

Our sole and only legitimate business just now is to beat the enemy. That task accomplished, there will be ample time and opportunity for money-making, sports, 'amusement and "business as usual."

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The young man who waits for conscription to be introduced before he takes up arms is doomed to a bitter experience. He will find, if he is called to compulsory service, that the people of Canada will make a wide distinction between men of his class and those who have enlisted of their own free will. The term "volunteer" will always be a title of honor, but "conscript" will express derision and contempt. Young man,—make your choice while there is yet time!

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During the past year the Women's Branch of the Civil Service organization in Ottawa carried on a great and noble work for the relief of the sufferers from the war, both at home and abroad. Four hundred members were actual workers, many others gave assistance. The newly-elected officers of the Branch are determined to increase the working force and to surpass, during the coming year, the excellent record of the year just closed. There is a distinct place and large opportunity for the activities of the women of the Service. May hundreds of new workers and supporters rally to the Branch this year!

### A FLYING FOE.

A Canadian officer, a member of the staff of the Canadian Emigration Office in London, writes as follows from the Dardanelles on September 26:

"There is one sound on the Peninsula I have not attempted to describe. You hear it from sunrise to sundown in every corner of the place, and it will live with me for years. I believe the creator of the sound is really a

deadlier enemy than the Turk. It is simply an ordinary fly—countless millions of him. You turn the corner of a sap, and there is a sound like the hoarse growl of an angry great dog. Flies—millions of them rising from a piece of garbage. The torture they inflict is indescribable. They crawl over one's face and hands, biting and irritating beyond words. They fight for the food one eats till truly they must be brushed from each mouthful and your spoonful bolted before they can settle again. Even so, they often get into a man's mouth. They drive the wounded to the verge of madness. No one who has not experienced it can possibly conceive what is the magnitude of this torment and danger. There could be no greater boon to one then than a quick and effective means of disposing of this black, crawling carpet of flies which smothers the whole place."—From "Canada," London.

### TO THE YOUNG MEN OF CANADA.

There's a girl's death awaiting vengeance

In a courtyard across the sea,  
Who was put to death as others were  
While helping you and me.  
She died with a smile and toss of  
her head,

As you would wish her to.  
Now that she's dead and you're  
alive,

What are you going to do?

Are you going to be the laggard,  
And stay behind this time?  
Or are you going to shoulder a gun  
And get in the firing line?

Did she not do her duty,  
And in doing it help you?  
Now that she's dead and you're  
alive,

What are you going to do?

She died the death of a martyr,  
A Briton through and through,  
Now that she's dead and you're  
alive,

What are you going to do?