

FOR ALL.

Learn to cultivate a smile,
You will find it worth your while,
Someone's trouble to beguile.
Let your voice be softly heard,
Speaking oft a gentle word,
Frequent grumbings are absurd.
All too soon your life will pass,
Do not spend your days, alas,
Vainly looking in the glass.
But for others have a thought,
Never let your love be bought,
Sympathy is best unsought.
Strive to live that in the end,
When your spirit shall transcend,
Some may feel they have lost a friend.

FLORENCE BOOTH.

SOME GAME.

I'll go one, said Belgium.
I'll go two, said France.
I'll go three, said Russia,
Because I've got a chance.
I'll go four, said Germany,
And wipe all off the map.
But the Hun collapsed, when Britain
said,
"I reckon I'll go Nap."



Present address required of this "South African Veteran." Please forward any information to the Mail orderly. It is reported that he was last seen in a shell crater.

SILENT HEROES.

(The following lines which were found on the person of a dead hero, who gave his life for his King and Country, speak for themselves).

All honor be to those who win
The cross "for Valour" on the field,
Who steadfast fought and would not yield,
Through all the battle strife and din.
But there are those who faced the foe
With gallantry as great and grand,
Yet no one saw them make their stand,
And thus the world will never know.

A CANADIAN EDISON.

(By our Special Correspondent.)

The Editor assigned to me the task of looking up Mr. Charles Bemberton-Pilling, who has sprung into prominence recently on account of his many inventions. I found him serving with a Field Ambulance in Flanders. It has been whilst on active service that many of his schemes have been evolved, although, unfortunately, his military duties prevent him from carrying out the necessary experiments to perfect his appliances.

Armed with a special pass, a note book and pencil, I found Mr. Pilling engaged in dressing a patient's arm in the Hospital.

On the completion of the dressing I introduced myself to the young inventor.

A smile passed over his face as he asked me to be seated. I found him very willing to talk and after a few generalities he entered into a few facts concerning his career. An Englishman by birth, he had emigrated to Canada in his teens and had spent a good part of his time in Regina. Of a mechanical turn of mind, machinery had always interested him, and he had hoped to take up the engineering profession. On account of a delicate constitution, however, he found he was unable to stand the strain of a mechanic's life and had been compelled to make his living as a salesman. Despite this handicap, his spare time has been devoted to the reading of technical literature, and experimenting on a small scale.

"What was your first invention, Mr. Pilling?" I queried.

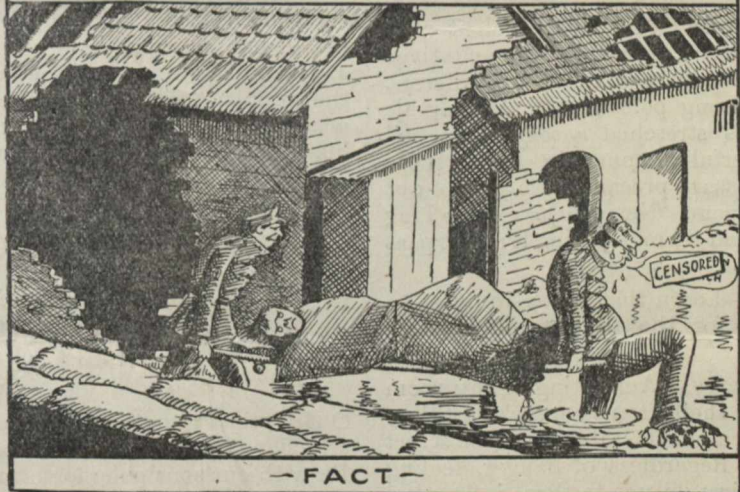
"The idea is not patented yet, but, as you know, the difficulty with anti-aircraft shells is the damage done and danger created to non-combatants, if the shell fails to hit the object aimed at and falls to the ground. Now my shell is rendered quite harmless and brought safely to earth by means of a parachute. The parachute is affixed to the interior of the shell, which is of the percussion type, and retained in position by the air pressure on the nose. On reaching the culminating point of its trajectory or flight, the velocity of the missile is practically nil, and the lowering of the air pressure releases the parachute."

"Wonderful," I cried in admiration, "and—"

"I hope you won't say too much," broke in the inventor, "as, of course, certain of the details are not yet worked



— FICTION —



— FACT —

Drawn for "Now and Then," by

Sgt. T. W. Whitefoot.

"There were so many things that I started on that I was unable to finish, so that is rather a difficult question to answer. My first patented machine was my Macaroni Drill for boring holes in macaroni. I made several hundred dollars on this appliance but, unfortunately, I lost all my profit in research work for my Potted Air for Divers. Other little things that I patented in the early days were a combined umbrella and fishing rod and an oxy-hydrogen blowing apparatus for welding spots on rocking horses."

"I understand that since you have been in Flanders, you have placed many ideas at the disposal of the War Office."

"Yes, quite a few," replied Mr. Pilling.

"My readers would be very pleased to hear particulars of any of your military inventions. What of your new anti-aircraft shell?"

out. Now you must excuse me, as I have to conduct some experiments with my new ray."

"Ray? Mr. Pilling," I asked, "I had not heard that you were experimenting with a new ray. What is its purpose?"

"It will de-atomise steel," modestly answered this young Edison.

"But the war!" I ejaculated. "Any power—"

"Yes, yes. The power that owns that ray will make the enemy's artillery and firearms crumble to dust. I must say nothing more."

Despite my repeated requests I could draw nothing further from Mr. Pilling. On changing the subject I discovered that Mr. Pilling for relaxation reads the "Daily Mail," and is greatly interested in the articles by Hilaire Belloc.

A warm handshake and mutual good luck wishes, and I wished the young Canadian "Good-bye."