

The Saturday Press

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THE NEW YEAR

THE world is face to face with another year of strife and bloodshed, probably more terrible than the one just ended. This time last year, Italy and Bulgaria were still standing aloof, vainly trying to keep clear of the maelstrom of carnage; before another year passes it is almost certain that still other nations, now standing in horror on the brink, will have been drawn into it. The good wish, "A Joyous New Year," must be laid aside for the return of more joyous times.

But a Happy New Year is perhaps not too much to hope for. Men and women have learned to be happy and contented with less—much less—than they once were; and they had need to be seeing those around them happy simply that the message of

ASQUITH AND LLOYD-GEORGE

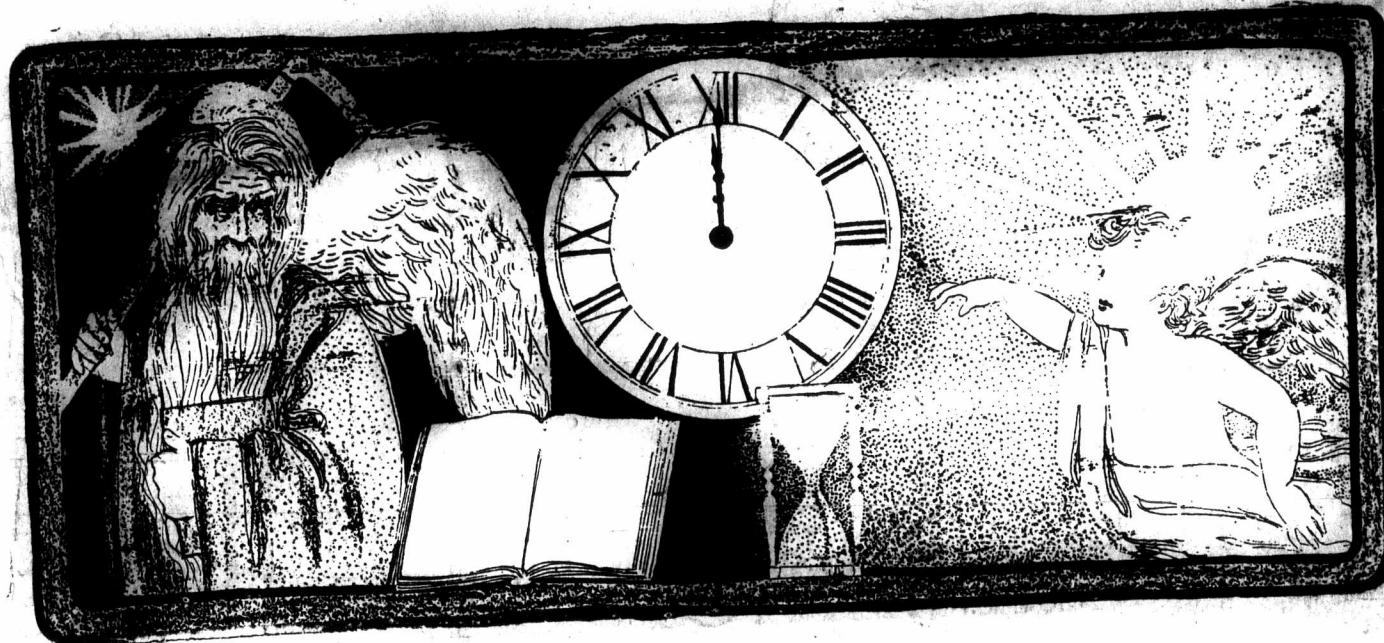
IT IS scarcely to be wondered at that there is a growing demand in Great Britain for Premier Asquith either to show that he has the strength of mind and courage to face the situation squarely, or to give way to someone who can do so. With all his undoubted qualities and talents, there appears to be something about him of that softness in dealing with an embarrassing military situation which characterized Gladstone. The hesitation of that otherwise great statesman has always been held as responsible for the fate of Gordon in the Soudan. The Asquith policy seems to have been to nibble at the difficulty ever since the war began. It is quite true that Great Britain already is doing far more than she ever contracted to do to fulfill her obligations to her allies; but for

have repeatedly declared it to be; or if it is he is wilfully endangering the safety of the State by his dalliance.

There is undoubtedly growing among the Premier's own friends great impatience, if nothing more, with the way in which his government has carried on the war, at home and abroad. Loyal to his leader as we think Lloyd George may justly be credited with having been, it is apparent that the time is not far distant when Premier Asquith must follow the plain and proper course, or see his Minister of Munitions step down and out to step in and up again.

ANTIPODEAN AMMUNITION MAKERS

THE Australians seem appropriately called the Antipodeans, for they are certainly the opposite of us in more respects than mere geographical position.



*The Old Year was a bad year, let it go.
Will the New Year be a good year? Time will show.*

sorrow was still delayed, and the dear ones name absent from yet another of the daily lists of doom.

For the majority of the people of Saskatchewan, the outlook is much brighter than it was at this time a year ago. Economic disaster, to the point of which we had almost approached, has been averted, and renewed hope given to many a discouraged soul. A year of reasonable prosperity, at least, may be looked forward to, as a result of the 1915 harvest. What the ancient and inscrutable Mother Prairie, lying resting under her blanket of snow, may have in store for us in 1916, is unknowable; but it may as well be good as ill. Then here's a Happy New Year to all: and no less to those who have been called on, or may yet be called on, to water with their tears a far-off and nameless grave. Theirs is the supremest and holiest happiness of all—the joy of sacrifice in a worthy cause.

a long time past the situation has been one without parallel, in the outcome of which it is not the slightest exaggeration to say that the fate of the British Empire is involved. It is a time, therefore, when every nation must do more than its utmost. Unless Lloyd-George and other members of the British cabinet are uttering bold and deliberate falsehoods, thousands of lives are being needlessly sacrificed and the war unnecessarily prolonged, owing to the lack of men and munitions. Standing in the way of securing such supplies are, respectively, the bugbear of Conscription and Trades Unionism. For months the Government has been temporizing with slackers, who have unmistakably shown that they will not enlist unless forced to do so; and parleying with union munition workers, who will not trust or follow their own leaders. For this course the Premier stands convicted on one side or the other: either the situation is not so serious as he himself and members of his government

A company has been organized in West Australia to manufacture war munitions for Great Britain and her Allies; and what do you suppose the silly asses propose to do? The prospectus declares that no dividends will be paid, and any profits remaining after retiring the capital at the end of hostilities will be devoted to some charitable or patriotic work incidental to the war. Although not even the return of the capital is guaranteed, those fool Australians promptly subscribed for the necessary stock, and the work is going on.

This sort of thing is enough to make any man sick who has any business instincts. Instead of pulling wires for contracts, and rolling up nice profits of 50 per cent, these bushwhackers are going to work purely for patriotism. Bah!

It is time someone in Eastern Canada organized an Empire Shellmakers' Protective Association to prevent the spread of false sentimentalism like that of the Australians; otherwise, this war will be a complete fizzle.