

"MEN"

(From the "Canadian Airman")
Men are what women marry. They have two feet, two hands and sometimes two wives but never more than one collar or one idea at a time.

Like Turkish cigarettes, men are all made of the same material, the only difference being that some are a little better disguised than others. Generally speaking they may be divided into three classes—husbands, bachelors and widowers.

An eligible bachelor is a man of obstinacy, entirely surrounded by suspicion. Husbands are of three varieties: prizes, surprises and consolation prizes.

Making a husband out of a man is one of the highest plastic arts known to civilization. It requires science, sculpture, common sense, faith, hope and charity, especially charity.

It is a psychological marvel why a soft, fluffy, tender, violet-scented, sweet little thing like a woman should enjoy kissing a big, awkward, stubby-chinned, tobacco and bay rum-smelling thing like a man.

If you flatter a man it frightens him to death. If you permit him to make love to you he gets tired of you in the end and if you don't he gets tired of you in the beginning. If you don't flatter him you bore him to death.

If you believe him in everything you soon cease to interest him and if you argue with him in everything you soon cease to charm him. If you believe all he tells you, he thinks you are a fool and if you don't, he thinks you are a cynic.

If you wear gay colours, rouge and a startling hat he hesitates to take you out. If you wear a quiet brown hat, no rouge, he takes you out and stares all evening at a woman in gay colours, rouge and a startling hat.

If you are of the clinging vine type he doubts if you have a brain, and if you are modern, advanced and independent, he doubts whether you have a heart. If you are silly he longs for a bright mate and if you are brilliant and intellectual he longs for a playmate. If you are popular with men he is jealous and if you are not he hesitates to marry a wall flower.

Let's Blow ...

More and more the need for a United Canada becomes apparent for the successful ending of this war. "East is East and West is West, etc.," should never become applicable to this Dominion. Her fighting men are respected as such the world over, not because they come from Manitoba or Quebec, or any other province, but because they are Canadians.

Popular beliefs by the ignorant and untravelled are listed below:

THE MARITIMES: A small body of land surrounded by codfish.

QUEBEC: A part of France, definitely against the rest of Canada.

ONTARIO: The home of money-grabbers and hypocrites.

THE PRAIRIE PROVINCES: Flat desert-like land where the money goes for relief.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: An unexplored land inhabited by Japanese and other savages.

Can we ever have a mighty nation while such ideas are prevalent? And a rich and powerful nation, Canada should be with all her natural resources and her peoples drawn from the best in the world. Already in this war she has proven her worth both in actual combat and in her ability to supply the weapons of war to hard-pressed Allies. But the limit of her resources has not been reached. If it can be reached, the rest of the world can sit back and watch Canada mop up the Axis single-handed.

Canadians are noted for being reserved and for their lack of the art of boasting. Being provincial-minded, they do not know what they really have got to brag about.

Well, fellow Canucks, let's start blowing our horns. When some lug starts shooting off his face about what it's like in his country, tell him about Canada—the country that has EVERYTHING. Get ac-

MOTHER, FATHER, SWEETHEART, WIFE

Somewhere a Mother, though miles away,
Smiles bravely for your sake,
Constantly toiling from day to day
Fighting tears and many an ache.
Somewhere a Father, a grand old man,
Is thinking of you with pride,
Waiting to shake you by the hand
When this terrible War subsides.
Somewhere a Sweetheart, true and tried,
Shrined in her heart, you're second to none,
Is waiting and praying till side by side
You stand together when the battle's won.
Somewhere a woman, a loving Wife,
Hopes and waits for your return,
Her words will cheer you in the strife
Of this struggle so grim and stern.
They love you and call in prayer
your name
Soil not their faith with sin or shame
When temptations meet you with its flame
But bring back golden laurels of fame.
—"DAD" PARKER.



"I'm so glad I've seen you, Sarge, because if I'm late back you'll know I'm okay, so don't wait up for me, will you?"—Humorist.

quainted with the rest of the Dominion. If you can't travel, read the articles in our Canadian magazines, which, by the way, are the cleanest and most interesting to be found on any newsstand. There you will find that the Maritimes do not depend on their fishing. They have great lumbering and manufacturing industries, mining and farming. The Province of Quebec is all Canadian and has proven itself by the number of men it has in the Armed Forces. Ontario people are generous and honest. The Prairie Provinces have taken many hard blows and have bravely stood up under them. And British Colum-

Duty is the idea by which we rob ourselves of the real joy of work.

Most people are about as happy as they have made up their minds to be.

The best way to win an argument is to let the other fellow run down before you speak.

He lost control of his car while lighting his pipe and the flame of life flickered out.

bia is a veritable Garden of Eden.

So ... We really have got something to boast about—LET'S BLOW!

—CHR

Smoke
WINGS
WINGS
Canada's Finest
VIRGINIA CIGARETTE

TRY THIS ONE
FOR SHEER SATISFYING ENJOYMENT
CRISP FLAKES OF TOASTED
COCONUT IN RICH
MILK CHOCOLATE
Neilson's
MACAROON
RICH MILK CHOCOLATE
BUY SOME TODAY..
Neilson's