

British Tank Plays Part In Recruiting In U. S. A.



(1) Mrs. Wheelock, "champion recruiter," asking for British and Canadian volunteers, from the deck of the tank "Britannia." Joe Taylor at the right. (2) Sgt. Major Bramhall, in charge of recruits of the Jewish Battalion, leaving British and Canadian Recruiting Depot, 220 W. Forty-second St., New York, Feb. 28th, to board the Fall River Line steamer for Yarmouth, N.S. This event bears evidence of the desire of the Jews to join England's forces to maintain control of Palestine. (3) Col. J. S. Dennis, C.E.F., in charge of the Canadian Contingent, British Canadian Recruiting Mission. The kind of picture that fascinates recruits. (4) Lieut.-Col. F. C. Jamieson, in charge of the Eastern Division. (5) Brig.-Gen. W. A. White, C.M.G., Officer Commanding the British and Canadian Recruiting Mission in the United States. (6) Standlag; C. Brozman White, Officer Commanding New York Depot of the British and Canadian Recruiting Mission. Seated (left to right): Mrs. Gordon Auchinclose, Mrs. James Auchinclose, daughters of Mrs. E. M. House, and Captain Richard Haight, of the "Britannia." (8) Capt. F. F. Sise, in charge of the Intelligence Section.



BRITISH CANADIAN HUSTLE IN U.S.A.

During one recent week in March the British and Canadian Recruiting Mission dispatched to Canada 1,089 volunteers for the British and Canadian armies. During the absence of Brigadier-General W. A. White, C.M.G., Col. J. S. Dennis, of the Canadian Expeditionary Force, is in command of the recruiting programme in the United States. Brigadier-General White is making a tour through the south in an effort to stimulate interest in recruiting.

The pictures accompanying this article illustrate the campaign that is being carried on in New York by the Mission. Brigadier-General White and Colonel Dennis have started a whirlwind campaign for recruiting Britishers and Canadians in the United States covering the next two months



Their ambition is to secure 20,000 men from the United States, if possible, before the terms of the draft convention between the United States and Great Britain become effective. During the eight months the Mission has been at work in the United States it has secured 22,000 volunteers for the British and Canadian armies, and has examined about 16,000 more.

Brigadier-General White has made the point that if a Britisher or Canadian desires to aid the Allies he can do so by promptly volunteering, because the machinery of the British and Canadian armies for training men has been so well developed by three and a half years of experience that it can train a man and put him in the firing line in five months. This has actually been done in quite a number of cases. On the other hand, the United States Government, starting much later, has had its hands full in training the first contingent of the draft, numbering about 700,000 men, and the second draft will follow close upon the heels of the first.



The Government's Wolverine



JOE SMITH has been the population at Castle Mountain, Alberta, ever since the rest of the population moved out with C. P. R. construction in the early eighties of the last century. He makes his living by hunting, trapping and prospecting. Three winters ago, bothered by the depredations of a wolverine he set traps with a cunning which was partly natural and partly acquired, the result being that he caught a lusty young but somewhat incautious wolverine.

Joe, who has found that live animals of the wild often brought more money from the government officials at the zoological gardens in Banff, twenty miles away, than the dead ones did from the fur dealers, decided to take his prize to the government park. So, after painful adventures he boxed the muscular young wolverine and delivered it before the superintendent of the park. He was greeted with warm words of commendation, for the park had now a live wolverine in its cages. The fact that the animal had broken a front leg did not mitigate at all against the price Joe asked.

Joe put his catch in the strongly wired cage, took his money and went home.

The wolverine sulked and licked his paw. He snarled and growled and glowered at the keeper, who strove hard to win his liking with fancy foods. Two weeks passed, the broken bones of the foreleg knit—but crookedly, the limb flaring outward. The wolverine was so far advanced in captivity that he deigned to eat the food given him, but he always waited until after dark to do so. During the day he crouched and

gloomed. With good food, and the loss of pain from his leg he regained his strength and put on flesh. His cage, strong, galvanized iron wire a one-inch mesh, was floored with concrete, and had proven sufficient to hold grey wolves, half-grown bears, and full-grown badgers. He was considered located for life. But one morning there was excitement. The keeper found the cage empty, and in the wire, three feet up from the ground, a neat hole, the stiff wires thrust outward as though an eight-inch shell had passed through. On the ground was the broken half of a tusk, showing that the animal had bitten and torn at the wires until he had it broken enough to force himself through.

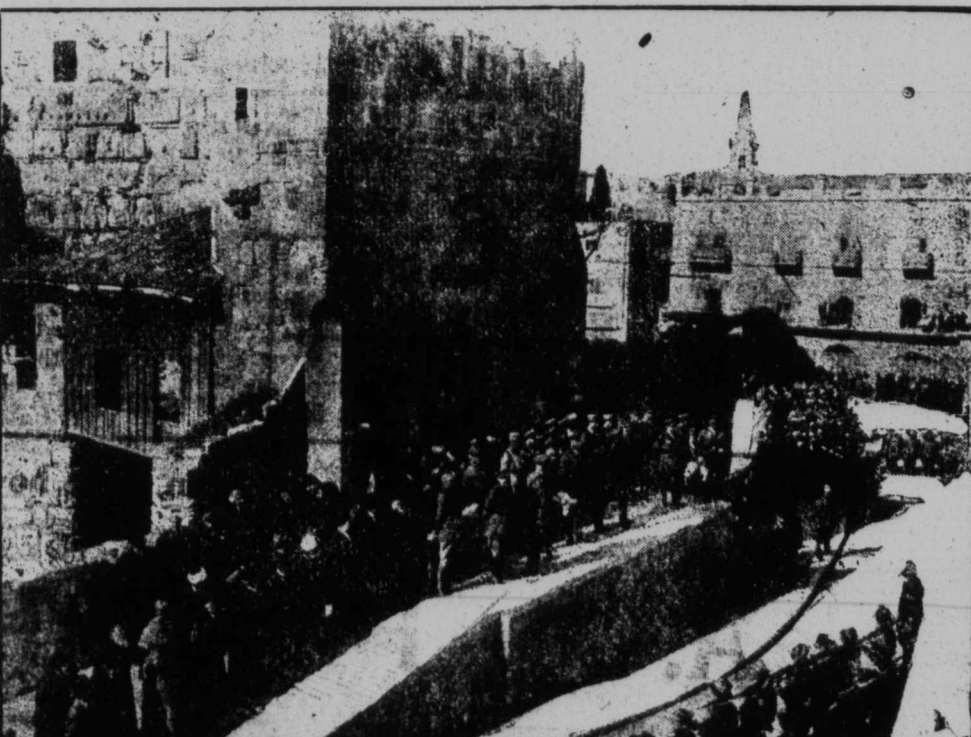
This was in the fall. That winter a trapper was camped on the headwaters of the Kootenay, near the point where the Banff-Windermere motor trail crosses the Kootenay River. He had a snug, mud-roofed cabin of massive logs, and he had plenty of food. About Christmas time he decided he would trail out to Golden for the Christmas holidays, so he locked his place and started with his dog and sack full of provisions. He was a careful trapper, and he left a small ventilation door, eight by ten inches, open. This door was cut through the second log of his cabin. He knew that no pack-rats would come in because a weasel had taken up its abode in a stump nearby and did most of his hunting in and around the building.

A week later he returned, pleased with his trip and pleased to get back. He opened his door and stood aghast. The bacon was down from its nail on

THE BRITISH IN JERUSALEM



The Spring at Solomon's Pool. —Photo by courtesy of C. F. R.



Receiving the proclamation from the steps at the base of the Tower of David, which was standard when Christ was in Jerusalem. —Photo by courtesy of C. F. R.