



# THE RED TRIANGLE



## Rushing Up a New Hut.

Construction work is being rushed on a new hut at King's Cross which will be a boon to hundreds of Canadian soldiers on leave. It is being built, in record time, as a co-operative endeavour on the part of the Maple Leaf Club and the Canadian Y.M.C.A., the former to build and equip the hut, and the latter to operate it. The site is kindly loaned by the Great Northern Railway Company.

This hut will have the biggest kit stores in London, with accommodation for 1,100 soldiers' kits, and will provide up-to-date dining and lunching facilities, designed for travelling men with little time to spare. These two are the chief features demanded and planned, though the Hut organization will be similar to other centres of the kind.

A Hut at King's Cross has long been needed for the use of the hundreds of soldiers who go to Northern England and Scotland on leave. Last month, according to the Leave Department of the Beaver Hut, a great many Canadian soldiers travelled this direction. It is possible that the Kit Stores Department of the Hut will be ready for use this week. At a time when demobilisation leave is coming through and many men will be seeing Scotland for the last time, this centre will be of more service than ever.

## Free Tea.

The demobilisation arrangements for the Canadian Forces by which Liverpool (or some other port) is made the jumping-off place for Canada, and Rhyl the place to prepare for jumping-off, bring the junction town of Crewe to the front as the place where travelling soldiers very much need and demand a cup of tea. Discerning the added importance thus given to Crewe, the authorities in a position to act have taken steps to meet the requirements.

In this case, as in many others, co-operation was found to be the most practicable method of performing valuable service. At the request of the Catering Department of the Army, Captain T. H. Miller, of the Canadian Y.M.C.A., visited Crewe to find an efficient and long-established organisation on the spot carrying on. This was a Church of England body of voluntary workers who supplied tea at a penny a cup and buns at a penny apiece to train loads of Imperial and Australian soldiers passing through.

Arrangements for a tea service to the Canadians finally resulted whereby the Canadian Army provides the supplies, the Church of England Society the workers, and some equipment, and the Y.M.C.A. the rest of the equipment, the supervision, and the sergeant in charge who will see that the boys get the service to which they are accustomed.

Now the train loads (about 600 men to a train) of Canadian soldiers who are passing through Crewe daily, find free tea and buns ready for them on the station platform. The hour of the train's arrival having been given in advance, along with the number of men to be supplied, when troop trains roll into Crewe there is very little delay in bringing together the two people who are looking very hard for one another, viz., the Canadian soldier who feels that he is a member of an army which travels a good deal of the time on its stomach, and the Crewe

voluntary worker who has the tea and bun ready to stand and deliver.

It need scarcely be mentioned that the Y.M.C.A. is keeping its service up to date in other ways than those mentioned above. This is no small task at present when demobilisation machinery is in operation and new plans as to camps taken over, etc., a matter of almost daily announcement.

## Letter Writing Not a Lost Art.

Now that the sword has been sheathed, the pen-wielders of the Canadian Forces have the field to themselves. Postage stamps to the value of 24,000 pennies were sold to the boys who, while on leave during the month of December, made the Beaver Hut their home. These would largely be affixed to letters addressed to Canada, but when it is recalled that the great bulk of letters Canada-bound travel with "O.H.M.S." or "O.A.S." in place of a stamp it will be seen that letter writing is by no means a lost art among Canadians overseas.

The busy Social Department finds time to organise several dances and smaller parties each week. Invitations to the socials and afternoon teas, in spite of the fruitful field for puns which these present to Canadian soldiers, find a ready response, partly because Miss Marion Walwyn (of Toronto) who organizes them, has a faculty of bringing along delightful Canadian girls to help entertain the boys. Among these young women so engaged at present are: Mrs. J. Suydan, Miss Eva Mundy, Mrs. Walker, Miss D. A. Corneille, and Mrs. Capt. Phillips, of Toronto; Miss E. M. Southcott and Miss Emily Wood, of Vancouver; Miss B. Pridoux, of Regina; Miss M. C. Barrett, Miss O. Powys, and Miss Tait, of Winnipeg; and Miss de Salaberry, of Ottawa.

## HELLO!

When you meet a man in woe, walk right up and say "Hello!"

Say "Hello!" and "How d'ye do: how's the world a usin' you?"

Slap the feller on the back; bring your hand down with a whack.

Walk right up, and don't go slow. Grin, and shake, and say "Hello!"

Is he clothed in rags? If so, go quick up and say "Hello!"

Rags is only just a roll just for wrapping up a soul;

And a soul is worth a true hale and hearty "How d'ye do!"

Don't wait for the word to go. Get right up and say "Hello!"

When great vessels meet, they say, they salute and sail away.

Just the same with you and me—lonely ships upon the sea;

Each one sailing his own jog to the land beyond the fog.

Let your speaking trumpets blow; lift your horn and shout "Hello!"

Say "Hello!" and How d'ye do?" Other folk are good as you.

When we leave this house of clay, wandering in the far away,

When we travel in the strange country t'other side the range,

Then the folks you've cheered will know who you be and say "Hello!"

## CAN MIRACLES HAPPEN?

In the Old Testament there is the story of a man who borrowed an axe. The head of it flew off into a river. A friendly prophet told the worried borrower to cast a stick into the stream. He did so, the axe-head floated, and the loan was made good.

Scarcely any story in the Bible has had more scorn cast upon it than this one. People cannot see how any amount of faith on the part of the borrower, or how any amount of holiness on the part of the prophet, could have any effect on the inert, unconscious piece of metal. They fail to see the connection. They take their stand on the axiom that iron cannot float and that no praying, no sanctity, no sorrow, can make it float. And yet—men take to-day, not a four-pound axe-head, but some ten thousand tons of iron, and they shove it out on the water, and it does not sink. It floats. Men get into it and it carries them safely the wide world over. Iron will float—if certain unseen forces set to work to make it float. What are the unseen forces that make the ten-thousand ton mass that we call a ship, float, and carry? They are forces that reside in the invisible molecular movements of the grey matter in the scientists' brain. Behind the tons is thought and purpose—elements that are all-powerful, yet are absolutely unseen. You can make anything float if you put enough thought and will into it and behind it. Even the world floats—upon the Divine thought and purpose.

## MRS. 'OBBS AND THE HARMATICE.

And would you believe it, I didn't know nothing about it! I 'eard the maroons agoin' off, and I said, "A hair raid (I says), them devils again!" and still I wasn't sure about it. Well, I went out into the garden and 'oo should I see but Mrs. 'Icks popping 'er 'ead over the wall. "Oh, Mrs. 'Icks (I says) 'taint a hair raid, is it?" (I says).

"A hair raid (she says); d'you mean to say you don't know? Why, it's the HARMATICE!"

"The harmatice (I says), and 'ere's me with me 'eart in me mouth and all for nothing." (I always said this war 'ud be the death o' me).

Well, I popped in again after a while and I 'adn't been in long before there come a knock at the door; so I went, and 'oo should it be but Perce, my second eldest, 'im what 'ad a bad attack of ammonia last month and works at Woolwich Arsenic. They'd all got the afternoon off on account of the harmatice. I tell yer, it was a day. So that evening 'e took me and Sue to the pictures. But fancy me not knowing about the harmatice; but, there, that Mrs. 'Icks knows everything. My Perce says they'll soon start demoralizing the harmy now. 'E says if Lloyd George can't demoralize them quick, then no one can't. An 'e's a great believer in Bottomley, too—you know, John Bull—is my Perce.

A. E. JOHNSON, Sgt.,  
Commercial Dept.

## NINE NOTIONS.

Opportunities, like eggs, come one at a time.

Let anger's fire be slow to burn.  
Make short the miles with tears and smiles.  
Life without laughter is a dreary blank.  
They that drive away time, spur a free horse.

Who never climbs will never fall.  
Two in distress makes sorrow less.  
Swallowing your pride will never give you indigestion.

He who thinks he will fail, has failed.