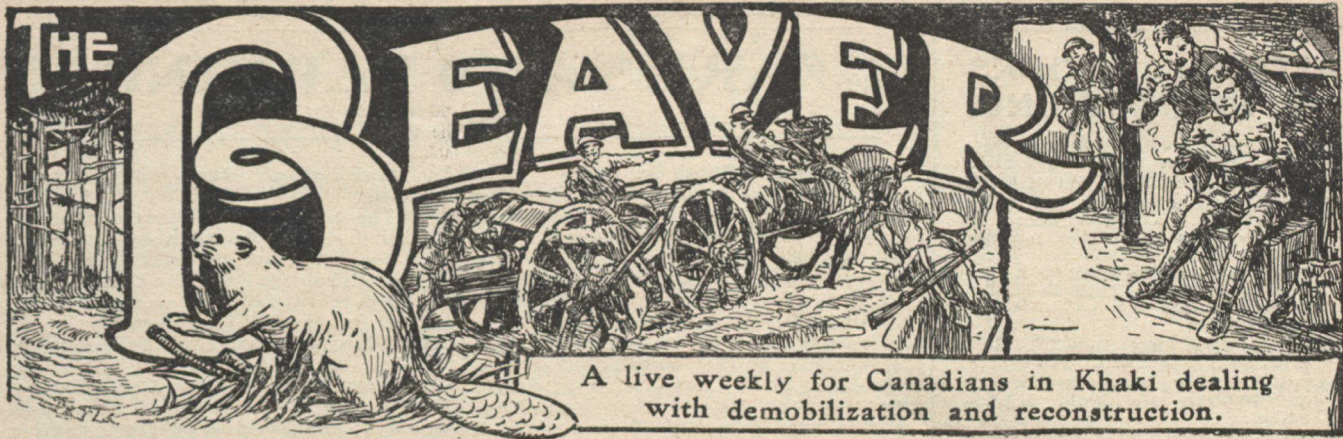


THE PAPER WITH SNAP IN IT!



A live weekly for Canadians in Khaki dealing with demobilization and reconstruction.

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RUDYARD KIPLING called Canada "Our Lady of the Snows." Geo. R. Sims betters the instruction and calls her "Our Lady of Smiles," for to him "a Canadian in khaki and a smile have become synonymous." It is a fact that the born Canadian can smile at most things and at most times. He managed to keep cheerful in all the slime and slush of the Ypres salient—the muddiest and stickiest front in Flanders, and to come up smiling every time. To finish the enemy without turning a hair and to keep cool and even-tempered while doing the ruddy business is surely perfection in the art of fighting. It was with a smile that most Canadians went over the top, and if they fell where they stood they died with a smile for freedom's sake.

Boys
From ranch and orchard
and farm land.

From factory, office and mine,
who had never the slightest idea and intention of being soldiers, left home with a smile, crossed the sea with a smile, and engaged in the world's greatest war with a smile at the strangeness, the incongruity of it all. "The man behind the smile," says Mr. Sims, "has not only interested me but instructed me. Privates, non-coms, and officers, whenever I have had the privilege of being in their company, have always entertained me with their breezy views on whatever subject the conversation has been. Five minutes with a Canadian is a fillip, ten minutes is a tonic, and

THE LAUGHING V.C.



Beaver Gallery: No. 8. PRIVATE T. W. HOLMES, V.C.,

Recently Decorated by His Majesty The King.

an hour is a whole medicine chest filled with cures for all the 'isms.'"

Private T. W. Holmes, the Montreal lad who was recently decorated by the King with the V.C., was just a typical, laughing, common-sense Canadian boy. He was born in Montreal, but joined up at Owen Sound in 1915, when he was only 18 years of age. He won his V.C. for capturing a German pill-box, in which machine guns were holding up the right flank of an attack. He killed or wounded the crews of two of the guns by bombs, secured another missile and threw it into the pill-box itself, causing the 19 occupants to surrender. And he did it smilingly,—as though it were a huge joke. As modest and shy as he is courageous and brave, Private Holmes went down to Sandringham, where the King held a special investiture for his benefit. Here he was introduced to the Duke of Connaught and Sir Dighton Probyn (probably the oldest living V.C.), both of whom congratulated the young hero on his wonderful exploit. Private Holmes could fight Germans but he could not carry on a very animated conversation with such distinguished personages. Still he smiled his Canadian thanks, which to the Duke of Connaught at any rate would be more expressive than words.

Private Holmes has put another laurel wreath on the brow of fair Canada, and his country is justly proud of him. He has returned to Canada—and is still smiling.