The Week

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William Blakemore

ON Sunday morning last the citizens of Victoria who came down early to read the War Bulletins in the window of The Colonist Office, were startled and shocked to read a short notice to the effect that Mr. William Blakemore had died suddenly early in the morning.

The deceased gentleman, though hardly to be considered an old-timer, had lived long enough in Victoria to bring the effect of his personality to bear very largely upon all phases of public life. He took a keen interest in Politics, Journalism, Sport and all matters of public benevolence.

Mr. Blakemore was born at Wolverhampton in 1854, and from his earliest years lived in an atmosphere of engineering affairs, particularly mining matters. He practised as a mining engineer in England from 1874 to 1893, holding several public positions of great importance. He was Consulting Engineer to the Ratepayers' Association of Birmingham, he was the first President of the National Association of Colliery Managers of England. On his arrival in Canada in 1894 he became Mining Engineer to the Dominion Coal Company at Cape Breton and afterwards held a similar position in the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company at Fernie, B. C. In 1900 he became Consulting Mining Engineer to the Candian Pacific Railway Company.

During his residence in England he won distinction in his profession by becoming a prize man of the North of England Institution of Mining Engineers, and also took the Greenwell Gold Medal, a distinction much coveted by those keen men of the North Country.

Early in the twentieth century Mr. Blakemore came to live in Nelson, and took to journalism, assuming charge of the Nelson Tribune, a paper originally started by the late John Houston. This field, however, did not afford sufficient scope for a journalist of the calibre of Mr. Blakemore and he soon moved to Victoria and before long acquired THE WEEK, then a new publication. This gave him an opportunity of showing what he could do, and the combination of his wide knowledge of men and affairs, his keen insight into business and political matters, and his mastery of the English language, soon showed his readers that British Columbia possessed a journalist of remarkable powers, and from that day until the day preceding his death the columns of THE WEEK have been most eagerly read and enjoyed by all men who have any education at all.

Not only did Mr. Blakemore leave his mark upon journalism, but he laboured hard in the efforts that are being made to utilize the natural resources of Vancouver Island, in the shape of coal and iron. In the fields also of patriotism and benevolence Mr. Blakemore was no less a power. He was one of the Directors of the Provincial Royal Jubilee Hospital. He worked hard in the interests of the Over-Seas Club and also of the Navy League, of the objects of which he was a tireless advocate, both with his pen and upon the platform. In the realm of Sports Mr. Blakemore was a keen enthusiast, the Victoria Tennis Club owes much to his organizing ability. His well-known figure was never absent when an important cricket match was being played. Wherever he was, his genial manner, his knowledge of the subject in hand and his interesting way of talking always made him the centre of an eager group. Mr. Blakemore took a keen interest in the attempt made a year or two ago to establish an Old Public School Boys' Society in Victoria, and only a few weeks ago he was casting about to find some means of starting what he was pleased to call a "Vagabonds' Club" in Victoria.

The deceased gentleman leaves a widow and several children. His eldest son, Mr. Percy Blakemore, is now engaged on special engineering work with the Imperial forces in France. Another son, Shirley, is also at the Front, with the 102nd Battalion. Three daughters also survive him, two others having died some years ago.

Mr. Blakemore's place in the social system of Victoria will long be empty, for it is an exceedingly rare thing to find a man anywhere with such an enormous fund of information and such a natural facility for disbursing it.

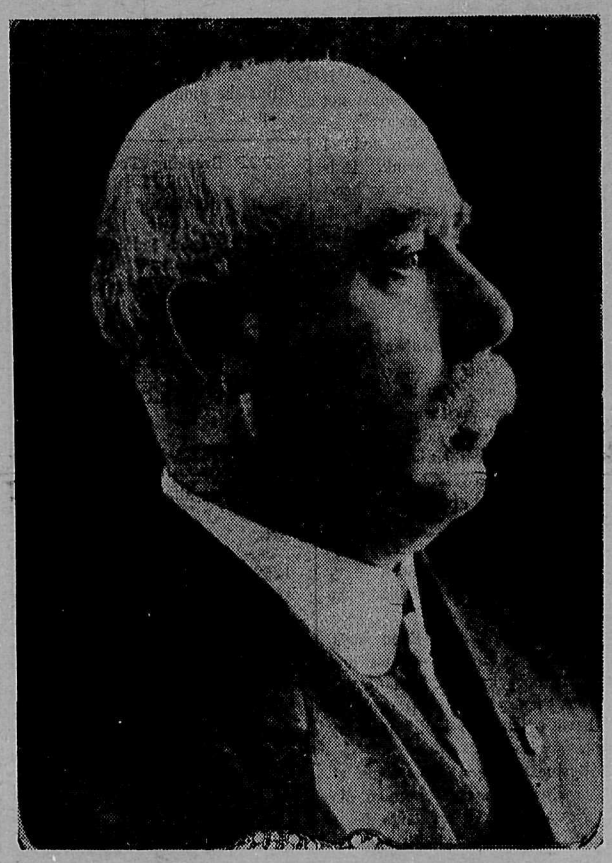
The funeral took place from Christchurch Cathedral on Tuesday last, the services being conducted by the Rev. F. Quainton, Dean of Columbia. The Church was filled with a large number of people, among whom were many of the most prominent men in the Province, not the least noticeable among the congregation being many men from H. M. warships in port.

There were several handsome wreaths of flowers from the Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Bernard, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. H. Matson, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Cusack, Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Green, Mrs. Thompson, Mr. W. and Miss Newcombe, Mrs. H. P. Simpson (of Vancouver). The Directors of the Jubilee Hospital, Mr. and Mrs. Marcom, Mr. and Mrs. A. McRae, of Halifax, the Navy League President, officers and members of Victoria Conservative Association, President, officers and members of Victoria Conservative Club, the Cowichan Conservative Association, the Navy League Chapter I. O. D. E., petty officers and men of the R. N. C. V. R., the Ladies' Guild of the Connaught Leamen's Institute, Victoria Board of Trade, staff of THE WEEK, and Messrs. Pither and Leiser.

Save and Serve

COL. PRIOR'S letter on this subject in The Colonist of Thursday last merits the widest publicity and the closest attention. He shows the necessity of the greatest economy by us all in the matter of consumption of food stuffs. Here in this favoured part of the Empire we are so absolutely free from all direct effects of the War that it is a little hard for us to realize the necessity for what appears to our Western minds to be almost parsimonious economy. But the necessity is there all the same. Every pound of meat, of flour, or of vegetables unnecessarily consumed by us takes a pound from the quantity available for our kindred in the old country or for our sons and brothers fighting in the Trenches of France.

Col. Prior then advocates a law to be passed by the Federal Government compelling a regulation of diet on lines similar to such laws as are now in force in the Old Country, but he fears that Canadians would not stand being compelled to do anything of the kind. The Colonel's fears are probably well grounded. The people of Canada are young people, children, in fact, among the citizens of the world, and children seldom do what is good for them unless some superior force compels them to do it. Acting on this principle, our wise elders having decided that a certain course is good for the young nation, they should pass laws to compel the adoption of this course. But here again there is a difficulty—most of our wise Elders are politicians, and as such are in great fear of saying Boh! to a goose.



The Late William Blakemore

The goose being the Canadian public. It wants a strong man to do it. Have we the man?

The War

ON Sunday last came the news that the Germans were being driven still further along the valley of the Ancre, with little further information of any value from the front in France. But from Persia comes the news that the Turks have been expelled by the Russians from the town of Hamadan and that they were retreating towards their own frontier. This is a most important piece of news as it probably presages the junction of the Russians with the victorious British at Kut El Amara and the two armies will have nothing to oppose their further advance than a disorderly mob of defeated Turks. And in this connection it may be well to remember that while the Turk is one of the best soldiers in Europe when properly led, his morale is of a low order and is easily broken. The ground about the Somme is improving in condition under the combined action of dry weather and frost, which may considerably assist General Haig in the further prosecution of his plans. The result of the operations so far in this region is that the British forces have extended their lines for more than 50 miles, and by so doing have released 125,000 French troops for service elsewhere.

Playing a Mighty Part

WE are, perhaps, too much inclined to take things for granted, and to fail to fully realize the greatness of the achievements of our own countrymen, while perhaps exaggerating those of our enemies. In no instance is this tendency more marked than with regard to the wonderful work which our Navy has achieved in this war in saving us all from the horrors under which hapless little Belgium has groaned for over two years past. Something of what we owe in this matter to our splendid first line of defence and to the little army which we sent to meet the first German onset was expressed on Saturday at Helensburg by Lord Strathclyde, who said in his opinion Britain had surprised every other in the conduct of the war. Within an hour of the declaration of war Britain was in command of the seas. The German High Seas Fleet was confined to the Kiel Canal, and German overseas trade had suffered a blow from which it would not recover without our permission. Within ten days the finest army that ever left these shores had saved the situation. Our army now, for quality and equipment, had no rival. Moreover, Britain had financed the Allies and shouldered the burden manfully. In fact, we are again playing the part which we so efficiently sustained over a hundred years ago of affording the backbone of a combined resistance against a colossal effort to subjudicate the world. Without Great Britain's mighty aid, that effort would undoubtedly have succeeded long ere this, but the end of the titanic struggle will be the same as was that against the attempt of the "Corsican Upstart." But one should make no claim to altruism in this great sacrifice, for we are fighting for our own national life as much as are our Allies. Had we cravenly stood aside and seen this second upstart's infamoue enterprise succeed, we should not have been long in finding ourselves also numbered among Germany's serf or vassal States, with the Junker heel pressing mercilessly on our necks—and we should have deserved it.

Editorial Notes

Again the Irish question occupies the centre of the stage in British Politics. It was brought up by Mr. T. P. O'Connor who moved a resolution "That with a view of strengthening the hands of the Allies in achieving recognition of the rights of small nations against the opposite German principle it is essential without further delay to confer upon Ireland the free institutions long promised to her." This resolution gave rise to a heated debate and the Premier, Mr. Lloyd George, offered two alternative courses, one was a conference of Irishmen and the other was a commission of the House. Mr. Redmond would have none of it and he called on the Irish Members of the House to leave it in a body with him which they did. And there the matter stands and is likely to stand. If all Ireland wanted Home Rule, she could have it tomorrow, but a large and very influential portion of the country absolutely refuses to subject itself to the rule of the other part, being alien to it in language, religion and race descent, to say nothing of ideas. A condition of affairs is thus presented that so far has defied solution.

THE WEEK believes that it has a number of friends in Victoria and throughout the Province and in the present crisis of its history, when it finds itself suddenly deprived of the guiding hand of the pilot who has for so long and with so much ability conducted its course it needs the services of those friends more than ever. The most practical method by which that friendship can be shown is by the payment of old subscription money long over due and by the renewal of the same subscriptions and the sending in of new ones.

The Boardof National Service is making a final effort to get its registration of Canadian Manhood complete by the end of this month. For this purpose notices are being sent to every postmaster announcing that the time for the return of the filled in cards has been extended to the 31st of March. A supply of the cards and of addressed envelopes is kept at every Post Office, whence they can be obtained by those who have so far failed to obtain them. In the present condition of affairs, not only of Canada, but of the British Empire as a whole, it is most important that the authorities should have full and reliable information of the man power available, not necessarily for actual military service, but for the purpose of all the wants and needs of the nation and of its sailors and soldiers.

In answer to many kind enquiries THE WEEK is glad to be able to announce that its publication will not cease. At present everything is more or less in confusion and no definite arrangements can be made. It is recognized that the late Editor gave his readers a class of writing far in advance of anything of the kind published in B. C. and that it would be a mistake to attempt to supply an imitation of these leaders. The attempt, therefore, will not be made. But other features will be introduced which will, it is hoped, make up to our readers in some part for the loss they have sustained through Mr. Blakemore's death.

In spite of Ocean Steamships, submarine cables, and wireless telegraphy, the world remains a very big place. This is being forced upon our notice by the attempts, so far in vain, to hold an Imperial War Conference in London. Here were to meet the chief men from all the different parts of our great Empire. To make it possible for them to attend everything possible was done, even to the adjournment of the sittings of Houses of Parliament. Sir Robert Borden got away in good time and arrived in London much too soon. Sir William Hughes of Australia had more difficulties at home to overcome and then had a very much longer journey to take. He has not reached London yet. Gen. Smuts, not ye rested from his task of driving the Germans out of Africa, has also not yet arrived in England. The world remains a large place and its largeness is not the least of the difficulties in the way of those who are anxious to bring the Empire under some hard and fast scheme of Federation.

CORRESPONDENCE

SUFFERING IN PALESTINE

May I appeal to the readers of The Week on behalf of the great suffering in Palestine. Words cannot describe the situation. Women and children, men too, of course, starving, emaciated, searching in garbage tins for any refuse they can find—old bones or orange peel. Can we not help them, and shall we not help them? We must not treat them as the rich man treated poor Lazarus. What if we ourselves with the rich man's future. Oh, pray that help may be poured in from generous hearts. We dare not refuse the cry of the starving. What if we saw our own, that we love in such a condition. Would anything be too much for us to do? Oh, let us hasten to send help—Children are being sold in the street for a shilling, and the account goes on to say: "We passed women and children lying on the roadside with closed eyes and ghastly faces." I can hardly write the words. Then what if we were to see the facts? The Bishop of London, the Bishop of Jerusalem and others are appealing for funds that they may be poured into the country as soon as possible. Surely a way will soon be open. Kindly send what you can —Generously, quickly, largely. We have a reverent love for the Holy Land where the Blessed Feet trod. His Mercy never failed. He gave Himself. He gave all. Let us pray for His spirit of loving mercy.

CAROLINE MACKLEM.

1126 Richardson St., Victoria.

Box 81, Kamloops, B. C.

Editor "The Week."

Sir,—It is many years since I had the privilege of listening to a brilliant imperial address. The ever widening ripple of the influence which a speech like Sir George Foster delivered to the Club in Victoria this last week, will bear its message far and wide. "Preparedness" is certainly foremost in the minds of most who are watching the times. Therefore the reading of such enthusiasm was good indeed. But whilst reading there was one prevailing thought in my mind, "Why does not the Government see what some of its members are so earnestly preaching?"

If we desire that German influence shall not regain its baneful power over our trade and our political diplomacy why are we allowing German settlers to steal in by hundreds and homestead, pre-empt or buy our beautiful land? Even while the Dominion is being denuded of its patriotic British workers, our sons, our fathers and all our male kin offering their lives to fight against this very nation in Europe, here are hundreds of Germans and Austrians in our very midst, locating on the best land, the fertile valleys and the newly opened northern districts of this beautiful Canada. I am told in answer, "First, we cannot interfere with peaceable naturalized Canadians, whatever country they come from; second, it is to the benefit of the new railways that settlers come in at once, they cannot wait till Canadians return; third, the Provincial representatives also have gained their seats greatly through alien votes, therefore they cannot make laws inimical to alien settlement; how can they go back on those who have helped them so largely into office?" Such are the replies. If, as Lord Shaughnessy says, it will take nearly two years to bring the Canadians home after the war, and if meanwhile we allow aliens to come in wholesale, where are the desirable lands going to be when wanted? We all know that naturalization makes no difference to a German conscience; Fatherland first, and "Deutschland uber alles." The oath of allegiance to the hated Britisher is as binding as "Bo to a goose." Could not a law be made something after this manner:

"No homesteading, pre-emption or purchase of lands by other than entirely British subjects until two years after the war, and then only on presentation of genuine birth certificates, which not only will bear scrutiny, but which will also be carefully enquired into." This would prevent bogus certificates. Those who already are located must, I suppose, remain where they are (would English settlers by the score and the hundred in colonies be allowed to remain in Germany?)

If a law such as the above could be passed at Ottawa tomorrow to stop this foul canker in our midst, which is daily increasing and will soon devour the country; even as it has already devoured the United States, it would not be too soon; indeed only just in time.

How could President Wilson make war against Germany, with something over eight millions of Germans already inside the camp, ready to blow up munition factories and communications? Prepare, prepare! Yes, but it is the Government which must have the courage to take the first important step. What can individuals do?

The German officer said rightly indeed when he was thunder-struck at the difference between the treatment of German prisoners in England and British prisoners in Germany, "The Germans truly will never be gentlement, but the British will always be fools!"

BRITISHER.

OAK BAY BRANCH RED CROSS SOCIETY

One of the most successful and enjoyable Bridge Teas held in Victoria this season for the funds of the Oak Bay Branch of the Red Cross Society was that arranged and given by Mrs. R. W. Gibson at her residence, York Place, Oak Bay, on Friday afternoon, February 16th, when the handsome sum of $103.00 was handed over to Mrs.Rattenbury (convenor of the entertainment committee of the Oak Bay Branch of the Red Cross Society) as a result of this function for so good a cause. Bridge tables were arranged in the spacious drawing room and also in the breakfast room and library which were filled with a profusion of early spring flowers, and the sitting room upstairs was set apart for "Five Hundred" and "Rum." Playing commenced at 3 o'clock sharp. A delicious tea provided by the hostess was served in the dining room and conservatory and proved a very attractive centre. The tea tables were most artistic and inviting and very much admired and appreciated by the large number of tea guests who came in during the afternoon. The lovely prizes which were donated by Mrs. Gibson were won by the following ladies:

Miss Arrowsmith, first prize for Bridge; Mrs. Newton Burdick, 2nd prize for Bridge; Mrs. Goulding Wilson, 1st prize for Five Hundred; Mrs. Taylor, 2nd prize for Five Hundred; Mrs. Umber, 1st for Rum.

Mrs. Gibson, who spared no effort in making this entertainment a success, is to be congratulated on the splendid result.

Mr. E. Jacobs has gone over to Vancouver for a few days.

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Mrs. J. J. Banfield and her daughter Mrs. Black, returned home to Vancouver during the week.

THE AMOURS OF MAX

By Sydney A. Moseley

I had come from Messina to Alexandria before going across to Gallipoli. The commercial centre of Egypt was packed with bronzed and brawny young men in khaki. Everywhere were signs of the great conflict. It was impossible to keep the mind from the subject of war.

To one man, however, all things were possible, and this was no exception.

I was walking up the Rue Rossetta engrossed with my own reflections when the ominous echo of a voice I knew so well—even though I expected it to be thousands of miles away—fell upon my ears.

"I am mad for a girl—is it not—well then!" it was saying with its old vehemence, and looked up to see where I could avoid the danger.

It was too late.

Max, smiling at his prospective victim, hurriedly captured me with one bound.

"You are like the ice-cream," he said with such a genuine outburst that I felt for a moment that I must indeed melt.

"How is your father?" I said, getting the blow in first.

He rolled his eyes towards the Egyptian sun.

"My father—how he is—hein, as that dum fool Thiers would say. My father he is not well he is. He suffers from—what you call——"

I mercilessly gagged him with one of my best cigars. The talking machine spluttered and stopped for a bit. Then with renewed vigour it went on about the health of his father and the whole of his accursed progeny. It was my own fault. I tried cafe-cognac, a strong war anecdote, and the offer of a good tip on the cotton exchange. The contributions were thankfully received and put aside—inside anywhere but where they would interrupt the flow of his discourse on family maladies. When he had finished with his father, his mother, a few grand relatives and several neighbours, he said:

"Did I not tell you I am almost married?"

I wiped my brow and congratulated him silently. He felt discouraged for a moment.

"Did I not tell you," he repeated with increasing emphasis, "I am almost married?"

"You astound me," I said, humbly. His face brightened.

"Wait, you shall hear; I almost married, and I have nearly committed suicide."

I ordered two cafes and sighed.

"And you did not?" I said, wearily.

"No, the girl she will not marry, and my mother she will not permit me to commit the suicide."

"Why tell your mother?" I said, savagely.

"The girl she said she loved," he said, ignoring my interruption, "and although she is small I love her. Love! what is love? Love is mere suggestion; but oh, it was very strong within me.

"'We will be married,' he said one day. I had not them made the declaration, so I said, 'This girl she much loves me. . . . I do not care. I will marry her.' So I go to her. 'We will marry come January.'

"'Max,' she said only.

"One day I go to her to come for a walk.

"'No,' she says. 'You must forget me.' I laugh thinking she is laughing. 'No,' she says, 'it is my nature.'

"'So,' said I, 'but yesterday you have said you loved me!'

"'I am sorry,' she said. 'It is my nature.'

"For three days I keep away. And yet the passion was strong. Then when I am thinking I will go to see her, comes a telegram. 'Why have you not come?' she says in it.

"I go, for I am weak."

• • •

"Her mother, who is proud, begs me to make the declaration. 'Max, she suffers for you,' she said. 'Go make the declaration.'"

"'Rene,' I say, 'you I love; we will be married.'

"'As soon as you will, dear Max.'

"Next day she will not see me. 'I am too young, she wrote. 'Do not come. It is my nature.'"

"All right," I said to Max. "If it is that you love her you must not make her unhappy. Go away."

"Oh, how I suffered, mon ami. I do not sleep. I do not drink. It is not to be endured. So I go to her.

"'Rene, come to the pictures.'

"'No,' she said, 'I do not like the pictures.'

"'There is Max Linder at the Cinema Palace.'

"'Ugh!'

"'But why, you have always seen Max Linder.'

"'—until I am sick of him.'

"'Come for a walk then,' I said.

"'I am tired,' she said.

"'For some cafe then.'

"'It keeps me awake,' she said.

"'But you have always——'

"'Oh, don't worry me,' she said. 'Forget me. It is my nature. . . .'

"'I go to a friend of hers.'

"'Go tell Rene how foolish she behaves.'

"She goes. To her Rene says, 'There is no affair between me and Max. He only knows my mother.'

"'But there are your letters which you have written to him,' says my friend.

"'Business letters,' says Rene.

"For a whole month I am mad. My hair grows grey and my teeth begin to hurt. I grow thin with sadness. But then I say to myself, 'Well, better now than when we are married and have a little boy. Yet I love her still.

"I leave Alexandria and go to Cairo. After another week Rene calls at my house.

"'Why doesn't Max call?' she says. 'I am surprised.'

"My mother sends for me, 'I have good news,' she says. 'Rene has called for you. You will go and see her.'

"But I do not go. She writes, but I do not read her letters. She telephones and I am deaf. She waits on me and I am asleep.

"One day she meets me. 'Forgive me, Max,' she says.

"'I cannot,' I say. 'You are like the cat with a chickens, not pleased till you—squeeze it by the throat.'

"She cries bitterly. . . . I am weak.

• • •

"Four days more and I am happy. Then she starts again.

"'What is the matter now?' I say. 'I do not like you. . . . It is my nature.'

"'It was a tragical hour. Mon Dieu. She had no heart. I begged her. I pleaded and I cry. Cry! mon ami—me who all the girls love—me who can persuade till tears come from my eyes. Can—can you beat it?

"'It is very well,' I said to her. 'You have done sufficient. It is nice. Tomorrow at six o'clock I end it all. I will put on my coat and take off my time. I will resign myself from my position at Haram Brothers. I will go to the chemist in the Rue Cleopatra. I know what to buy. I will buy it . . . and tomorrow night it is all over!'

"But she laughs. . . . She is so strong.

"'It will be in all the journals,' I say. 'Your mother will read and she will weep.'

"Rene became frightened.

"'I will marry you, Max,' she said, '—in five years. Five years is not a long time. . . . In the meantime you have no need to write to me or see me. But there is much time. . . .'

"I bring her to me and plead and cry again.

"'Let me walk with you home,' I say.

"'It does not matter,' she said.

• • •

"On the next day I resign myself from the position and I go to my friend the chemist and buy the poison. Then I go to my room and lock myself in the door and I write the great —what you call—confession. Oh, it was like Zola. For in the French I can write, mon ami. Even as I think of it I cry for the words were like drama. I have kept a copy of the confession so good was it. I will bring it tomorrow and I will read it to you. I read it to my mother and she cried all night. . . . But Rene she laughs at the confession. She is no human girl; she is—a teeger.

"When I see my mother weep I say to myself, 'Fool, I will not die. She will laugh. I will live!'

"But for one year I live in deep misery. I become old. I become grey. As I write my hand trembles and my heart grows cold. Slowly I begin to forget her until I am glad. . . . I wish to see her no more.

"One day she takes a carriage and comes to my house.

"'Max,' she said, 'it was my nature. Come back to me. It was my nature.

"But it is sufficient, is it not?

"'So,' I said, 'you love me. Yes? Is it not? Well, if you love me go to the top of the Great Pyramid and throw yourself off.'

"But she didn't. She is so strong. So am I."

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Department of the Naval Service

ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE OF CANADA

The next examination for the entry of Naval Cadets will be held at the examination centres of the Civil Service Commission in May, 1917, successful candidates joining the College on or about 1st August. Applications for entry will be received up to the 15th April by the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Ottawa, from whom blank entry forms can now be obtained.

Candidates for the examination in May next must be between the ages of fourteen and sixteen on the 1st July, 1917.

Further details can be obtained on application to the undersigned.

G. J. DESBARATS, C.M.G.,
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.
Department of the Naval Service,
Ottawa, November 28, 1916.
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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 at an annual rental of $1 an acre. Not more than 2,560 acres will be leased to one applicant.

Applications for a lease must be made b ythe applicant in person to the Agent or Sub Agent of the District in which the rights applied for are situated.

In surveyer 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, but the lessee may be permitted to purchase whatever available surface rights may be considered necessary for the working of the mine at the rate of $10.00 an acer.

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.
March 31.

At The Street Corner

BY THE LOUNGER

An innovation in the method of carrying on business was recently put into effect by one of our local grocery firms. A large advertisement in the local press informed the public that as an experiment a reduction would be made in the price of goods on the understanding that no goods would be delivered, but that people must pack home their own parcels. The public, or those of the public to whom the saving of an occasional cent appealed, were invited to bring their own wheelbarrows, baby buggies, portmanteaux or rigs and take away their purchases. But he who had none of these was evidently expected to pack his goods on his back. Thus a twenty-pound sack of sugar could be bought for $1.62—a saving of three cents! A forty-nine-pound sack of flour, if carried home by the purchaser, could be bought at a reduction of a few cents, and so on.

With regard to the lighter goods, no doubt such an attraction (?) as the reduction of a cent or so would appeal to a certain class of people, but to the man or woman who possessed neither a baby buggy nor a rig, or whose portmanteau, considerably the worse for wear, would not bear the light of day, the idea of carrying fifty or a hundred pounds for a mile or two is not likely to appeal very strongly. The idea evidently was the product of a crazy brain. The scheme, if scheme it can be called, is ludicrous in the extreme and its value as an advertisement is likely to be very doubtful.

The same firm operating under another name, and which claims to have been the first in its particular line to introduce the "cash system," six years ago absolutely refused to accept copper coinage. The cashiers simply would not take it—such money was beneath contempt—it was not used in the Far West—and was only for children to play with. But the high and mighty often have to change their plans and in this particular case the one-cent piece is now put forth as a great inducement to shoppers who, by paying cash, can shave their feed bill a few cents every month.

• • •

What I regard as a pernicious habit on the part of certain tradesmen is the habit of continually holding so-called sales. It must be perfectly obvious even to the casual observer that the practice of putting on sales sometimes within only a few days of one another cannot but have an injurious effect on all who are engaged in the same line of business. At the time of writing there are no less than five "sales" being held by firms engaged in selling boots and shoes. This, of course, must seriously cut into other firms in a similar business. Why do not all engaged in the same business have a sale at once?

Glaring advertisements assail the eye with regard to some of these sales. "A" must have money to satisfy creditors, so he "slashes" the price in two. "B" is to retire from business, so he "slaughters" the price and begs the public to buy. "C" is forced out by the landlord so he "smashes all records" for cut prices, while "D" can give no reason for his sale, but offers the most astounding values that have ever been offered in the city.

The idea of most sales, of course, is to get in the money. But surely it must have occurred to some of these price-slashing, record-breaking, monster-bargain-giving gentlemen that so many sales in quick succession are bound to injure others in the same business on account of their quick succession to one another. And later they too may suffer from the same thing. Why not have an agreement amongst themselves to hold sales at certain intervals from one another, and why not at the same time avoid the use of such extravagant words as "colossal," "stupendous," "monster" and "avalanche?" The frequent use of such words suggests that the writer of the "copy" does not understand the meaning of them. In an effort to create a favourable impression with the public, why end up by creating a bad one—an impression that one is grossly exaggerating in the hope of bringing people inside.

• • •

I have always thought that the powers that be are many years behind the times with regard to the question of wrapping bread. It seems strange to me, a mere lounger, that in an age when so much attention is paid to matters relating to health some drastic law has not been drawn up by which bakers would be compelled to wrap their loaves. Bread as a staple article of food is eaten probably by everybody—particularly by children—and yet less care is taken in regard to its handling than in the case of perhaps any other article of diet. Who has not frequently seen a driver of a baker's cart deposit a basket in the road, fill it with bread, and after making his call, chuck the basket in the bread wagon right amongst the bread.

An acquaintance of mine was recently an eye-witness of a little scene which, to say the least, conjures up unpleasant thoughts in one's mind. A baker's van stopped outside one of our leading hotels; the driver put a basket on the roadway and having climbed in to the van, proceeded to throw loaves into the basket. Three of them hit the side of the basket and bounced off into the road, but nevertheless these same loaves were delivered at the hotel, later on, no doubt, to be put on the table!

• • •

There are other aspects of the bread question which are sometimes rather forcibly drawn to our attention. A baker's delivery man strokes his horse and then handles the bread, the same bread is perhaps handled by the Chinese servant, who may be in the midst of doing the Lord knows what, and later on is put on the table. Anyone can enlarge on these instances, some people perhaps can recall much worse ones with regard to the delivery of bread, but the authorities nevertheless still permit it to continue. The bakers cannot be on the spot to watch their drivers, so obviously the thing for the authorities to do is to insist on all bread being wrapped.

Lounger.

GIRL GUIDES ENTERTAINMENT

The 5th (Florence Nightingale) Victoria Girl Guides will give an entertainment on Saturday, March 10th, at 7:30 at the Y. W. C. A., consisting of a performance of an up-to-date version of "Beauty and the Beast" interspersed with songs and dances. The performance has the support of the Florence Nightingale Chapter, I. O. D. E., the Regent and Members of which have kindly consented to attend and to present the company with their Colour during the evening. Admission, 25c and 10c. Any friends interested in the Girl Guide movement will be very welcome.

LONDON FASHION LETTER

London, February 18th

Dear Cousin Betty:

As you so aptly remark, now the days are getting brighter one's winter clothes won't bear the full light of day, particularly if one has been putting up with garments that were not new for the dark season. One feels all the more entitled to something fresh. We mustn't be extravagant, of course, but a new costume is an absolute necessity, even in war time, and especially for best occasions, such as visiting or church-going.

From what I can see, silk coats and skirts are going to be worn this year, and soft clothes; serge will not be so usual, it is difficult to get. There are some lovely silk materials for costumes—silk gaberdine, bengaline, etc., but they are expensive, and a good thick taffeta is quite reasonable, still fashionable and wears well.

I've seen some rather nice woollen costumes—that is coat and skirt, made entirely of wool, and I was much taken with the idea; of course the wool is light in weight, and quite suitable for early spring wear.

Tweed costumes are quite smart now. For very sporty wear they are made with belts, and big pockets, but for town they look neater made very plainly and mannishly. Grey herringbone tweed is particularly smart and would look well with a violet hat.

Some new light weight coats are being fashioned for the spring, on the lines of the "officers' trench-coat," nice and full and baggy, with a belt buckled round and big patch pockets. And this belt is not for show. If you wear a loose coat on a windy day, you know from experience that the wind gets right under it and inflates it like a balloon. If it is belted in, this can't happen.

Have you seen the new stockings? They are most suitable to wear with tweed suits in the country, or on the golf links. There are many patterns, and some show stripes or checks, and some spots, and in quiet colours to match one's costume, they are really very smart and up-to-date.

Women dress more suitably for the country now-a-days, and quite time too!

Turned-up hats like saucers are being worn now, and some of them are most chic, especially for those whom they suit; for others they prove a little trying.

Accessories form such a big item to one's get-up, if one is really smart, but all these little helps are a necessity; they should, however, be kept fresh and spotless. Nothing looks so bad as soiled ties, collars, scarves, etc.

More anon!

CAMILLE.

Social News

Mrs. Borrodaile, Sr., left on Friday for San Francisco. She was accompanied by her son, Mr. Paul Borrodaile, who will spend a few weeks in the South.

• • •

Sir Clive Phillips Wolley came down from Somenos on Monday to attend the funeral of the late Mr. William Blakemore.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Neame and the Misses Neame have returned from California and are staying for a few days at the Angela previous to returning to their home, St. David St., Oak Bay.

• • •

Captain and Mrs. Frank Bacon of Golden and their two daughters have arrived in town and will reside for a time at 442 St. Charles Street.

• • •

Mrs. Humphreys, nee Miss Dunsmuir, is convalescing slowly from her recent illness in the Jubilee Hospital.

• • •

Mrs. Gaudine has returned from a visit to her son in Seattle.

• • •

Mrs. Joseph Reade of Vancouver has returned home from a visit to her parents, Sir Clive Phillips and Lady Wolley at Somenos.

• • •

Mrs. J. B. Johnson of Vancouver entertained during the week in honour of Mrs. Courtenay, who is the guest of Mrs. Robert Marpole.

• • •

Miss Duff, Vancouver, is spending a few days with Dr. and Mrs. S. A. White at Monterey Avenue.

• • •

Mrs. Sutherland of Bella Coola, who spent a few days in town last week, has returned home. Her husband is a lieutenant in the R. N. V. stationed at Esquimalt.

• • •

Mrs. J. C. Johns is spending a few days in Seattle.

• • •

Mrs. Munn and Mrs. Bennett Thompson have returned from a few days visit to Seattle.

• • •

Mrs. Gordon-Smith is recovering from a severe illness in St. Joseph's Hospital.

• • •

Dr. and Mrs. Mackenzie have returned to Winnipeg after a visit of several weeks in Victoria.

• • •

Mrs. Madden, who has been the guest of Miss Alexander, has returned to Fernie.

• • •

Sister Frances, who has been the guest of Mrs. Scriven at Cambridge Street, has returned to St. Luke's Home, Vancouver.

• • •

Mrs. Brougham of Vancouver is the guest of Miss Dunsmuir at Hatley Park.

• • •

Captain W. L. Germaine, who has been transferred from Vancouver, left with Mrs. Germaine for Ottawa during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Angus Macdonald and Miss Gillespie have returned to Vancouver.

DEAF PEOPLE

"FRENCH ORLENE" absolutely cures Deafness and Noises in the Head, no matter how severe or longstanding the case may be. Hundreds of persons whose cases were supposed to be incurable have been permanently cured by this New Remedy.

This Wonderful Preparation goes direct to the actual seat of the trouble, and One Box is ample to effectually cure any ordinary case.

Mrs. Rowe, of Portland-crescent, Leeds, says: "The 'Orlene' has completely cured me after twelve years' suffering."

Many other equally good reports.

Try one Box today. It only costs $1, and there is nothing better at any price.

Address: "ORLENE" Co., 10 SOUTHVIEW WATLING ST., DARTFORD, Kent.

LAND REGISTRY ACT

In the matter of an application for a fresh Certificate of Title to Lot 766, Victoria City.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN of my intention at the expiration of one calendar month from the first publication hereof to issue a fresh Certificate of Title in lieu of the Certificate of Title issued to Isaac Walsh on the 13th day of July, 1874, and numbered 1073 A, which has been lost.

DATED at the Land Registry Office, at Victoria, B. C., this 26th day of February, 1917.

E. S. STOKES,
Deputy Registrar General of Titles.

March 3 March 31

CARLTON CAFE
1218 BROAD STREET
Breakfasts
Afternoon Tea
Luncheons
Dinners
The Best of Cooking
J. C. RIVERS
Proprietor

THE MINERVA
Mrs. Maxwell Muir's New Premises
761 FORT ST.
Delicious CHOCOLATES in Large Variety from 40c to $1.00 Lb.
All Kinds of Up-to-Date Candies
PHONE 2449

AN UP-TO-DATE CAFE FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN
TIGHE & WHEELER CAFE
Lunch Counter and Bakery
The House That QUALITY BUILT
653 YATES ST.
VICTORIA, B.C.
PHONE 1634

THE BOOKLOVERS' LIBRARY, Campbell Block, Fort St., has all the latest English Books.

"Johnnie Walker"
KILMARNOCK
Extra Special
WHISKEY
For your health's sake, drink only the best.
"Johnnie Walker" is perfectly aged—matchless in quality and flavor.
After nearly a century of public service, its sterling merits have firmly established the "square bottle" as
THE STANDARD WHISKEY THE WORLD OVER
WHOLESALE AGENTS
Pither & Leiser Limited
VICTORIA VANCOUVER B. C.

Breakfast, Hot Luncheons, Afternoon Tea Supper
OPEN 8 A.M. TILL 7 P.M.
THE TEA KETTLE
MISS M. WOOLDRIDGE
Corner Douglas and View Sts., Phone 4096

Madame Watts
1175 FORT STREET
PHONE 1623
Expert Ladies' Tailor
Day and Evening Gowns, Wraps, Etc.
A Good Selection of Tweeds, Serges, Gaberdines, Silks, Etc., Always Kept in Stock

White Lunch Rooms
642 Yates Street, 1009 Government Street
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Best of Food and Service
Economical, Absolutely Sanitary

Phoenix Lager
The Old Candidate for Public Honours

B. C. FUNERAL CO.
(Hayward's, Ltd.)
734 Broughton Street Victoria, B. C.
Established 1867
When necessity requires you to have the services of an embalmer or funeral conductor
Phone 2235, 2236, 2237 or 2238
and experienced assistants will respond to your call at any hour. Our modern Chapel and Private Parlours are at your disposal.
CHAS. HAYWARD, President
REGINALD HAYWARD, Secretary
FREDERICK CASELTON, Manager

MINERAL ACT
(Form F.)
Certificate of Improvements
NOTICE

King George Mineral Claim, situate in the Victoria Mining Division of Victoria District.

Where located: East Sooke, adjoining the "Jack" Claim on the North side.

Take Notice that I, Frank Caffery, Free Miner's Certificate No. 4818-C, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.

Dated this 12th day of January, A.D. 1917.

Jan. 20 Mar. 17

MINERAL ACT
(Form F.)
Certificate of Improvements
NOTICE

The Maple Leaf Mineral Claim, situate in the Victoria Mining Division of Renfrew District.

Where located: On the East Bank of the Gordon River.

Take Notice that the San Juan Mining & Manufacturing Company, Limited, Free Miner's Certificate No. 4863-C, intend, sixty days from date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.

Dated this 12th day of January, A.D. 1917.

Jan. 20 Mar. 17

MINERAL ACT
(Form F.)
Certificate of Improvements
NOTICE

Alfrida, Hazel and Holly Mineral Claims, situate in the Victoria Mining Division of Renfrew District.

Where located: On the East Bank of the Gordon River.

Take Notice that the San Juan Mining & Manufacturing Company, Limited, Free Miner's Certificate No. 4863-C, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claims.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.

Dated this 12th day of January, A.D. 1917.

Jan. 20 Mar. 17

MINERAL ACT
(Form F.)
Certificate of Improvements
NOTICE

Moonlight and Mountain View Mineral Claims, situate in the Victoria Mining Division of Renfrew District.

Where located: On the East side San Juan River, one mile from Indian Harry's Cove.

Take Notice that the San Juan Mining & Manufacturing Company, Limited, Free Miner's Certificate No. 4863-C, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claims.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.

Dated this 12th day of January, A.D. 1917.

Jan. 20 Mar. 17

SOTTO VOCE

By the Hornet

That the practice adopted by many street car conductors of wetting their fingers when tearing off transfers is a dangerous one and should be stopped.

*

That a polite intimation to their men by the B. C. E. R. might have the desired effect.

*

That the authorities are somewhat late in taking up the question of spitting in public places.

*

That the habit should never have been allowed to reach its present proportions.

*

That it is a loathsome and disgusting practice and apart from the question of danger to health is a beastly thing to see.

*

That the late Pastor Russell's store is "going some."

*

That soon the public will be expected to bring their own wrappings.

*

That credit is much more convenient than cash and that rather than save ten cents a month most responsible people would sooner have their accounts rendered in the usual way.

*

That skirts are still very short—and that some eyes are still very wide.

*

That a good many people are very lax in paying newspaper subscriptions.

*

That some never pay.

*

That some say they "never ordered it."

*

That the Lounger is getting out his spring suit.

*

That it will be several weeks before he can wear it.

*

That he will not be able to wear it for several weeks.

*

That it can almost be referred to as of a diaphanous character.

THE NIGHT BEFORE BATTLE

By Patrick MacGill

(Supplied to "The Week" by the Royal Colonial Institute.)

The early winter night was falling over a ruined village by the River Ancre and the Irish troops billeted in the basements of the shell-torn houses were now awake and bestirring themselves. The men had kept indoors all day, which was wise for the streets were open to German observation and not out of range of rifle fire. Besides, the regiment was resting; it had been on duty the night before, digging saps and strengthening barbed wire entanglements in No Man's Land.

Now that the darkness was settling the streets became alive, men came out from the cellars in which they had been sleeping all day, stood on the pavement, yawned and shook themselves. In a house which lacked a roof the field kitchen was alight and the tea bubbled merrily. Rations having arrived, a fatigue party was busily engaged carrying food from cellar to cellar, apportioning to each squad its fair share of victuals. A tall, lank corporal had charge of the fatigue. He was full of his business and would see to his duty that all men got their correct allowance no matter what happened. On his face was a look of calm and assured confidence, the shells flying over the village and the bullets hitting the walls by his side had no power whatever to disturb his thoughts.

Down in a crowded cellar to which rations had just been supplied, a young boy sat in a corner where the shadows lay thickest, his elbow on his knee; his chin resting on his fore finger and thumb. He was thinking about something; a man at law with his neighbour could not look more thoughtful on his way to court. The boy's mind was probably back in the Antrim glen from which he had come.

A candle placed in the neck of a bottle burned dimly and made battle with the shadows. The boy got to his feet, extended his arms, and it could be seen that he wore a ribbon on his left breast; the youngster had won the D. C. M. for work performed in a bombing encounter on Vimy Ridge.

As he stood there a shell could be heard whistling overhead and immediately it burst with a loud clatter on the road outside. The boy felt in his pocket, found a cigarette and lit it from the candle; then speaking very casually he asked if the post had come up.

"There's the postman at the top of the stairs," someone replied; and at the same moment a voice shouted down:

"Is Murtagh there? Is Spudhole there? Is——"

"Spudhole's here, Micky," the Boy called up. "What's for him?"

"A parcel," Micky replied; "a soft parcel—socks may be. Postmark Meenalicknalore."

"Bedamut! Iit's come at last," the man Spudhole answered, rushing to the bottom of the stairs and peering up out of the darkness like a weasel from a hole. "Fling it down to me, Micky, me laddybuck!"

"And a register," Mickey continued throwing the parcel down.

"Who for?" half a dozen voices called from the cellar.

"For myself," Micky answered, for he loved his little joke.

The postman then entered the cellar and sat down. He was a low-set man with sturdy legs and had been Company postman during the whole period of the war. With him the delivery of the letters was a religious rite almost; no Company got its letters as promptly as Micky's Company. Twice he was severely wounded when bringing the mail bag up to the trenches but on both occasions he stuck to his job until the letters were delivered. Then the postman was carried away on a stretcher. A man of merit, he was loved by his mates. Letters were as sure as shelling when Micky was postman.

"We're goin' up to the trenches tonight," said Micky lighting his little black clay pipe and looking around the cellar. "As far as I know we're all goin' across wid the baynet in the mornin'."

"Whist, Micky, or ye'll put the wind up us," said the young Antrim boy and the remark was greeted with a burst of laughter.

"Cross on my neck," said the postman, making the sign of the Cross on his throat, as a voucher for the truth of his remark. "We're goin' to have service in the big barn across the road in a wee minit.... Here's somebody comin', the sergeant, I suppose. He'll tell you all about it!"

A platoon sergeant entered.

"Are ye all here?" he asked.

"Iverybody's here," same the answer.

"There's Mass in ten minits time across the road," said the sergeant. "Get ready and come across. There's be a drop of tay after."

"Isn't there goin' to be a charge?" Micky asged.

"Well, we'll see about that," said the sergeant, speaking as if the future movements of the battalion depended on his word alone. But don't forget to come to the Mass. The Colonel wants to see ye all there. We're lavin' for the trenches about eleven o'clock."

Ten minutes later the barn, a spacious apartment, but cold, damp and windy, was crowded with Irish soldiers. A great number who could not gain admittance knelt outside on the ground indifferent to the rain which had begun to fall. Inside all was ready for the ceremony. At one end of the barn a large box was placed end upwards against the wall, and on it stood a crucifix; a silver Christ showed out in strong relief and made the bareness of the room more apparent. Two candles placed on the Altar flickered feebly, their light failing to pierce the remote corners of the apartment. The floor was very wet and the damp pierced through the soldiers' knees as they knelt down in prayer. The Colonel of the regiment was in the front near the Altar, but he did not kneel on the board which his men had placed there for his comfort. In Church or in battle he refused to avail himself of any privileges denied to him men. A white-haired Irish priest said Mass and the Antrim boy served at the Altar.

Nothing could have been less stately, yet nothing more solemn than the ceremony in the barn. Two glasses, scarcely good enough for the meanest cafe, stood on the Altar, and these contained the sacrificial water and wine. An Army towel was put ready for the washing of the Priest's hands. Outside, the guns were booming in the distance and the rain could be heard pattering on the red tiles of the roof. But apart from that there was silence which cast a veil of solemn grandeur on the scene. A feeling of awe swept over the congregation, souls communicated one to another their own sensation, and under the mutual influence all were melted together in religious brotherhood.

Mass is over; the soldiers cross themselves and get to their feet. The enemy's guns can be heard speaking, and high overhead the shells rush by, bound no doubt for the road on which the transports are coming up to the scene of war. The men stand for a moment at the door, put on their caps with a bold, calm movement, and disappear into the darkness. Brave simple souls; suffering and danger have given dignity and a consciousness of worth to their being; it can be seen in their eyes and in their bearing.

Their souls are elevated and strengthened, and the Colonel, standing now near the Altar, watches the men depart. He feels that the cause for which his soldiers make war can never be lost. The conviction is not gained from his knowledge of the strong parapets, the ingenious system of trenches, the well-laid barbed wire entaglements; but from his certain knowledge that his is the cause approved of Heaven; from the assured confidence and noble spirit of his men.

By midnight they will be in the trenches, brave men who never lose courage, whose purpose, reaching beyond today, sees its objective in sight waiting for them in the future. To them the sacrifice of the Mass is a preparation for death; and death is a sacrament.

WOOL TAG DAY RECEIPTS

The Municipal Chapter of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of Empire collected the handsome sum of $1,660.05 on the "Wool Fund Tag Day" last Friday, March 2nd. Mrs. Duces' patriotic dog "Reter" collected $146.80 and Mrs. Woodward's dog "Muggins" $118.00. The Rev. A. deB. Owen's Flower Girl Guild handed in the sum of $276.31. The collections of "Muggins" were included in the Flower Guild contribution.

PANTAGES THEATRE

The Langdons, in their nonsensical absurdity, "Johnny's New Car," will headline the new bill at the Pantages for the coming week. The situations are developed in a series of incidents which happen to Harry Langdon and his pretty companion, occupants of a fearful and wonderful motor car, which include clashes with a traffic policeman and the waiter of a high class restaurant in which the two endeavour to find solace in food and refreshments.

Elizabeth Otto will render a repertoire of carefully chosen selections in her own inimitable manner which she has styled "Musical Milestones." The Cline Brothers will amuse with their nonsensical patter number entitled, "The Admirals." Reynolds and Donegan will entertain by giving a series of musical comedy dances on the roller skates. Feeley and McCloud will introduce their original dance creation entitled, "The Submarine Dance;" and the second episode of "Pearl of the Army" will contribute a delightful and fascinating motion picture introduction to the vaudeville programme.

5,000 FACTS ABOUT CANADA

The public will welcome the new issue for 1917 of "5,000 Facts About Canada," the popular and valuable cyclopedia of Canadian dates, compiled by Frank Yeigh of Toronto, the well-known writer and lecturer on the Dominion. No up-to-date and intelligent Canadian can afford to be without this "hardy annual," which is a revelation of our country in a single year, despite war conditions; indeed, it circulates all over the world, and as such is a splendid advertisement. The chapter of "War Facts" is, by the way, both timely and illuminating. Fifty other chapters are devoted alphabetically to every phase of our national life, from Agriculture to the Yukon, while several sketch maps are of high value. Copies may be had from newsdealers or by sending 25c to the Canadian Facts Pub. Co., 588 Huron Street, Toronto, Canada.

In our town we have a little theatre which presents vaudeville once each week. Many of the acts are really excellent, but all of them need editing. That is what we all need; a merciless critic to go over our acts, and cut out the nonesense. Every man is edited behind his back, but rarely hears of it; therefore he must edit himself. Possibly no one is able to give others a square deal when he looks himself over, but everyone should try it, and look his conceit as squarely in the face as possible.

The big talk about little propositions is the dread of every man compelled to associate much with the people.

TO INVESTORS

THOSE WHO, FROM TIME TO TIME, HAVE FUNDS REQUIRING INVESTMENT MAY PURCHASE AT PAR

DOMINION OF CANADA DEBENTURE STOCK

IN SUMS OF $500, OR ANY MULTIPLE THEREOF

Principal repayable 1st October, 1919.

Interest payable half-yearly, 1st April and 1st October by cheque (free of exchange at any chartered Bank in Canada) at the rate of five per cent per annum from the date of purchase.

Holders of this stock will have the privilege of surrendering at par and accrued interest, as the equivalent of cash, in payment of any allotment made under any future war loan issue in Canada other than an issue of Treasury Bills or other like short date security.

Proceeds of this stock are for war purposes only.

A commission of one-quarter of one per cent will be allowed to recognised bond and stock brokers on allotments made in respect of applications for this stock which bear their stamp.

For application forms apply to the Deputy Minister of Finance, Ottawa.

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, OTTAWA
OCTOBER 7th, 1916.

LAND REGISTRY ACT

IN THE MATTER OF an Application for a fresh Certificate of Title to part of Subdivision 3 of Section 85, Victoria District, Map 67.

NOTICE is hereby given of my intention at the expiration of one calendar month from the first publication hereof to issue a fresh Certificate of Title in lieu of the Certificate of Title issued to James Houlihan on the 30th day of June, 1881, and numbered 3492 A, which has been lost.

DATED at the Land Registry Office, Victoria, B. C., this 9th day of February, 1917.

E. S. STOKES,
Deputy Registrar General of Titles.
Feb. 17 Mar. 17

LAND REGISTRY ACT.

IN THE MATTER of an Application for a fresh Certificate of Title to part of Lots 8 and 9, Allsopps Extension of Fort Street, Victoria City, Map 38.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN of my intention at the expiration of one calendar month from the first publication hereof, to issue a fresh Certificate of Title in lieu of the Certificate of Title issued to Eleanor Amelia Gibbs on the 6th day of February, 1906, and Numbered 12049 C, which has been lost.

DATED at the Land Registry Office, Victoria, B. C., this 12th day of February, 1917.

E.S. STOKES,
Deputy Registrar General of Titles.
Feb. 17 Mar. 17

MINERAL ACT
(Form F.)

Certificate of Improvements

NOTICE

Alberta and Albany Mineral Claims, situate in the Victoria Mining Division of Renfrew District.

Where located: On the West Bank of the Gordon River.

Take Notice that the San Juan Mining & Manufacturing Company, Limited, Free Miner's Certificate No. 4863-C, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claims.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.

Dated this 12th day of January, A.D. 1917.

Jan. 20 Mar. 17

MINERAL ACT
(Form F.)

Certificate of Improvements

NOTICE

The American Flag-Pachena, Pachena Fraction and Victoria Mineral Claims situate in the Victoria Mining Division of Renfrew District.

Where located: On the East Bank of the Gordon River.

Take Notice that the San Juan Mining & Manufacturing Company, Limited, Free Miner's Certificate No. 4863-C, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.

Dated this 12th day of January, A.D. 1917.

Jan. 20 Mar. 17

LAND ACT
Form No. 11

Form of Notice

Victoria Land District. District of Cowichan.

TAKE notice that G. C. Grubb, acting as Agent for the Canadian Explosives, Limited, of Victoria, B. C., occupation Manufacturers, intend to apply for permission to lease the following described lands:—(Tidal)

Commencing at a post planted at low water mark, about one (1.) chain north of a post planted on high water mark, Lot 64, Cowichan District of British Columbia, and distant one hundred and twenty-eight and thirty-eight hundredths (128.38) chains more or less in a direction about North thirty-eight degrees and forty minutes, West (N38°40'W) from the survey post on the West shore of aforesaid Lot 64, thence North eight degrees and forty-six minutes East (N8°46'E) four and seven-tenths (4.70) chains thence North eighty-one degrees and fourteen minutes West (N81°14'W) four and twenty-four hundredths (4.24) chains, thence South eight degrees and forty-six minutes West (S8°46'W) three and seventynine hundredths (3.79) chains more or less to low water mark, thence following low water mark to point of commencement, the whole containing one and seventy-nine hundredths (1.79) acres more or less.

G. C. GRUBB.

Name of applicant (in full), Acting as agent for Canadian Explosives, Limited.

Date, 12th February, 1917.

Feb. 22 April 21

It is the business of every live newspaper to raise the devil in some way every day.

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