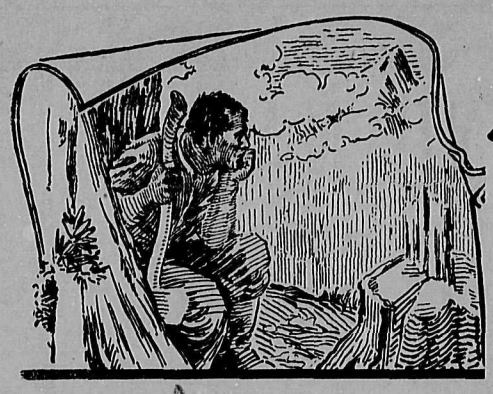
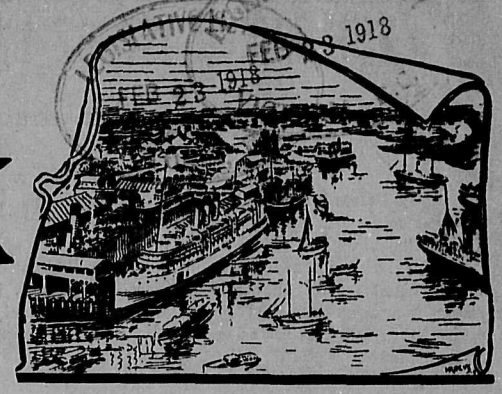


The Week



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Dollar Day

PROBABLY nine out of every ten business men in Victoria wish that the man who invented Dollar-Day had passed in his checks before he thought the scheme out. There may be reasons why a store may occasionally find it necessary to adopt some such plan to get rid of goods which have an unhappy knack of accumulating, but we believe that the establishment of a semi-annual Dollar-Day such as we now have is actually detrimental to the best business of the city.

The small storekeeper is invariably hurt by it. He has no big bargains to offer and he might just as well shut up shop till the rush to the big stores is over. And the big stores themselves do not really gain anything by it. They all say that for the few days preceeding and the week following Dollar-Day, business is at a standstill. The total business done is not increased to any appreciable extent and the actual profits are in most cases very considerably less. It may be argured the public are benefitted. This we very much doubt. Some few people who are willing to stand outside a store for hours so as to be the first to claim the bargains may get more than value for their money, but we very much question the wisdom of running business along those lines. Truly "business is business" and the biggest business of Dollar-Day is to provide a lot of extra advertising for the daily papers. No one is really benefitted in the long run and a good many are harmed. The whole tendency of the thing is towards a gamble in values and we do not hesitate to denounce it.

Disorder in Uncle Sam's House

IT is becoming clearer every day that very soon some outside power will have to step in and give Uncle Sam a lesson on how to keep his own house in order. At present Uncle Sam is up in arms and with his best suit of mail on, is away fighting the Germans in the interests of *liberty, justice and humanity.* The Germans are the enemies of the human race: the sworn foes of every kind of democracy, and Uncle Sam couldn't stand it any longer. So he is out for a fight to a finish to *make the world safe for democracy.* All this sounds very fine but Uncle Sam should give a look, in the bygoing, to his own home affairs. Uncle Sam's country has never been conspicuous for the maintenance of justice among its own people but it seems to be growing worse every day since it threw itself into the European war. The other day something happened away down Tennessee that would have delighted the most bloodthirsty of Prussian savages. A mob, 8,000 strong, seized a miserable negro, who had made an assault on a white woman, and burned him to ashes at the stake. But before burning him, they tortured him in the most fiendish manner imaginable. Red hot pokers were jabbed into his eyes, his back, his ribs and wherever there was a chance to sizzle him whilst he hung dangling in chains to a post. When it was impossible to torture him any longer, his body was burned to ashes. All talk of humanity in face of such horrors is worse than hypocritical. But similar acts of lawlessness are taking place almost every day in that great country of the free. Today news comes from Staunton, Illinois, of the celebration of Lincoln's day by the brutal treatment of a number of citizens who were in many cases dragged out of bed, and handed over to a mob of so-called patriots, who vented their rage upon their helpless victims in the usual mob fashion, and all because these people were suspected of being I. W. W. or German sympathisers. These are only samples of the kind of liberty, justice, and humanity whihc Uncle Sam permits at home in his own Christian land, whilst he is away fighting against the fiendish Kaiser and his unspeakable Huns. This kind of thing throws a sinister light on Uncle Sam's motives and professed ideals. Perhaps if nobody else can undertake the job, Japan will some of these days assume the roll of saviour of democracy, and come over to show Uncle Sam how.

The Conscription of Vacant Lots

IN the presence of a threatened world famine there should be no hesitation in conscripting vacant lots in the general welfare. The vacant lot cultivation movement is alright as far as it goes, but it goes but very little beyond tiresome verbosity. Far too much consideration is shown for the parasites who are euphemistically called land-owners. There is not and cannot be such a thing as "ownership" of land, any more than there can be ownership of air, ocean or sunshine. The resources of nature are the continuing gift of God to the successive generations of men. The Lloyd-George land-song has it that *the land belongs to the people* and therein it states a great fundamental truth. The earth was intended to supply the needs of mankind. Surely now, if ever, mankind is in urgent need of the necessaries which land alone can supply. Why, therefore, in the name of common sense, should a group of land-owners, large or small, be allowed to stand between the people and their life's necessities? By far the worst of all slackers is the land-slacker. He is the man who neither produces himself nor allows others to produce. He toils not, neither does he spin. Yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. He it is who retards production, enhances prices, restricts opportunity, decreases wages, and herds men like cattle in the slums of cities. Far too much time has been wasted "requesting" permission from these slackers to allow their lots to be cultivated. What is wanted is a brief but unmistakable intimation that their land *must* be cultivated. Let them be given not more than two weeks in which to state their intentions. Failing definite action within that time it should be lawful for the municipalities to settle others on these idle lands. Conscription of men for militarism is Prussianism; conscription of men for industrial purposes is servitude; but conscription of land-slackers is a stroke for human freedom. It is reported that a bill for the conscription of vacant lots will be introduced at the forthcoming session of the Provincial Legislature. That bill should receive the endorsation of all sections of the community. If it is drawn on bold and common-sense lines it will do more for the cultivation-of-vacant-lots-movement than all the conferences, the advertising and the begging-letters which have heretofore wasted the time of city officials and citizens. It will enable householders to enclose and utilize lots adjacent to their homes without the inconvenience and the insecurity which now hampers all attempts to increase production. The attitude of some of these so-called land-owners is truly amazing. They allow their (?) lots to produce crops of weeds and thistles to the injury of neighbors and the detriment of the city. Requests for cultivation-permits are met by impudent demands for impossible rents or remission of taxes. What do these idlers care about the world shortage of food, or the injury wrought by their weed-crops on their fellow citizens? Surely, now is the time to proclaim the gospel that the land belongs to the people. An idle piece of land is in these days an affront to God and an injury to man. And the sooner legislators take the necessary steps to end the unbearable condition the better for the community, the nation and the empire.

The Agitator

For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace,
And for Jerusalem's sake will I not rest,
Until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness,
And the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth.
Upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, have I set watchmen,
Who shall never hold their peace, day and night.
Go through, go through the gates;
Prepare ye the way of the people!
Lift up a standard to the peoples!

ISAIAH

(HEBREW PROPHET, B.C. 740)

A Disappointed Reader

A LADY rang us up over the 'phone the other day to tell us that a copy of THE WEEK had been left at her home and that she did not want any more. She complained that we were always saying bad things about the British Empire and nothing good, and she felt so strongly about it that she wanted to tell us that "the paper ought never to be allowed in any British home." We were sorry—we always are sorry when things are not satisfactory to other people. We tried to tell her that if we said all the good things we know about the British Empire, we would have no room for anything else, but we couldn't convince her. She will not look at THE WEEK any more—even at a distance. Times of national distress and disaster are not the times to be distributing bouquets and scattering lavender water. There are wrongs to be righted and injustices to be abolished, no matter who has to suffer in the process. If some of our cherished national institutions stand in the way of the establishment of a better order of things, so much the worse for those institutions. They will have to get out. Just so long as we can handle a pen and have the use of some printer's ink and paper we intend to hammer away at anything and everything that we believe stands in the way of international brotherhood. If it should happen that ink and paper are denied us, then we will find some other means.

The Grand Forks Seizure

THE action of the Immigration Agent in Grand Forks in seizing the whole of the books of the members of the I. B. S. A., including Bibles and Testaments, and private papers, and forbidding them to hold any communication with other members of their Association on penalty of immediate imprisonment, is an illustration of the way a blundering official may overstep his authority in times like these. We question very much whether any Immigration Official had the right to take any action at all in the matter. The books had passed the customs long before and the duty had been paid. They were neither being taken out of the country nor being brought in, and we fail to see where any one except the police had any authority to act. We are given to understand that the Bible Students were treated with every courtesy by the Chief of Police and that he refused to take any action against them until he received definite instructions. The whole trouble came from the arrogance of a man who ought to have known better, and evidently did not. If things like this are allowed to go unprotested we shall soon be up against a pretty queer proposition. THE WEEK stands ready at any time to champion the cause of any one who is subjected to such outrageous indignity as these Bible Students were subjected to in Grand Forks.

Freedom of Speech and Press

THE WEEK has no one on its staff who is particularly interested in the I. B. S. A. It has no one on its staff who is particularly interested in any particular church, or sect, or denomination, but it has a good many who are vitally interested in the principles laid down by the Nazarene some two thousand years ago, and unless we are very much at sea as to what they meant, he was a stickler for *free speech.* Some of the things he said and some of the names he called people, didn't go down very well, and they would be just as unpalatable to those concerned today as they were then. For this reason we fail to see why we should hesitate to call a spade a spade, when there is sufficient evidence that it is the article in question. Beating about the bush does not lead anywhere—and it is not in our line. We are quite ready to accept the statement made by Bishop MacDonald in his letter in this issue that there are misstatements in the book called *The Finished Mystery.* There probably was never any book written which did not contain misstatements of some kind. If this is sufficient reason for placing a publication on the black list, we venture to say that there is not a daily paper in Canada, and certainly not in Victoria, but what ought to be black-listed at once. There are also mistakes and misstatements in most, if not all, of our church creeds, according to those whose views differ, but that is no reason why the various sects should not be allowed to hold on to those mistakes if they want to.

The attempt to force people to think alike has never proved a success—and never will—and the attempt to suppress an organization from propaganda work which is distasteful to other organizations is doomed to failure. It is not the first time such a thing has been tried, but we are slow to learn. Where we take our stand is that any attack of this nature is a direct attack on the freedom of the press. The fight of the I. B. S. A. is our fight. If the censor has the power to shut down on them, if their books are going to be seized as they have been seized, and their meetings stopped as they have been stopped, then none of us are safe. We do not propose to yield an inch of ground on this issue. The danger that may come from a man being allowed to say too much is as nothing compared to the danger of preventing him from expressing himself. Let us have *free speech.*

Canadian Patriotic Fund

WE should deplore very much if any statement made by us should interfere to the detriment of this fund, but a statement made in the appeal through the press is so vague that in the interest of the fund we think there should be some explanation given. The statement is:—

"The Provincial Government gives $500 per month to the Executive of the Provincial Branch for the payment of overhead expenses, such as salaries of officers, and stenographers, allowance for traveling, etc."

The inference is that there is quite a staff kept. We challenge this, and say that the bulk, if not all this money is paid to one man. If not, why has there never been a statement published as to how this money is disbursed. By the Provincial accounts it appears as if the money is paid direct to the Honorary Secretary, Provincial Branch Canadian Patriotic Fund. Does the Honorary Secretary render a statement, if so, to whom? A sum of $14,000 must have been paid out by the Provincial Government under this heading, to date. If the Government can contribute this sum, they can contribute a larger sum, they can take care of the whole of the finances of the Patriotic Fund, and at the same time take care of the dependents of those fighting for our liberties.

The Canadian Patriotic Fund has done and is still doing a good work, and one that there must be no let up to, but we contend that it should be done by the Government and not by private individuals.

THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

A VIGOROUS ARRAIGNMENT OF THE SITUATION—CAUSE, EFFECT AND CURE

(By Bernard Rosoman)

If you are a paid-up life member in a Millionaire Club, do not read this article. If not, read and inwardly digest it; get all the information you think you need on the subject, then talk and act as opportunity offers.

The most urgent business of the 999 millions of people, is to reduce the cost of living. The correct and immediate solution of the problem is the only thing worth while just now, for those involved; and, we are many. The relative importance of or business undertakings can only be ascertained by a summing up of the values involved, and in the business under consideration. Life is the value at stake. The value is the highest.

We are such strangers to the truth these days, that we do not always recognize it, but is it not most emphatically true, that we, of the 999 millions, are nearly all of us, literally giving our lives for our living.

What are you doing with your life? How much do you live, and how much do you give up to the struggle for the means of life? How long have you been chasing the "Where-With-All," and when do you expect to catch up? Do you expect to leave the sordid cares of life behind long enough to live? I suppose you do, we all do. We are a bunch of "Cheerful Idiots." Futurists, living in a "future" we never catch up with, and existing in a "present" we never leave behind.

We don't live, we are always going to, but we don't have time, our days are spent in the struggle for existence.

We class ourselves "the highest demonstration in nature," but the manner of our lives would better befit the lowest.

We are kept busy chasing up the necessities of life, as a dairy cow on a sheep pasture, and the effect is as painful to behold and experience. More than three fourths of our race cannot, under existing conditions, develop their capabilities to the full. Like the cow, we are kept too busy hustling for bare maintenance, to realize the best that is in us.

How long are we going to maintain the crazy conditions that compel meagre existence in place of the full, rich life, that our command and understanding of the forces of nature, and our industry entitles us to lead.

It is united action that is required to compel a radical change.

With most of us cost of our living is our entire time. The cost cannot be greater unless the standard of our living is lowered. But the cost can be reduced by fully fifty per cent., and will be if a sufficient number of the people can be induced to slack up in the mad scramble for existence long enough to gain an understanding and consequent mastery of the situation.

It is only when considered on this basis that we may hope to arrive at a solution of the problem.

The cost of living and by the cost of living, we mean the cost of all the commodities, essential to the modern standard of living can only be correctly figured on the basis of the labor-time and labor-energy involved, and the high cost can only be correctly explained as the difference between the actual cost and the necessary cost. And again, cost of a living for the individual can only be determined by ascertaining the proportionate relation of his actual expenditure of life-time and life-energy as compared with the average of the necessary cost.

The compiling of figures showing the percentages of the decrease of the purchasing power of our dollars and dimes, between given dates, serves to confuse the issue only. The relation of the face value of money with its purchasing power has changed more or less constantly in the same direction for centuries. A few hundred years ago a six-penny bit would purchase as much as a five-dollar gold piece does now.

If half of the medium of exchange were gathered in and destroyed, the purchasing power of every dollar remaining in circulation would thereby be increased by one hundred per cent., but because fifty cents would then buy as much as a dollar did before, it by no means follows that the cost of living would be reduced.

It is obviously hopeless to express or explain the cost of living in dollars and cents, dates, and statistics, and that is the reason, I suppose why so many experts deal almost exclusively in these figures.

Numerous commissions and individuals have given their paid or gratuitous services to the investigation of the high cost of living. Judging by the results published to date these investigators have, to say the least, been very superficial in their handling of the business, either from natural inefficiency or timidity, or the fear of offending various special interests. The situation requires a broader outlook. The special interest of all the people must take precedence of lesser special interests.

The problem is not only local or national, it is world-wide, all civilized peoples are affected, and it is obviously useless to delegate the business of obtaining an understanding of it to a few individuals. We have had sufficient evidence of that surely. Pet theories have been advanced and propounded by the score and that is all.

It is a matter of world-wide economics, and it is not the technical knowledge of a few specially trained men that is required, but the exercise of the common knowledge and common sense of sufficient numbers of the people to induce nation-wide, common-sensed direction and management of our industrial and commercial affairs.

Our investigators blame the trusts, the farmers, the middle men, the tariffs. In some countries they blame free trade, in others protection. Many of our economists insist that the high cost of living is due to our increased gold production.

Others, it is alleged, are quietly studying astrology in the hope that it may be found feasible to lay the blame to the unfriendly influence of sun-spots or comets' tails, on our mundane affairs.

Wealthy people, captains of industry, etc., of whose honesty of purpose, we, of course, have no doubt, assure us we are suffering under a delusion; our trouble is, they say, not the high cost of living, but the cost of high living.

The ingenuity displayed in side-tracking the issue is no doubt vastly amusing to the few who are not victimized thereby, but quite the reverse to the rest of ous.

As a people, we are too busy to take time to think for ourselves, and that is undoubtedly the reason we suffer in the midst of plenty.

When we have to pay forty-five cents per lb. for our beef we blame the butcher. He blames the trust, the trust blames the farmer, and we continue to pay forty-five cents per lb. for our beef, until the price is raised a little higher. We hand out the same growl against the other merchants, the transportation companies, the landlord and everybody else with whom we deal in the necessaries of life. They all pass it up, not guilty! It's the other fellow.

We turn to our wise men and sooth-sayers for relief, but alas, they, like us, do the blind chicken act; peck at the wheat, but only stir up the chaff.

Let us get down to business. We know that our race was never more productive than now.

We produce more of the necessaries of life than we consume.

Our working people, those of us who are directly engaged in the production of commodities, are everlastingly piling up a surplus and getting "laid off the job." Official statistics show that about fifty per cent. are always out of employment, and the figures compiled to ascertain the cost of production of our various commodities show the average value of the production of the indlvidual worker amounts to many thousands of dollars per annum.

Why then is it since we are so prodigal in production, that as a race we spend our time everlastingly scratching for the means of life, or lacking the means of life, or, as in many cases, both. It is evident there is a leakage somewhere, that there is something fundamentally wrong with our business methods as a people.

If we would be rid of the necessity of practicing the paltry economies of the home and be quit of the fear of want. If we really want a little more life and a little less working existence, we must make a study of our national wastes and eliminate them. It is entirely a matter of political economy.

All the civilized nations are spluttering over "the high cost of living," and all alike, lack coherent nation-business administration. Our governments represent a thousand-and-one business interests, but they administer to these interests, rather than governing and guiding all private business interests along lines compatible with the welfare of the people. It is so, and it is due to the narrow guage of our individualism that overlooks the fact that the prosperity of the individual is wrapped up in the prosperity of the nation.

Superficial thinkers may be inclined to question the accuracy of this last statement, but let me point out that the fact that a few of the people of a nation may be prosperous, while the rest of the people are poor, in no way interferes—our nations are made up of many millions of individuals.

By far the largest of our national wastes is that which is entailed by our habit of producing primarily for "profit." If we reversed the order and produced primarily for national use, and secondarily for the profit of the individual, the individual would profit with the nation thereby.

Our profit-mongers unquestionably sacrifice quality in our productions, with the result that we are forced to produce twice as much as we should need to if quality were made a prime consideration.

We are so used to "short lived goods," that we have almost forgotten that the old-fashioned, high quality, durable goods were ever produced. We waste a vast amount of labor by privileging ourselves to the production and use of shoddy.

The useless and undesirable transportation of our products is another of our little national idosyncracies, that for sheer idiocy, affords ample warrant alone, for the statement frequently made by medical men, that the whole race is partly insane, and in exactly so and so many years, will be entirely so. If we do not right speedily change our ways we shall certainly beat them to the date.

A thoughtful person feels decidedly humiliated when a store on the American Continent surrounded by millions of acres of rich farm lands provides him with jams, pickles and hundreds of other commodities that, manfactured in Great Britain and other European countries, have been transported thousands of miles.

We are absolutely crazy in this matter of the exchange of commodities.

Why do we not consume our own products and trade only our surplus for those things we do not produce, instead of shipping out of a district, out of a state, and out of a country, and shipping in again the same class of goods. Why do we paralyze our home markets for our own productions by flooding them with goods that have been transported all the way from one thousand to ten thousand miles? The adding of fictitious values to our commodities in this way is very largely responsible for the high cost of our living.

Jim Hill may amuse himself telling us of our personal extravagance, but we must unquestionably look to our world-wide, insane methods of production and distribution for the cause of our discomfiture.

Each and every individual of us is oppressed and injured by the far-reaching effects of our lack of national common sense. Civilized people have developed a large degree of business acumen as individuals, but that collective business sense that is essential to national prosperity, has not, apparently, yet developed.

It is high time that we individually get busy studying political economy and collectively bring the pressure of the weight of public opinion, to bear on our governing bodies. We must produce government that will guide the development of our manufacturing and transporting along lines compatible with national prosperity.

It is not the purpose of this article to indicate in detail the ramification of the misdirection of enterprise in the two great fields of human endeavor, production and distribution. The readily noted examples with which most of us are familiar, are sufficient evidence of the fact.

The writer has seen in England within a few miles of London, the fruit rotting on, and beneath the trees for want of a market which was supplied by fruit transported from Southern France and Spain. And in the Okanagan Valley, British Columbia, where insufficient hay is produced for home use the trains hauling hay into the valley cross each other daily.

Common examples, such as these, of the adding of fictitious values to commodities, come under the observation of the bulk of the people in all modern countries.

The object of this article is to make plain the fact that the high cost of living is not a matter of the price of pork in Chicago, or beans in Boston, but that it is a matter of tremendous reduction in the purchasing power of our incomes, due to the fact that the prices we pay for our commodities, are not represented by corresponding value. This, again, is due to the fact that we pay our money out for the fictitious values which are added to the actual values, the actual value of a commodity being the necessary cost.

For instance, if the value of a jar of pickles is twenty-five cents, and we pay twenty-five cents more for it, because it has been transported a few thousand miles more than was necessary, the cost of that portion of our living, represented by the jar of pickles, has increased a hundred per cent., while the value has, if anything, decreased. Likewise, if we pay ten dollars for a pair of shoes into which the manufacturer has carefully incorporated such weaknesses of material and construction as will ensure our wearing two pairs out in the time that one pair could, for that price, have been constructed to last—then the cost of those shoes has been increased 100 per cent. That is the high cost of living. We spend half our time producing our living and the other half producing the high cost.

The correction is a matter of the application of the common-sense of a nation—the resistless pressure of organized directed public opinion. Helpless squealing and reliance on squabbling, expert investigators, will not avail to establish national direction and guidance of the enterprise of the units of the nation.

Waste is waste, under all circumstances, and the waste of the industry, time and energy of a people, reacts on the individual, both in his capacity as producer and consumer. Putting the proportion of our time wasted on the production of fictitious values at fifty per cent., which is a conservative estimate—when we cease this folly we increase our opportunity to produce, to consume, and to live by half.

The bad habits of a people, like those of the individual, are due in inception and practice, to ignorance or moral apathy, and may be corrected quickly before the stage of constituional depravity has been reached, or more slowly bred out afterwards.

Our moral apathy, as a people, permitted the establishment of the conditions under which we suffer, and we have ignorantly drifted along into a tacit acceptance of the absurd belief that there is a conflict of interest between producer and consumer. When we have time for the exercise of a little horsesense we shall realize the absurdity. In the first place we are all consumers and we are nearly all producers of social values; all, in fact, except a few millionaires and a few hoboes, etc., who function as parasites. Also, in the last analysis, the object of production is consumption. We produce that we may consume, and since we nearly all combine the double function in our own persons, it is very evident that a social order which pre-supposes, or permits the practice of conflict between these intimate functions must be based on that same lunatic condition of mind which would induce the individual to cut off his nose to spite his face.

If we persist, as producers, in wasting our energy on the production of fictitious, values, and as consumers, in wasting our incomes on eth purchase of fictitious values, it follows that the condition from which we suffer, known as "The High Cost of Living," is due to our criminal wastefulness—a thing that can be explained, but never excused, and surely not much longer tolerated.

Enlightened selfishness must take the place of the narrow shortsighted selfishness, which has led to the conduct of business along lines divergent from those of national welfare.

Unquestionably, the adjustment of our affairs along the lines indicated would rebound to the interest of every individual of us, whether we regard ourselves primarily as producers or as consumers.

We are all consumers; we produce all values that we may consume them; and it is as consumers that we must organize. The entire country should be officially divided into districts, and each district made responsible for the correct tabulation of all requisite information relating to its district production and consumption of commodities, with a view to checking unnecessary transportation, and every district should be made responsible for the quality of its productions. By this means the complete and official organization of the people as consumers, we may reduce the cost of living to the minimum and increase the extent and quality of our living to the maximum.

One of the happiest results of the development of such organization would be not only the increased economy, but also the increased security in production, due to the development of local resources which would be encouraged with a view to making every district as nearly self-supporting as its natural resources would permit.

ARMY AND NAVY CLOTHING STORE

578-580 JOHNSON STREET

Specials for Dollar Day

LARGE SELECTION OF MEN'S WORKING SHIRTS. Values up to $1.50. Special.....$1.00
MEN'S BUCKLEY HATS. Value $4.50. Special.....$2.50
MEN'S HEAVY LEATHER WORKING GLOVES. Value 85c. Special for.....45c
MEN'S BLACK HALF HOSE. Value 35c. Special, 5 pairs $1.00
MEN'S NATURAL FRENCH MERINO UNDERWEAR. Value, $1.00. Special.....65c
MEN'S GUNMETAL BOOTS. Value, $5.00. Special.....$3.75
MEN'S SPRINGTEX UNDERWEAR. Value $1.50. Special for.....$1.15
MEN'S GREY WOOL SWEATER COATS. Value $3.00. Special for.....$1.75
MEN'S FLEXO KNIT HEAVY WOOL UNDERWEAR. Value, $1.50. Special.....$1.00
MEN'S HEAVY RIB WOOL SOCKS. Value 50c. Special at Three Pairs for.....$1.00

The Functions of Government

To the Editor of The Week.

Sir.—In a country like this that is supposed to possess representative institutions, no enquiry could be of more importance than that to determine what are or ought to be considered the true or proper functions of the State. Should it concern itself primarily and above all else in maintaining equitable relationshps between its citizens—in upholding justice for the weak against privilege and aggression of the more powerful?

Or should its chief regard be paid to powerful organizations or interests and wealthy individuals by which it hopes to maintain its authority and existance?

Unfortunately neither a monarchy nor a state with democratic institutions is a guarantee of a clean administration.

This question must have suggested itself to many on reading the appeal on behalf of Sunday privileges that appeared in the local papers the other day.

Lord Hugh Cecil was quoted as saying that the chief function of the state is the "championing of religion." What is here meant by religion is not defined but we may safely conclude that religious ordinances and doctrines are referred to. The clergy with so much wealth at their disposal, together with all the support that comes to them from the fact of men being "religious," must nevertheless be constantly resorting to its old customs of calling upon the secular arm for support when it cannot command that arm.

The church has often proved itself a bad master and when we consider its practice of upholding its "temporal" aims by the use of insidious language, it behooves us to be on our guard with reference to its professed objects.

"Religion is not a trade," is not "commercialism" for those of us who attend the churches, though it may minister to us in that direction. We all know that, but the theatre or picture hall in this regard "is not a trade" for such of us who attend them and they are only rascals who run these for the sole purpose of graft. Yet one wonders what proportion of those who run such places can be certain of an income of $115 a month and for a life time?

It is true enough that one of the chief functions of states has been the maintainence of religion—or, in its final analysis, seeing "that men are by nature religious" the privileges of the clerical profession and that will account largely for the neglect of its legitimate functions of upholding and practicing justice.

A rule of "The House" is enforced by a powerful majority that is spurned when appealed to by the opposition.

There is no provision in English or Canadian law to protect the poor or weak against the aggressions of the wealthy. So a wealthy lumber company may go upon land that has been assigned by the government to poor people and take valuable lumber therefrom, setting up the pretext of a "disputed boundary" and as happened awhile ago near Powell River, B.C., the owners of the land may be absent "fighting for THEIR King and country," yet the only satisfaction those who essay to champion their cause can get is that it is a question to be fought out in the courts.

So many of those poor fellows when they come back—or who manage to get back—may find that their part of the country has been despoiled—though they will most likely still have a King.

G. W.

RETIRING SOLDIERS.

The following men arrived at Halifax, N.S., from overseas on the 16th instant, and proceeded to Quebec for disposition en route to their homes in British Columbia: Privates C. Roe, S. S. Eyre, L. Fielding, G. A. Grove; Lnce.-Cpl. M. G. McPhail, Privates H. McCall, P. McGrath; Sergt. J. Walton, Cpl. J. West; Privates A. C. Jolly and J. A. Sweeney.

FROM THE IRISH HOMESTEAD

"In spite of all the talk about suppressing the submarines, the suppression appears to be mostly the other way. The sinkings are increasing rather than diminishing, and the long line of people who stand waiting for food in the big cities show that the peril of famine is very close. We have had our dose of famine in Ireland. Two million of Irish people were sacrificed. We exported food and we imported Famine. And we sometimes doubt whether we have learned the lesson. But, then, Irish history is not taught in Irish schools. People might get too wise if they remembered the past of their nation.

Life to the Highest Bidder

More and more the inadequacy in times of national peril of the machinery for the distribution of the necessaries of life appear to be proved. While there is enough to go all round the system may pass. But the moment there is a strain on the machinery it creaks; cranks here and there refuse to work, and the whole system is threatened. There is no co-ordination of effort. We find letters in the press, interviews, reports of meetings indicating that this district or that is unable to obtain sufficient supplies of flour, or tea, or margarine, or sugar, or some other necessity of life. Famine actually seems to have begun in some districts. People are actually reported to have died of hunger. How does this arise? It is because the capacity under the present system for obtaining supplies depends largely on buying power. The poor district cannot compete with the rich. The poor dealer cannot buy against the rich dealer. The big firms knock out the little firms and wealth defeats humanity. We see that traders in districts like Achill cannot get flour for their customers. Hitherto no trader in Dublin has been unable to supply his customers with flour. We know supplies are short here and in Belfast, and doubtless in other towns, but still the customers are supplied; while it appears that in many districts in the West men and women come long distances for flour and cannot get it. Is it not obvious that in the competition for supplies the bigger places have the strongest pull. Now there are certain spheres of life in which competition is excellent. Our system of competitive examination passes the intelligent, well-informed and competent into the public service and bars the incompetent so far as competitive examination can bar them out. In political life there is competition between the most powerful personalities, and perhaps it may be the best method of securing leaders for the nation. But it is an entirely dffierent matter when competition arises between rich and poor for the necessaries of life; when a system of distribution of food is in force which enables the well-to-do to get first place at the feast and the poor to get the leavings if there are any. Now that is how the present system works out. It is a system based on the law of supply and demand, and the highest demand shall get the largest supply. It makes in time of stress the right to live depend on income and not on right. It is life to the highest bidder.

Distribution of Justice.

If we had co-operative stores all over the country served by co-operative federations, supplied as to flour and meal by co-operative mills, if in fact the distribution of the necessaries of life had been on a democratic basis what would have happened in a time of shortage such as there is at present? What would have happened would be that the co-operative wholesales, true to their object of selling at the lowest possible price and not at the highest possible price, would have seen that there was a fair division of the available supplies among their federated societies in proportion to their membership, and the co-operative societies being again democratic would have seen that the richest member would not have been allowed to outbid the poorest member. The distribution of the necessaries of life would have been arranged without profiteering and without favoritism. There would have been one price for the same article, and the committees of the societies democratically representing the members would never have assumed that it was part of their duty to make extra profits out of high prices. they would never have assumed that Mr. Smith, because he was wealthy, was entitled in a time of scarcity to a larger supply of flour or sugar or tea than Mrs. Murphy. The price would have been the same to all, and the committee would have seen if there was need that their members' purchasing powers was not the basis of their purchases, but the number of people in the family. Need and human rights would have governed their policy, not greed and wealth. We think the present situation illustrates to our readers more forcibly than words of ours could do the absolute necessity for the programme we have advocated for so many years of a co-operative and democratic control over the necessaries of life. We do not blame the mother of a family which has, let us say, five hundred a year to spend if she buys only with the idea that her children must have nourishing meals and that they must grow up strong and healthy. That is the business of a mother. But this kind of family fanaticism in times of stress make it impossible to Mrs. O'Hara, whose husband has twent-five shillings a week, to feed her brood of youngsters. They are crying for food, and sugar or butter or margarine or the simplest diet is difficult to procure. We say that the nation which in time of need allows the rich to have life and have it abundantly and lets the poor go hungry deserves to perish, or it deserves revolution. We know how useless it is saying these things to some people. They think only of themselves. They are like the aristocrats of France before the Revolution who heeded no rumblings of popular discontent, laughed at the tales of misery, and went on their way until one wild morning they awoke to find the mob in the street and the knife at their throat.

The Drifting Ship.

The war roars on. The farmers of the world produce less and less food. The hand which was at the plough clutches the gun. The ships follow the Amada to the world under the waters. The death that lurks below the wave takes its toll steadily and remorselessly of the food which is sent, and the stringency increases. Unless peace is declared very speedily there will occur situations which are a peril to states, the crying of children, the maddening of women, and the anger of men. That situation has already occurred in Russia. and one of the most powerful dynasties in the world was overturned and the Czar is a prisoner amid the snows where he sent his criminals. We are certain similar upheavals will take place in other countries if the war madness continues, and reverberations of these outbreaks will affect us in Ireland. It is possible a situation might arise where no food at all could arrive and we would be absolutely dependent upon ourselves. We think that the more co-operative societies are formed the better prepared we shall be. They may become the committees of public safety all over the country ensuring the right to live to all in proportion to their needs. We should be prepared for anything happening, and we are not prepared. We have made little change in our methods. We have been conservative as ever. The lethargy inherited from "'47" sits on us still. We see signs of awakening, but even in "47" there were voices crying out more passionately than voices are crying out now. We have no organization with power to act for Ireland and on behalf of Irish interests, and we see Ireland drifting to tragic happenings unless Heaven has us in its care. It will be saved by no act of its own people. Ireland is a ship without a steersman.

A PRAYER FOR WRITERS AND NEWSPAPER MEN

by RAUSCHENBUSCH

¶ O Thou great source of truth and knowledge, we remember before Thee all whose calling it is to gather and winnow the facts for informing the people. Inspire them with a determined love for honest work and a staunch hatred for the making of lies, lest the judgments of our nation be perverted and we be taught to call light darkness and darkness light. Since the sanitay and wisdom of a nation are in their charge, may they count it a shame to set the baser passions of men on fire for the sake of gain. May they never suffer themselves to be used in drugging the mind of the people with falsehood and prejudice.

¶ Grant them boldness to turn the unwelcome light on those who love the darkness because their deeds are evil. Put into their hands the shining sword of truth, and make them worthy successors of the great champions of the people who held truth to be a holy thing by which nations live and for which men should die. Cause them to realize that they have a public function in the commonwealth, and that their country may be saved by their courage or undone by their cowardice or silence. Grant them the heart of manhood to cast their mighty influence with the forces that make the people strong and free, and if they suffer loss, may they rejoice in that as proof to their own souls that they have fought a good fight and have been servants of the higher law.

"OBEDIENCE"

The Master came and called for me,
And I responded joyously,
I said "Rabboni, how may I
Best serve Thee while Thou tarriest 'nigh?"

From out of my stock a garment rare,
I took and jewelled o'er my hair,
I called my maids and men around
And ordered rich meats to be found.

The Master said, "Nay, Mary, nay,
Thy part, as ever, is to stay
Low at my feet while Martha here
Prepareth for Me but simple cheer."

I laid my glistening garment by
For one of dim and shadowy dye,
But when the night-wind tenderly
Inquired "hath He supped with thee?"

"Yea. I replied, "He supped with both,
For both obeyed Him, nothing loth,
Obedience more than sacrifice
Draws gentle praise from His sweet eyes."

J.W.

HIGH-HANDED WORK OF OFFICIAL AT GRAND FORKS

Bible Students J. Bartlett, G. Sellars and H. Frost, who were selling I.B.S.A. publication in Grand Forks, B. C., report that when the news of the ban on the books was given in the press they were interviewed by the police, who decided not to take any action till they received definite instructions.

The matter was taken up however by Mr. McCallum, the Immigration Officer who promptly seized practically all the literature they had.

This included the studies in the Bible, Books 1 to 6, as well as the 7th, "The Finished Mystery," about 50 copies of the Bible, Weymouth's Translation of the New Testament, Pamphlets on Hell, Dr. Russell's "Questions and Answers;" personal notes for addresses and private papers, a package of soap, and some personal effects.

He insisted on taking possession of everything and informed them not to attempt to communicate with another Bible Student, J. Hardy, by name, on penalty of immediate imprisonment.

In Cranbrook it is reported that the police stopped the I.B.S.A. public meeting and arrested two of their members.

A public demonstration took place when it was found that the police had been acting in advance of any instructions and the men were released.

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

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AN AMERICAN MINISTER'S MESSAGE TO HIS PEOPLE ON THE EVE OF WAR

By Rev. John Haynes

It is in anticipation of the world-shaking events which a week or a day may bring upon us in this country, and in fulfilment of the duty which I conceive these probable events impose upon me as a religious teacher, that I have chosen this morning, as on the Sunday following the severance of diplomatic relations with Germany, to lay aside my sermon and speak to you as simply and directly as possible upon the state of the nation. I do not deceive myself into believing that what I say here will influence public affairs, reach any other ears than your own, or even be long remembered by you who are my friends. But I am not unmindful of the fact that there are obligations of my high office which must be discharged even amid the crash of worlds. Thus I cannot forget, in times like these, what I owe to my own soul—that it shall not be hidden away from the knowledge of men's minds, but be revealed so fully and so clearly that not a shadow of misunderstanding shall abide. At the moment when I was ordained to be a minister of God, I conceive that I was commanded to throw wide open the portals of my heart, that all who cared might see its innermost recesses of conviction; and I do not propose that even the terror of this hour shall bar that threshold from the public gaze. Furthermore, I cannot forget what I owe to you, my beloved people. You have a right to know what I shall say and do in the event of war, upon what road of doctrine I shall set my feet, into what hazards of pain and peril I shall lead this Church. The pew is always entitled to the full confession of the pulpit, but never so urgently as at the time when such confession touches the deep issues of life and death. If there be any here who is tempted to question the wisdom or the sincerity of what I am now doing, let him think for a moment of how easy it would have been for me to keep silent, avoid the questions which are today setting the son "at variance against his father, the daughter against her mother, the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law," and trust to the kindly sentiments of personal affection, conceived, nourished and matured through ten years of labor in this parish, to sustain the relationship between minister and people unbroken, till happier times should come again to earth. The easiest way, however, in this instance as in all instances, would have been dishonorable, and, in the long run, disastrous. The only honest, the only safe way, is for me to ask you to look me in the face this day—to "search me and know my heart, try me and know my thoughts"—and then to determine whether my God is your God, and we can worship and work together in war as in peace. Therefore, before the bugles sing and the flags are lifted high, I ask you to hear me. My purpose is not to argue or persuade. I would not even exhort or plead, much less instruct. I propose simply to speak my whole mind on the present crisis, and then leave with you my fate.

On the morning of Sunday, March 7, 1915, I declared in this church my absolute and unalterable opposition to war. "War," I said, "is never justifiable at any time or under any circumstances. No man is wise enough, no nation is important enough, to justify the wholesale destruction and murder which constitute the essence of war. . . . War is hate, and hate has no place within the human heart. War is death, and death has no place within the realm of life. War is hell, and hell has no more place in the human order than in the divine." I then asked what in "this means in practical terms of today?" And I answered, "It means not only that war is unjustifiable in general, but that this English war is unjustifiable for Englishmen, and this German war is unjustifiable for Germans. It means that this war which may in the folly of men, come to America tomorrow, is unjustifiable for Americans."

These words spoken in this place more than two years ago, I must reaffirm this day. Nothing has happened in this period of time to change my opinion of war. On the contrary, much has happened to strengthen and confirm it. I do not deny that war, like polygamy, slavery and cannibalism, was inseparable from early and low stages of social life. I do not deny that war, like pestilence, famine and conflagration, has often helped forward the civilization of mankind, for thus does God make the wrath, as well as the agony of men, to praise him. I do not even deny that there have been times in the past when war, like the storms of the sea, has seemed to be unavoidable. What I do deny is that these facts of history touch in any remotest way the judgment of ethics and religion that war is wrong, or should swerve by so much as a hair's breadth the decision of any one of us to have nothing to do with it. War is in open and utter violation of Christianity. If war is right, then Christianity is wrong, false, a lie. If Christianity is right, then war is wrong, false, a lie. The God revealed by Jesus, and by every great spiritual leader of the race, is no God of battles. He lifts no sword—he asks no sacrifice of blood. He is the Father of all men, Jew and Gentile, bond and free. His spirit is love, his rule is peace, his method of persuasion is forgiveness. His law, as interpreted and promulgated by the Nazarene, is "love one another," "resist not evil with evil," "forgive seventy times seven," "overcome evil with good," "love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you." Such a God and such a law, others may reconcile with war, if they can. I cannot—and what I cannot do, I will not profess to do.

But I must go farther—I must speak not only of war in general, but of this war in particular. Most persons are quite ready to agree, especially in the piping times of peace, that war is wrong. But let a war cloud no bigger than a man's hand, appear on the horizon of the nation's life, and they straightway begin to qualify their judgment, and if the war cloud grow until it covers all the heavens, they finally reverse it. This brings the curious situation of all war being wrong in general, and each war being right in particular. Germans denounce war, with the exception of course of the present conflict with England. Englishmen condemn war, but exclude from their indictment the present fight against the Central Powers. Americans have been vociferous in their repudiation of war as a method of settling international disputes, but are now on the verge of accepting the first chance to draw the sword which the European cataclysm has offered. Therefore do I find it necessary to state not only what I think of war, but of this war which seems today so near at hand!

In its ultimate causes, this war is the natural product and expression of our unchristian civilization. Its armed men are grown from the dragon's teeth of secret diplomacy, imperialistic ambitions, dynastic pride, greedy commercialism, economic exploitation at home and abroad. In the sowing of these teeth, America has had her part; and it is therefore only proper, perhaps, that she should have her part also in the reaping of the dreadful harvest. In its more immediate causes, this war is the direct result of unwarrantable, cruel, but none the less inevitable interferences with our commercial relations with one group of the belligerents. Our participation in the war, therefore, like the war itself, is POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC, not ethical, in its character. At honor, dignity, or beauty which there may be in our impending action, is to be found in the impulses, pure and undefiled, which are actuating many patriotic hearts today, and not at all in the real facts of the situation. The war itself is wrong. Its prosecution will be a crime. There is not a question raised, an issue involved, a cause at stake, which is worth the life of one bluejacket on the sea or one khaki-coat in the trenches. I question the sincerity of no man who supports this war—I salute the devotion of every man who proposes to sustain it with his money or his blood. BUT I SAY TO YOU THAT WHEN, YEARS HENCE, THE WHOLE OF THIS STORY HAS BEEN TOLD, IT WILL BE FOUND THAT WE HAVE BEEN TRAGICALLY DECEIVED, AND ALL OUR SACRIFICES BEEN MADE IN VAIN.

Statements of this kind, made on the eve of war, seem to many persons to be treasonable. The charge of "traitor" has already been flung against me, and will be flung again. To such a charge, I might be content to answer in the words of Patrick Henry, who, when similarly accused, cried out, "If this be treason, make the most of it." Wiser and kindlier was the reply of Theodore Parker who, when denounced as a traitor because of his stedfast opposition to the Mexican War, said, "I think lightly of what is called treason against a government. That may be your duty today, or mine. . . . But treason against the people, against mankind, against God, is a great sin, not lightly to be spoken of." But I desire to go farther in this matter, and deny without evasion that anything that I have said, or may say, can be interpreted as traitorous or disloyal. In time of war as in time of peace, in the hour of sin as in the hour of glory, I shall love my country and serve her to the end. Nothing that she can do will end my affection or sever my allegiance. There are men who cast off their wives, if they be guilty of infidelity—but I would not do so with my wife. There are men who turn their daughters into the streets if they go wrong—but I would not do so with my daughter. There are men who refuse ever again to see sons, or friends, or comrades, if they are guilty of dishonesty or crime—but I would not act so in such a case. Nothing that any man or woman can do, least of all the ones to whom I am bound by ties of kindred affection, shall remove them from my love, deny them my forgiveness, or exile them from my devotion. I will denounce sin with inexorable rigor. I will condone no fault, excuse no offence, exact the uttermost farthing of just punishment. But the one I love shall always be to me as my own soul. The greater the offence, the deeper shall be my offering of pity. As they that watch for the morning, shall I watch with tearful eyes, prayerful lips, compassionate heart, for the coming of the day of glad redemption, and when at last it dawns, rejoice and be exceedingly glad!

So also with my relation to my country! Nothing that America can do, can quench my passion for her beauty, or divert my loyalty from her service. She is the only country I have, or shall ever have, and I propose that she shall be mine forever, in war or peace, in storm or calm, in evil or good. In this impending crisis with Germany, I believe that she is wrong. She seems to me to be faithless to her own supreme calling among the nations of the earth, disloyal to high interests of humanity long since committed to her care, guilty for a selfish motive of a grievous fault. But her infidelity shall not shake my faith, her disloyalty shall not change my loyalty, her guilt shall not discharge my obligation. I shall decline to become, or to be made, "a man without a country." America has committed wrongs in the past, and she will undoubtedly commit other wrongs in the future. But she is mine, as Rosea's adulterous wife, Gomer, was his; and I will love her, dream of her, hope for her, serve her, without ceasing. "I will betroth thee unto me forever; yea, I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness, in loving kindness and in tender mercy. I will even betroth thee unto me in faithfulness, until thou shalt know the Lord."

And how shall I, a pacifist, serve my country in time of war?

When hostilities begin, it is universally assumed that there is but a single service which a loyal citizen can render to the state—that of bearing arms and killing the enemy. Will you understand me if I say, humbly and regretfully, that this I cannot, and will not do. If any man or boy in this church answers the call to arms, I shall bless him as he marches to the front. When he lies in the trenches, or watches on the lonely sentinel post, or fights in the charge, I shall follow him with my prayers. If he is brought back dead from hospital or battlefield, I shall bury him with all the honors not of war but of religion. He will have obeyed his conscience and thus performed his whole duty as a man. BUT I ALSO HAVE A CONSCIENCE, AND THAT CONSCIENCE I ALSO MUST OBEY. When, therefore, there comes a call for volunteers, I shall have to refuse to heed. When, or if, the system of conscription is adopted, I shall have to decline to serve. If this means a fine, I will pay my fine. If this means imprisonment, I will serve my term. If this means persecution, I will carry my cross. NO ORDER OF PRESIDENT OR GOVERNOR NO LAW OF NATION OR STATE, NO LOSS OF REPUTATION, FREEDOM OR LIFE, WILL PERSUADE ME OR FORCE ME TO DO THIS KILLING. On this issue, for me at least, there is "no compromise." Mistaken, foolish, fanatical, I may be; I will not deny the charge. But false to my own soul I will not be. Therefore here I stand. God help me! I cannot do other!

And this resolution applies, let me now be careful to state, quite as much to my professional as to my personal life. Once war is here, the churches will be called upon to enlist, as will every other social institution. Therefore would I make it plain that, so long as I am your minister, the Church of the Messiah will answer no military summons. Other pulpits may preach recruiting sermons; mine will not. Other parish houses may be turned into drill halls and rifle ranges; ours will not. Other clergymen may pray to God for victory for our arms! I will not. In this church, if nowhere else in all America, the Germans will still be included in the family of God's children. No word of hatred shall be spoken against them—no evil fate shall be desired upon them. War may beat upon our portals, like storm waves on the granite crags; rumors of war may thrill the atmosphere of this sanctuary as lightning the still air of a summer night. But so long as I am priest, this altar shall be consecrated to human brotherhood, and before it shall be offered worship only to that one God and Father of us all, "who hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell together on the face of the earth."

But if I will not, or cannot, either as man or minister, have part in the operations of war, how can I talk of such a thing as serving the nation? When the enemy is at the gates, what is there to do but to snatch up a sword and fight? Let me tell you what there is to do. Let me specify at least four things which I propose to do.

First of all, I shall make it my duty to fulfill in word and deed the racious tasks of what may be called the ministry of reconciliation. In a time of raging hate and brutal passion, I will keep alive that spirit of goodwill toward men, through which alone a durable peace on earth may some day be established. When darkness covers the earth and gross darkness the people, I will keep burning my single torch, that there may somewhere still be light. I will keep my heart pure of all distrust, vindictiveness, and fear. I will cherish confidence in the integrity and devotion of the German people. I will accept and glorify the unselfish patriotism of my country-men who believe in and sustain the war. I will hold no feeling of ill-will against those of my friends and parishioners who may rend me in anger, spit upon me in contempt, or leave me in tears. When madness sweeps the land, I will preserve my sanity. When passion engulfs the people, I will retain my self-control. When hatred consumes men's hearts, I will keep sweet, wholesome and compassionate. If unfortnate aliens among us are seized and persecuted, I will protect them from the vengeance of my country-men. If my comrades are reviled and stricken, I will sustain their courage and fortify their patience. If I am myself assailed in bitterness and contempt, I will speak no evil, but "bear all things" unperturbed. I will remember the starving millions of Belgium, Serbia, Poland and Armenia, whom my countrymen may neglect for the more important business of killing Germans. I will remember the burden-bearers of my land who, in times of war as in times of peace, are still the victims of political corruption and economic injustice. I WILL REMEMBER WITHOUT DISTINCTION THE PEOPLES OF ALL LANDS WHO BEAR THIS DAY THE AGONIES LAID UPON THEM BY THE GOVERNMENTS WHICH DECEIVE AND USE THEM. Always will I labor to keep open the choked and defiled channels of understanding, sympathy, and good-will between hostile nations and divided classes. And above all will I remember that, as an apostle of Jesus Christ, it is my business to preach and practice, not my passions as a man or my prejudices as an American, but that whole and perfect love which is of God. Thus in an age of unprecedented discord and disturbance, I will serve the ministry of reconciliation, and thus, I trust, my country in her best estate.

SECONDLY, I will serve my country in war time by serving the ideals of democracy which constitute the soul and centre of her being. War and democracy are incompatible. When war comes, democracy goes. ENGLAND, FIGHTING NOBLY TO CONQUER PRUSSIANISM, IS HERSELF IN PROCESS OF BEING CONQUERED BY THE PRUSSIAN SPIRIT. Already in our own country, before the beginning of war, the dread work of militarism is under way. Already freedom of thought is being denied, and liberty of conscience challenged. Already we are in the midst of such an orgy of bigotry, intolerance and persecution for opinions' sake, as America has not seen since the days of the Salem witches. The whole fabric of democracy is threatened, the priceless heritage of our fathers in peril of loss. America has never been in such danger as she is today—and the source of the danger is at home and not abroad. Hence my resolve to serve that America which I love so well that I would not have her made over into the likeness of the militarism which she clamors to destroy. I will do what I can to safeguard free thought and free speech, by practising both at any cost. I WILL DO WHAT I CAN TO PRESERVE LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE, BY EXERCISING THAT LIBERTY WITHOUT FLINCHING. I will do what I can to guarantee to posterity the democratic ideals and institutions of America, by resisting to the death every assault upon their bulwarks. One such assault is now being made in the movement for universal military training. So long as I have breath to speak, or hand to lift a pen, I will oppose this monstrous thing. By conscription the autocracies of Europe have stood thus long. By conscription this war, perfectly prepared for, inevitably came. By conscription the minds of men are "cribbed, cabined and confined" to the bounds of narrow nationalism which is the fiercest foe of brotherhood. By conscription the consciences of men are enslaved to the mastery of those who can command the sinking of the "Lusitania" and the shooting of Nurse Cavell. By conscription, more effectually than by the attack of German legions, this country can be destroyed, and the fairest experiment of democracy the world has ever seen brought to an untimely end. Therefore will I fight it, and all other devices of militaristic tyranny, and thereby again exalt truly the best interests of my native land.

THIRDLY, I will serve my country at this time by preparng the way, so far as I am able, for the establishment of that peace which sooner or later must follow upon war. This struggle, into which now we are about to plunge, cannot go on forever. Some day the bugles must sing truce across the fields of battle, tired warriors ground arms, and statesmen sit in guarded council halls to make an end of strife. And this end must be an arrangement by which Germans and English, Russians and Turks, must continue to live side by side in a common world, engage in the interchange of business, learning and decent courtesy which make up ordered life, and co-operate in the common service of the common interests of our one humanity. This necessity of living together cannot be escaped. Germans, even though beaten to their knees, cannot be slaughtered in a universal massacre, and the race therewith exterminated. Englishmen, even though conquered, cannot flee to Saturn, Mars, or Jupiter, and colonize new continents. For better or worse, this earth must be the single abode of all these scattered tribes and hostile peoples. Which means that peace must some day come, and the ordered relationships of peaceful living be some way re-established! For the consummation of this end, preparation is necessary, and it must be initiated without delay. To discover terms of reconciliation, to work out methods of co-operation, to soften hate and dispell suspicion, to spread abroad sweet influences of confidence and healing—this is a task as beneficent as it is prodigious. Before she herself became a belligerent, this was the task appointed us by the fiat of God for America. But now that she has cast away this sacred charge, it remains for us who cannot take up arms at her behest, to keep it in her stead. How better can we serve our country than by restoring to her, or fulfilling for her, that high mission of peacemaking, which is so uniquely and divinely hers!

LASTLY, I WILL SERVE MY COUNTRY IN WAR TIME, BY SERVING THE DREAM OF INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD. No nation is worthy the allegiance of even the meanest of her citizenry, which is not dedicated to the establishment of that larger and more inclusive life of universal association, which is the glad promise of mankind. America, for more than a hundred years, has been first among the countries of the world, in recognition and service of this ideal. She has been a gathering place of all the tribes of earth—a melting-pot into which the ingredients of every race, religion and nationality have been poured. And out of it has come not so much a new nation as a new idea—the idea of brotherhood. This idea has stamped our people as a chosen people. It has set our land apart as a holy land. It has exalted our destiny as a divine destiny. And now, with the plunge into the welter of contending European nationalities, all this is gone. Gone, at last, if those of us who see not today's quarrel but tomorrow's prophecy, do not dedicate ourselves unfalteringly to the forgotten vision! This I am resolved to do. I will serve America by serving her ideal of humanity. I will open my heart, as she has opened her shores, to all peoples of the earth. I will give love, as she has given hospitality, to the hated and hunted of God's children. And lo, from out my soul, as once from out her soil, shall grow "a tree of life," whose leaves are for "the healing of the nations."

This is my service for the days of war—the ministry of reconciliation, the defence of democracy, the preparation of the gospel of peace, the quest of brotherhood. It is the deliberate espousal of that higher spiritual loyalty which is not so much the destruction as it is the fulfillment of those lower and more carnal loyalties which stir the envy and the hate of men. That you will follow me upon this road of travail, I cannot command and will not ask. I reverence too deeply and cherish too tenderly not only my freedom but your own, to venture such an appeal to your good nature. But that you will be not unwilling to have your minister lead your church upon this road, I dare to hope. When confusion, death and terror are about us, I like to think that you will be glad to find in the refuge of this place, "those things which cannot be shaken." When cries of hate and lust are burdening the air, I like to think that you will rejoice to hear within this sanctuary the words that tell of "peace on earth, good-will toward men." Even when the boys of this church, moved by exalted sense of duty, march to the front, there to slay and to be slain, I like to think that they will look back fondly to this altar and its priests, and thank God there is some witness still of better days and happier peoples. It is because I like to think these things that I hope my resignation as your minister will be neither expected nor demanded. It is because I have faith in your understanding of the church of God and its high mission upon earth, that I hope to continue to bear truthful witness in this pulpit, in war as in peace, to what I feel to be the will of God. It is because I have great love for you as friends and comrades, and no other desire upon earth than to serve you and the cause of free religion which you committed to my charge ten years ago, that I hope God will be kind to me, and keep me still in the grace of your affection.

Such is my hope! I pray that it is well-founded. If not, I shall want to know. You have but to speak, and I will surrender my post to one who can safer guard it, and obediently though sadly go my way. The world is wide—so long as I have my soul to comrade, I shall not be lonely—and if I go down at last in failure and defeat, I shall find comfort in the thought that other and far better men than I have walked that road and met that end, but none of them all, for a better or a grander cause. For America, for humanity, for God, I shall have lived and died. Than this no man can ask a happier fate.

DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVAL SERVICE

Tenders for Miscellaneous Supplies for H. M. Imperial and Canadian Ships and Establishments, also for ships of Allied Governments, including those of the United States, should they so desire.

Sealed Tenders addressed to the undersigned will be received up to noon on February 28th, 1918, for supplies of the undermentioned items for the Fiscal Year beginning 1st April, 1918:—

A. Fresh Meats, at Esquimalt.
B. Frozen Meats, at Esquimalt.
C. Fresh Fish, at Esquimalt.
D. Frozen Fish, at Esquimalt.
E. Fresh Milk, at Esquimalt.
F. Fresh Vegetables, at Esquimalt.
G. Bacon and Lard, at Esquimalt.
H. Bread, at Esquimalt.
I. Butter, at Esquimalt.
J. Coal for Naval Establishments at Esquimalt.
K. Coal, steaming for Ships at Esquimalt.
L. Coal, steaming for Ships at Ladysmith.
M. Coal, steaming for Ships at Nanaimo.
N. Coal, steaming for Ships at Union.
O. Coal, steaming for Ships at Boat Harbour.
P. Uniforms, Naval and Fisheries Protection Service.
Q. Washing of Bedding, Clothing, etc.
R. Cartage in Dockyard.
S. Oil, Lubricating, Gas Engine.
T. Interments at Naval Cemetery.
U. Maintenance of Time Clocks at Dockyard.

Forms of tender and all information may be obtained by applying to the undersigned. Applicants for forms are requested to state definitely the item, or items, on which they wish to tender.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

(Sgd) J. H. DELVES,
for Naval Store Officer,

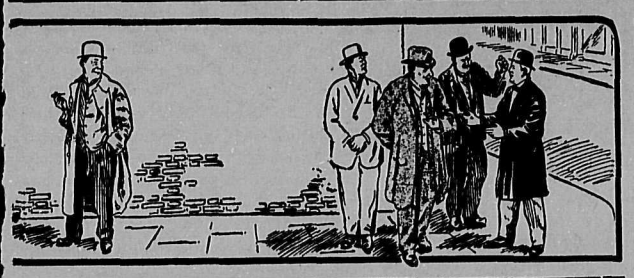
H.M.C. Dockyard, Esquimalt, B.C.
February 12th, 1918.

Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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



At The Street Corner

BY THE LOUNGER

I wonder how many of my readers have begun to formulate their plans for assisting in the great work of increasing the world's food supply. I have just completed a survey of the plot of ground surrounding the Lounger family residence, with a view to doing my bit towards circumventing the villainous designs of the hunger fiend.

This question of food supply is the most urgent problem demanding our attention at the present moment. All other considerations must go by the board if the most terrible calamity which has ever befallen the human race is to be averted. Unless something really heroic is done, the time is not so very remote when, as that "Sub Rosa" person would say, "You and I" may have to go to work breakfastless and to bed supperless. The motherland and the peoples of those European countries whose cause we have espoused, must be fed, and "You and I" must help feed them.

If every householder in Victoria who has at his command a few square yards of black loam, and possesses the requisite energy and physique will get in and "dig," it will mean that Canada will be able to export the equivalent of the results of this labor of love more than she would otherwise have been able to do.

We may not be able to do big things, but every little bit counts, so, my dear reader, go to it as if you believed that the fate of humanity depended upon YOU. Don't bother about geometrical precision in laying out the onion beds or potato patch. The thing is to get the seeds in and when they are in, to see that they stay in until they reach to full fruition.

—o—

The question of increased food production brings to my mind the fact that Victoria has, in the person of her "first citizen" as ardent an enthusiast for the movement as may be encountered anywhere in Canada.

—o—

If the food supply should fall short of what is required, it will certainly not be the fault of His Worship the Mayor, who is nothing if not energetic. Mayor Todd represents precisely the type of men we need in times such as these—men who are not satisfied with mere academic discussion, but who keep hammering until somebody does something. More power to your elbow, Mr. Mayor, and when you are again elected by acclamation, the Lounger will be ready and eager to wish you many happy returns of the day!

—o—

This paragraph is not meant for you, most excellent reader. It is a little word I wish to whisper into the ear of our friend the mayor. So please don't read it.

It is being alleged at the street corners that certain property owners have developed a rather curious method of rewarding their tenants for services rendered in improving their property by cultivating the garden plots. The system they employ—so I am informed—is to raise the "rint."

Now, this may be all very well from the point of view of the "laird," but it does not bear the mark of a square deal for the industrious tenant.

So I ask you, Mr. Mayor, to find a means of curbing the misguided enthusiasm of these philanthropic gentlemen on account of whose peculiar zeal your laudable plans may be jeopardized.

—o—

According to press report the executive of the B. C. Manufacturers' Association has recommended that the Government be urged to introduce legislation embodying among other things, the conscription of labor. Bravo, gentlemen! But why stop at labor? Why not "conscription of Manufacturers?" There are doubtless lots of big "huskies" whose names are included in the membership of the B.C.M.A., and who would make magnificent soldiers. Oh, no; they're not shirkers. Not a bit of it! It's simply a case of pure shyness on their part. I know them. They merely need a little coaxing, that's all. Bring in an act to conscript manufacturers and you'll find they'll offer no resistance. They will be only too glad to be spared the ordeal of voluntarily consulting a recruiting officer. And of course, Mr. Drill-Sergeant, you have at your disposal effective remedies for that embarrassing complaint, shyness, and, what is more, you know how to employ them, don't you? For instance, there is that infallible remedy, the cold shower, the wonderful effects of which were so splendidly exhibited in Winnipeg recently. And then, chiefest of all, there is your inimitable and comprehensive vocabulary, the judicious employment of which has saved many a young lad from the terrible results of an altogether too respectable home training.

Now, then, gen'lemen, altogether! Three cheers for the "1st Battalion, B.C. Manufacturers"—and a tiger! Horray! ! !

—o—

I wonder if any obliging reader would care to lend me a copy of—hush—the—ahem—"Finished Mystery?" Unfortunately, like thousands of others, I possessed a copy and had still a couple of pages to read when the news was whispered abroad that it was under ban of the censor. Of course I immediately destroyed the book. It was unthinkable that I should retain it in defiance of the law. I deemed it wise to burn the offending volume in preference to taking it to the police officer, where there was always the danger that some unsuspecting constable might have been tempted in a moment of weakness to peruse its contents, and I should never have been able to forgive myself for being a party to undermining the patriotism of even the least among our genial policemen. Just imagine Patrolman So—and—So, or Detective What's—'is name becoming possessed of the dangerous and treasonable hallucination that the Millenium is at hand, and that the Bible is a book worthy of a place in the library of all respectable citizens, and, furthermore, that it is a book which stands for Truth, Justice and Liberty! Why, yes! These are samples of the theories embodied in the "Finished Mystery." No wonder it was suppressed by the censor. (Yes, the thought of what might have happened to these men in blue and the gentlemen in "mufti," had I been so stupid as to give the book up in preference to hide—I mean—burning it, makes me shudder even now. Ugh!

—o—

I am in receipt of an interesting letter from a reader in which he informs me that if I will quit the street corner and locate at a certain cigar stand, whose location he vaguely indicates, I will hear all kinds of interesting and startling gossip. Judging by certain information he gives me in confidence, I think his suggestion worthy of serious consideration. For example, he relates a rather heated conversation between two soldiers, one a battle-scarred veteran and the other, what his opponent in debate termed, in the course of a mutual exchange of courtesies, a "——— Shorncliffe soldier." Evidently the debate ended in a reconcilliation and they proceeded to indulge in a combined and profusely punctuated criticism of certain parties who had secured exemption through—but there, I was forgetting about the Censor (God bless 'im). I must not write anything which would cause him grief. His cup of sorrow must be full to overflowing, as it is, and I do not desire to add to his misery. Having finished the "Finished Mystery," he might consider it his duty to finish another mystery, that mysterious person who bears the mystical cognomen,

"LOUNGER."

SUB ROSA

Some fellow in the New York Times has been advocating the annexation of Canada by the United States and a few good people have been greatly disturbed. Well, I am not one of them, but then I possibly am one who was born out of due season. Certainly I will be pleased to hear from you on the matter.

• • •

I notice that Sir Arthur Yapp had a hot time when he addressed a large congregation of Primitive Methodists the other week. He had to answer questions like this, "should those already underfed be asked to eat less? Why was fish so scarce and dear? Is is right to ask us to "save or starve" while the brewers are given permission to "carry on"? Is it true that brewers are allowed to outbid millers for barley? And so on.

Sir Arthur replied that the drink question did not rest with himself or Lord Rhonda but was a matter of high politics with which the Cabinet alone must deal. "Prohibition was impossible." Just so. Beer is Boss and if we lose the war blame it on the workers, while as a matter of fact if the Cabinet took a labor vote on the question, drink shares would fall to the level of a drunkard. It is not the working class as a class that are the big beer drinkers, the class that drinks beer as a class is the so-called respectable middle class. Anybody want to dispute it?

• • •

"The Outlook for Labor" is the title of a very interesting and comprehensive article by Mr. Arthur Henderson in the new Contemporary. He outlines the new constitution of the party, which aims at including brain-workers and hand-workers alike, and explains the provisions to be made to give those who are not members of trade unions or Socialist bodies due weight and voice in the party's affairs. The party's first aim at home is "to secure for the producers by hand or by brain the full fruits of their industry, and the most equitable distribution thereof," on a basis of common ownership of the means of production and popular administration and control of each industry or service. It further aims at the utmost possible co-operation with Labor organizations in the Dominions and Dependencies with a view to establishing a higher standard of social and economic life for the workers of each country. In international affairs it seeks similar ends through the fullest co-operation with working-class organizations in other countries, and especially a federation of nations for the maintenance of freedom and peace, for settling international disputes by conciliation and arbitration and for promoting all practicable international legislation.

With regard to reconstruction it is assumed that "the individualist system of capitalist production has broken down."

Organized democracy does not want to restore it. We set our faces resolutely against any proposal which will have the effect of re-establishing this system of private ownership and competitive administration of land and capital.

Instead a new order of "deliberately planned co-operation in production and distribution" is aimed at, and, as a first step, "the universal enforcement of a minimum standard of subsistence, of leisure, of health, of education." Of course, all this is not expected to come at once, but any attempt to restore to private hands the great industries and services that have come under national control during the war will be stoutly resisted. The taxation programme is also distinctly radical, including a graduated levy on capital, "leaving the smallest savings untouched." The article deserves to be carefully read and pondered by

U AND I.

Militaristic Parsons

A RECENT English writer, who has written and said a good deal about the war, from a church point of view, has been saying some strong things about militaristic parsons, and the way in which they have compromised themselves and the churches by using their pulpits as recruiting stations. He also hits out at other professional gentlemen who have been equally ardent in fanning the flames of passion among the people. "Germany," he says, "has had its fools on its thrones and professorial platforms and editorial chairs: it has allowed its raving militants to wander about loose; but there has been plenty of room for these people at the top everywhere in the modern world. It is a clique of madmen in every country that have driven Europe to this. But what has given them their chance is the diffusion of a compromised Christianity." In his opinion, the parsons have been the arch-sinners in all the stupidities and betrayals that led up to this huge slaughtering of the peoples. They have been the blind leaders of the blind in the great questions of social justice, commercial purity and international brotherhood. And the worst of it is that in the majority of cases the clergy are still as impenitent as they are blind and spiritually impotent. Otherwise we would not have such exhibitions of the jungle-ferocity on the part of preachers of the gospel as were to be seen in Victoria during the past few days. One of these was a preacher from Seattle who in spite of being a theological reactionary of the worst type, has won the ear of a large number of people by his popular gifts. To say the least, it is a gift for gods and men to hear a professed follower of the Prince of Peace shouting himself hoarse in vaunting his dying ambition to go to the trenches. No doubt the preacher meant it all; but patriotic declaration of this kind in the pulpit is seriously discounted by the fact that the clergy as a whole were delighted to be exempted from the conscription law; and such talk is also discounted by the fact that most of the clergy who do go overseas prefer the soft jobs far behind the firing line. Another clergyman appeals for the whole country to be brought under military law. Surely the church has sold itself neck and crop to become the base tool of Cæsarism

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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.

The Vision

By JOHN OXENHAM, *in "The Fiery Cross"*

(London: Methuen & Co., Ltd.)

One took me up into a lofty place,
And opened windows that my soul should see
Visions of this, and that, touched by His grace—
Of that which was . . . and is . . . and yet may be.

From the first lattice we looked out
Upon a boundless waste of night-black sea,
So vast and void that my soul chilled
At its black misery.
That stark black empty darkness filled
Me with despair,—no smallest sign
Of life was there,
No ray of light to enlumine
The darkness saturnine.

Then, as I gazed,—far off,—
A pulse of light,—
A little throb of life, as when the dawn
First quickens in the womb of night,
A tiny glow, scarce visible;
But, as I watched, I saw it grow and grow;
And then,—within the glow—
A Cross, upon a low dark hill,
Far-off and small, and yet my soul did thrill
At sight of them; for in that cross
Was Hope Invincible.

But, all about it and below,
Surged that vast sea of unrelieved woe,—
A grim wild welter of calamity,
A tumbling grave, a ceaseless misery,
Which rolled insurgent fas as eye could see
Thro' all the outer voids,—
A sink of bitterness and loss,
Whose sullen waves washed ever to and fro
Beneath the Cross.
But, up above, the Cross did grow and grow,
Till I could see its pulsing beams
Light with their radiant gleams
The nearer margin of the grim black flow.

Then, to my searching eyes, the flood disclosed
Strange things;—
Each drop in that black tide had been a man;
Now, derelict, they lay beneath the ban,
And went to form that sea demonian.
Among those myriad hecatombs of dead,

Were thrones and crowns,—and bodies of dead kings,
And those they ruled, misruled, betrayed;—
And perished empires, wasted and decayed,—
And peoples long since passed,—
Their pomps and prides,—the treasures they amassed,
Their monuments, their temples,—all become
No more than spume upon that sea of doom,
Like outcast offal on a shore of mud,
Flung to the void and harried by the flood.
And when I turned in horror to my Guide,
His face was sad as sadly He replied,
"The wrecks of Time,—the wreckage of mankind.
The Cross was there, but man was ever blind."

And still the Cross, above the weltering flow,
Larger and brighter grew, and still did grow
Until its head
Touched Heaven, and its wide arms
Embraced the earth. And the soft glow
Of its pure radiant glory shed
A sense of blessing, far and wide,
Across the horrors of the grim black tide.

And ever brighter grew the Cross, until
It seemed to dominate and fill
All space with its soft silent majesty,
And all the other worlds bent grave bright eyes,
Charged with untold solemnities,
Upon its sweet supremacy.
And all creation watched, with bated breath,
The Cross that grew, and growing, ever grew
Still fairer, stronger, and more purely bright,
Above that Sink of Death,
And sent its light
Widesearching through the chambers of the night.

And now I saw, within each radiant beam,
A slender bridge that led from out the night,
Across that seething gulf of black despair,
Unto the Light.
—Long, wavering bridges, very strait and slight,
Their swaying lengths upheld with anxious care
By stalwarts who, in saintly servitude,
With courage rare, and noble fortitude,
Braved all the terrors of the fell black flood,
And their great burden did upbear
'Gainst all vicissitude.
And, as we gazed, my Guide said heartfully,—
"Narrow the Way
That leads from Dark to Light,
From Night to Day;
Nor lacking foes,—nor dule, nor loss,
But that way is the only way,—
The High Way of the Cross."

And many travellers there were, who pressed
Along those narrow ways,
In quest of God's sweet grace.
Backs to the night, and faces to the light,
They travelled bare;
There was no room upon those narrow ways
For aught save life's necessities.
Some sought at first to bring
Their worldly gear, but soon did fling
It on the tide, nor more regarded it.
Some fell. I saw them lifted, carried on;
And some I saw slip down
Into the tide and be o'erwhelmed. . . .
But ever those great saintly servitors
With courage rare and noble fortitude,
Upheld the narrow ways against the flood
And all vicissitude.

Another lattice opened, and I saw
The earth spread wide below me; and with awe
I watched its myriad workers toiling there
With feverish haste and all-absorbing care,
Each for himself, with scarce a thought for aught
But his own gang and holding what he got.
A grim ignoble scramble for the best
That earth could yield,—a frantic quest
Of wealth and pleasure, and the lower things,
With no prevision of the reckonings
That time exacts when God's ways are reversed,
And man, for his own gain, sets last things first.
Life ran full swift, and garishly, and hard,—
Each man and nation ever on the guard
Against aggression,
Each striving with his might to hold in ward
His own hard-won possession.

The whole world worked, as did the men of old,
Girt with their arms, their safety to uphold,—
Quick to resent infringement of their rights,
Yet suffering patiently gross parasites
Who battened on the first-fruits of their toil
And found their own occasion in turmoil.
And Faith and Hope and Love, with sorrowing eyes,
In exile grieved o'er man's disloyalties.
A cloud surcharged with evil overhung
The toilsome earth,
And over all its gloomy shadow flung.
And there, in the shadow, very far away,
The Cross stood—dimmed, and fallen on decay.
Some still indeed turned to it in their need,
But, for the most part, it had little heed.
For man, bowed down to earth beneath his load,
Turned but a stubborn back towards his God.

Then—in a flash—like sudden summer storm,—
Earth was at war, and every land aswarm
With legions hurrying to the fight.
The clash
Of arms resounded everywhere. The crash
And thunder of it bellowed through the skies,
Stabbed with the wailing agonies and cries
Of the poor victims in the fiery net,
Writhing in all the torments of man's hate.
And the foul reek of it did overshroud
All life and heaven itself with its fell cloud.
The Cross was dim and very far away,
Man had dispensed him of its gentle sway.
The Sea of Doom, with its despairing gloom,
Was not so terrible as this
Foul Stygian abyss,
Aflame with vicious fires and thund'rous hate,
Where Life its high estate did abdicate,
And on its altars all degenerate
Its Saviour once again did immolate.
For there was Death with yet a gleam of life,
And here was life with Life in deadly strife.

I turned in horror to my Guide:—
"After two thousand years . . ."
No word He spoke.
He bowed His head, and sighed,—
A sigh more eloquent
Than all the words e'er spoken,
The sigh of One whose heart once broke
O'er man impenitent,
And now again was broken.
Great drops of blood were on His brow,
His fair white robe with blood was red,
His hands were bleeding and His feet;
At this defeat the old wounds bled,
And yet . . .
His love was undimnished.
Once more He drank the bitter cup,—
Once more the hyssop and the gall;
Yet, in His agony, His eyes
Were all majestical.

He turned—with mien inscrutable,—
Anguish and expectation strangely blent
With Hope, and all with Love omnipotent,
And yet His face was very sorrowful.
"Would'st thou see that which is to be?"
He said.
"Yea, Lord!" I answered eagerly.
And at the word He to a farther lattice led,
And turned and looked me through and through
Before He opened,
Then flung it wide,
And, side by side,
We stood and gazed upon a wondrous scene,
A scene of Perfect Peace,—an earth swept clean
Of all that did the former earth demean,—
Of war, warmakers, every smallest thing
That by its subtle cozening
Kept life at odds and ever on the jar,
And set a bar
'Twixt man and man, and so 'twixt man and God.
Gone were the old dishonesties, the lies,
Illfaiths, and lack of faith, warped sympathies,
And drink, and vice,—the immoralities
That rapped Life at the front, and left it all
Emasculate and weakened to its fall.
Now, freed at last from War, and War's alarms,
Man walked erect, uncrushed by weight of arms,
And lived, as God intended him, at peace,
To Lifes enrichment and his soul's increase.

Earth smiled and blossomed as she ne'er had done
Since out of chaos her first state was won;
And, striving now in peace as once in war,
The peoples lived full lives as ne'er before.

Now, in a clear blue sky a clear sun shone;
Gone all the loathsome reek and smoke that hide
War's tragedies and infamies, and gone
Each smallest sign of that old life that died
When last the world its Saviour crucified.
From all the earth a hum of sweet content
Rose up to heaven in ceaseless sacrament.
The air was sweet with sining birds and praise,—
No man was weary,—all too short the days
For all the joys life held,
And from the whole wide world there swelled
Paens of joy for Life's redeemed ways.
And there on high, in bazing splendour set,
The Cross triumphant stood, with nought to let
The wonder and the glory of its might,
Nor stay man of its respite infinite.

"Now God be praised!" I cried, with vital joy,
At sight of earth on such benign employ.
But He spoke not . . . Nor did His face
Show any lightening of His soul's distress.
One yearning look, which burned, and burned, and burned,
And then, reluctantly, He turned,
And, still reluctant, opened wide
Another lattice. . . .
. . . Like a blast from hell
Came up the stench execrable,
The reek and stench of war I knew so well.
Backward I drew in uttermost amaze,
Then bent, with curdled heart, to gaze, and gaze.

Earth was at war again,—
More hatefully at war than e'er before.
Horror on horror piled; for now, no more
Right fought with Ill, Life's true life to restore,
But everywhere, throughout the whole wide world,
Kingdoms and empires from their seats were hurled,
Nation with nation fought for greed of gain,
For place, for headship,—as of old fought Cain.

And worse,—to profit by the mad world-strife
Factions within devoured each nation's life,
Death and destruction swept the bare earth bare,
Life was a horror of untold despair.
God's Truce had broken in the hand of man,
And earth once more lay cursed beneath the ban.
The very heavens were hidden by the reek;
The Cross was hid, . . . and there was none to seek.

This way—or that, I saw must be
The outcome of earth's latest tragedy.
"Lord—which?" I cried, in mortal agony.
And He,—
"It rests with you, and with your kind.
The Cross is there;
Who seeks can find;
Yea, he who seeks shall of a surety find . . .
But man is blind,
Is blind . . . is blind . . . is blind."
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
See now, my brothers—
One and all
We met The Call
With hearts unbreakable,
And bore the brunt
Of woes unspeakable.
But—on in front—
Just on in front—
Lie depths of horror and distress,
Foul pits of utter ugliness,
Of misery and wretchedness,
Beyond the power of man to express,—
Unless! .....
..... Unless!—

One only way there is by which this load
Of coming ill may yet be turned to good,—
One—only—way,—
Come back to God!

No laws, no cleverness, no statesmanship
Of man can save the world and with new life equip;
One Power alone,—Come back to God,
And His allegiance own!

Cast out the evils that our souls debased!
Cleanse out Life's temple! Sweep it clean and chaste!
Let His fair image be no more defaced!—
Come back to God!

God is not mocked . . .
Yet have we spurned and scorned and flouted Him,
Yea, we have sorely grieved and doubted Him;—
And that way lies sure death.
Come back to God!

Come back to God!—
The only road by which the coming ill
May yet be turned to good,—
Come back to God!
Come back to God!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

(Letters to the Editor on any subject of general interest will be published in these columns. They must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, which will be treated in strict confidence if so desired. Short letters are preferred.—Editor.)

"Shorncliffe Soldiers"

A correspondent writes us asking the meaning of the above title when use derisively. When we have heard it used it has been applied to men who have never been and never intended to be any nearer the front than "Shorncliffe" is. Perhaps some of our returned soldiers can give further enlightenment.—Ed.

Great Need for The Week

Victoria, Feb. 21.

To the Editor of The Week.

Sir.—The writer was the very first subscriber to The Week under a name I have forgotten, even before the late Mr. Blakemore acquired possession.

If you stick to your guns you will achieve in spite of the opposition of cabals and shibboleths. In no city in the world is there greater need for a newspaper such as you are now publishing than in Victoria.

All the evils and pecuniary assessments we are now up against we asked for through our previous lightheartedness and vogue la galere methods in the halcyon days of the blue print, and pink teas every afternoon. God, if he amounts to anything, is exactly what we rate him, since he is within us.

We have been, in Victoria, for years debasing our own individual moral currency and tobogganning down the smooth planed plank, and we don't like it when a large nail crops up to tear our illusions to pieces.

The day of the people is being inaugurated by slow and certain progress. The common citizens are in the majority and if they can only NOT believe in either political party, there is no reason why they should not control every provincial legislature and the Dominion parliament at Ottawa.

If labor can make itself a power in Parliament in England where princes and peers abound, surely they can become paramount in Canada.

The next government in England is going to be a purely labor government.

We must speedily alter things and reverse the order which condemns unskilled labor united together simply to obtain a living wage and never interferes with a shibboleth of physicians who manipulate the legislate to suit themselves.

Many journalists and humpty-dumpties are going to get a jolt.

If we are both of a same eye, it makes a fair man laugh with derision to hear the medical fraternity belauding the now ORTHODOX doctor who champions vaccination, for it was not so long ago, during many years, that this same physician always to the forefront in reform was habitaually denounced by his brother physicians.

Your subscribers are not going to be content with the simple payment of a fee. We are going to help hold up your hands and smite wrong caste and dull formalism, hip and thigh and when it comes to a show down we shall find the policeman on our side and the average clergyman fighting his brother men in the laboring ranks with all the viciousness and narrow spleen known to him.

Hoherzollern, Haw-Haw, Hypocrisy, Hell on Earth are going to be swept away by Honor, Hygiene, High Ideals and Reformed Homes. This will not be accomplished in a mushroom night. Time and frequent chafing will try us sorely, but if we are all true to ourselves, vested interests will have to succumb to the oncoming wave of the multitude with the propertyless man as conqueror. Hasten the day!

VOX CLAMANTIS.

"The Finished Mystery"

To the Editor of The Week.

Sir.—I have just read Mr. J. F. Wilson's "Open Letter" in your current number. He tells your readers that the injunction embodied in the commandment "Thou shalt not kill," "is absolute, no qualification being either suggested or implied."

Then we may not kill a cow or a deer or a rabbit or any creature that has life in it.

It is plain from numberless passages in the Bible that the injunction is NOT absolute; that it is lawful, not only to take the life of creatures made for the use of man, but even the life of man himself, in given cases. Public authority has the right to take the life of the man who is convicted and found guilty of certain crimes specified in law, and the same public authority has the right to take the life of a public enemy actively engaged in war, provided the war be just.

There is another divine commandment which says: "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." Is Mr. Wilson aware that "The Finished Mystery," for which he has taken up the cudgels, is replete with misrepresentation and calumny and base innuendo? I quote the first five of what purport to be "some of the articles of Papacy's present, past and future constitution (infallible)" Ib. p. 528:

"1. All human power is evil, and must therefore be under the Pope. 2. The temporal powers must act unconditionally, in accordance with the orders of the spiritual. 3. The Church is empowered to grant or take away any temporal possession. 4. The Pope has the right to give countries and nations which are non-Catholic to Catholic regents, who can reduce them to slavery. 5. The Pope can make slaves of those Christian subjects whose prince or ruling power is interdicted by the Pope."

I solemnly declare that these articles do not belong to the constitution of the Church of which the Pope is the visible head. Nay, that they are diametrically opposed to the received teaching of that Church, as set forth in our doctrinal standards.

ALEX. MacDONALD,
Bishop of Victoria.

British Nobility

Victoria, Feb. 22.

The Editor, The Week, City.

Dear Sir.—We all know that British Columbia is the most loyal part of this Dominion. And the Dominion itself by virtue of the Conscription Act is now first and foremost of the colonies of His Majesty George V, our Sovereign Lord and Gracious King.

Yet the ignorance of one of the principal (if not the principal) foundation rocks on which is reared the British Government and the Social and Precedent system of our Glorious Homeland, displayed by correspondents in the Victoria press is little short of astounding.

The columns of The Week itself are by no means free from these amazing errors.

I am alluding to the evident lack of knowledge possessed by Colonials concerning the constitution of our aristocracy and hereditary privileged classes.

It is my purpose to set these local people right.

Know, then, that a person possessing a title or hereditary insignia is NOT necessarily a Noble.

A man having the right to bear a coat-of-arms (this is a hereditary distinction), or being a knight of one of the many degrees, or a baronet (a hereditary distinction) is not a Peer or Nobleman. Only those who are Barons, or above that rank, are nobles. The others mentioned have not been elevated to the peerage.

Many irresponsible writers (undoubtedly Bolsheviki at heart) maintained after the first year of this war, that one of the effects of the great conflict would be to sweep away the British House of Lords and all titles in England. How gratifying it is for us true Britishers to see that not only are our titled classes holding their old position, but the British Government is strengthening and increasing their numbers. Only recently a new order has been instituted, that of "Dame," to be bestowed upon deserving women.

This order is on a level with knighthood and is NOT, of course, of the nobility.

Thanks to the generosity of our Home Government, there are, at the present time, quite a number of knights in this Dominion; but you have not nearly enough. Also you have by far too few nobles; the lack of nobles, however, is rather the fault of Canadians, in as much as they have not done sufficient for the Empire to merit ennoblement.

However there is one Canadian, the Right Honorable Sir Robert Borden, G.C.M.G., who is bound to be elevated to the peerage before many weeks have passed.

I believe that the Colonials in the Dominion of Canada have a just cause for complaint against the Home Government. How long are they to wait before Sir Robert Borden is ennobled? Is he, one of the greatest patriots in the King's Dominions, to remain in the same class as Sir Wilfrid Laurier and other knights? It is indeed humiliating to Canadians and to Sir Robert Borden himself to ge kept out of the class into which have been elevated two Canadian newspaper men (great Imperialists though they be) Sir Hugh Graham (now Lord Althostan) and Sir Max Aitkin (now Lord Beaverbrook).

Moreover, Thomas Shaughnessy, an American-born railway fellow, has long since been made my Lord Shaughnessy.

Your readers must understand that when a person is ennobled by His Majesty, he becomes Lord of a certain district or town; thus my Lord

(Continued on Page Eight)

"THE FINISHED MYSTERY"

Statement of the International Bible Students' Association, of Victoria, B. C.

"Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye. For we cannot but speak of the things which we have seen and heard."—Acts 19-20.

The history of the Christian Church from the time of the Apostles until these momentous days records an age-long struggle between light and darkness, truth and error, liberty and oppression; the culmination is at hand. Frequently to the onlooker, the issues have been obscure and involved, but never has it been demonstrated that intolerance of religious convictions has done other than retard the progress of mankind.

Through the drifting mist and clouds of present world turmoil, occasional fleeting glimpses are discernible of a glorious sunlit future. All hearts are stirring with expectancy of happier days in a world-wide kingdom of peace based on the eternal principles of justice, righteousness and love. The past forty years have witnessed marked progress in every phrase of human activity, scientific research, and mechanical development. The world appeared to be sweeping forward into a new era, where the ages of barbarism, slavery and cruelty were a thing of the past.

Yet now the roseate hues of early dawn have given place to the black thunder clouds of war and revolution, and the gaunt spectre of famine stalks through the earth. What is the meaning of this incredible catastrophe? What is happening? What new birth is presaged by the present agony of travail?

"Watchman, what of the night?
"Watchman, what of the night?
"The watchman said 'The Morning cometh, and also the night'."
—Isaiah, 21:12.

The new day is assured though for the present the horizon is darkened. The brief dark night foretold by the Scriptures is now upon us and all minds are groping in perplexity for the light. In such times of doubt and uncertainty one might well look to the inspired testimony of the Bible to find comfort and instruction. As Bible Students who have diligently sought to understand God's Word, not only have we received such comfort and instruction, but we have put forth every effort to make known to others the panacea for all earth's woes. In the language of Scripture, our message has long been: The Kingdom of Heaven is at Hand. This is the one hope held out by our Lord Himself, and promulgated by the Apostles. It is the one hope which has inspired the Lord's footstep followers through the darkest hours of Christendom's history.

From time to time crucial episodes have arisen and crises have been passed which have cost the blood of martyrs. Who will say that their sacrifices have been in vain? Jesus was opposed by the scribes and pharisees of His own day, and He paid for His fidelity to the truth with His life.

His Apostles, faithfully following in His steps, confronted the same opposition, the established ecclesiasticism of their day.

As we trace the progress of the true Christian Church down the stream of time, we find the experience of every enlightened religious reformer identical with that of the Master.

A decadent churchianity, outgrown by the general enlightenment and spirit of the times, has always sought to hinder or obstruct the path to progress. Every attempt to break the shackles of ignorance, prejudice and superstition has aroused the animosity of those whose worldly interests and prestige were thereby jeopardized. The tortures of the inquisition and the social ostracism of more modern times are all evidences of the same spirit, antagonistic to social and religious reform. For long centuries the Bible, wrapped in the sackcloth and ashes of a dead language was beyond the understanding of the common people. The persecutions visited upon its translators, the penalties for possessing a copy of the same, and the public burning of confiscated copies within the very sight of edifices ostensibly erected to the One of whom the Bible speaks, all bear eloquent testimony of the same spirit of a great opposing enemy whose kingdom of darkness is threatened by every new ray of light.

The mystery of the Christian dispensation is now no longer a secret. What we thought was Christ's Kingdom has indeed proven to be Satan's stronghold in which the true church as sheep in the midst of wolves and wheat in the midst of tares has always existed. Satan's great master-scheme has been the counterfeiting of the promised Kingdom of Christ. As indicated by Scripture, he has posed as an angel of light and his servants as ministers of righteousness, but none-the-less it has been a kingdom of darkness and is now due to be overthrown.

Pastor Russell's last and posthumous work, "The Finished Mystery," now under the official ban of the Canadian Censor, is a commentary on the little-understood books of Ezekiel and Revelation. It reveals a prophetic indictment of the great religious systems of Christendom, and is, we believe, the message now due. —*Rev.* 16:17.

Once again, as in every similar crisis of the past, the situation will demand the blood of the saints. They will not pose before men as such; but on the contrary, "If they have called the master of the house Beelzebub, how much more they of His household? It is enough for the servant that he be as his Master and the disciple as his Lord."

The message which Pastor Russell, the "angel" to the last and Laodicean stage of the Church, and we as members of the International Bible Students' Association, his co-workers, have sought to present free of all charge to the people of this and every civilized land by lectures, tracts and moving pictures, has been the message of the true Kingdom of Christ, peace on earth, goodwill to all men. It has of necessity been accompanied by the proclamation of the downfall of all other kingdoms, with their religious, financial and social bulwarks. It has of necessity pointed out the false and erroneous teachings of the Dark Ages which still linger in the minds of many. As a consequence it has inevitably exposed the blindness of many who have been leading the blind.

GOD'S KINGDOM IS AT THE DOOR

We would remind you of the message found in Acts, chapter 5, *verses* 38 *and* 39:

38 *And now I say unto you, Refrain from these men, and let them alone: for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought:*

39 *But if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God.*

With good-will towards all and malice toward none, we are, on behalf of the

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION,
—Victoria Branch.

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SOTTO VOCE

BY THE HORNET

That a Mrs. Wills of Caledonia avenue is displeased with The Week.

That she thinks no loyal British subject should read it.

That she is British born but has lived here for thirty years.

That her long residence in Victoria must have had a serious effect on her.

That it has been known to act that way on a good many people.

That "It's the climate!"

That the Horret hopes some one will send her a copy of this issue with items blue penciled that ought to interest her.

That if she reads it right through she will probably find that there is not much to it that any sane person ought to object to.

That an Ottawa paper is most enthusiastic over the supression of "The Finished Mystery."

That they claim it is all German Peace Propaganda and paid for with German gold, and—

That the Censor is to be congratulated on having "nipped it in the bud."

That the Hornet is of opinion that the I. B. S. A. propaganda work is a pretty husky looking "bud."

That it looks more like a full grown tree to him, and—

That the Censor will have both hands full before he gets through with it.

That a new style of Bible student has sprung up.

That he told the Hornet that he had reason to believe there were mistakes in spelling in the Bible.

That it was his firm belief that in the passage in the sermon on the mount when the blessing were pronounced on the "meek," the word should have been spelled with a "W" instead of "M."

That the Hornet thinks there may be something in it, and passes it up to his readers.

That Mayor Todd deserves the support of every citizen in his "vacant lot" scheme.

That The Week will have some special matter on food supply and lot cultivation next week.

That it will be a good issue to advertise seeds and garden tools in.

That $125 a ton is the price of fertilizer.

That that looks like a "hold-up."

That nasty rumors are still traveling round about the Willows.

That "measles" holds the fort just now.

That one Conscientious Objector is said to have died after a "Hunger Strike."

That this probably is not true, but—

That the Hornet would like to hear an official denial to all these rumors.

That members of the I. B. S. A. complain that their telephones have been connected with the detective office.

That the Hornet took this matter up with a legal gentleman, who said he would not be a bit surprised if it were true.

That if it IS so, there must be a lot of "listening pest" work going on just now.

That if certain officials can "listen in" on certain 'phones their ears will tingle.

That the B. C. Telephone Company may have something to say about this.

That if they have, The Week is ready to publish it.

That the war in most countries is fast drifting into a militaristic "war against peace."

That the biggest item in the way of a settlement is the French demand for Alsace Lorraine.

That the "Democracy" we are fighting for is a French one, and should be spelled De Mochrasy.

That all the local people who are working for the Patriotic Fund give their services free.

That they do a lot of work and are entitled to the hearty support of us all.

That they get it.

That the Government pays $6,000 a year towards the expenses of the fund.

That this amounts to $500 a month.

That at one time it was supposed to be for travelling expenses, etc.

That now it is charged up as "clerks, stenographers, etc.," in a lump sum.

That this doesn't look good to the Hornet and when people who are inclined to belittle the Patriotic Aid talk to him about graft he doesn't know what to say.

That this little matter can probably be cleared up by those in charge of the fund, and—

That the Hornet will be glad to help them.

SEDITIOUS PUBLICATIONS

The action of the Government Censor in suppressing that disgusting and treasonable publication, "The Finished Mystery," is one which should have the hearty approval of all loyal and patriotic citizens, and I trust that none of His Majesty's subjects to whom the Empire means so much has disregarded this latest and well-timed order of the Censor. I would strongly urge upon the authorities the necessity of inflicting the most severe punishment upon all who are in any way connected with the publication and circulation of the vulgar book.

There is, however, one phase of the matter which seems to have been overlooked in the excitement which has been focussed upon the book itself, and that is that another publication—the Bible Student's Monthly—also comes under the order. As this pernicious sheet has been freely distributed among householders for some considerable time, it is possible that many eminently loyal people may yet have copies in their possession. Precisely this same thing, strange to relate, happened in my own home.

This morning, while my wife was brushing my boots, I noticed that the piece of paper she was using to rest them on was actually a copy of this abominable and disloyal rag! I was naturally filled with indignation, but the thought immediately presented itself to my mind that it would serve the double purpose of penalizing my wife for her evident carelessness and also as an excellent object lesson to the boys. Taking the paper, and moulding it into a shape resembling the cap commonly worn by convicts, I placed it on my wife's head, affixing it to her hair with pins, and in such a manner that the title appeared on the front. I then ordered her to stand on a chair and to remain there while I summoned the boys. I commanded them to line up at attention and in a position facing her. Then, standing erect, and pointing at her with the index finger of my right hand, I exclaimed, "Boys, behold the Finished Mystery!" Dismissing the boys, I took my wife aside and censured her severely for her negligence, adding that I desired her to retain the cap upon her head until after dinner. That time having arrived, I ordered my wife to remove the paper cap and to hand it to me. After addressing her and the boys on the evils of seditious literature, I solemnly consigned the abominable sheet to the flames and as the last vestige was being consumed we joined in singing the National Anthem as an act of loyalty and as a token of thankfulness for the destruction of what we had unwittingly allowed to pollute the sanctity of the home. God save the King!

RULE BRITANNIA.

WANTED—Good, live, energetic BOYS to sell THE WEEK on Saturday mornings in Esquimalt, Fairfield, Oak Bay, Spring Ridge, Victoria West, Saanich, and other outside points.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Continued from Page Six)

Beaverbrook is lord of a Canadian locality of that name.

In discussing with a Canadian the tardiness of the Home Government in giving Sir Robert Borden his reward, he suggested that Sir Robert's new title be Lord Man-Ipulation of Ontario and Western Canada.

I had never heard of the name Man-Ipulation before, and on being asked, the Canadian replied that it was a famous name for a certain sort of distinguished Canadian politician. I am not acquainted with the history of the Dominion of Canada—but I suppose he is right.

Whatever the name selected for His Lordship's title will be, I think the places over which he is to be lord were well suggested by the Colonel, for how inappropriate it would be to make Sir Robert Lord of Toronto for instance; the place being so small. Sir Robert Borden is the Lord of the hearts and bodies (if not the souls also) of all the British subjects in the loyal provinces of this Dominion, and his title should imply it.

I have just said "British subjects." Let me explain to the good people of the city and province, that there is no such thing as a Canadian citizen. All persons born in Canada are British Subjects, just as much, in fact, as are persons born within the British Isles.

Now that President Wilson is "making the world safe for Democracy" he had better lose no time in copying the example of the free Democracy of Britain ("the Crowned Republic" as it is frequently called) and institute titles forthwith.

I mentioned this to an American citizen, and he said that it would be a jolly fine thing (or some such expression), but the constitution of the United States had it that no state or government in the United States would be allowed to grant titles of nobility. Then I explained to him that there were any number of British titles and distinctions quite apart from the nobility, and there could be nothing to prevent Mr. Wilson from granting such titles as Baronet, Knight Bachelor, with appropriate coats-of-arms.

As your readers should know, a Knight of the Bath has to take a bath before being invested with the Order, and my American friend being told this, suggested that the United States equivalent be Knight of the Hudson, and all recipients of the honor be compelled to first immerse themselves in the New York river of that name.

He further said that Knight of the Garter was appropriate to America as well as England, in as much as there were so many cabarets, etc., in the United States. I am afraid that he was trying to be facetious in talking like this, but what can one expect from an American at this stage of his country's development.

I have written you this letter considering that you deserve to hear from me on account of publishing in February 2nd issue, a Loyal Colonial's letter.

Before laying aside my pen, however, I will say a few more words.

The King's honor lists show that recently not many Australians are being knighted, and it is little to be wondered at seeing that that Dominion has given only nine per cent of her population and won't have conscription, while British Columbia has given eleven per cent and DOES have conscription.

The loyal people of the Colony of Canada have so swamped with their disapproval the traitorous and short-sighted Laurier; and have so submitted themselves unto the Will of Sir Robert Borden, that the time cannot come quickly enough when Sir Robert Borden will be lifted out of Sir Wilfred Laurier's class and raised into the House of Lords, and inshrined in the Nobility even as he is enshrined in the hearts of all Imperialists and Loyal Colonials.

May the Good Lord (Sir Robert's) blessing soon be upon us, and may even the French-Canadians come to fear, nay, perhaps love, the Great Loyal-Hearted Premier of this Dominion, whose piercing brain and iron hand holds in check the irregular courses of the minds and actions of the Canadian people. Amen!

LONDONER.

Construction Statistics

To the Editor of The Week.

Before conscripts were taken, well over eleven per cent of the population of British Columbia had voluntarily become soldiers. A B. C. colonel, now overseas said that British Columbia had given fourteen per cent, but this possibly includes men from across the border. Eleven per cent of the population of Quebec is 220,000. Under the volunteer system Quebec gave 42,218 men.

Before the Conscription Act had become law Quebec had given in proportion, 187,000 men less than B. C.

The people of B. C. desire to know of these 187,000 men have now been conscripted from the province into the army. If not, why not? Other Eastern provinces have not equalled Australia's nine per cent, much less British Columbia's eleven per cent.

We want to know if the Conscription Law has made them do this. If it has not, why?

The Western Provinces of Canada need more men in proportion to the Eastern provinces to develop the sparsely populated, yet richest in natural resources of all the provinces.

If Canada as a whole had given as many soldiers voluntarily as British Columbia had done before conscription, 880,000 men would be in arms instead of 420,000.

British Columbia's superiority is still greater since many conscripts have now been taken in addition.

British Columbians want to know why the balance of the 100,000 men required cannot be taken from the Eastern provinces?

If that were done the West, particularly British Columbia, would still have borne by far the greatest share in the loss of man power.

The West would like to know why ther is not EQUALITY of sacrifice.

B. C. CANUCK.

P.S.—With regard to the editorial comment in the Colonist of February 14. Here is another instance of unfairness to British Columbia. B. C. and other Western provinces volunteered 11,000, more than their share of the 500,000 as far back as 1916, (see Times, of Dec. 14, 1916), and they have, of course, far exceeded this now. The exemptions in B. C. are approximately fifty per cent. Fifty per cent of 400,000 leaves 200,000, and only 100,000 are required. Hence it is evident that Eastern provinces have shamefully failed to do their share under the Conscription Act even as they failed to give it under the volunteer system. The exemptions in Quebec are ninety per cent. By all means examine exemptions, but turn the search on those in the Eastern provinces and make them do as well as B. C. has done under the Conscription Act.

Then we will get, as shown, more than 100,000, and there will be no need to further badger the people of this province, much less call out the second class.—B. C. C.

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IS EMPHATIC IN REFUSAL TO BURN BOOK

Prominent Russellite Declares He Will Not Obey Government Ban

Members of the International Bible Students' Association fully expected the ban, as announced yesterday, to be placed by the Dominion Government on the book "Studies in the Scriptures—The Finished Mystery," according to Mr. S. A. Cater, a prominent member of the association at Vancouver. To his mind the action taken by the government in forbidding the book to be circulated and read in Canada is only one incident in the struggle to sustain what he pronounces "the present tottering system of Christendom."

Further than this, Mr. Cater has no intention of giving up possession of the book, and as for other members of the association putting the publication out of their houses, he said: "You can take it from me, they won't do it." His doctrine is that members of the association are willing to abide by the laws of the country, but only in so far as those laws are compatible with their religious convictions.

By Pastor Russell.

"Pastor Russell wrote six volumes of Scripture studies dealing with God's plea of the ages and it was predicted that there would be a seventh volume dealing with the prophecies of Ezekiel and Revelations," said Mr. Cater. "These two books of Scriptures dealt mainly with events now affecting the welfare of Christendom, both ecclesiastical and civil, and Bible students regard this seventh volume of Scripture studies by Pastor Russell as the message of the hour, dealing as it does with the downfall of all nations."

The book, which is merely a commentary on the Scriptures, said Mr. Cater, states that the federated churches of the world, including both Catholic and Protestant, will ultimately be allied for the supervision of the truth and the liberties and rights of the people, "resorting," as Mr. Cater put it, "to the practices of the dark ages to sustain the tottering system of Christendom."

"Had the books of Ezekiel and Revelations been understood in years gone by," continued the I.B.S.A. leader, "the powers that be would have eliminated them from the canons of Scripture. To endeavor to suppress books of that kind is to re to the old practice of Bible-burnin

Liable to Arrest.

Mr. Cater stated he quite real that he was liable to arrest if he tained possession of Pastor Russ book, but it was part of his relig conviction and he was quite prep to suffer. "The book indicates persecution will come from clergy," he said, "and they are ones who are pulling the ropes are back of the present ban on book."

In the opinion of members of International Bible Students' A ciation, as Mr. Cater explained it earthly kingdoms have to go as as ecclesiastical systems prior to establishment of the Kingdom of Prince of Peace, and in their opi that time is now here. Forty y ago, they say, Pastor Russell predi the Great War starting in 1914, two or three years ago he predi unrest and chaos starting in spring of 1918. It is attribute Pastor Russell that he proph war, revolution, anarchy and ther setting up of the Kingdom of C in 1925. The Bolsheviki movemen Russia is looked upon by member the association as part of the fu ment of the prophecy. What started in Russia, they predict, sweep throughout the world.

BIBLE STUDENTS WILL PUT BIG FIGHT

Members of the I.B.S.A. here, a Vancouver and other parts of C ada, have made up their mind stand by their principles no ma what the censor has to say a their books. Mr. I. C. Edwards, member who had charge of "Finished Mystery Store" on Y Street, was called before Magist Jay on Tuesday to answer a ch of having copies of the book in possession. His case was adjou until next Wednesday, and is in hands of ex-Judge McGinnis, of V couver, one of the ablest and eloquent lawyers in Canada.

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