

# Canada must 'Carry On'

## If Belgium's Children Are To Be Saved --

To punish the violation of Belgium and free its land from the Huns has been one of the strongest rallying cries of British and Canadians throughout this war. For it our men have fought hard and long, and, stronger and more determined now than ever, they are "Carrying on" to the finish.

When the soldiers first went out to fight the despoilers of Belgium, we who could not go undertook to help feed the starving women and children who were victims of German savagery. Are WE carrying on as the soldiers are doing? Or has our enthusiasm cooled—our sympathy died out—our help lessened or ceased?

Certainly the Belgians' need of help has not lessened, but rather increased! Three million women, children and old men are depending for food—for life itself—on the Belgian Relief Commission. The Commission in turn depends on us Canadians for a substantial share of the necessary food, or the money with which to buy it. If we fall short in our contributions, thousands of Belgian kiddies must go painfully, if not fatally, short in their food supply. Already an alarming number of them, weakened by scanty rations, are falling victims to tuberculosis.

There would be little merit in restoring Belgium to a nation whose motherhood and youth we had allowed to be decimated and weakened by hunger and resulting disease. Let us at home carry on the relief work as unselfishly, as steadfastly and as successfully as our soldier boys are carrying on the fighting! If YOU have not been helping, now is the time to give a hand and do your bit.

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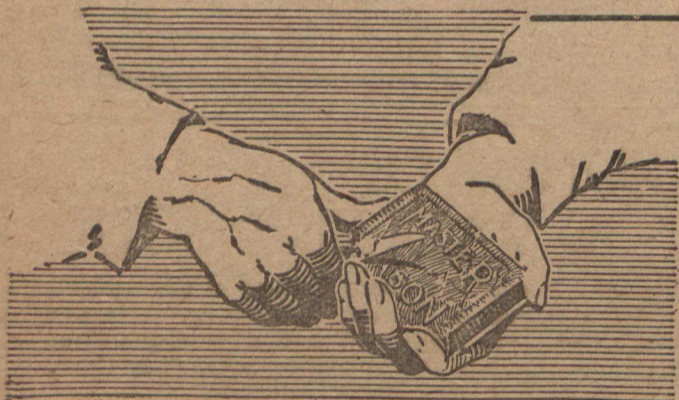
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## Simple Storiottes

TWO French-Canadian citizens were travelling down a river in a houseboat. One of them knew the river and the other did not. They anchored for the night on a bar. Along toward daylight the craft went adrift. Three hours later the motion awoke one of the travellers. He poked his head out of the door. An entirely strange section of scenery was passing. "Baptiste! Baptiste!" he yelled. "Get up! We aint here!" His comrade roused himself and looked out. "No, by gar!" he said; "we're twelve miles from here."

LARRY BOYLE was one of the substantial men of a thriving Western town. "I hear you boys are going on a hike," he said one day to a soldier. "When you come to Snake River take a good look; it is full of under-currents and eddies. I am the only living man who ever swam that river." Some days later the men crossed the river on a cable ferry and the ferryman casually inquired of a waiting soldier: "You don't happen to know a man down in your country by the name of Larry Boyle, do you? They tell me he's got rich." "Yes," said the soldier, "I was talking to him the other day. He told me he swam Snake River once." "That's right," said the ferryman. "He sure did, but we was all shooting at him."

BALZAC had for a neighbour at one time a nobleman of high degree, and often used to pay him a visit in the morning, clad in the completest negligee. One day Balzac met at his neighbour's the latter's niece, and felt bound to excuse himself on the nature of his attire. "Monsieur," replied the young lady, "when I read your books I did not trouble myself about the binding."

THERE was once a Scotch farmer famed for his strength, who was often challenged by people from a distance who had heard of his reputation. One day there arrived from London Lord Darby, a well-known amateur athlete. He found the Scot working in a field. "Friend," said his lordship, after first tying his horse to a tree, "I have come a long way to see which of us is the better wrestler." Without saying a word the farmer seized him round the middle, pitched him over the hedge, and resumed his work. His lordship slowly gathered himself together, whereupon the farmer said, "Weel, hae ye onything mair tae say tae me?" "No, but perhaps you'll be so good as to throw me my horse."—The Argonaut.

TWO huge coloured men lived in a precinct at Evansville during a campaign in which a certain politician ran for mayor. "Who is you fo', anyhow?" asked one of them one morning when he met the other. "How's you goin' to vote in de 'lection?" "Why, I'se fo' Smith, that's who I'se fo'—and you already knowed it. Why you ax me dat?" "Yes, you's fo' Smith. I know who you's fo', all right. You's fo' Sale, dat's who you's fo'."

THERE was a fish dinner, and Henrietta, aged five, was doing considerable grumbling about a couple of bones that, despite her mother's caution, were in her portion. Edith, aged six, listened to Henrietta for some time without comment. Then, suddenly, she burst out, patience having apparently reached its limit, "For goodness sake, Henrietta, don't fuss so! God put 'em there!"