



THE RED TRIANGLE



MILK FOR THE BABY.

Private S— was returning from France on leave as he had never returned before. The long, tedious trip was the same—the same rough Channel voyage, the same irritating but unavoidable delays, same kit, same weariness, same crowding.

But his anticipations were different; his status had taken on a new and bewildering dignity. He was still Private S—, of the Canadian Infantry. But he was also—Daddy. He repeated the word over and over again under his breath—on the train in France, on the boat, on the train again in England; and blushed lest his careless comrades had heard it.

And what made it all so unbelievable—almost embarrassing—was that he had never seen the little mites—twins—to whom he owed his new dignity. Also it made his anticipations so much the keener. His wife—the little Scotch lassie he had won—was to meet him in London with the twins, and for two whole days they would revel in the old pleasures of London in the light of a new existence.

Unexpectedly he reached London first. He was glad of that; it gave him a chance to pick his family up—"his" family—right at the station the moment of their arrival and save them the worry of a strange city without the protection they should expect for the rest of their days.

So he picked them up: his wife, a bit more matronly in manner and decision; his two—his two. But what's the use? Never in all the diverse experiences of this old world were there two such— But what's the use again?

And just in the midst of his triumph the first tribulations of Daddy began. Twin number one began to cry. He suggested that it was merely showing all its paces early in the acquaintance with its pater. She knew that it was hungry—and when the wailing had continued several minutes he was inclined to believe that she knew best. So he set off to get the necessary milk.

Now London was short of milk. Worse than that, it was illegal to sell milk to drink in any restaurant. Daddy's worries grew as he progressed from café to café. Not without a doctor's certificate could they let him have milk for drinking purposes. And twin number one was disinclined to wait for such formulæ as doctors' certificates. Daddy found himself getting into something resembling a panic—and mother began to feel grave doubts concerning daddy's omnipotence.

It was then the Y.M.C.A. Hut at King's Cross Station came into the game. In his extremity Daddy appealed to the source of most of his comforts at the front. And that was all there was to it. Twin number one mumbled into his bottle; twin number two likewise. Daddy's smile grew with his pride. Mother's frowns disappeared and her faith returned. And the Y went on serving coffee and biscuits and hot lunches to grateful soldiers as if solving a domestic problem was merely a moment's concern.

SEEING SCOTLAND.

Scotland has been a magnet for Canadian overseas soldiers. Not all of them have felt the call of the Highlands and the heather, and not all of them who have crossed the Tweed have sought or found either; but Scotland, nevertheless, has been the objective of so large a proportion of leave men that the Canadian Y.M.C.A. set up a Leave Department in Edinburgh, and spent a good deal of energy in organising a work that would aid the soldier in taking full advantage of his opportunities.

During February Lieut. George W. Beck, the Y Leave Officer at Edinburgh, organised eight excursions to Stirling for 104 men and four to Melrose for 68 men. At Stirling the tourists were met by a local Y.M.C.A. committee, and shown the sights. At Melrose a voluntary worker performed this function. The addition of an excursion to Roslin three days a week gave the men visiting Edinburgh a tour out of that city every day in the week as follows:

Monday, Thursday, and Saturday—to Roslin, to see Roslin Chapel and Castle.

Tuesday and Friday—to Stirling, to see Stirling Castle, the battlefield of Bannockburn and the Wallace monument.

Wednesday—to Melrose, to see Melrose Abbey and Abbotsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott.

Half fare vouchers issued to the men for the Melrose and Stirling trips made a convenient reduction in the expense.

One of the interesting experiences of many of the men going to Edinburgh was to visit the large Scottish farms. The country near the Scottish capital is noted for its agriculture, and to the Canadian seemed a veritable farm Utopia. Mr. Beck arranged for 37 men to join the motor trips organised by the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland, one of the Society's members going along as guide to several farms in one day.

In addition to meeting 350 men at the stations and finding them lodgings at Overseas Clubs or Y.M.C.A. Hostels, Mr. Beck and his helpers paid a number of visits to Canadian boys in Scottish hospitals, sent them literature, and when two of them passed away, organised parties of Canadians on leave to attend the funerals as a last tribute from brother soldiers. Throughout the month the Leave Department Staff co-operated in every way possible with the Overseas Clubs and the International Y.M.C.A. Hospitality League in the work of entertaining and directing men on leave.

THE CUP THAT CHEERS.

The Canadian Corps was breaking up. The Third Division, first to start for Havre, the port of debarkation, was on its way by units from the old stamping ground around Tournai.

The P.P.'s, as the Princess Pat's were familiarly known, dropped into a spot where isolation threatened to add its load of ennui and discontent. Four miles and a half away was the nearest entertainment, a show put on by the Canadian Y.M.C.A.—a mighty good show but a mighty bad road and a long way

to travel in that awful weather. But the boys were willing to face it—and so the officers marched them down *en masse*.

The show fulfilled expectations, but there was the march back ahead of them—four and a half miles of mud and cold, in pouring rain and deep darkness. With anything but pleasurable anticipations they emerged into the ugly night, the solace of cigarettes hopelessly sending fitful sparks in hundreds to lighten the gloom.

And then outside came one of those unexpected touches that took the rawness from the gash of military existence. Outside was even better than the show. Printed into the darkness were the letters "P.P.C.L.I."—just a couple of lamps behind an old cigarette tin with the magic letters punctured through it, but it meant a world of pleasure and comfort to these hundreds of Canadian soldiers.

And into the darkness rose clouds of steam from boiling urns. And the odour of tea and coffee was more to them than leave just then. For the Y had prepared for the long trip back while the men were enjoying the show. Hot tea and coffee—free—was there for them before the march back. And the chill February night changed on the instant. Half-an-hour later they faded into the darkness whistling.

SAFETY FIRST.

Admiral Sir Montague Browning, who took the British fleet to Kiel, tells this story illustrative of the stolid fatalism of the average Arab.

While cruising in the Persian Gulf one of his officers went ashore for a spell. The weather was intensely hot, and he thought he would like a bathe; but as the sea hereabouts is infested in parts with sea-snakes, whose bite is exceedingly poisonous, he asked a native to guide him to a spot where these dangerous reptiles were not likely to be met with.

The native showed him an ideal pool, and for the next quarter of an hour the officer enjoyed himself thoroughly. While drying himself he chanced to ask why it was that there were no snakes in that particular pool.

"Because, sahib," the Arab replied, "they plenty 'fraid of sharks."

IT ISN'T YOUR TOWN—IT'S YOU!

If you want to live in the kind of a town

Like the kind of a town you like,

You needn't slip your clothes in a grip

And start on a long, long hike.

You'll only find what you left behind,

For there's nothing that's really new.

It's a knock at yourself when you knock your town—

It isn't your town—it's you!

Real towns aren't made by men afraid

Lest somebody else get ahead.

When everyone works and nobody shirks

You can raise a town from the dead.

And if while you make your personal stake

Your neighbor can make one, too,

Your town will be what you want to see;

It isn't your town—it's you!

DISINTERESTED.

"I shall have to ask you for a ticket for that boy, ma'am," insisted a conductor, speaking to a quiet-looking little woman. The woman declined to pay.

"You'll pay for that boy, or I'll stop the train and put him off," he persisted.

"All right; put him off," she said.

"You ought to know the rules. How old is that boy?"

"I don't know. I never saw him before."