

walk. He was good company up the line; cool and calm at all times, and was always cheerful.

Red Roach was lucky enough to stop one in the right place and make "Blighy" on it.

Pte. Weddell, a comparatively recent arrival, was attacked in the rear by a piece of Krupp's best, and subsequently made England on it.

Pte. E. Enright hardly stayed with us long enough to get acquainted, he being seriously wounded in action soon after joining us.

We hope that he will regain the use of all his faculties, although we understand that he will carry the scars for life.

### UNIVERSITY OF VIMY RIDGE.

A purely Canadian effort, this, one of the best educational schemes ever tried on active service, it deserved to succeed, and that it failed can only be due to two causes, either it found no support among the rank and file of the Canadian Corps, or it was not organised on a sound basis. To us, it appears to have been the latter cause.

When the idea was first put forth I visited a small hut at a mining town, which had been lent for the purpose, and got in touch with the "Prof." He told me that the idea was to interest men on certain technical subjects which would enable them to get away with a good start on leaving the Army, in whatever work they preferred. That Khaki College at Witley was the mother organisation, and that the real work was expected to be done between the signing of peace and demobilisation.

That in this preliminary period they would take up four subjects, Science, Civics, Agriculture, and Business Efficiency, to which was afterwards added a French language class. These classes were to be held in the evenings. The agricultural class was held twice a week, Mondays and Thursdays. I was interested in this class and attended the lectures, six or eight of them in all, and was glad to see that practically the same faces came every time, and that they were the type of men that we shall need in the years to come.

However, at the end of about three weeks, the battalion to which our teacher belonged moved, and afterwards we could never get a professor to give us lessons. If it wasn't one excuse it was another, one battalion had no agricultural "prof.," another time a battalion was in charge of the hut and he had not arranged for lectures we were told. Finally the text-books began to disappear, and when we came to study the hut was locked, and then our unit moved.

Will those in power hear our voices crying in the wilderness and have compassion?

Here is the best manhood of Canada and the hope of our race in years to come; we have time which sometimes hangs heavy on our hands, and we want to fit ourselves for the return to civilian life.

Might we suggest that the work be handed over to the Canadian Y.M.C.A., who are equipped to let us have a meeting-place in every brigade area, can carry the text-books, and delegate an officer to supervise the whole course. Where a unit is separated and has enough men interested and a teacher they could be supplied temporarily with text-books.

Thus will a worthy educational scheme live, and the spare time of many a man be made profitable.

### THE "Y."

Wherever we move along the fighting area we have not long to wait before, in either a spare building, hutment or tent, there is a space furnished with tables, benches, and writing material, as well as a canteen where the smoker can buy his smokes, the hungry ones little extras, which, although commonplace in civilian life, are more than gold and silver out here, while the thirsty ones can find hot or cold drinks ready. Besides writing paper envelopes, they have magazines, books, and papers on hand, and in reserve areas concert and cinematograph tents.

This is the work of the Canadian Y.M.C.A., who have gradually built up an organisation which purchases supplies in Canada, transports them to France, has warehouses at the base, and advance depots near the front, from which they supply these branches, which is a credit to both the men responsible and the Canadian nation.

### THE SACRED ROAD.

We read in a contemporary journal that the French Government have practically decided to mark the line of what was for a long time "No man's land" by building a road from the sea to the Swiss border. This is an idea which has been discussed for a long time among us, and we think it will meet with general approval from those who have left friends and comrades along this winding line.

### ESTAMINETTS I HAVE SEEN.

We have all read about the spider who coaxed the fly into its lovely parlour, and how Mr. Fly fell for the soft words of the wise old spider, who was looking for a good fat meal.

The old story of the spider and the fly reminds me of the Mademoiselle, who stands in the doorway of the Estaminet, smiling, grinning, and showing a goodly amount of limb in a coquettish way, for the benefit of the poor unsuspecting Tommy, who passes by with his fifteen francs looking for a good investment.

When Tommy comes within firing distance, Mademoiselle immediately disappears into the Estaminet, leaving Tommy standing with his mouth open, drinking in the charms of the fair young lady, who so lately stood smiling in the doorway. He must have another look at the fair angel, and goes within the Estaminet, and no matter how sour the beer or wine may be, he stands by the counter drinking it and sweetening his beer or wine, as the case may be, with the occasional smiles Mademoiselle distributes among her patrons, who grow in number as the minutes after six o'clock pass by.

Have you ever seen the circus lady in her war paint, and heard her loving words for each and every lad who buys a diamond stick pin or set of cuff links? Well, then, you have a good idea how our Mademoiselle of the Estaminet looks and acts; in a charming way she asks first one Tommy if he loves her, and of course he does; then she asks the next Tommy if he loves her more than the Tommy next to him, and of course he does; so consequently competition is set going, and one Tommy tries to out-drink the other, ending at eight o'clock, both minus fifteen francs and waking in the morning with big heads and none too loving thoughts of Mademoiselle. By the time pay day rolls around again, both have forgotten their lesson, and the same thing happens again.

Mais c'est le guerre.