

neighbors. And in the quiet, leisurely, intimate environment of these hospital wards all over the island there has been going on a silent forging of the bonds of Empire, the true cementing that comes from understanding and mutual respect. The discharged Imperials who come to settle in Canada after the war will have no equivocal welcome. And amongst Expeditionary Canadians, at least, I think, the "Broncho" epithet will be dropped.

Of course we are all keen to return to Canada—the new Canada which has achieved her birthrate among the nations with the price of blood. But we cannot return the same as we departed. We'll be wiser Canadians—with a knowledge not only of the geography and manners, but also of the viewpoint and institutions of Western Europe. We'll be bigger Canadians,—with an Imperial, not merely a provincial outlook.

This great league of Empire that we have fought under must, by no means, be allowed to fall asunder. We may leave the Mother Island for our spacious, breezy Canada, but we'll leave her, loving her. And we'll return to make the Land of the Maple not only a greater Canada, but a full-blooded, full-bodied member of a close knit League of Free British Nations.

"P. P."

Some things a Blue Armlet Can't Do.

The other afternoon Miss Romer from the Palace told us in her own confidential way, about "Some things a man can't do!" These limitations are only too true, and it set one thinking of a good many things that a wounded man can't do. For instance a Patient at Ramsgate —

Can't fool the Examining Board.

Can't throw off a fit (or misfit) of the "blues" for the first three days at least.

Can't see the idea of the 6.30 a.m. "Roll Call."

Can't help changing his linen once a week.

Can't make his bed to satisfy the powers that see.

Can't make nine shillings last two weeks.

Can't help liking the masseuses. Even if they do rub it in pretty hard at times.

Can't complain much after all, for Blighty has one or two advantages over the Salient, when you really think about it.