

WHY BRITAIN IS SHORT OF FOOD

Disquieting reports come from London of a pending shortage of food in Great Britain. The illustrated newspapers reaching this country already show us long queues of people waiting in bitter weather outside the shops for their provisions. The working men are getting restive and food rationing on a national scale is advocated.

Is Great Britain really short of food? Is the nation which has a mercantile fleet amounting to two-thirds of all the ships in the world not able to feed itself, with every wheat-producing country except Russia and the Teutonic alliance ready to pour food-stuffs into its granaries?

If Great Britain had no other claims on her mercantile marine than to supply her own people with food and her own army with what it requires to make war, her shipping would be ample. But Great Britain not only meets her own needs, but at the same time lends thousands of tons of her ships to Italy and France, supplies the Allied forces in Macedonia, has supplied hitherto most of Russia's requirements and now is helping the United States.

The consequence is that Britain's own needs have to be strictly circumscribed. She has to put up with a sugar shortage of an unprecedented kind, with a meat shortage though the cold-storage houses in New Zealand are bulging with supplies; with a fuel and gasoline shortage, as well as many other deprivations. In a word, the country has to be placed on a strict war basis.

Considering the restrictions the British public is showing exemplary patience. Though there may be occasional disturbances before the winter is over—and the winter in western Europe this year is exceptionally severe—there will be nothing like the restlessness that is showing itself in violence and bloodshed in Central Europe. There the populations have nearly reached the limit of endurance. They are buoyed up by one hope—the hope that this is their last winter of war. Somehow, they believe, peace must come before another harvest has been gathered and consumed.

But if peace does not come? Well, then most probably revolution will come instead.—Vancouver World.

SEVEN KEYS

When George M. Cohan appeared in his first Artercraft picture, "Broadway Jones," recently, he scored what was generally conceded to be the most immediately successful film debut ever experienced by a popular theatrical star. His unique characteristics and mannerisms adapted themselves admirably to the silent drama and that he is an ideal motion picture subject was instantaneously established. Never before has a stage star stepped from the theatre on to the screen with such complete ease and success. In his second film for Artercraft, "Seven Keys to Baldpate," coming to the Isis tonight (Friday) and Saturday matinee and evening, George M. Cohan presents a picture that is more Cohanesque by far than even "Broadway Jones."

DEVELOPING OUR COAL RESOURCES

As Alberta mines are operated now they cannot be expected to supply more than the western market. They have the capacity for a greater market but since the demand can only be met in the winter months, it is impossible to do much more than supply the prairie markets. Were it possible to store our coal without injury to its properties as a fuel, then we could extend the market to Ontario by developing more mines and operating steadily all the year round. Storage, transportation and labor are all factors in the problem and the greatest obstacle to overcome is storage.—Lethbridge Herald.

RED TAPE AT WASHINGTON

But with the conduct of the War Department under Mr. Baker we are

not at all satisfied. Few men of intelligence can be. There is no more dismal tale of incompetency on record, we dare say, than the disgusting juggling with the machine gun problem. The Lewis machine gun, in use by England and France, and tried out under all conceivable conditions, was actually repudiated by the department in favor of an experiment. The gun is good enough for our own navy, it is good enough for the trenches in the hands of British and French soldiers, but the War Department repudiates it and is still fooling around with drawings on paper. Result, no machine guns. As for rifles, there are not enough to furnish even the training camps, while we are borrowing from France field artillery for our own men. Red tape has hampered progress in the War Department—red tape and prejudice—and red tape, too, of the sort that was manufactured away back in the days of the Civil War. There has been either no desire to cut it or the lack of knowledge of how to do it. Mr. Baker is the most conspicuous of the cabinet failures, and the president should acknowledge the truth and act accordingly.—Philadelphia Enquirer.

XMAS DINNER AT THE FRONT

David Gash received a letter from his son David, in France, this week, in which he states that he had been slightly wounded but was still with No. 3 Co., 2nd Batt., and he enclosed in the letter a printed menu card of their Christmas dinner, which was as follows:

Soup.
"Dusty Holden," Roast Turkey.
"Happy Pringle," Roast Pork with Apple Sauce.
"Bill Gardner," Mashed Potatoes.
"Langille," Boiled Onions.
"Bob Lynch," Boiled Brussel sprouts.
"Happy Hepburn," Plum Pudding, with Passchendale sauce.
Nuts, Raisins, Apples, Cigars.
"Pob Leavitt," English Beer.
"Jock Weir," Scotch Whiskey.
Coffee, Bread and Butter.

GIVE "SYRUP OF FIGS" TO CONSTIPATED CHILD

Delicious "Fruit Laxative" can't harm tender little Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, your little one's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing at once. When peevish, cross, listless, doesn't sleep, eat or act naturally, or is feverish, stomach sour, breath bad; has sore throat, diarrhea, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, indigestible food and sour bile gently moves out of its little bowels without griping, and you have a well, playful child again. Ask your druggist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which contains full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups.



Orpheum—Wednesday & Thursday



At the Isis Friday and Saturday

Some people were made to be soldiers, the Irish were made to be cops, anekraut was made for the Germans and spaghetti was made for the wops. Fish were made to drink water, And bums were made to drink booze, Banks were made for money, And money was made for the Jews. Everything was made for something, Most everything even a miser, God made Wilson for President, But who in the h— made the Kaiser?

REMARKABLE RECORD OF ARMY DESERTER

How a young Englishman by the name of Joseph Cyril Godson (alias Arthur Hill) worked his way by means of forged military documents from France to Victoria was shown in the police court at Victoria, when Godson was arraigned charged with desertion from the Imperial Army.

Before enlisting he was a cinematograph operator at Hull, England, and soon after the outbreak of hostilities in 1914 joined the 12th East Yorkshire Regiment, being drafted to Egypt and later to Marseilles, France. He spent some time in the trenches near Abbeville and took French leave for Paris on one occasion, being let off on suspended sentence. While on his way to Rouen, in charge of a corporal he "gave the escort the slip" and returned to Abbeville, where in front of the Y.M.C.A. he picked up a railway warrant belonging to one Pte. Arthur Hill. Deciding to use the warrant and discard his own name in favor of Hill's, he started off on his long journey which was to culminate in his arrest in Victoria. The warrant passed him to Marseilles, where he corrected it so that he had no trouble in reaching Alexandria, Egypt. After serving some time here on depot duty, he decided on a move and fixed the destination on the warrant to read Delhi, but on reaching Bombay last April found that a new document was needed. This did not trouble him long, however, as he soon found a Hindu typist who supplied him, for a rupee, with the necessary papers. A couple of signatures of officers, to give it an official appearance, completed the document, and with it Godson made his way, unchallenged to Calcutta. By forging another document here he was taken by transport to Hong Kong, where he caught a transpacific liner to America, landing in Victoria, where he was halted on Aug. 7 last. During his journeyings from France he collected the soldier's allowance for Arthur Hill at the various military depots along the way and rose from private to lance corporal.

In a letter sent to the military authorities here, written while he was being held in the city lock-up pending investigations into his past, he complained that someone had played a "foolish joke" on him and protested as a man who had been wounded twice (which was shown to be false) at being held in the city jail, denied that he was a forger and a deserter and objected to being placed with civilian prisoners.

He was placed in the custody of the military police.



Men. and Tues.

"An Extra Run" on FRY'S COCOA



RUNNING a big Mogul on schedule time is about as complete a brain, sinew and nerve test as a man could want. So when the order comes for "An Extra Run" that engineer is wise who fortifies himself with a cup of FRY'S COCOA. FRY'S, because it builds for "nerves of steel." It's such a splendid food as well as a delicious beverage.

Drink FRY'S regularly yourself and note the vigor it imparts.

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Satisfaction or money back

Briefly speaking that's our guarantee; and it's just as broad as we can make it. In fact, it's so broad that unless El Sidelo Cigars please your taste and win your approval, they cost you absolutely nothing. Here is our offer:

Step into a cigar store

and buy 50c worth of El Sidelo Cigars (Chesterfield or Club House size). Smoke them critically; note their mild, delicate flavor, and rich fragrance. Judge them from the standpoint of your own likes and dislikes. Then if you are not thoroughly satisfied, return the bands to us and get your money back.

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AT ISIS—T-O-NIGHT (FRIDAY)