

gains here and there, losing trenches occasionally when old General Patronage led the forces against us, but on the whole our advances under Field Marshal Merit were quite encouraging.

The world embracing struggle taking place in mid-Europe changed all this and we started out on another mission, one of gathering in a much needed harvest of men and means.

Pilgrim-like, we fared forth into the highway and accosted a passerby. "What do you want?" said he. "We want you who have long been known in the community as a keen organiser to assist in raising a great Patriotic Fund." "Oh, I am afraid that such an effort will not be successful; better not try." Then we saw that his coat was tightly buttoned up over his generosity and he wore on his cap visor *caution*. To another we said, "Sir, the needs of the people of ravaged Belgium are great, will you not give of your bountiful harvests that they over there may not perish?" Buttoning up his comfortable coat he hastened on with the remark, "Oh, I must hang on to what I have, prices are going up." Lo! he was Contractor Opportunity.

Drawing up to the curb came a prosperous looking gentleman and we accosted him, respectfully calling his attention to the need of munition and arms, and soliciting his aid. Did he unbutton? Not so. His indignation could hardly be controlled as he fairly shouted, "It is the Government's business to provide all machinery of war. As for me, I am selling such goods." Behold! he was Big Business of Middleman Graft & Company.

Another came along; young, rugged and alert. "At last," we said, "we have one who will give of his substance and go out to do his bit as well," and received the crushing reply, "Do not bother me; can't you see I am going to the game?" God help

him, he was; but branded across his shrinking shoulders was "*slacker*."

Oh ye *Buttoned up People*, defilers of the Temple of Nationality, hoarders of the abundance that British Ideals of Government have made it possible for you to accumulate; slackers, shirkers, grafters, and all your accursed, abominable ilk, away with you into outer darkness. There shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth.

DISABLEMENT FUND FOR WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

Herein lies an opportunity, whose greatness is not exceeded by any appeal that has ever been made in this country.

The Civilian believes that it lies within the province of the Militia Department of the Federal Government to supply all the needs of the Canadian expeditionary forces for all equipments, including machine guns, field kitchens, ambulances, and that the combined official wisdom at headquarters is not in need of either advice or contributions from outside points, notwithstanding the fact that scores of municipalities, organizations and private individuals have in past few weeks raised some two and a half millions of dollars for purchase of above mentioned articles. The very best obtainable information is to the effect, practically, that such energies might have very profitably been directed towards the absolutely certain need of making provision for those men who have gone across, done their bit, are returning, and will return in great numbers disabled and broken in health with a whole future life's problem confronting them.

It is true that the Government gives some immediate aid and provides a pension that is liberal compared with grants of European powers; but how far will five dollars per week go towards settling life's monetary problems?