

CANADIAN SOLDIERS ARE CONTENTED LOT

The following article appeared in a recent issue of the London Times, and is from the special correspondent of that paper at Salisbury Camp:

It will be some Summers before the grass grows green again on parts of Salisbury Plain, where the overseas troops are in camp. There are a trifle over 30,000 men in the Canadian division (which is a good deal more than a division) quartered in four camps—Bustard, North and South Westdown and Pond Farm—and it is not easy to say which of the four at the moment is the muddiest. The men who are in Bustard think that they have a little the worst of it; and the men in the others invite them to "come and see."

In spite of the mud, however, they are all extraordinarily fit. The chief trouble among them is that more than the orthodox number of men have coughs as a result of the mud and the raw, damp weather; but they do their coughing very cheerfully. They call it the "Bustard whisper" in one camp and the "Pond Farm particular" in another. In the recent cold spell they were particularly fit; it bore some resemblance to Canadian winter weather of a not too Canadian kind. Now that the frost has gone and the ground has again become splashed into belts of slime and ooze, they object to it light-heartedly, but in language which is as vigorous as it is generally picturesque. Of serious illness there is very little; the men have too much hard work and fresh air for that.

Every day when the weather is not impossible of it, and the men really hard; and after five hours of stiff marching or manoeuvring (say, from 9 a.m. till 2) they come swinging in as fresh as the proverbial paint and put in an hour or so of football before it gets dusk. Besides the hard work and the football and the fresh air, they are behaving in a way that keeps them fit.

Independent Folk

Cases of drunkenness are few, for the men are fairly removed from the temptations of a large town. The nearest camp is 13 miles from Salisbury by a road which is largely a river of mud. The traffic which it is subjected to would test the best of high roads, and if you go to the camp by motor cars you had better allow an extra half-hour for delays on the road in case a heavy motor lorry has slipped into a ditch.

If the men are over-proud on any particular offence, it is oversteering their leave, for which the character of the roads gives some shadow of excuse. Lawyers, farmers, bankers, university undergraduates and business men, as they mostly are at home, they are accustomed to more or less independence in the spending of their time, and so—commanding officers complain—they have difficulty in understanding that leave to a certain hour is leave to that hour only. Besides the football ground, the chief centre of recreation is in the Y.M.C.A. tents, where there are great sing-songs of an evening. A "Canadian Officers' Quartette" is giving performances, in aid of war funds, at other places than the camp.

It gave one at Bourne-mouth on Saturday last, when, in spite of the fact that Mrs. Clara Butt had given a concert that afternoon, there was an audience of 5,000, and the quartette has had to promise to go to Bourne-mouth again.

Improvement Under Training

Of course they regret the waiting, but few, at least among the officers, doubt the wisdom of it. The training which they had at Valenciennes, good as it was, was short, and they are too keen on doing credit to Canada when the time comes to be over-estive at anything which makes them better able to do it. And they know that they are better able now than when they landed in England. That, indeed, is the one supreme consideration which, as a visitor talks to them, seems to influence them all; the hope that they, when the time comes, will bear themselves so that Canada and the Empire will be proud of them.

That they will there can hardly be a doubt; for they are a magnificent body of men. Among them are a large proportion (as many as 250 out of 1,200 in one battalion) who have already seen active service, either in South Africa or, being recent settlers, in Canada, as regulars in the British

Army—the "Imperial Army" they generally call it—before they went out. Among these old soldiers are some of the very best and some of the very worst—or, let us say, most trouble-some—men in each battalion. From among them are drawn a large proportion of the non-commissioned officers, and they can hardly fail to have a steady influence in the hour of trial. For there is no foolish bragging about the way in which the division is going to acquit itself, any more than there is any real apprehension. The men know also that even the best troops sometimes have stage fright. "If we can stick it the first time!" That seems to be the universal prayer. After that they have no doubt. And this sober facing of the seriousness of the job ahead, so vastly finer than any empty vapouring, is in itself a fairly good guarantee that they will "stick it" grimly and determinedly.

A Contented Lot

As for the conditions under which the men live on Salisbury Plain, there is creditably little complaint. Now that the tents are boarded, which many of them were not at first, even though the tents themselves, the men say, are made of poorer and less waterproof material than those they have in Canada, the mud is tolerable. Soon they will move into huts, as one brigade has already done; but when, no man knows, for the work on the huts at the moment seems to be going slowly, from difficulty, it is said, in getting material. Meanwhile the Government rations for the men are as good as perfect. Complaints of that are numerous and bitter. That, however, is a matter which, if it does not remedy itself, the officers will soon find a way to remedy.

As a whole the division is distinctly contented and is doing its best to be as fit as possible against the Day. Cheerful, filled with abounding health, looking boldly and bravely, the Canadians are likely to give a good account of themselves when the call comes.

IRISH IN BRITAIN TO HELP ALLIES

By T. P. O'CONNOR

London.—I was present at a meeting of the Irish in the New York castle on Tuesday which was typical of the Irishman in Great Britain at this moment of crisis. The Tynesiders Irishman is different even from his own countrymen in Great Britain. He swarms all over the place, largely because this is one of the great mining centres of England, and the Irishmen who were driven out of Ireland in the days of the great famine gladly adopted mining because it did not at first require any great skill, was well paid, and the hardships were not such as to afflict men who had rubbed in flight from famine and from plague.

In the first invasion by the Irish the Tynesiders did not receive them kindly. There are old Irishmen in Newcastle who can recall days when their countrymen were hunted through the streets. But that is more than half a century ago, and today the two races have mingled, intermingled, fought together for the elevation of the miner's lot, one of the greatest social improvements of the last half century of reform in England.

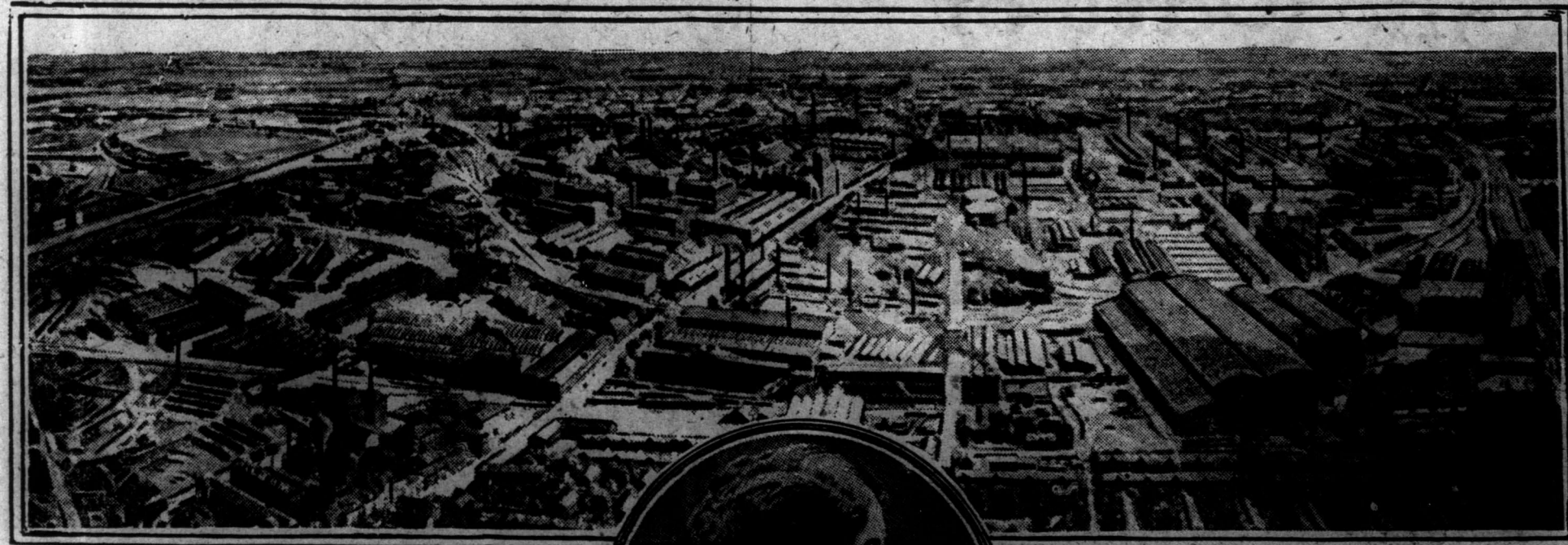
Today the whole labor movement in this portion as in other districts of England and Scotland, is largely run by Irishmen.

The Tynesider Irishman shows this extraordinary intermingling of races by speaking the Northumbrian dialect, one of the hardest in England to understand. Sometimes, indeed, I have found it difficult to follow a conversation between Tynesider Irishmen.

He also has adopted some of the characteristics of the people among whom he lives. He is slow of speech; he is resolute and even a little obstinate; he forms his opinions with perfect individual independence.

In that region there was not a moment's hesitation as to the attitude Irishmen should adopt towards the present war. Literally to a man they took their stand on the side of the allies and against Germany.

GREAT KRUPP PLANT AT ESSEN BOMBARDED FROM SKY BY ALLIES



THE KRUPP WORKS AT ESSEN.

An aeroblast of the Allies dropped bombs on the Krupp factory at Essen, the great plant at which are manufactured the famous German siege guns, as well as smaller arms and ammunition. According to a despatch from The Hague, this message quotes a despatch from Berlin to the effect that the bombs were dropped on the buildings devoted to the manufacture of cannon.

It is said that the airman escaped uninjured, and that the extent of the damage has not been ascertained.

The world famous works of the Krupp firm, at Essen on the Ruhr, were founded in 1811-1812 by Frederick Krupp, who started them "for the production of English cast steel and all other products resulting therefrom." A few months later—on April 26, 1812—the merchant's son, Alfred, was born and he it was who was destined to "make" the firm, to raise it, after his father's early death, from difficulties and almost from failure to the great position it holds.

It was not that these Irishmen were less energetic in their day than the Irishmen in other portions of Great Britain. On the contrary, there was no district in the country where their patriotism was keener. It was on the Tynesiders that Michael Davitt and the other leaders of the Fenian movement in the '60s found their largest number of recruits and their most daring spirits.

This Irish spirit, though transformed, has remained strong enough to keep the race still enthusiastic. The Irishmen have their own club, their own entertainments, their own last dances on the Tyneside; and the United Irish league has there some of its most prosperous branches.

When this war came, they made up their minds with the same promptitude, and they acted with the same decision. They at once applied to the war office for the privilege of raising Irish regiments on the Tyneside. There was some bungling and some delay at the war office and for the moment the project had to be abandoned.

However, the effect was that of the 4,000 recruits who were raised in Newcastle, 2,000 were Irishmen. They had to go into English regiments, and thus they were to a certain extent lost to Ireland.

The project of an Irish regiment did not die out though. Joseph Cowan, son of a once celebrated English democratic leader, owner of the chief newspaper in Newcastle, and a wealthy man as a brickmaker, retained the same affection for the Irish which always had been shown by his father, who was one of the first English Home Rulers, and immediately offered £50,000 to help Newcastle to raise an English, a Scotch, and an Irish regiment.

The lists were opened for the Irish

regiment again. In eight days 800 men joined, and in a few days from now the regiment will have its full complement.

A good Wexford man, Col. Byrne, has been appointed commander; all the other officers will be Irishmen, and soon those men will be on their way to the headquarters in Ireland, where the new Irish brigade will be formed.

REPLY TO A STRAND BARBER (From Corporal H. Pritchard, of the A.S.C.)

For ten days I have been engaged day and night going to and from Ypres, and have had to get forty winks where I could. Two nights ago I found a shakedown of a sort in a trench with a lot of our boys and not 40 yards away were the German trenches.

They were crowded with men who howled and yelled oaths in German and English at us, and then someone shouted, "Wait until I catch you bending."

This was followed by a ball of clay wrapped in paper being thrown into the trench.

On the paper was written, "What do you think of the Germans now? You are not so cocky as you were, are you? We are the boys to take the swelling out of your heads—A London Barber, late of the Strand."

The missive caused a lot of fun, but the reply next morning was not of their liking.

We were withdrawn, and our artillery shelled them out. Many of them were rolled over with our rifles and 24 taken prisoners.

One of them was the London Barber, who said his name was Cracower. He was a most impudent devil, but we soon cooled him down.

SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL APPEALS FOR A MILLION DOLLARS FOR BOY SCOUTS

Sir Robert Baden-Powell has appealed to the British public to provide \$1,000,000 endowment for the Boy Scouts movement. Sir Robert says: "Very good work lies possible to it, especially in the slums of our great industrial centres, where thousands of the poorer class boys are never given a chance to start in the race for life, but are left to drift into unemployment and misery without a hand to help them. Yet they are human, and could be made into good citizens and valuable assets to the nation in their thousands, were a little trouble taken to help them."

HALF-MINUTE STORIES OF THE FIGHTING

An infantry officer writes of the part played by his battalion in an action on and about October 25, the anniversary of the battle of Agincourt:

"In the long line of battle our division had driven a wedge into the enemy. So that a portion lay farther ahead than the rest of the army. We were at the point of the wedge. Our task was to hold the position until the troops on each side pressed forward and made the line straight again. That was what we learned afterwards. At the time we only knew we were ordered to take up a certain line of country and to defend it against attack. To begin with the enemy was at a distance, and we dug our trenches by day without any danger; then, owing to the shifting fortunes of war, we were ordered to advance further and dig again, after which fortune seemed once more and we were sent

back to our former place. We had seen this enemy, but movements elsewhere affected ours and we knew he was near. Therefore we dug all night until we felt ourselves secure. And none too soon, for at daylight fire was opened and shells began to arrive near our lines. Aeroplanes appeared dropping shining signals over the trenches to show their position to the enemy's fire. Our own aeroplanes hunted them away and we had peace for a time. Our guns opened fire, and the enemy turned their attention to them.

ONLY MILITARY PRISON IN ALBERTA (By MAX MCD.)

They are "in the coop" surely; but "they" are chickens of a decidedly different breed from those exhibited to visitors in the poultry building at the Agricultural Fair Grounds at Lethbridge last September. The place has been converted into a military prison, the only one in the province of Alberta.

The authorities were puzzled for some time as to where they could confine the prisoners of war captured in the province. The penal institutions are practically full, and there was no accommodation at Calgary or Edmonton. The poultry building at the Lethbridge Exhibition grounds was suggested and met with the approval of Colonel Cruickshanks and Colonel Wetherby of the Ordnance Division of the Canadian Militia.

Major Stewart of the Alberta Rangers has had the work of preparation in hand. A barricade of barbed wire has been erected outside the building to afford the prisoners an opportunity of exercise. The inside has been fitted up as a substantial prison. It is

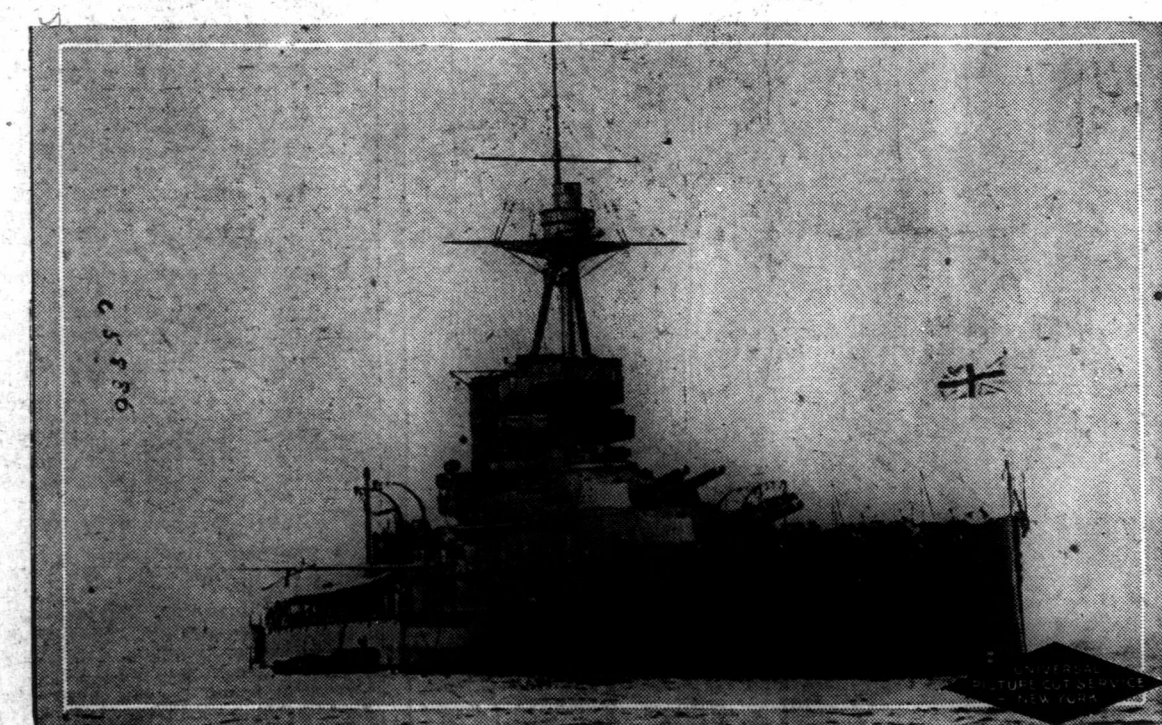
believed that before long the new guard room will be filled to its capacity.

At present twenty-eight prisoners of war are mostly laborers and sailors relieved from duty and turned adrift. When the war broke out they were naturally headed south by way of Couttes on the international boundary line south of Lethbridge. Most of the prisoners were arrested on the train or "biking" on the track across the line. The Germans include a few army officers and others whose actions identified them as spies beyond question. The German majority, however, are sailors, and they too were en route to Uncle Sam's domain when taken by the Royal North West Mounted Police.

The Lethbridge quarters constitute a concentration camp for the entire province of Alberta. With the coming of spring it is proposed to establish camps in the three National parks: Jasper, west of Edmonton; Rock Mountain, at Banff, west of Calgary; and Waterton Lake, in the South Kootenai Pass, west of Lethbridge. In these parks the prisoners will be put to work clearing boulevards of brush, making trails to scenic points in the recreation grounds, and improving existing roads to and in the parks. Having this work done by prison labor will not be taking it away from bona fide Canadians who need the labor, because if it is not done in this way it will not be done at all.

The mind is above fortune; if it be evil, it makes everything else so too; but if it be right and sincere, it corrects what is wrong, and molifies what is hard, with modesty and courage.—Seneca.

H. M. S. LION, ONE OF BRITAIN'S MOST FORMIDABLE SHIPS



The British battle cruiser Lion reports to be part of Vice-Admiral Sturdee's victorious squadron. The Lion, built in 1910, is one of the fastest and most formidable of the fleet. She was Admiral Beatty's flagship in the fight off Heligoland early in the war.

A MODERN CATECHISM OF WAR

Q.—Which army is winning?
A.—Both, according to reports.

Q.—Were the Russians or Germans victorious?
A.—They were.

Q.—Have the Germans been repulsed in France?
A.—They certainly have.

Q.—Have the allies been repulsed in France?
A.—You bet they have.

Q.—Did or did not the Germans advance their right wing, and is it not true that the Kaiser's army on the right wing was pushed back?
A.—Yes.

Q.—Which side is committing the most atrocities?
A.—Certainly.

Q.—Have the allies taken the most prisoners?
A.—Most assuredly.

Q.—Is it not quite true that the Germans have captured the most prisoners?
A.—Without question.

Q.—What is a censored dispatch?
A.—A message from the front with everything except the date eliminated and that has been altered.

Q.—Which reports are the most reliable, those from Paris, Berlin, Petrograd or London?
A.—Neither.

Q.—Is the Kaiser with the army fighting Russia?
A.—He is.

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A.—He is.

Q.—How many Zeppelins has Germany?
A.—Twenty-three.

Q.—How many have the enemy destroyed?
A.—Fifty-seven to date.

Q.—Which side is making the report says, "The enemy lost three men to our one," which side is making the report?
A.—Both.

Q.—What is the cause of the war?
A.—YOU CAN SEARCH ME!

HE?



He is bringing Old Time a birthday.

He is the young New Year.

Grace Hill with my mother, I'll have to wait now for the thirty, which will put us into the thirty station in about twenty.

Do you have far to go from home?

Don't sure about where I'm going, stranger laughed. Then they elevator and went out to the the janitor going down to the to look after home work being the building.

The street the stranger said: after lives at Grace Hill, and my way to pay her a visit, seen her since I was a little you. She doesn't know I'm for I wanted to surprise her. know it is only a little burg, all have no difficulty locating her home. Guess they have a war or a town hack there, eh? I left all my baggage save and grip—at the depot. It will out tomorrow—as soon as I sister's home."

We have town hacks, and also car," replied Tommy. "But I can help you out as to your home. I know most every Grace Hill—was born there."

Sister's name is Green—Mrs. Green. She's a widow with one boy about your age, I should say.

My stepped suddenly and caught the young man's hand. "She's sister," he gasped, a lump in his throat. "I'm Tommy Green, and you must be Uncle Thomas. I'm named for."

It didn't take Mr. Thomas long to grasp the situation, and Tommy shook hands all the way to the station. In fact, he wondered if Uncle Thomas let go his hand long enough for get out his ticket.

Soon as they got to the Grace station, there was another surprising them. Tommy's mother became uneasy at her son's and had "phoned to the office where Tommy worked. Luck-junior had not yet left the office, and explained to her that he was on his way home, and on the reason of his tardiness, the stranger he said in a thinking, of course, that the man had parted company with her.

Her mind at rest regarding her son, Green put the supper in the oven and to keep hot, donned her hat and went to the station to meet him when he should arrive at eight o'clock. Maybe you imagine her happy surprise when only her son, but her brother, and off the train, and soon she herself being hugged lovingly by a pair of arms.

Well, well, how on top the earth the two meet, and how do you acquainted?" cried Mrs. Green.

On the way home Uncle told the whole story, and the New Year, 1915, shall see a for both you and Tommy. I it rich out in the West—got mine, and a good one, too, and this day, Tommy need not work boy any longer, but shall go lege, by gum. And now we'll some supper, after which young and I will sally forth to greet New Year turkey and fixings for now. We'll celebrate New Year was never celebrated before in honor of our family."

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

WORD SQUARE:—
W
E
N
T

CONDITIONS:—1. Lance—Glance. 2. Glad. 3. Lock—Clock. 4. Row.

AGONAL:—Storm. Cross-words, all. 2. Utter. 3. Floor. 4. Store.

BUS:—Dear children, merry Christmas to you all.

TRUE-PUZZLE:—Santa in top of his bend in his hair.



Processed and Written One Below spell the Name of a Man the Public Eye.

HOW THE BRITISH FIGHT IN THE TRENCHES



An illustrative photo showing a typical British firing line. This picture was taken in Belgium when the British forces and the Belgians were defending themselves against the attacks of the Germans. The two men nearest the camera are operating one of the machine guns which have proved to be so successful in close fighting.