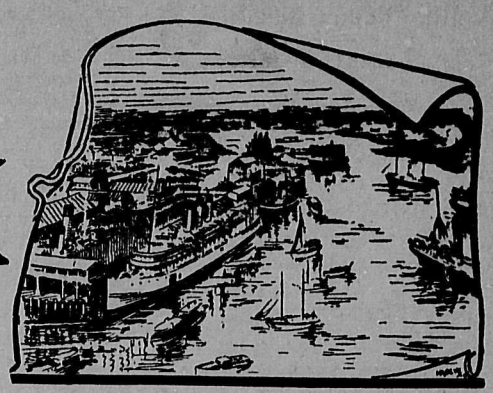
LEGIS. JAN

The Week



A British Columbia Newspaper and Review

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Military Police

THE military authorities are calling for thirty men for military policemen. The pay is $1.10 a day with 80c a day ration allowance for those living at home, and $25.00 a month separation allowance. Just what their duties are are not definitely stated, but apparently the bait offered to the civil police of $10 per head for each "deserter" arrested has not had the desired effect and the military powers have decided to do the "rounding up" themselves. It requires very little imagination now to picture a posse of armed men with blood-hounds searching the woods for poor misguided specimens of humanity who have got it into their heads that it is wrong to take human life and that they have the right to refuse to do so. However, that is what we voted for on December 17th. If we don't like it, it's our own fault. As Mark Twain says, "You can grin and bear it—*or you needn't grin.*" Canada is a free country. Anybody will tell you that. But not too free. Just the proper amount of freedom that allows every one to do what they are told, no more and no less. And just enough freedom to allow us to say what we are told, no more and no less. A man is "free" to live on the fat of the land—if he can find the fat to live on. If not, he is "free" to lick his chops while he watches the food people who have the fat eat it. "Free," when he loses one job, to go and look for another, and when his kiddies get too persistent in their demands for linings for their boots and stomachs, he is "free" to take a job at $1.10 a day hunting men who are so foolish as to think they ought to be "free" from being hunted: men who are so crazy that they refuse to be parties to any plan that would destroy other human beings made in the image of God himself. Of course, Canada is "free"! Everybody knows it! That's why we elected the Union Goovernment. What we need now is courage. *"We are plagued with two kinds of cowards, those that are afraid to go on with the war and those that are afraid to stop the war, and the last are the worst."—George Bernard Shaw.*

Lloyd George, President Wilson and War Aims

TWO of the leading statesmen in the world today, representing the two most powerful nations of the Allies, have made a plain statement of war aims. In some respects they bear a strong resemblance to each other, but there is a difference—a marked difference in the tone of them, which places the President of the United States in a class quite out of reach of the fiery little Welchman. Mr. Wilson starts off with a sympathetic recognition of Russia and a certain amount of toleration even for his enemies which will win him friends all over the world, while Lloyd George, although he comes out in a much more pacific light than usual, is still harsh and unbending. The latter also fails to observe what the former calls attention to; the fact that in all countries today there are two voices calling, the one that of the common people, which with ever increasing persistence is calling for peace, even at the cost of some of our earlier ambitions; and the other the crying of the military force which is clamoring for imperial domination. It would be well for Lloyd George to make absolutely sure that he is not speaking, at least to some extent, for the latter party. He claims to be speaking for the whole British nation. Either he is woefully ignorant of what a very large section of the labor element think and say, or he is deliberately making a false statement. While there is very much in his last speech that all parties will endorse and while there may be many of the rank and file of labor who are satisfied with his statements, by far the greater majority of the real labor leaders will certainly not accept him as their mouthpiece. Both Wilson and George agree on the point of the right of "self determination" of peoples, but it is hard to see how Lloyd George is to make that fit in with his statement that the British will "fight to the death" with France over the question of Alsace Lorraine. Does he expect Canada to "fight to the death," also, on a question that was never mentioned three years ago, or are we to have any "self determination" in this matter? The manner in which he treats Russia when he says that no matter what agreements are made by the Germans they will have no intention of keeping them, is an uncalled for insult to Russia who can be trusted to see that any agreements made are sufficiently safeguarded. Quite different in tone is the kindly way President Wilson speaks. It is not hard to decide which of these two great leaders is the more likely to lead the world to peace. Two men like Lloyd George, if left to settle things alone, would probably do so by killing each other, while two men of the Wilson stamp might be willing to shake hands in short order. A man who talks about fighting to the death over a question of territory is not liable to find any response along peace lines from the enemy. If his intention in making that speech was to solidify the already pretty solid idea at home of fighting to a finish then he has certainly succeeded. But in doing so he has also achieved another object—the very opposite of what is needed—that of making the enemy equally solid on his side. In this way he has made the end of the war further off than ever. There appears to be little hope for peace while Lloyd George holds the reins at Westminster. As an organizer for war he has been a huge success; as an organizer for peace, a gigantic failure. The great difficulty with all statesmen seems to be that they imagine permanent peace can be secured by a rearrangement of geographical boundaries. When will men learn that it is mental boundaries that need rearrangement, and that these boundaries need broadening at home just as much as abroad? Just as soon as we are willing to acknowledge that, to some extent at least, we have been, and still are, responsible for these world troubles; just as soon as we are willing to make concessions, as well as demand them; just as soon as the British Empire is willing to stand before Eternal Justice in humiliation and say, "God be merciful to me, a sinner," instead of "I thank Thee that I am not as other men," just so soon, and no sooner, will we be entitled to expect Peace.

"Bouquets and Brickbats"

AT the beginning of the year we sent out fifty letters as follows: "We are asking a favor of you: By this mail we are sending copies of THE WEEK to fifty representative citizens of Victoria asking for their candid criticism on the matter appearing therein. We believe that there is need here for a weekly paper that takes a real interest in all matters of public welfare and we want THE WEEK to measure up to that standard. Will you favor us with your opinion or a message for the New Year? No names will be used without the consent of the writer." So far we have only received six replies. We expected more—but we have learned not to be annoyed when things don't come up to expectations. We shall start printing the answers in our next issue—omitting the names of the senders.

LABOR AND CAPITAL ARE ONE

"Times are hard," said the Picked Chicken.

"Why," said the Rat, "this is an era of prosperity. See how I have feathered my nest."

"But," said the Picked Chicken, "you have gotten my feathers."

"You must not think," said the Rat, "that because I get more comfort you get poorer."

"But," said the Picked Chicken, "you produce no feathers, and I keep none——"

"If you would use your teeth," interrupted the Rat.

"If——" said the Picked Chicken.

"You could lay——"

"I——" said the Picked Chicken.

"——up as much as I do, concluded the Rat.

"Excuse me for living," said the Picked Chicken.

"But——"

"Without consumers like me," said the Rat, "there would be no demand for the feathers which you produce."

"I shall vote for a change," said the Picked Chicken.

"Only those who have feathers should have the privilege of voting," remarked the Rat.

—From *The Game of Life* by Bolton Hall.

Who's Who in the Election

JUDGING by the large number of candidates seeking public office, Victoria has no lack of public spirited citizens. There are seventeen candidates for the Aldermanic Board, eight for the Board of School Trustees, and three for Police Commissioners. With such an array of candidates to select from the average citizen must feel bewildered. It is impossible for him to have sufficient knowledge of every candidate to be able to vote intelligently. The citizen who happens to know anything particular about any half dozen candidates may plume himself on his cleverness. Hence the vote of the average citizen is very much a vote in the dark; and the success of some of the candidates may be credited to this kind of blind voting. In these circumstances it might not be a bad thing to require from future candidates for public office a short biographical sketch of their career, together with notes and certificates of their past doings and character in all the places they have come from, and the positions in business and otherwise which they may have filled. Such biography might prove a wholesome deterrent as regards certain aspirants for public office; but it would form an admirable guide to poor perplexed electors on voting day. THE WEEK would very much like to be in a position to advise citizens who to vote for; but even THE WEEK is not omnicient when it comes to election candiadtes. We believe all the candidates are most excellent people in their own particular line, but when it comes to selecting men and women to handle the affairs of the community, that is another question. It needs not only respectability and good character to occupy these high places, but qualifications that are much rarer even than goodness; and these are brains, common-sense and unselfish motives. People who seek public office in the Council, the School Board or Police Board simply to help themselves along in business or in the hope of getting something out of it, are worse than ordinary criminals and when found out should be sentenced as such.

THE CITY COUNCIL

Out of seventeen candidates for the City Council the voter has to select ten. It will be some guide to him in his perplexed state of mind to note that at least eight out of the seventeen have served on the Council Board in the past year. These are Andros, Cameron, Dinsdale, Fullerton, Johns, Peden, Sargent and Walker. Some of these eight are old hands on the Council, such as Cameron, Fullerton, Johns, Peden and Sargent, who have served for more than a year. To these names might be added that of Robert J. Porter, who is as well known as the town clock, and also has had a habit of heading the poll in past elections. Of the rest of the candidates for the Council it will not be easy for the voter to make a choice. Hugh McDonald, John Harvey, Arthur Humber, and John Day have tried before. Henry Norman, Joseph Patrick and J. A. Shanks are challenging the fate of the ballot for the first time in Victoria at least. THE WEEK would have no objection to them all being elected. So long as all the old hands could go back with them to keep them in order and show them "how"; and we wish them all the best of luck.

THP SCHOOL BOARD

Coming to the new aspirants for office on the School Board, THE WEEK is pleased to be able to speak well of all of them. R. W. Perry, of the Great Western Permanent Loan, and one time president of the Canadian Club, ought not to be confused with his namesake, B. J. Perry, who came somewhat into prominence a few years ago when the reformers stood behind Mr. Morley for Mayor. Mrs. Frank Andrews is a woman of intelligence and has always taken a keen interest in educational questions. Mr. Williams, who is also a new man in the field, is an old-timer and is well and favorably known throughout the city. He is a brother to Miss Williams, the able and highly esteemed principal of the Girls' Central School. Those candidates seeking for re-election to the School Board are already too well known to call for comment here. Without a shadow of doubt Mr. George Jay will lead the poll. The two candidates seeking election to the School Board for one year are Mr. Bolden, contractor, and Watson A. Clark of Hillside Avenue. From all that can be gathered, both are worthy men and would probably look well after the interests of the taxpayers from the citizens' point of view.

It is impossible to attach too great importance to the election of Police Commissioners. There never was greater need of wise judgment and strong determination in the Board of Police Commissioners. It is notorious that the entire Police System needs overhauling. Since the Prohibition Act came into force the police generally have been put to the test and if the truth must be told it cannot be said that results have been altogether satisfactory. So far as the practical enforcement of the act is concerned, it is the laughing stock of men about town and for this, rightly or wrongly, the police are blamed. And there is no help for it unless the electors see to it that persons are elected to the Board who will do their duty without fear or favor. If there are men on the Police Force who are inefficient, or who are guilty of thwarting others who make it their business to secure the enforcement of the law, they should be sifted out. Of the three candidates seeking election to this important office, one is a woman of high-standing in the community, and THE WEEK would like to see her elected. The candidature of Mrs. Spofford is endorsed by the Prohibition Association, also by the Local Council of Women, by a majority of the ministers of the city, and by a large number of prominent business men. Mrs. Spofford ought to be elected by a large majority. But there are a number of men who feel that it is hardly the thing to have a woman on the Police Board. In answer to these all we have to say is that if the citizens only knew of some of the things done in this city in which women have been the victims and in which the wrongdoers have gone scot free, they would see to it that never again shall there be a Board of Police Commissioners in which women are unrepresented by one of their own sex. Mrs. Spofford is endowed with unusual gifts. She is level-headed, does not form rash judgments, has a strong sense of justice, and has been in public life in the Province in connection with all movements for the improvement of conditions of living for the people, and especially for women and children, and no better choice could be made. She did not become a candidate by her own seeking. It was only after repeated and urgent request that she consented to stand; and she stands in the interest of an efficient police force, law enforcement, and the better protection of the intersts of women and children coming within range of the law. Of the other two candidates, R. S. Day and P. Linklater, THE WEEK can only say that both are well known business men who enjoy the confidence of the public in that regard, and whichever of them is elected, alongside of Mrs. Spofford, it is to be hoped he will work towards the achievements of the same worthy objects.

THAT HALF-HOLIDAY

THE WEEK does not bet but it has no difficulty in predicting that the majority will vote for still retaining Saturday as "the" day.

Vote for Saturday

THE tactics adopted by the opponents of the Saturday half-holiday cannot be said to do them credit. Of the 1,379 signatures obtained by them, some 800 were found on examination to be bogus, fraudulent or otherwise illegal. Whether the signatures were of real or imaginary persons cannot be asserted with confidence. But at least this can be said. If the Wednesday advocates wish to impress the public with their altruism they would be well advised to put a little more probity into their methods. Padded petitions savour too strongly of padded election boxes. Persons who would resort to the one method to achieve their selfish ends would just as readily resort to the other. It seems to be the story of the prohibition referendum over again. On the one side, strongly entrenched financial interests; and on the other, the rights and welfare of the common people. The arguments in favor of the Saturday holiday are unanswerable. Saturday is already observed by large sections of the community and can most easily be observed by the remaining sections. It is the day when the schools are closed and the day when whole families can therefore leave home for health giving picnics. It is freely conceded that Saturday does not meet the convenience of everyone. Neither will Wednesday. But it is unquestionable that Saturday will offer the greatest good to the greatest number. THE WEEK urges its readers to rally to the side of the overworked and underpaid clerks and to *cast their ballots for Saturday half holiday.*

THE TRENCH DREAMER

By ELBERT AIDLINE

. . . Finally they feel a whiff of fresh air caress their faces. The soldier ahead gives the password to the sentry, and they emerge into the bluish darkness of the starlit night.

A few minutes more and they reach a barn where the services are to be held. They enter. It is already filled with soldiers and officers, and the new arrivals crowd in at the door The improvised church is lit with candles, a big kerosene lamp is suspended from the ceiling, leaving the corners of the barn in semi-darkness. Opposite the entrance a sort of low railing has been erected, a few ikons have been hung along the back wall, and at a table on a side a few soldier-choristers are standing.

Finally the priest, an old, broad-shouldered man, in chasuble and mitre, with a long white beard, makes his appearance. He slowly approaches the railing, makes the sign of the cross, then turns to face the crowd and utters in a drawling recitative:

"Let us pray to Lord God."

The soldiers stand still, cross themselves every now and then, kneel—and so does Alexander. . . . They jump back to their feet, and Alexander with them. . . .

"God be merciful, God be merciful," monotonously repeat the deacon. The choir chimes in. Then the priest resumes his recitative:

"Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thy enemy. But I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you . . . "

Alexander hears the words—and it seems to him that he is dreaming a strange, weird dream; that all this fighting and bloodshed and these words by the Preacher on the Mount, these words so out of place amidst the nightmare of war—that all this is unreal. . . His head swims, the incense chokes him, he gasps for air. . . And with the grayish smoke entering his nostrils he recollects the words of another great prophet:

". . . He that burneth incense—as if he blessed an idol. Yea, they have chosen their own ways, and their soul delighteth in their abomination. . . ."

"Send victory to thy valorous troops, O Lord Jesus Christ!" drawls the priest. "Send us peace on earth and good will towards men. In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, now and anon and forever and ever. . . ."

And a struggle begins in Alexander's mind. . . . "Peace on earth, good will towards men. . . "—where when, how? Who will bring it about? These men or their superiors, perhaps? Who will put an end to the war? What can God in heaven do while men on earth will have no peace? Suddenly an idea occurs to him. . . .

The services are over. One by one the soldiers file past the priest to kiss the cross and be sprinkled with holy water. Unnoticed, Alexander opens the door of the barn and walks out.

He walks slowly—not through the subterranean passage, but onward, onward into the darkness. He reaches the line of Russian trenches and passes a sentry who stands leaning on his rifle, asleep. He walks ahead. Some unknown, steady purpose urges him on and on. Soon half the distance between the Russian and the Austrian trenches is passed, but he is still walking forward.

The soft snow smothers the noise of his footsteps. Another hundred feet and he will reach the enemy's trenches, but he is oblivious of all, of all but his thoughts. . . .

"Wer ist da?" a voice suddenly asks.

"Peace on earth!" exclaims Alexander.

A bluish-white lightning flashes up, and before he knows what has happened he finds himself lying in the snow. He makes an effort to rise, but cannot move. In a moment he becomes conscious of a strange gurgling around him. Where does it come from? Is there a stream in the neighborhood?

"But it's winter now," he laughs to himself; "all streams are frozen." Finally he realizes that the gurgling comes from his breast, although he is not conscious of any pain. His eyes close, then open again. What is it that he sees above him? Two little silver-blue eyes are twinkling and smiling at him. He recognizes them—they are his little sister's eyes—beautiful blue eyes. . . But how does his sister come here? And not only his sister—he hears footsteps approaching cautiously, stepping softly, careful not to wake him up. It must be his mother who is coming to see whether he is covered in his bed. His mother. . . . A numbness comes over him, and with a sweet anticipation of a caress he makes an effort to utter "Mother!" but his lips do not obey him. . . .

He feels her hand on his forehead, her soft, warm hand. . . . The two silver orbs above go out. . . . His eyes close, and peace, eternal peace, comes over him.—The Call, New York.

LET RUSSIA BE CAREFUL

By ELLIS O. JONES

If we only thought that Russia was in the mood to receive friendly advice, we would hasten to suggest to her that she should be very careful what she does in this critical moment. As we see it from this vantage point, Russia is in great danger of becoming too democratic.

This would be a great blunder. Too much democracy at a time like this is insufferable, not to say suicidal. Democracy means "rule by the people," but, of course, we don't mean any old kind of people, and especially we do not mean people who have to work too hard to gain a livelihood and who, therefore, have not had time to attend a "finishing" school and learn the arts and artifices of capitalist economies and capitalistic respectability.

By all means let us have "rule by the people" but let the "people" be selected with taste and discrimination and a due regard for the established order of graft and other duly recognized emoluments, perquisites and honorariums.

And so it must be understood that when we say we are fighting to make the "world safe for democracy," we don't mean any old democracy chosen at random; we mean a nice, well-behaved democracy, hand-picked, breast-fed, vacuum-cleaned, immaculately groomed, strictly disciplined to respect the established order and in all other particulars completely eugenicized. It would be absurd to think we would go out and fight for a democracy that was so democratic that it didn't respect the rights of monopolistic land owners, trust magnates, successful food speculators and all the rest of that self-sacrificing gentry to whom God in His infinite wisdom has turned over the resources of the earth and endowed with the divine right of gouging their fellow citizens until their stomachs are empty and their backs are bare.

If Russia wants to have a democracy like our own we will be with her to the limit; if she wants a democracy with free speech, provided it is not too free; with free press, subject to the approval of the postoffice and other officials; with freedom to criticise the government, provided no vital subjects are touched upon, and with a constitution that can be treated as a scrap of paper whenever the government seems to be inclined that way, why, then, Russia will find in us a friend good and true; we will hold diplomatic and political intercourse with her so long as she recognizes our superiority, and we will hold commercial intercourse with her so long as we can do so at a profit.

Russia made a big mistake in not listening to Mr. Root when he was over there. As one of our leading democrats, he could have let Russia into the mystical secret of how to bust a trust without injuring it. She could have listened to the more or less honorable Charles Edward Russell, who could have shown the Bolsheviki how to be socialistic and not socialistic at the same time. If any more proof were needed of his ability to do this, we cite the fact that he has just written a Socialist article which Collier's Weekly found innocuous enough to publish, a feat which in these gunshy days of American magazinedom is a feat little less than miraculous.

Or perhaps Russia was not ready for the true gospel when the Root-Russell invasion took place. If so, we have still other democrats we could send over there. We could send Charley Murphy, than whom no more powerful and influential democrat resides in our great metropolis today.

Or we could send Roger Sullivan if Russia desired a democrat more representative of our great agricultural districts.

Or we could send the ubiquitous Theodore Roosevelt, whose every epithet is surcharged with democratic ebullience.

Or we could send Newton Baker, who is necessarily a democrat because he was once a portege of Tom Johnson.

Or we could send William Randolph Hearst, who, when the wind is in the right direction, is as good a democrat as one could wish to find.

Or we could send John Pierpont Morgan, who loves the people for what they have done for him, and who exudes democracy from every pore.

Or we could send John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who loves the people so much that he never forgets to remember them in his prayers.

Russia must not get discouraged. Maybe she thinks because we refused passports to Messrs. Hillquit, Lee and Berger that we are careful of our democrats, that we don't want them out of our sight. That is not so. Any of the above-mentioned could get a passport without asking twice. The trouble with Hillquit, et al., was that they were altogether too democratic; their democracy included too large a proporiton of the rabble and the mob and the hoi polloi and other human beings who are not fit for polite society.

But what is the use of giving advice to Russia at a time like this? Russia is in that perilous frame of mind where she takes the word "democrat" too literally. She must come to her senses. She must see that she cannot take her place in the comity of civilized nations until her democracy is tempered and made palatable by a suitable admixture of autocracy, hypocrisy, plutocracy and other necessary ingredients of modern diplomatic statesmanship.

SUB ROSA

A man in Germany wrote a book. The Kaiser did not care. Some people read the book. The authorities took a little notice. Some more people read the book. It was in danger of becoming a best seller. Then the military masters destroyed it, and charged the author with treason. The trial was one of the most sensational ever held in Europe. It lasted three days, and the Kaiser kept in touch with it by a special wire from the court house to his palace.

* * *

The defendant told the court that a verdict of guilty had been decided on before the trial started. His address was one of the clearest, most incisive and boldest attacks ever made against German Militarism. The Judges were amazed. "The aim of my life," he declared, "is the overthrow of monarchy, as well as the emancipation of the exploited working class from political and economic bondage." (Thirty-five years previous this man's father stood in the same court and defended himself from the same charge.)

* * *

There are those among us today who say the way to end the present war is to make Germany a republic. This man, with the Kaiser listening at the other end of the telephone, advocated republicanism in Germany ten years ago this winter, and got rewarded with two years penal servitude. There were reasons for this seemingly mild military sentence. If they had shot this man then, 1907, probably somebody else would have had to play the Emperor's part in 1914.

* * *

While in prison, this man was nominated and elected to the Prussian Lantag by the workers of Berlin. When the divine-right class let him out of jail, the common herd hurried him into the legislature. In Canada we reverse the order occasionally, and make it, "out of the legislature into the jail." Perhaps if we made it into a perennial habit, our laws might improve a little. The government played all the tricks they knew to prevent this man from being elected, even going so far as to make a ruling prohibiting all state employees from voting for him. But the campaign of intimidation failed and he was elected by an overwhelming vote, "to be the new voice of freedom in the Reichtag."

* * *

In the first months of the great war when the Germans looked like being victorious, this man dared to stand up in open session of the Reichstag and vote against the war budget. He also used these words: "I protest against the violation of Belgium, against military dictatorship; against Prussian autocracy; this war is an imperialistic war for domination of world markets, and for the benefit of bankers and manufacturers. It is also a war tending to destroy the growing labor movement. It is not a war of defence. It is therefore my plain duty to vote against this war budget."

Whether you and I agree or disagree with the position this man takes, we are bound to admit his courageous character. If he survives the treatment he is now receiving, his name will be as familiar after the war as the Kaiser's has been during it. I believe future generations of Germans and Britons will recognize him as one of the most heroic figures of the present crisis. His name is ..... and well known to

U AND I.

NEW METHOD LAUNDRY
LIMITED
"QUALITY LAUNDERERS"
1015-1017 North Park Street
Phone 2300.

CARD OF THANKS

I beg to thank the citizens of Victoria for re-electing me, by acclamation, Mayor of Victoria, for the year 1918.

A. E. TODD

Victoria, B. C.,
January 14th, 1918.

VOTE FOR
R. G. PORTER
FOR ALDERMAN

FOR POLICE COMMISSIONER

To the Electors of the City of Victoria.

In offering myself for the office of Police Commissioner, my only idea in coming forward is that I believe I may be of some service to the city. It would be unfair for me to state here just how far I will be prepared to go in the matter of reform.

My ideas are briefly this: Strictly to enforce the present laws and to agitate for new ones where the old ones are insufficient. I will not hesitate to attack wrong wherever I might find it. In short, I would consider that I am a servant of the people. Respectfully yours,

P. M. LINKLATER.

FOR
Police Commissioner
Your Vote and Influence Are Respectfully Solicited for
MRS. SPOFFORD

Mrs. Spofford comes forward at the request of the Prohibition Association and her candidature is endorsed by the Local Council of Women. She stands for:—

(1) Better efficiency of the Police System.

(2) Enforcement of the Prohibition Law.

(3) Better protection for women and children.

FOR SCHOOL TRUSTEE

I am offering my services for School Trustee for the second time and will still follow the plan of proficiency, with economy, in dealing with School affairs.

J. G. HAY.

FOR ALDERMAN

To the Electors of the City of Victoria.

Ladies and Gentlemen.—I am a candidate for re-election as Alderman at the forthcoming election and respectfully solicit your votes and influence. Sincerely yours,

W. G. CAMERON.

1162 McClure Street.

FOR ALDERMAN

To the Electors of the City of Victoria.

Ladies and Gentlemen.—I have acceded to the request of a large number of the Electors of Victoria, and consented to become a Candidate for the office of Alderman. If elected, I assure you I will, with perfect fairness and close attention to the public business, do all in my power for the good of the city.

Yours respectfully,

HUGH MACDONALD

"My Taxes Are Paid!"

Cured His Rupture

I was badly ruptured while lifting trunk several years ago. Doctors said my only hope of cure was an operation. Trusses did me no good. Finally I got hold of something that quickly and completely cured me. Years have passed and the rupture has never returned, although I am doing hard work as a carpenter. There was no operation, no loss of time, no trouble. I have nothing to sell but will give full information about how you may find a complete cure without operation, if you write to me, Eugene M. Pullen, Carpenter, 811D Marcellus Avenue, Manasquan, N.J. Better cut out this notice and show it to any others who are ruptured—you may save a life or at least stop the misery of rupture and the worry and danger of an operation. nov24-mar30

NOTICE

The Home Builders Investment Company Limited intend to apply to the Registrar of Companies for a change of name to The International Investment Company Limited.

Jan. 12—Feb. 9

B.C. Apples
For
B. C. Boys

Dan W. Poupard
THE FRUIT SPECIALIST
BALMORAL BLOCK
1105 DOUGLAS STREET

LAND REGISTRY ACT
(Section 24)

IN THE MATTER of part of Lot 13 and all of Lots 2, 3 and 12, of Block 10, Nanaimo City, Map 584.

Proof having been filed of the loss of Certificates of Title Nos. 8050A and 8051A, issued to William Henry Redmond on the 20th day of June 1887 and the 28th day of June 1887, respectively, I hereby give notice of my intention at the expiration of one calendar month from the first publication hereof to issue fresh Certificates of Title in lieu thereof.

DATED at the Land Registry Office, Victoria, B.C., this 27th day of November, 1917.

J. C. GWYNN,
Registrar-General of Titles.

Dec1-Dec29

OREGON & CALIFORNIA RAILROAD CO. GRANT LANDS

Title to same revested in United States by Act of Congress dated June 9, 1916. Two million three hundred thousand acres to be opened for homesteads and sale. Timber and Agricultural Lands. Containing some of best land left in United States. Now is the opportune time. Large map showing lands by sections and description of soil, climate, rainfall, elevations, etc., postpaid, One Dollar. Grant Lands Locating Co., Box 610, Portland, Oregon.

INCREASED PRODUCTION COMMITTEE

OWNERS of vacant land in the city who are willing to lend same for cultivation during the year 1918 are requested to notify the

SECRETARY,
Increased Production Committee,
City Hall.

INCREASED PRODUCTION COMMITTEE

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.

SYNOPSIS OF COAL MINING REGULATIONS

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

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.

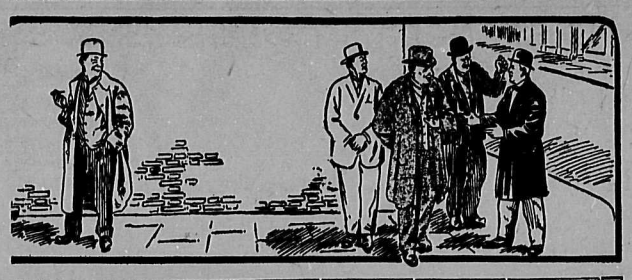
The lease will include the coal mining rights only.

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.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

April 2nd.



At The Street Corner

BY THE LOUNGER

"Sorry," I said to the gum-chewing man from Regina, "you know as much about it as I do, and I've been here six solid years. Oh, yes, the park's there all right, tucked safely away out of the beaten track, where there's no danger of anybody walking on the grass."

"Ain't it open to the public?"

"Yes, if you have the time, the money, the strength and endurance, the pertinacity, the patience, the heroic and unconquerable spirit, the indomitable resolve to get in."

"Didn't the blamed government lay out the darned place?"

"Yes, the late government did. It began and stopped the work. It spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in surveying the park and making trails, building bridges and culverts and generally shaping this great national holiday makers' paradise into a model of its kind, and they christened it after my dear old Highland friend, Lord Strathcona. They gave an engineer $15,000 a year to look after the boys on the roads. They hauled in implements and machinery of every kind, until the Provincial Treasury ran dry, and then the band played, and here we are."

"I see, said the man from Regina. "But ain't there no money in the Treasury now to finish the job? Why in thunder do they advertise the place if there ain't no way of gettin' to it? Seems to me it's like buildin' a barn without a door. Now this Strathcona Park sure does sound good to me. I'm sure hungry for a sight of them lakes and creeks runnin' full of fish. If this here bulletin ain't a pack o' lies, Stratheona Park's the one big gold mine. I guess I know some folks on the Plains whose hind legs is just itchin' to get into this here park. You B. C. folks don't know you're alive. You don't know nothin'. You don't know enough to develop what you've got. By gosh! If we had a place like this fifty miles from Regina we'd sure open it up! We ain't asleep back there! No, by gar!"

"That's right," I said. "Go to it. You've at least wakened me up. Before I'm many months older it's inside that wilderness of a park I'll be. Whether I fly, crawl, walk, ride, drive, hop, skip or jump, I'm going. I want to climb the highest peaks, to waltz across the perpetual snowfields and shine across the glaciers, to camp beside the trout-filied streams and paddle over the placid lakes, to pluck the sweet alpine flowers and roll among the purple heather, to breathe night and day life-giving airs of the forests, to feel the solace and restfulness of the wild solitudes where the white man has scarcely yet trod, to be closer to the healing, refreshing fountains of nature than I have ever been before, to forget for awhile the dull routine of the office and the follies and weariness of the town——"

"Stop!" cried the man from Regina. "By gar! You got it bad, worse than me! Say, if you go, and if you ever come back, will you slap it all down for me, black on white? I'd sure take it as kind of you, I sure would."

"All right," I said. "I'll take ten reams of paper wtih me and a hundred pencils. I shall miss nothing. I shall see and remember everything. I shall write a book. And I shall astonish the world. Good day."

* * * *

Oh, the tragedy of the futility of some men!

My most futile friend, Obadiah, has just left me. Frankly, I sigh, and lean back in my chair, with my head to one side. Poor old Obadiah, I love him, but he is nevertheless a terrible man. When he shuffles into my office every Thursday (on which day he comes to town) I greet him with that weary smile which (bless his kindly heart) he always mistakes for cordiality and brotherly affection. Our handshake over, we sit down, he to his weekly lecture, I to my fate. It generally lasts an hour, unless the office boy or the printer's devil comes in. If I did not know that he was interested in me I could not sit it out. But I like him for his very eccentricities, and I have regard unto his white hairs. Besides, he is a man with ideas. His head is chock full of them, has been chock full of them these forty-odd years. There is not in Victoria a more eloquent theorist than he. Moreover, he is ready of speech and possesses a native and convincing gift of oratory which should have carried him farther than it has. Also, he is a Socialist and a gentleman, although he does not read The Week. Many a lecture, many a sound rating, has he given me on the futility of MY life. The world is all out of joint—why don't I do something to set it right? The banality of our modern social life—why don't I raise my voice in a mighty indictment of it? The bad manners of the rising generation—why don't I say something about them? The decay of home life,—why don't I start a crusade on the subject? The unpreparedness of young men and women to shoulder the responsibilities of life—why don't I expose this lamentable evil in the public print? Why don't I use MY genius, MY talents, MY influence, MY opportunities towards setting things right. Why, in short, don't I do something?

Until today I have always taken it lying down, listening very dutifully and respectfully to everything he had to say. In this way I suppose I have gained not a little, while the old man has been greatly pleased to have such a docile and receptive listener. But this morning something in me stirred and rebelled. I had heard enough of MY futility, of MY failure to meet the world's crying neeed for reformers and strong men. And so, when he had quite finished—I waited indeed until he had reached for his umbrella—I squared my chest and began:

"If it's a fair question, Obadiah, how long have you been following this line of thought? How long have you harbored these fine ideas?"

He seemed taken aback for a moment, but immediately replied: "Ever since I could think for myself. I always liked to form my own opinions. I am an independent thinker. I do not follow the crowd."

"Exactly," I said. "In that respect you have been favoured of the gods. You don't know how lucky you have been. But, my dear friend, you have seen the light and have not followed it. You have had the vision and have not profitted by it. You have known the cure for many evils and have not applied it. Not for you to right this or that wrong, but the other fellow. Oh, yes, always the other fellow. You make me tired. You are getting on. With all your specious ideas, what have you done? Look back over your life and tell me what single big thing you have done for the many good causes you say you have at heart? You are like an idle harvest hand standing at the edge of a sea of grain and calling upon others, always the others, to come and labor. Your gospel is the gospel of advice, a gospel which is of none effect unless you first practice it yourself. Your voice is the voice of one crying in the wilderness, for no one will hear. It is not yet too late for you to do something. Don't talk any more. Go out and tackle with your own hands the first problem that confronts you. Don't stop and come back and lecture me about it. I never do anything. If I had your brains I would not rest until I was Prime Minister of England. I mean what I say. . . . By the way, how are your winter-flowering cacti coming on? Mine are a failure. I guess I should have looked after them myself, instead of telling other people to do it."

"Mine are fine," said Obadiah in crushed, subdued tones, as he moved towards the door; "come out and see them. I won't lecture you any more. Which reminds me. Why don't YOU set about drafting an Act for the Abolition of the Bearing Rein on horses?"

"Get out," I yeleld, "or I'll wring your neck!"

THE LOUNGER.

WANTED. — Good, live, energetic BOYS to sell THE WEEK on Saturday ormnings in Esquimalt, Fairfield, Oak Bay, Spring Ridge, Victoria West, Saanich, and other outside points. Good openings for the right boys. Apply: 523 Sayward Block.

LOOK for the date on the address of your paper and if your subscription has expored, just jog our memory. We are too busy to attend to it ourselves.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Week invites letters from its readers on all subjects of public interest. Letters need not be signed by the writer but a nom de plume may be used for publication, and they must be accompanied in every case by the name and address of the writer as a guarantee of good faith. This will be treated by the Editor entirely in confidence. The Editor also reserves the right to withhold publication of any letter without having to give a reason for so doing.

The Small Storekeeper

Jan. 10th, 1918.

The Editor, The Week.

Sir:—Knowing that your paper stands for "fair play," would like to suggest that you start something in favor of the small storekeepers in regard to the half-holiday. We don't want to be restricted in any way, as it is hard enough to keep going now, without any more by-laws or amendments, which are made to benefit the big merchants at the expense of the little ones. Don't consider anyone has and ought to prevent us selling our own goods whenever we can get a customer to buy them regardless of the hour. Let the hours of employees be regulated, but let the stores be kept open for business. Could give you lots of points in our favor at any time.

ALAN BURROWES.

New Year's Resolutions

Jan. 11, 1918.

To the Editor of The Week.

Sir.—Many persons are accustomed to mark the beginning of a new year by making resolutions which they pledge themselves to observe during the ensuing twelve months.

Those of us who are truly imperialistic and patriotic at heart will agree that resolutions based on some patriotic motive are the most propitious during such a crisis as the present. Each and every family in the British Dominions can by such means do much to foster a spirit of loyalty to King and Empire and contribute greatly to the winning of the war. Bearing this in mind, I had secretly made arrangements for a patriotic family ceremony on New Year's Day, in which all should participate. None save myself, knew anything about it until precisely at 10:30 a.m. on January 1st, when I summoned my wife and the boys to the verandah.

They all stood at attention while I explained to them the programme. I then pinned to the breast of each a card on which I had printed a resolution to which I desired subscription.

The resolutions were as follows:—

(1) By the eldest boy: "I pledge myself, as the son of a gentleman, not to associate with any but those of my own social standing.

(2) The next lad promised to recite daily before each meal an Imperialistic creed which I had a clergyman compose specially for the purpose.

(3) The youngest child undertook to burn each day one picture of some well-known labor agitator or other notorious person, I having collected a number of these for his use.

(4) My wife's resolution read as follows: "I hereby resolve to bring my hand to the 'salute' every time I meet a man in uniform, whether sailor, soldier or policeman. In the case of an officer, I shall salute with both hands."

As master of the household, I pledged myself to be responsible for the faithful performance on the part of the others of their resolutions.

Thereafter, we paraded, in single file, through the principal streets in our neighborhood, each carrying a flag. The procession was headed by my wife, pushing an old baby carriage suitably decorated with flags and containing my phonograph which played patriotic airs en route.

The ceremony produced a deep impression among the many who witnessed it, particularly our working neighbors of whom there is a considerable number.

On our return, I lighted an immense fire cracker, which, having duly exploded, was the signal for the singing of the national anthem, this concluding the ceremony. Yours, etc.,

"RULE BRITANNIA."

Co-operation

Jan. 10, 1917.

To the Editor.

Sir,—If inconsistency is not materially moderated or eliminated, this Victorian village of ours in business, may long remain little.

The fact that Hamsterley Farm was mulcted in a fine for including in their marmalade healthy grape fruit, must prove more ludicrous to the transient tourist, than lucrative to the enterprising citizen. Piles of dollars are expended to attract tourists to this beautiful city, devoid of entertainment (even to the extent of a glass of near-beer if it happen to be Sunday). Mr. Pease, then, of Hamsterley Farm has at least been instrumental in rendering some service, if only in the capacity of star in farcical comedy, for the edification of progressive Californians who may pass this way.

It is a regrettable anomaly that wholesome, honest, home-made edibles, the finished product of desirable Britishers in a British city, should be banned by laws that permit and encourage products of Germany and Austria to be sold in our stores by sympathizers of those countries, too. There is still something they can do in New York: Encourage enterprise on merit.

Co-operation of our sober minded business sense people was never more essential than now to save us from the idiosyncrasies of Victorian fanatics. It is to be hoped that co-operative action from now on will broaden the scope of our laws (I'm not speaking of the interpretation from the bench, that is impartial enough) for the protection of commerce.

It seems a crime that persevering industrious traders should suffer persecution by hair splitting conundrums that yet may follow. "Where originated the antediluvian rains, responsible for the creation of mineral, the metal of which produced the nails that fastened the lid of a box of B. C. apples for our local market?" is a poser that may be encountered yet.

It was unanimity of spirit and consequent action by co-operation of the whole of our Empire, in the early stages of this war, that cheated so effectively a possible defeat by intensive co-operative Prussianism. If it were only possible to organize a co-operative Empire Tag Day! When every loyal man and woman would offer unconditional service to the Empire's cause, free of monetary or political consideration! What a speedy, glorious and lasting peace might be achieved!

Make a resolution to commence this year 1918 by co-operation for right against might, in business, enjoyment, and domesticity, to the fullest extent of our ability.

A. CRESSWELL.

GRAY HAIR

Dr. Tremain's Natural Hair Restorative, used as directed, is guaranteed to restore gray hair to its natural color or money refunded. Positively not a dye and non-injurious. Price $1.00, post-paid. Write **Tremain Supply Co., Toronto, Ont.**
Drug Store [illegible] Yates and Broad Sts
On sale in Victoria at **Dean & Hiscocks**

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Wooden Freight Shed, Vancouver, B.C.," will be received at this office until 4 p.m. on Monday, February 4, 1918, for the construction of a wooden freight shed and fireproofing of grain conveyor supports, on the West side of the Government Wharf, at Vancouver, B.C.

Plans and forms of contract can be seen and specification and forms of tender obtained at his Department and at the offices of the District Engineers, Equity Chambers, Toronto, Shaugnessy, Building, Montreal, and at the Post Office, Vancouver, B. C.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures, stating their occupations and places of residence. In the case of firms, the actual signature, the nature of the occupation, and place of residence of each member of the firm must be given.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent (10%) of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the person tendering decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

NOTE.—Blue prints can be obtained at the Department of Public Works by depositing an accepted bank cheque for the sum of $50, made payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, which will be returned if the intending bidder submit a regular bid.

By order,
R. C. DESROCHERS,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, January 7, 1918.

Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.
Jan. 19-Feb. 2

PUBLIC WORKS OF CANADA

BRITISH COLUMBIA DREDGING FLEET

REPAIRS TO DREDGE No. 301 ("AJAX")

SEALED TENDERS will be received by the undersigned until 4 p.m., on Thursday, January 24th, 1918, for repairs and general overhaul of the Dredge No. 301 ("Ajax".

Each tender must be sent in in a sealed envelope endorsed "Tender for Repairs to Dredge No. 301 ("Ajax").

Specifications can be seen at the office of A. F. Mitchell, Esq., Acting District Engineer, Victoria, B.C., and at the office of C. C. Worsfold, Esq., District Engineer, New Westminster, B.C., and at the office of the undersigned, 614-18 Birks Building, Vancouver, B. C.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a Chartered Bank, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, for the sum of $500.00 (Five Hundred Dollars), which will be forfeited if the person tendering decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or fail to complete the contract. If the tender be not accepted, the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order,
F. H. SHEPHERD,
Superintendent of Dredges.

Department of Public Works,
Vancouver, B. C.,
January 11th, 1918.

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

FOR ALDERMAN

To the Electors of the City of Victoria.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—Having served you on the Council Board for the past two years, I again offer my services as Alderman for 1918. If elected I shall continue to do my best in the interest of the general public.

ALBION JOHNS.

352 Gorge Road.

FOR ALDERMAN

I beg to offer myself as a candidate for re-election in the forthcoming election, and respectfully solicit your vote and influence.

ALEX PEDEN.

MADAME KATE WEBB, M.I.S.M., PRINCIPAL
DOMINION ACADEMY OF MUSIC
1146 Fort Street (Near Linden Ave.)
Instruction in Singing (Italian method), Voice production. Pianoforte, Theory of Music. Preparation for the Assoc. Board, R.A.M. and R.C.M. exams., London, Eng. Madame Webb offers a Singing Scholarship (one year's free tuition). For particulars apply personally at the Academy. RES. PHONE, 3060.

NOTICE!

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Having moved to more commodious premises (rendered necessary by the large increase in my business) I have now ample room in which to display cloths, etc. You are invited to inspect a *choice selection of new Fall and Winter goods*, including Donegals, Serges and Tweeds. Come — you will not be importuned to buy.

H. H. BROWN
Late of Jay's Oxford Circus, Society's Tailor
Graduate of London Academy
730 FORT STREET TELEPHONE 1817

Collegiate School
PHONE 62
1157 Rockland Avenue, Victoria, B. C.
Private Day and Boarding School For Boys
SMALL CLASSES—INDIVIDUAL ATTENTION
Christmas Term Commences Wednesday, September 5th
PRINCIPAL - - - A. D. MUSKETT, ESQ.
For Prospectus, giving full particulars, apply to the Principal

Victoria's Watch and Clock Repair House
1124 GOVERNMENT STREET
ALL WORK GUARANTEED. JEWELLERY REPAIRS AND ENGRAVING PROMPTLY EXECUTED. THE CHEAPEST HOUSE FOR WALTHAM AND ALL THE HIGH GRADE AMERICAN AND SWISS WATCHES.
F. L. HAYNES

The Finished Mystery
HAVE YOU READ IT?
It Contains a Message FOR YOU

THE PLEASURE OF TRAVEL

is fully realized in travelling on the lines of the Canadian Pacific Railway. By its lines can be reached all points in Canada and the United States.

It operates its own Sleeping and Dining Cars, and has its own Hotels and Steamships. Its magnificent Mountain Scenery and the excellence of the Dining Car Service have made the favorite route for tourists across the American Continent.

For Sleeping Car and Steamship reservations and any further information write or call on

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
1102 Government Street Victoria B. C.

SOTTO VOCE

BY THE HORNET

That election is a problem for most voters.

That they usually know very little about the candidate and have very little means of obtaining the information required.

That the Hornet has been trying to gather some for them.

That he heartily congratulates Mayor Todd and wishes him luck for 1918.

That it would probably save him a lot of trouble if he could pick his own Aldermen.

That it might also be just as satisfactory in the long run, but that it would not be democratic.

That we are all out to "make the world safe for democracy"—the Hornet included.

That R. J. Porter is sure of getting there. He has done so at least four times already. He is a native son. Always courteous and anxious to see the "other fellow's" viewpoint. Is a retired butcher. Make a good "steak" at his business and will certainly "chop" a notch in the ladder of fame before he is through.

That W. Walker has served many times as an Alderman. Has rich gift of humor and plenty of tact. Scarcely progressive enough from the standpoint of labor. Is no relation of either "Hookey" or "Johnny" of the same name.

That George Sangster is the energetic secretary of the Agricultural Club. Has his enemies like most men who attempt anything worth while. Is a shrewd, hard working Scotchman, but this need not prevent any Irishmen voting for him.

That W. F. Fullerton has served more terms than any other alderman. Originally a labor candidate, but latterly a little out of touch. Always useful, and with plenty of good sense. Will no doubt be re-elected.

That A. A. Humber is very popular among those who know him but not very well known by the public at large. Has the reputation of being hardworking and fearless. His platform manner is against him—but that need not cut any ice.

That W. J. Sargent has served several times. Is cool, solid and likable. Will likely be re-elected.

That Jos. Patrick is well known in certain sections—notably as driver of the "water wagon." Is an untried quantity in municipal politics but can always be trusted to come out straight on the Prohibition question.

That E. B. Andros is qualified to speak for the banking institutions and loan companies. Hornet would feel safer with him as a debtor than creditor. Principle claim seems to be that he has his taxes paid. There are others.

That Alex Peden certainly deserves another term. Has made good, and will doubtless do so again. Very popular and faithful. Is in the insurance business but makes a good alderman in spite of it.

That John Day has tried once before and made a very good showing. May do even better this time.

That J. A. Shanks is a good advertiser but not personally known to many. That he has several good points—in fact, "five points." He may win by a close "shave."

That the Hornet would be pleased to see both Mr. Day and Mr. Shanks elected. They would certainly bring new blood into the council and effectively prevent the others from going to sleep.

That Robert Dinsdale has served one term but lacks initiative. Is more successful as a contractor.

That John Harvey is well recommended and inclined to progress. Stands a good chance.

That Hugh Macdonald was born in Nova Scotia and came to Victoria 39 years ago. Member of the Canadian Club. Promises to take a good grip of the tax question. Built the Metropolitan Church here. Has a host of warm friends and may succeed this time.

That Henry Norman is also an old-timer. Had experience as Alderman some years ago. In spite of this he is willing to serve again.

That Albion Johns is one of the best Aldermen we have had in recent years. Is a large property owner and has a heart as big as his property. Is not losing any sleep over the election.

That W. G. Cameron is by far the ablest and wisest of our civic fathers. New members will do well to take pointers from him. Will undoubtedly be re-elected, and will probably be on the slate for Mayor next term.

That George Jay only has to allow his name to be put forward to be sure of re-election as School Trustee.

That Mrs. Andrews, Mr. W. T. Williams, C. W. Deaville and J. G. Hay are also running.

That the Hornet would like to see a lady elected on this board.

That for Police Commissioner, the Mayor will make one good one.

That P. M. Linklater puts up a good case. He came from Scotland—was born in the Orkney Islands. Is in business as tailor.

That R. S. Day, of the well known firm of Day & Boggs, is also offering his services.

That Mrs. Spofford should receive a vote for every elector in recognition of the many services she has rendered Victoria.

That the Hornet does not agree with her in everything but heartily endorses her for this position .

That he wishes all the contestants "good luck" and hopes those who are not successful will accept their defeat gracefully and not blame him for it.

COMPULSORY VACCINATION

All parents and others who are opposed to vaccination are invited to send their name and address in confidence to "Anti-vaccination," care of The Week Office, 625 Courtney St.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Win-the-War

To the Editor, The Week.

Sir.—I am trembling with anger to such an extent that I can hardly hold my pen. You will understand, sir, the illegibility of my writing and will excuse it.

I am crying out at this moment "God save the King," "Rule Britannia," and "Win the War." It relieves my feelings. I am also kicking the floor with my feet.

You have probably guessed that I have been reading of the treachery of the Win the War League. They have had the audacity to say that the Second Class should not be called out. How are we to win the war, I ask you? Every man must go except those over 51.

I want every class out. Now that the Win the War League has turncoated, they'd better be sent to the front themselves en masse.

I am waiting the day when the banks and stores will only be protec——I mean served by women. That's the day I'm longing for.

These traitors to our sovereign lord, His Majesty the King, (God bless Him) and to our boys at the front, just want to protect the skulking 2nd 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th classes. I say out with every class and AT ONCE.

Never mind Quebec and the Maritime Provinces. We don't mind what Ireland and Australia's doing and aren't they in the Empire, too? We must win the war if there's not a man left in the country except those over 51 years.

I tell you, sir, my blood fairly boiled when I read what these miserable shirkers telegraphed to the Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Borden. Over my mantlepiece I have two improvised swords (made out of old sickles) crossed over our glorious Union Jack and Our Majesty the King's (God bless Him) picture, and below that of His Excellency the Duke the Governor's (God bless him, too). Well when this conscription business came along I took my swords down temporarily and cut chicken's heads off with 'em. Well, sir, I didn't wipe 'em off, consequence is they shine pretty red, and I like to think I've finished off some of the Quebecers, Australians, Irishers, conchys, and other d—— traitors.

Well, sir, when I read about this so-called Win the War League, I jumps up and takes my chair to the fireplace to get at these swords to relieve my feelings with. Before I knew, *down comes the chair and I'm spread* all over the floor. Now, sir, that made me see how really traitorous these so-called Win the War League fellows are, and I pulls off a chair leg (the only one left) and runs down the hall shouting "Long live the King." "Out with every class!" And I was bringing my club whistling through the air to hit an imaginary Win the War Leaguer and would you believe it, sir, but the door opened and in came a figure and the full force of my blow descended on the newcomer.

You may imagine my feelings when I tell you that I recollected a big Irishman I owed money to was going to call on me about this time. He's pretty short tempered and I felt pretty queer.

Guess my relief, sir, when I recognized my wife! I felt so relieved I almost picked her up from the floor where she was lying, but I recovered myself in time. Well, sir, I'm writing to you now and I trust you'll do something. If you don't I'll have to write myself to the Colonial office.

God Save Our King!

LOYAL BRITISH SUBJECT.

It's easy to ignore insults aimed at some one else.

The easiest way to prove that one can't sing is to make the attempt.

Were it not for wine and passion some men would never speak the truth.

Fame never blows her trumpet for a man who is too lazy to raise the wind.

When a man borrows trouble he doesn't have to pay it back—but he pays a lot of interest.

The pessimist has an ingrowing grudge against humanity in general and himself in particular.

Almost any man can look back and see how he missed getting rich by not following his own advice.

Dignity is a poor thing to stand on *when you find yourself in the rear of* a crowd and want to see the procession.

RATEPAYERS OF SAANICH

Ward Seven

VOTE FOR

ERNEST ORR

AND

NO HIGHER TAXES

Rheumatism

A Home Cure Given by One Who had It

In the spring of 1893 I was attacked by Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden with Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case.

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.

Mark H. Jackson, No. 568D Gurney Bldg., Syracuse, N. Y.

Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true —Pub.

DEAF PEOPLE

DEAFNESS AND NOISES IN THE HEAD can now be most certainly cured by the newly discovered "French Orlene." This new remedy goes right to the actual seat of the trouble, and effects a complete and lasting cure in a few days.

One box is ample to cure any ordinary case, and has given almost immediate relief in hundreds of cases which had been considered "hopeless."

Mr. D. Borthwick, of Dalbeattie, N.B., writes: "Your new remedy, which I received from you some time ago, HAS COMPLETELY CURED MY HEARING, AFTER MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS' DEAFNESS. I will be pleased to recommend it to all my friends."

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Try one box today, which can be forwarded securely packed and postpaid to any address upon the receipt of postal order for $1. There is nothing better at any price. Address:

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DAVID SPENCER, LTD.

A FINAL CLEAN-UP OF THE BALANCE OF

Men's Suits, Overcoats, Tweed Top Coats, Rainproofs, Hats & Caps, Separate Cloth Pants

Before we remove this department to another section of the store. while the builders take possession of the old Imperial Building.

MEN'S TWEED AND SERGE SUITS—Sizes 34 and 35 only. Worth $20.00 to $30.00. Clearing at, a Suit, $10.00

MEN'S TWEED TOP COATS, medium weight, broken sizes only. Worth to $22.50. Clearing at.....$10.00

MEN'S TWEED AND WORSTED PANTS, for street, work or business wear. Smart patterns. All sizes. Regular to $5.75, clearing at, a pair, $3.75. Regular to $3.75, clearing at, a pair, $2.50.

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—Men's Clothing, Main Floor.

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Vote for Saturday Half=Holiday

BECAUSE—

1. No family re-union is possible on Wednesday without keeping the children away from school.
2. Because Saturday is already observed as a holiday by banks, professional men, and most of the mechanical trades.
3. Because most merchants are agreed that the Saturday holiday causes less disturbance of business.
4. Because all organized sports are held on Saturday.
5. Because a week-end of physical, mental and spiritual recreation is more *beneficial to over-tired merchants and employees than the few hours of* respite offered by Wednesday.
6. Because the Wednesday holiday has been tried in Vancouver and found wanting. Merchants and clerks are alike dissatisfied and are appealing to the Attorney-General for relief.
7. Because Saturday offers the greatest good to the greatest number.
8. Because all store clerks favor Saturday, and because the Weekly Half-Holiday Act was primarily passed in their interests. Vote as you would if YOUR daughter were a store clerk.
9. Because a change to Wednesday will do much to undo the good work of the Victoria Board of Trade in bringing the merchants and clerks into harmonious relationship. Wartime efficiency requires that all causes of friction be removed between capital and labor.
10. Because the experience of the past eighteen months has falsified the predictions of the prophets of evil. Merchants are agreed that times are better; that Friday shopping is popular; and that justice to store clerks is quite compatible with a prosperous city.

VOTING STATION, CITY HALL BLDG., PANDORA STREET. THIS THURSDAY, 9 A.M. to 7 P.M.