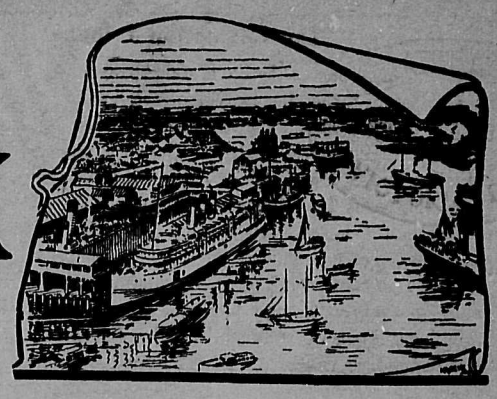
Provincial Library,
Parliament Buildings. (4)

The Week



A British Columbia Newspaper and Review

Vol. XV, No. 16--15th Year | VICTORIA, B.C., CANADA, October 13th, 1917 | 5c. a copy $2.00 a year

Tom Paine and Robert Ingersoll

CALUMNIES and slanders against the memories of dead men are the stock-in-trade of a certain class of so-called Christian preachers. The task calls for none of the courage required to make similar attacks against the living and is just as effective in tickling the palate for sensation which is characteristic of the average crowd. The living can vindicate their honor in the courts, and before the bar of public opinion. Specific charges against the living are therefore carefully avoided by the sensation mongers of the pulpit. Veiled inuendoes and vague insinuations may indeed be occasionally employed if safeguarded with becoming discretion. But when dealing with the dead all discretion may be and is thrown to the winds. Courageous preachers can then put on the whole armoury of the devil and discharge all the fiery darts of the evil one. Against the dead they insinuate unceasingly and lie brazenly. Dr. Torrey's mission in London was marred by just such an indecent attack upon the fair memory of Robert Ingersoll but fortunately at least one Christian man rose up to protest against the outrage. To his eternal credit be it said the late W. T. Stead, himself a churchman in good standing, called upon the preacher to make good his words. In the pages of *The Review of Reviews* the full story is clearly told. Dr. Torrey's attempt at substantiation was lamentably weak. Mr. Stead easily proved that by following a similar line of reasoning, Jesus Christ himself could be shown to have led a dissolute life. Why are men who claim verbal inspiration for the Bible so ready to break its clear injunctions? Why do they steal the fair fame of their fellows and bear false witness against the dead? Why do they so readily resort to poisoned darts and inky squids? And why is it that their most despicable assaults are reserved for those whose only offence before God and man is that they dared to exercise their undoubted right of private judgment in matters of religion? The test by which man should judge man is that clearly stated in the scriptures. The Master of men Himself set the standard. *By their fruits ye shall know them.* Judged by this test Robert Ingersoll and Thomas Paine stand out as princes amongst their fellows. They were the true men of faith. They had sufficient faith in God to denounce the slanders on His character then as now so prevalent in Christendom. They refused to believe that there ever was a time when God believed that slavery was right, that polygamy was the highest form of virtue, and that wars of extermination could be waged with the sword of mercy. They repudiated the idea that God has ever commanded the soldier to sheathe the dagger of murder in the dimpled breast of infancy, or carry away captured maidens to satisfy the passionate desires of a half-civilized people. Against such notions they raised a timely protest. Such protest does not prove their infidelity. On the contrary it proves the beauty and sublimity of their faith. They ridiculed and discredited the degrading doctrines about God which were current in their day. Their protest was not against God but against God's detractors. Why, therefore, should their characters be needlessly besmirched? What if it can be proven of Tom Paine that he indulged in alcoholic liquors? For the sake of argument let that be for the moment granted. Were not alcoholic liquors in that day in all but universal use? Did not Christian preachers almost invariably take an alcoholic stimulant before entering the pulpit? Were not wines and beers in general use in even the most cultured families? Were not the children of the devoutest Christians encouraged to drink such liquors quite freely? Why should Tom Paine be condemned for the use of the customary refreshment of his age? And even *if* he drank such liquors to excess, why should a professing Christian preacher single that fact out for special reference? Have not good men of all ages fallen victim to the drink habit? Could not a similar charge be levelled against poets, preachers and statesmen of all countries and all times? Had not several biblical saints a weakness in the same direction? Why in the name of Christian charity should only the bad be told and the good carefully suppressed? One tribute to the memory of Tom Paine is published on another page from the pen of a correspondent. Similar tributes can be indefinitely multiplied. Here is some valuable testimony from the pen of Joel Barlow—a contemporary—which should not be overlooked. "He was one of the most benevolent of mankind, endowed with the clearest perceptions, an uncommon share of original genius and the greatest breadth of thought. He was always charitable to the poor beyond his means, a sure protector and friend of Americans in foreign countries. His writings will answer for his patriotism and his entire devotion to what he conceived to be the best interest and happiness of mankind." For his services to his country he received the thanks of Congress, whilst from Pennsylvania and New York respectively he received $2,500 and a fine estate of 300 acres fully improved. Surely ordinary justice and common decency require that such a man be accorded a fair trial at the bar of history! And what of Robert Ingersoll? What is the verdict of truth? Let the following passages from his writings speak for themselves. Here are his views on domestic happiness: "I claim that every man and wife are equal, *except that the wife has the right to be protected; that there is* nothing anywhere like the democracy of the home and the republicanism of the fireside, and that a man should study to make his wife's life one perpetual poem of joy; that there should be nothing but kindness. Children should be governed by love, by kindness and tenderness. That is the religion I have got and it is good enough for me. I think it is altogether more important to love my children than the twelve apostles. I think more of the living than the dead. The time to be happy is now; the way to be happy is to make someone else happy; and the place to be happy is here." Are these the words of a moral leper, or the words of a spirit-free child of the eternal light? It is here worthy of remark that some recent remarks of Dr. French E. Oliver on the subject of the duty of men to their wives, bear a striking resemblance to passages in the writings of Ingersoll. Is it possible that Dr. Oliver draws inspiration from New York's apostle of freedom?

The Voice of God in Our Inarticulate World

A DOZEN members of the family of nations have gone mad; mad with Militarism. With that madness comes another strange affliction: they are stricken dumb. No longer can they converse with one another as in former years. Their only means of communication now is through the muzzle of big guns. In times of peace, men of different countries spoke as brother to brother, and nation spoke to nation through their diplomats; but with the outbreak of war all these means were too slow. There was no international machine in existence to express the world desire for peace; no way by which the millions of one country could assure the millions of another country that they wished one another no ill. The only organized means of expression was force and so the world was stricken dumb. For three years the armies of the world have done all the talking: it has been done with the boom of the cannon and the sharp thrust of the bayonet, to the accompaniment of the groans of millions of wounded and dying, and the bitter tears of tens of millions of bereaved. It is the only language understood by all nations at all times, but it is the infernal music of hell and has never led to any permanently satisfactory results. And the pitiable aspect of this world dumbness is that the millions on the one side who would like to express their thoughts to the millions on the other have no means but through the military mouthpiece. On each side they are informed that there is nothing to do but fight on. "*We* are here to settle this thing, you have nothing to do but come out and be killed." Here and there a voice is heard making a feeble attempt to express the pain and travail of humanity. A voice that pleads like the Nazarene for the application of the greatest power of all, the power of love in a world of hate, and promptly the answer comes back: "Shut up! *We* are settling this thing." Or a few on either side of the struggle make a bold attempt to get near enough to each other to find a means of expression and again in angry tones comes the military command: "Shut up! *We* are settling this thing." Not only is it impossible for the great mass of the world's combatants to communicate with one another but it is made impossible for them to refuse to participate in the world's suicide. The command is "come out and be killed. Come out and be killed." And now, through all the toil and turmoil another voice is heard, speaking first through a few conscientious souls who refuse to yield to the mad frenzie of the times and who plainly state that they will perish rather than submit. Speaking through the mass of dumb humanity which without knowing why, responds in a great universal unrest. Speaking in the voice of nature, in the failure and destruction of crops; in innumerable catastrophies at home and at the front; in the threat of famine in the future, and the prospect of a world-wide social revolution. It is the voice of God in an inarticulate world calling a halt, telling the nations of the world that this is to be the last appeal to "arms" and that only by reconciliation can peace come. Will they listen and respond or will they dare reply as now: "Shut up! *We* are going to settle this thing"?

PUTTING BACK THE CLOCK

What the Military Franchise Act Looks Like to The Week's Cartoonist

The Eclipse of Lloyd George—A Damning Indictment

NO man in Britain since the days of Cromwell has had placed in his hands such unrestricted power as David Lloyd George. The nation gave him *carte blanche* and patiently awaited results. How has the great Welshman used his authority? What account can he render of his sacred trust? To what extent has he protected the widows and the fatherless? What has been his attitude to the powerful vested interests which have the country by the throat? A truthful answer to these questions will come as a great surprise to those democrats who reposed implicit confidence in the stormy petrel of British politics. The British Minister of Agriculture has iterated and reiterated that the food question is the nation's most difficult problem. Indeed Mr. George and most other prominent public men have said the same thing. "Once we decide the food question in our favor peace will be nearer" said one of these. "It is only the food problem that trembles in the balance," said another. It is well, therefore, to see in what spirit and with what success Lloyd George has tackled this all important problem. It is computed that Britain needs 9,000,000 loaves per day. Of these the brewers are allowed by the powers that be to destroy 450,000. If waste is a crime, who is the criminal here? Who is responsible for the infamous treachery which turns this vital scale against us? If bread means life, and life means victory, why is it that the grain for 450,000 loaves is *daily* destroyed to make liquor? Why does not Mr. David Lloyd George take action? Why does he prefer the interests of vested wrong to the interests of war widows and orphans? Why must the innocent go hungry that the vat may be full? And echo answers, "why?" Another prime necessity of the national life at this moment is shipping and still more shipping. The German submarines have created an alarming shortage of ships. British Columbia apples have been refused entrance because the shipping is required for other and more important purposes. The import of dozens of other commodities has been forbidden in order to conserve the nation's shipping. Why, therefore, was a ship recently allowed to discharge a cargo of 150,000 gallons of rum *for use in the year 1920?* Why was another allowed to discharge a large cargo of brewers' vats? Why should the lives of good British seamen be imperilled in the transportation of non-essentials? Why should the export of beer still be permitted, when not only is grain consumed in its manufacture but lives are jeopardised in its transport? These are the questions which are being freely asked and discussed throughout the Old Land at this moment. The nation is awakening from a long sleep. Things are not what they seem. Democracy is stumbling against the truth by inadvertence. Now they see in a glass darkly. Soon they will meet the facts face to face. But already enough is known to convince the unprejudiced that Lloyd George has failed lamentably. There are some further questions which should be addressed to and answered by the Canadian authorities. Why has a book entitled "Defeat or Victory" by Arthur Mee and J. Stuart Holden, been suppressed in Canada? What does the book contain that the public shouldn't know? Is the liquor trade beyond fair criticism? Is the Canadian Government taking the same paternal care of the liquor trade as it has already taken of the bacon swindlers? Is a man to be fined $5,000 and committed for five years in the penitentiary for reading about the nefarious operations of the whisky kings? To what shameful degradation shall we yet sink? How many more of our rights and privileges must we basely surrender? But patience! A day of reckoning will most assuredly come.

Prussianism in Home Waters

DIGNITY and impudence often rub noses, and it is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous. A case in the Police Court last week is another illustration of this. Six men of one of the coast fisheries boats were lined up on a charge of disobeying orders. They were found guilty and sentenced to two days detention. The trouble was a long standing one between the captain and the men over the question of attending "divisions" (a simple word which in sea language means "Divine Worship"). It is understood that the sum of fifty cents per Sunday is allowed the captain for reading prayers and conducting services, and according to the men's statement he has on his own authority made it a rule that every man must attend every Sunday. When at sea the men have no objection to this, but while in harbor and spending what time they can at home with their families they consider it quite a hardship to have to lose practically the whole of Sunday morning to hear about three minutes prayer read by a man who does not hesitate to use much less classical language as soon as "divisions" are over if things are not to his satisfaction. As a result, several of them have occasionally been absent, and it so happened that seven of them were missing last Sunday morning. As a punishment the captain stopped their leave for forty-eight hours, and just at the time the men received their month's pay. This meant that they could not take their money home and as they were to have sailed on Tuesday it made them angry. One of them got over the difficulty by telephoning his wife to come to the ship but the other six took French leave and went home as usual. Of course they were wrong. On their return to the ship they were informed that they were to report at the Police Court, and here is where the humorous part comes in. The Magistrate, after listening to all that could be said on both sides, sentenced them to two days, without costs. Their term of imprisonment started at 4:30 p.m. on Tuesday. At five o'clock a hot supper of beefsteak and onions with tea was served them. At 8:00 o'clock they were treated to ham and beef sandwiches and buns, followed by peaches, coffee and cigarettes. At eleven they were further supplied with fish and chips and more hot coffee. Early on Wednesday, salmon steak, bread and butter and coffee formed their breakfast, and at 8:30 a.m. the captain came and asked them to go back to the ship. Their two days had lasted exactly sixteen hours and they had been so well looked after that they told the captain that as far as comfort was concerned, they were quite satisfied to stay where they were. If the captain is wise he will acknowledge that the joke is on him and in future treat the men with a little more consideration.

The Exemption Tribunal

THE personnel of the Exemption Tribunal for Victoria City will certainly not inspire confidence. With but two or possibly three exceptions the whole Board is composed of the members of one political party. Labor is given but one seat on the tribunal although the vast majority of cases to be dealt with will be drawn from the horny handed masses. The injustice of such a selection will instantly suggest itself to every man who does his own thinking. Labor was not consulted when the Act was passed; labor is to be treated with silent contempt in its administration. The worker may fight—for others; he may pay—for others; but others must do his thinking. His not to reason WHY; but but to pay and die. Against any such conception of the State's duties to its citizens THE WEEK enters an emphatic protest. Labor is an essential part of this or any country. It has the right to proportional representation on all the councils of the state. It has the right to proper consideration before legislative measures are enacted; it has the right to be consulted in their administration. The sooner these facts are fully appreciated and acknowledged in high places the better for the peace and contentment of this great country. The idea that an irresponsible government has the right to appoint a tribunal of non-entities to preside over the life destinies of thousands of workers, may die hard but it must most assuredly die. Government in Canada must be by consent of the governed. The ranks of labor will do well at all times to stand firm for their constitutional rights.

NEWS FROM THE FRONT

(Special to The Week

THE PREPARATION AND THE ATTACK

I.—The Preparation

A heavy haze hung over the lines—so thick was it that the tops of the trees, only a few hundred yards away, could hardly be seen; while the Boche trenches were completely hidden from view by the wall of white.

There was a lull in the fighting, which had been in progress almost incessantly for over three weeks. Each dawn had been greeted with the intensely destructive and harassing bombardment of hundreds of guns of all calibres. Each night had heralded the petty raids of trench warfare—the stealing out of a few men into No Man's Land, the tinkling of the alarms on the barbed wire entanglements, the continual flashing of star-shells, accompanied by short sharp bursts of machine gun fire, and the thud of bullets on the parapet or the hiss and crack of the flying death overhead.

Now there was a brief respite—short, yet sufficient to restore strength to the grim, weather-beaten infantry, worn with the incessant strain of the last few weeks.

The trenches and dug-outs were full of them. Some of the men were fresh, comparatively clean and with new equipment. These had only just crossed the water from their training, and their physique showed that there was as yet no lack of vigorous manhood in the old country. Others were covered with mud and worn to leanness, but were still strong and wiry. Many bore marks of the battle, and many carried trophies to show that their efforts had not been in vain.

They were a glorious set of fellows, keen on their work, confident in the ultimate end, and ambitious for the glory of their country, their regiment and their families. They were resting. For upon them would fall the brunt of the battle on the following day.

Immediately behind the lines the scene was even more suggestive of what was coming. Ammunition and stores of all kinds were being hurried up to the trenches. Field dressing stations for the wounded were empty, but those in charge were busy, preparing for the hours ahead. Then they would be crammed to overflowing. The field guns, which had been active for so long were making ready for the climax—the final bombardment which would mean so much. By the dug-outs of each were hundreds of shells, fresh and shining, straight from the factories. Everywhere the great machine that works behind the trenches was running at full speed and with maximum effect.

Further back still were the heavy batteries, and in the fog it was almost impossible to see both ends of these monster guns. Deep ruts, now concealed, indicated the immense weight which had crushed their wheels into the soil. The breeches, shining, new freshly oiled were being cleaned and overhauled for the hundredth time while, unceasingly, the trucks and wagons came up loaded with ammunition, to be emptied and to return hungrily for more. The cranes swung the huge shells into position for the following day, and the men, even on that raw night, were sweating with their exertions.

And all the time along the roads long lines of dust covered transport of all kinds—heavy lorries, ambulances by the hundred, staff cars, side-cars, despatch riders, old London 'buses, painted green, were hurrying up crowded with men, as full as they had ever been at noon on a Saturday at Piccadilly Circus.

More remote still from the lines where troops grew scarcer where the ground bore fewer traces of warfare and the roads were in comparatively good condition—ever there were signs of activity. Near one of the main roads—perhaps fifteen miles behind the lines—there was a solitary aerodrome, bordered by the hangers of over thirty machines. It was the aerodrome of a fighting scout squadron which would play an important part in the fighting. The action of these few machines might easily affect the issue of the day, and it was well for those who would battle on the ground that they were manned by the most skilful pilots. They would advance with the infantry, would harass the enemy, reconnoitre and bomb and attack the air squadrons of the enemy.

It was a busy scene in the hangers. Each machine was being overhauled by two or three mechanics, working unceasingly at the numberless intricate details provided by that delicate machinery. Wires, rusty and bent with continual use had to be changed, canvas to be patched, measurements of the rigging to be checked. Meanwhile the pilots slept on, some of them resting, it may be, for the last time.

So the great preparations were made.

* * *

II—The Attack

The dawn broke to the scream of shells. Hundreds of guns of all calibres belched forth their ominous message. It seemed impossible that anything could live in that hell of destruction that was their handiwork. Earth spouted in colossal fountains about the German trenches. Heavy timbers, planking, wooden wire-rests, débris of all sorts, hurtled skywards, seen dimly and fragmentarily as they flew clear of the dense smoke—black, white, yellow and greenish-brown—that rose into the air with the spouting soil. No inferno that could be pictured could surpass it. The din was deafening, and, more than the noise, the shock of the explosions shook space and everything in it. It seemed as if the whole earth shuddered and quaked.

The German trenches—only two hundred yards away—were practically demolished. To say that they were levelled to the ground is an inadequate description. There was no level anywhere. They were torn up, flung in air, and the remains fell anyhow. In places they were just filled in, obliterated; in others, where there had been a cavity was a mound, where there had been a mound was a chasm.

The enemy reply was feeble, for a time little more than fitful bursts of blind firing. His airmen were unable to cross our lines to direct the shooting. Our flying corps had seen to that, had been seeing to it, in fact, for months.

The British guns fired on with deadly accuracy. The range needed no alteration, except for the slight correction due to wind and atmosphere. A week ago our airmen had corrected and checked every range that would be needed. The "heavies" were dealing destruction far behind the German lines, silencing enemy guns, cutting off supplies, making roads impassable.

The British trenches were crowded with men ready to advance. Above, flights of aeroplanes crossed the lines at varying heights. Those high up would dive, hawk-like, on any German planes that dared to face the music; those low down were to attack and demoralize the German infantry in the trenches and to bomb positions of importance behind the lines.

The moment came—the terrible moment that opened a "crowded hour of glorious life," or perhaps meant instant death. The guns lifted to drop a barrage behind the enemy's front line. With a great cheer the men leaped and scrambled over the parapet and ran forward. Some fell almost as they started, but the guns had done deadly work and the infantry, wave behind wave, advanced rapidly with hardly a check. Comparatively few of the enemy machine guns were left in action and only a thin and scattered stream of bullets hissed through the air. Line after line of trenches fell. In those first reached there was little resistance, the occupants who remained alive being still in the shelter of deep dug-outs. They were rats in a trap and ready victims, their choice to be bombed or to surrender. Mostly they chose the latter.

As a unit reached its objective, and set to work to clear dug-outs and repair the trench, the unit that followed passed through it and pressed onward. The barrage of our guns lifted again and again, automatically, in time and tune with the advance. The whole was the symphony of battle.

Here and there an enemy barrage proved temporarily effective. But the zone of death was rushed, and again the thinned ranks went forward. The momentum of the attack had been so great that it lost weight and speed by slow degrees only.

In the further trenches captured, resistance had stiffened and there was often desperate fighting. Here and there was bloody work with the bayonet. But the spirit of the men was invincible. They knew they could beat the enemy, and that knowledge, or faith, gave them the power to do it.

When the thing was done, and well done, when the immediate end had been achieved, the burden and heat of the day were hardly lightened. Trench positions had to be consolidated and made good against counter-attack. In places the captured lines were held by a mere remnant ot their captors. Supports had to be hurried through the rising gun-fire of the enemy. Nowhere was there rest for the weary. Ceaseless digging and ceaseless vigilance were imperative, and at points in touch with the enemy bomb-fighting was continual. All through the day the fire of the guns slackened only at intervals. Danger and death were everywhere.

The aftermath of battle is perhaps more terrible than its intensity. Where the attack had started, and far behind, were long lines of ambulances filled with their terrible load. The men more lightly wounded struggled back as best they could, helping each other, to the nearest dressing-station. Life was a chance out there, and every man a fatalist. The attack was ended but the battle continued.

Rheumatism

A Home Cure Given by One Who had It

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

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

Mark H. Jackson, No. 868D Gurney Bldg., Syracuse, N. Y.

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

LAND REGISTRY ACT
(Section 24)

IN THE MATTER of Lots 4 and 5, of Section 10, Esquimalt District, Map 1248.

Proof having been filed of the loss of Certificate of Indefeasible Title No. 24257 I. issued to Walter H. G. Daverne on the 18th day of October, 1915, I hereby give notice of my intention, at the expiration of one calendar month from the first publication hereof, to issue to the said Walter H. G. Daverne a fresh Certificate of Indefeasible Title in lieu thereof.

DATED at the Land Registry Office, Victoria, B. C., this 18th day of August, 1917.

J. C. GWYNN,
Registrar-General of Titles.
aug 25—Sept 22.

NOTICE

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

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

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

INCREASED PRODUCTION COMMITTEE

—0—

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

SECRETARY,
Increased Production Committee,
City Hall.

REWARD $100.00 REWARD

If you can buy a more practical, convenient and efficient telephone intensifier than our 1917 Baryphone at any price. Increases the sound wonderfully. Makes bad connections good. Conversations as distinct as in the same room with you, distance no matter. All noise excluded. Allows the hard hearing the use of the telephone. Permits two persons—or more—to hear a message simultaneously. Always adjusted and ready. Leaves the hand free for annotations during the conversation. Indispensable to all telephone users. Founded and based upon scientific principles. Lasting longer but guaranteed for **2 years.** Sent by insured mail for $2 **and this ad.** Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Particulars free.

AGENTS WANTED Everywhere!

PORTLAND, OREGON STREET THE BARYPHONE CO., 174 FRONT

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.

OREGON & CALIFORNIA RAILROAD CO. GRANT LANDS

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

PUBLIC WORKS OF CANADA

BRITISH COLUMBIA DREDGING FLEET.

REPAIRS TO DREDGE No. 303 ("FRUHLING")

Sealed tenders will be received by the undersigned until 4 p.m. on Wednesday, 10th October, for repairs and general overhaul of the Departmental Dredge No. 303 ("Fruhling").

Each tender must be sent in in a sealed envelope endorsed "Tender for Repairs to Dredge No. 303 ("Fruhling")."

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

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a Chartered Bank, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, for the sum of $800.00 (Eight Hundred Dollars), which will be forfeited if the person tendering decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or fail to complete the contract. If the tender be not accepted, the cheque will be returned.

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

By Order,
C. C. WORSFOLD,
Acting Superintendent of Dredges.
Department of Public Works,
Vancouver, B.C., Sept. 24th.
(Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.)

DEPARTMENT OF NAVAL SERVICE

NOTICE OF SALE

Sealed tenders addressed to the Naval Store Officer, H. M. C. Dockyard, Esquimalt and marked "TENDER FOR OLD STORES" will be received up to 12 o'clock noon on Tuesday, October 2nd, 1917, for the purchase of any or all of the following:—

	Approximate Quantity
Iron and Steel Scrap	110 tons
Old Files and Tools	1,930 lbs.
Zinc, old	4,034 "
Lead, old	3,000 "
Rope, Steel, Wire, old	6,500 "
India Rubber, old	2,110 "
Cordage, old	21,000 "
Canvas, old, Painted	2,500 "
Canvas, old, Unpainted	4,500 "
Bunting, old	200 "
Rags, old	2,100 "
Leather, old	230 "
Cord, old	110 "
Cable, Electric	2,423 "
Cable, Electric, lead covered	3,000 "
Electric Lamp ends	7,389 No.
Cables, Electric, with Terminals	2 "
Hawser, Steel Wire, fitted	1 "
Baths, cast iron	6 "
Tanks	2 "
Blocks, ½ ton	3 "
Carpets, various	8 "
Dresses, Diving, old	9 "
Boats, unserviceable:—	
Cutter, 28 feet	1 "
Steam Boat No. 474, with spare gear	1 "
Skiff, Dinghy, 16 feet	1 "
Motor Dinghys	2 "
Cells, Electric, firing	47 "
Coats, Jackets and Tunics	108 "
Coats, Watch	25 "
Trousers, Serge and Cloth	92 pairs
Suits, Serge and Cloth	7 No.
Vests, Serge	24 "
Caps, various	190 "
Oilskin Jackets	23 "
Oilskin Trousers	26 pairs
Oilskin Sou'Westers	20 No.
Flannel Vests	99 "
Blankets	208 "
Bags, Kit	20 "
Beds	12 "
Silk Handkerchiefs	60 "
Silk Hat Ribbons	144 No.
Helmets, Sun	16 "
Boxes, tin for Caps	71 "
Tobacco, Chewing	50 lbs.
Cooking Utensils, assorted	223 pieces
Cutlery and Silverware, assorted	336 "
Crockery and Enamelled Ware, assorted	109 "
Linen, Table Cloths	6 "
Linen, Table Napkins	29 "
Flour	18,693 lbs.
Pickles	1,368 bott.

The Stores may be seen on application to the Foreman of Stores at the Dockyard.

Terms: F. O. B. Dockyard, 25% cash on acceptance of tender, balance on delivery. Stores to be removed within fourteen days of acceptance of tender.

The right is reserved to reject any or all tenders.

G. PHILLIPS,
Navel Store Officer.
Esquimalt Dockyard,
24th September, 1917.

CANADA

Pay Will Be The Same

Men selected under the Military Service Act will receive the same pay as those now on active service receive. Pay will start from the time a man reports for duty. Money from the Patriotic Fund and Separation Allowance will also be available for selected men.

Canadian soldiers are well paid. The fact that wages in Canada are generally higher than those paid in Europe is recognized in the system of remuneration for men on active service. Clothing and all equipment in addition to food is also supplied to the Canadian soldier, leaving him with no expense except personal incidentals.

The rate of pay for men in the Canadian Expeditionary Force, other than commissioned officers, is as follows:

	Pay	Field Allowance
Warrant Officers	$2.00	30 cts.
Regimental Sergeant-Major, if not a Warrant Officer	1.85	20 "
Quartermaster-Sergeants	1.80	20 "
Orderly Room Clerks	1.50	20 "
Orderly Room Sergeants	1.50	20 "
Pay Sergeants	1.50	20 "
Squad., Batt., or Co. Sergt.-Major	1.60	20 "
Colour-Sergeant or Staff-Sergeant	1.60	20 "
Squad., Batt., or Co. Q.M.S.	1.50	20 "
Sergeants	1.35	15 "
Lance-Sergeants	1.15	15 "
Corporals	1.10	10 "
Lance-Corporals	1.05	10 "
Bombardiers, or Second Corporals	1.05	10 "
Trumpeters, Buglers, and Drummers	1.00	10 "
Privates, Gunners, Drivers	1.00	10 "
Sappers, Batmen, etc.	1.00	10 "

As in the case of those already gone overseas, Separation Allowances will be available for those dependent for livelihood upon selected men. The Separation Allowance is $20.00 per month for the rank and file, $25.00 for sergeants and staff-sergeants and $30.00 for warrant officers. The experience is that many men can afford to assign half their pay to dependents, in addition.

A considerable number of men who have enlisted in the Canadian forces have found themselves better off under the army rate of pay, which is granted in addition to board, lodging, clothing, equipment, transportation, etc., than they were while in civilian positions. Their wants are provided for, and they receive a steady addition to the bank account each month.

Issued by
The Military Service Council.

142

NEW METHOD LAUNDRY

LIMITED

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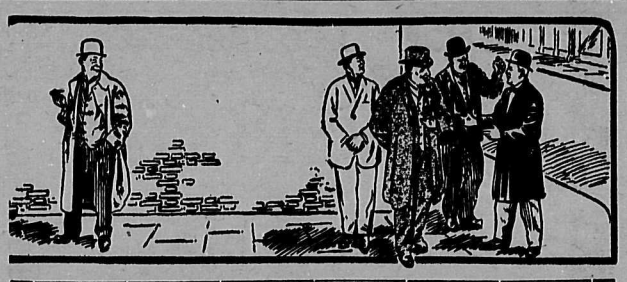
1015-1017 North Park Street
Phone 2300.

INCREASED PRODUCTION COMMITTEE

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

SECRETARY,
Increased Production Committee,
City Hall.

We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow,
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so. —Pope.



At The Street Corner

BY THE LOUNGER

It is a mistake to suppose that nobody but paper-hangers are interested in old wallpapers. As a matter of fact, paper-hangers are not really interested in old wallpapers, except when there is a chance of covering them up with new ones. After all, paper-hangers, like strap-hangers and all other kinds of hangers, are only human. Why should they have qualms about obliterating any old wallpaper, however lovely? Is not paper-hanging, like the successive phases of life itself, one long series of obliterations? If our smart modern wallpapers have almost superseded the old sorts, what of it? They in their turn will also, thank heaven, disappear. In certain quarters in the United States, where one hobby succeeds another with lightning rapidity, the collecting of fragments of ancient wallpapers has become an absorbing passion, and the more enthusiastic connoisseurs have taken to writing books about it. I consulted one such book in the Provincial Library today. It is one of the most beautiful books of its kind I have ever seen. I wanted to take it along with me, but the very polite assistant said no, and I had to desist.

We have not got the length of collecting wallpapers in Victoria yet, although I know an old house where tears have been shed over the disappearance of a historic long-loved paper. The least sentimental among us remember some paper whose pattern had been impressed upon us from our youth up. I remember some terrible wallpapers. No man of refined tastes likes to sit in a room whose walls are covered with aggressive and startling peonies or hydrangeas; and no man of louder tastes cares to be faced continually by a pattern so small and indefinite as to be almost invisible. There is at least one old house in Victoria where an early Victorian wallpaper still sticks—a thing of delicate and alluring beauty, but I will simply not give it away. . . .

I said I had visited the Provincial Library. It is not the first time I have been there, and assuredly it will not be the last. I have to congratulate the Hon. John Hart on his announcement that in future the library will be open for the use of students and the reading public on certain evenings during the week and on Saturday and Sunday afternoons. This is a concession which will be properly appreciated by the citizens of Victoria, as well as by visitors. I am surprised at the extent and resources of the library. Every department of human life and activity seems to be well covered by the ninety-odd thousand books on the shelves. It were a crime not to allow a freer use of these books to the public at large. The very books that people want at this time to help them in the elucidation of this and that problem are there; there are many fine and expensive technical works invaluable to manufacturer and mechanic alike. Purely reference books are there in large numbers. Indeed, I can recollect no other library of similar dimensions and pretensions where the choice of good reference books was so large. The biography section is very full and complete, and much care seems to have been bestowed on it. As for works dealing with the fine and useful arts.—well, I put each volume back with a sigh. I think if I worked in that library you would always find me with my nose in one of these books. Librarianship, however, is now one of the learned professions, and perhaps is more exclusive than some of the others. It cannot be learned in a day, and indeed the ideal librarian is born, not made. The profession is not for me.

The collection of rare old books, maps, charts, manuscripts, etc., dealing with the history of the Pacific Northwest is surely the finest in the world. I wonder where they got 'em all. The works of all the old navigators, fur traders, travellers, overland-explorers and cartographers are there, as well as many priceless manuscript journals, diaries and records of Hudson's Bay officers, pioneers, and founders of British Columbia. It is a perfect treasure house. A first visit is almost too much for one. I can remember coming away dazed. It is certainly a credit to the Province to have such a valuable and finely equipped government library and archives department and to have it so nobly housed. The library building must be the largest if not the handsomest of all Provincial libraries in the Dominion.

Speaking of books I am sorry that Mr. Carrington has closed down his second-hand bookshop on Yates Street and gone away. Mr. Carrington had the turn. I got more than one valuable first edition from him. He haunted auction sales like a slouth and was always on the hunt for rarities in the book world. An understanding second-hand bookseller is an asset to the community. Mr. Carrington did very well, and I understand he only relinquished his business to engage in war work. There is need for such a store in town, where the curious collector and the casual buyer could foregather and browse at will. To such a repository comes the parson (tell it not) for bargains in old theology, the schoolboy for cheap text-books, the lover of fine bindings for an occasional prize, and the collector of first editions hoping to unearth a Kilmarnock Burns or a first folio Shakespeare. Books go very cheaply at auction sales in Victoria, and it is there that the second hand bookseller finds his treasures and replenishes his stores. Mr. Carrington had clients at great distance from Victoria, and had worked up quite a profitable business when he deemed it his duty to respond to the call of the Empire for workers in what is considered to be one of the "more essential" industries. I admire him for his patriotism and hope he will soon come back. But there is one haunt less in Victoria for me.

—o—

There is a rumor that ping pong is about to be revived. In certain Oak Bay parlors a last heroic effort will be made to rescue it from oblivion. Why the pastime died, exactly, nobody appears to know. It was admitted to be a game calling for the most extraordinary skill and patience and agility. For a couple of seasons in Victoria anybody who didn't play it was considered queer. But, in spite of all this, it died in infancy, and was buried in the spring of 1903. No doubt it was the old folks who killed it. In other words:

Who killed ping pong?
"I," said the mater,
"Together with the pater,
I killed ping pong."

The fond mother, who liked well enough to see Phyllis playing with the bank teller next door, didn't like to see Phyllis fielding the balls under the sofa, or barking her shins on the fender, or rending her frills on the harmonium or upsetting the cabinet and all the china. And the pater would watch the carpet growing thinner every night, and grew thinner himself worrying over it. He, too, liked the bank teller fellow, but he didn't like the dust and the microbes and the row and tear and wear. Yet he felt it his duty to attend and look after his property, if not after Phyllis. But didn't those balls just know it! The more the old man watched them the more he was convinced that they were possessed. If they didn't smash the candelabra, or lodge in the intestines of the harmonium, or vanish up the chimney, or explode in the fire, they hit either his wife or himself on the head. Small wonder the game died. In its resurrected state I hope it will meet with better luck. Anyhow, I'm going to play it. As a matter of fact, I've never stopped playing it, but with a kind of ban on it I've had to play it more or less secretly for years. Here's to the king of indoor games!

Lounger.

SUB ROSA

The editor of this paper covers the front page with some great stuff. He is, however, bound to miss a few things that you and I might like to discuss. If, therefore, you do not see what you are looking for on the front page, just enquire at the side entrance under the sign of "Sub Rosa."

We will avoid political mud as far as possible, just now and again I will tell you a little bit of gospel, something like this:

Mr. Samuel Pommeroy, of Winnipeg, the one dissenting juryman who prevented three ex-cabinet ministers from being convicted on September 5, 1916, was appointed on September 26, 1916, to the position of assistant superintendent of shipyards. Verily Samuel heard the call early, for indeed the Honorable Bob knoweth the man that delivereth the goods.

• • •

Sir Wilfred Laurier may be too old at seventy-six but General Cadorna, the Italian Generalissimo, is doing quite a big bit for a man turned 70.

• • •

It is proposed to amalgamate the new national party in Britain with the Tariff reform league. . . . Good-bye national party!

• • •

Two hundred thousand women are now engaged in work on the land in England and Wales.

• • •

During September a large number of attempts to hold peace meetings were made all over Great Britain. That they were prevented goes without saying, the significance lies in the fact that they were attempted.

• • •

Sir Archibald Bodkin asked a voluble woman witness at Greenwich whether she usually talked more or less than she did in court. "Well, sir," she said, "I'm a natural converser. You understand what I mean: if anybody starts an argument I'm always ready to join in and take my own part."

• • •

It was announced at a conference of the Co-operative Wholesale Society that the society had bought great tracts of land and a colliery in the North of England, and they had in contemplation an even bigger undertaking. Co-operators saved £7,500,000 during 1915-16.

Anyone who ever heard of the Vancouver Island Co-operative Society please come forward.

• • •

A patent expert of German birth who, on receiving orders to leave England, administered veronal to himself, wife and child, resulting in his own death, left a letter, addressed to the coroner, in which he said: "Being forced to choose between going to Germany and death, I chose the latter. It is impossible for me to go to Germany, a country, despite the fact that I was born there, I have no sympathy whatever with."

• • •

An impression is being created by the Germans, in various quarters, that Great Britain is allowing soldiers from overseas to do more than their share of the fighting. This theory is confuted by official figures, which show that of the British troops in France the proportion is six from the Motherland to one from overseas, while the casualties throughout the war show a similar proportion.

• • •

"Soldiers resent nothing more than having religion rammed down their unwilling throats. There has been too much of this, and the effect may be very serious. An amazing illustration of tactless unwisdom was the attempt to compel twenty-five discharged soldiers sent to St. Anne's Convalescent Home at Bridlington to attend evening service in the adjoining (Anglican) chapel under penalty of being sent to bed at nine o'clock. They were ordered on Saturday evening to go to bed when they objected to leave the smoking-room in order to go to chapel. It appears to be a rule of the home that inmates shall attend both morning and evening services. On Monday the men left the home in a body and were temporarily housed in the Liberal Club, until arrangements could be made for them by the various Pensions Committees that had sent them to Bridlington."

We should be thankful there are no childish ideas of religion in B. C.

• • •

He: "My ancestors came over in the Mayflower." She: "It's lucky they did; the immigration laws are a little stricter now."

U and I.

"COME UNTO ME"

In the golden halls of sunset,
Living light of God expressed
Beckoning our yearning spirits,
From the ever-yonder west,

Once I stood; and from their shining
Peace was born within my heart.
"These," I said, "are God's own mansions,
For His dewlling set apart."

On and on I sought and sought Him,
Fearing not His majesty
Led by longing and desire
Once, but once, the Lord to see.

When at length I came before Him
Love was swallowed up in fear,
For the glory of His presence
Was too great for me to bear.

But He smiled, and then I knew Him
For the Christ, once manifest.
Eagerly I sought His bosom,
As the young bird seeks the nest.

J. WOODWARD.

THROUGH THE WOMEN'S WINDOW

In Friday's Colonist, October 5th, there was published a long article taken from the Montreal Daily Star entitled: "Compulsion Played Big Part in History."

The evident purpose was to bolster up the present order of world government, but it failed miserably of its purpose; for no more damning evidence could have been produced against the abhorrent system than that short historical review.

It fully revealed to those who could read between the lines, the abuses, the deceit, the power over the lives and bodies of men such an abhorrent system would engender. A system of controlling the lives and bodies of free men under the guise of honoring them by compelling them to fight.

Because a custom has precedent, and is hoary with age, it does not necessarily mean that it is just or righteous. We are told by the writer that the English used the system of compulsion for many centuries. It was first put in force in the fifth century, and in the old days none were exempt except the slaves.

During fourteen centuries the English made free use of compulsion, and conscription was incessant until 250 years ago, but since then it has been occasional, although no century passed without resorting to compulsory service. In the early English period before the Norman conquest, **the evidence is overwhelming among Anglo-Saxons that to be subjected to compulsory service was a badge of freedom,** as only those who were exempted were slaves.

"Service was the obligation of freedom, and land was the reward of service. Land being the outward and visible sign of service and freedom."

Strange reasoning!

It might satisfy the minds of the fifth century but surely not those of the twentieth century. The distinction between the slaves and the freemen was merely a distinction without a difference: and men conscripted and dominated by an autocratic military government would soon degenerate into a servile race not far removed from the slave.

Slaves were perpetual conscripts, working for their masters under compulsion without reward; therefore, it ought to be self-evident that it would be quite unnecessary to conscript such. To place the weapons of warfare in their hands might prove the undoing of those who held them in bondage: their masters were too wise to run any such risk.

The system of bestowing land taken from a conquered nation, was iniquitious, and reveals the truth that all wars are nothing more than murder and loot. It was under such a system our titled aristocracy gained a foothold upon the land and became the oppressors of the poor.

It is time the whole system and its results were uprooted and cast out.

What has caused all the wars of history but the spirit of tyranny in men and monarchs, and the lust for power over others? If the masses refused to be the pawns and tools of war lords there would be some chance for the human race to develop along more peaceful lines, for military geniuses would never consent to do the common soldiering, and they would soon turn their genius into other channels. Some one has written that "the virtues of the Germans have proved more terrible than their vices; their blind faith, their passive obedience, the sheepish patience."

At the present crisis in our history human civilization is fighting for its life because of the so-called virtues of the German masses: their blind faith, their passive obedience, their undying loyalty to king and country, their spirit of patriotism.

Germany has revealed the cloven foot of patriotism, the folly of upholding "My country: right or wrong!"

All the world has admired German methods of creating patriots, and all the world is still busy attempting to imitate German methods of government. Isn't imitation the sincerest flattery?

An editorial in the Times, October 8, said: "For many years before the war Germany was regarded as the greatest school of military knowledge and science. Governments sent their greatest military minds there for instruction. There they were supposed to get the last word in the art of making war."

This being true, need we wonder at the debach, the butchery taking place today?

All the nations helped to bring about the disaster which has overtaken this age. None are guiltless in God's sight, for all, by their thoughts helped to create conditions which led to war. Did they not all look upon war as honorable and laudable? A means to an end, and that end being expansion of empire and power and glory?

If this was not true, the nations of earth would all have united and protested against German military methods long before Germany had sufficient power to devastate the earth with her armies. Instead of protesting, our war lords were sent over there to learn their methods, then we tried to keep pace with Germany: and the masses have suffered: they bear the burden, it is they who must give their all, then die miserably in a field of battle.

The eulogizing by the public press of military exploits has hypnotized the people into believing that war is glorious especially when we are victorious. But to die with sword in hand ready to take the life of your fellow-man, is to die with all the primitive passions awakened in the human soul, the blood-lust let loose in the veins. Can that be a glorious end?

Poor stricken humanity who go like sheep to the slaughter! The great masses receive neither glory or honor or comforts of any sort. "Theirs but to do and die."

To be ready to go forth with dauntless courage, carrying a sword to slay the enemy, that has been the ideal of herojsm for every age.

This idea is being held up by many women writers at the present time. "A Great Adventure" published in last Sunday's Colonist, is a case in point. The great adventure is looked upon as the path of glory and honor to encourage patriotism, but in God's sight war has no halo about it. WAR IS HELL! and the sooner women realize this and change their ideals the sooner the yoke of bondage will be taken from the neck of humanity.

Today women are coming into a new freedom. They no longer need be inarictulate spiritually or politically. Unless women change the current of their thoughts and think spiritually, and lift up a standard for the people, our light will go out in darkness.

Are they going to follow the line of least resistance and go with the crowd? Or are they going to awaken out of sleep and become saviours of the world: which?

To women might well apply Christ's words: "Ye are the salt of the earth, but if the salt have lost its savor wherewith shall it be salted?"

ALICE M. CHRISTIE.

I. W. W. means "I work for Wilhelm."

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On sale in Victoria at Dean & Hiscocks Drug Store, corner Yates and Broad Sts.

SOTTO VOCE

BY THE HORNET

That the Prohibition Act is causing considerable dissatisfaction.

That it makes no provision for the supply of alcohol for manufacturing purposes.

That it makes no provision for the supply of alcohol for sterilizing purposes.

That it places a limit on the quantity of liquor a doctor may have in his possession.

That it places no limit on the quantity which a doctor may prescribe.

That a certain moderate drinker laid in a good stock of liquors during September.

That he was afraid it wouldn't keep.

That he commenced to drink hard

That he soon brought on an attack of D.T's..

That he imagined his house was on fire and sent for the brigade.

That when finally reassured on that point his delusions took other forms.

That he imagined his premises were haunted by mischievous boys and sent for the police.

That friends and neighbors came to his relief and amused themselves scaring away the imaginary boys.

That his stock of liquor is now getting low and the prospects of a speedy recovery are good—thanks to prohibition.

That many of the druggists are carrying a line of "tonic port" imported from Alberta.

That they are supplying this commodity on request WITHOUT A MEDICAL CERTIFICATE.

That this is an infringement of the plain terms of the Prohibition Act.

That the article in question contains 18% alcohol.

That the druggists in question should be warned that the way of transgressors is hard.

That an ex-Reeve recently took a trip up the Island.

That he is a well-known abstainer.

That he nevertheless fortified himself with a bottle of liquor.

That he packed it in his trunk.

That the word was passed that all baggage was to be searched for liquor.

That he immediately transferred it to his hip pocket.

That his face turned color several times until danger was over.

That if he had been caught he would have never smiled again.

That a Red Cross worker recently swooned in the course of her arduous duties.

That her companions rushed to her assistance.

That one old lady immediately produced a small bottle of GIN from her purse.

That fortunately there was no policeman watching.

That the old lady in question seemed to be blissfully unaware that she had transgressed the law of the land.

That the Trades and Labor Council has nominated a candidate for Federal honors.

That the support he will draw will surprise the country.

That it would be quite a mistake to treat his candidature lightly.

That he certainly won't lose his deposit.

That his friends fancy his chances.

That the Irish question has been settled.

That it was settled by the debating society of St. Andrew's Church.

That their decision was that Ireland should be entirely separated from the British Empire.

That it is in order now for them to change the name of their church to St. Patrick's.

That having settled such a momentous question it ought to be quite easy for them now to decide how to end the war.

That it would save a lot of trouble if they would do so.

That "13" is an unlucky number.

That this issue of The Week is dated the 13th.

That a certain proclamation is also dated the 13th.

That the Hornet is not superstitious, but——

That he would feel safer if it were not published on the 13th.

That he would feel safer still if it were not published at all.

That although over forty years of age, the Hornet knows the act will finally reach out after him as he is not a capitalist—nor a son of one.

That it may be of some satisfaction to the framers of the proclamation to be able to lay the blame of any subsequent trouble on the fatal "13th."

That the Oliver meetings are attracting large crowds.

That the method of abusing other people is not being indulged in so freely here as it was in Vancouver.

That that is to be highly commended.

That you can't drive people into heaven by calling them names.

That if you could, the Hornet would be them now— and

That he would have a great many more there to his credit.

That he has more belief in the man who tries to bring the kingdom of heaven here than in the one who tries to scare men into the kingdom of heaven hereafter—but

That he has no quarrel with either of them so long as they are sincere.

That the city postmen are not satisfied with their wages.

That the Hornet is not satisfied with his.

That both of them are entitled to a raise.

That he hopes they will get it.

That the food prices are still soaring.

That the wholesale prices of tea has advanced four cents a pound this week.

That the high freight rate is the main reason.

That the rate on tea from Ceylon to Victoria is from 16 to 18 cents per pound.

That before the war it was two and one-half cents.

That the Roll of Disgrace referred to by Hornet last week has been removed.

That the office is to be congratulated on its removal.

That Fletcher Bros. have also removed their offending record.

That both the local papers are attacking La Follette.

That in their attacks they pay very little regard for the truth.

That the Old Lady on Broad Street blames him for advocating the conscription of wealth.

That she says that would be a sure way to ruin the credit of the country.

That she would have great difficulty in proving such a statement.

That her slogan, evidently, is: "Save our Credit: NEVER MIND THE MEN."

That the Church Social League meets on Tuesday next at the Cathedral schoolroom.

That a paper on "War, Its Causes, Results and Prevention," will be given.

That the man who will handle a subject like that without gloves must have some grit.

That it is to be hoped it will not be "practically" illustrated before the meeting is over.

That Magistrate Jay showed a fine sense of humor in dealing with the men from the Galliano last week.

That the men will have kindly remembrances of him as long as they live.

That the word "Wells" is plural.

That nevertheless it is sometimes correct to speak of one "Wells."

That we have one in Victoria—and one in England.

That both are good men.

That the one in Victoria has been named as the standard bearer for the Labor Party in the coming Federal election.

AN OPEN LETTER TO DR. FRENCH E. OLIVER.

October 12, '17.

Dr. French E. Oliver.

My Dear Sir.—I had fully made up my mind to attend your meeting to hear you speak, seeing that you were advertised as "The Man with a Message." I thought that here is something that will be interesting; but in reading the reports of your lectures in the press, I felt (if the reports are true) that I would be doing an injustice to my intelligence if I went. If what you say of the people of Victoria is true, then what are we to think of the spiritual advisers who have been preaching to them for years? (I mean those spiritual advisers who agree with you and who are responsible for your presence here.) I say, what are we to think of their work in the past? The only answer I can give to that is: that they, with you, move in such a narrow groove, that their outlook on life is so gloomy, that the people of Victoria have left them behind on the intellectual scrap heap.

Dear sir, I would like you to know that the people of Victoria resent such gutter phrases as "dirty theological reprobate" being used against members of other churches who do not agree with your narrow views. Such phrases as "rotten theology," "dirty theological reprobates," 'rotten hearts," and calling men names, who do not agree with your idea of God and the Universe, might work all right to the gallery and intellectual babes and sucklings, but it only makes intellectual people pity you and ask: Are we still living in the Victorian era? Christ said, love your enemies. You, undoubtedly, have a peculiar way of showing it.

I see also that you call Tom Paine "that dirty drunken scoundrel," when you know in your heart that it is not true. Now, if Tom Paine was a drunkard, it must be remembered that he lived in an age when drinking was a national trait and it was no uncommon sight to see some of the clergy "stewed to the heels" (as they say in Canada). It is up to you to substantiate these infamous charges. I will tell you what Tom Paine said: "To argue with a man who has renounced the use and authority of reason is like administering medicine to a dead man." Probably this is why you and others like Billy Sunday dislike Tom Paine. Was it to a drunken scoundrel that the following letter was addressed:—

"I have learned since I have been at this place that you are at Bordentown—whether for the sake of retirement or economy, I know not. Be it for either or both, or whatever it may be, if you will come to this place and partake with me I shall be exceedingly happy to see you at it. Your presence may remind Congress of your past services to this country; and if it is in my power to impress them, command my best exertions with freedom, as they will be rendered cheerfully by one who entertains a lively sense of the importance of your works, and who with much pleasure subscribes himself, your since friend,

"George Washington."

Did you ever get a letter like that? Was it in consideration of a drunken scoundrel that the Legislature of Pennsylvania presented Thomas Paine with five hundred pounds sterling? I do not think so.

Well, I suppose you will have quite a lot of people to see you and listen to you while you tell them of a loving, merciful, Heavenly Father who will send them all to hell if they do not believe as you believe and incidentally fill the free-will offering boxes. I do not know if you have been as fortunate financially as Billy Sunday, because I have a report which says that Billy Sunday has received during the past seven years $566,114.91. This represents what are called "Free Will Offerings" given for the personal benefit of the evangelist. And America is also a civilized country. With this kind of thing one is inclined to look with a certain sympathy on the flood story.

I will conclude by telling something else that Thomas Paine said. It is this: "I believe in the equality of man, and I believe that Religious duties consist of doing justice, loving mercy, and endeavoring to make our fellows happy."

Go thou and do likewise.

THOMAS DOOLEY.

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