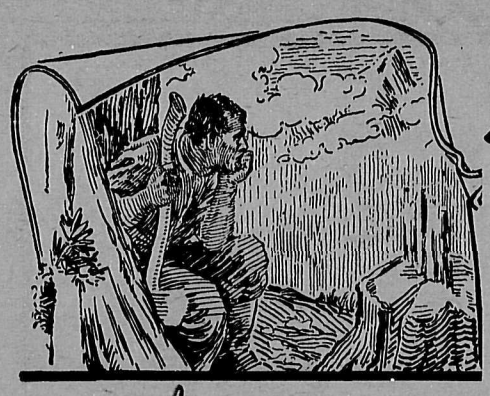
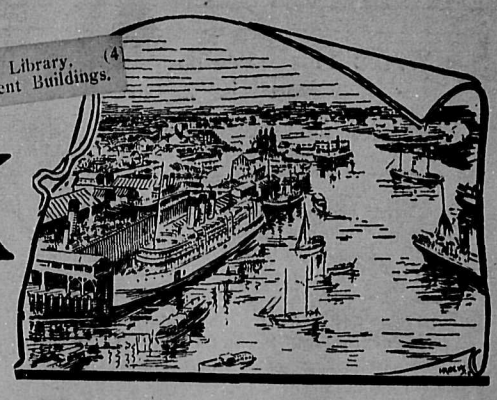


# The Week



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A British Columbia Newspaper and Review

Vol. XV, No. 21--15th Year | VICTORIA, B.C., CANADA, November 17th, 1917 | 5c. a copy $2.00 a year

### Coercion vs. Rights of Man

IT has been well said that public misfortunes and corruptions of governments are caused by ignorance, neglect and contempt of human rights. The origin of the great world war is thus clearly stated. War is a heavy price to pay for ignorance but it is the price levied by immutable LAW. Ignorance of the Law of Human Rights is of all sins the most inexcusable. Nothing is hidden or obscure. The Bible reveals it; science declares it; and history proves it. Men are created equal in their rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. They are equally entitled, under the providence of God, to live their lives and satisfy their needs from Land—the mother of the race. These rights are not from man but from God. Just as man preceded the state so also did his rights. Governments were formed, not to infringe these rights, but to secure them. Whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends it is the right of citizens to alter or abolish it. The natural, inherent, imprescriptible Rights of Man are the necessary constitution of every state. Any adjustment which denies man these rights is morally wrong. All conflicting Acts and Edicts whether passed by despots or democracies are null and void. Nothing can come between man and his accountability to his Divine Ruler. The saviours, redeemers and deliverers of the race have been those who fearlessly defied earthly powers and remained stedfast in their service to God and humanity. The world will never be able to discharge its obligation to its Daniels, its Luthers, its Hampdens and its Bunyans. Respect for bad man-made laws is the prevailing idolatry of our time. Servility in the face of oppression is the mark of human decadence. Thank God however that we still have our Karl Liebnechts. The spirit of liberty is not yet dead and persecution will only fan it into flame. Why should we—the inheritors of the ages—hesitate to boldly assert our rights? Why should we give the edicts of self-appointed despots the same respect as the Divine Law of our being? Is there no danger of Canada becoming Prussianized? Are not our rulers showing a deplorable ignorance, neglect and contempt for human rights? Will not this inevitably lead to public misfortunes and corrupt governments? In truth many good judges of the course of current events affirm that corrupt governments are already with us. According to these Canada is already cursed with one of the most corrupt governments in modern times. We are but experiencing the inevitable result of ignorance. The foundation of political ethics according to Herbert Spencer is the dictum that man is free to do all that he wills subject to the like freedom of every other man. History is the sorry record of man's blundering attempts to rule his fellows in defiance of the laws of his being. Wars have succeeded wars; disasters have succeeded disasters; and corruption has induced corruption. Fooling the Deity is expensive sport. Coercion of peaceable citizens is the devil's substitute for elementary justice. Quebec may be coerced but coercion can never quench the spirit of freedom. Brute force may for a time succeed in quelling the outward signs of inward discontent. But sooner or later disaffection will burst into flame. We shall yet learn to our cost that every infringement of human rights brings a public misfortune if not a public disaster. As sure as God is, so sure are we laying up for ourselves bitterness in the days to come. The story of Ireland and Poland and Alsace-Lorraine is writ large for our learning. The seeds of disunion are being assiduously sown in this fair Canada of ours. By and bye we shall reap the harvest of bloody revolution. Not this year maybe. Perchance not next. But whatsoever we sow that shall we also reap. If we sow the wind we shall reap the whirlwind. Racial animosity—until recently all but forgotten—is being fanned into flame. Beloved Canada is being rent in twain. Ignorant men are in the saddle and they are driving to perdition. Henceforth children will imbibe hatred for Canada with their mothers' milk. French-Canadian mothers will pray that their off-spring may deliver the race. Here—in the awful presence of a world calamity—Canada is preparing for another public disaster. In the name of God we enter an emphatic protest. Each individual has the inherent, imprescriptible right to freely dispose of himself. Coercion of free men is imbecility. It is subversive of the very stability of the state. Sooner or later we shall learn the lesson of the present and all public misfortunes. And this lesson undoubtedly is that all legislation must be based on those Laws of our being inscribed by the finger of God.

### "Conchys"

"I WOULD suggest that the places to which they should be sent should be in that portion of the country which is frequently visited by the enemy aeroplanes." These are not, as some might suppose, the officially-inspired words of some German apostle of "kultur." They are the words of a highly distinguished English ecclesiastic, to-wit, the Right Reverend Lord William Gascoyne-Cecil, Lord Bishop of Exeter. According to the *Overseas Daily Mail*, that typical example of what Harold Begbie so aptly describes as the "vulgarian press," this well-known prelate recently visited Dartmoor prison, where over one thousand conscientious objectors are meanwhile detained. What was the purpose of the Bishop's visit we are not informed but we are told that he returned "full of indignation at the latitude which is allowed the shirkers," and immediately wrote a letter to *The Times* which, for sheer vilification and utterly un-Christian sentiment, would do credit to the most rabid junker journalist. Listen to what his lordship has to say: "Eleven hundred men who have a grievance, fancied or real, against society are assembled from all parts of England and there (in Dartmoor prison) have ample time and opportunity to organize resistance, armed or passive, against the existing order of affairs. Many of the "Conchys," to use the local appellation, are men of ability and education; many are Anarchists and Socialists; some have deep, if morbid, religious views; many have that mixture of madness and sanity which has always furnished the most dangerous, because the most daring, instrument of revolution. Ample opportunity is given to these people for correspondence, of which they make the fullest use. Sacks of letters come and go, no doubt conveying instructions for those plans of bloodshed which may bring, according to their view, liberty, and, to our view, ruin to England. Surely it is very unwise to bring discontented spirits of all sorts together in such large masses? To begin with, it facilitates the organization of revolution!" The political "Conchys," the bishop urges, should be sorted out from the religious "Conchys" and "treated as indeed they are, as enemies of the Commonwealth." His lordship then goes on to accuse them of "refusing to save the harvest which lies rotting in the fields." This allegation has, however, received an emphatic denial from officials at the Home Office. He concludes his letter with the malicious suggestion as given at the commencement of this article, and concerning which the *Dail Mail* states as follows: "The bishop's plea, that they should be placed where the bombs drop, has already been anticipated." While recognizing that it is singularly difficult for the majority of men and women to preserve their mental equilibrium in the face of such an overwhelming crisis as the present, we cannot but deplore the fact that one of the recognized leaders in the Christian world should exhibit such a lamentable spirit of intolerance, and should permit himself to be deluded into harboring such palpably grotesque hallucinations. It is, indeed, a sad spectacle, this unholy alliance of a bishop of the Christian Church with the most degraded of the daily newspapers in their vindictive and ferocious campaign against the conscientious objectors. But a closer examination of the bishop's letter reveals the underlying factor which prompted his lordship to write as he did. The "Conchys" objection to participation in active warfare seemingly does not enter into his calculation. His "hymn of hate" is in reality inspired by an overpowering dread of impending calamity—a fear lest the objectors, who are mainly progressive thinkers, may succeed in "organizing resistance against the existing order of things" which, in his view, would bring "ruin to England." His fantastic vision of a bloody revolution bears witness to this. It is this deeply rooted spirit of reaction, this anxious solicitude on behalf of vested interest, which, if not counteracted, threatens to render nugatory all the terrible sacrifice entailed by this sanguinary war. It is this self-same spirit which, if allowed to predominate, threatens to destroy the Christian Church. That the "existing order of things" is responsible for most of the distressing features of modern life, including wars, few will deny. The salvation of England, or of any other country, can never be procured under the prevailing order. If, as the bishop alleges, those men who are assembled in Dartmoor and elsewhere are occupied in evolving plans for reform, then, for the sake of common humanity, let them be encouraged rather than suppressed. We refuse to believe that the Bishop of Exeter's sentiments reflect the general attitude of religious leaders in England. There have been numerous instances where bishops and other clergy of all denominations have expressed themselves strongly in condemnation of the persecution of the conscientious objector, and have not been slow to recognize the necessity for a change in the existing order of things. With the advent of the Military Tribunals throughout Canada, the question of the conscientious objector will doubtless figure largely in the public mind. It is sincerely to be hoped that both press and people will be guided by a spirit of toleration, and that the good name of the community may not suffer on account of the tactics of irresponsible clerics or laics who would encourage the persecution of a class of men whose only fault appears to be that they have the courage to express and abide by their convictions.

## *We Should Like to Know*

**WHETHER the money-kings are reaching out for power in the West?**

**WHETHER the Military Service Tribunals and the "Victory Loan" are closely related — to the Conservative party?**

**WHETHER the Colonial Trust Company has undertaken to keep the accounts of the Victoria Unit of the Victory Loan?**

**WHETHER Mr. Lennie, Registrar of Military Tribunals for B. C., is a large holder of shares in the above company?**

**WHETHER A. C. Burdick, Assistant Registrar of Military Tribunals, is likewise a holder of shares?**

**WHETHER R. E. Brett, a member of one of the Tribunals, is unknown to the Trust Company?**

**WHETHER the Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Victory Loan is the Manager of the Trust Company?**

**WHETHER some of the shareholders of the Company are ardent "Unionists"?**

**WHETHER the Chairman of the Victory Loan Committee is a brother-in-law of Senator Barnard?**

**WHETHER it is a family compact?**

**WHETHER a well known brokerage firm is not quite interested in the "Victory Loan"?**

**WHETHER it is handicapped by the absence of so many members of its staff?**

**WHETHER its staff are absent on public or private business?**

### Victory Bonds

VICTORY BONDS as a security are gilt-edged. As an investment they can be commended to the favorable consideration of everyone. But as a scheme of war-finance we can't think of anything in their favor. No man can believe in victory-bonds as a win-the-war scheme, and in conscription of wealth at the same time. The one is the antithesis of the other. If you want to see wealth conscripted you are automatically opposed to war loans and public debts. Sir Joseph Flavelle heartily believes in victory-bonds. For every bond sold he heaves a sigh of relief. Every time a signature is placed to a victory-bond Sir Joseph's heart is gladdened and his smile is broadened. It means the perpetuation of special privilege and the strangulation of democracy. Hence Sir Joseph's smile that won't come off. Nevertheless we repeat that we have no criticism to offer from the investor's standpoint. Principal and interest will be duly and faithfully repaid. Therefore—if you are an investor—go the limit. *But don't forget that the war would be much more vigorously prosecuted if wealth were not borrowed but taken.*

### The Exemption Tribunals

THE press solemnly informs us that the local exemption tribunals are working smoothly. We are also informed that Hindoos—who are denied the rights of citizenship—have been ordered to report for service; that Indians—irresponsible wards of the nation—are refused exemption; and that a German has been ordered to report for service against his kith and kin. If these things be so, and the daily press is our only authority for the statement, then surely has the spirit of British fair play been eliminated from the exemption tribunals. If such decisions as these are allowed to pass unchallenged, then the responsibility will lie upon the British race. Henceforth we shall have to hang our heads for very shame. The press report refers to the German's claim for exemption as "impudence." Where is the impudence forsooth? Why should any man living be called upon to serve against his blood relations? Is it British? Is it prudent? Is it just? If it is said that Prussia has adopted similar tactics our reply is that Prussia is already known to be the most infamous power on earth. Why should we hasten to share her infamy and her doom? The standard of British justice is higher, and nobler. And British justice is outraged by such Hunnish decisions as those of the exemption tribunals above mentioned.

### The Ministerial Association and the War

THE Ministerial Association of this city has presented a magnificent statement of war issues. It should be read and re-read by all who are wrestling with the momentous problems of our times. Its merit lies, not in its condemnation of Germany—although Germany IS most unsparingly condemned—but in its frank confession that all the nations must be prepared to accept some portion of the responsibility for the great world war. The manifesto points out that there is war in the body politic and that the forces which produce economic and social strife are precisely those which have devastated Belgium and Serbia and are draining the treasury and the blood of England and France. All the nations are guilty. All the nations must repent. The so-called peace, before the outbreak of war, was but a covering over the fiercest internecine strife. The "will to power" and the "claim to world power," cynical selfishness, brutal disregard of human rights, oppression of the masses by a dominant class are all strongly assailed. The wrongs which we condemn in German war-lords have their analogues in our own social systems. The war is a judgment on these social wrongs. Canada is included in the just judgment and condemnation of a righteous and wrathful God. As a people we have sinned. As a people we are paying the price. The war reverberates in our ears the call to national repentance. Selfishness, love of money, greed of pleasure, commercial dishonesty, political corruption must all be laid aside. In their places we must instal honor, duty, mutual consideration, and the highest altruism. Hypocrisy—one of the worst of our national sins—Christless orthodoxy, religious profession combined with savage ethics, are also rife and constitute a standing menace to society. We are the people, says the manifesto. We live under the condemned system and we profit by it. It is for us to repent in dust and ashes before the Judge of all the earth. Only by advocating the cause of the fatherless, championing the poor and the needy, and seeking Divine mercy can we hope to receive once again the blessings of abiding peace. This manifesto is worthy of the close attention of all thoughtful people. It is one of the first indications that THE WEEK has not labored in vain. A different spirit is abroad. We can only hope that soon, very soon, the causes of war will be known and eliminated by all the great powers now engaged in the maddest of mad strife.

### Dr. Tolmie

DR. TOLMIE is to be congratulated on receiving the nomination of the Unionist Party of this city. The Doctor is richly deserving of the honor which has thus been conferred upon him. His standing in the community is second to none. His ability and integrity are alike unquestioned and unquestionable. If a man of similar standing is now nominated by the Laurier Liberals the citizens of Victoria will have a battle royal between two worthy foemen.

# WAR: ITS CAUSES, RESULTS AND PREVENTION

BY THE VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE CHURCH SOCIAL LEAGUE O. VICTORIA, B.C.

### III.—PREVENTION

The great war has challenged our traditional outlook on every hand. The terrible tragedy of it all impels us to reconsider our whole manner of life. To what extent have we, by our indifference and acquiescence in false standards of human relationships, helped to bring about the present catastrophe, and are even now promoting future strife?

The more enlightened men and women of our time are persuaded that, in the evolution of the human race, that stage has been reached when wars are no longer tolerable. Another war, such as the present, would inevitably result in the annihilation of white civilization.

If the colossal problem of how wars are to be prevented is to be successfully tackled, it is obvious that the widest possible co-operation will be necessary.

When the nations have at last found themselves in a frame of mind conducive to the discussion of peace terms, the greatest care will have to be exercised, not only by those entrusted with the conduct of negotiations, but also by the peoples themselves, to preserve a spirit of calm moderation. And, above all, when peace shall finally have been consummated, it will be imperative that nothing be said or done that will tend to revive the deplorable hatreds now so prevalent.

We have seen, in our analysis of the causes of wars, that these have their origin in the selfish and un-Christian will to dominate. When the cause of an epidemic is removed, the epidemic ceases. In like manner, if we are to successfully wage war upon war, we must remove its root cause. And we must deal with the problem in an earnest and intelligent manner. We shall have to beware of palliatives and soporifics. Unless we make a really honest endeavor to destroy that which produces wars, the devil we are attempting to cast out may be reinforced by other seven. The choice which lies before us has no room for half measures. We must either align ourselves on the side of right and truth, or be once more entangled in the web of selfishness and greed. It is a definite choice between right-thinking and wrong-thinking which confronts us. On the result of our choice depends the fate of war.

The "Will to Dominate" must be overcome, and must give place to the "Will to Live Aright" and to help others to do the same.

Channing, the great Unitarian preacher, gave expression to this ideal in the following words:

"That the world was made for all and not for a few; that society is to care for all; that no human being shall perish but through his own fault; that the great end of government is to spread a shield over the rights of all; these propositons are growing into axioms and the spirit of them is coming forth in all departments of life."

In our present social (it would appear more correct to say "unsocial") system we see the terrible effects of the spirit of selfishness at every turn. We see how its world-wide ramifications produce a continuous international state of turmoil.

To secure peace for future generations, the nations must first set their own houses in order, having in view the irrefutable axiom that the real wealth of a nation lies in its men and women.

Each nation will have its own peculiar problems to deal with, but in every case the desired results will be the same. The part which our own nation will be called upon to play being that which most intimately concerns us, we shall now proceed to consider very briefly a few of the most urgently needed reforms.

The programme of Social Reconstruction will have to be comprehensive. The task will present enormous difficulties and is almost certain to meet with bitter opposition from the re-actionary element. If "parties" are to continue, as there is every reason to believe they will, they will probably be divided into "Progressives" and "Re-actionaries."

Both have always existed, but in the future the distinction gives promise of being more decidedly pronounced.

The "Reactionary" represents that type which is tied to tradition and is fearful of innovation. The "Progressive" is not satisfied with things as they are, but would have them as they ought to be: He is not afraid of novelty, knowing that the things traditionalists revere were probably at some time considered "new and nasty."

What makes us careful to emphasize this point is the knowledge that the reactionaries have already launched their post-war programme, as witness a recent cabinet appointment in the Motherland, namely, a "Minister of Reconstruction." According to report, this gentleman's duties are, broadly speaking, "to restore the economic, industrial and commercial life of the nation to their normal pre-war condition." What gives cause for surprise is that any body of accredited thinkers could possibly conceive of a return to pre-war conditions after what the nation has passed through! Let us now ask ourselves: "Who are to be the leaders in this great work of Reconstruction?"

Will they be those commonly termed "practical men" or will they be "idealists." Let us note their points of distinction.

The "practical" man is the creation of commerce. He is a useful citizen in many ways but he lacks vision. His restricted mental outlook has time and again resulted in the commission of colossal blunders. He has a peculiar habit of laying down laws for all, irrespective of circumstances.

Until now the idealist has been dismissed as an idle dreamer—an unpractical crank. Newspaper editors of the mediocre type are extremely fond of casting jibes at he idealist. Probably in the words of a well-known advertisement, "There's a reason."

Idealists—men and women—will come into their own when the work of reconstruction is commenced in earnest. They are the only people possessed of imagination wide enough and sympathies broad enough for such a tremendous task. Speaking of idealists reminds us that the Supreme Idealist is the Carpenter of Nazareth. The activities of woman being no longer suppressed, she will be able to throw her whole weight into the work.

Let us now ennumerate some of the more outstanding reforms which suggest themselves as arising out of the question of social re-construction:

(1) A more liberal and enlightened educational system. We must offer to each child—and, for that matter, each adult—the best attainable facilities for all-round development, both for his or her own advancement and for the good of mankind.

(2) The endowment of Motherhood. This is a much needed reform and one which deserves our serious consideration.

(3) The nationalization of the land.

(4) State or municipal ownership of all public utilities, and the more vital industries, e.g., milling and mining.

(5) Nationalization of banking.

(6) The curtailment of the activities of stock exchanges.

These would reduce tremendously the opportunities for that wilful spirit of domination of whose evils we have witnessed so much.

From these reforms would spring many others. Transportation facilities would be improved, dwellings would be more substantial and sanitary, factories would be run on more hygienic lines.

The present system tends to destroy the home. The reforms we have indicated would assuredly restore it.

The system of parliamentary representation will have to be subjected to radical reform. At present it is a miserable failure, and is democratic only in name.

Our system of electing representatives is crude and unfair, as is obvious when the result of any election is analysed. It would seem that the system known as proportional representation has much to recommend it. Certainly it would be infinitely better than that which prevails.

We now turn to the question of International Relationships. A wide consensus of opinion among progressive thinkers favors the formation of a League of Nations, combining for mutual aid and settling their differences by reference to some impartial body representing them all.

One thing the nations must abolish and that is the pernicious system of secret diplomacy. If the complete "democratisation" of the nations is to be accomplished, bureaucracy must die. We have had enough of it. All national and international issues must be decided by the people. There must be no more "in camera" decisions. It is manifest that without a readjustment of this nature, the proposed League of Nations could have little real efficacy. The foreign policies of nations have been dominated far too much by men who represent class traditions and interest and who are influenced by cliques and dominated by false theories. Smaller nationalities such as Ireland, must be free to shape their own destinies.

We now come to ask ourselves the question: What part will organized Christianity play in the great work? Do the churches realize their opportunity? Will they seize it, or will official Christianity once more be found too closely fettered by property and respectability to follow the teaching of its Founder? It has heard the call, will it respond? Let us remember that the world has shown in unmistakable terms that it is tired of timidity and expediency on the part of the churches. If they are to survive as organizations, they must fearlessly face the issues. Should crises arise they must not remain inarticulate. They must be ready to condemn wrong and uphold right under any and all circumstances.

If every individual professing Christianity would try hard to live up to its tenets we would soon appreciate the full meaning of the words of the Shepherd King: "Behold how good and joyful a thing it is, brethren, to dwell together in unity."

As Webster says: "Happy would it be for mankind if the prevalence of Christian principles might ultimately extinguish the spirit of war, and if the ambition to be great might yield to the ambition of being good."

If we wish to put an end to wars, let us cultivate the spirit of love and banish hate and all its terrible associations from our lives, for hate lurks in the heart of iniquity while love springs from the Soul of the Absolute.


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## BOOK AND BOOK-MAKERS

Two war books attracting much attention at the present time are Rene Benejamin's "Gaspard" and Hugh Walpole's "Dark Forest."

Of the former The Literary Digest says: "Two books only have appeared in France during the past year (1916) having enough life in them not only to live, as the literary phrase goes, but to be on a par with the extraordinary life we seen on all sides. These two, according to Abbi Ernest Dimnet, are the novel 'Gaspard' by Rene Benjamin, and the other a very small collection of war poems by Paul Claudel. 'Gaspard' is the story of a snail cender in the Rue de la Gaite, who goes to war, is wounded, and comes home again. 'Not only the slang, but the bouquet of it, baffles both description and translation' says the Abbe. 'It is such a vivid piece of literature that undoubtedly it will be used as a document by future historians.' The poilu, he adds, 'lives in those rich pages, unblurred by any interference of literary or poetic embellishment."

A reviewer in the New York Sun selects Hugh Walpole's novel, "The Dark Forest" as the greatest "in almost every way" that has come forth from England.

"For beauty and honor in their eternal blending, for truth and fancy, love and hate,, peace and its shattering, war and its resting . . . for all that battle means of fear and cheer, of self-abnegation and self-mastery, of life in the making and taking—look into the leaves of this "Dark Forest." The same reviewer adds:

"A few years ago they said of Hugh Walpole that he might some day approach Galsworthy in the delicacy of his story-telling. Lese majeste though it be, we must still keep the two of them apart; but now it is Walpole who will be the standard. For along with all the smoothness, the grace, and purity which Galsworthy's style possesses, Mr. Walpole has acquired a power, a force, a depth of feeling, which has been every year more noticeably lacking in his master."

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A clear conscience fears no accusation.

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Say you saw it in The Week.


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

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

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

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

The lease will include the coal mining rights only.

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

W. W. CORY,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

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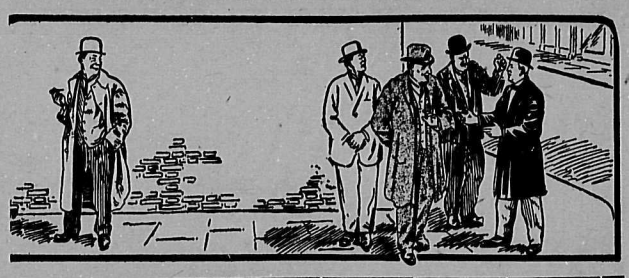
April 2nd.



# At The Street Corner

BY THE LOUNGER

I suppose autumn is autumn the world over, although I know a man in Victoria who thinks differently. Give him this city, he says, the Venice of the Pacific, in October or November, and the rest of the world can go hang. Here indeed autumn is a prolonged season, with the exquisite loveliness of which one might very well become satiated. In the British Isles one cannot look with the same degree of certainty as to the character and duration of the season, for drenching rains and rude tempestious winds may come early and suddenly despoil the rich fine tapestries of nature and leave nothing but melancholy bareness. How often of an evening have we looked out upon some fair autumnal scene, all sweetly spread under a golden moon, and wakened next morning to find it utterly devastated. In the space of a single night we had stepped from the threshold of autumn into the bleak sombre arcades of winter. Dame Nature, as we know, does things differently in Victoria.

* * *

This has indeed been a fine day. Thirty-seven people, including a hawk-eyed victory bond broker, a brown-eyed bus driver, a blue-eyed sign-writer, a fish-eyed civil servant, a grey-eyed cabinet minister, a yellow-eyed peanut man, and a one-eyed sandwich-man, all deemed it their duty to stop and tell me that it was a fine day. I did not attempt to contradict any of them, not even the sign-writer, who only thrives and battens the more you contradict him. Probably the bus-driver was the only one who may not have been altogether glad that it was such a fine day, but he did not say so. Perhaps I do him an injustice. Even if bad weather be good for business, there are generous natures which can rise above the petty consideration of an extra five cents and share in the general admission that it is a very fine day.

Before breakfast—think of it—I hauled in from the garden an armful of the bluest of blue cornflowers and shoved them into a vase on the table, flanked by the marmalade and toast on the one hand and the muffins and eggs on the other. Why cornflowers? Why not roses, or sweet peas, or California poppies, or antirrhinums, of all of which there were still quantities in the garden? Am I a pro-German? Is it possible that I have forgotten my nationality? Why did I allow such a detestable flower to grow in my garden at all, usurping the place of more noble and beautiful plants, such as the English rose, the Scotch thistle, the Irish shamrock, the Welsh leek, the French fluer-de-lis? Why indeed? Ah, me! that the sins and crimes of a nation gone mad under the curse of a burnished-up mediaeval system of militarism and blood and iron and absolute kaiserism should be visited upon the head of an innocent blue flower! Dear flower, whose blue matches the ineffable color of the Mediterranean under a summer sky, that never fails to waft me instantly to a sunny border hard-by an English lawn, where as a boy I used to lie with my book during the long vacations, surrounded by masses upon masses of the most satisfying blue, that seems to have the power of suggesting only fine and pure and elevating things! Dear blue innocent flower, forgive us all, forgive us for out hate! I am told by people who ought to know that blue in a person is a sign of refined spirituality. Need I add that it is my favorite color, and that if there is any doubt in anybody's mind as to what color of tie they want to give me at Christmas, let it be cornflower blue.

* * *

Talking of flowers and gardens, I have come to the conclusion that anything will grow in or around Victoria if it gets a chance. I know for a fact that "honesty" grows in the garden of an entirely conscienceless and despicable man who owes me fifty dollars. But for him I should have been enabled to take more victory bonds than I did. As a matter of fact I did not take any. I was hoping that my debtor friend might have some bonds to sell; in which case I should have taken $50 worth from him, but I find he has been buying bonds instead, so my fifty "bones" are as far away as ever.

Saanichites are thinking—fortunately they do more than think in Saanich—of an elaborate scheme of irrigation, which, if carried into effect, will cause that already smiling district to bloom and blossom as the rose. Gardening or farming in what for all practical purposes is a semi-arid region is no joke. He who would have presentable flowers or fruit must be ever on the alert.

I know something of irrigation, having practised it with wonderful results on the steep bench-lands of the sunny Okanagan. It is a less easy art than you might suppose, to look at the elegant and indolent-looking gentlemen you may sometimes see sitting on the flumes watching the water run. A near neighbor of mine, who happened to be the Hon. Mr. So-and-so, son of the Earl of Thingumie, told me that irrigation was an invention of the devil to make a fellow old and grey before his time. Both old and grey he certainly looked, although he was quite young. I innocently put it down to the above-mentioned cause, and was full of pity for him, often going down of an evening to smoke a pipe with him when he was too tired to do anything but lounge on the verandah. I forget how many times I washed up for him when he was dead beat, how many cords of wood I stacked up for him, how many times I lent a hand on irrigation days. I don't need to remember them. I don't regret having done it. I admit I was taken in. But I have often been taken in before and since, and I have long ago forgiven him.

I came to see that irrigation had nothing whatever to do with his prematurely grey hair and aged face. Other ranchers had the same troubles and were neither grey nor old. I had the same troubles myself and I was neither grey nor old. On the contrary I was never happier in my life. I suppose he thought, and very naturally, that I was too good a fellow ever to find him out, but I did. Even the man who prides himself on being blessedly free from the prying characteristics of womenfolk, cannot hide things for ever from his mule friends. So it all came out. That he might have had a past and that he was probably a mere remittance man did not count with me at all. We all have pasts, if we live long enough, and nobody would object to them if they meant a remittance.

I have known despised remittance men who were far better men than their canting fathers. I have known remittance men who practised the religion of Jesus Christ not only on Sunday but on every day in the week. I have known remittance men who have given their last dollar to help a dying hypocrite who had scorned them. I have known remittance men who have been very knights of chivalry, who have done brave and good and unselfish deeds, who have gone out of their way to do good, and who have put their critics and detractors to shame. The trouble with my friend, as with many more of us, was that he was his own worst enemy. He would not have hurt a fly, but he had no self-control. There had been some flaw in his make up, some moral twist, for which he was not responsible. Furthermore his education and upbringing unfitted him for the business of life, fostering rather than correcting his natural bent and inclination. When his remittance would come ——. But hang it all, why should I give him away, he who taught me not a little of the courtesies of life and reproached me for many things? Does he not now lie in a nameless, honorable grave in a Flanders' field? Was he not at the last a hero, and did he not die for me? Who shall say that his life was vain?

*Lounger.*

## SUB ROSA

The longer the war drags on the more necessary it becomes to scrimp and save and husband our material resources, for all war is waste from an economic point of view. Men and materials are thrown in great profusion into the kaiseristic business of making hell on earth, and it is evident as never before that the so-called victorious nations will be the gamblers that have something to throw when all the other participants are skinned. Consume less and produce more in order that we may as an empire have an abundance to waste. Something like that is the sublime ideal that all governments are exhorting their patriotic subjects to attain unto. Away with school books, candy, millinery and morals, the essential thing is to produce food to feed our fighters and powder to blast our enemies.

Kill or be killed is life's way,
God is the friend of the nations
that slay! slay! slay!

And the group of nations that can continue to slay and pay for the greatest number of days shall be acclaimed the victors for they had the most arrows to sling and the more men to sling them. There is no doubt about who will last longest and when the Prussians have been taught the same lesson as had to be taught to Napoleon a hundred years ago the war will end. The people in Great Britain are increasing their self-denial daily, hoping thus to win or end the war quickly, and the very best thing you and I can do to help them is to practice thrift so that the profiteers of Canada can have all the surplus food of this continent to ship as a Christmas Gift to our war-weary relatives.

* * *

You do not understand what I am driving at? Well, just read it over again. It's mixed a little—like the Borden Union for popular consumption.

* * *

Talking about relatives, I had several letters this week and they were all beautifully censored, cut and scored so that I should not be able to read the inmost thoughts of friends who have sent their sons and brothers to be buried in France. Military necessity is a wonderful thing, it has as much sympathy for its victims as the sea has for an exhausted swimmer. But what shall I say of the military intelligence which cannot see that those mutilated pages tell me more than the loved writing would have done. Truly, when the war is o'er, the fight for freedom will begin in the great imperial democratic empire of King George as well as in the land locked territory of the Hohenzollern Herod.

* * *

By the way, it would help us to believe in that silent change from autocracy to democracy which is said to have taken place in Germany lately if we could hear a report that the Hohenzollern man power had been reduced. The Kaiser entered the war with six sons and he has still got six sons.

* * *

Here is a piece of news that so far as I know did not appear in the daily press of either Britain or Canada. Gunner David Thomson got forty-eight hours leave to come home and see his mother who was dying. He arrived in London while the air raids were on and he was compelled to remain in the ill-fated train in the tunnel. He was unhurt and carried out twenty-five dead and laid them on Victoria platform. He got beneath the wrecked engine and tried to rescue the driver, but the poor fellow was mutilated and dead. He then ran with a man on his back to the nearest dressing station 300 yards away and so saved a life.

* * *

It is reported to me that women whose relatives are fighting in the Imperial forces are not being put on the voters' list by the enumerators. If this is so, somebody who is interested in the election should organize all disfranchised voters for a big parade on election day. Fancy a woman who has a son in the British army not being allowed to vote because he is not in the Canadian section!

I am not much interested in politics myself, for I have leanings towards the Plymouth Brethren, but I would like to tell you that the old Borden administration had fifteen ministers; now the new Borden Union has twenty-two; fourteen of whom are Tories and eight are Grits. All very fine and large but not very fair to

U AND I.

### "ONCE MORE I'M CRUCIFIED"

The Inner Self said "give."
Said I "Dost thou not know
That I must take, and so
Get all I can, to live?"

The Inner Self said "sing."
Said I "Alas, my friend
Dull care all song doth end
For bird with drooping wing."

The Inner Self said "Dance,
For life is full of joy."
"But venom doth alloy,
It kills joy at a glance."

The Inner Self said "Love."
Replied I, "Friend, I know—
Have known it in great woe,
Love oft doth folly prove."

"Ah," Then the true self cried
As it to earth was crushed,
And all its whisp'rings hushed,
"Once more I'm crucified."

—F. WOODWARD.

### LABOR CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE

The Labor Party Campaign Committee meets on Saturday evening this week in the K. of P. Hall, and all members having subscription books are requested to bring in a statement of collections to date.

Arrangements are to be made for a series of public meetings to be held in the city and outlying districts and any citizens who are opposed to military conscription are invited to be on hand and assist.

The old Mona Cafe on Broad St., has been secured as a central committee room and will be ready for use early next week.

### "BEER IS KING"

"Europe may reel, but beer is king. It beats us all. It has beaten the King, Lord Kitchener, and Mr. Lloyd George. It has beaten the Board of Trade, the War Office, and the Admiralty; it has beaten the Church—so far as the Church has dared to interfer with it. It has beaten science: science, which is saving a soldier's life for every one we lose, is helpless before beer.

"The brewers are having the time of their lives; but beer lays its toll on our ships at home, it lays its toll on our land, it hampers the Army and Navy, it robs us of our food, it destroys our wealth, it weakens every arm that lifts itself to strike the enemy; even Belgium, perishing for bread, can get beer, or barley for beer, from England in our British ships.

"And so we must not wonder that if we win we win but slowly; for we have to win, you see, with the enemy on our backs, and it is hard."—Arthur Mee.

### GHOST AND BOGEY MEN

The daily press is alarmed. It is more than alarmed. It is mentally unbalanced and is really not accountable for what it says. Like a nervous child who has been reading ghost stories, and is left alone in the dark, it sees goblins and devils in every corner. The air is full of them. Every flutter of a piece of paper has a ghosty sound; every sigh of the wind is sepulchral; every creak of a door tells of direful things about to happen.

Nothing is real. Nothing is true. Everything is weird, ghostly and devilish.

We have all been there. We all know what it is like, those hobgoblin days of childhood; and some of us take a long time to outgrow them.

To many a grown-up person the thought of walking through a graveyard at midnight with the moon hidden behind ominous clouds, would send a cold shudder down their backs. It is the old fear, the dread of the unreal having more power than the real. The horror that something we CANNOT explain would have more control over us than what we CAN explain.

To others the spirit of apprehension takes a different form. Anything that does not fit in with their views, and above all, anything that suggests that their ideas are wrong, is of the devil and must be exorcised. Many of our religious leaders are still in this condition and like the press make no effort to free themselves.

To them the world is full of imps and demons, all of German origin. Let a man but mention the awful word "peace" and they at once hear the "rustle of devils' wings." Let him suggest that it is just possible that all the fault may not be on one side and it is the "cry of a maniac." Let him go so far as to say that our governments are getting no nearer a just settlement but are actually drifting farther away and they treat is as "a howl from hades."

To them it all emanates from Berlin and the idea that there may be any truth whatever in what is stated is regarded as a mere chimera.

These people are still in the dark hobgoblin reign of childhood and refuse to come out into the light of reason.

We feel sorry for them, real sorry, for we have been there ourselves and know what it is like.

Some day—soon, let us hope—they will wake up and find it has all been a bad dream brought on by an excessive diet of militarism.

That the Pacifist is an idealist and a dreamer may be quite true, but we refuse to take the stand of some of our contemporaries and brand him either as a "fool," a "coward" or a pro-German.

To credit all he says and all his arguments to the powers at Berlin is paying a compliment to German diplomacy that we are not willing to concede.

---

So long as a man continues to plan for the future he never is old; but he begins to die the moment he starts to recount his past conquests.

---

Opportunity is just ahead of you. If you do not see it, the man behind you will.

---

Say you saw it in The Week.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WELLS

*The Anti-Conscription Candidate*

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## SOTTO VOCE

BY THE HORNET

☛ That the Borden manifesto was a credit to the man who wrote it.

☛ That that is not saying very much

☛ That that is not saying very much either.

☛ That Borden has had the biggest opportunity ever offered to come out as a BIG man.

☛ That he has misesd it.

☛ That he will never have the chance again.

☛ That the call for men—REAL MEN is a very urgent one.

☛ That there is more need for them at Ottawa than in Flanders.

☛ That the Hornet hopes this class will respond to the call of the "Old Chieftain."

☛ That the War Veterans passed a very strong resolution the other night.

☛ That the Hornet endorses it most heartily.

☛ That it is hard to see how any Union candidate will be able to face it.

☛ That the Veterans will find their objects attainable only in Socialism.

☛ That what they are after can be attained in no other way.

☛ That when the returned soldiers and workers line up together they can take the bull by the horns and get anything they have a mind to.

☛ That it is a mistake to imagine that their interests are different.

☛ That only those who have an axe to grind attempt to tell them so.

☛ That the fusion of these two parties would bring about a world reformation without a world revolution.

☛ That this will happen just as soon as a leader arises big enough to draw them together and show them their need of one another.

☛ That the Hindoos and Indians are making protests against compulsory military service.

☛ That they have a real grievance.

☛ That taxation without representation is tyranny.

☛ That conscription without representation is tyranny.

☛ That the Labor Party held their first campaign meeting last saturday.

☛ That it was a success.

☛ That Kingsley from Vancouver made a telling speech.

☛ That it was full of practical points.

☛ That he drove them well in, and clinched them.

☛ That both local papers were sarcastic over him.

☛ That the labor men must expect that sort of thing.

☛ That the Times appears to be vexed with the Hornet.

☛ That the big boy on Fort Street doesn't like to have his reputation as a prophet questioned.

☛ That the Hornet had no wish to hurt his feelings.

☛ That he wouldn't wilfuly hurt anybody or anything.

☛ That nevertheless the truth does sometimes hurt—and

☛ That Hornet only spoke the truth.

☛ That if the big boy wants to establish a reputation as a prophet he will either have to make better guesses, or stop guessing altogether.

☛ That the latter plan would be the safest.

☛ That Oliver reads The Week.

☛ That The Week has done him good.

☛ That the committee can thank The Week for helping them out of the morass.

☛ That Oliver was able to enlighten his audience on the financial side of Sundayism.

☛ That this is the side which interests him most.

☛ That he keeps well posted.

☛ That the Doctor keeps no books.

☛ That his takings in B.C. already exceed the income tax limit.

☛ That the collector should pay the Doctor a visit.

☛ That The Week was sold out last week.

☛ That copies were at a premium.

☛ That an Oak Bay resident offered fifty cents for a copy.

☛ That another gentleman stated that one dollar would not buy his copy.

☛ That Dr. Oliver's friends are suspected of having bought all available copies.

☛ That Proportional Representation is coming into the limelight.

☛ That it was discussed and illustrated at the High School on Thursday.

☛ That the system of marking the ballots by numerals in the order of the preference of the voter, instead of using crosses is simplicity itself.

☛ That several of the Aldermen there could not see it.

☛ That they claimed it was "too complicated."

☛ That after two hours of argument they still could not understand it.

☛ That some of these same aldermen are supposed to represent the "business" section of the electorate.

☛ That the Hornet wonders where their ability lies.

☛ That there appears to be something wrong with their reasoning powers.

☛ That simple words like "available" seem to puzzle them.

☛ That it might pay them to spend a few hours studying a dictionary.

☛ That almost any child in the entrance class could see through the difficulties that confronted them in less time than it took them to get started.

☛ That the Mayor must have a lovely time working with such a concentrated mass of intellect behind him.

☛ That he has the Hornet's sympathy.

☛ That Messrs. George, Marchant, and Woodward showed great patience in answering questions.

☛ That they are to be congratulated in having done as much as they did.

☛ That no doubt their efforts will have the desired effect in spite of the old adage "that you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

☛ That Mr. Marchant will still further enlarge on the subject next Tuesday at the "Church Social League," in the Cathedral School room.

☛ That he will be glad to further enlighten any who want to be enlightened.

☛ That the Hornet would suggest that the aldermen who are still doubtful be on hand.

☛ That he would also suggest that a good dose of fruit salts has the effect of clearing the system so that the brain will not have to counteract the stomach.

☛ That if they take this tip they need have no difficulty in seeing that 1, 2, 3 is as simple as A, B, C.

### BRITAIN AND BOOZE

Very few of us realize what a tremendous handicap temperance workers labor under in Great Britain. Prejudice and profit are mighty obstacles. And yet there are not wanting signs that public sentiment will yet demand the abolition of the drink traffic in such unmistakable tones that the Government will be forced to take action. When we realize the hindrance this trade has been, and still is, to the efficiency of the British war force (including the troops from our own dominion) we are led to wonder, however, how much longer the British public will stand for its continuance. An incident has recently occurred which ought to hasten the day of popular rebellion. It will be remembered that the Mesopotamian campaign of eighteen months ago was a ghastly failure, resulting in a surrender of the British forces to the Turks. A royal commission was subsequently appointed to investigate the affair. About that time the late Sir Victor Horsley, then Surgeon-General to the British forces in the East, wrote to a Winnipeg gentleman stating that in his opinion the gross failures were due to the issuance of the rum ration in a torrid climate instead of distilled water, and to the fact that the clarity of judgment on the part of the officers was seriously affected by the free use of whiskey and champagne. A copy of this letter was sent to the commission, but no mention was made of it in their report. Instead, we have no less a man than Lord Curzon sending out more champagne to the very officers whom Sir Victor Horsley had said had failed because of champagne. With the gift, which by the way was an immense one of 71 dozen cases, was a letter expressing the hope that "the various officers' messes would have a good carouse!"

When a prominent member of the British Government can act like this it shows how big a proposition the temperance people have in the British Isles. Incidentally it makes us wonder whether it is possible for Britain to win the war against Germany while her "greater enemy" at home remains unconquered.—The Statesman.

### I DO NOT KNOW

I do not know the way that lies
before me,
I cannot tell what joys or fears may
come;
The duties to be done.

I do not know how long, or short the
journey,
Nor when, or how I join the Great
Unknown;
I only know the Path that I must
travel,
Will step by step be shown.

I do not know how soon my work will
finish
Whether at busy morn, or quiet eve;
Nor do I know who then will take
the station
That I sometime must leave.

I do not know about the many mansions,
What glories lie beyond the distant
scene;
I cannot pierce the veil that hides the
future,
And hangs so dark between.

I know not how my Barque will make
the Harbor
By favoring tide, or through the
raging foam,
I only know that clear across the
waters
Sweet voices call me home.

—W. E. PEIRCE.

He who says what he likes, hears what he does not like.

They who give willingly, love to give quickly.

Safe is he who serves a good conscience.

A knowledge of our weakness creates in us charity for others.

A contented mind is a continual feast.


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WHITE CAMBRIC NEGLIGEE SHIRTS coat shape, finished with centre pleat down front, cut full size in body; 3-inch starched cuffs and starched collarband; soft bosom. Sizes 14 to 17. A good business Shirt. Special Shirt Sale, each **$1.00**

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WHITE CAMBRIC OUTING SHIRT, with soft double cuffs and separate soft collar to match; sizes 14 to 17 neck. Special Shirt Sale, each.....**$1.15**

FANCY STRIPED OUTING SHIRTS, in six different designs, finished with soft double cuffs and collar to match. Special Shirt Sale, each.....**$1.25**

CREAM CAMBRIC OUTING SHIRT, with soft double cuffs and separate collar to match; sizes 14 to 17 neck. Special Shirt Sale, each .....**$1.25**

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WHITE AND FANCY STRIPE NEGLIGEE SHIRTS, in prints and woven cambrics. Each shirt finished with 3-inch starched cuffs and starched collar band; sizes 14 to 17. Priced for the Special Sale each, **$1.25, $1.50, $1.75** and.....**$2.00**

FANCY STRIPE AND WHITE OUTING SHIRTS, finished with soft double cuffs and starched collar band; sizes 14 to 17. Special Shirt Sale, each, **$1.50, $1.75, $2.00** and .....**$2.25**

BOYS' AND YOUTHS' NEGLIGEE AND OUTING SHIRTS, in a big variety of fancy stripes, each shirt finished with soft or starched cuffs and starched collar band. Some have soft collars to match. Special Shirt Sale:—

Boys' sizes, each **85c** and.....**$1.00**

Youths' sizes, each **$1.00** and.....**$1.15**

—Shirts, Main Floor.

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**NOTICE**

TAKE NOTICE that Popham Bros., Limited, intends, at the expiration of one month from the first publication of this notice, to apply to the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies to approve its change of name from Popham Bros., Limited, to "Ormond's, Limited."

Dated at Victoria, B.C., this 6th day of September, 1917.

GEO. A. MORPHY,
Solicitor for Popham Bros., Limited.
Sept. 8-Nov. 13.

**INCREASED PRODUCTION COMMITTEE**

—o—

INDIVIDUALS wishing to cultivate vacant lots in the City during the year 1918, are requested to notify the undersigned, and if possible give definite information as to the particular lots required; if the lots desired are not listed, efforts will be made to secure the owner's permission to use same.

SECRETARY,
Increased Production Committee,
City Hall.


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I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your Rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but, understand I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay Write today.

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