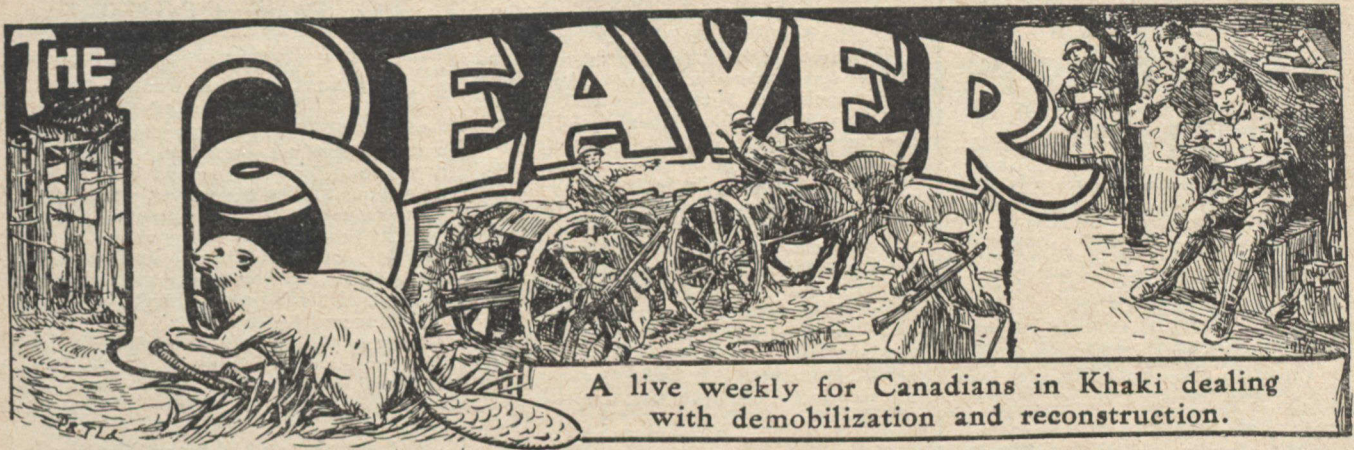


THE PAPER WITH SNAP IN IT!



ISSUED BY THE KHAKI UNIVERSITY OF CANADA.

VOL. I. No. 4.

LONDON, JANUARY 4TH, 1919.

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LANDS FOR SOLDIERS.

The general development of the non-producing lands of the Dominion and the placing of such areas at the disposal of the right kind of post-war settler, formed the subject of a recent conference between the B.C. Cabinet and Hon. J. A. Calder, Minister of Colonization and Immigration. Mr. Calder explained to the executive that his visit was primarily concerned in gauging the feeling of the various Provincial Governments relating to the inauguration of a Canadian policy similar to that already instituted in that Province for the bringing of vacant lands under occupation and production. The plan is directed toward co-operative enterprise between the Federal and Provincial Governments, with the suggestion that the Dominion place its credit behind that of the Province to make possible the securing of the lands held out of production.

PUZZLES FOR THE POILU.

The English soldier I esteem, *mais oui*,
Yet he is strange I many times have found;
He tell me once that he was "up a tree,"
Yes, "*dans un arbre*," when he stood on
the ground.

He added, laughing, as the English do,
"I'm in a hole"; I did not this believe,
For I translate his sentence "*dans un trou*,"
And not one little hole could I perceive.

And when a comrade come, to my amaze,
"Old man, I'm fairly in the soup," he say;
"*Le potage*," figure to yourself this phrase!
Does he believe I am a child at play?

HOME VIA PANAMA.

Sir Edward Kemp, Canadian Overseas Minister, has issued a statement that Canadian Troops from British Columbia belonging to various branches of the service from which they can now be spared by reason of the signing of the armistice, will be transported home via the Panama Canal on one of the large C.P.R. liners which is being returned for service on the Pacific Ocean.

Some thousands of troops will thus make the voyage direct to their home Provinces without involving travel by rail across Canada, and it is safe to conclude that the enterprise will be very popularly approved.

ADDRESSING LETTERS.

It is notified by Canadian Headquarters that after demobilisation has begun, letters addressed to officers and other ranks of the Canadian Forces, should have the name and address of the sender clearly written on the outside of the envelope, so that in case of non-delivery they may be returned without delay. All ranks are advised to inform their correspondents accordingly as soon as possible.

NEW ATTRACTION.

Canada has the greatest per capita fire loss in the world, and so far nobody has put that fact to the only use that is possible for it. Why not advertise it as an attraction to prospective immigrants who like the excitement of following the fire brigade?

DON'T.

In Saskatchewan they're talking of establishing a chair of journalism in the Provincial University. And from every newspaper office comes an emphatic "Don't!" The universities have enough to answer for.

TO THE EDITOR.

ARGYLL HOUSE, REGENT ST.,
LONDON, W. 1.

At our office to-day I was much interested in the strange use, or misuse, of adjectives by the ladies working around here, and, on my commenting on the matter, a very exciting argument ensued. I contended that the English people were wasteful with their adjectives and used them so freely on small matters that they were at a loss to adequately express their feeling when brought up against something really great.

Being in the majority (one against three) of course I was utterly routed in the discussion, and so withdrew to my own corner and wrote the following lines on "Frightfulness."

Walking down Oxford Street the other day with a lady friend I was greatly amused, and interested, in her peculiar misuse of adjectives—a habit which seems peculiar to English people.

We passed an old man selling bootlaces and matches. He was undoubtedly a peculiar looking individual and would have provoked a smile from the most solemn of folk. "What a frightfully funny old man," said my friend.

During our walk I entertained my friend with stories of the West. "How frightfully interesting," she exclaimed.

A newsboy was shouting something regarding fresh German atrocities. "How frightfully shocking," said the lady.

We spoke of a mutual friend who was then entering the Royal Air Force. "He's frightfully keen on flying," was my friend's comment.

She was telling me of General Foch's reception in London a few days ago—"It would have been splendid had not the weather been so frightfully wet and dismal," she exclaimed.

We went into a well-known restaurant for tea and her first remark on entering the place was—"How frightfully crowded it is!"

I have looked at my dictionary and find the word "frightful" given as meaning "Exciting alarm, impressing terror."

P.S.—Have shown this to the ladies in the office. One says it is frightfully-clever of me and another that I am frightfully stupid.

Please, Mr. Editor, can you help me out? It seems to me that this subject is worthy of a place in your paper as we Canadians are so often accused of using "frightfully bad English."

Speaking of THE BEAVER (the paper, not the hut) may I congratulate you on your first copy—it is good; as an erstwhile western editor I appreciate your efforts and the success which attended them. Am looking for number two now.

Trusting I am not wasting your time too much and hoping to see some remarks on the above subject,

F. W. PHIPPS, Sgt.

KHAKI COLLEGE,
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Many thanks for copies of the BEAVER, Volume 1, No. 1.

It is being enjoyed by the staff and students, and copies have been placed to attract those who have not yet enrolled.

A. JOAM BOSHAM,
Major.

Officer i/c Educational Work, M.C.H., Epsom.



EXTRADITED FROM BOHEMIA.

From near the village of Harmony, at the foot of the Green Mountains, came Miss Medora Martin to New York with her colour-box and easel.

Miss Medora resembled the rose which the autumnal frosts had spared the longest of all her sister blossoms. In Harmony, when she started alone to the wicked city to study art, they said she was a mad, reckless, headstrong girl. In New York, when she first took her seat at a West Side boarding-house table, the boarders asked: "Who is the nice-looking old maid?"

Medora took heart, a cheap hall bedroom, and two art lessons a week from Professor Angelini, a retired barber who had studied his profession in a Harlem dancing academy. There was no one to set her right, for here in the big city they do it unto all of us. How many of us are badly shaved daily and taught the two-step imperfectly by ex-pupils of Bastien Le Page and Gérôme? The most pathetic sight in New York—except the manners of the rush-hour crowds—is the dreary march of the hopeless army of Mediocrity. Here Art is no benignant goddess, but a Circe who turns her wooers into mewing Toms and Tabbies who linger about the doorsteps of her abode, unmindful of the flying brickbats and boot-jacks of the critics. Some of us creep back to our native villages to the skim-milk of "I told you so"; but most of us prefer to remain in the cold courtyard of our mistress's temple, snatching the scraps that fall from her divine table d'hôte. But some of us grow weary at last of the fruitless service. And then there are two fates open to us. We can get a job driving a grocer's wagon, or we can get swallowed up in the Vortex of Bohemia. The latter sounds good; but the former really pans out better. For when the grocer pays us off we can rent a dress-suit and—the capitalized system of humour describes it best—Get Bohemia On the Run.

Miss Medora chose the Vortex, and thereby furnishes us with our little story.

Professor Angelini praised her sketches excessively. Once when she had made a neat study of a horse-chestnut tree in the park he declared she would become a second Rosa Bonheur. Again—a great artist has his moods—he would say cruel and cutting things. For example, Medora had spent an afternoon patiently sketching the statue and the architecture at Columbus Circle. Tossing it aside with a sneer, the professor informed her that Giotto had once drawn a perfect circle with one sweep of his hand.

One day it rained, the weekly remittance from Harmony was overdue, Medora had a headache, the professor had tried to borrow two dollars from her, her art dealer had sent back all her water-colours unsold, and—Mr. Binkley asked her out to dinner.

Mr. Binkley was the gay boy of the boarding-house. He was forty-nine, and owned a

fish-stall in a down-town market. But after six o'clock he wore an evening suit and whooped things up connected with the beaux arts. The young men said he was an "Indian." He was supposed to be an accomplished habitué of the inner circles of Bohemia. It was no secret that he had once loaned £10 to a young man who had had a drawing printed in "Puck." Often has one thus obtained his entrée into the charmed circle, while the other obtained both his entrée and roast.

The other boarders enviously regarded Medora as she left at Mr. Binkley's side at nine o'clock. She was as sweet as a cluster of dried autumn grasses in her pale blue—oh—er—that very thin stuff—in her pale blue Comstocked silk waist and box-pleated-voile skirt, with a soft pink glow on her thin cheeks and the tiniest bit of rouge powder on her face, with her handkerchief and room key in her brown walrus, pebble-grain hand-bag.

And Mr. Binkley looked imposing and dashing with his red face and grey moustache, and his tight dress-coat, that made the back of his neck roll up just like a successful novelist's.

They drove in a cab to the Café Terence just off the most glittering part of Broadway, which, as everyone knows, is one of the most popular and widely-patronized, jealously-exclusive Bohemian resorts in the city.

Down between the rows of little tables tripped Medora, of the Green Mountains, after her escort. Thrice in a lifetime may woman walk upon clouds—once when she trippeth to the altar, once when she first enters Bohemian halls, the last when she marches back across her first garden with the dead hen of her neighbour in her hand.

There was a table set, with three or four about it. A waiter buzzed around it like a bee, and silver and glass shone upon it. And, preliminary to the meal, as the prehistoric granite strata heralded the protozoa, the bread of Gaul, compounded after the formula of the recipe for the eternal hill, was there set forth to the hand and tooth of a long-suffering city, while the gods lay beside their nectar and home-made biscuits and smiled, and the dentists leaped for joy in their gold-leafy dens.

The eye of Binkley fixed a young man at his table with the Bohemian gleam, which is a compound of the look of the Basilisk, the shine of a bubble of Wurzbürger, the inspiration of genius, and the pleading of a panhandler.

The young man sprang to his feet. "Hello, Blink, old boy!" he shouted. "Don't tell me you were going to pass our table. Join us—unless you've another crowd on hand." "Don't mind, old chap," said Binkley, of the fish-stall. "You know how I like to butt up against the fine arts. Mr. Vandyke—Mr. Madder—er—Miss Martin, one of the elect also in art—er—"

The introductions went around. There were also Miss Elise and Miss Toinette. Perhaps they were models, for they chattered

of the St. Regis decorations and Henry James—and they did it not badly.

Medora sat in transport. Music—wild, intoxicating music made by troubadours direct from a rear basement room in Elysium—set her thoughts to dancing. Here was a world never before penetrated by her warmest imagination or any of the lines controlled by Harriman. With the Green Mountains' external calm upon her she sat, her soul flaming in her with the fire of Andalusia. The tables were filled with Bohemia. The room was full of the fragrance of flowers—both mille and cauli. Questions and corks popped; laughter and silver rang; champagne flashed in the pail, wit flashed in the pan.

Vandyke ruffled his long, black locks, disarranged his careless tie, and leaned over to Madder.

"Say, Maddy," he whispered, feelingly, "sometimes I'm tempted to pay this Philistine his ten dollars and get rid of him."

Madder ruffled his long, sandy locks and disarranged his careless tie.

"Don't think of it, Vandy," he replied. "We are short, and Art is long."

Medora ate strange viands and drank elderberry wine that they poured in her glass. It was just the colour of that in the Vermont home. The waiter poured something in another glass that seemed to be boiling, but when she tasted it it was not hot. She had never felt so light-hearted before. She thought lovingly of the Green Mountain farm and its fauna. She leaned, smiling, to Miss Elise.

"If I were at home," she said, beamingly, "I could show you the cutest little calf!"

"Nothing for you in the White Lane," said Miss Elise. "Why don't you pad?"

The orchestra played a wailing waltz that Medora had learned from the hand-organs. She followed the air with nodding head in a sweet soprano hum. Madder looked across the table at her, and wondered in what strange waters Binkley had caught her in his seine. She smiled at him, and they raised glasses and drank of the wine that boiled when it was cold. Binkley had abandoned art, and was prating of the unusual spring catch of shad. Miss Elise arranged the palette-and-maul-stick tie-pin of Mr. Vandyke. A Philistine at some distant table was maundering volubly either about Jerome or Gérôme. A famous actress was discoursing excitedly about monogrammed hosiery. A hose clerk from a department store was loudly proclaiming his opinions of the drama. A writer was abusing Dickens. A magazine editor and a photographer were drinking a dry brand at a reserved table. A 36-25-42 young lady was saying to an eminent sculptor: "Fudge for your Prax Italys! Bring one of your Venus Anno Dominis down to Cohen's and see how quick she'd be turned down for a cloak model. Back to the quarries with your Greeks and Dagos!"

Thus went Bohemia.

At eleven Mr. Binkley took Medora to the boarding-house and left her, with a society

(Continued on page 9.)

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LONDON: JANUARY 4th, 1919.

EDITORIAL OFFICES:

49 Bedford Square, W.C. 1.

NINETEEN NINETEEN.

Some men are born late, some achieve lateness, and some have lateness thrust upon them. The latter are in the minority. Some have acquired a habit of being late, which has become chronic. They get up late. They are late for school, late at university class, late for business, and for pleasure. They marry late in life, and at the last it is written of them "the late Mr. So-and-so." Late-again Lawson belongs to that tribe of procrastinators of whom there is an exceeding large family. To vary Longfellow:

Of all sad words

On book or slate,

The saddest are these

It is just "too late"!

It is not, of course, in our power to command events. We can only wait upon and take advantage of them. In the Khaki University of Canada the men in the Canadian Forces have a magnificent opportunity in the closing months of the war to make up in study for time lost, and it will be their own fault to their standing discredit if they do not seize the chance with both hands. Knowledge is a precious possession not hard to acquire, easy to carry. The plums in the professional, business, and industrial worlds fall to the most skilful, the most competent—in short, to the expert. The beginning of a new year is made the occasion for new resolves, new plans, new intentions. Every man jack who expects to get back to civil life as fast as may be should fix his objective and go for it hot-foot. Let those who can begin at once, a course under the direction of the College heads, and let them persistently pursue it until their objective is reached. Nothing proved so disastrous to the Allies during the great war as "late again." Destiny and bull-dog grit saved the Cause, and set in motion the gigantic movements which knocked out the Bosche and which will finish when the watch is wound up on the Rhine. Let it not be said of Canadians at any rate that when a unique scheme of Education was placed within their reach they made no attempt to take it up until it was too late. Those who jump in will go back to the Homeland better equipped for their civil duties than when they left, and that will be something gained by the war.

For 1919 we wish every reader wisdom, prosperity, and the best of good luck.

FOR REFLECTION.

Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is doomsday.—Emerson.

Know the true value of time; snatch, seize and enjoy every moment of it. No idleness, no laziness, no procrastination; never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.—Earl of Chesterfield.

CANADIANS CROSS THE RHINE AT BONN.

The vision of over four years was realised by the Canadian Forces to-day, when the First and Second Divisions crossed the Rhine—the First from Cologne over the suspension bridge; the Second from Bonn over the huge steel arch structure. To-night the new boundary line of Canada was flung 30 kilometres east of the famous river, and the Canadians have taken over part of the watch on the Rhine. The crossing was made in a torrential downpour of rain and a thick murky atmosphere, so it was impossible to take good pictures of the great historic and melodramatic event.

At Bonn Lieut-General Currie took the salute of all the units of the Second Division on a specially erected elevated stand on the east side of the bridge, from which fluttered the Union Jack and the Canadian flag. At Cologne, General Plumer, Army Commander, took the salute from the west end of the bridge. Each unit carried a big Union Jack at the head, and German male civilians who failed to salute the flag were requested to do so under penalty of having their hats flipped off by military police. To-day's crossing was in no way a ceremonial parade, or review, but an ordinary march as if going as an armed force to the trenches, as so often done before back in the old cockpits of France and Belgium. Each unit had its brass or pipe band; its transport, even its mascot. The Artillery had guns of all calibres with the regulation quantity of ammunition; the Engineers with pontoons and the usual equipment for action. Field kitchens gave off white clouds of steam from dinners being cooked.

It took over six hours for each division to cross the bridge. The procession was miles long. Though the weather was so atrocious it was almost expected, for Friday was the thirteenth. All ranks, with their equipment, looked remarkably smart, and civilians, who witnessed the march, were obviously impressed with the smartness and substantial appearance of the turnout. At Cologne the Germans at each side of the bridges numbered a few thousand, but at Bonn not more than a few hundreds. While the Canadians were crossing at Cologne and Bonn, two British Divisions, the 9th (Scottish) and 29th (English) crossed simultaneously at Cologne over the famous Hohenzollern Bridge and a smaller one to the north.

The Second Canadian Division was preceded by the Canadian Light Horse Cavalry Regiment, which acted as Corps Cavalry.

General Plumer expressed pleasure at the fine appearance of Canada's oldest Division to the Divisional Commander, and General Currie also congratulated warmly the Commander of the Second Division.

The western end of the bridges was reached at 9.30 o'clock, and it was nearly 4 o'clock when the last units got to the bridges.

The people in the territory occupied by the British and Canadians seem to accept the troops with good grace. War makes strange changes.

The headquarters of the Khaki University of Canada for France, Belgium and Germany, are now located in Bonn University with the mutual consent of the Governors of that institution.

SWIFT

Asked to estimate his walking speed, a Tommy said, "Four miles an hour with a pack on, but I can do two miles in ten minutes if I am looking for beer."

CANADIANS IN SIBERIA.

A Soldier's Letter to Mother and Dad.

BASE DEPOT,
C.E.F., SIBERIA.

We've landed, and in spite of the fact that everything is very strange, and different from what we've ever seen before, we are just as comfortable as it is possible to be under existing circumstances.

We are in a darned great barracks on the top of a hill, where the wind whistles, and the winter blasts blow, but there are enormous stoves, with which to keep out the cold,* so we haven't much kick coming. This certainly is going to be an experience, and if everything turns out to be as interesting as the last few days have been, I shall not regret having travelled half around the world to get here.

This town is a fairly big place, and the most cosmopolitan it is possible to imagine. Will try and relate a few of the incidents since landing.

We pulled into dock, after coming into the glorious harbour under escort of an enormous Russian destroyer, at 7 a.m. (no date allowed), and no sooner had we docked than the process of unloading commenced. This was discontinued after 30 minutes, when a guard of honour from the Czecho-Slovaks came down to the wharf, and was inspected by General Elmsley, after which the boys nearly took all the windows out of the town with three cheers. When the noise subsided, the Slovak band struck up "God Save the King" and the Slovak National Anthem. The whole incident was very impressive, and it is certainly wonderful how that little handful of men—for there are very few of them in this town—have held together.

The feeling towards us is mixed. However, to get on with the story. After the diplomatic part of the business was over we got ashore, and got the men billeted in the long tin huts and sheds on the quay.

The feature of the day was the stevedores. Honestly, they were the dirtiest and most disreputable looking set of individuals I have ever seen, and if anyone had told me that such abject misery and poverty existed I would never have believed them. Their rags and filth beggars description.

We stayed on board all the first day—that is to say the officers and N.C.O.s did—and the next morning at 8.30 we marched out and through the town. There was no enthusiasm, except on the part of the Americans, who are apparently tickled silly about having us here.

Hot and Tired.

We landed in these barracks at 12 noon, very hot and tired, and prepared to make ourselves as comfortable as possible. The buildings are fine, but the sanitary arrangements are nil. We have to walk about a mile for a wash. But they say everything comes to him who waits, and out of all the lumber that is lying about I have no doubt our fellows will be able to fix up something. We are sleeping on the boards, but we shall soon get used to that. The weather is fairly good but it gets good and cold by the time night comes. We have a bunch of blankets, and we bank the fire up so we don't feel the cold very much.

There is a good American Y.M.C.A. here, and we make good use of it. The Yanks are great boys, and make us welcome wherever we go.

Of course, we can't make ourselves understood in the town, and you would laugh yourself hoarse to see us trying to get what we want in the stores. All you can do is make signs.

Then again the money is awful, and there are about five different currencies. For instance, the Bolsheviks have a circulation of money that can be changed in some stores and not in others. Then again some of the stores will not take the Czecho money. It all goes in kopaks and roubles. The value of a rouble varies from day to day. Yesterday we could get 9½ roubles to the dollar—but to-day it is only 8 to the dollar, and tomorrow it may go up to 12. Am going to get a bunch next time they go to 12, and sell them at 8. No! I'm not a Jew.

Beggars in Furs.

Furs are everywhere, and even the beggars in the streets—there are thousands of them—have the most glorious sables.

Haven't had a chance of looking around but as soon as we get going will try and get some furs—but can't make any promises. Could have got a sable last night for 10.00 dollars—about £1, but didn't know whether it was a good one or not—so didn't buy.

Scottie and I are thinking pretty seriously of going into the fur trade here—if we stay in the town—so there may be chances of the family being the envy of Sydenham in that line yet.

Don't be surprised if you don't hear from me for a month on end as the mails are the most uncertain thing on earth here, and there are times when the town is cut off entirely from outside information and communication for weeks on end.

We have about 200 Bolsheviks and German prisoners here, and they do all the dirty fatigues. Have never felt better in health since we left France, and if nothing else it has done me good in that sense.

Haven't any real news apart from what I told you, and as soon as any accumulate I will write again. Now must dry up.

The whole thing is a mix-up in this part of the world so don't know when it will be over.

REG.

RETURNING FROM PASS.

Tread lightly, close the door,
Hold the latch so,
Break not the Sergeant's snore,
Lest curses flow.

Where is my little bed?
Bump! what was that?
Only a comrade's head
Used as a mat.

Why should his passion get
Uppermost? He
Will have more cause to fret
Over the Sea.

Into the darkness I
Peer, but in vain,
There's not a blanket nigh,
To others the gain.

So in my clothes I fall
Holding my breath,
Just like a criminal
Sentenced to death,

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The Department of Home Economics in the London College is going strong. All women who desire to take classes in this Department are urged to register at once, as for every twelve students in any subject a new class is formed and the students of the class are allowed to choose their own times of attendance. Classes are being held in the mornings, afternoons, and evenings.

The following extract is from a letter written by Sergt. McGuire, a former student of the Department of Commerce: "You may remember that before leaving England I passed the Junior Shorthand Examination. By constant practice during the voyage home and while awaiting discharge I have been able to qualify for a good position, and started work three weeks ago. Please accept my

Shorthand may obtain assistance if they desire to continue their studies.

* * *

The Department of Commerce has in preparation a number of booklets for use of students both in England and France. These will include Banking, Salesmanship, Business Organisation, Bookkeeping, and Negotiable Instruments.



Canadian Official Photograph

Khaki College Agricultural Students at the Royal Farms, Windsor.

The Head of the Department of Home Economics is being flooded with mail. Enquiries are coming in from all parts of not only the London Area but of England. There is evidently a great desire on the part of many girls going to Canada to acquaint themselves with the new conditions before they go.

* * *

Many ladies have expressed a desire to study Dairying and Poultry, as their husbands are going to commence dairying or poultry farming on their return to the Dominion. It is splendid to think that these women are seeking to fit themselves to be true help-mates, and to take an active interest in the work which their husbands are going to do.

* * *

Classes in Dressmaking, Home Nursing and Infant Care are now running and already expressions of appreciation are being heard about the work done.

thanks for starting me on the right road." Sergt. McGuire is one of the "originals," and his left arm is still "somewhere in France." The qualities that enabled him to "stick it" for nearly three years in Flanders will prove of inestimable value in the piping days of peace. May there be for him a long, long voyage on the sea of life, whereon he may continue his "constant practice."

* * *

Sergt. Franklin, who has been teaching shorthand at the London College, expects to return to Canada in the near future. His classes will be taken by Sergt. Clough, who has to his credit a long list of shorthand diplomas, as well as many years' experience as a teacher.

* * *

In response to several requests, arrangements have been completed whereby Canadian soldiers who have a knowledge of Gregg

How does this read as an illustration of celerity? A rush order came in from France for 10,000 copies of the book "Motors in a Nutshell." When the order came to the Library Department at Headquarters in the afternoon the book was in the binders' hands. The Head of the Department got busy on the telephone, matters were rushed at the binders, and the 10,000 were intercepted on the road as they were being despatched from the binders to the publishers' office, and by 7 o'clock the same evening they were packed and on the road to France.

* * *

Have you enrolled yet? The sooner you make the start the longer time you will have to enjoy the fruits of your efforts.

* * *

Rhyl Camp, North Wales, is the newest lecture centre to be opened up by the Extension Department.

Land Settlement for Soldiers.

By Lt.-Col. J. OBED SMITH, F.R.G.S.,
Commissioner of Emigration for Canada.

(Second Article.)

With the announcement that another Soldiers' Settlement Act is to come before the Canadian Parliament early in the New Year as a natural corollary of the one now existing providing for settlement on free homesteads, the whole scheme is gradually being worked out to a perfection of detail which ought to provide the best of opportunities for every Canadian ex-service man who wishes to become a farmer and his own landlord.

The prospects of a man of limited means being able to secure, with the assistance of the Canadian Government, a valuable piece of farming land, near railways and elevators is very alluring, and will produce eminently satisfactory results, but the whole scheme is intended to be a business proposition by a business Government to assist business-like men in the production of agricultural wealth, and nothing is more essential to success than the basis on which the Government will expend public money, viz., the physical and temperamental capacity of ex-service men to reasonably succeed.

By this is meant the acquisition and cultivation of the "farming instinct," without which no man's earnestness of purpose tends to success.

The man experienced in farming may be sufficiently qualified to take up his land and secure a loan thereon from the Board without further education on agricultural lines, but he must still have the desire to acquire more knowledge of a technical and scientific character, and special arrangements will be made for acquiring this additional technical knowledge at the various Agricultural Colleges throughout the Provinces of Canada.

The farmer who thinks he knows it all is as much mistaken in that industry as in any other, and it is equally true with farming that when one has nothing more to learn it is time to die. Indeed the path of agricultural activity is strewn with thousands of derelict hopes because the amateur farmer believed he had only to open the earth, put in some seed anyhow, and his bank account was considerably swollen without further effort.

I very cordially recommend the reading of a new book by Hopkins Moorhouse, entitled "Deep Furrows," which tells the story of how Canadian farmers fought their way to great achievements in co-operation. It is well worth reading.

Generally it is the man who is most experienced in farming who seeks the advice and education of practical agricultural colleges. It is, however, to the inexperienced man that those of us interested in the movement specially offer advice and assistance.

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night" is a simple well-known sentence appropriate to the present season, and illustrates a condition, as present now as in old pastoral times. The good farmer surely looks after his stock the last thing at night, and instead of actually watching with them, he gets up early in the morning as his first duty is to tend them again. What is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and nothing pays in the well-doing so much as sane farming on scientific and up-to-date lines.

It is not necessary nowadays for the inexperienced man to endure the privations and hardships of pioneer days: he can

obtain instruction on the land itself under conditions which will not be very different from those under which he will farm his own land eventually. Canadians can see in England as they can observe in Canada the diligent intelligent farmer has the atmosphere of a successful man surrounding his every day activities.

Early to Rise.

The soldier who can face "two o'clock in the morning over-the-top" is not dismayed at the need to rise at five a.m., even in winter time when the moon has both eyes wide open. It is not merely business to do so, though that is often an incentive to perform disagreeable duty, but it comes quite naturally to a farmer to get up early, just as it is the lot of a policeman on night duty to go to sleep by day, or the enterprising burglar to take his rest while everyone else is awake. It may be necessary to elaborate the point to a townsman, but it should not be necessary with a soldier whose leisure moments may have been any hour past midnight rather than before noon.

The beginner in farming finds it difficult to get his eyes open early, but business is business at five o'clock in the morning as it is at noon, and later on he may find it necessary, as I have seen it in practice, to put a lantern on his binder and reap his crop by starlight, so let him get used to strange hours if perchance he has not been in the front trenches and learned to keep vigil there.

I should welcome the opportunity for every man to try the early morning treatment before definitely deciding to be a farmer. He will find it pays in health as well as in business.

An intelligent Canadian soldier is able to bring to bear on any business a large amount of commercial intelligence, and should do so with his farming as with everything else. He should not sign a promissory note, and "Thank God! that debt's paid," but keep a record of the due date, and save to meet it.

The stories of successful farmers show quite clearly that it was successful business attributes that brought them to the front. Be a farmer! Yes. Be a business man as well, and learn to buy and sell to the best advantage, as well as to produce abundantly after Nature's own kind by intelligent agriculture.

You may, after a while, engage help on your own farm, so qualify to be your own foreman without being—or making—a slave of yourself or anyone else. Get and give a good day's work by industry and perseverance, and expect a good day's pay in experience, in kind, or in cash. The two latter we all understand, but believe me the former is really the capital of the beginner on the land, and how are you to get it?

Experience has shown that the best way to learn to farm is to farm. I believe in hiring out to a good farmer, who is not foolish enough to expect a "green hand" to do as much the first week as a man of three years' experience, but find a man who will appreciate your desire to learn, and in return for your willingness to do your best will bear kindly with you when your first attempts to milk offend the meek and docile cow, or you allow his pet mare to tear her shiny coat on some misplaced coil of barbed wire. I do not recall, in thirty-five years' experience,

any Canadian farmer who did not appreciate the intelligent willing pupil, even if such was not always treated fairly. If you are not satisfied, trade him off for another master quick. No matter what the farmer gives you to do it is nine chances to one it will be an experience worth many dollars, and don't spoil his property from a mistaken modesty that you are asking too many questions. Do it right and learn your lesson as you did the lesson of fighting. The Overseas Settlement Board are working on these lines, and will be able to direct inquirers to suitable farmers in every Province, and if you want more extended and theoretical training the agricultural colleges in each Province stand ready to give you that assistance.

What you should aim at acquiring, whether working with a farmer or in a college, is embraced in the full synopsis that is likely to be adopted by the Khaki University of Canada, something like: instruction in the handling of horses in association with vehicles and the implements of tillage; in the construction and assembling of the common farm implements and in the operation of gas engines; instruction in carpentering, blacksmithing and general repair work, and in the planning and construction of buildings; instructions in farm management and the importance of good business methods in relation to successful farming; instructions in the preparation of the soil and the growing and harvesting of crops. Instructions in the selection, care, feeding, and management of horses, cattle, sheep, swine, and poultry, etc., etc.

To Remember.

There are several other points to remember. The practice of farming by experienced men is generally correct and sound, and a partly experienced man only goes to college to secure that knowledge he cannot learn from an ordinary farmer. You cannot farm at a distance, nor engage in it merely as a pleasant pastime, and the more an experienced man learns of the industry, the more interested and successful he becomes. Farming is first and foremost a matter of experience, of practice, of industry, of commonsense and business aptitude. These are not showy things. They are not got out of books, and the visitor is not often impressed in the harvest field by these bedrock necessities, yet a farmer is always welcomed in town: he brings with him a freshness of Nature's own inspiration, and if a city man is too old at forty, a farmer is then only coming into his best.

The inexperienced man with a family has not yet been fully dealt with. As a preliminary point it must be evident that without extraneous assistance from somewhere the businesslike farmer is not able or willing to pay sufficient to support the family of his inexperienced help, as well as the man himself, in return for such work as the man only is able to perform. In every case the merits and interests of each family must be considered; the man's wife can readily help in the household, if she has not the care of too many children. The would-be farmer not blessed with children, but having a wife as good a worker as himself would be invaluable to any farmer at a good wage from the first day besides board and lodging, but generally speaking, it must be made tolerably comfortable for them, no matter what the size of the family. It is not good for man to be alone, and a number of healthy children are a blessing to all. If farming is made attractive to the family as well as to the wife and husband all will be well, and the Nation as well as the individual will prosper.

So the inexperienced man can help himself and his family, and be a valued asset to Canada.



The year 1919 should be a bumper year for sports the world over. In England football and cricket will resume the normal, and interest will revive to the extent of pre-war times, that is, the limit.

Field and track event championships will be resumed for a certainty. Then in Canada and the U.S.A. baseball will be able to take the foremost place again without any deterrent in the shape of the general feeling that the boys ought to be playing a different game.

Boxing, which has probably increased rather than decreased throughout the war, will come into greater favour than ever. Soldiers have got used to fistic encounters, take pleasure in them, and will require to have their appetite satisfied after the peace materialises. Then there are many new men in the limelight. Men who have come to the front rank in these times of war. The heavy-weight championship still remains to be settled. Jess Willard is undoubtedly champion, but every follower of the game wishes to see what he can do against some of the new would-be champions. What of Carpentier, the French lion? He must be considered as a possibility. Willard must meet him at some time within a reasonable period. Carpentier is undoubtedly champion of Europe, and the world's championship cannot be truly said to be Willard's until a meeting between the pair. Then there are numerous contenders in the States, and Billy Wells and Frank Goddard in England. Whether Wells would have a chance is doubtful, but one cannot tell, and no doubt he would be anxious to try. As to Goddard, a year or two may see him coming along fast.

The situation in the heavy-weight championship is full of promise, and some good fights are sure to eventuate.

Jimmy Wilde is pretty sure to meet the American cracks before many moons are sped. He is not likely to be satisfied with that verdict, and he and Moore are sure to meet again.

Nobody seems to be in the running to seriously challenge Benny Leonard for the light-weight championship, but the next year or two are sure to provide a crop of contenders.

All the sports fans are realising the necessity of some controlling body to fully organise and lay down rules. The Amateur Associations cover their scope of action very well in most countries, but the professionals are not subject to discipline, and the time has certainly arrived when all sports should be placed on a proper footing and legislation provided. It is certain that an endeavour will be made very soon to put all sports on a sound basis and when that time comes it behoves all sportsmen to support the scheme of control.

There should be some system whereby a champion is recognised as such by authority and not merely his own say so, or that of a local newspaper, or by a chance decision in a contest. There are dozens of claimants to various championships, but there should be a hall mark which is unquestioned.

The last of the American nights at the Sporting Club did not furnish the usual good sport, only three competitors appearing. There was a presentation of a cup by the Staff of the American Forces to Mr. James White, the popular organiser of "the nights," and presentation of medals. There was also a little speechmaking by Admiral Sims and Mr. White. Later "Peggy" Bettinson entered the ring and passed a few highly entertaining remarks anent the cordial relations resultant on the fraternisation of the services, which was well received.

It is a pity that these nights are discontinued, as we have three months yet of winter, and there will certainly be lots of lovers of the game who like to be entertained, still in town, and we trust that some effort will be made to meet the demand for this class of entertainment.

The ban on boxing has been lifted at Baltimore, Ind., the first bout to be held on December 20th between Jack Sharkey (New York), and Dick Lowden (Philadelphia).

Charles Ledoux, the French Bantam-weight Champion, who is looked upon as being the first boxer to meet Jimmy Wilde after the latter gets his discharge from the Army, will be remembered for his victories over Joe Bowker, Digger Stanley, Bill Beynon, Curley Walker, and Johnny Hughes. The Welshman will have to concede Ledoux something like 18lb. Wilde expects to go to New York next April for his match with Ertle.

Representatives of the London Combination and the new Players' Union met in conference at Winchester House on Tuesday night. Mr. P. Mulheron, secretary pro tem. of the Union, stated the case for the professionals, who aim for the establishment of a minimum wage when football becomes normal, the abolition of the transfer system, the institution of yearly contracts, and representation on all football governing bodies. Mr. C. Kirby, Chelsea, who presided, pointed out that the Combination was only a temporary war-time organisation, and possessed no legislative functions, but he promised that the views of the deputation should be laid before the proper authorities.

Mike O'Dowd (U.S. Army), who beat Sergt. W. Ring (R.N. and Marines) in the final for the Light-heavy-weights at the Albert Hall Tournament last week, is not yet 24 years of age. He was born at St. Paul on April 5th, 1895, while his parents were born in County Sligo, Ireland. Mike began

boxing in the professional ring in 1913, and since then has met the best exponents of the manly art, even such heavier men as Billy Miske, with whom he fought two ten-rounds draw contests at Hudson, Wis. At that time Mike was only a welter-weight. After winning some twenty combats, Mike was finally pitted against Al McCoy, who was then the recognised middle-weight champion. It was to be a ten-rounds bout, but O'Dowd by his superb condition and aggressiveness out-gamed and outpunched his crafty, clever opponent, although he was knocked down several times during the very sensational battle. In the sixth round, after some of the hottest fighting possible, O'Dowd finally knocked McCoy out and won the middle-weight title. The "Young Fighting Harp," as they call him in St. Paul, was always an outdoor boy. Next to boxing football is still his favourite exercise and sport. A big reception awaits O'Dowd on his return home.

NOT TO EAT!

During a particularly nasty duststorm at one of the camps a recruit ventured to seek shelter in the sacred precincts of the cook's domain. After a time he broke an awkward silence by saying to the cook: "If you put the lid on that camp kettle you would not get so much of the dust in your soup."

The irate cook glared at the intruder, and then broke out: "See here, me lad, your business is to serve your country."

"Yes," interrupted the recruit, "but not to eat it."

CARRY A WATCH!

An old man in a Scottish village had an eight-day clock which needed repair, so he took it on his back to carry it to a watch-maker. As he went along the village street an acquaintance met him, glanced at him, and passed on. After he had got about fifty yards away, his friend called out to him, "Hi!" Back went the old man laboriously to where the other stood. "Man," said his friend, "would it no be far handier if ye carried a watch?"

"The Canadian Kipling" ROBERT W. SERVICE

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EXTRADITED FROM BOHEMIA.

(Continued from page 3.)

bow, at the foot of the hall stairs. She went up to her room and lit the gas.

And then, as suddenly as the dreadful genie arose in vapour from the copper vase of the fisherman, arose in that room the formidable shape of the New England Conscience. The terrible thing that Medora had done was revealed to her in its full enormity. She had sat in the presence of the ungodly, and looked upon the wine both when it was red and effervescent.

At midnight she wrote this letter:

"MR. BERIAH HOSKINS, Harmony, Vermont.
"Dear Sir,—Henceforth consider me as dead to you for ever. I have loved you too well to blight your career by bringing into it my guilty and sin-stained life. I have succumbed to the insidious wiles of this wicked world, and have been drawn into the Vortex of Bohemia. There is scarcely any depth of glittering iniquity that I have not sounded. It is hopeless to combat my decision. There is no rising from the depths to which I have sunk. Endeavour to forget me. I am lost for ever in the fair but brutal maze of awful Bohemia. Farewell.

"ONCE YOUR MEDORA."

On the next day Medora formed her resolutions. Beelzebub, flung from heaven, was no more cast down. Between her and the apple blossoms of Harmony there was a fixed gulf. Flaming cherubim warded her from the gates of her lost paradise. In one evening by the aid of Binkley and Mumm, Bohemia had gathered her into its awful midst.

There remained to her but one thing—a life of brilliant but irremediable error. Vermont was a shrine that she never would

dare to approach again. But she would not sink—there were great and compelling ones in history upon whom she would model her meteoric career—Camille, Lola Montez, Royal Mary, Zaza—such a name as one of these would that of Medora Martin be to future generations.

For two days Medora kept her room. On the third she opened a magazine at the portrait of the King of Belgium, and laughed sardonically. If that far-famed breaker of women's hearts should cross her path, he would have to bow before her cold and imperious beauty. She would not spare the old or the young. All America—all Europe should do homage to her sinister but compelling charm.

As yet she could not bear to think of the life she had once desired—a peaceful one in the shadow of the Green Mountains with Beriah at her side, and orders for expensive oil paintings coming in by each mail from New York. Her one fatal misstep had shattered that dream.

On the fourth day Medora powdered her face and rouged her lips. Once she had seen Carter in "Zaza." She stood before the mirror in a reckless attitude and cried: "Zut! zut!" She rhymed it with "nut," but with the lawless word Harmony seemed to pass away for ever. The Vortex had her. She belonged to Bohemia for evermore. And never would Beriah—

The door opened and Beriah walked in. "Dory," said he, "what's all that chalk and pink stuff on your face, honey?"

Medora extended an arm.

"Too late," she said, solemnly. "The die is cast. I belong in another world. Curse me if you will—it is your right. Go, and leave me in the path I have chosen. Bid them all at home never to mention my name again. And sometimes, Beriah, pray for me

when I am revelling in the gaudy but hollow pleasures of Bohemia."

"Get a towel, 'Dory," said Beriah, "and wipe that paint off your face. I came as soon as I got your letter. Them pictures of yours ain't amounting to anything. I've got tickets for both of us back on the evening train. Hurry and get your things in your trunk."

"Fate was too strong for me, Beriah. Go while I am strong to bear it."

"How do you fold this easel, 'Dory?—now begin to pack, so we have time to eat before train time. The maples is all out in full-grown leaves, 'Dory—you just ought to see 'em!"

"Not this early, Beriah?"

"You ought to see 'em, 'Dory; they're like an ocean of green in the morning sunlight."

"Oh, Beriah!"

On the train she said to him suddenly:

"I wonder why you came when you got my letter."

"Oh, shucks!" said Beriah. "Did you think you could fool me? How could you be run away to that Bohemia country like you said when your letter was postmarked New York as plain as day?"

SOX!

A brave soldier, having received an anonymous gift of socks, put them on at once, for he was about to undertake a heavy march. He was soon prey to the most excruciating agony, and when, a weary cripple, he drew off his footgear at the end of a terrible day, he discovered inside the toe of his sock what had once been a piece of stiff writing-paper, now reduced to pulp, and on it appeared in bold feminine hand the almost illegible benediction: "Heaven bless the wearer of this pair of sox!"



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THE RED TRIANGLE



THE "Y" AMONG THE FORESTERS.

By MAPLE LEAF.

Timber Counts!

Scotland has done more in this war than furnish the kilties whose prowess made them among the Germans the representative cartoon of British terrorism. It has also provided many of the forests from which the Canadian Forestry Corps have been cutting submarine defeat. Those little centres of Canadian activity, Canadian methods, Canadian energy, are splashed all over the land of the thistle, irrespective of population centres. Only the timber counts. That was why the operations of the Forestry Corps possessed an unusual interest for me—where the gregarious Canadians were not only far from home, but far from homes and amusement and recreation.

Other Camps.

One camp stands on the rugged west coast where railways have not yet found it practicable to operate within twenty-nine miles. The nearest hamlet is four or five miles away, the nearest village providing any of the diversions of life many times that distance. And here and there are other camps from which the nearest village or town is almost inaccessible on foot.

The Reason.

In these camps one might expect to find men itching for the excitement of inhabited centres, almost sullen under the isolation of their work, yawning with the ennui of the unbalanced life. That I did not find them so, introduced an element worth further examination. The reason for it, apart from the interest the officers take in their men and the housing and feeding conditions, is purely the Y.M.C.A.

Cairngorm Hills.

On a misty afternoon in December I visited a camp at Loch Morlich. In the best of weather the nearest town is eight miles away; when the Scotch "softness" gets into the roads—which is nine months of the year—it is a few miles further. In to the very heart of the Cairngorm Hills, the highest cluster in the British Isles, the Ford car banged and bumped its way—via the short road. The camp lay in the shadow of a cloud-crowned range, with a hunting lodge of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon peering down on it and the beautiful lake a sheet of reflected glory.

The "Y" Sign.

It felt like the beginning of a holiday to be spent deep in the arms of nature. But to picture it as the week-after-week abiding place of energetic, full-blooded men who worked from dawn to darkness, and then could sleep or rest only in the same silences and isolation was different. But the conspicuous sign of the Canadian Y.M.C.A. over the largest building gave an inkling of the conditions that made the life possible.

Laughing Eyes.

All the evening I spent in the Y Hut. It was there I met the men most intimately; there I saw revealed the feature of camp life that retained the laugh about their eyes, the ready joke on their lips—and partially, I

believe, the health and roundness of their bodies.

Books and a Fire.

Work must cease in winter time in that far north land hours before the Canadian workmen at home studies the clock. The sun sinks early, and the persistent rains and mists of the season lower the darkness in mid-afternoon. So that the Y Hut, the only amusement and rest centre in reach, fills early. At six, when I returned from the officers' mess, the hut was comfortably filled with men who might now be termed lumberjacks, but before the war may never have worked in a lumber wood. Most of them, indeed, had seen service in France and had been discarded for this other branch of warfare. Some were examining the library of books, a large ring lounged about the huge fireplace with its crackling slabs, a line stood before the canteen, and a group was interested in the billiard table. In the silence-room behind the stage a half-dozen were writing. It was a tight little room, with a Quebec heater at one side and three long tables filling the rest of the space.

Drinks!

But it was the canteen interested me most. There the boys expressed themselves most freely, in sentiments and appetites. The Y sergeant knew them all by name—seemed to know their individual wants and peculiarities. A stove behind the counter was buried beneath great boilers, one each for coffee and cocoa, and third for disinfecting the cups. The disinfection was a matter of ordinary precautions, not alone against the influenza which has attacked many of the camps, but also in consideration of the diverse humanity which makes up the personnel of the camps. I met music teachers and bank clerks, Russians and Danes, ministers and lumber contractors. And, of course, some had established ideas of sanitation while others would drink trench water on a pinch.

Interesting.

There were sawyers and setters who drew down big pay envelopes as skilled workers, and men whose only experience of an axe before the war was where the chicken got it. There were men who had travelled over Canada in their business and had attained the ease of manner and fluency of conversation that comes to the traveller. There was at least one American whose stories were the talk of the camp—I heard many of them as I leaned over the counter beside him—and I can commend them for interest more than for veracity.

A Cup and Snack.

One and all made for the canteen first for a cup of coffee or cocoa, with an average of two buns or pieces of cake to wash down. The bill was threepence. I could live in a camp like that on soldier's pay and buy a town lot at the end of the year. The food was good and ample on the camp tables, but nothing in that line takes the place of the steaming Y cup and snack during the long evenings.

Empty Wood Box.

Library books came over the counter and were checked off, while others were selected from the shelves and entered. From a pile of blank paper the men were taking sheets

for applications for leave. On request, writing paper and envelopes were given out, though the supply of paper is so limited that waste must be discouraged. A couple of C.B. men were shown the empty wood box by a corporal, and during the next half hour heat was assured the hut for the following day, the two who were supposed to be undergoing punishment by the work grinning at the Y sergeant as they entered with each armful.

Checkers!

On that night there was no organised entertainment, but it was all the better for my purpose and did not seem to pall on the boys. The billiard table was never out of use, the stove and fireplace never alone, the reading tables never deserted. And the foresters supped their mugs of cocoa as they played checkers or chess.

The Whoop.

About nine, when the hut had cleared out a little, Jock's feet began to worry him. Jock was no Scotchman, and my name is by way of compliment, for he had so well practised the art of camouflage that he looked, dressed, talked, acted, and danced like the original Scot. Principally he danced. The Y man felt the atmosphere and started the gramophone. A stag eightsome was not long in forming. It was the most Scotch dance I ever saw—or heard; for the whoop was an essence of it. Yet the personnel of the eightsome was thoroughly Canadian in its cosmopolitanism.

The Local Dance.

There was a Bohemian—the camp vegetable raiser—who hailed from a farm in Saskatchewan twenty-nine miles from the nearest village; a Russian of heavy boots, whose share of the performance was largely noise; a clerk from the offices who kicked off his shoes, but in agility and sheer obvious enjoyment lost little thereby; a foreigner of some kind whose whoops were more lusty than timely; Jock, who was just all right, except for one squint eye, a hairy chest from which both shirts had been thrown back, a series of holes in the back of his sweater, and a wad of energetically manipulated chewing gum; and two others who were practicing for a local dance at Kingussie on the following night.

Gifts for the Sergeant.

It was an hour of vivid, noisy, joyous life—and I knew why stagnation and sullenness never came to the camps. Of that Y sergeant I have distinct impressions that centre round a general understanding of the men and a desire to make it useful. It was no surprise to me that, hearing he was to leave, the officers and N.C.O.'s had collected a nice purse for him, but the privates, conscious of a personal gratitude too deep for sharing with the officers, had sent an envoy away up to Inverness where they had purchased an American gold watch "on their own" for the man in whose hands had rested for a year the bright spots of their existence.

AT VIMY RIDGE.

Cheers for three, O tall Canadians!
Effect as the ever green spruce trees,
Strong as the withes of oak and birch sprouts,
Light in your step as the bark canoe
Skimming the waves of Lake Nipigon;
Swift as the red deer, brave as the grizzly,
Lithe as the panther—lean, too, and tawny;
Impetuous as the north wind over Saskatchewan,
Driving all foes before in resistless advancing.
Oh, valorous victors of Vimy!
To you on the hilltop
Lift we our cheers.

—DON C. SEITZ, "In Praise of War."



WHAT MEN OF ACTION SAY.

(Some typical extracts from letters).

(48) RIFLEMAN L. SERVANTE, K.R.F., B.E.F.

"When I felt at all run down, a dose of Phosferine soon picked us up again. It prevented a slight cold developing into something worse, and cured many a toothache."

(33) PRIVATE L. CARTER (late), R.B.R., B.E.F.

"I suffered from shell-shock, and had five operations, finally having to have the left forearm amputated. I felt very shaky with my nerves in civilian life, but I was better directly I started to take Phosferine, and now I never do without it."

(17) GNR. H. SUMMERS, S.A. HEAVY ARTILLERY, B.E.F.

"Heaps of chaps get knocked out by shell-shock, etc.; I have never felt a bit the worse, thanks to Phosferine; and I never suffer from toothache, colds, indigestion, sciatica, nervous headache, etc."

(51) GUNNER H. O'SULLIVAN, R.F.A., B.E.F.

"When I was on the nerve-racking Somme front I was greatly relieved by Phosferine. After coming out we were rushed to Italy, and I soon got the 'flu,' but quickly got rid of it, because I did not forget Phosferine."

(74) GUNNER J. PHILLIPS, R.F.A., B.E.F.

"I was physically tired out, but Phosferine did me so much good that I wouldn't be without it for worlds now, I have improved so wonderfully in health."

(67) FITTER H. MACDONALD, A.O.C.

"I had bronchitis, and I could receive no benefit from hospital treatment. I therefore tried Phosferine, and such good effect did it have that by the time you get this letter I shall be back to my old form again."

All these dauntless fighters exemplify the great part Phosferine plays in enabling them to overcome suffering and the most extreme exertions. No special effort exhausts the energy of these valiant men, no extra hardships break down their endurance, because Phosferine recharges their systems with the vitality to survive all the rigours daily experienced.

When you require the Best Tonic Medicine, see you get

PHOSFERINE

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Influenza
Nervous Debility
Indigestion
Sleeplessness

Exhaustion
Neuralgia
Maternity Weakness
Premature Decay

Mental Exhaustion
Loss of Appetite
Lassitude
Neuritis

Faintness
Brain Fag
Anæmia
Nervous Dyspepsia

Backache
Rheumatism
Headache
Stomach Disorders

Nerve Shock
Neurasthenia
Sciatica
Palpitation

Phosferine has a World-wide Repute for Curing Disorders of the Nervous System more completely and speedily, and at less cost than other preparations.

SPECIAL SERVICE NOTE.

Phosferine is made in Liquid and Tablets, the Tablet form being particularly convenient for men on ACTIVE SERVICE, travellers, etc. It can be used any time, anywhere, in accurate doses, as no water is needed. The 3/- tube is small enough to carry in the pocket, and contains 90 doses. Your sailor or soldier will be better for Phosferine—send him a tube of tablets. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, etc. The 3/- size contains nearly four times the 1/3 size.

Proprietors—ASHTON & PARSONS, LTD., La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C. 4.

FREE COMPETITIONS FOR ALL.
Special for Hospital Patients. A chance to make a little money by a little effort. No entrance fees.

NO. 10.

FIRST PRIZE £2. SECOND PRIZE £1.
Open to all Readers of "The Beaver."

Fill in a last line to the following:—

Cupid's been busy with Canucks over here
 And wedding bells chime day by day, so I hear
 But the forms required
 Make you blinking tired,

EXAMPLE:—

A man's a hero such hurdles to clear.

RULES.

Entries close January 25th, 1919.

1. The prizes will be awarded to the senders of the two best efforts.
2. The Editor's decision will be final.

NO. 11.

FIRST PRIZE £2. SECOND PRIZE £1.
Open to Hospital Patients only.

Write on a postcard the names of 10 authors, past and present, who in your opinion rank at the head of the literary geniuses. Put your name and address at the bottom and forward to "Competition No. 11," THE BEAVER, 49 Bedford Square, London, W.C. 1. Entries close January 25th, 1919.

RULES.

1. A vote will be recorded for each of the names quoted on each postcard, and the final list prepared from such voting.
2. The prizes will be awarded to the senders of the two postcards most nearly approximating the list as finally completed.
3. The Editor's decision is final.

NO. 12.

A prize of 5/- will be given to the sender of the first postcard solution of the following Draughts problem:—

WHITE 1 piece (a King) at 7.
 BLACK 2 pieces (Man at 5, and King at 9).
 White to move and draw.
 Address card to "Competition No. 12," THE BEAVER, 49 Bedford Square, London, W.C. 1.

Up to the time of going to press no correct solution of the first Chess Problem has been received. Several competitors have given solutions which would be alright provided the play of black were made in a certain way. The problem however is to solve the two moves which finish the game, no matter what black does. The possibilities of a move by the black knight and not the king have been overlooked.

Mick and Mac and the (Wrist) Watch on the Rhine.

