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The Machine Gun Fund

AT THE MEETING OF THE MACHINE GUN SUBSCRIBERS HELD LAST THURSDAY EVENING, THE FOLLOWING NOTICE IN REGARD TO THE CLEARING UP OF THIS MATTER WAS AUTHORIZED TO BE SENT TO ALL SUBSCRIBERS AND TO APPEAR IN THE ADVERTISING COLUMNS OF THE REVIEW FOR FOUR CONSECUTIVE ISSUES:

Sidney, B. C., December 17, 1915.

Dear Sir or Madam,

You are hereby notified that at a meeting of the subscribers to the Machine Gun Fund held here on the 16th inst., it was decided to return the amount paid by you, if demanded, or you are at liberty to instruct the Merchants Bank to transfer immediately your amount to any of the war funds you desire. At the expiration of thirty days from date any balance found on hand will be equally divided and paid over to the Red Cross and Patriotic Aid Funds.

J. J. WHITE, Chairman.

A. E. MOORE, Secretary.

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1200 Douglas Street, VICTORIA, B. C.

ROBERT AND SANTA CLAUS

Robert lived with his Aunt Florence. He was sitting by the fire thinking about Christmas. Aunt Florence was knitting.

"Aunt Florence," said Robert (she wasn't the kind of aunt you call auntie), "do you think Santa Claus will come to our house this year?"

"No, indeed!" snapped Aunt Florence. "There! You made me drop a stitch! To begin with there isn't such a person as Santa Claus, and even if there were, he wouldn't come here."

"Oh!" said Robert; and he gave such a sigh that it floated right up the chimney. Now it happened that Santa Claus was at that moment flying over the chimney, and he heard what Aunt Florence said, and Robert's tremendous sigh.

"By my reindeer!" he muttered, this will never do! And off he flew home, thinking about Robert and Aunt Florence. He knew quite well that if Aunt Florence wouldn't believe in him he could never get down her chimney; for the odd thing about Santa Claus is that he can only come down the chimneys of houses where people really believe in him. So how was Robert to get his present? Santa Claus couldn't find an answer right off.

But at breakfast next morning he got an idea. "I know," he said, cramming the last bit of toast into his mouth. "I'll go in plain clothes and look like an ordinary person, and then Aunt Florence will have to let me into the house."

He was so pleased at the idea that he called for another egg, and began breakfast all over again.

"Nothing like bacon and eggs for keeping the cold out," he cried. And by and by he set off in his sleigh as warm as toast and as merry as a cricket.

It was a very dark night and when he got to the lane where Robert lived he left his reindeer and his sleigh in a field. Then he tossed his fur trimmed robe inside the sleigh, and in his plain dark clothes, he stole down the lane. He felt very odd with out his splendid robe, so he kept close to the hedge, and hoped he would not meet any one. Soon he heard footsteps behind him. He crept nearer the hedge; but the next minute he felt two men seize him.

"Go away," said Santa Claus, fiercely. Then he saw they were wearing badges. "Oh, bother! Special constables," he said.

The Special Constables thought they had made a great capture. "He must be at least a villain," they said. Then they looked very severely at Santa Claus. "What are you doing in this lane?" they said sharply.

"It's Robert's lane," said Santa mildly, "and I'm bringing him a few Christmas presents. Aunt Florence does not believe in me, so I had to come like this. I'm Santa Claus, you know."

"Rubbish!" said the Special Constables. "Where's your sleigh, and what about your reindeer? You need not think Special Constables will believe such a stale tale."

This made Santa Claus very angry. "Then go and look," he said. "You find at the corner."

So one Constable kept guard over Santa Claus, and one went to look in the field.

"It's all right," he shouted coming back. "The sleigh's there and everything else."

The second Constable was rather disappointed. "Then he isn't a villain," he said sadly. "We'll have to let him go. It would never do to arrest Father Christmas."

"I should think not," said the first Constable. "Why my children are expecting him to-night!"

Santa Claus brightened. Ah! nice children, yours," he said amiably. "I will be calling upon them later. In the meantime I must get a parcel to Robert."

"But—er—what about getting up the chimney?" said the First Constable.

"Won't do," replied Santa. "Aunt Florence doesn't believe in me, so I can't get down her chimney. That's why I am in plain clothes. I'll just have to hand my present in at the door. It is not a bit the proper way, and I hate doing it, but it's got to be done."

"Let us take it," cried the Constables. We'll hand it in with your compliments."

WATCHED ARTILLERY MEN GIVE DEMONSTRATION IN THE OPEN

The following extracts taken from a letter received last week by Mrs. George Findlay, of James Island, from her brother, Pte. Dennis Green, who was well known in Sidney, will no doubt be of much interest to his many friends here.

"A few days ago our artillery had a bit of a demonstration and gave the Germans a particularly hot time. We shelled their trenches and a town just behind their lines. The Germans must be holding this line very thinly at present, as they replied very poorly, in fact hardly 'strafed' us at all. A light battery located itself near our headquarters the night before the bombardment and started in rapid firing early next morning. It was absolutely in the open and after about two hours firing the enemy located it, which they couldn't very well help doing owing to its position and lack of cover, and commenced searching for it with shrapnel and high explosives. The shrapnel made the artillery men run and they had to quit for a while. After the 'strafing' quit they returned to the guns, beating it again when the shelling commenced. This went on all the morning while we viewed it from battalion headquarters. Some of the high explosive shells went pretty close, about fifty yards each side of the battery, and kept us guessing as to when they would score a hit. In the afternoon the guns fired steadily and did not have a single reply. Next morning they had disappeared, deeming discretion the better part of valour, I guess. It certainly was, too, for batteries in the open are unknown here, all guns being carefully hidden and great pains taken to keep their position secret. As a piece of barefaced nerve it was the best thing I have seen yet, and the only conclusion we could come to was that the Germans did not have the guns or ammunition to shell them with."

"At another part of the line the Germans shelled their own front line, being evidently under the impression that we were in possession of it. All evidence goes to prove that the morale of the German troops on our front at present is poor and that they are in a jumpy condition. Of course this does not mean to imply that we were to attack we should have a walk-over as their defences, such as wire entanglements, trench systems, etc., are so ingeniously contrived that the line could be held long enough for the necessary reinforcements to arrive, and then of course the preliminary bombardment necessary to destroy these defences before an attack could be made, gives ample warning. To the uninitiated, who look through a periscope at the opposing lines, and see a long streak of sand bags in front with a few more lines behind, it may seem absurd that a successful break cannot be made, but the fact remains that however intense the bombardment a few M. G. placements and a few stretches of barbed wire are left intact and between them they can hold up and disorganize any otherwise successful attack. An attack on a large front involves such a

"Will you really?" said Santa. "How splendid of you. Then I shan't have to go to the door. I must say I prefer chimneys."

Hurrying the Constables to his sleigh he thrust a ball, a picture book a British bulldog and a box of soldiers into their hands, then he jumped into his cozy fur robe and rode off. As he dashed noiselessly past Robert's house he saw the two Constables handing in his gifts to Aunt Florence and saying, "For Master Robert, with compliments and best wishes from Santa Claus."

Aunt Florence was so astonished that she took the toys without a word and when Robert saw them by his bed next morning he rushed down the stairs next morning shouting loudly, "Aunt Florence, Aunt Florence, Santa Claus has been here after all."—London Leader.

large loss of life before the first few lines are taken that by the time comparatively open ground has been reached, disorganization has set in and before reinforcements can come up the enemy has consolidated a new position. However, one of these times I guess we will make the grade and then we will see what happens. The Loos attack gave great promise and we were all on the alert, but unfortunately it did not pan out. I could write you lots about it, but then there's our old friend the Censor. The Highlanders did great work there, also the Guards division. I have made quite a spiel of this so I guess I had better switch over to other things. Have you seen Clifford yet? There is a rumour that we are going out for a rest soon, so I will be able to look up Jimmie Armstrong then, as I have not seen him lately. "I suppose you will be looking forward to Christmas now. I wish I could drop in and have a good feed. Perhaps I may the year after. With best wishes for a cheery Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year.

DENNY GREEN.

CYCLIST OFFICER THINKS WAR WILL SOON BE OVER.

An officer of the Canadian Cycling Corps writes as follows from the front:

"We are not doing very much in the way of fighting now, as the weather conditions are very bad and the roads are in places nothing more than rivers of liquid mud. It is even worse than at Salisbury Plains last year, and that is saying much, I can assure you.

"The Cyclists have to provide the guards for all the frontier points on our front and to take charge of road controls, so our men are kept very busy all the time and are usually placed at posts which the Huns frequently shell. There are now, however, not so many places shelled by the enemy, for as soon as they start they get from three to five to their one and so they keep quiet. We are superior to them in every way on this front and they know it. It is a rare thing now to see a German flying machine in our lines and ours go where they like.

"Things begin to look as if the war will not last very much longer, for the pressure which is being brought on Germany is very great. I have heard that there is as much ammunition of all kinds as we want. If the Germans get at all excited and begin to fire, our guns simply open out and quiet them. This was not the case four months ago, for we were then limited to a few rounds per gun per day and we were frequently shelled without replying.

LOST—One balck Holstien calf. Any information leading to its recovery will be thankfully received. Jones & Rant, Meadlands Farm.