

of the Extension Department of the Kkahi University of Canada, which will recommend and book these lectures for us. The first we had was a lecture on "Other worlds than our's," by Miss Proctor. It was to have been illustrated with lantern slides, but unfortunately the lantern did not arrive from town in time. Miss Proctor bravely carried on without the slides, and succeeded in interesting a large audience to the end. Major Corbett-Smith gave a dramatic recital on "Our Navy," which was thoroughly enjoyed by a packed hut. Mr. F. J. Adkins gave an interesting lecture on "What the War means to Us."

GLEE CLUB.

Finding that a great many men are interested in part-singing, a Glee Club has been organized, and has been meeting regularly for a few weeks. Music for part songs, quartettes, etc., is available, and all men interested along this line are cordially invited to come along on Tuesday and Thursday evenings to the practices.

SUNDAY PROGRAMMES.

The usual Sunday Evening Song Services have been held. On one evening we were favoured with a visit from our friends, the Ma dame Welling Concert Artistes, who gave us a splendid programme of sacred music. We hope to continue these from time to time.

BIBLE STUDY.

The attendance at the sessions of the Bible Study group has been steadily increasing. A new course, entitled "A Life at its Best," has been commenced. Every man interested is cordially invited to come along on Wednesday evenings.

We are very pleased to see the large number of men who are availing themselves of the assistance of the Red Triangle in the planning and enjoying of their Leaves. Several men have lately been advised in regard to their leave to Ireland and Scotland. We can put you in touch with the folks who will be glad to help you to have a good time in almost any part of the British Isles.

When on leave, would you like to stay as guest in a private home, or as paying guest in a home? We can arrange this, specially in connection with our tours to Penzance and the Isle of Man.

Our Scotland representative has sent us word that he can place men upon farms, where certain forms of farm life are specialized in, and where

our men might get a glimpse of Scottish methods of agriculture, and at the same time be royally entertained. Why not take advantage of this attractive offer for at least a few days of your coming leave?

How many of us have been advised not to miss seeing Devon and Cornwall before we leave this country. We can suggest a very fine tour through these two counties, to include the ancient and historical towns of Exeter, Plymouth and Falmouth, going on to the most western town, Penzance, and close to Land's End.

The Y.M. Officer will be pleased to be of any possible assistance to our fellows in arranging any of these tours.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES.

We sometimes hear of men who wonder where the profits of the Y.M.C.A. Canteen go. Few realize what just one item of our expenditure amounts to in one month. It may be of interest to know that on Concerts alone, in the month of October, just over £125 were spent! We had 15 Concerts, including one Amateur night with camp talent, three Amateur parties who received expenses only, and eleven Professional parties. As practically all our Professional parties come from London, railway fares are expensive; the artistes have to be put up at a hotel overnight, and this, added to the artistes' fees, brings the total to quite an item. Our aim is to develop a real high standard for our Concerts at Cooden, but—it costs money!

Somewhere.

Somewhere from out of God's vast store
You came to me smiling, baby boy.
I gave you all my tender mother's love:
God gave you life, honour, courage and joy.

Somewhere we dwelt upon this earthly globe,
And often when the cloud seemed darkest hue,
Somewhere around our humble cottage home,
I saw a ray of sunshine, dear, in you.

Somewhere a gingham apron patched and worn,
Will oft recall to me my happiest hours,
You played and chased the sunbeams on the floor,
And little knew or thought of other powers.

Somewhere upon a billowy sea you sailed,
Where wind and waves rock tired souls to sleep,
Defying danger for your country's sake,
And fearing naught but God and mother's keep.

Somewhere in range of shot and shell you stand,
My baby once and now my little man.
For duty's sake, stay boy and do your share.
Until the last salute shall sound somewhere.

—CORA L. MOORE.