with Dan, the Drunken Dog |
| PRINCETON AND YALE<br>"A Page from the Dictionary of Slang" | MAURICE SAMUELS AND COMPANY<br>In "A Day at Ellis Island"                                |
| HAZEL KIRK TRIO<br>"Revuette"                               | PANTAGESCOPE   |
| THREE SHOWS DAILY—7:30 AND 9:15                             |  |
| Matinees 15c. Evening: Orchestra and Balcony 25. Boxes 50   |  |

**Columbia Theatre**

**Watch! Wait!**

December 30th

See the Columbia First

"See The Columbia First."

**The Telephone Will Take You Quickly**

The telephone is the short cut. It will take you anywhere, in a moment.

Whether the objective point is in town, in the province, or anywhere along the coast, it's all the same.

Every telephone is a long distance telephone, and one place is as near as another.

Day or night, any kind of weather, the telephone is always in service.

**B. C. TELEPHONE COMPANY, Limited**

A charming Highland wedding was celebrated at High Noon on Tuesday, December 2, at the Bishop's Palace, Victoria, when Mary, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie, of Scotsburn, Aberdeenshire, and of 1890 St. Anne Street, Victoria, became the bride of Lieutenant Arthur MacCallum, 50th Gordon Highlanders, the Reverend Anselm Wood officiating.

The bride, who was radiantly lovely, entered on the arm of her father, who was in Highland dress. The beautiful bridal robe was of ivory chiffon, the bodice embroidered with thistles. The frilled valence was of old valenciennes lace, made in the convent at Bruges, by the same maker of lace for the Royal Family of the Belgians. The full court train was of Gros de Londres, veiled with chiffon, with true lover's knot of silver tissue. The veil of white tulle was adorned with a wreath of real orange blossoms from California, and white heather from Scotburn. The bride wore a string of pearls which formerly belonged to the Crown Princess of Saxony, and a bracelet of pearls and diamonds en suite, carrying a bouquet of white roses, heather and shamrocks from Ireland. The bridesmaid, Miss Billie MacDonall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Day Hort MacDonall, wore pale pink taffetta, ruffled, the bodice veiled with chiffon, a hat of pink tulle, and carried a couquet of rosebuds and maidenhair fern.

Mrs. MacKenzie, mother of the bride, was elegantly gowned in a Rembrandt picture gown of Paquin design in black panne velvet with old Flemish lace. The hat of black velvet was adorned with white ospreys. Mrs. MacKenzie also wore a magnificent rope of pearls, and diamond pendant.

After the wedding ceremony a buffet luncheon and reception was given at the Empress Hotel. The happy couple stood under a wedding bell of white and pink chrysanthemums, arranged by Mrs. Rattenbury, the bride cutting the cake with her husband's sword. Besides the immediate family of the bride there were present Bishop MacDonall, Rev. Father Laterne, Rev. Father Anselm Wood, Lieutenant-Colonel Andrews, Chaplain to the 88th Fusiliers; Captain Angus Macdonell, Chaplain 6th Western Scots. Other invited guests included: Sir Richard and Lady McBride, Hon. D. M. Eberts and Mrs. Eberts, Mrs. Bevan, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Grey, Mr. and Mrs. James Hawthornthwaite, Miss Hawthornthwaite, Mrs. Ketchin, Mr. and Mrs. F. Pemberton, Mr. and Mrs. MacDonall, the Misses MacDonall, Mrs. Folwall, Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Tunnard, Mrs. Kirgscote, Mrs. and Miss Booth, Colonel Forsythe and Officers of the 50th, Mr. and Mrs. Gamble, the Misses Bodwell, Little, Roberts, Jones, Warren and many other young friends of the bride and groom. The duties of best man were ably undertaken by Lieutenant Ashcroft 103rd Regiment. The bride travelled in a brown tweed costume, and Russian fox furs, with hat en suite of brown velvet and white asprey.

The Women's Canadian Club entertained a large number of the children of soldiers at the High School on Wednesday afternoon. A beautiful Christmas tree with a present for everyone was a great source of delight to all.

Corporal Robert Meredith, of the 16th Battalion, arrived in Victoria on Wednesday, invalided home after a period of convalescence in England.

The Navy League Chapter I.O.D.E. entertained children of the R. N. V. R. on Wednesday afternoon. A large and distinguished gathering assembled at the Institute, and greatly enjoyed the occasion, which afforded so much pleasure to the little guests.

The Rotary Club gave a Christmas tree and entertainment to about three hundred Victoria children on Thursday, at the Royal Victoria Theatre. The Island Automobile Association will give the children of the Protestant Orphanage a motor ride on Christmas morning. Each child will also receive a gift.

Mr. W. Reade, son of Mr. and Mrs. Reade, Mount Edwards, is now en route to England with a draft from the 5th Regiment.

Among those registered at the Westholme Hotel this week are: R. W. Chambers, Vancouver; B. Knox, Duncan; P. Mottola, Vancouver; Wm. Saxon, Mission City; P. H. Grahame, Vancouver; Mrs. G. L. Madden, Bamfield, B. C.; S. Lawson, D. Hav. Sidnev; W. L. Clarkson, Wm. Simon S. Conner, Vancouver; Frank Whitney, Lethbridge; F. J. Gary, Chicago, Ill.; S. Pyman, Kelowna.

The latest fad of fashion, Fur Hat and Neckpiece Sets, made to order at The Crown Millinery, 921 Fort Street.