



THE RED TRIANGLE



A Y.M.C.A. HUT PROGRAMME.

Beaver Hut, the Centre for Y.M.C.A. entertainment of the soldiers in London, has so many practical ways of making London leave pleasant that the daily programme of its offerings reads like the "Old Boys' Festival" in the almost forgotten days when the revisiting of the old home was an annual Canadian function worth the personal concern of the entire population.

There is nothing perfunctory or incomplete about these programmes. They cover every hour of the day—at least every hour the soldier on leave is apt to yearn for entertainment. They put a friendly hand into his about 10 a.m., and they are usually able to interest him until bedtime. If they don't they take a serious look at the programme and touch it up where it lacks magnetism.

A three days' random selection from that gives about as good an idea as anything of the spirit that is behind the Y.M.C.A. in its London efforts:

Wednesday November 13th.

- 10.30 a.m. Sight-seeing tour leaves the Hut.
1-2.30 p.m. Free moving pictures in the Hut Theatre.
2.15 p.m. Afternoon sight-seeing tour leaves the Hut.

Tickets are on sale at the Hut for a score of the best matinées, some at greatly reduced prices.

- 4-5.30 p.m. Tea and whist with ladies in small upstairs lounge of Hut—ten men at 6d.
7 p.m. Fifty free seats to Boxing at National Sporting Club.
7.15 p.m. Social evening with games at Grosvenor Gardens.
7.30 p.m. Social evening with games at Chandos Hall. Admission 1/-.

Thursday, November 14th.

- 10.30 a.m. Sight-seeing tour leaves the Hut.
1-2.30 p.m. Free moving pictures in the Hut Theatre.
2.15 p.m. Afternoon sight-seeing tour.
Choice of sixteen theatres for matinée at regular prices with tickets purchased beforehand by the Y.M.C.A., and of two at reduced prices.
4-5.30 p.m. Tea and whist again in small lounge.
7.30 p.m. Potato Roast in Quiet Room, Beaver Hut.

Friday, November 15th.

- Same sight-seeing tours—they are fixed forms of entertainment twice a day.
Choice of eight theatres. Some tea and whist, 1 p.m. Albert Hall, Concert given by Eccentric Club, for twenty-five wounded soldiers sent by the Hut.
7 p.m. House Party.
7.15 p.m. Dance at Ashburton Hall. Tickets 1/6.
7.30 p.m. Twenty-five seats at reduced prices at popular vaudeville.
8.15 p.m. Fourteen seats at another theatre at reduced prices.

It is apparent that the preferences of different men are catered for. It is not the policy

of the Y.M.C.A. to ignore tastes. For instance, on Friday night the soldiers had the choice of a house party, a dance, or the theatre. And of course the Beaver Hut is always open for those who prefer to read or talk or play billiards—with a good bed afterwards to top off a day spent where the soldiers and their friends at home want them most to be.

Indeed, the Canadian lad far from home in London can have his every need supplied at Beaver Hut by Canadians—meals, entertainment, and bed. He recognised it in October to the extent of 3,500 meals a day. The beds were filled every night, and one hundred more a night were taken by the Night Transport Service to other quarters. More than 20,000 attended the Hut Theatre performances. And the overflow on the Strand proves that the limitation of the space in such a busy corner of London is the only obstacle to an even greater patronage.

The Beaver Hut is the best Hut.

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It contains dormitories, dining-room, billiard room, shower baths, lounge, theatre, information bureau, check rooms, etc.

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The line up at the Beaver Hut door is a sure sign of its popularity.

POPPIES IN FLANDERS.

By Lieut.-Col. JACK McRAE.

In Flanders fields the poppies grow
Between the crosses, row on row
That mark our place, and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead; short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunsets glow,
Loved and were loved—and now we lie
In Flanders' fields.

"Take up our quarrel with the foe.
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep though poppies blow
In Flanders' fields."

AMERICA'S ANSWER.

By R. W. LILLARD.

Rest ye in peace, ye Flanders dead,
The fight that ye so bravely led
We've taken up. And we will keep
True faith with you who lie asleep
With each a cross to mark his bed,
And poppies blowing overhead,
Where once his own lifeblood ran red.
So let your rest be sweet and deep
In Flanders' fields.

Fear not that ye have died for naught,
The Torch ye threw to us is caught,
Ten million hands will hold it high,
And Freedom's light shall never die.
We've learned the lesson that ye taught
In Flanders' fields.

[We make no apology for reprinting Col. McRae's famous verses, and R. W. Lillard's equally stirring reply.—Ed.]

A HERITAGE AND A CHALLENGE

The World has seen many Empires: Egypt, Assyria, Rome—all have had their turn; they have expanded into magnificent power, and they have vanished again. But there has been none comparable with the great Empire of Britain.

Britain has shown a transcendent genius for colonisation, and, mark you, a colonisation which means not the bleeding of the Colonies, but the pouring into them of the best of the life blood of the Motherland. To-day the British Empire occupies one quarter of the area of the world, it dominates one quarter of the world's population. It has been won by courage and sacrifice, and it is being maintained, as the undried tears in innumerable homes testify, as it has been won. Never was there so wide-reaching a Commonwealth. It is marvellous that the old Mother Island should have become nourisher of all this vast unity and mistress of the seven seas.

Our fathers were wonderful men. We are the heirs of a race of intrepid men; world-defying; ocean-defying, danger-defying, distance-defying men. The events of the past four years have proved that their soul goes marching on. The blood of our brothers has been shed, not simply to save for us our territory, but to save from the spoiler the soul of the world. Across the world has been written in red the great words Honour and Righteousness.

Now the conflict is over—now that we have ground the serpent beneath our heel—how shall we hand our Empire down, not only unsoiled but greated? How shall we pass it on to our children, not only as an Empire with a single heart, but a heart burning with passion as it realises its tremendous mission to humanity? Only by uplifting in the days of peace those great ideals for which our chums and brothers died in the days of war.

In Canada we have a noble heritage. They were indeed brave men who in the early days traversed a thousand leagues of sea, and penetrated into the heart of the great unknown country. It was for them a great adventure, and they faced fearlessly a country whose winter climate was merciful to those who were prepared, but merciless to those who were unready. Often disappointment chilled their souls, and just as often death decimated their ranks. But they held on, and by their courage won the land we now call home—our fair Dominion—for civilisation. The same spirit which took them there has again sent their sons back across the seas to help win the world for freedom.

It was our fathers' business to occupy; it is our business to use. The Dominion of Canada—Britain with all its kindred dominions beyond the seas—was there ever such a trust? Let us tremble lest we trifle with the prodigality of our inheritance and the magnitude of our responsibility.

No battalion that left Canada during the last four years will ever return again as it left. There will be vacant places, and many of us who go back will go back lonely men. But let us, when we return, take back with us the same ideals of justice and righteousness which drove us overseas. Let our vision be keen enough, our energy timely enough, our charity burning enough, to so serve our Dominion and our Empire that the nations of the world of to-morrow may look upon them with the eyes not of envy but of gladness, as they see us closing for ever the gates of Janus, and building upon the foundation of a noble sacrifice such a temple of Peace as the world has never known.

A.G.S.