

The Globe.

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THE WEATHER

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as though he should not be out of bed said to me, his pale lips twisted into a smile. "We'd be glad if you'd give us a little publicity. Every little bit helps." I walked back along the row of booths where the veterans in "civies" were working at their new vocations of shoe-repairing, show-card designing, draughting, and every other kind of occupation, saying to myself "Every little bit helps." Sometimes I wonder if these boys of ours who have come back maimed, physically handicapped and nerve-shattered, are not paying a greater sacrifice than those they left behind in France. It is up to us to see that they do not do so. As I write a soldier's wife has just come into the room—a slip of an English girl—with the announcement that she is going to move to-morrow. "I can't go on paying the rent here," she tells me. "His course ends next week—they gave him an extra month, you know—and he hasn't got any work yet. I don't know what we're going to do." Yes, I think the Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment display appealed to me most of all. I can't forget—I don't want to forget—I don't want others to forget—the needs of our boys in khaki, and out of it. A tinge of frost in the air reminds me that before I realize it Christmas will be here, and wherever I happen to be when it comes the boys in some military hospital are going to have a share in the making of my Christmas gifts.

I smiled as I entered the hall where Ottawa's "Better Babies" were being weighed and measured. A wee girl about eighteen months old was demonstrating that there was nothing the matter with her lungs, and at the back of the hall, among a crowd of interested mothers, sat a lone man. I wondered at his courage in remaining there, but when I read my newspaper the following day I ceased to wonder for that man's small boy, whose mother, unfortunately, was unable to be present, had won the baby's championship.

There was one exhibit which did not suffer by reason of the rain which threatened to spoil the success of the fair for the greater part of the week, and that was the free moving picture show given by the Director of Publicity for the Department of Trade and Commerce. Pictures of the scenic beauties, and the industries, of Canada were enjoyed by thousands, the hall being overcrowded every evening.

The Indian exhibit from the Department of Indian Affairs attracted much attention and I, for one, was loth to leave the little building where girls of the Huron tribe were making moccasins and snowshoes, and quaint hair and bead rings. The most interesting booth here was that in which an Indian, seventy years "young", was making a birch-bark canoe, a duplicate of one which was suspended from the roof, which weighed only twenty-five pounds. He used no nails in his work and only the simplest of tools, consisting of an axe, a sharp knife, and an awl. He takes four days to make a canoe which will give years of service.

This seventy-years-old Indian looks as young as a white man of forty. His home is in Maniwaki, where there still lives a tribe numbering three hundred and forty of his people—the Algonquin—of which he is an ex-Chief. Many people purchased souvenirs from the girls who were bright and intelligent.

The war trophies exhibit was considerably larger than last year. The colored official pictures of Canadians in France were splendid, one showing French girls presenting bouquets of flowers to the Prince of Wales and General Currie, outside the Church of Denain, where a thanksgiving service was held, being of especial interest at the present time. General Currie spoke at the Directors' luncheon on Friday, Veteran's Day, and later addressed a large crowd from the main bandstand.

A pair of beautifully crocheted door panels, representing "Victory" and "Peace", attracted particular attention in the fancywork section. There was a greater display of tatting than in previous years, and crocheted yokes of beautiful design in abundance. There was a very small show of painting, but a spray of apple blossoms and a vase of roses, done in oils, were beautifully natural.

Despite the inclement weather "Daredevil" Landrigan found, or made, opportunity for a remarkable exhibition of air stunts. A little excitement was