

and with red and green streamers and crackers, the tables were most attractive.

To read the menu: Giblet Soup, Roast Turkey with Stuffing, and Pork Sausages, Cranberry Sauce, Baked Potatoes and Savoy Cabbage, Plum Pudding, Fruit, Candies, Crackers, Cigars and Cigarettes.

It might sound good, it might not; depends on what you have had and what you haven't, what you have been through and what you haven't, but for each and every boy who sat at these gay tables in this beautiful room, we here knew that it was a royal good Christmas dinner. Nowhere could it have been better, none could have tasted grander. Many of them had been last Christmas and the one before in the trenches on this day, and all had experienced the hardships of the front lines.

After dinner there were amusements until 4 o'clock, and then the locked doors of the Recreation Room were thrown open and there was the Christmas Tree, and oh, such a big tree, reaching to the high beamed ceiling and spreading its weighed-down branches out so far! It was shining and shimmering, it was tinted with gay spots of all colors, and the lights from the many, many candles, from top-most tip to farthest spreading branches, set all the color and glitter into a Land of Fairies. Presents tied in bundles with white tissue paper, and red, white and blue ribbon hung through it all, and were the realities. Our boys easily filled the down-stairs part of the room, for there must have been 125, our house was full and many of our old boys had come to us for the day; then, on the stairs and balcony were our friends: Mrs. Raynolds, Mrs. Lloyd Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Shuttleworth, Miss Shuttleworth, Mr. Schell, Mr. and Mrs. Leech, Mr. Bingham, and others, and for them it must have been a double enjoyment; they couldn't but enter into the spirit, and had the added pleasure of seeing the boys thoroughly lose themselves in a good old jolly time. First, there were songs, the ones the boys love and can sing well, the songs of the trenches and the popular songs and "The Maple Leaf for Ever," and "O Canada," too, and while yet they were merry with song, the doors leading into the hall opened and in whirled Santa Claus laden with packs and in a gorgeous red sleigh drawn by beautiful big "Major," the Staff Sergeant's pet dog from France. One sack seemed filled with scramble-goodies, and at unexpected moments, apples, candies and cigarettes were hurled into the crowd. There were funny presents, which being chosen with a point and presented by Santa Claus, who had a surprising knowledge of each boy and a quick wit equal only to Staff Sergeant Foley, brought roars of laughter and cheers from all the boys. The real gifts were greatly appreciated, and it seemed that the choosing, sorting

and labeling had been most wisely accomplished, for each boy was extremely enthusiastic over what he received. One boy opened his bundle to find a fountain pen, a cigarette case well filled and a small leather photo frame; another a safety razor, a pair of warm gloves and a wallet; and great delight was caused by a flash-light, a shaving strap and brush and warm scarfs, socks, pipes, and tobacco pouches, canes, brushes, writing cases, playing cards, housewives, money-belts, and knives, seemed just what the boys could use and were so glad to receive.

The gifts on the tree were kindly provided by Mrs. Raynolds, Lieut. Harris, Mrs. Lloyd Harris, Mrs. J. K. Osborne, Mr. J. N. Shentstone, Mr. M. J. Earley, Mr. and Mrs. Shuttleworth, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Dawkins, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Robinson, Mrs. Wedd, Mrs. Bate, Mrs. Calderon, Mrs. Goulding, Members of the London Office Staff of the Massey-Harris Co., Mr. R. B. Leech, the Matron, the Sisters and other friends.

After Supper, which was still more Christmas fare, there were good old-fashioned games and more fun and more songs, and so the day was merry through and through, and to all it was just perfectly grand, but even though to some it was so wonderful, it was not too much for anyone. These Canadian lads of ours are just back from the trenches for a time, and must return to horrors fully realized, and any who will not be forced to offer life again, are so disabled that they turn to a new life, not knowing what it holds for them.

It wasn't a few who exclaimed at the end of the day, "This has been the best Christmas I have ever known!" One boy said: "I never had a Christmas like this before, I have been in a boarding-house for sixteen years and usually just worked, so that some other fellow who had a home could be off." A Sister said to a lad when he was showing her his presents, "Now, perhaps, you could exchange with another boy, if there is anything you cannot make use of."

He looked up quickly and replied: "Oh, they are jake! The purse isn't much good to me *now*, but do you think I would exchange anything that came off that tree!"

One little incident in the afternoon of joyous happiness and mirth, I think worth telling. Our fairy god-father, Mr. Leech, received an invitation to the tree, but felt he must refuse because he had invited three boys from an Imperial Convalescent Hospital near by to his home for the day to give them a day of happiness, but when his three guests were included, he gladly came. The tree held presents for our Imperial guests too, and when the name of Pte. Smith was called and our boys saw he was a stranger and in the greys of the Imperials,