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### CHRISTMAS, 1918.

Greetings and the Best of Luck to all Readers.

After four years of hideous nightmare, of frenzied frightfulness, of murderous madness, it is permitted at long last to wish everybody "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." We do so most cordially, heartily, enthusiastically. Never since the Star hung in the East has there been so memorable a Christmas as this.

In the interval since war was let loose, crowns have toppled in confusion and broken into fragments, Monarchies surviving from the Middle Ages have been swept away, venerable institutions, neither useful nor ornamental, have been ruthlessly scrapped. The Kaiser has been given the "Order of the Boot," sent into exile; Little Willie, that curious, made-in-Germany freak, has been marooned on a Dutch island; and the British Flag floats from the time-scarred, war-scarred ramparts of the Holy City.

It runs like a romance of Anthony Hope or H. G. Wells, yet it has been accomplished before our eyes, and so swiftly as to be breathless. Stupendous as each of the outstanding events of the past four years have been, the most stupendous of all in the range of its influence and after affects, is the taking of Jerusalem and the freeing of the capital of the Holy Land from the unspeakable Turk.

It is the gem in a cluster of magnificent exploits by British arms. Nothing fired the imagination quite so much as the spectacle of General Allenby and his staff entering the city on foot, followed by Tommy from Bermondsey and elsewhere, with Indian and Australian troops. It moved the most matter-of-fact soldier taking part in it.

Richard the Lion-hearted, with uplifted sword and chain armour, never in his crusades saw a sight so entrancing, though he swept up to the walls of the city itself. Seated on his charger in Parliament Square, he must have been moved to envy at the wondrous spectacle. The old and the false have been rung out. The new and the true are being rung in. So much has been thrown down, there is so much that has to be rebuilt. With strong vision, the memory of high achievement in the greatest, and let us hope, the last war, without vested prejudices, free men, every Canadian must play his part in making the world safe for democracy and democracy safe for the world.

#### FOR REFLECTION.

Nothing is more simple than greatness; indeed, to be simple is to be great.—EMERSON.

I heard the Bells on Christmas Day  
Their old familiar carols play,  
And wild and sweet  
The words repeat

Of Peace on earth, Good Will to men.—  
LONGFELLOW.

## TABLE TALK

By Miss R. MacAdams, M.L.A.,  
Alberta, Canada.

The Table Talk as usual touched upon the ever-increasing surge of cataclysmic changes—tottering thrones—crashing empires—kaleidoscopic exchange of place of prince and peasant, tradition and precedent swept away in the bewildering swirl of mad events. There was some conjuring with the pass-words of the hour—demobilisation and reconstruction—some speculation upon the world that is to emerge from the universal upheaval. And then, quite naturally, we arrived at the topic which immediately made the conversation general—the Canada that is to come out of it all—the Canada of to-morrow.

That it must be a different Canada was the common, firm conviction. Old parties and their shibboleths must go by the Board, and everything surely be altered somehow, "when the boys go home" to rejoin those who have watched and waited so patiently through the self-denying years.

There must be a wider sense of fellowship. The boys will take back with them something of the wisdom of all the ages stored up in these older, mellow lands—some realisation of the permanency and immutability of the great principles of right and wrong—of liberty and honour—some recognition of how ephemeral a thing is a human lifetime or a generation.

But will they take back too an irritability and impatience, a lack of sympathy with those who have not been permitted the wider horizon, who have not got the larger view? And has there perhaps crept in an insidious, easy tolerance of the weaknesses and frailties of an older civilisation?

In the general rending of the fabric of the world, could Canada escape the pains of re-adjustment? Could our sympathies be wide and generous enough to reconcile the views of those who went and those who stayed at home? We were serious enough in our apprehensions regarding that uncertain and troublous time before we should all have settled down co-operatively to making our land the best land of all.

It was the Thinker of the dinner table who came to the rescue and swept away the vapours of pessimism and gloom. "But why worry about Canada?" he asked. "For my part I have quite too much faith in our women to feel the vaguest uneasy concern, and of course the Canada of to-morrow depends upon the women."

He left us with a smile, to think it out for ourselves. Perhaps we did not follow the full processes of his reasoning to their logical conclusion, but he suddenly made us see our Canada a clean, young, strong, unwearied land, with its big experiences all before it, its destiny still in the making, a land which stands alone in the annals of all history as having, in its formative period, given to women full co-operation in the privileges and responsibilities of citizenship.

#### TWO NEW CANADIAN EXHIBITIONS.

Under the auspices of the Canadian War Records Office, two important Canadian Exhibitions will be opened at the beginning of the year.

The first, the Exhibition of the Canadian War Memorials Paintings, will be opened at the Royal Academy of Arts, Burlington House, on January 3rd; the second, a wonderful collection of giant photographs in colour showing the Canadian operations from Amiens to the Rhine, will be opened at the Grafton Galleries on January 6th.