

cents at thirty-five m.p.h., three cents at forty-five, 3.75 cents at fifty-five, and 4.9 cents at sixty-five.

In Canada, the Dominion Bureau of Statistics reported that last year there were 1,568,758 registered motor vehicles, of which all except 291,145 were passenger automobiles.

Considered together these figures emphasize the great saving that can be effected by driving at or below the new speed limit. In these days of rubber famine and gasoline shortage, the economic case for less speed is unarguable.

And not to be underrated in importance is the reduced strain on bodily and mental health. The new speed law will bring a welcome relief from the high-speed tension that is a constant drain on the nervous system. For the blare of auto horns, the screech of tires and the hum of racing motors are a powerful cause of physical and mental fatigue, factors producing much wear and tear on the nerves.

Some of us may grumble at the rationing restrictions that have cut into our motoring pleasure, but perhaps when we adjust ourselves to the strange idea that feet have other uses besides jamming accelerators to the floor boards, we will prefer the side-walk and foot-path to the highway.

When the din of honking cars is replaced by the sounds of birds and trees, by the tinkle of bells and the lowing of kine; when the anxiety for young lives and limbs is lessened, and the laughter of children as they trip merrily home from school is music to the ear; when we can take an invigorating breath of air, and the perfume of flowers is not impregnated with carbon-monoxide fumes—when all the harmful and destructive effects diminish with the decline in automobile traffic, then we can begin to appreciate more the beauty and richness of the world we have been living in. As we take time off to view Nature's panorama of gorgeous and bewildering beauty, we may come to realize that instead of enjoying ourselves we've been living in a thoughtless, extravagant and wasteful sort of fool's paradise.

Who knows! The gasoline and rubber shortage may be a blessing in disguise.

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Although an old saying warns that you can't judge a book by its cover, the external appearance of a magazine or paper is nevertheless important. So, in line with this and by way of celebrating its tenth birthday, the **Silhouette** *Quarterly* sports a new cover illustration which was created by Cpl W. W. Skuce, N.C.O. i/c Draughting Branch, headquarters. The following verses, specially contributed by Miss Blanche Boisseau of the Montreal Post Office Department, catch the spirit of the drawing, and seem appropriate:

I saw him pause atop a Western hill,
His scarlet coat, a glint of gold,
Bold challenge to the sun;
And, steady 'neath the gloved hand,
A gallant mount had halted pace,—stood still
As sculptured bronze against an opal sky
True sentries of this boundless land!

I saw his gaze sweep o'er the purple plain,
Searching for such as might despoil
This peerless heritage;
And every sound hushed suddenly
Before the Mounted Law, as if it fain
Would homage give unto his youthful arm,
Guard of our far-flung destiny!