

Notes and Comments

HAVE you noticed how Henry Ford, the multi-millionaire auto manufacturer, has the knack of getting free ads. in the newspapers? He is not too wealthy to refuse "something for nothing"—"summat for nowt," as the Yorkshire dialect has it. Henry Ford is the man who used to pose as a philanthropist, but more recently he has been securing a cheap if nasty publicity on account of his pro-German views. He did his best to destroy the purpose of the Anglo-French Loan Commissioners, and declared if he had his way "he would tie a tin can to their tails and send them back where they came from." To remedy the setback

British airman attacked a German 'plane, and after exchanging machine-gun shots at a range of only *fifteen yards*, the German was forced to descend. The machine crashed to earth and turned completely over. It was found in our lines, with the pilot dead and the observer wounded. The curious part of the happening was that a Colt machine gun which was mounted in the aeroplane was found to have been one captured from the 13th Battalion at Ypres, and it was members of that battalion who held that portion of the line where the 'plane fell. Men of the 13th recaptured the Colt gun under shell fire from the German artillery.

Listen to this stuff, which appeared in the Canadian papers, and is reputed to have been declaimed from the

And will the Colonel also tell us just where "the kindness of the Canadian people" comes in in this particular connection?

Here is another choice tit-bit from Canada:—

"A farewell social and dance was held last night in honour of two of Dundurn's most prominent young men who have hearkened to the call of the empire. These men, who have been very prominent in the social and sporting life of the village, have given up lucrative positions to don the king's uniform and help to "do their bit," and their example will doubtless be followed by many other young Canadians of this district who, though loyal and patriotic, have not had the seriousness of the situation brought home to them."

"Harkened to the call of Empire," and "given up lucrative positions" is distinctly good. The young men referred to must have had difficulty in passing the hearing test if it took them over twelve months to hear the "call of Empire." Apparently, the implication is still that we of the First Contingent joined up to make sure of our "winter's keep"!

The Folkestone Chamber of Commerce has entered an energetic protest against the allegation (made in the House of Commons last month by Sir Arthur Markham) that Folkestone traders have systematically overcharged Canadian soldiers quartered in the neighbourhood. Sir Arthur and Lady Markham's residence, Beachborough House, near Folkestone, has for nearly a year been used as a hospital for wounded Canadians.

Philip Gibbs, the *Daily Chronicle* correspondent with the British Expeditionary Force, relates a curious incident which took place during the storming of Loos by the 15th and 47th Divisions—Scottish and London Territorials. A London Irishman was out in advance of his comrades, kicking a football towards the attackers' objective. Watching French troops thought he had gone mad with the excitement of battle, but it was not so. The gallant Tommy was "dribbling" a football towards his goal, and he held the ball for 1,400 yards. "It was," says Mr. Gibbs, "the best kicked goal in history." Who will now dare say that love of sport has made Britain a decadent nation?



which this attitude has caused his immense business, the millionaire is endeavouring to gull the public by extensive advertising in the British papers. A two-column article (evidently "inspired") recently appeared in the *Toronto Sunday World*, and contained some peculiar paragraphs. As instance: "He is a shy man . . . and avoids all publicity. He sneaks into the factory by back ways, and sneaks out again so that he may not be seen of men." We will let this *eulogy* speak for itself—and for Ford! Our personal opinion is that Canada has already interned hundreds of men who are far less dangerous to the State than this same Henry Ford.

A curious coincidence occurred recently, after an air duel which took place on that part of the line now held by the Canadian Division. A

platform by Colonel Currie, a Canadian officer home on leave:—

"Every man has to have at least one fine, full, hot bath each week. And he gets all the ham and eggs; and white rolls from London or Boulogne every morning; and roast beef or roast mutton or mutton chops and plenty of soup—all the good food he wants. Never was there a better fed army in the world than is the Canadian, owing to the kindness of the Canadian people."

We have no kick against the feeding of the Canadian army, but we would dearly like to know what particular outfit Colonel Currie refers to as possessing such a menu as the above. It might be worth while contemplating transfer to such a first-class hotel—we cannot call it by any other name.