

CHRISTMAS NUMBER The Week

A British Columbia Newspaper and Review

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Peace Piffle

ON Tuesday last the German Chancellor made his dramatic appearance in the Reichstag and flung down the gauntlet in a challenge to the Allied Powers to negotiate a Peace Treaty. At the moment of writing the details of the proposed terms are not available. All we know of them has leaked out through neutral sources, and while it is probable that the details which have been published are substantially correct, it would be a mistake to regard this as conclusive, and to discuss them upon such a supposition. In the view of *The Week*, it is easier to discuss the situation in the absence of the proposed terms because there are several outstanding features which could not be affected by any consideration of details. There is no reason to suppose, and indeed all the information we have is to the contrary, that the conditions outlined by Mr. Asquith, and reiterated by Viscount Grey, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Lloyd George, and others of our great leaders, are to be met, and if not Germany will find quickly that the British people and their Allies have not the slightest intention of receding from that position, or of modifying their terms. The first condition antecedent to Peace is the destruction of Prussian militarism. Time and time again British statesmen have made this the keynote, the *sine qua non* of Peace Terms; they have pointed out that it was the ogre which precipitated the War, and which has developed its most barbarous features. Whatever else had to be achieved, the destruction of this spirit was the one thing above all others upon which the Allies have set their hearts, and to the accomplishment of which they have pledged their honour and arms. At the present moment they are far from achieving it, and the temper of our people would not tolerate any temporizing on such a vital matter. Either we have been fighting for the supreme principle or not. Prussian militarism is either the deadly enemy and bane of civilization, or it is not. We believe that it is, and not only our statesmen, but our brave soldiers have declared that they would rather go down to defeat than surrender this principle. Can there be any doubt that when this was said it was meant? Can there be any doubt that it reflected not only the views of statesmen and soldiers, but of our people in every part of the Empire? Is there any reason to suppose that it reflected less truly the opinion of the Allied nations? Surely not, in view of their repeated declarations to that effect. With these thoughts uppermost, it is not easy to understand the attitude of one or two weak-kneed papers like the Manchester Guardian, which think that the German offer should be received with the usual diplomatic courtesy, and should at least be considered. How little such papers interpret British opinion can well be judged from the almost unanimous chorus of disapproval which has been showered upon the German proposal. All that the Allies have been fighting for would be lost if they made a truce with Germany at the present time. We do not hold a single winning card in the diplomatic game, and the present movement is only a diplomatic game. Yet we know that we shall win. We are as confident as ever of this, and our confidence is based on surer grounds than at any previous stage of the contest. We still have the justice of our cause, and the inevitable triumph of Right over Might, but there are a thousand and one added evidences to be deduced from the internal conditions of the Central Powers which have led our highest authorities to conclude that the German offer of peace has been carefully prepared, assisted by a vigorous propaganda in neutral countries, for the sole reason that they realize that in the end they will be beaten. Anyone who understands the German character knows that this is the only possible consideration which would induce their Government to take the step which has been taken this week. All the "high falutin'" about consideration for humanity and an appeal to the better instincts of civilization is not only the rankest kind of hypocrisy, but in view of the general conduct of the War by Germany, pure blasphemy. It will not receive a moment's consideration, or carry the slightest weight in the councils of the Allies. It can hardly have any influence in neutral countries, when one remembers how they have been treated by the merciless Hun. The Allies are not a bit afraid of assuming the moral responsibility of continuing the War. They neither provoked nor started it, and that is where the responsibility rests, and they would incur a far graver responsibility if they consented to a premature ending. Unless *The Week* is entirely mistaken, the reply of the British Prime Minister, who will be the official spokesman of the Allies, will be along these lines; and his newly acquired position would not be worth a day's purchase if he showed the slightest sign of weakening, or of abandoning the declaration of his predecessor, which has been adopted as the motto of the Allies. All this does not mean that we are not heartily sick of the War, and that we should not be devoutly thankful if it could be ended. The Germans are not more conscious than the British of the terrible sacrifice of blood and treasure which its continuance demands. It is paying them too high a compliment to admit that they are equally conscious, but the more we think of the tens of thousands of fathers and mothers, who would gladly see their sons come marching home, and whose hearts would be inexpressibly gladdened by the sight, the more we think of the tens of thousands of bereaved hearts, and the hundreds of thousands of immortal heroes who have suffered to ensure the absolute triumph of a principle, and who would have suffered in vain if the conflict were ended before that principle had been impregnably established. It is not the answer of the living armies of the Allies

which Germany will receive, except so far as that answer is inspired by the memory of those whose glorious deeds have rendered compromise impossible.

Recruiting

TONIGHT Victoria will enjoy the privilege of hearing a recruiting address from the Premier of Canada. It is bound to be both inspiring and impressive, because Sir Robert Borden's heart is in his subject and his official position makes him the spokesman of Canada. It is a matter for regret that his visit will be so brief, because it would have been a decided advantage for a Citizens' Committee to have had the opportunity of interviewing him and making him acquainted with some conditions in the West which may not have been brought to his notice through the ordinary official channels. The first is that the West generally, and British Columbia in particular, has furnished recruits in proportion to the population far in excess of Eastern Canada, and that the number of men still available is comparatively few. It is true there are some, and they ought to go, but after all the number is small. The balance could be gathered in much more easily if the Battalions already raised had been handled somewhat differently. Take the case of the Bantams, who have been kept hanging around Victoria and Sidney for nearly a year. It is true they have never yet recruited up to full strength, but this is the fault of the military authorities, who after authorizing the formation of a Bantam Battalion, did not bar Bantams from other battalions, and so robbed the 143rd of the special material which they were supposed to get. It is a matter of ancient history how other battalions have been kept here

The Patriotic Fund is a National Fund, created by legislation. It is for an essential purpose. The money could have been raised by direct taxation, and it would have to be raised in that way if private benevolence should fail to meet the full requirements of the situation. *The Week* believes that the present method is better than taxation, because it develops the spirit of benevolence, and gives people a more personal interest in the work. But in this as in other matters, British Columbia occupies a very unfortunate position, compared with the Provinces of Eastern Canada. Our men have gone, we have recruited 10 per cent of the total population, and are increasing the percentage daily. No other Province can say as much. But this would not matter if we enjoyed the same advantages as the Eastern Provinces, whose manufacturing industries are all working at full strength, and coining high wages for the employees and enormous profits for the employers. The production of British Columbia is comparatively small and our people have been giving from their savings, literally taking the money out of the stocking, and the hoard is running low. But while no people have been more self-denying, or will be more anxious to keep their "end up" to the finish, they cannot help a feeling of resentment against the Government policy, which allows War profits to run away into the millions with only an inconsiderable percentage of direct taxation. The view of the people of British Columbia is that there should be no War profits beyond a modest interest on the capital invested, and that every dollar derived from this work should be returned to War funds. *The Week* believes that this is a view which will soon spread all through the West, and will ultimately prevail in the East. Mr. W. J. Flavelle, one of the finest and ablest business-men in Canada, has emphasized the position this week with a phrase which is likely to stick—and which no Government can afford to ignore. British Columbians are supporting many funds besides the Patriotic, and will continue to support them, but they find it difficult to overlook the outstanding fact that if Eastern Canada were doing anything like its share, and especially if the Government were doing its duty in the matter of commandeering War profits, their task here would be comparatively easy.

Helping Our Industries

THE COLONIST of Thursday last had an Editorial deprecating Government assistance to mercantile enterprises. *The Week* does not know what the writer had in mind, but regards it as singularly *in a propos* that at the present juncture anything should be said which might tend to discourage the Government from rendering financial aid to industrial enterprises. *The Week* thought that the Colonist stood committed to the general policy of Government aid both financial and otherwise, to an Iron and Steel industry, on the same principle that it has supported aids to shipbuilding, mining, and agriculture. The deputation which waited on the Government a fortnight ago, and which had carefully studied the matter, expressed the opinion that it would be impossible to start an iron smelting industry without Government aid, and of this *The Week* is confident. It must not be supposed for a moment that the melting of scrap iron and pig in a cupola bears any relation to iron-making or the smelting of ore. It is nothing more than the extension of the foundry principle which has been practiced in Seattle and Vancouver for years on an ever-increasing scale. What is wanted on Vancouver Island is an iron smelter, and an iron and steel mill for rolling down its product. The time is ripe for this. A company can be formed, and the enterprise has been pronounced both feasible and profitable by eminent authorities. In this time of our commercial extremity, if the Government can ensure the establishment of a smelting industry by giving a reasonable amount of financial assistance along similar lines to those adopted to stimulate the other industries of the Province, *The Week* believes that public opinion will endorse their action, and strongly urges the daily press to study the question a little more closely before throwing cold water on the scheme. Probably *The Colonist* had no such intention, although its Editorial may have that effect, but, as pointed out in the last issue of *The Week*, the Victoria Times undoubtedly assumed an unfriendly attitude in its editorial on the subject.

The Religion of the Trenches

IN his impressive and deeply religious address delivered at the Old Victoria Theatre, Lieut.-Col. Guthrie said that the War would give the world a new religion, the religion of the Trenches. He developed the idea, and made it clear that this new religion must be one of brotherly love, of kindness, of service, of sacrifice, and of altruism. All this is not new, because it embodies the principles of Christianity, but while the creed may be old, the speaker was looking for a new spirit, and that spirit is being manifested daily in the Trenches. It is very different from the spirit of most of the professors of religion, whose narrowness and un-Christlikeness have so handicapped the progress of the so-called Christian Churches. It is the very antipodes of the spirit recently manifested by Pastor Osterhout in Victoria, who has grossly libelled a number of our fellow-citizens in violation of the Ninth Commandment, and then, like the coward that he is, has refused either to submit any evidence in support of his statements, or to apologize.

William Blakemore.

The Patriotic Fund

AS *The Week* goes to press the very vigorous campaign conducted by the Committee of which His Honour the Lieutenant Governor is the titular head, has succeeded in raising a fund of about \$135,000 towards the \$200,000 sought for. *The Week* is not assuming that the balance will not be raised, but there is one phase of the matter which is worthy of consideration, to which *The Week* ventures to call the attention of the Dominion Government.

Social News

Mrs. Cleaver Cox has gone to Montreal, where she will spend several weeks with Mr. Cox.

Lady Longheed and her daughter have arrived from Calgary to take up their residence indefinitely. Sir James Longheed has leased Mr. Slaters house in Lampson Street, Esquimalt.

Do not forget the "Cabaret" at the Empress Hotel on Saturday, in aid of the Returned Soldiers at the Military Convalescent Home.

Mrs. Mortimer Appleby is arranging a Cinderella and Fancy Dress Dance for tiny children on January 16, 1917, at the Empress Hotel, for the Navy League Chapter, I.O.D.E.

Hon. M. A. Macdonald, K.C., attorney general, has returned from a brief visit to Vancouver.

Miss Dawson has returned from an extended visit to Montreal.

Mrs. J. R. Vicars, of Kamloops, with her son, has arrived in Victoria and will spend the winter here.

The Misses Jones, of Cowichan, entertained a number of friends at tea at the Empress on Friday afternoon.

Mrs. Machin and her daughter have left for Calgary, where they will spend several weeks.

Mrs. Pentreath, of Vancouver, whose husband is overseas, is staying with Mrs. Love at Craigdarroch for a few weeks.

Mrs. R. G. Tatlow has left for California, where she will spend the winter months.

Mrs. and Miss Gillespie, of Edmonton, are spending a few weeks in town and are staying at Cherry Bank.

Lieut. J. Cunningham Hogg, who has been spending his leave with his family in Vancouver, was in town for a few days seeing old friends previous to his departure for England. He is to report for duty in France December 27th.

Mrs. Montzambert entertained at her residence, Rockland Avenue, to the greatest man in Canada to take an informal dance during the week at the business management of her affairs. He is an Irishman.

Miss MacKenzie, superintendent of the Royal Jubilee Hospital, has returned from her holidays.

Mrs. Yale Smith has returned from Calgary to make her home in Victoria. Mr. Smith left during the week for England.

Hon. Dr. King, M.P.P., has made arrangements to bring Mrs. King and their family to Victoria at the end of the week to make their home here. Dr. King is member for Cranbrook.

Mrs. Hume, who has been spending a few days in town, has returned to Vancouver. Her daughter, Miss Georgie Hume, is in training at the Jubilee Hospital.

Mrs. R. F. Green, who is at present visiting Mrs. H. W. Wood at Shaughnessy Heights, Vancouver, is expected home at the end of the week.

Mrs. J. C. Foote, formerly of Victoria, after a short visit with friends here, has gone to Vancouver, where she will remain until her husband leaves for overseas with the 225th Battalion.

The Bishop of Kootenay has returned home to Vernon after a couple of weeks' visit in Victoria.

Mrs. Ray Green has gone to Vancouver to spend a few days with Mrs. Phillips Malkin.

Mr. and Mrs. Hill, of Kelowna, have returned home after visiting friends here.

Miss Allen, of Vancouver, is spending a few weeks with Miss Maud Williams, Rockland Avenue.

Lady White, River Avenue, Winnipeg, has her daughter, Mrs. C. Mack, of Victoria, staying with her.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Lindsay left yesterday for California and expects to be away for some time.

Mrs. Bruce Powley, wife of Lieut.-Col. Bruce Powley, of the 143rd B.C. Bantams, and the wives of the officers of the Battalion, were hostesses to a large number of friends at a smart tea yesterday afternoon, held at the

officers' mess at Beacon Hill. The tea was in the form of a "shower" to provide "comfort bags" for the Red Cross Society for the wounded soldiers, and in response to Mrs. Powley's appeal for gifts several hundred comforts were brought in during the afternoon by the many guests who were invited to attend this interesting function and were handed over to Mrs. Fleming, who is in charge of the Red Cross Society, at the Temple Building.

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That Germany's peace proposals fell rather flat. They were too previous."

That conquering nations do not force peace proposals on their unwilling antagonists.

That what the Prussian Junkers need more than anything else is a lesson in the psychology of the British Race.

That never before have we realized how much the Empire lost in Kitchener.

That no war was ever won by a Council, war-winning requires a dictator.

That we have one in England in Lloyd George, and public opinion may yet demand one in Canada.

That the prediction of "The Week" that Canada would tire of the politicians before this War is over is being verified every day.

That public opinion may yet turn to the greatest man in Canada to take the business management of her affairs. He is an Irishman.

That the trouble with all the politicians is that they are handicapped by their affiliations.

That in Vancouver the party fight between the "purity brigade" and the political brigade has reached an interesting stage.

That if there were fifty Royal Commissions we shall never know all the truth about the "emeute."

That the recount in Esquimalt has developed features distinctly suggestive of a Gilbertian comedy.

That if all the other recounts were as diverting, they were well worth while these dull times.

That after the end of this month the wives of Overseas officers and soldiers will not be allowed to go to England.

That the reason for this is well understood, and will not cause resentment on the part of those who think first of winning the War.

That it is surely time that another draft of soldiers was moved from Victoria.

That everybody is delighted at the good behaviour of Sir Sam Hughes since his retirement. He has not behaved so well for many years.

That it begins to look as if Western Canada is going to lead the way in the demand for a non-party Government.

That the Liberal Press still flutters around its "ignis fatuus," the High Commissionership.

That it might in decency leave the matter alone until the Government is prepared to make some pronouncement.

That the appeal of R. W. Chambiers to the American people on behalf of the enslaved Belgians seems to have roused the nation.

That "slavery" ought to be a word to conjure with in the United States.

PANTAGES THEATRE

"All Aboard" will be the headline feature for the Pantages programme opening at the Monday matinee next week. "All Aboard" is one of the most pretentious musical comedy productions before the vaudeville public today. Six beautiful and different sets of scenery are utilized in this one mammoth production. The first represents fascinating southern homes showing a cotton field in full blossom. In the second scene there is the yacht upon which the entire company set out for a trip around the world. From then on, the tourists travel through many of the important countries and cities of the world; stopping here for tea, somewhere else for a song, and so on throughout this elaborate musical extravaganza.

An irresistible vein of comedy is carried throughout the production in the competent hands of Bob Harmon and Ardelle Cleaves. Jack Ellsworth is featured for his ability as a dancer. Billy Cotton helps along with his voice and dancing feet, while the Van Dalle Sisters contribute some remarkable acrobatic dances.

Gaoi Visitor (sympathetically)—"You poor man! You'll be glad when your time is up, won't you?"

Convict—"Not particularly, miss. I'm in for life!"

SOTTO VOCE
By the Hornet



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The name "O'Connell's, Ltd." stands for all that is smart and fashionable in Men's Wear, and in the important item of Ladies' Furs it is a name that connects your buying with the largest and most exclusive fur house in the British Empire—the Sellars-Gough Fur Co., Ltd., of Toronto. Come in this week and view our wonderful array of seasonable merchandise.



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Mink Scarves and Muffs—Beautiful pelts; finished with natural heads, tails and paws \$25 to \$150

Black Fox Sets—Fashionable styles and beautiful qualities. Muffs and Scarves, each \$37.50 to \$65



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A Beautiful, Wide Open-End Tie, "The Imperial," made of the purest Swiss silk, also an English leader, "The Macclesfield." Price \$1.50

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You will find attractively displayed in our large Handkerchief Booth a very interesting group of Beautiful Xmas Handkerchiefs which make most suitable gifts for both women and children and the values are as usual, the best in the city.

OTHER SUITABLE SUGGESTIONS

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LEATHER HAND BAGS at \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.50 and up to \$8.50

OSTRICH FEATHER BOAS from \$3.90 to \$15.00

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DAINTY BOUDOIR CAPS of lace crepe de chene, etc., priced at 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50 and up to \$3.50

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The household and other articles peddled from door to door usually sell for a higher price than are asked for the same things in the local stores. The merchant selling many lines, can do business on a smaller profit than the peddler selling one or two articles.

If there is any misrepresentation your merchant is right at hand to make things right. You are helpless if you have purchased from a fly-by-night canvasser.

Deal with your friends and neighbors and be assured of a square deal.

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THE NICKUM'S RIGHT HAND

By I. C.

Here is a charmingly told tale of a little hero—whose home is a Scottish manse. We quote it from the Glasgow Herald:

"The young man who answers with equal readiness to the name of 'Nickum' or 'Annoyance' declared the other day that life was insupportable for a person of his years—he is seven) unless he owned a knife—not a silly one with two blades, but a Boy Scout one with 'things in it,' is in charge of shifful English cooks including a corkscrew, and chained to the outside of his person.

"A desperate weapon! It costs a shilling, and is considered by the young blades of the Nickum's circle cheap at the money. Still it takes a little boy a long time to collect a shilling, even if the Saturday penny is augmented by a stray ha'penny occasionally. The Nickum had reached the giddy altitude of sixpence-ha'penny when Uncle Jim came to call on us in his motor-car.

The Nickum's Hero

"Uncle Jim is the Nickum's hero; ever since he came limping back from Mons, to limp through all the rest of his years. The child worships his soldier uncle, and hung about his chair, waiting to get in his oar in the talk. Somehow we talked about knives. I had to go out of the room a minute and when I came back I heard Jim say rather cryptically, 'Let not your right hand know what your left hand doeth.'

"Jim was on his way to give some wounded soldiers an outing, and he proposed that the Nickum should accompany him.

"The little chap doesn't take up much room," he said, "and he'll be a great help to the soldiers."

"The amount of room he takes up," I said severely, "is in inverse ratio to his size; however . . .

"I implied that I washed my hands of the pair of them, and they set off in high glee.

"I'll show you them in Smith's window when we pass," I heard my son whisper mysteriously; "they have chains on them."

"And Jim said 'Right-oh, I'm thankful they don't run loose.'

The Nickum Returns

"It was late in the evening when the Nickum returned—very hungry but very happy, and full of stories which the soldiers had been telling him. He referred with modest pride to the assistance he had rendered the wounded, and grew offended because I looked sceptical.

"I helped them to climb in and mends the use of 'Nag' iron cometo come out, and I held one soldier's position. This is also used very largely, and I said, 'Lean on my ly on steel bridge-work and all exposed shoulder. I'm terribly strong.' An' metal work. It was used nine years there was one man there, an' he had ago on the E. & N. bridge across the been in the trenches at Wipers an' harbor, and the structure has never a Germans sniper snipe him right been painted since, even though here in the arm, an' it's his right formerly it was painted every three arm, an' I said to him, 'I'll light years.'

your pipe for you, 'cos I can quite easy—I often do it for daddy—

"He stopped in sudden confusion.

"I think I'll go to bed now," he like many imported varieties, they announced in a flat little voice. It stand the salt water which is carried

was the very first time in his life in the atmosphere.

Nickum had proposed such a thing.

"Aren't you well?" I asked in alarm.

"He swallowed a large mouthful of bread and butter and replied in an invalidish voice, 'Not very.'

"Well, how did you get on with lighting the pipes?" I asked.

"There wasn't no pipes," he said,

with firmness but no grammar.

"I thought—"

"Uncle Jim said, 'Let not your right hand know—'"

"But you don't call your mother your 'right hand,'" do you? Tell me, son."

"Well, then, I told you about the snipped man? And none of the painting to be neglected. Weather

soldiers were smoking, and so I said conditions are showing where the to Uncle Jim, "Let me down at leaky roofs are and the company is Hunter's please," an' he said, concentrating on the work of making "Smith's, you mean. It's tobacco in them watertight.

they sell at Hunter's, isn't it?" But I said, "Hunter's, please," an' so he 'lowed me, an' I buyed—cigarettes!"

"What—with all your money!"

"He nodded. 'All 'ept the ha'-penny."

"What did you buy with it?"

"Matches," he said, simply."

"Do you think with your native American independence you would feel unnerfed in the presence of a king?"

"Not if I held an ace."—Baltimore American.

Sergeant (on church parade): "Where's your 'ymn-book?"

Private: "I havn't one."

Sergeant: "How the 'ell are you going to sing 'ymns without an 'ymn-book?"—Bystander.

CHRISTMAS DINNER AT THE JAMES BAY HOTEL

In another part of the paper will be found the advertisement of the James Bay Hotel which publishes its menu for Christmas Dinner, which will be given between the hours of six and eight o'clock on Christmas Day. The menu is a most excellent one and should satisfy the most exacting, the price being exceedingly moderate. The James Bay Hotel, ever since it came under the capable management of Mrs. Allen, has established for itself an enviable reputation, particularly in regard to its culinary department, the catering is second to none and the cooking which leaves nothing to be desired. Mrs. Allen, the genial manageress, is assiduous in her attention to her visitors—her past experience enables her to please almost everybody and this is saying a good deal. Several small private parties have already reserved tables for the Christmas dinner and it is probable that long before Christmas Day arrives all the available accommodation will have been taken up.

NEW PAINT FACTORY OPENS FOR BUSINESS

Company Has Enlarged Premises on Wharf Street; Some Special Lines

"It is all very well to buy made in Victoria goods when the quality is just as good as the imported." That is what is often heard among buyers. It is seldom that they are willing to admit that there is a home made product which is better than anything that can be imported, but that is what the manufacturers claim for the "Nag" products which are made right here and which users claim are better than anything that can be brought here from the outside.

The "Nag" slating composition is a unique product. It is a composition for treating shingle roofs to make them fireproof as slates and at about the same expense as an ordinary coat of paint. It also gives new life to old shingles, fills up the cracks, and makes them waterproof and fireproof.

This composition was thoroughly tested out several years ago by the Victoria and Vancouver fire departments and the manufacturers have letters from the fire chiefs certifying to the tests and also letters from several customers who have been able to save buildings which were protected by the composition.

A composition suitable for treating flat gravel roofs of business blocks is used a good deal. It has been used on old leaky roofs and have rendered them as waterproof as new ones. I looked sceptical.

For metal roofs the firm recommends them to climb in and mends the use of "Nag" iron cometo come out, and I held one soldier's position. This is also used very largely, and I said, "Lean on my ly on steel bridge-work and all exposed shoulder. I'm terribly strong." An' metal work. It was used nine years

there was one man there, an' he had ago on the E. & N. bridge across the been in the trenches at Wipers an' harbor, and the structure has never a Germans sniper snipe him right been painted since, even though here in the arm, an' it's his right formerly it was painted every three arm, an' I said to him, "I'll light years."

your pipe for you, 'cos I can quite easy—I often do it for daddy—

Besides these compositions the firm carries the usual line of paints of all colors. There paints are peculiarly suited for use in this climate. Un-

"He stopped in sudden confusion.

"I think I'll go to bed now," he like many imported varieties, they announced in a flat little voice. It stand the salt water which is carried

was the very first time in his life in the atmosphere.

Nickum had proposed such a thing.

"Aren't you well?" I asked in alarm.

"He swallowed a large mouthful of bread and butter and replied in an invalidish voice, 'Not very.'

"Well, how did you get on with lighting the pipes?" I asked.

"There wasn't no pipes," he said,

with firmness but no grammar.

"I thought—"

"Uncle Jim said, 'Let not your right hand know—'"

"But you don't call your mother your 'right hand,'" do you? Tell me, son."

"Well, then, I told you about the snipped man? And none of the painting to be neglected. Weather

soldiers were smoking, and so I said conditions are showing where the to Uncle Jim, "Let me down at leaky roofs are and the company is Hunter's please," an' he said, concentrating on the work of making "Smith's, you mean. It's tobacco in them watertight.

they sell at Hunter's, isn't it?" But I said, "Hunter's, please," an' so he 'lowed me, an' I buyed—cigarettes!"

"What—with all your money!"

"He nodded. 'All 'ept the ha'-penny."

"What did you buy with it?"

"Matches," he said, simply."

"Do you think with your native American independence you would feel unnerfed in the presence of a king?"

"Not if I held an ace."—Baltimore American.

Sergeant (on church parade): "Where's your 'ymn-book?"

Private: "I havn't one."

Sergeant: "How the 'ell are you going to sing 'ymns without an 'ymn-book?"—Bystander.

Christmas Fare at the CARLTON

Come here for your meals during the Christmas Season—the time when you expect something out of the ordinary. Our bill of fare will undoubtedly please you. A variety of choice food, carefully cooked (English cooking) combined with quick service and careful attention.

COME—JUST ONCE—And You Will Be More Than Satisfied

Our Special Fifty-cent Christmas Dinner Will Particularly Appeal to You

THE CARLTON CAFE

J. C. RIVERS, Proprietor 1218 BROAD STREET

LAWRENCE GOODACRE AND SONS

(Queens Market)

Butchers and Packers

Government and Johnson Streets

Our Annual Collection of Local Turkeys, Geese, Ducks, Chickens and Capons, Etc., Now on View. Choice Juicy Beef, Mutton, Lamb, Veal, Pork and Sucking Pigs.

Business Telephone 32

Office Telephone 76

SPECIAL TABLE D'HOTE MENU AT THE JAMES BAY HOTEL ON CHRISTMAS DAY

From 6 p.m. to 8 p.m.

PRICE 75c

MENU

Salted Almonds	Ripe Olives
Consomme a la Julienne	Cream

Ormond Copper Mines, Ltd.

(NON-PERSONAL LIABILITY)

CAPITAL, \$500,000, DIVIDED INTO 1,000,000 SHARES OF 50 CENTS EACH

The Ormond Copper Mines, Limited (Non-Personal Liability), is a Development Company formed for the purpose of working the well-known Ormond Group of nine Mineral Claims on Flores Island, Clayoquot Sound. It is the intention of the Company to start the development work immediately and continue it vigorously under experienced, practical and economical management. As a result of this work, it is expected that an ore body will be blocked out that will make the Company's stock worth several times its par value.

ASSAYER'S REPORT

Nine samples taken of the ore are as follows:

	Silver Per Oz.	Copper Per Cent
Tunnel	3.20	4.6
Tunnel	3.60	6.5
Tunnel	1.20	6.0
Tunnel	2.00	6.1
2nd cross-cut	4.16	7.3
2nd cross-cut	3.60	3.4
2nd cross-cut	3.00	6.1
2nd cross-cut	4.00	7.0
Dump	4.20	5.7

or a general average of 5.65 per cent copper and 3.21 oz. silver.

THE FUTURE OUTLOOK

The present high price of metals will, in the opinion of many experts, maintain for a considerable time after the war is over; in any event there seems to be no question that at least 20-cent copper will be the prevailing price for many years.

599,995 fully paid up and non-assessable shares have been placed with H.E.A. Courtney as Trustee for the use of the company, and 200,000 of these are now offered at 25 cents per share, fully paid and non-assessable. Full information, prospectus and subscription blanks can be obtained at the company's office, 232 Pemberton Building, or from the following brokers:

BAGSHAWE & COMPANY, 214 Pemberton Building.**L. U. CONYERS, 650 View St.****DOUGLAS, MACKAY CO., 613 View Street****R. B. PUNNETT, 635 Fort Street****S. P. MOODY, 508 Campbell Building***All Cheques Must Be Made Payable to the Ormond Copper Mines, Limited, Non-Personal Liability*

53 Years of Integrity

Freight and Postage Paid to Any Point in B.C.

The 'CLOTHING CENTRE'

OFFERS

USEFUL GIFT SUGGESTIONS

FOR MEN, YOUNG MEN, YOUTHS, BOYS AND LADIES

THIS XMAS, more so than any other, USEFUL GIFTS will predominate and no matter what purchase you may make here it is bound to be something that will be of useful service.

FOR MEN, YOUNG MEN AND BOYS

Suits
Coats
Collar Boxes
Socks
Suit Cases
Travelling Bags
Sweaters

Gloves
Ties
Handkerchiefs
Smoking Jackets
Dressing Robes
Club Bags
Macintoshes

Shirts
Hats
Collars
Bedroom Slippers
Trunks
Umbrellas
Caps

FOR LADIES

Silk Scarves
Silk Sweaters
Raincoats

Riding Hats
Woollen Scarves
Wardrobe Trunks
Gloves

Macintoshes
Sweaters, Woollen
Jaeger Slippers

W. & J. WILSON

Corner Government and Trounce Ave.

Phone 809

EXTRACT FROM THE REPORT OF THE MINISTER OF MINES, 1915

"Copper mining is now the most important form of mining in the Province, and this year it practically equalled in value the entire total value of other lode minerals produced, and exceeded considerably, the value of the coal and coke production. It forms 47 per cent of the total mineral production. In the working of the large low-grade copper-deposits and the subsequent smelting of the ores produced, a great number of men are employed and a large proportion of the money value is retained in the country and in the payment of wages and purchase of supplies."

PROGRESS OF DEVELOPMENT

The surface work that has been done on the property exposes a body of ore bearing material in a sheared zone having an approximate width of 15 feet over a length of 500 feet; of this material 5 feet to 8 feet may be considered ore that will average 5 per cent copper and 3 oz. in silver, equal, at the present price of metals, to \$27.83 per ton gross, or with mining, shipping and smelting charges deducted, \$21.08 net.

This is a Home Company

—one that will materially assist in developing the mining interests of Vancouver Island, and the mercantile future of the City of Victoria.

***SPOKANE GOT RICH FROM ROSSLAND ORE
SEATTLE WAS BUILT UP BY THE KLONDIKE TRADE***

The production from metalliferous mining in British Columbia for the year 1915 was \$20,762,149. The production for 1916 has been estimated to exceed \$40,000,000.

CLOTHES AND THE MAN!**BE WELL DRESSED*****How?-- Consult Brown***

—To be well dressed is no easy matter. It is not merely a question of money, it is more a question of THE MAN you go to.

—Come HERE—The Home of Smart Clothes.

—A London experience extending over many years enables me to cater to the most fastidious—here only can you get that distinctive "cut" which marks the well dressed man or woman. Being the only practical London tailor in Victoria I can guarantee fit and style.

MY YEARS OF EXPERIENCE ARE AT YOUR DISPOSAL**H. H. BROWN****LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S TAILOR**

Late of Jay's Oxford Circus
Graduate of London Academy

1025 Douglas Street

Campbell Block (Ground Floor)

TELEPHANE 1817

Silver Spring Brewery

Limited

Brewers of Lager Beer, English Ale and Stout

The only Genuine Brewed Ale and Stout in British Columbia. Awarded four Gold Medals by the British Columbia Agricultural Exhibition. Nothing genuine without our label; we use no bogus labels, beware and do not be led astray by such fictitious ones. Brewed from Malt and Hops only.

Lager Beer, per one dozen quarts, - - - - \$1.50
 " " " pints, - - - - 0.75

English Ale and Dublin Stout, per one dozen quarts, \$1.50
 " " " pints, 0.90

THE BEER of QUALITY
 Order Early to ensure Quick Delivery

SILVER SPRING BREWERY Ltd.

Telephone No. 803. P.O. Box No. 925

**"DOES SEEING THE
 BATTLEFIELDS TRY
 YOUR FAITH?"**

A Question By One of the Women Whose Faces Are Seared and Whose Hearts Are Scarred By the Loss of Men and Boys Whom They Have Loved.

"Do you find that seeing the battlefields tries your faith?"
 "The question came to me the other day in a letter from Scotland, written by one of the millions of men whose faces are seared and any of the works of God or man. A in her whole history, air is poisoned with the dead bodies of men and horses, putrefying and last resting-place of the dead soldiers offensive. The world has become a nature a repellent nightmare. There and our own country are alive as written by the loss canker has devoured the land. Day "Thy people shall be my people, utmost possible amount of produce of men and boys whom they have after day and night after night it and thy God my God; Where thou that his land might be made to give, loved, one of the many thousands gnaws and corrupts it. Day after diest, I will die, and there will I be Is there any reason to suppose that whose daily work brings them face to day and night after night the same buried: The Lord do so to me, and a returned soldier would do any better?

"The ground is cumbered and the foul rubbish-heap and the face of France and the bond between her

and gassed and wounded. As it happens that my business takes me con-

"With an enormous number of people, unthinking as well as thinking, of fighting men, instead of being use-

"On the actual field of battle, in turned towards the cemeteries, on is that never in the history of the industries that lend themselves to this

"On the field of battle, in turned towards the cemeteries, on is that never in the history of the industries that lend themselves to this

material form or beauty is entirely at Nancy—where you will—and has swept away, or defaced and mutilated seen French women and French and littered about in an unsightly officers and private soldiers kneeling confusion of revolting ugliness and filth. Trees and flowers and grass,

roads and houses and furniture and on the flag-stones in front of the clothes and equipment are burnt and altar, any Englishman who has shattered and torn and broken and visited, on the Jour des Morts, the defiled.

"The ground is cumbered and the foul rubbish-heap and the face of France and the bond between her air is poisoned with the dead bodies of men and horses, putrefying and last resting-place of the dead soldiers offensive. The world has become a nature a repellent nightmare. There and our own country are alive as written by the loss canker has devoured the land. Day "Thy people shall be my people, utmost possible amount of produce of men and boys whom they have after day and night after night it and thy God my God; Where thou that his land might be made to give, loved, one of the many thousands gnaws and corrupts it. Day after diest, I will die, and there will I be Is there any reason to suppose that whose daily work brings them face to day and night after night the same buried: The Lord do so to me, and a returned soldier would do any better?

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CORRESPONDENCE

Returned Soldiers and the Land
 To the Editor "The Week,"
 Victoria, B.C.

Sir: Public opinion seems at present unable to devise any scheme for returning the soldiers except that of putting them on the land. To this there are many objections that I am afraid are insuperable. To begin with, there is not one farmer in ten at present in B.C. who is making more than the barest living out of his land and not one in a hundred who is getting the infinitely pathetic enclosures where providing a living for our returned

Another difficulty is the probable fact that very few soldiers would want to go to the land, and they can hardly be blamed. They are mostly young

men full of life with that strong through whose courtesy a Vancouver

audience was given the opportunity of

hearing this artist. Mr. Kent stated

that his voice would be heard in

conjunction with those of the singer

himself.

Mr. Ellison sang eight numbers on

the energy of all those millions cannot be a delusion. And never, soldiers will be content to go away living artist would be placed an Edi-

I believe, have so many ordinary into the farthest wilds, where alone son laboratory model diamond disc

is any amount of vacant land to be phonograph, now known as the New

Edison, and Mr. Ellison's re-creations

of his own voice would be heard in

the screen.

If by "communal system" is meant

the smaller volume of tone one could

use, it was of course necessary for

modern battlefield. "God moves in

It can therefore hardly serve as a

Mr. Ellison to modulate his voice to

suit the instrument, but except for

the unutterable horrors of the nomadic arrangements are a mystery.

use, it was of course necessary for

the phonograph is intended for parlor

and luxury in the world can make us

"My God, My God, why hast Thou

the Doukhobors, and of that the eco-

nomic arrangements are a mystery.

use, it was of course necessary for

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**CHRISTMAS BOOKS
WORTH READING**

The best success in belles lettres has been achieved by the Memoirs and Autobiographies. Notable books include "The End of a Chapter," by Shane Leslie, who is shortly bringing out a volume of verse through Messrs. Burns and Oates; "The Life and Letters of Sir John Henniker Heaton," by Mrs. Adrian Porter; "Memories," by Edwin Clodd; "Lincoln," by Lord Charnwood; "The Love of An Emperor," by Comtesse L. de Mercy-Argentau; "Nearing Jordan," by Sir Henry Lucy; and "Nights," by Mrs. Joseph Pennell. "The Diary of the Great War," by Pepys, Junior, stands in a class by itself, the most popular of all records of current events; and in "Gallipoli," John Masefield gave us an Epic.

Social works that have been widely read, include "Eclipse or Empire," by H. B. Gray and Samuel Turner; "The Decline of Liberty in England," by G. S. P. Haynes; and "Welfare Work," by E. Dorothea Proud. The grass of Parnassus has flowered as it never did before. The names of the new poets are beyond record. The little book, "Bees in Amber," by John Oxenham, sold over 30,000 copies; and a new book of verse, "The Cradle of Our Lord," by this author, illustrated by Daphne Allen, will be published by Headley Brothers. Rudyard Kipling's books have sold well, both here and across the "herring-pond." In three months 25,000 copies were sold in America. Then there is that wonderful book, "The Brook Kerith," by George Moore, that should perhaps come to be buried, stir thoroughly, cover pan and cook slowly for five minutes, taking care that it does not burn. Add the meat or other ingredients, then add a cupful of water or meat stock, stir again, cover the pan and let it simmer gently until the meat is cooked. Serve separate from rice.

Good Novels

The best novel of the season is "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," by H. G. Wells, though it is followed closely by "Winged Victory," by

Sarah Grand. The really first-class novels include "The Lion's Share,"

by Arnold Bennett; "Mike," by E. F. Benson; "The Park Wall," by Elinor Mordaunt; "The Wave," by Algernon Blackwood; "The Wonderful Year," by W. J. Locke; "And What Happened," by E. S. Stevens; "The God's Carnival," by Noriza Lorimer; and "Love and Lucy," by Maurice Hewlett. There has been other good fiction, but I think these volumes represent the cream. Certainly lovers of a good story well told have been amply catered for. The humorous success is "Bindle," by Herbert Jenkins; everyone is in love with the jovial furniture remover. Now for a few of the books that are to come.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett's Epic of the Peasant, "The Song of the Plow: Being the English Chronicle" (6s.), is just published. This poem, upon which Mr. Hewlett has been engaged for the past ten years, covers the history of nearly a thousand years, and its subject, "the obstinate fluctuating conflict between privilege and custom, between instinct to rule and instinct to be free." The greater part of the poem was written before the war, and the end has been changed by the terrific events of the last two years and the part played by the peasantry in the five-million army raised by Great Britain. Mr. Heinemann is the publisher for Mr. Hall Caine, and of course new editions of his works are continually being brought out. Nearly three million copies of this writer's novels have been sold in the United Kingdom alone.

Mr. Zangwill's eloquent polemic on "The War for the World" is now going into a second edition, and it will be ready immediately with certain revisions and corrections. It is being translated into several languages, and a portion of it is appearing at present in the Paris La Grande Revue.

Among the new war books which will shortly be published by this firm is a new volume by Mr. Philip Gibbs, the special correspondent of the Daily Telegraph, whose book, called "The Soul of the War," still remains one of the most popular of the war books. The new volume will be entitled "The Battles of the Somme," and will be based on the very vivid dispatches which Mr. Gibbs has written from the actual war front.

There is also to be an interesting addition to Mr. Heinemann's well-known "Soldiers' Tales Series," in the form of a book written by a Schleswig-Holsteiner, who was one of the first 10,000 from the "suppressed" province to be mobilized by the Germans at the beginning of the war. It presents a picture of the war from the German trenches, and the narrator's description of his experiences in Belgium at the assault

of Liege, then amid all the horrors of winter on the Russian front, and finally at the Argonne this Spring, are most realistic and touching. The title of the book is "Forced to Fight." In the original Danish it has gone through many editions, and the importation of it into Germany has been prohibited.

"A Sheaf," by John Galsworthy (5s. net), is already out. It contains direct expressions of thought and feeling outside the forms of art—pleas for humanity whether to man or beast, speculations on social matters, thoughts on the War and on what shall come after the war. The first section, "Much cry—little Wool," contains pleas written before the war, on matters that still have their old significance. The spirit of the book is humanist and humanitarian.

RECIPES FOR CHRISTMAS
Real Indian Curry (Salna)

One pound of any kind of fresh meat, fish, game, poultry or vegetables. One good sized onion minced up. Two table spoonfuls of butter, lard or dripping. Two table spoonfuls of curry powder. One quarter clove, or garlic if preferred. One table spoonful of grated cocoanut. One large sour apple, peeled and sliced.

METHOD

Into a saucepan put the butter, lard or dripping, minced onion and garlic. Cook until it attains a brown colour, then add the curry powder, the "herring-pond." In three months 25,000 copies were sold in America. Then there is that wonderful book, "The Brook Kerith," by George Moore, that should perhaps come to be buried, stir thoroughly, cover pan and cook slowly for five minutes, taking care that it does not burn. Add the meat or other ingredients, then add a cupful of water or meat stock, stir again, cover the pan and let it simmer gently until the meat is cooked. Serve separate from rice.

A New Fudge

Candy lovers will welcome a new and economical recipe for this delicious and easily made confection—Chocolate Fudge. Mix two cups of granulated sugar, and two table-spoons of Fry's Chocolate Icing Powder. Stir in one cup of milk, add one level tablespoonful of butter and boil very slowly from twenty minutes to a half-hour—until it forms a ball when dropped into cold water. At this stage a few chopped nuts make a delicious addition. Remove from fire, add a teaspoonful of vanilla extract, beat until stiff, pour into a buttered pan and when cool cut into squares.

"Creme de Menthe"

One oz. of gelatine in one-half cup of cold water. Add 2 cups of sugar and one of boiling water.

Boil 20 minutes stirring well. Add a small piece of citric or tartaric acid and colour. Flavor with peppermint to taste or rose essence if for Turkish Delight. Turn out into Hollow pan to set and leave till morning. Cut into layers and dust each piece well with icing sugar.

Raspberry Cakes

Two eggs, their weight in butter. Sugar and ground rice. One teaspoonful of baking powder. Beat the butter and sugar to cream. Beat in the eggs until light. Then lightly stir in the ground rice and baking powder. Place in small round pats on a buttered tin. Bake until crisp. Put two together with raspberry jam between.

Customer—"Walter, do you remember me? I came in here yesterday and ordered a steak."

Walter—"Yes, sir. Will you have the same today?"

Customer—"Yes, if not one else is using it."

"My sister has matrimonial dyspepsia."

"What's that?"

"Her husband doesn't agree with her."

"How do you know it?"

"I noticed the imprint of a strange thumb on my soup plate."

"Every time I see grandfather's sword and medals," said Bill, "I long to take part in a universal war." Then, as an afterthought, Bill said, "But every time I look at grandfather's wooden leg I long for the advent of universal peace."

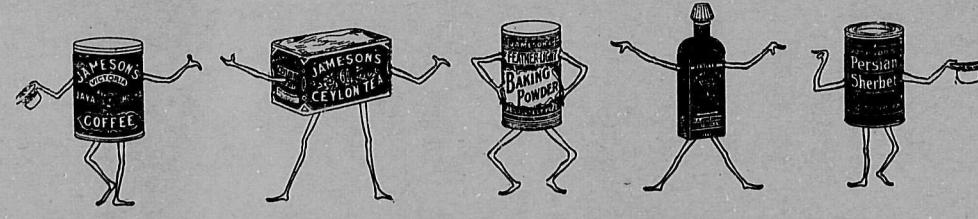
"I tell you the motor-car is chalks better than a horse."

"You bet! For one thing it takes several days to break a horse, while you can break a motor-car the first time you take it out."

"I wish I had money enough to get married," he remarked.

She looked down and blushed. "And what—would—you—do?" she asked, looking very hard at the carpet.

"I would spend it travelling," he replied.

THE WEEK
THE JAMESON LINE


Representing some of the High Class Goods manufactured and packed by The W. A. Jameson Coffee Co., of Victoria.

Your Grocer Can Supply You

BRITISH COLUMBIA LAND & INVESTMENT AGENCY, LIMITED

HEAD OFFICE—LONDON, ENGLAND

REAL ESTATE

INSURANCE and FINANCIAL AGENTS

C. A. HOLLAND, Managing Director
A. R. WOLFENDEN, Manager

920-922 GOVERNMENT
Phone 125

LEAKY ROOFS

MADE WATERTIGHT WITH
"NAG"
Roof Composition

AND OUR EXPERT ROOF MEN

"NAG" PAINT COMPANY, Ltd.

TELEPHONE 887

1302 WHARF STREET (FOOT OF YATES STREET)

The Rockside Poultry Farm

NOW BOOKING ORDERS FOR

ISLAND TURKEYS, GEESE AND CHICKENS

TELEPHONE 4344

See Our Large Stall at Public Market, Which Will

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**THOUGHTS ON RELIGION
FOR CHRISTMAS**

By Bohemian

I have been commissioned to write a more comprehensive column than usual for the Christmas Number, with permission to branch out into subjects that are as a rule caviar to a mere Bohemian; the idea being that even the

come by the brushing away of the cobwebs which theology and the Churches have spun over the simplicity of the Christian faith, and the way to the heart of Christianity will be shown to lie as it ever did—through suffering.

Speaking of the Cross reminds me of a brilliant address to which I listened a fortnight ago in St. John's Church. The speaker was Canon Gould, the Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, and the character

of his view of life. As long as the address was such that I only regret that it could not have been was raging in the columns of the Col- culated throughout the Empire as onist I left it severely alone, but now a trumpet call to duty. Naturally the Editor has shut down on it, burden of the address was Christian I want to have my little say. It Missions, and the point which Canon does not do to be hypercritical or Gould made was that there are many fastidious in matters of this kind, be- people who think that the demand of cause the immense interest aroused War Funds, such as the Patriotic or by the correspondence shows that a Red Cross, is more imperative than the great many people are thinking ser- demand of missions, and that we couldiously. My own thought is that the afford to suspend the latter until last place in which to discuss such a after the War, in order to redouble sacred topic is the secular press. The our efforts on behalf of the former result has been just what I expected To this contention he had two —nothing definite achieved, some hard answers. First, that the British Em- feelings aroused, and an enforced pire stood for Christianity in the abandonment of the discussion. Re- trust and best sense, and that the ligious controversies are always un- principles for which we are fighting profitable, because they invariably be- come theological, and theology is as faith. He illustrated this point most expert a science as astronomy, geol- effectively by relating an incident in ogy or botany. You can tell in a witnesses in Bagdad. There was an minute whether a man is ill or well old Mohammedan who sat at the street equipped for the debate, and unless corner begging. Opposite was the latter, he quickly falls by the way. British Embassy with the Union Jack I am not going to take on myself to flying at the masthead. Every now lay down a new rule of life, because and then the old man would look up I think that the Golden Rule never at the flag, and whenever he did so has been and never will be super- espied him: "Do you hate the English?" "No," seded, but I am more than ever con- was the laconic reply. "Do you despise them?" Again the answer was

"No." "Then why do you spit on the ground whenever you look up at heard the great Italian liberator, their flag? With fire in his eye the Father Gavazzi, as I was on Thurs- day last, when I heard Lieut.-Col. cross I see on it, the enemy of my Guthrie deliver his magnificent re- own faith." And so it has come about eriting address in the Old Theatre, that the world recognizes that how- It was at once the most sincere and ever imperfectly, still in deed and in touching appeal that I have heard or truth the British Empire stands for read. Apart from the fact that Col. the maintenance of the true principles Guthrie is a natural speaker, with a good flow of language, the really im-pressive part of his address was the relation of the scenes of which he had been an eye-witness. The appeal was not so much personal as descriptive. point was that there were millions of He left the incidents to tell their own our fellow subjects who do not be-story, and they did it far more ef- fectively than if they had been over-elaborated by too much pointing of and the cause of Christianity irre-the moral. He was very convincing parably injured if we were unable to in the argument with which he pointed out that this is Canada's war, at least as much, if not more, than Britain's. And when he pictured the Canadian Battalions being depleted, our dress. It was broad and tolerant, and men falling never to rise again, and might have been delivered with great gaps left in the ranks, with the equal propriety anywhere.

brave boys who still survived looking for reinforcements that never came, There is a good deal of talk these it was impossible not to realize in the days about New Thought. I do not most vivid manner what slackness of mean merely the one sect which calls recruiting in Canada meant. It itself the "New Thought" sect, but meant and still means leaving the thousand and one little organizations bravest of her sons without support. which are appealing to men I am no pessimist, as my readers know, but I am profoundly convinced for old." The movement is charac-teristic of this Continent, which is as heard the truth with a keenness of insight and a variety of detail which gives us for the first time a full picture of what is happening on the Western Front. I cannot believe that any man who heard, or who reads this message, can fail to respond.

I believe in the widest toleration in matters of religion, and I also believe that Lieut.-Col. Guthrie was anaemic young man of the student right when he said that this war would bring the world a new religion—"the religion of the trenches." He illustrated his point beautifully by relating an incident in which he figured. Having been blown up by a shell and his faith. The Theatre was cold, terribly injured, he lay, as he thought, there were fewer than one hundred livers. But in the darkness of the night-time he became conscious that conditions. A working man in an oil skin coat occupied the next seat to a man was bending over him, and in his men. He followed the address with a moment of consciousness he realized that it was a French soldier. The man was there at the risk of German fire, gun to be too dogmatic. Then his trying to soothe and comfort a British soldier in his last moments. Lieut.-Col. Guthrie repeatedly swooned, being in a condition of extreme weakness, and the last thing he remembered was that the French soldier had taken a small cross from his breast and was holding it before the eyes of the sufferer. As the Colonel came. This "ad captandum" statement said, he had been a strong Orange-man all his life, but never again could he think with any bitterness of a Roman Catholic. Sympathy and love wards he left the Theatre. I stayed had levelled all differences of creed till the end, and was rewarded by and the Cross was once again the alembic. It would be almost too good news to believe that this prophecy played, but with the exception of a may be fulfilled. If it is, it will not be by the ushering in of any new religion, but of a new spirit. It will

come by the brushing away of the cobwebs which theology and the Churches have spun over the simplicity of the Christian faith, and the way to the heart of Christianity will be shown to lie as it ever did—through suffering.

BOHEMIAN.

DIALOGUES OF THE DAY

By Keble Howard

"THE CURSE OF WEALTH"

I.—As It Was

The Squire: I think we might have a few people to dinner on Thursday night, my dear.

His Wife: I'm afraid that's quite impossible darling.

The Squire: Impossible? Why?

His Wife: Well, you see, we've already had two dinner-parties this month.

The Squire: What has that to do with it? We're not exactly hard-up.

His Wife: I wasn't thinking at all of the expense, but Mordaunt stipulated that there shouldn't be more than two dinner-parties a month, and I agreed. Good butlers are scarce, and—

The Squire: Oh, bother Mordaunt! Ask Allcorn and his missis over for a day or two. We can have some billiards and bridge.

His Wife: I daren't do that, dear. Mrs. Jeakes wasn't at all pleased when the Cobbolds came, and she's such a splendid housekeeper that—

The Squire: Dashi! I'm getting stale for the sake of a little gaiety! Tell you what we'll do, old lady: We'll pop some things in a bag and run up to town for a few days!

His Wife: That sounds delightful, only—

The Squire: Good Lord! More objections!

His Wife: I'm sorry, darling, but William is going to see his mother for the week-end, and Graham has such an awful cold!

The Squire: Can't we go to town without 'em?

His Wife: My dearest! Whatever would people think?

The Squire: All right. I'll go and shoot a rabbit. That's about all the fun I get out of this estate!

II.—As It Is

House-Agent: You wish to sell the Hall and all the land as well, sir?

The Squire: Certainly. Every bally road.

House-Agent: Very good, sir. Any reserve?

The Squire: No. I'm sick of it. For the last fifteen years we've run it entirely for the servants. My wife and I were mere slaves. Now the War has come along and given me my chance. Let one of these munition-millionaires have it, and I wish him joy of the whole caboodle!

House-Agent: I quite understand, sir. Many of our landed gentry are doing the same thing, and going in for a flat in town and a nice little place in the country.

The Squire: That's the idea! What an ass I was never to have done it before! We could be perfectly happy with an acre or two, and some stabling and a garage. How many servants should we want in a place like that?

House-Agent: Oh, two or three and a gardener.

The Squire: What? Two or three and a gardener? And I've been keeping and paying fourteen in and seven out! Yoicks! I'm going to get a bit of comfort out of life after all! Who'd a' thought it?

III.—The New Slaves

Ted: Ow much yer got?

Ned: Alf-a-dollar.

Ted: An' I got two bob. Come on, kid!

Ned: Ware yer goin'?

Ted: Pickchers, o' course.

Ted: Wot pickchers?

Ted: 'Bloodstained 'Arry the Wife-Murderer.'

Ned: Thet ain't no good! Come an' see 'Burglar Bill the King o' Criminals.'

Ted: Not me. I'm sick o' burglars!

Ned: An' I'm sick o' blokes killin' their wives!

Ted: Bit dull, en it?

Ned: Rotten!

Ted: Let's buy some more fags, kid.

Ned: I got plenty. 'Sides, yew cawn't spend 'alf-a-dollar on fags.

Ted: 'Ad yer dinner?

Ned: Ah, 'Ad two.

Ted: Same 'ere. Wot a life, kid!

Ned: You're right, kid! S'long to the old 'appy dyes!

"A good many of the chaps go in for this sort of thing—it's in an album handed over to me this morning: 'The Kaiser said to his son, 'Do you know why our soldiers drink champagne?' 'No,' said the son, 'but I know why our sailors stick to port.' That's the contribution of a motor driver in the A.S.C."

Limerick Competition

The Competition Manager of "The Week" will award a prize of FIVE DOLLARS (\$5.00) to whoever sends in the best limerick on President Wilson. Anyone may compete except enemy aliens, provided they comply with the simple conditions as set out hereunder. FIVE consolation-prizes consisting of One Year's subscription to "The Week" will be awarded to the senders in of the five next "best" limericks.

Conditions of Competition:

1. The decision as to which is the best limerick must rest solely in the hands of the Competition Manager of "The Week."
2. Limericks MUST be in "The Week" office not later than mid-day Wednesday, December 27th.
3. Competitors MUST send with their limerick a coupon cut from the current issue of "The Week."
4. Only ONE Limerick may be sent by each competitor.
5. Envelopes must be addressed "Competition Manager," "The Week," 625 Courtney Street, Victoria, and marked in the top left hand corner, "Limerick Competition."

Names of the successful competitor will be published in "The Week" of December 30th.

No employees of "The Week" will be allowed to enter this competition. December 15th.

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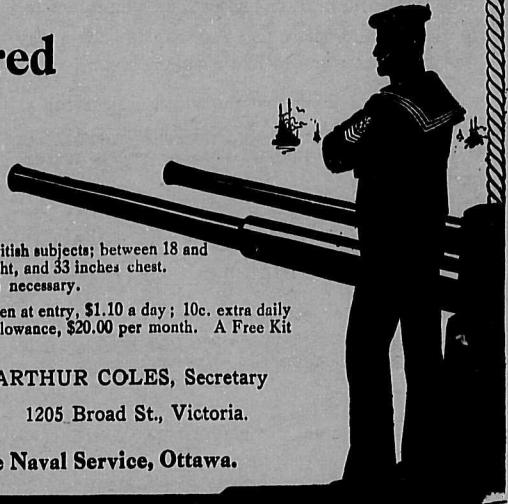
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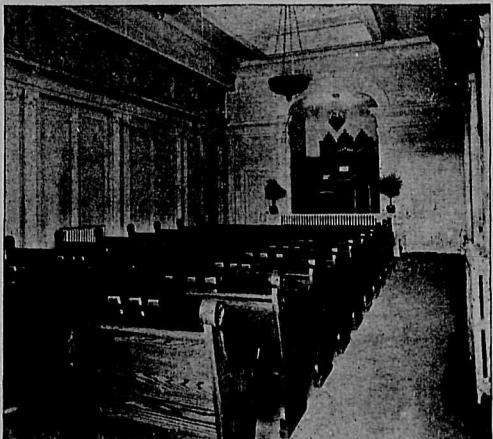


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London Fashion Letter

Dear Cousin Betty: I promised in my last letter to tell you about some more novels I have seen, some of which may suit you for your winter frocks.

To begin with you say you want a new costume. Well, the latest are somewhat higher in the waist than those we wore last year, and most of them, especially the very smartest, are trimmed with fur somewhere or other! If I were you, I should choose bottle green, and have the lap turned up and edged with narrow fur, also the cuffs. If you decide to have one of the new broad-buckled belts you will be quite up-to-date and I am sure you will like the effect. Have the buttons large and covered with the same material as the costume, and be sure to have the fullness of the coat on the hips, and plain at the back and front. This gives the much desired slim effect. To complete this little model I should invest in a "Chapeau a la Napoleon," in bottle-green velvet, edged with the same fur. You will require a blouse to wear under your coat, so I suggest pale beige crepe de chine or ninon and this must be made with the new cape effect, which is so popular just now. Little frills of the same material will make a nice finish to the blouse. A great feature is made of pockets which are shown in all sorts of shapes and sizes, and are worn both on shirts, coats and blouses, as well as frocks. All these little touches make for smartness in one's attire, such as the three-piece sets of a fur hat, collar, and muff, all to match. Many women are wearing patent leather belts with their coats, and this style is even carried out in the useful macintosh. Some of the new velvets and velveteens are glorious, and the colours provided are most charming, including greys of many shades, while others range through wine colour, green, blue and mole.

The other day I saw a fair young girl choosing a beaver in old rose colour, which she intended to wear with a slate grey frock trimmed with black fox fur. The hat was "chic" to a degree, and had no trimming, depending only on its shape, and the way it was set upon her well-dressed hair. But how charming she looked! There were many other shapes in velvet beaver and parme, which set at the proper angle, and worn with the right veil need nothing else to show that they are quite up-to-date and the thing. But, and a big "but" too, the hair must be well-dressed, and well-brushed. This is a most essential point, and needs emphasizing greatly.

A word or two about the new veils. Some women pay as much as 40s. and 50s. for a veil, while others cost 14s. or 15s. They are heavily embroidered in silver, gold and grey, and look charming on the plain hats, though the fine black lace veils are better style and are most becoming, especially to their faces. Another good fashion for pale faces is a brim lined with a delicate colour as, for instance, pale rose, or pastel blue. A full crowned black velvet hat, lined with one of these colours and worn with a thin black veil is becoming to almost every feminine type. Feathers are trying to come in again, but are not being made welcome so far. The day of aigrettes, paradise plumes, and all such cruelly procured adornments is over for all, but the irreclaimable. Skirts are to be worn longer

this season, and they are closer and cling to the ankles. The greatest drawback to the wide skirts is of course, their weight, and that is why it is so much better to have them made in the princess or coat frock style, so that the drag can be from the shoulders, and not from the waist. More colour is being worn in Paris this season, but the general effect is subdued. Here and there a flash of brilliant colour breaks forth, but it is soon lost in the common neutrality. Many of the cloth frocks are lightened with ninon or georgette sleeves, and several are lightly embroidered and are worn with velvet coats in the corresponding tones.

High turban-like hats are worn, and one of the newest shapes to be seen is somewhat like a tam-o'-shanter. This is a suitable style for the round youthful face, and is often lightly ornamented with a "chic" buckle, tiny wing, or band of fur.

All cloth is expensive now, and that which cost 10s. a yard before the war is now 20s. or 25s. a yard and nothing is guaranteed. I have seen a very pretty costume in softly finished velour cloth in dark grey, with the new pockets, and silk-corded waistband and a high and most becoming collar of natural opossum fur. This was worn with a grey velvet tam-o'-shanter hat, with a similar silk cord clasping the narrow band round the head, and the "tout-ensemble" was delightful.

Next week I will tell you about Amy's wedding and trousseau frocks. They are lovely enough to make one's mouth water. For the present I bid you good-bye.

CAMILLE.

ROUMANIA'S ORDEAL

Mr. Stanley Washburn, the Times' correspondent with the Roumanian forces, sends a most encouraging message from Bucharest, dated November 2. He says:

"In these past few days the Roumanian soldiers have been standing as heroically as any in this war, and have not flinched. During this crisis, when Roumania seemed set upon from all sides and help was weeks distant, the King and his Ministers, with the higher generals, have displayed a stubborn determination to see the issue through regardless of the apparent dangers of the situation which Roumania faced. It is during these days of this little nation's travail that Roumania has found itself.

"The coming of the heavy rains has been providential, and it now seems probable that what the enemy has been unable to accomplish hitherto he cannot accomplish now. From observation of the terrain in scores of places I cannot see how the enemy can possibly negotiate these mountains with his heavy artillery, and without it the Roumanians need fear nothing. The downpour of rain has turned the river beds, which a month ago were dry gravel bottoms, into raging torrents, while the mists which cover the whole of the Carpathians with dense clouds render artillery fire almost impossible.

"One thing is certain: The new Ally of the Quadruple Entente is receiving all possible support from her nearest neighbour in men, and from the other Allies in material.

ALL SORTS OF LOVE

"Love comes as suddenly as a summer tempest, thunder and lightning and rain—and goes the same way."

"Oh, but would you call that love?"

"You bet I'd call it love. Love the poets write about. Grand passion. Whirls along like a tornado, makes a noise and kicks up dust—and all over in an afternoon. That's the real thing. If you can't love like that you can't love at all—not in the grand manner. The going just as vital as the coming. Very essence of it that it shouldn't last. That's why Shakespeare kills his Romeo and his Juliet at the end of the play, and Wagner his Tristan and his Isolde. Nothing else to do with em."

People of that kind go through just the same high jinks six or eight months later with someone else, and in poetry that wouldn't do. Romantic lovers love by crises, and never pass twice the same way. People who don't do that—and lots of 'em don't—needn't think they can be romantic. They aren't."

"But surely there is a love—"

"Of the nice, tame, housekeeping variety. Of course! And it bears the same relation to the other kind as a glass of milk does to a bottle of champagne. Mind you, I like milk; I approve of it. In the long run it'll beat champagne any day—especially where you expect babies. I'm only saying that it doesn't come of the same vintage as Veuve Cliquot. Women often wish it did; and when it doesn't, they make things uncomfortable. No use. Can't make Tristan out of a good, honest, faithful William Dobbs, nowhov. The thing with the fixx is bound to go flat; and the thing that stands by you, to be relied on all through life, won't have any fizz!"—The Side of the Angels, by Basil King. (Methuen.) 5s. net.

Flubdub: "That's a bad cold you have, Guzzler. Are you taking anything for it?"

Guzzler: "Thanks, old man, I don't care if I do."—New York Sun.

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NEWS NOTES FROM
THE OLD COUNTRY

THE EMPTY CRADLE

I am glad somebody—in this case Mr. Harold Cox—has had the courage to protest against the stupid and unintelligent campaign on behalf of an unlimited birth-rate. It is a little strange, when one comes to think of it, that the leaders of the violent propaganda against what is called the empty cradle should be bachelor bishops and celibate priests, with a few spinsters thrown in for luck, as it were. What do these people know or care about the ceaseless struggle to live which even the middle-class man with a large family has to undergo nowadays? • • •

QUALITY VS. QUANTITY

And Mr. Cox certainly scores heavily when he points out that the limitation of the birth-rate makes for quality as against mere quantity. Of all the European nations, France had the lowest birth-rate—fact, indeed, which led the late Lord Salisbury to make his famous, if fatuous, reference to the dying Latin nations. Yet what country has shown more vigour, intellectually and physically, than France during the last two years? One has only to mention the word Verdun to confound any would-be critics. But I don't suppose for a moment that Mr. Cox's exposure of the birth-rate fallacy will have the slightest effect on the mid-Victorian cranks who are always slobbering over the so-called empty cradles of England. • • •

A PEACEFUL INVASION

In the sacred precincts of the secretaries' room at the House of Commons a woman sat and wrote, and the roof did not fall in, nor did a bombing party attempt to dislodge her. In spite of wire-pulling, varied by argument, threat and appeal, no woman hitherto has ever done more than peep into the room under the strict guardianship of a Member and the policeman who guards the trenches leading to the dug-out. This particular lady was arrayed in khaki, and when seated might, from the back, have been taken for one of the inferior sex. Other members of the dug-out will tell you no such thing ever happened, but I saw the little curl from under the hat. Besides, impressed no doubt by my bald patch—or perhaps because I was at the

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Just Suppose

that you were at a musicale in a private home or in a public concert room,

Suppose that a great singer whom you had been invited to hear, or had paid an admittance fee to hear, got up before you and sang in such a way that his voice sounded like a talking machine.

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Malt.

A PEACEFUL INVASION

In the sacred precincts of the secretaries' room at the House of Commons a woman sat and wrote, and the roof did not fall in, nor did a bombing party attempt to dislodge her. In spite of wire-pulling, varied by argument, threat and appeal, no woman hitherto has ever done more than peep into the room under the strict guardianship of a Member and the policeman who guards the trenches leading to the dug-out. This particular lady was arrayed in khaki, and when seated might, from the back, have been taken for one of the inferior sex. Other members of the dug-out will tell you no such thing ever happened, but I saw the little curl from under the hat. Besides, impressed no doubt by my bald patch—or perhaps because I was at the

From a recently-published work: "Advice to Young Men." "Never leave what you undertake until you can reach your arm around it and clench your hands on the other side."

All very well, but what if she screams?

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BRIGGS, K. C.

By L. McLeod Gould

(A Christmas Story by the Original "Lounger" of "The Week," Who Is Now "Somewhere in France")
With the 102nd Battalion,
C.E.F.)

"It was a curious thing about Briggs, that ever since he took silk ten years before he had always been known as 'Briggs, K.C.' No one ever spoke of him as 'Mr. Briggs' or 'Jack Briggs,' or any other kind of Briggs. He was merely 'Briggs, K.C.' His habits were as uniform as his nomenclature; a brilliant and painstaking pleader, he was invariably to be found for the defence in any criminal cause celebre, though in his earlier days he had been noticed on more than one occasion as a merciless and relentless prosecutor. Briggs, K.C., was an elderly man with rapidly thinning grey hair, and a face lined and seared with countless wrinkles, which could not all be accounted for by the arduous nature of his profession.

A gentleman of the old school, it is not to be wondered at that his favourite club was The National, that quiet and sequestered haven for those who like to sit apart from the bustle and companionship of his fellows, there was confusion which the newer generation something in his style which fascinates in its wake, both in club and ated; an old-world courtliness seemed profession life. Hidden away in to pervade his whole personality; Whitehall Gardens. The National whether he stood aside to allow an-shares with The Westminster the distinction of being the old club in Whit-taker's list, which demands as a sine qua non of membership some religio-nous guarantee. All members of the the every-day occurrences of life National are Protestants, and as Briggs, K.C., preserved a curious National it must be inferred that he coming dignity. Consequently it had was of this persuasion, though it is come to be an unwritten law that his doubtful whether he could have dif-ference between the dogmas of his favourite chair in the smoking-Ramon and the Anglican Churches, room should be left vacant for his and it is a fact that to his dying use. And here he would sit placidly look like a er—I mean, he isn't gone abroad that Briggs had found a day he always cherished the idea that smoking a cigar, taking no part in the dressed like most gentlemen when friend and expectation was rife as to Mohammedanism was thousands of general conversation, thought at times the expression of his face would show clubs, please sir. I didn't know all were of opinion that some strange years older than Christianity.

For ten years had Briggs, K.C., that he was following it, and approved whether you would have liked me to mystery was abroad, though none been a regular member of this club, or otherwise of the sentiments ex-which suited his retiring disposition; pressed. It was one Christmas Eve makes me ask first, sir." It was a Without a word the two sat down and he was never to be seen in conver-sation of any of the outer members, Briggs, K.C., resumed the habits and that the boy should be so obviously looked happier and more at peace of members, until a brief notice in the it was realized that he was somewhat characteristics of a normal person, nervous in addressing him. It is no- than ever before. At twelve the obituary column of The Times brought eccentric and preferred to be left For ten years it had been his custom toriously as hard to upset the stranger left, and then Briggs, K.C., it back. It read:

in any chop house which might be instead of with his back to it, and reverential awe to all the club em-abouts at noon, but he invariably dined early meal had come to a close his face or himself.

at seven o'clock at his club. For seemed older and more drawn, and his figure appeared more shrunken as he ly," said Briggs; "I have been ex-set at the table, in the same chair, huddled himself into the depths of peeting him."

and had been waited on by the same his arm-chair down below. His fel-waiter. It was a small table set for low members felt genuinely sorry for

two, but Briggs always dined alone; him, but none dared come in between

a little soup, a little fish, an entree him and his unknown sorrow. It was

or a small cut from the joint, fol-lowed by a savoury and a black cof-fee was his regular meal, after which threw off his exclusiveness and came to the down-stairs in company with a friend.

And the manner of it was this:

Precisely at the stroke of seven some demigod of old. In striking con-Briggs entered the dining-room and trast to his physical attainments was

walked slowly up to his table, which his dress. Instead of the conventional

was waiting ready set and decorated evening suit he wore a rough tweed

with his usual Christmas flowers, of some heather mixture which seemed bright red and pure white chrysanthemums. James, his accustomed form; a rough flannel shirt with col-

waiter escorted him to his seat, fac-ing the door, murmuring, as was his his waistcoat, while his flowing beard

was more chance for a snowball to Nature alone, untrammeled by the arts

survive in Tartarus than for merriment and conventions of society. A mag-ment to linger on the consciousness of netic influence seemed to pervade the

Briggs, K.C., who nevertheless re-sponded in his usual courtly style. diners ceased their conversations, and

On taking his seat Briggs cast his eye exchanged puzzled and curious glances

over the menu and was on the point with each other; the club dining-room of giving his double order when the might have been the banqueting-hall sound of voices outside of the door of when Perseus returned with the attracted his attention. A gleam of Gorgon's head. And so he came to

animation came into his eyes and he Briggs, who rose and with extended half rose from his seat as the door hand said: "Welcome, Richard; you opened to admit the page, who with are somewhat late; I have been wait-

eyes bulging with astonishment came ing for you these ten years."

rapidly up to his table, "Please sir," The spell was broken, and the busy he said, "there is a man in the of-hum of conversation was resumed,

he says he wants to see you; though many a curious glance was

you for dinner."

"Why did you not bring him in deade two diners sat. When at last then?" queried the member.

"Well, sir; please sir; he doesn't found it crowded; the news had

A superstitious reverence has conveniently suited to his where-each succeeding year when his soli-employees, including even the head wait-

men, for the past ten years you have borne patiently with what must have caused the committee to have the

seen to you to be the vagaries of a misanthrope; it is due to you that of the room.

I now give some explanation of my conduct, before I leave you for ever.

The man whom you have just seen leave, was my brother, my twin broth-

er, and for forty years we were inseparable companions. Richard, how-ever, developed a mania for what we

may term, lacking a better word, spiritualism, whereas I have always o'clock until two o'clock, and again

with a shock of iron-grey hair, the remained a sceptic on this point. in the evening between the hours of

Eleven years ago he left England on five and eight o'clock. An excellent

stranger moved down the room like a prolonged journey throughout

Northern India and Thibet, being dinner consisting of six courses with

bent on probing to the utmost the turkey and goose will be provided and

secrets which are said to exist up to anyone who knows the Carlton cook-

the present day among the descend-ing will not have to be persuaded to

ants of old Oriental civilization. I patronize the Carlton on Christmas

try to dissuade him, scoffing at his Day. The remarkable thing about

aims, but in vain. Our parting was the dinner is the price—pastry fifty

old, but just as his train was leav-ing he told me that I should see him a six-course dinner with soup, fish,

twice again; once on the day of his entree, turkey, joints, sweets, etc., can

death, and once, provided his theories be provided for such a small sum of

were correct, a year before my own money, but Mrs. Rivers knows how to

New Year, well-knowing that there been accustomed to commune with

that I saw him for the first time, ten Parties of people will be especially

years ago, when he informed me that

he had met with death at Lhasa, and

that he would visit me some other

Christmas Eve in the years to come.

You understand now why I have al-

ways kept so much to myself, and

why I have always reserved a place

at my table once a year. He came

the second time tonight to warn me

to be ready to join him. I have till

this time next year. One more thing;

people have often wondered why I

have so persistently refused a brief

from the Crown in criminal prosecu-

ctions. Eleven years ago John Ham-

mond was hanged through my efforts,

and I learned from my brother that

he was innocent; since then I have

shrunken from being the instrument of

a miscarriage of justice."

Midst a silence like that of the

grave Briggs left the room, and not

for some minutes did the buzz of con-

versation break out. Opinions were

bartered freely, but the prevailing

idea was that Briggs, K.C., had been

over-worked, and need rest.

Twelve months passed quickly, and

Rising to his feet he said: "Gentle-

Briggs, J. At his rooms in Queen Anne's Mansions J. Briggs, K.C., Dec. 24th, of heart disease."

The best test are the simplest. This is true not only of chemistry, but of all things.

Take the test of love. A wise old lady said to a young and beautiful girl:

"You are sure you are willing to die for Hubert. Well and good. But ask yourself, my dear, if you are willing to take in washing for him."

HOME MADE

The River Clyde has been brought up to its present navigable condition by means of dredging, and the Glasgow people are very proud of it. One day a party of American sightseers turned up their noses at the Clyde.

"Call this a river?" they said. "Why, it's a ditch in comparison with our Mississippi, or St. Lawrence, or Delaware."

"Aweel, mon," said a Scotch by-stander, "you've got Providence to thank for your rivers, but we made this oursels."

Friend: "What is your baby going to be when he grows up?"

Financier: "A blackmailer, I'm afraid."

Friend: "Impossible! What makes you think so?"

Financier: "We have to give him something every little while to keep him quiet!"—Washington Post.

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Our customers may expect the following results from the judicious application of our Chemical Fertilizers::

- (1) A marked increase in the yield of all crops.
- (2) Larger fruit, vegetables, etc., of better quality.
- (3) Improved shipping quality of product.
- (4) Increased vigor and healthiness of trees and plants.
- (5) Earlier maturity of young trees, which enables them to come into bearing at an earlier age than otherwise.
- (6) Prolonger bearing life beyond the average of other trees.
- (7) Early maturity of wood, which helps the trees to endure winter exposure to better advantage.
- (8) Increase of feeding value in hay, grain, roots and all fodder crops.
- (9) Strengthening the wood fibre of fruit trees, thereby lessening the tendency to break under a heavy crop of fruit.
- (10) Increased growth where cover crops are used.
- (11) Fertility of soil maintained.
- (12) Humus supply of the soil increased where the use of fertilizers is aided by intelligent rotation and cultivation.

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WRITE FOR OUR CATALOGUE.

VICTORIA, B.C.

At The Street Corner

BY THE LOUNGER

I think it is about time that the upon respectable elderly citizens who Government took drastic steps to put an end to the employment of able-bodied single young men in the Civil Service. There are thousands such throughout Canada, but I have my only idea is to seek pleasure, and if eye especially on the Victoria Post Office, to which I referred a few weeks ago. I do not like to make my reference more pointed, because I Sir Robert Borden leave without urging would not on any account name a maning upon him the necessity for an unless I knew in advance that he Order in Council forbidding any man could pass a medical examination. I to leave Canada without a pass-port, am, however, convinced that there are regulating their issuance so that half a dozen on the Victoria Post only men that cannot fight or serve Office staff who could qualify for the their country in some other capacity Front, and I cannot for the life of shall be allowed to travel.

me see the consistency of Sir Robert Borden coming down here to deliver

While on the subject of recruiting recruiting speeches while the Government ignores conditions like the above. Of course Sir Robert Borden knows nothing of it personally, but as the Head of the Government he is in a position, both to establish, and to enforce a rule and until he has done it there is an element of weakness in his appeal for recruits. I am told that matters are not much better in the Parliament Buildings, at any rate I know that there are a number of young men quite able to do the King's Uniform, who are spending their time in twiddling their thumbs. I hope Mr. Brewster will give this matter his personal attention. There is not the slightest justification for keeping one man at the desk who is able either to shoulder a gun or to serve his country in any other way.

I am more impressed every day with the enormous amount of work which women are doing in connection with the War. In Canada it has mostly taken the form of self-imposed tasks in connection with the various patriotic organizations, but in England it has long passed into the realm of serious hard work for eight or ten hours a day. What surprises me is that so many women of good families, and not without means, are working in order to liberate men. Nearly every mail brings me a number of letters from the Old Country, and nearly every letter tells of a lady relative who has taken on a job. The last mail told me of three nieces, one of whom is working in the War Office, one in the Post Office, and one in the Y.M.C.A. Hut near Waterloo Station. Then a lady friend of mine tells me of two cousins, ladies between thirty and forty, of noble family, both of whom are now driving His Majesty's mails in order to liberate the men, and so on all along the line. In London ladies have begun to boycott shops where there are men behind the counter and I have just heard that the custom is to be adopted in Eastern Canada. I hope it will soon spread to the West. We have Munition Factories in Victoria and Vancouver, there is a probability that in the near future they will be enormously enlarged. If so they ought to be "manned" with women, if I may be permitted an Irishism. There are plenty of girls in Victoria and Vancouver to do this, and so provide an object lesson which might go a little way towards shaming the slackers, although that is not an easy matter.

I hear a good deal of comment about the new Registration Form for National Service, and it is not all of a favourable nature. The criticism runs that the Government is not in earnest, and is only playing with the matter. Personally I think that is going a little too far, I should be sorry to think any Government would temporize on a subject of such profound importance. But everyone must regret that when the Government decided on Registration it did not "go the whole hog" and not only make the filling in of the form compulsory, but also provide for a substantial penalty for failure to comply. Whether we know it or not, we are on the verge of conscription. We are not getting the recruits, and we shall not get them by the old methods. Neither shall we get a sufficient number of men for National Service who are not able to undergo military training. The reason is that in Eastern Canada they are making too much money out of war contracts, and in the West most of the good men have gone already. The Government will have to face this matter with determination, and if they do, they need have no fear about receiving public support. It makes my blood boil to hear almost daily of the insults which "hoodlums" who spend most of their time in pool rooms and low dives heap upon recruiting officers, and even

Lounger.

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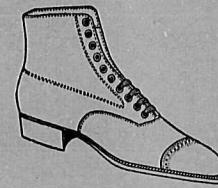
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"THE WEEK"

December 16th, 1916

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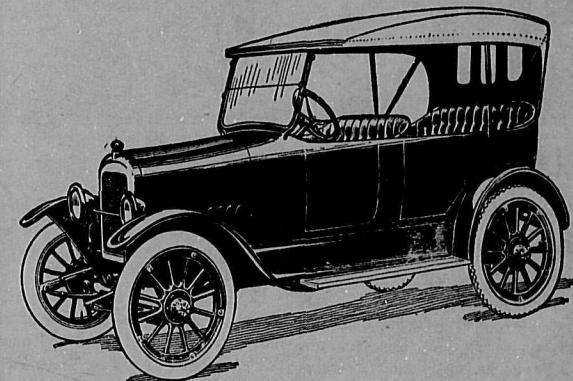
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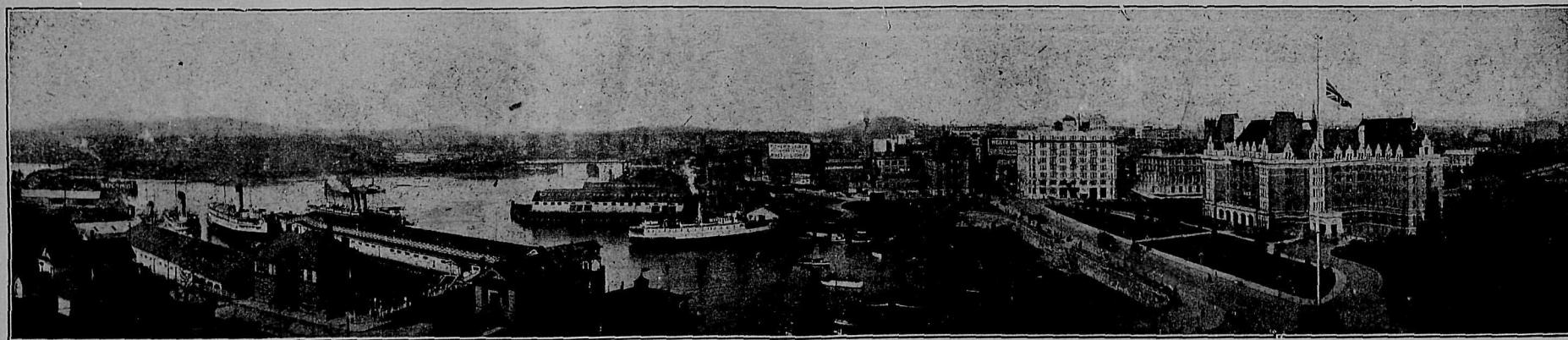
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OUR WEEKLY STOCK BROKER'S LETTER

From the Office of Wise & Co.

This week's stock market has been an excellent example of the anti-climax of a speculative boom. For report speaks truly, samples of this nearly six weeks the public have been individual may even be found among buying stocks, particularly industrial and copper shares, on a larger scale than for years. Transactions on the New York Stock Exchange have averaged nearly two million shares a day, a record only exceeded in the tremendous railroad market of 1901, when battles for control were being waged between groups of capitalists.

Attracted by the enormous profits being made by the producers of copper and steel, people have been led to buy the shares of these companies at higher and higher prices, always with the expectation that sooner or later they would be able to sell to others at still higher levels. There must be an end to everything, however, and eventually a point was reached where the supply of stocks offered by holders was sufficient to meet the demands of new buyers. The shorts, thoroughly frightened at the persistent strength of the market, had meanwhile given up fighting the market, with the result that the brokers, being no longer able to loan stocks on the floor of the exchange in any volume, were obliged to borrow more and more heavily from the banks in order to carry their customers' securities. The bankers, always conservative, began to refuse to accept as collateral for loans stocks which they considered unduly inflated at the high prices prevailing. The great expansion in loans weakened the reserve position of the banks, and resulted in a rise in rates for call to 15 per cent.

With the strained conditions in the money market, and with stocks widely distributed among small speculators, many of them without any previous market experience, it was only necessary for something of an unfavorable nature to occur to start a decline. Persistent peace rumors, culminating in the actual publication of Germany's recent peace proposals, proved to be the market's undoing. Speculators, the country over, feeling that the advent of peace meant the end of the enormous corporation earnings, and believing that the actual making of peace proposals by Germany indicated that the end of the war was near, rushed to sell their securities and found buyers very scarce.

Thus in a few days the market structure that had required weeks to build up was razed. Every speculative boom has the same end. It may differ in detail, but the results are always the same. Too much optimism frequently does as much harm as too much pessimism.

CORRESPONDENCE

Post Office Slackers
Victoria, B.C., Dec. 12, 1916.

To the Editor of "The Week."

Sir: I read with much interest and satisfaction the remarks of Lounger in your issue of Dec. 2 inst. regarding the Shirker who is lying by in the quiet Government provided nest of the Post Office, and I had hoped to see something more on the subject in the last issue. The press is, generally speaking, mute on this subject, probably afraid to speak, but you are a notable exception.

It is the employers—Government or otherwise—who are to be got at, ex postulations are useless with him who is without shame and who is not susceptible to theft nor lower instincts—which, prompting some (of a dismised race) "to save their face" will make them hesitate when their own omissions or defaults must be of public notoriety.

To one having any pride of race—he be British, English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, Canadian or whatever, you like to call it—it is grievious to see employed in the various business houses lines by Dr. Hughes by the fact that and stores in Victoria men and youths his own son was killed in action some of military age and fitness who, when time ago and now lies buried in asked about the khaki and pressed France.—Christian Guardian.

upon the subject, will tell you that the war is none of their business and does not concern them in the least, and whose undying dislike you may earn who at least will tell you that they do not want to fight.

Having referred to the subject, if the employees of "The Week."

Yours truly,
AN OLD TIMER.

MR. TERRY'S NEW PREMISES

Mr. Terry has selected an admirable site for his business at the corner of Fort and Douglas Street. Architect Percy Fox has remodelled the existing premises. The corner entrance opens on a large drug store, giving access at the rear to a modern Cafe and Soda Room, with seating accommodation for three hundred. The furnishings will be finished in birch stained peacock-blue and gold, with electric lighting effects absolutely new to Victoria. The whole premise will be modern and the best appointed drug store on the Pacific Coast north of San Francisco.

"I DID NOT RAISE MY BOY TO BE A SOLDIER"

By Dr. James L. Hughes

Edwin Markham wrote a poem for a meeting of "The International Conference of Women Workers," in which these lines occur:

"O mothers, will you longer give your sons
To feed the awful hunger of the guns?
What is the worth of all these battle drums
If from the field the loved one never comes?
What all these loud housannas to the brave
If all your share is some forgotten grave?"

God gave my son in trust to me.

The Truly Unselfish Mothers Answer

Christ died for him, and he should be a man for Christ. He is his own, And God's and man's; not mine alone. He was not mine to "give." He gave Himself that he might help to save All that a Christian should reverence, All that enlightened men hold dear.

"To feed the guns!" Oh, torpid soul! Awake and see life as a whole. When freedom, honor, justice, right, Were threatened by the despot's might, With heart afire and soul alight, He bravely went for God to fight Against base savages whose pride The laws of God and man defied; Who slew the mother and her child; Who maidens pure and sweet defiled. He did not go "to feed the guns," He went to save from ruthless Huns His home and country, and to be a guardian of democracy.

"What if he does not come?" you say; Ah, well! My sky would be more grey But through the clouds the sun would shine,

And vital memories be mine. God's test of manhood is, I know, Not "will he come?" but "did he go?" My son well knew that he might die, And yet he went, with purpose high, To fight for peace, and overthrow The plans of Christ's relentless foe. He dreaded not the battle-field; He went to make fierce vandals yield. If he comes not again to me I shall be sad; but not that he Went like a man—a hero true— His part unselfishly to do.

My heart will feel exultant pride That for humanity he died.

"Forgotten grave!" This selfish plea Awakes no deep response in me, For though his grave I may not see, My boy will never forgotten be.

My real son can never die; 'Tis but his body that may lie In foreign land, and I shall keep Remembrance fond forever, deep Within my heart of my true son,

Because of triumphs that he won, It matters not where anyone May lie and sleep when work is done.

It matters not where some men live, If my dear son his life must give, Hosannas I will sing for him.

E'en though my eyes with tears be dim, And when the war is over, when His gallant comrades come again,

I'll cheer them as they're marching by, Rejoicing that they did not die.

And when his vacant place I see,

My heart will bound with joy that he Was mine so long—my fair young son— And cheer for him whose work is done.

Remember the Christmas Pantomime, "Puss in Boots," at the Royal Victoria Theatre.

WINNING LIMERICKS

Owing to great pressure on our space last week we were unable to publish all of the winning limericks. The five competitors who were each awarded a twelve months' subscription to this paper sent in limericks as follows:

D. O. IRVING

There was a mad Kaiser from Berlin—
Who set the girls knitting and purlin'
You should see how he runs, now we're after his Huns
With both his moustache ends uncurlin'.

P. S. VAN RAALE

The Huns' way of conducting a war,
All civilized nations abhor—
Whilst the Red Cross they spurn,
And cathedrals they burn,
'Gainst themselves they just pile up the score.

J. HERBERT GRAY

A bloodthirsty ruffian called Wille
Once rode on a lilly-white filly,
He had a mad fancy
To prance into Nancy,
When shells sent him back, willy-nilly!

MRS. E. M. JOHNSON

A bloodthirsty Hun, named the Kaiser,
Swore he'd conquer the world—now he's wiser,
For sadly he learns
Wherever he turns,
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