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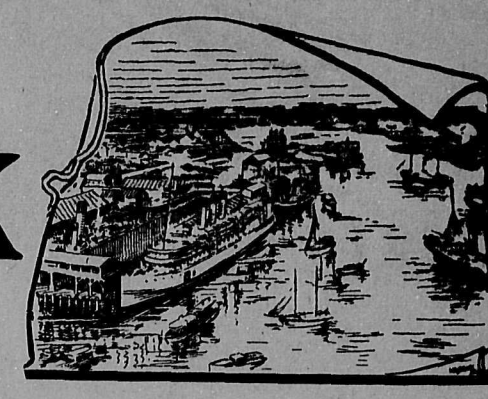
The Week



A British Columbia Newspaper and Review

Vol. XV, No. 27--15th Year | VICTORIA, B.C., CANADA, December 29th, 1917 | 5c. a copy $2.00 a year

"The New Year."—Our Message and Some of Our Plans

WE wish all our readers a *Happy New Year.* There are many reasons why we should *all* wish one another a Happy New Year." The desire is in every heart even though we hesitate to express it. There never was such a time, and there probably never will be such a time again, when every one was as much in earnest about the return of happiness and peace as they are now; but to thousands the wish seems almost a mockery—so drear and so foreboding is the outlook. We realize this. We feel that those who say there is nothing to hope for have good reason to be despondent. To so many, the past three years seem to have shut out all hope of happiness in the coming year. To them 1918 will only be a year to "live down' 'the memories of what "might have been." To others, the anxieties of what this year has in store for them, the fear of the message of woe that may come at any moment, seems to forbid the thought of any real happiness. And over all of us hangs the dreadful cloud of a world going insane under the impression that they are being patriotic. We realize these things. But in spite of it all we are hopeful that there are better times ahead for us—and in the very near future. And because of this hope, because of the optimism that is in us, we come to our readers at the close of 1917 and unfold some of the plans that are in our minds for the coming year—some of the things we intend to stand for in 1918.

FREE SPEECH

In the first place THE WEEK will stand for Free Speech. And when we say this we do not mean a freedom of speech that simply means freedom to express one side of a question. Our columns will be open to any one who has a message to give whether we agree with that message or not. We are firmly convinced that no permanent advancement can be made along the line of human development without permitting the utmost freedom of expression to all lines of thought. We invite correspondence upon any subject of general interest. We believe that there is more useful information to be obtained from the readers of a paper than from the Editor of it, no matter how clever he may think he is. The correspondence column of an up-to-date paper should be the most vitally interesting and energizing part of it. Just now the columns of the daily press are closed to many of our readers. Not so with THE WEEK, its columns are open to all.

REFORMS

In the way of political and municipal reforms we shall stand for the abolition of all property qualifications for all public offices. The man who is not good enough for public office on his own individual merits, is not liable to be made any better by virtue of any bank account, or real estate holdings. We shall come out strong for Temperance, for Proportional Representaion and Single Tax whenever we have opportunity.

SPECIAL FEATURES

Our special features which have contributed in no small degree to the interest of our readers will be continued as usual. "The Women's Column" and "Sub Rosa" will be in the same able hands as they have been in 1917. The "Lounger," whose weekly contributions have been the source of so much pleasure to the general public and also to his co-workers, has been compelled to discontinue to Lounge, much to his and our regret. We hope to have him back on the staff in course of time. In the meantime his place has been taken by another literary light of somewhat similar inclinations and the column will be continued as usual. "The Hornet" will continue to contribute good natured advice and sarcasm.

SOCIALISM

During the coming year we shall also press the claims of a sane Socialism upon our readers. Not a Socialism that preaches class animosity and violence but a Socialism that recognizes all men as brothers and seeks to bring about a change of conditions by a revolution of the mind and not a revolution of strife and bloodshed. A Socialism that stands for the rights of all men—nothing more, nor less. We believe that many of our readers are with us heart and soul in this matter, and we further believe that we can persuade others to think the same if we can only get their attention. With these ends in view we have gathered around us a number of men and women who have given these various matters a great deal of thought. Some of them spent their whole lives in forming their present convictions. They have not simply skimmed over a few text books and thus formed a superficial knowledge of what they are writing about. What they know about poverty and distress is not from hearsay. They have been down to the bottom of things and seen and felt for themselves. They know what it is to be hungry, and what it means to be out on strike, not from reading books and seeing moving pictures, but from actual bitter experience. For this reason their message is worth hearing. They know the results of a cruel system at first hand. Knowing the results has led them to seek out the cause, and finding the cause has enabled them to point to a remedy. The men and women who will write for THE WEEK in 1918 are all men and women who have been touched with the living fire from off the Altar. They have heard the Call of the Carpenter and have lined up with Him in an endeavor to bring the Kingdom of God on Earth. It is because we feel that we have such a message that we look forward with hope to the coming year. And we want all the assistance we can possibly get. The only way we can influence people is by getting their attention and the only way we know of getting their attention is by getting them to subscribe. Experience has proved that most things are valued at just what they cost. Charge a man $50 for a piece of advice and he will value it highly. Give it to him free and he will have no use for it. So with a newspaper. Give it away, and the recipient has no use for it except to light the fire with, but get him to subscribe and he at once wants to find out what he is getting for his money. This is the reason why we want every reader to help us in getting new subscribers and to assist them we make the following offer: Send us the names of ten friends who you think will be interested in our programme, enclosing one dollar, and we will mail each one of them a copy for four weeks. This will give them an opportunity to get acquainted with us, and we will try to do the rest.

We believe that there are many good things in store for us, some of them we may be able to get in 1918—and we believe that THE WEEK has a mission to help to secure them. To do so we invite the hearty co-operation of all our readers. Do all you can to boost the circulation. Pass the paper along to your friends. Call their attention to any article that appeals to you. Get them to read it, and get them to subscribe.

LER US HEAR FROM YOU

A word of encouragement if we say what you think is right, and a word of criticism if you think we are wrong. We are here to put up the best fight we know how for better times in the future than have ever been in the past, but we are only human and all the help we can get won't be a bit too much. If all our readers do this there is no reason why 1918 should not indeed be a *Very Happy New Year.*

THE MESSAGE OF THE DEAD

When the shades of night have fallen, and darkness covers all—
When the clash of arms and boom of cannons cease—
When from out the ghostly silence come the armies of the Dead,
Marching full ten million strong to their release.
Then we strain our eyes and watch them while their footsteps pass us by,
While we think about the "glory of the fray,"
And we listen while they tell us what those sightless eyes have seen
And those battered skulls have learned since yesterday.

"We are victims of a madness that has covered all the earth—
That has carried us through blood and fire and hell
We have fought, and we have suffered as we lay the whole night through
In an agony no mortal words can tell.
All the wounds that we are bearing, severed limb and broken skull,
All the crushed and bleeding forms of mangled men,
Have not hastened by one moment any coming of the Dawn
That shall bid the Dove of Peace come back again.

"For the work of shrieking shrapnel, flaming gas and bloody blade
Can but bring a foolish Victory by might—
And the only place for conquest is the conquest of the mind—
This alone can give a victory for the right.
All the talk of winning glory is an empty, idle boast,
We have learned it in our agony and pain,
And this is now our message to the living from the dead:
'Let no one ever come this way again'."

* * * * *

When the bugle sounds revelle and the troops line up again,
E're you once more by the thousand count your slain,
Hear the message from the silence of the great unnumbered dead:
"Let no one ever pass this way again."

W. E. P.

Australia

LATEST reports from the Antipodes show that Conscription has been voted down very emphatically for the second time. Apparently the information from Canada as to how things went here did not have the desired effect. It is now up to Premier Hughes to live up to his promise (or was it a threat?) to resign if the vote went against him. If he does there is very little doubt but that the next Parliament our cousins have will be a Labor Parliament. This will give the people of Canada—and especially those at Ottawa—something to think about. It is a source of consolation to know that in one part of the British Empire the people are not losing their heads.

Dominion Wide Prohibition

THE decision of the new Union Government to enforce Dominion-wide prohibition of the liquor traffic will be received with more favor by the opponents of the Government than by most of its friends. It is to be attributed to the activities of such men as Hon. N. Rowell who have been life-long advocates of advanced temperance legislation. This leavening of the Tory lump with the active principle of Liberalism will doubtless be productive of good in many other directions, and will certainly give the country better government than it has enjoyed for many years. We are on record as favoring the principle of Union Government. The present Union Government is not the best possible because it contains no representative of the Province of Quebec and because it adopted policies at variance with the known wishes of that important section of the country. But returning to the question of Prohibition. The decision of the Federal authorites will conserve enormous quantities of food-stuffs which are now wasted in the manufacture of strong drink; it will set free for more important uses a great many vessels now utilized in the transport of liquor or the raw materials for its manufacture; it will purify public life of a corrupting influence which has long held dominion over the editorial columns of the commercial press; and finally it will immensely benefit the health and increase the efficiency of the Canadian people. As a war-time measure its importance cannot easily be over-rated. It will have enormous influence for good on the question of man-power, food conservation, the cost of living, social vice and other great problems. All this has been made possible by a simple legislative act and could just as easily have been accomplished years ago. THE WEEK is frankly pleased that one of the first measures adopted by the Union Government has been one which we have been urging all along.

The Prosperous Christmas

VICTORIA merchants are all but unanimous that the Christmas trade for the year 1917 has been the best in a great many years. From all quarters comes the information that the people spent money quite freely and that takings and profits were far above the average. Many merchants are at a loss to explain a result which took them quite by surprise. They had expected that the floating of the Victory Loan just previously would injure the seasonal business. THE WEEK finds the explanation in the Prohibition Act adopted last October. Despite the known weaknesses of that piece of legislation it has nevertheless accomplished much that its sponsors predicted. Thousands of Victoria homes have been blessed by the fact that the full earning power of the breadwinner has been devoted to satisfying legitimate family needs. Purchases of wearing apparel, household comforts and necessities, and commodities of general utility have been made with money which would otherwise have been spent in alcoholic liquors. The sum thus conserved amounted to hundreds of thousands of dollars and made possible the realization of the old wish "A Happy Christmas" not only to the merchants but to the general public as well. As the days go by the benefits of the Prohibition Act will be increasingly felt. The blessings of sobriety will be proved to be cumulative. And when the Act itself shall have been made water-tight and when the Province and the Dominion shall have become "bone-dry," then will the tide of prosperity surprise even those who have long labored for the elimination of the liquor evil.

The Civic Elections

IT looks as if the municipal elections this year will be a dull affair to most people. It is almost certain that the Mayor will stand for a second term and will easily make the grade against any other aspirant. His year of office has been charcterised by quiet plodding work. He has done his work without noise and without flaunting himself before the public eye. As regards the aldermen it is more than certain that of the number seeking for re-election, two or three will be left out in the cold. Special interest attaches to the election of Police Commissioners. For years past certain reformers in the city have clamored for the right of the people to elect their own Police Commissioners. Now the electors will have a chance to show whether they have sense enough to elect commissioners who will be an improvement on the old political machine nominees. If commissioners could be secured who would make it their first and foremost duty to overhaul the police force and see to the weeding out of inefficients, they would earn the lasting gratitude of a host of long suffering citizens. The prohibition law calls for greater vigilance on the part of the police. There is still a suspicion that illicit traffic in liquor goes on and will continue to do so unless there is a more determined effort to stamp it out. Next to the election of Police Commissioners, electors would do well to give attention to the question of how best to handle the delinquent tax problem; otherwise the city is likely to be saddled with a whole lot of property that will be nothing better than a white elephant.

REIGN OF YOUTH

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY

It was the Festive Season, and as one of the older generation, suckled on the Dickens tradition, the Taxpayer had no shame. So he had accepted the invitation to the banquet, and his poor lean nostrils twitched as he entered the Hall of Plenty.

Yet it was but a frugal meal which the Politicians had invited him to share—a mouthful of turtle soup, a sole, a baron of beef, a partridge or two, a little fruit, a very few nuts—that was all, for one must think of the war sometimes, and he was right glad to see champagne was drunk, owing to the terrible shortage of beer, and that as a delicate compliment to the Dress Controller, who had only recently emphasized "old clothes" as a patriotic duty, the very oldest wines were ranged upon the table.

But as he gazed around his spirits fell.

The Politicians—pale, anaemic, ill-fed—bore visible traces of the three years and more of privation, hardship, toil, danger and suffering they had so valiantly borne. Nor were the signs of the strain merely physical; as they reached their trembling fingers for their liqueur glasses they betrayed a state of nervous prostration which would have won the sympathy of even an unreformed Medical Board.

But this was no ordinary banquet. It was a crisis in the world's history, and the peoples of the world were waiting breathlessly for the messages which were to be delivered.

A hush fell, broken only by an occasional clatter of a saucer as coffee was handed or by an occasional scratch as a match was struck and applied to a Coron, and the speech began.

And here, I regret to say, the Taxpayer felt sleepy.

In vain he pinched himself; the old, old phrases fell upon his ears—"hornets," "rabbits," "little nation," "green valleys," "the Welsh mountains," "starry eyes," "bull dogs never sheathing the sword," "tighter belts"—and as the dear old familiar phrases echoed through the old, old hall, at last he fell asleep in downright earnest, and slept the honest sleep of repletion.

But just as the scene slid from him he heard someone say angrily:

"THERE IS NO HOPE OF AN EARLY END TO THE WAR."

* * *

Suddenly there was a touch upon his shoulder and he awoke with a start.

"Come," said a loud voice in his ears, "pull yourself together, man."

The Taxpayer looked up.

And then he became aware of the presence of a great, jolly Giant, glorious to see, and with humor in his eyes, who held in his hand a terrible, glowing torch, and the Taxpayer glanced fearfully round the banqueting hall; the Politicians had gone. He was alone with this monster.

"Who are you?" he demanded nervously.

"I am the Genius of Youth," said the Giant.

And then the Taxpayer covered his face in his hands and wept.

"But Youth is dead," he wailed.

"Touch my robe!" commanded the Giant.

The Taxpayer did as he was told and held fast.

The huge banqueting hall vanished and the Giant and Taxpayer stood before a great temple.

"What is this?" asked the Taxpayer.

"This," said the Giant, "is the *House of Legislature.*"

"It is not in the least like the old House of Commons as I knew it," remarked the Taxpayer in a nervous attempt to be flippant. But the Giant frowned.

"We have left the old things behind in our flight through the years," he said, "and this is the Age of Youth. Always remember; in the bygone centuries when the old men ruled there were some upon this land of ours who laid claim to know Us and did their deeds of party, passion, pride, ill-will, bigotry, and selfishness in our name, who were as strange to Us and all our kith as if they had never lived. Remember that, and charge their doings upon them; not upon Us. Come."

And together they entered the temple.

* * *

The Prime Minister, youthful, clear-eyed, and virile, was speaking:

"In this righteous cause war may become necessary, and we propose at once to enforce the conscription. The old men are becoming garrulous and irritable; and the Government feel compelled to take drastic steps in order to maintain peace. We propose, therefore, to call to the Colors at once all men of the age of forty-one and upwards. If we are compelled to face another Armageddon, let us not forget the lessons of that historic struggle of five centuries ago. The history text books will tell you how the ruling of the nations was left to the aged; how for six years or more the old men of the world blundered on thirsting for more and more blood until the annihilation of the civilized earth seemed imminent; from year to year the rate of war casualties was increased and the death of civilians killed from the air ran to millions; how for years tentative and indefinite peace terms were offered from every side, and each in turn dismissed as a 'trap' because the old and sterile could not trust one another; how the psychological moment for peace never arrived until the youth of the world was well-night exterminated; how damnably obstinate the old men were, and how grimly determined never to sheathe the sword—which they had never drawn."

And here there were loud cheers, during which the speaker paused gratefully for breath.

"Let us never forget the teachings of those dark pages of ancient history," he resumed; "let us never forget the dreadful state to which our country was reduced by the old men in the sixth year of that terrible war; how bureaucracy throve and flourished till not a hotel, not a club, and scarcely a private house in this London of ours was left uncommandeered; how profiteering was rampant; how the National Debt rose to £15,000,000,000; let us remember the condition of the civilian Taxpayer, imprisoned for the faintest criticism of any old man or any bureaucratic underling. Citizens, if there MUST be war, let us at least remove one danger from our midst; let us place the old and irritable in the firing line. I ask the immediate call to the Colors of all males over the age of forty-one. The times are too grave for us to run any risks."

"But they never allowed people to talk like that in my time," whispered the Taxpayer to the Giant.

"This is the Age of Youth," said the Giant sternly.

"But won't you explain things a little?" pleaded the Taxpayer as they left the temple. "You see, I seem to have died, or passed away in the fourth year of what they are talking about, so I never saw the end."

* * *

"It came with the Revolution of Youth," said the Giant solemnly. "Youth possessed both the intellect and the power. Youth WAS the Empire, and Age was decadent, Age was impotent, rapacious, incompetent, vicious, and destructive. The old men quarrelled and goaded the young to fight. Age, by its negligence and by its stupidity, was responsible for that ancient Armageddon; Age was intolerant and showed no signs of solving the problems of war. Age had told Youth that the war was for freedom, but freedom had vanished from the world; that the war was for democracy, but Age was not democratic; that the war was for posterity, but Youth WAS posterity, and stood in danger of extinction. So Youth decided that since Age had so decimated posterity, the privilege of fighting for posterity should be given to Age, and the Youth of the whole world realized quite suddenly that they were fighting for ancestry, and agreed at the first International Conference held during the first armistice that no belligerent should employ in arms any man under the age of forty-one. And that great Tradition has for five centuries freed the world from war.

"Youth was very wise and very just Youth decreed it a criminal offence for any newspaper to print any statement it could not guarantee as truth. And there was a great economy in paper. Bellicose writers and politicians and armies of bureaucrats and profit-mongers rushed to the Colors, only to find the Army Service Corps was full.

"The Tribunal system was continued, with the difference that the Young sat in judgment on the Old. Age appealed for exemption, but was rebuked. 'I have given my son,' pleaded Age. 'There must be equality of sacrifice' said the Chairman. 'Youth will now give its fathers and its grandfathers, too, rather than allow autocracy to rule.'

"Armageddon as reconstructed by Youth into the actual battle of Age did not last a week. Youth was tolerant and Youth was human. Youth desired life and not death, and the reign of Youth gave the world peace."

* * *

And at that very moment the clatter of an overturned coffee-pot woke the Taxpayer, just in time to catch the concluding words of an elderly politician's angry peroration:

"Therefore so far as I can see the struggle will be a lengthy one, AND THERE IS NO HOPE OF AN EARLY END TO THE WAR."—The Herald, England.

One of the first things every man must realize, if he is going to succeed, is how little he can accomplish alone; the second is that everyone has some good in him and can do something well.

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."

Scores of other equally good reports.

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:

"ORLENE" CO., H. T. RICHARDS,
WATLING STREET, DARTFORD,
KENT. ENGLAND.

Please mention this paper.

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. 56SD Gurney Bldg., Syracuse, N.Y.

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

Say you saw it in The Week.

B.C. Apples
For.....
B. C. Boys

Dan W. Poupard

THE FRUIT SPECIALIST
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Cured His Rupture

I was badly ruptured while lifting a 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 lost 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

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

NEW METHOD LAUNDRY

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"QUALITY LAUNDERERS"

1015-1017 North Park Street
Phone 2300.

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.

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

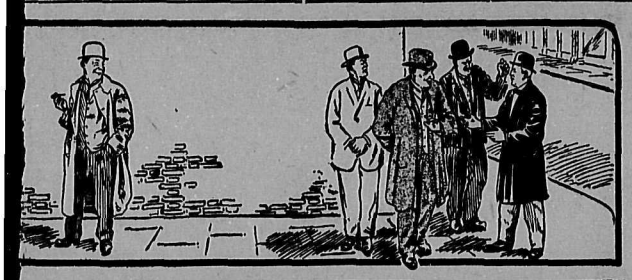
OWNERS of vacant land in the city who are willing to lend same for cultivation during the year 1918 are requested to notify the

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.



At The Street Corner

BY THE LOUNGER

This is how it happened.

The Editor of The Week dropped to my sanctum the other day. A an of usually cheerful countenance, looked decidedly worried. He ought with him a rather bulky par- l which he laid on my desk. His pression puzzled me; he was the pic- re of gloom. I requested him to be ated.

"You look worried," I remarked. What's the matter?"

"Yes; I believe I look worried. I el worried; in fact I am worried— ightfully worried," he replied.

"Well, tell me all about it. You ow you can safely confide in me. ou're an old friend; if there's any- ing I can do to help you, just say so. n't scruple to ask; my humble ser- es are at your disposal—always. ven if it's a matter of,—ahem,—say, that is—a little accommodation in ady cash."

"Cash be hanged!" he interrupted. don't need it. I have, or ought to ve, money to burn. Don't you read e daily papers, man?" he demanded, ther testily.

I admitted that I did.

"Well," he proceeded, "these or- ns, whose veracity no self-respecting izen would dare to doubt, positively sert that people holding the opin- ns I hold are well supplied with oney from German sources. Why, an alive, I must be a regular roesus. Money? No, no. Worse an that." He lapsed into silence, s eyes glued to the carpet.

"Has some patriotic, platform fe- ale fire-eater been seriously suggest- g that you be roasted over a slow e or hung from a lamp post?"

"Worse than that," he snapped.

"Has your name been placed upon e black-list of the 'Loyal and Pa- iotic Society for the Rigorous Perse- tion of Pacifists'?"

"Guess again," was his laconic mment.

"Come, come, man," I insisted. Enough of this fooling. Tell me hat IS the matter."

In a voice which clearly betrayed s emotion, he replied: "LOUNGER AS QUIT."

"Lounger quit?"

"Yes. Gave notice last week. Now, come to the point, I want YOU to elp me out of this difficulty. So, ray, allow me to place this (he had eanwhile untied the parcel and taken erefrom a garment of rather ample roportions) upon your shoulders. It the mantle of 'Lounger.' Now, old an, get busy. You won't disappoint e, I know. Good day."

With that he disappeared, leaving e standing, looking for all the world ke a small boy clad in his dad's big- st overcoat. I am a little man, and an never hope to fill a garment of ch dimensions.

But the Editor is an old friend and true one. I could not have the heart turn him down. So, with a full nsciousness of my utter inability to tain the philosophic and artistic andard set by my illustrious prede- ssor, I decided then and there to come a "Lounger."

If I fail I shall not shirk responsi- lity. If I chance to express opinions hich may give offence to some, I trust ey will pardon me. I invariably ex- nd forgiveness to those whose opin- ns do not coincide with my own.

—o—

I share with my chief an implicit nfidence in the veracity of the local ily papers. They cannot lie. Be- des, they are ever under the scrutiny a watchful and ruthless press cen- rship which is most intolerant of evarication.

Let any one of them, for example, ublish the statement that Victoria is OT overrun by German spies and en with pacifist leanings who are on he pay-sheet of the Kaiser. I feel onfident that such an atrocious per- ersion of facts would be followed im- ediately by drastic action on the part f the censor.

Just consider the noble act of self- acrifice which has lately been consum- mated by our two high-souled oracles. For the first time in their histories, they have agreed to agree! Think of it, dear reader. A deed so noble, rep- resenting such a commendable spirit of self-abnegation, should make our hearts glow with pride and our souls thrill with thankfulness that we should be privileged to have at our disposal a press so altruistic. "Boodle," did you say? Nothing of the kind! The very idea!

The "unanimous daily press" is one of the grandest accomplishments of our time. Let us take it seriously and question nothing it has to say.

—o—

I have before me a copy of The Colonist of date December 15th, con- taining the report of a "Unionist" meeting held in the Seamen's In- stitute.

The meeting was evidently a most enthusiastic affair. The speakers vied with each other in their protestations of patriotism. One of the speeches— delivered by a mere woman, by the way—was a perfect gem. This lady, after informing her hearers that the excuses put forward by those claiming exemption before the tribunals made her blood boil, proceeded to offer nu- merous laudable and patriotic sugges- tions. "Shooting," she asserted, "was the only thing for the slacker; and she urged that provision should be made whereby any slacker getting exemption should be made to work for bare wages, the balance of his pay to be devoted to a fund for the benefit of men overseas and their dependents." She considered it disgraceful that proprietors of stores whose sons are at home should be patronized. (Vide Colonist report.)

It is with feelings of profound hu- mility that I read the synopsis of this estimable lady's oration. Here am I, hitherto believing myself to be as ar- dent a patriot as any, and yet, to my eternal shame be it said, I am not con- scious of having even once given way to such a wild exuberance of patriotic fervor. Am I a cold-blooded, soulless creature; or,—what is the matter? Why have I contributed nothing to the agitation for the persecution of that terrible menace to human society, the slacker? Again, why have I not openly advocated the restoration of the mediaeval torture chamber for his particular benefit? Why have I not raised my feeble voice in stern con- demnation of the miserable fellow who permits a matter of such trivial im- port as the care of an invalid mother to interfere with his duty to the state, and, incidentally to Flavelle, et al? Why do I stand idly by while men who are physically weak, or whose consciences revolt against the idea of slaughtering their fellow men, are not driven into the barracks at the point of the bayonet and made the victims of the most debasing and cruel forms of horse play—by order?

Why have I not organized a boy- cott of the fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters of those who have claimed exemption? And all the while the voracious war god shrieks for more victims!

When I ponder over that lady's mag- nificent oration, when I think of her soul-stirirng advice and fearless pa- triotism, I am humbled beyond imagin- ation. And the most humiliating feat- ure of the unfortunate business is that some wicked spirit keeps urging me to rebel against these glorious ideals. It seems to whisper in my ear, "Don't be deceived. These are not the ideals of the real patriotic. They are the crea- tions of a mental attitude which is barbaric and un-Christian."

Get thee behind me, malign spirit!

The lady who made the speech MUST be right. I know it, because a well-known local minister of the gos- pel of the Prince of Peace, to-wit, the Very Rev. Dean Quainton, addressed the same meeting, and I am not aware that he disagreed with anything she said.

I fear I am a poor specimen of a patriot. After all, am I not what the Editor desires me to be, a mere

LOUNGER?

TRENCH FEET

By Lieut. Frank Fox

The British Army will enter upon the winter campaign of 1917-18 better equipped than ever before to combat the peculiar trouble known as "trench feet." That trouble has been one of the chief pests of the campaign, especially in Flanders, and the R.A. M.C., has carried on a constant in- vestigation as to the best means of prevention and cure—especially pre- vention. The scientific efforts of the medical services have been consistent- ly backed up by the army authorities and no question of expense or of trou- ble has been allowed to stand in the way of betterment.

The problem of dealing with trench feet was a very complicated one. There were many factors to be taken into account. To begin at the begin- ning, civilized man treats his feet, ordinarily, very badly. Perhaps not one man out of a hundred (or one woman out of a thousand) gives the foot a fair chance. It is almost al- ways over-clothed, or ill-clothed. Gen- erally, it is subjected through most of life to deforming pressure. Thus, whilst the foot of the savage who goes bare-footed is about his toughest member and resists damage wonder- fully, the foot of a civilized man usually suffers from malnutrition, from some deformity of the bones, and from muscle cramp. The foot of a regular soldier has generally had a better chance than the foot of a civi- lian of the same class in life; but the new army is made up now almost en- tirely of men whose feet have suffer- ed from the usual civilian neglect.

Then this campaign, in a cold wet country, in trenches practically all the time, was exceptionally severe on feet. A marching army, even an army that has hard marching to do, does not make so much demand on its feet as a trench-holding army, which has to stand very many hours at a stretch, often in mud and water. So, in the winter season particularly, there must be a constantly alert defensive against foot troubles.

Regimental officers (and this is written from their standpoint, and not that of a doctor) are called upon to co-operate vigilantly and whole- heartedly with the medical staff to safeguard their men; and, upon the whole, they have responded, in face of many difficulties, with tireless con- scientiousness. The public hear a good deal of an officer's activities in the fighting line, but very little of these equally important activiteis in "mothering" his men. An enthusi- astic officer—and enthusiasm is the rule, not he exception—will, guided by the careful instructions he gets from the medical staff, teach his men to give as much attention to their feet as to their rifles. To take every possible opportunity of cleanliness; to avoid tight boots and tight put- tees; to use the preventive, anti-frost bite greese supplied; to wage prompt war on the smallest sign of a chil- blain—that is the routine of precau- tion.

In spite of all precaution, cases will occur, for the winter conditions on the Flanders front are simply fiendish, and if a half-frozen swamp has to be held, there is a cost in foot casualties as well as in shell wounds. But per- sistent precaution keeps cases to a minimum, and it is satisfactory to know that the British Army organiza- tion is lavish with the means of pre- vention.

One company officer who was espe- cially keen on his men's feet, used to devote much energy to getting methy- lated spirit as an embrocation for cases of incipient chilblains, and he would advise men to use their rum ration, if the mud arose, as an em- brocation. How far that advice was taken one cannot say. But it had at least the good effect of keeping the men's minds on the importance of the care of their feet; for rum is not lightly regarded in the trenches. An- other "jim," that was not official but had a doctor's approval, was to en- courage men at seaside rest camps in the winter months to paddle their feet in the sea. The cold sea-water had a fine strengthening effect on the feet and signs of chilblains showed a ten- dency to disappear.

And, after the war, in the blessed days when peace returns, the com- munity as a whole will get the benefit of the fact that so many millions of men have learned to care for their feet. The next generation will prob- ably not be allowed to grow up to the same extent with semi-crushed, tor- tured feet. Perhaps even the femi- nine stilted heel will receive a set- back!

A Typical Scene in the Suburbs of Victoria

PUBLIC WORKS OF CANADA.

BRITISH COLUMBIA DREDGING FLEET

REPAIRS TO ROCK BREAKER No. 1

Sealed tenders will be received by the undersigned until 4 p.m. on Thursday, January 3rd, 1918, for repairs and gen- eral overhaul of the Rock Breaker No. 1.

Each tender must be sent in in a sealed envelope endorsed "Tender for Repairs to 'Rock Breaker No. 1'."

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 $200.00 (Two Hundred Dollars), which will be forfeited if the person ten- dering 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 re- turned.

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., Dec. 21st, 1917.

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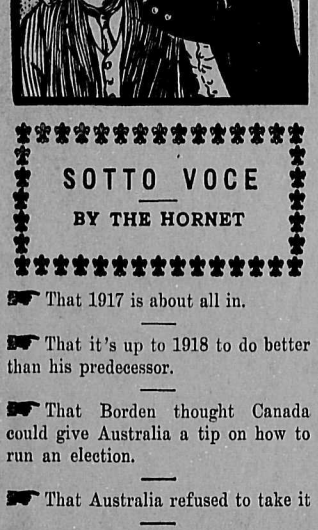

SOTTO VOCE

BY THE HORNET

☛ That 1917 is about all in.

☛ That it's up to 1918 to do better than his predecessor.

☛ That Borden thought Canada could give Australia a tip on how to run an election.

☛ That Australia refused to take it

☛ That she has decided to run things her own way in spite of all the "good" advice we have given her.

☛ That it is just possible that she knows what she is about, and—

☛ That we may have to take a tip from her later on.

☛ That Santa Claus did not forget Victoria this Christmas.

☛ That he paid a visit to the Hornet's home and left a pamphlet on food conservation.

☛ That it was very thoughtful of the old man.

☛ That in spite of not being allowed to eat anything but eggs and poultry, the Hornet and his family spent a very Merry Christmas.

☛ That Dr. Ernest has been writing to the daily papers again.

☛ That this time he is not calling Brewster names, but is singing: 'On! Brewster! On!"

☛ That the Hornet wants to know whether Brewster is a man or a horse.

☛ That the Doctor will ultimately be able to come out as a real humorist.

☛ That The Week could afford to offer him about thirty cents a week to edit a funny column—

☛ That he would be worth it.

☛ That the Hornet has found the most consciencious observer of the Sabbath.

☛ That she was a Scotch Presbyterian.

☛ That she would not allow her children to take medicine on Saturday night for fear it would "work on Sunday."

☛ That the Lounger has decided to give up the pen.

☛ That he says the "gods" did it.

☛ That the Hornet would like to get his hands on the "gods" for about ten minutes.

☛ That not being able to do so, and not knowing who they are, he feels constrained to tell them what he thinks of them.

☛ That on account of only having two columns in which to express himself, he refuses.

☛ That the Lounger has made many friends while writing for The Week.

☛ That he may rely on retaining that friendship in the future, and—

☛ That he will be welcome as a contributor to this, or any other paper, at any time.

☛ That the coal shortage in New York is getting to be a serious affair.

☛ That already widespread suffering has resulted among the poor.

☛ That this is another illustration of who is paying the price of the war.

☛ That the Winnipeg milk business is reported to have been taken over by the Government.

☛ That Mr. Thos. Campbell had an interesting letter in Tuesday's Colonist.

☛ That he put up a very good defence of the Socialist.

☛ That it is up to The Colonist to answer him—if she can.

☛ That The Colonist might easily exercise a little more care in reporting the decisions of the Exemption Board.

☛ That the statement that one man was "legally unmarried" was entirely uncalled for and decidedly misleading.

☛ That not being recognized as "married" on account of the date of the ceremony does not make a man and woman "legally unmarried."

☛ That there are several ministers of the gospel also going round in uniform who don't look well either.

☛ That The Colonist ought to know this, and—

☛ That she owes Mr. and Mrs. Deveson an apology.

☛ That if she has any sense of chivalry left she will at once tender it.

☛ That Fletcher Bros. Christmas window was the best Santa Claus display in town.

☛ That their window expert is to be complimented on his ability.

☛ That it was a good idea to change the costume of Santa from khaki to red.

☛ That the good old saint doesn't look well in military uniform.

☛ That trouble is brewing for some of the big stores that kept open last Saturday afternoon.

☛ That the Hornet is glad that he knows when it is time to "shut up."

☛ That he will do so now—after wishing all his readers a Happy New Year.

SUB ROSA

That simple announcement: "Tomorrow being Christmas Day, the Colonist employees will rest from their labors, hence there will be no paper on Wednesday."

Oh, for a Christmas Day of a thousand years' duration!

* * *

Then those kindly Yuletide Greetings from Mr. McIntosh, M.P., tickled my holiday fancy: "May the people of Nanaimo District who so graciously and emphatically entrusted me with their confidence have a gladsome Christmas and the joys of a happy and prosperous New Year."

As for the minority who were not so gracious as to vote for me,—they can go to—Australia. Those might possibly be Mac's sentiments; only I happen to know they are not. He wishes the minority all the gladsomeness and all the dry prosperity that is coming to them.

* * *

They say that what you look for you invariably get. I was looking for smiles and I got lots of them. Here's another: "Bibles and Presbyterian Hymn Books at Half Price." Judging by the condition of Christendom I should have thought the drop was much lower than that.

* * *

Yet another one: "On, Brewster, on; on, Brewster, on," "on to Unionism."

Yes, on to Unionism: Take Bowser, Pooley and the earnest Doctor into your Cabinet, Mr. Brewster, "for it is difficult for us to descend from the high plane of unselfish patriotic non-political endeavor" in which we all lived and moved and had our being during the never to be forgotten day when the new women voters with the assistance of the priests and Presbyterian elders canonized the weak Sir Robert while some of us believed they were going to can him. Little wonder the hymn books have sunk to half price, or that the noble Doctor gives eloquence in place of reason.

* * *

I, in my humble minority way, may be permitted to regret that Mr. Brewster is a Borden Unionist, but I am not in any way doubtful about his sanity on Provincial matters. If it is a question of who is politically insane, from a medical point of view, I know whose certificate I would sign.

* * *

This leads me to remark that Premier Brewster, Hon. John Oliver, Hon. D. Pattullo, Hon. Wm. Sloane and the rest of the Ministers of B. C. are attending zealously to the business of this Province, and so far as I know are not getting any help from the loyal Bowser opposition, and which same fact will be manifest to the man in the street when the Legislature meets.

It took a lot of time and effort to get the pig kicked out of the city limits and if the pig is insanitary, and inimical to health in times of peace, how does it become a blessing in time of war? Possibly by creating an epidemic so as to kill off a percentage of the people. Thus making more pigs and fewer persons, war time economy will be justified, the doctors could smile some more and the undertakers rejoice greatly. But, my dear brethren, why eat pig at all? It is not a necessary food ,and the Jews who are getting ready to run the world will certainly pass a prohibition measure.

* * *

No one noticed this news item in the local press so you can say you saw it in The Week:—

Camp Lewis, Tacoma, Dec. 19, 1917. —General Irons has approved the court martial sentence of Sigard Linden, Company 69, 166th Brigade, for disobedience and refusal to submit to an operation which would better fit him for service. Sentenced to five years' hard labor in disciplinary barracks, dishonorable discharge and the loss of all pay.

* * *

Also: did you observe the very large front page type the Colonist and Times employed to acquaint you with the result of the Australian referendum? It will now be in order for these progressive organs to start a campaign for the exclusion of that benighted country from the British Empire. It is not in the class with

U AND I.

CELEBRATE THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING

On December 25th the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Dunn, 558 David St., was the scene of much rejoicing in celebration of the golden wedding of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Jackson. About forty guests sat down to supper in a room tastefully decorated with holly and evergreens. In the centre of the table stood a beautiful cake, with golden roses, and a golden horse shoe, studded with fifty golden nails. After many timely and witty speeches, the guests adjourned to the upper rooms where the evening was spent in dancing and games.

The many presents and good-wishes received by the happy couple bear eloquent testimony to the respect in which they are held by their many friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Jackson were married in Staffordshire, England, fifty years ago on Christmas day. They have been residents of this city for the past twelve years. There are four daughters, Mrs. E. B. Kirkbride, Mrs. J. M. Dunn and Mrs. J. Jackson of Victoria, and Mrs. Garity of Sydney, Australia, also eighteen grand children and one great-grand child.

May they live to celebrate their diamond jubilee is the wish of all.

LABOR'S TASK

The return of Christmas only impresses one more than ever that the world is sadly out of joint. Labor and Socialism almost alone can put it back. There is a small remnant of men of goodwill and clear vision in every land striving to discover the way back to morality, reason and human regard, and the earnest that they will in time succeed is the fact that the democracies of all lands have had no part in shaping the policies which made the war inevitable. Their blame is that they were indifferent; their excuse, that they were deceived. Let them now start afresh. How little can killing, destroying, hating do? How much do "Christian" governments trust to them? We appoint Commissions to gather up horrors and enshrine them in official publications. The Germans do the same. When are we to have Commissions to record the common sufferings, the common heroisms, the common acts of kindness? When are we to have Blue Books telling how Fritz and Tommy died ministering unto each other, and rescuing from forgetfulness the tender human documents which Tommy and Fritz have both written? This is Labor's task. Let us return to the spirit of the International. It is required not only to guide us through the war so that when it ends we shall not find ourselves in a wilderness; but also to enable us to heal the wounds of Europe and end those evils which, whilst they last, will make peace a mere name and Christmas a mere ceremony.—J. Ramsay MacDonald.

Different

"Longhow is fond of relating his big fish stories, isn't he?"

"Well, yes; he is fond of relating big stories, but I cannot testify regarding the size of the fish."

Iron can be made rust-resisting by heating it red hot and brushing it with linseed oil.

Every man can do some one thing well, but no man can do a lot of things well at the same time.

A Western trapper has arranged an electric system which lights a small electric bulb when a trap is sprung, enabling him to locate it in the darkness and shoot the animal.

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On January 31st we vacate the Imperial Building. To make the removal as light as possible, GREATER REDUCTIONS THAN USUAL have been made on much merchandize in our Men's Clothing Department.

¶ Up to the present the reduced prices have only applied to Suits and Overcoats. We have many other lines yet to arrange for selling including MEN'S AND BOYS' TROUSERS, HATS, CAPS and RAINCOATS.

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¶ Watch the Daily Papers for full particulars, and see our Window Display.

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