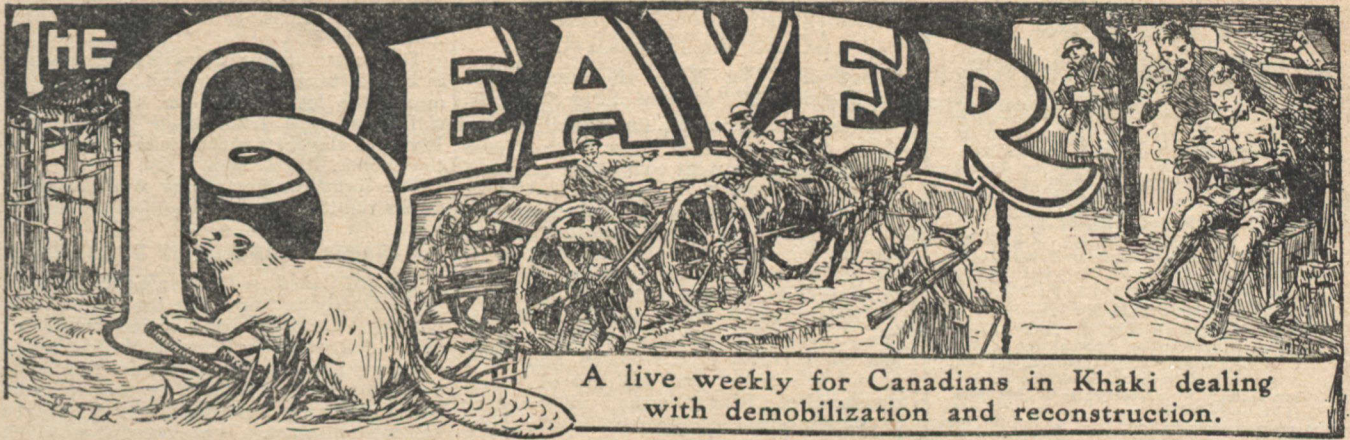


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AN URGENT QUESTION.

Specially written for "The Beaver" by
SILAS K. HOCKING.

Author of "The Wrath of Man," "The Flaming Sword," "In Spite of Fate," etc., etc.

I was trying to analyse the other day some of the catch-phrases or proverbs that have passed into the current coin of our language and are accepted as minted gold. One of these phrases struck me as particularly well worth examining: "If you would have peace, prepare for war." It was mouthed by a speaker on a public platform and received with applause by the audience.

But is it true? It sounds plausible certainly. It has passed without much question into the currency of our speech, and yet I submit it will not bear the test of honest examination. Ring it on the anvil of history or experience and you discover its hollowness. It is not gold at all, but bare and worthless metal. Falsehood camouflaged to look like truth.

History and experience both tell us that if you would have war prepare for war. The nation that prepares for war is almost certain to find some excuse for justifying its preparation. If we want evidence of this we have it in the awful struggle from which we have emerged. Germany prepared for war, prepared with elaborate care and precision. Admit if you like that she began to prepare as a means of self-defence, that does not weaken the argument. She found herself at the end of forty years ready, she believed, for any emergency. Her fighting machine was perfect and complete, and what happened? Her fighting caste—her Junkers and Militarists—wanted to test their machine, wanted to justify its existence to their own people, wanted to prove that war was a paying industry. There was no earthly reason outside this why Germany should go to war. Every other nation in Europe wanted peace, but Germany had prepared for war, she itched to try her strength, she swaggered and became provocative, she brandished her sword and shook her mailed fist, she reached for an excuse and found it—a paltry one at best, but it would serve—to-day Europe lies in ruins as a consequence.

Militarism is always a menace. Conscription is a peril to the nation that adopts it; preparation for war is courting war; but if you would have peace prepare for peace—prepare for it with the same earnestness and diligence that Germany prepared for war. In the language of scripture, "Seek peace and ensue it"; and in that as in other matters it will be true that "He who seeks shall find." To say that humanity is incapable of devising any means of preserving the world's peace is to insult its intelligence. If "the will to peace" is there, the way will be found.

The danger is that in all countries there are so many people who don't want peace—profiteers, grafters, politicians on the make, all sorts and conditions of interested people who fatten and batten on blood and carnage. These people have to be resisted wherever found.

It is incumbent on every man and woman who loves humanity, who believes in brotherhood, who wants to reap the fruits of his or her labour, who is anxious to see the world a decent place for decent people to live in, to use every ounce of strength that he or she possesses to push forward the League of Nations.

This is the most urgent question of the hour.

We are standing at the parting of the ways. In the language of Viscount Grey, we must

"Learn or perish." Either we must establish a new order based on right and justice, or we must go back to the old order of force and fraud.

The latter means increased armaments, increased taxation, increased poverty. It means the loss of freedom, the decay of civilisation, the triumph of brutal force. It means slavery for the toiler and loot for the spoiler.

The former means a new world wherein dwells righteousness.

CANADIAN CONCERT IN BRUSSELS.

The 3rd Canadian Division Concert Party, "The Dumbells," that, like the 2nd Division troupe, "The See Tees," scored such a hit in London, went to Brussels, the capital of Belgium, a few nights ago and gave some performances in the leading theatre there before the King and Queen of the Belgians and full audiences. The proceeds were given in aid of Belgian charities.

The reception the Canadians were given in Brussels was quite the most enthusiastic they have ever had. The audience cheered at every proper opportunity, shouted in chorus "Brave Canada!" and sang repeatedly "O Canada."

A few nights previous to those special performances, some members of "The Dumbells" went to the Gaiety Theatre in Brussels to see the Vaudeville show there. One of the performers was a conjurer and as is usual with his kind he invited members of the audience on the stage to be convinced that he had "nothing in his hands and nothing up his sleeves." A "Dumbell" accepted the invitation and he persuaded some of his confreres to join him. Then the stage manager announced to the audience that the soldiers were Canadians and part of the 3rd Division Concert Party. The audience then began to cheer and insisted on our boys giving some entertainment. The result was that the rightful performers gathered in the wings, and the Canadians held the boards until nearly midnight.

PEACE FROM AFAR.

Men of the Northland, why are you wandering

Far from her rivers and mountains and mines?

Scarred by long winters, keen-eyed, enduring—

France is so far from the land of the pines!

"An old bit of bunting, a myth, or a star—

These are the things we follow afar."

Men of the West, where the blue sky is brightest,

And golden the grain in the light of the sun;

Why are you toiling so far from the reaping?
What are the riches out there to be won?

"A ribbon, a button, a narrow gold bar—
These are the riches we bring from afar."

Men of the Coast, where the soft wind is sighing,

Men from the crowded, cosmopolite street;
Armies unceasing, marching forever,

Is there no rest for your wearying feet?

"Not while we follow yon beckoning star!

Not till we bring you 'Peace' from afar."

ELSPETH HONEYMAN.



THE GIFT OF THE MAGI.

One dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. And sixty cents of it was in pennies. Pennies saved one and two at a time by bulldozing the grocer and the vegetable man and the butcher until one's cheeks burned with the silent imputation of parsimony that such close dealing implied. Three times Della counted it. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas.

There was clearly nothing left to do but flop down on the shabby little couch and howl. So Della did it. Which instigates the moral reflection that life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating.

While the mistress of the home is gradually subsiding from the first stage to the second, take a look at the home. A furnished flat at \$8 per week. It did not exactly beggar description, but it certainly had that word on the lookout for the mendicancy squad.

In the vestibule below was a letter-box into which no letter would go, and an electric button from which no mortal finger could coax a ring. Also appertaining thereto was a card bearing the name "Mr. James Dillingham Young."

The "Dillingham" had been flung to the breeze during a former period of prosperity when its possessor was being paid \$30 per week. Now, when the income was shrunk to \$20, the letters of "Dillingham" looked blurred, as though they were thinking seriously of contracting to a modest and unassuming D. But whenever Mr. James Dillingham Young came home and reached his flat above he was called "Jim," and greatly hugged by Mrs. James Dillingham Young, already introduced to you as Della. Which is all very good.

Della finished her cry and attended to her cheeks with the powder rag. She stood by the window and looked out dully at a grey cat walking a grey fence in a grey backyard. To-morrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only \$1.87 with which to buy Jim a present. She had been saving every penny she could for months, with this result. Twenty dollars a week doesn't go far. Expenses had been greater than she had calculated. They always are. Only \$1.87 to buy a present for Jim. Her Jim. Many a happy hour she had spent planning for something nice for him. Something fine and rare and sterling—something just a little bit near to being worthy of the honour of being owned by Jim.

There was a pier-glass between the windows of the room. Perhaps you have seen a pier-glass in an \$8 flat. A very thin and very agile person may, by observing his reflection in a rapid sequence of longitudinal strips, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his looks. Della, being slender, had mastered the art.

Suddenly she whirled from the window and stood before the glass. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but her face had lost its colour within twenty seconds. Rapidly she pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length.

Now, there were two possessions of the James Dillingham Youngs in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Jim's gold watch that had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other was Della's hair. Had the Queen of Sheba lived in the flat across the airshaft, Della would have let her hair hang out the window some day to dry just to depreciate Her Majesty's jewels and gifts. Had King Solomon been the janitor, with all his treasures piled up in the basement, Jim would have pulled out his watch every time he passed, just to see him pluck at his beard from envy.

So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her, rippling and shining like a cascade of brown waters. It reached below her knee and made itself almost a garment for her. And then she did it up again nervously and quickly. Once she faltered for a minute and stood still while a tear or two splashed on the worn red carpet.

On went her old brown jacket; on went her old brown hat. With a whirl of skirts and with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes, she fluttered out of the door and down the stairs to the street.

Where she stopped the sign read: "Mme. Sofronie: Hair Goods of All Kinds." One flight up Della ran, and collected herself, panting. Madame, large, too white, chilly, hardly looked the "Sofronie."

"Will you buy my hair?" asked Della. "I buy hair," said Madame. "Take yer hat off and let's have a sight at the looks of it."

Down rippled the brown cascade. "Twenty dollars," said Madame, lifting the mass with a practised hand. "Give it to me quick," said Della.

Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. Forget the hashed metaphor. She was ransacking the stores for Jim's present.

She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no one else. There was no other like it in any of the stores, and she had turned all of them inside out. It was a platinum fob chain simple and chaste in design, properly proclaiming its value by substance alone and not by meretricious ornamentation—as all good things should do. It was even worthy of The Watch. As soon as she saw it she knew that it must be Jim's. It was like him. Quietness and value—the description applied to both. Twenty-one dollars they took from her for it, and she hurried home with the 87 cents. With that chain on his watch Jim might be properly anxious about the time in any company. Grand as the watch was, he sometimes looked at it on the sly on account of the old leather strap that he used in place of a chain.

When Della reached home her intoxication gave way a little to prudence and reason. She got out her curling irons and lighted the gas and went to work repairing the ravages made by generosity added to love. Which is always a tremendous task, dear friends—a mammoth task.

Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny, close-lying curls that made her look wonderfully like a truant schoolboy. She looked at her reflection in the mirror long, carefully, and critically.

"If Jim doesn't kill me," she said to herself, "before he takes a second look at me, he'll say 'I look like a Coney Island chorus girl. But what could I do—oh! what could I do with a dollar and eighty-seven cents?'"

At 7 o'clock the coffee was made and the frying-pan was on the back of the stove hot and ready to cook the chops.

Jim was never late. Della doubled the fob chain in her hand and sat on the corner of the table near the door that he always entered. Then she heard his step on the stair away down on the first flight, and she turned white for just a moment. She had a habit of saying little silent prayers about the simplest everyday things, and now she whispered: "Please God, make him think I am still pretty."

The door opened and Jim stepped in and closed it. He looked thin and very serious. Poor fellow, he was only twenty-two—and to be burdened with a family! He needed a new overcoat and he was without gloves. Jim stepped inside the door, as immovable as a setter at the scent of quail. His eyes were fixed upon Della, and there was an expression in them that she could not read, and it terrified her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor disapproval, nor horror, nor any of the sentiments that she had been prepared for. He simply stared at her fixedly with that peculiar expression on his face.

Della wriggled off the table and went for him.

"Jim, darling," she cried, "don't look at me that way. I had my hair cut off and sold it because I couldn't have lived through Christmas without giving you a present. It'll grow out again—you won't mind, will you? I just had to do it. My hair grows awfully fast. Say 'Merry Christmas!' Jim, and let's be happy. You don't know what a beautiful, nice gift I've got for you."

"You've cut off your hair?" asked Jim, laboriously, as if he had not arrived at that patent fact yet even after the hardest mental labour.

"Cut it off and sold it," said Della. "Don't you like me just as well, anyhow? I'm me without my hair, ain't I?"

Jim looked about the room curiously. "You say your hair is gone?" he said, with an air almost of idiocy.

"You needn't look for it," said Della. "It's sold, I tell you—sold and gone, too. It's Christmas Eve, boy. Be good to me, for it went for you. Maybe the hairs of my head are numbered," she went on with a sudden serious sweetness, "but nobody could ever count my love for you. Shall I put the chops on, Jim?"

Out of his trance Jim seemed quickly to wake. He enfolded his Della. For ten seconds let us regard with discreet scrutiny some inconsequential object in the other.

(Continued on page 9).

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LONDON: DECEMBER 28th, 1918.

EDITORIAL OFFICES:

49 Bedford Square, W.C. 1.

CHRISTMAS, 1918.

Greetings and the Best of Luck to all Readers.

After four years of hideous nightmare, of frenzied frightfulness, of murderous madness, it is permitted at long last to wish everybody "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." We do so most cordially, heartily, enthusiastically. Never since the Star hung in the East has there been so memorable a Christmas as this.

In the interval since war was let loose, crowns have toppled in confusion and broken into fragments, Monarchies surviving from the Middle Ages have been swept away, venerable institutions, neither useful nor ornamental, have been ruthlessly scrapped. The Kaiser has been given the "Order of the Boot," sent into exile; Little Willie, that curious, made-in-Germany freak, has been marooned on a Dutch island; and the British Flag floats from the time-scarred, war-scarred ramparts of the Holy City.

It runs like a romance of Anthony Hope or H. G. Wells, yet it has been accomplished before our eyes, and so swiftly as to be breathless. Stupendous as each of the outstanding events of the past four years have been, the most stupendous of all in the range of its influence and after affects, is the taking of Jerusalem and the freeing of the capital of the Holy Land from the unspeakable Turk.

It is the gem in a cluster of magnificent exploits by British arms. Nothing fired the imagination quite so much as the spectacle of General Allenby and his staff entering the city on foot, followed by Tommy from Bermondsey and elsewhere, with Indian and Australian troops. It moved the most matter-of-fact soldier taking part in it.

Richard the Lion-hearted, with uplifted sword and chain armour, never in his crusades saw a sight so entrancing, though he swept up to the walls of the city itself. Seated on his charger in Parliament Square, he must have been moved to envy at the wondrous spectacle. The old and the false have been rung out. The new and the true are being rung in. So much has been thrown down, there is so much that has to be rebuilt. With strong vision, the memory of high achievement in the greatest, and let us hope, the last war, without vested prejudices, free men, every Canadian must play his part in making the world safe for democracy and democracy safe for the world.

FOR REFLECTION.

Nothing is more simple than greatness; indeed, to be simple is to be great.—EMERSON.

I heard the Bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat

Of Peace on earth, Good Will to men.—
LONGFELLOW.

TABLE TALK

By Miss R. MacAdams, M.L.A.,
Alberta, Canada.

The Table Talk as usual touched upon the ever-increasing surge of cataclysmic changes—tottering thrones—crashing empires—kaleidoscopic exchange of place of prince and peasant, tradition and precedent swept away in the bewildering swirl of mad events. There was some conjuring with the pass-words of the hour—demobilisation and reconstruction—some speculation upon the world that is to emerge from the universal upheaval. And then, quite naturally, we arrived at the topic which immediately made the conversation general—the Canada that is to come out of it all—the Canada of to-morrow.

That it must be a different Canada was the common, firm conviction. Old parties and their shibboleths must go by the Board, and everything surely be altered somehow, "when the boys go home" to rejoin those who have watched and waited so patiently through the self-denying years.

There must be a wider sense of fellowship. The boys will take back with them something of the wisdom of all the ages stored up in these older, mellowed lands—some realisation of the permanency and immutability of the great principles of right and wrong—of liberty and honour—some recognition of how ephemeral a thing is a human lifetime or a generation.

But will they take back too an irritability and impatience, a lack of sympathy with those who have not been permitted the wider horizon, who have not got the larger view? And has there perhaps crept in an insidious, easy tolerance of the weaknesses and frailties of an older civilisation?

In the general rending of the fabric of the world, could Canada escape the pains of re-adjustment? Could our sympathies be wide and generous enough to reconcile the views of those who went and those who stayed at home? We were serious enough in our apprehensions regarding that uncertain and troublous time before we should all have settled down co-operatively to making our land the best land of all.

It was the Thinker of the dinner table who came to the rescue and swept away the vapours of pessimism and gloom. "But why worry about Canada?" he asked. "For my part I have quite too much faith in our women to feel the vaguest uneasy concern, and of course the Canada of to-morrow depends upon the women."

He left us with a smile, to think it out for ourselves. Perhaps we did not follow the full processes of his reasoning to their logical conclusion, but he suddenly made us see our Canada a clean, young, strong, unwearied land, with its big experiences all before it, its destiny still in the making, a land which stands alone in the annals of all history as having, in its formative period, given to women full co-operation in the privileges and responsibilities of citizenship.

TWO NEW CANADIAN EXHIBITIONS.

Under the auspices of the Canadian War Records Office, two important Canadian Exhibitions will be opened at the beginning of the year.

The first, the Exhibition of the Canadian War Memorials Paintings, will be opened at the Royal Academy of Arts, Burlington House, on January 3rd; the second, a wonderful collection of giant photographs in colour showing the Canadian operations from Amiens to the Rhine, will be opened at the Grafton Galleries on January 6th.

PERSONALITY.

QUALITIES THAT MAKE A MAN.

By Lt. C. R. LENNAN, D.C.M.
(Dept. of Commerce Khaki University of Canada).

Opportunity does not give a man the cold shoulder just because he is a draft, but neither does she "breeze in" to his dugout just because he is an old soldier. The old proverb has it that opportunity knocks once at every man's door, and if he happens to be busy or away or asleep the fickle jade departs, to return no more. We do not accept that theory. Opportunity does not wander around knocking at doors promiscuously, neither is she to be found in the Land of the Ne'er-Do-Well—that mighty big State bounded by Ignorance, Indolence, and Indifference, and inhabited by the Will-o'-the-Wisp, I Don't Care.

Opportunity comes only to the man who has the personality to attract her. The future, then, is what your personality makes it. The power of personality has been exemplified time and time again in our army career. Many instances are on record where the strong personality of one man has turned impending disaster into glorious victory. The same is true in business. Develop your personality and train your "think box," and there is no limit to your success.

By personality we mean those characteristic traits of a man, which distinguish him as an individual.

"Appearances are deceitful" is a saying that is old and trite and accurate, but so long as they are, there's nothing like having them deceive for us instead of against us. It is just as difficult to convince the Business Sergeant-Major as it is the Battalion Sergeant-Major that our heads are so full of noble thoughts that we haven't time to bother with details. Perhaps we feel that our personality would enable us to be forceful, energetic and efficient if only we were B.S.M.'s. A man who can't take orders can't give them, and with all due respect to those who offer to teach us the way, there is no such thing as being your own boss unless you are a tramp—and even then there are always the Bobby and the Beak.

Many people will doubt the ability of a man to change his personality. If a man is dull, lazy, weak-willed, or vacillating, no amount of training, they argue, will make him bright, ambitious, dominant, resolute. Such people, though claiming to be fatalists, are in reality pessimists. We all know that muscles can be built by regular exercise; the same is true of the brain and will, and though the discipline required is greater, the results are just as certain.

The first step in character building is to study yourself. It is a good thing to step back from yourself, and see how you look. Certain qualities are inherent, and as far as possible the young man entering business should seek an opening where his particular abilities are in demand.

Even a cursory examination of a few human qualities will suffice to show that development is not only possible, but comparatively easy. In the present article we deal only with self-confidence, self-control, and eagerness to learn.

Self-confidence is belief in one's ability and is based on knowledge. When a man knows that he knows, he can perform his task without fuss or worry or excitement, which is

another way of saying he is efficient. Hence, every business man honestly endeavouring to strengthen his personality should study the principles of business phenomena. Let the salesman study manufacturing operations, costings, credits, markets, etc., and he will have more confidence in his ability to perform not only his own present task, but also his future bigger one.

Self-control is the ability to make one's self do what one wants done—no more, no less. When a man gets excited, loses his temper, or acts on impulse, his thinking is of no avail. The same man would get great pleasure out of his ability to control an aeroplane and would spend a great deal of time in order to master it. He can get more pleasure by learning to control that much more complicated machine—Himself. No acts should be performed without the approval of the intellect. In this way personality will be acquired, and so business opportunities will be increased.

Eagerness to learn as a phase of personality requires no elaboration. The man who knows more about the business than just enough to hold his job has one hand free with which to reach for the job just ahead. Valuable information may be obtained by judicious questioning. It is much easier to look wise than to talk wisdom. Therefore, make it a rule to talk less than the other fellow. Make up your mind that you have a lot to learn and use every possible means at your disposal to get the information you need.

Lack of space prevents discussion of such characteristics as will-power, courtesy, tact, etc. A little thought, however, will make clear the fact that these qualities may be cultivated by conscious effort. Make up your mind that you can acquire a strong personality, and be determined to get it. When you have formed this determination, stick to it and march straight onward to the mark without turning to the right or left, without fear or favour, without flinching—straight to the mark called "Success"; and don't worry over the possibility of failure. The man who worries gets mighty little satisfaction out of calamities, even if he guesses right.

SIMPLE.

Let us hope that after the war the simplicity and directness of army English may replace the cumbersome and involved wording of, say the marriage ceremony. Instead of: "Wilt thou have this woman?" etc., what could be better than: "Dating from the 3rd inst. Jane Smith is attached to Thomas Jones for rations, duty and discipline."

A DIFFERENCE.

Johnny Canuck was squirming under the hands of the regimental barber. "Does it hurt?" asked the wielder of the weapon. "Well," said Johnny, "it all depends; if you're skinning me, it doesn't, but if you are shaving me, it does."

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KHAKE KOLLEGE KLIPPINGS

The Chief of the General Staff has approved of the policy of concentrating at one central point in England some hundreds of students who desire to take up University work which may have been interrupted by the war. An official letter to this effect has been received from Headquarters. These students are to be selected from among those who are not required for immediate return to Canada,

University Library Department. While in Canada, Capt. Gilmour was able to obtain thousands of Dominion and Provincial bulletins re land settlement, and while in Toronto to get many much needed text books.

At last they have arrived! A large consignment of books for which we have been waiting over three months has now reached

only 97 per cent. on my last exercises in bookkeeping I have reworked them and hope you won't mind criticising them again, for I'm aiming to be a 100 per cent. student." That's the stuff to gie 'em. May your tribe increase.

Parade lectures for presentation of Canadian topics is the latest development of the



Canadian Official Photograph.

H.M. The King visits the Canadian Camp at Witley on 8th May, 1918. His Majesty was interested in the Khaki College Hut: Major-General Garnet Hughes in attendance

and who are most likely to profit by the work.

This enables those in charge of theological training to make a definite offer to those who desire to avail themselves of the courses of study preparatory to the Christian Ministry. Further information given on application to Dr. Rexford, 49 Bedford Square, London, W.C. 1.

It will help our students to understand the difficulties that have to be encountered in connection with the supply of text books when they learn that orders placed with the publishers as long ago as the 2nd April last were only delivered last week

Capt. W. Gilmour has just returned from a tour of Canada in the interests of the Khaki

work from Canada. Some of the College Secretaries who have been compelled repeatedly to say to enquiring students, "I understand that they are on the water," will read this announcement with a sense of relief.

Capt. W. Fingland, of our Headquarters Staff, has just returned from a visit to the Forestry Camps in England and Scotland, where for three weeks he has been lecturing and organising study groups.

Particulars of examinations for Civil Service (Outside Service) are now available and may be obtained from the Khaki University of Canada.

The following is an extract from a letter written by a student in Mons: "As I received

work of the Extension Department. Last week Capt. Ottewell lectured to a series of six parades at Witley Camp on "Canada of To-morrow." This week Lieut.-Col. Adams is speaking on "Reconstruction in Canada in Relation to the Returned Soldier."

Major Gill, of the Khaki University Headquarters, is this week organising work at Bordon Camp.

The work of the Khaki Colleges at Bordon, Bramshott, and Witley Camp, is being inspected this week by Miss Roberta MacAdams, M.L.A., one of the soldiers' representatives for Alberta, before her return to Canada for the coming session of the Legislature.

CANADIANS MARCH INTO GERMANY.

Greeted Respectfully by Comfortable Looking People.

By Fred James, Official Correspondent, Canadian Overseas Ministry, with the Canadian Forces, Germany, December 8th, 1918.

Three days ago—December 5th—troops of the 1st and 2nd Canadian Divisions marched over the border from Belgium into Germany, the former at a point just east of Petit Thier in Belgium, at the hamlet of Poteau to be exact, and the latter at Bohoe with bands playing and flags flying.

To-night they are nearing the Rhine. The advanced Canadian line runs ahead of Kommarn and Odendorf. By the time this is published our men will be winding their watches on the Rhine, with Headquarters at Bonn.

Lieut.-General Sir Arthur W. Currie, the Canadian Corps Commander, and the Headquarters Staff crossed into Germany yesterday, coming from Vailsalm, a small town in Belgium, incidentally the last place in that country where the German Crown Prince stayed on his gallop towards Holland, where he is now an exile, on his own wise choice.

So far the occupation of Boscheland, as the troops call Germany, has been without any notable incident.

We have been received everywhere with a cold politeness. The inhabitants seem to be surprised that they are treated with consideration and fairness. They give the impression by their attitude, that they almost expect that kind of severity that is really injustice. Naturally they show that we are not welcome visitors, but being such a well-disciplined people they are obeying to the letter what is required of them with tolerably good grace.

In every town and village our troops stay the natives are required by the terms of the Armistice to deliver to a delegated authority every kind of firearm and dangerous weapon. One of the first sights I saw to-day as I came into Schleiden, where Canadian Corps Headquarters is at present, was a uniformed German policeman making a house to house collection of weapons. I met him on a side street with his arms full of swords of a very ancient vintage, heading for the private house where they are being deposited for safe keeping until after peace is signed, when they will be returned to their owners.

The march through Belgium, which began from Mons and the neighbourhood of that city on November 17th, has been a succession of demonstrative welcomes, with the flags of the Allies flying from every house en route and evidence of the solidity and warmth of the entente expressed in a variety of ways.

I have seen only one flag flying since we came into Germany; that was the Belgian standard on a house adjoining a lumber mill about five miles over the border. How it came there is more than I can tell. Either the occupant of the house was a native Belgian, or one of our men had planted the flag there out of a spirit of adventurous patriotism. The route travelled by the Canadians since they came into the enemy's country has not taken them through any large centres, but through a rather sparsely settled, well-wooded and hilly territory, little of it being suitable for agriculture. It looks very much like some parts of Northern Ontario. There is an abundance of fine pine trees everywhere.

In the farmhouses the residents could be seen peeping through the windows. Few

came out to see the procession of the troops that had helped, to shatter their dreams of world domination. Most of the people doff their hats to all officers, and all do to the Union Jack. The greatest deference and respect is shown to the Corps Commander and other Generals.

German money is to be used by all ranks by the Army of occupation, and the value of the mark has been placed at sevenpence or 14 cents. Formerly it was worth one shilling or 24 cents. The storekeepers and other folk who have goods to sell take French money readily, and give change at the rate mentioned. The stores in the villages and towns have very limited stocks. I have seen boots made of a combination of wood and canvas, and in one window there was a display of paper pinafores. Just how the food supply is one cannot make a positive statement. All the people look as if they haven't suffered, for want of nourishing food, and they are quite well dressed.

Corps Headquarters is established in a huge palatial mansion on the edge of the town. It is the home of the cousin of Admiral Von Spes. There is nothing lacking in all that goes to make for elegant comfort in the place. It is richly furnished and has every modern convenience from electric light to hot and cold running water in almost every bedroom. During the Corps Staff residence the pictures of the ex-Kaiser and his most ardent supporters, of the days yet in the lap of yesterday, have been removed from the prominent positions they had in the best rooms, and hidden away where enemy eyes cannot see them.

The centre of the route the Canadians have marched since November 17th has been from Mons through Gosselies, Namur, Ruy, Vailsalm, all in Belgium, to the present halting place—Schleiden. From Mons to Namur the way was through rich farming country. Beyond Namur the central line taken by the Corps was along the banks of the Meuse, a wide navigable river that threads its silvery course through the valleys winding between the rocky and pine sloped heights of the Ardenne Mountains.

Evidence of the Hun occupation is to be seen everywhere in Belgium. The fine big trees that flanked each side of the roads have been cut down by the thousands; Bosche motor lorries and remnants of aeroplanes line the roads at intervals from Mons to Schleiden; nearly all have iron tyres. Most of them have been rendered useless, and it is said that the enemy authorities want those ramshackle and practically worthless vehicles accepted as part of the motor transport demanded by the Allies. Here and there wagons and limbers have been hurled into a ditch, evidently because the horses fell from exhaustion, due principally to lack of food. The bodies of the poor brutes lie sprawled alongside the road, and are providing rations for carrion crows and hawks, etc. There are plenty of signs across Belgium and in Germany, too, that the Bosche army had developed into a force beyond the possibility of repair.

When the enemy army started to head for home little was taken that would hamper speed. When the Canadian Cavalry Brigade arrived at the neighbourhood of Pervez, about fourteen miles north-east of Namur, extra rations were required for men and horses. On a nearby railway track a long German train of supplies was found, made up

of carloads of sugar, potatoes, hay, and a variety of things that were useful.

There have been many difficulties to overcome in the way of getting up supplies, but every day sees an improvement. By the middle of the month it is expected that a leave train will run daily from the Canadian railhead in Germany to the French coast. The trip will, it is estimated, be made in about one day.

The protective screen of cavalry for the Canadian Infantry, Artillery, and other forces of the Corps in Germany, is made up of the Canadian Light Horse Regiments.

The Canadian Y.M.C.A. is keeping up with the advance troops and opening canteens where halts are made, when it is possible to get supplies.

The health and morale of all ranks is up to the usual point—the highest that can be reached—in spite of the long march. But we are in Germany at last, and Canada's boundary line in Europe will soon be 30 kilometres east of the Rhine.

December 12th.

The first crossing of the Rhine at Bonn was made this morning by the British cavalry at present attached to the Canadian Corps. Lieut.-General Currie, with his staff and a bodyguard of a troop of the Canadian Light Horse, crossed the big steel convex-arch bridge in the vanguard of the British cavalrymen.

The crossing was witnessed by comparatively few civilians who seemed quietly interested in the smart appearance of the procession. The entire turn-out was splendidly spick and span for the historic event. At the western end of the bridge General Currie took the salute from units of the brigade while the band of the battalion from Saskatchewan played the popular song tune "Over There" for the march past.

The cavalry to-day take up the outpost line east of the Rhine. I understand that the Canadian Force now along the west bank of the Rhine, between Cologne and Bonn, are crossing the river to-morrow over the bridges at the two cities. I learned to-day that the reports from the Burgomasters of the German towns and villages in which the Canadians have been since crossing the border on December 5th, sent to the Burgomasters at Cologne and Bonn, state that the behaviour of the Canadian troops was excellent; consequently the attitude of the German people along the Rhine was very friendly.

The transport arrangements are now complete, rations and the mail arriving on schedule time daily and the troops are receiving big consignments of Christmas parcels from Canada.

By J. F. B. Livesay, Canadian Correspondent with the Canadian Forces in Germany.

December 10th, 1918.

Canadian soldiers yesterday crossed the Rhine. They were the outposts of the Corps which to-morrow enters Bonn. In a few days' time we proceed to take up our positions on the right bank 18 miles east of the Rhine.

"I enlisted in August, 1914," remarked a sergeant of the Ontario Battalion, as he leaned over the Bridge of Bonn, "and we have been through many things since then—the few of us who are left of the original Company. When the Armistice was signed I wanted to get right home to my wife and

(Continued on page 9.)



The Wilde decision at the Tournament has set the tongues of all sportdom wagging, and heads a-shaking. It is too bad that Pal Moore returned to the U.S.A. so quickly, for the resolving of any doubts that exist will have to wait a long time for settlement.

What has become of Walter Arnell and Billie Hitchin, Dominion champions both, and with the Canadian Army somewhere? With all due regard to the boys who put up a game display at the Tourney we think either of these boys would have put Canada further ahead had they been in the Ring on the 11th and 12th at their respective weights.

We were out of luck on the draw, for Attwood drew first bout with Basham, and only failed to win by a very little, giving the ultimate winner the closest fight of all, and Rolph drew first time with O'Dowd. Had it been otherwise we should have garnered a few more points.

Australia led the Colonies in the list, yet when Canada and Australia met a year or more ago the Canadians cleaned the board.

The South Africans beat the Canadian team in a great Rugby game at Richmond, on Saturday, the 14th December. The weather was inclement and rendered good play difficult. The score was 9 points to nil in favour of the Springboks.

Everton have a big lead in the Lancashire Division, with a lead of 5 points on their nearest rivals.

Nottingham Forest lead the Midland Section and Brentford show the way in the London section, both by a slight margin.

Up among the heather Glasgow Rangers are in an exclusive class, far ahead of the next best.

Don't forget that there will be a special competition for forecasting the final standings, so keep abreast of developments.

We hear that Capt. "Bobbie" Kerr is to proceed to France to look after sports at Corps Headquarters. Good luck to him. They have had some excellent sporting meetings there and "Bobbie" can be relied on to keep the pot boiling in that regard.

County Cricket will be revived for summer, 1919. There will be International games too, as arrangements are being made to put on a number of matches with an Australian service team.

Why not a Canadian team also? There are a lot of cricketers with the Canadians, although Baseball is the more popular name.

All Chess players should note that the Headquarters of the Khaki University of Canada Chess Club are situate at 49 Bedford Square, London. Any player living or staying in London should make a point of coming up for a game. All are welcome. A good fire is always glowing and the rooms can't be beaten for comfort. Make a note of the address. There are always a few players around longing for a game.

Danny Morgan, of Tirphil, beat Gene Delmont (America), in a fifteen rounds contest, at the National Sporting Club, on December 16th. There was never any doubt of the winner, barring a knockout, as Morgan proved much the better boxer throughout. Delmont was trying most of the time for a knockout, but failed to connect.

Walking contests are again on the list of athletic events. The Surrey Walking Club is promoting the first big walking race since the signing of the Armistice—the 18½ miles open road race from Croydon to Godstone and back. It will take place on Boxing Day for the Edward C. Webb Cup, which has not been competed for since Boxing Day of five years ago.

Some of our boys ought to be able to show form in walking races now, after all the practice they have had in the shape of route marches. It should be a pipe to walk 18 miles without a pack and the rest of the load.

There will be a big assault at arms held in the early part of the New Year in connection with the University Gymnasium. Some of our Gymnastic Staff Instructors should be able to give a good account of themselves, and it is thought arrangements can be made to give the affair something of an International flavour. Captain Rhys, the energetic and whole-hearted enthusiast in athletic matters, will be taking charge, and a bumper programme can be expected.

Some of the fencers and bayonet fighters should be interested in this, and should get into good shape for the contest after the effects of Christmas pudding have died away.

At New Orleans on Monday Jack Dempsey, who claims to be the successor to Jess Willard, the heavy weight champion, knocked out Carl Morris in one round.

Pte. Jack McCracken, the Canadian 125lb. champion at the Military Sports this year, met Johnny Maguire (Belfast), on Monday night, at Belfast. McCracken set about his opponent from the outset, and twice in the third round and again twice in the fourth round, the Irishman was sent to the boards. Maguire recovered well, and attacking strongly retrieved many points, although in the thirteenth and succeeding rounds McCracken

was clearly beaten. The boxing continued very vigorous until the eighteenth round, in which McCracken threw his opponent and was disqualified.—"Sportsman," December 18th, 1918.

At the same tournament Dan McGoldrick (heavyweight champion of Scotland) beat Sergt. Borthwick (Canada) in the third round. Borthwick was floored twice, and was then unable to continue.

WHO'S THERE?

A certain sergeant-major made a practice of going around the lines to see that all lights were out at the proper time. One night while following his usual custom, he noticed a streak of light showing beneath the door of a hut.

"Who's in there?" he demanded.

"Sergeant Smith."

"Well, put that light out."

"It isn't a light. It's the moon."

"Never mind. Take an order when you're told. Put it out."

CANADIANS HAVE LEARNED



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CANADIANS MARCH INTO GERMANY.

(Continued from page 7.)

kiddies. But I am glad to be here to-day. It is what we fought for. It is worth it!" Canada on the Rhine! Think of it!

Steadfast still in spirit, the men are tired out by the long march which has continued without intermission almost since the capture of Cambrai two months ago. They will welcome rest in permanent billets on their new front. It has been a long and arduous route, cut off practically from the outer world, mails often four to five days late, rations often irregular, and that sense of isolation that comes from marching through mountainous country.

Ever since we left the Meuse at Huis, we have climbed up and over the Great Divide of the Ardennes. This town of Schleiden is situate in the heart of hill country. It is the centre of big game hunting and its people are more akin to the Walloons of Belgium than to the German tribes. In fact they formerly formed part of Luxemburg. They seem to welcome us.

It is different in Bonn and Cologne, where the people are true Germans, and regard us sullenly. None the less, all of them expressed their joy that the war is ended, even on such disastrous terms to themselves.

As we get nearer the Rhine the need for enforcing strict discipline becomes more urgent in order to impress the civilian population with the conduct of our troops and also with the fact that we mean business.

THE BLUES!

I have the blues—some sloppy blues,
I have my red tie, too;
Next week they'll give me khaki, and
I'll leave this smelly zoo.

I thought I had a blighty, but
I'm going back to fight.
But work is play and night is day
With victory in sight.

I stood this morning by my bed
When Cap. came nosin' round;
He said he'd marked me off as dead,
But I'm not underground!

Next week Good-bye old Hospital,
Old Sisters, chums, old Cap.!
I'll have some fatter fish to fry
Before I'm off the map.

If I'm around when Demob. comes
I'll hike for home-sweet-shack,
And head the mob that hunts a job
To earn an honest snack.

I'll dig a grot for Jezebel,
And pen up all my kids;
Then strut about and sell my vote
To any buck that bids.

I'll shout: "Hurrah for Canada,
Her woods and valleys green."
No woodsier or greener chump
Has any country seen.

JEREMIAH S. CLARK, Capt.,
C.A.M.C., attd. C.E.C.

Champagnole, Jura.
November, 1918.

ANOTHER THINK COMING.

Pickpocket (visiting friend in jail): I hired a lawyer for you this morning, Slim, but I had to hand him my watch as a retainer.

Pal: And did he keep it?

Pickpocket (smilingly producing the time-piece): He thinks he did.

UNIDENTIFIED.

During the operations of the British Egyptian Expeditionary Force in Palestine, a town to the south of Beersheba was captured, and in it was discovered a splendid example of mosaic pavement.

The excavation of it was placed in charge of a chaplain, and while the work was proceeding some human bones were discovered.

Elated at the find, the padre immediately wired to Headquarters, saying:

"Have found the bones of saint."

Shortly after the reply came back:

"Unable to trace Saint in casualty list. Obtain particulars of regimental number and regiment from his identity disc."

ROMANCE.

She was an incorrigible flirt, and she was married. Therefore she deemed it quite safe to say pretty things to the handsome captain by her side.

"I suppose," she remarked, "you've broken many a woman's heart?"

"Only one," replied he. "And that was many, many years ago."

She scented Romance.

"Do tell me about it!" she persisted.

"Well, then, several years ago I had occasion to journey up north. My only companion in the railway compartment was a very pretty girl. We rode on for many hours together, and no one else entered the carriage—"

"Yes, yes?" she interrupted eagerly.

"I never said a word to her, or gave her the slightest opportunity to say anything to me."

SNAKES!

A group of soldiers were telling stories round the table of the Y.M.C.A. hut. The turn of a Canadian came round.

"I have at home," he said, "a pet rattlesnake. I saved its life once and it seems to realise it. One night I was awakened by my wife, who had heard a noise downstairs. I gripped my revolver and stole down. I heard a struggle going on in the dining-room. Imagine my surprise when, in the dim light from the street, I saw my rattlesnake with its body tightly wound round a burglar and its tail sticking out of the window rattling for a policeman!" Next!

NATURAL THEOLOGIAN.

Bishop Flipper in an Atlanta address attacked bigotry.

"But, dear friends," he ended, "the best setback the bigot ever got was at the hands of old Cal' Jay.

"Cal was asked one day by a missionary what denomination he belonged to, and the old fellow's reply was this:

"'Bress ye, sah, dah's fo' roads leadin' f'om hyah ter town—de long road, de hill road, de sho' road, and de swamp road—but when Ah goes ter town wid a load er grain dey don't say ter me, 'Uncle Cal-houn, which road did yo' come in by?' but 'Cal, is yo' wheat good?'"

AMBITIOUS, BUT—

"I don't see why you find fault with him so much?"

"He's a blundering fool."

"That may be, but he's a young man, and he's very ambitious."

"Oh, shucks. The Kaiser was ambitious."

THE GIFT OF THE MAGI.

(Continued from page 3.)

direction. Eight dollars a week or a million a year—what is the difference? A mathematician or a wit would give you the wrong answer. The magi brought valuable gifts, but that was not among them. This dark assertion will be illuminated later on.

Jim drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it upon the table.

"Don't make any mistake, Dell," he said, "about me. I don't think there's anything in the way of a haircut or a shave or a shampoo that could make me like my girl any less. But if you'll unwrap that package you may see why you had me going a while at first."

White fingers and nimble tore at the string and paper. And then an ecstatic scream of joy; and then, alas! a quick feminine change to hysterical tears and wails, necessitating the immediate employment of all the comforting powers of the lord of the flat.

For there lay The Combs—the set of combs, side and back, that Della had worshipped for long in a Broadway window. Beautiful combs, pure tortoise-shell, with jewelled rims—just the shade to wear in the beautiful vanished hair. They were expensive combs, she knew, and her heart had simply craved and yearned over them without the least hope of possession. And now, they were hers, but the tresses that should have adorned the coveted adornments were gone.

But she hugged them to her bosom, and at length she was able to look up with dim eyes and a smile and say: "My hair grows so fast, Jim!"

And then Della leaped up like a little singed cat and cried, "Oh, oh!"

Jim had not yet seen his beautiful present. She held it out to him eagerly upon her open palm. The dull precious metal seemed to flash with a reflection of her bright and ardent spirit.

"Isn't it a dandy, Jim? I hunted all over town to find it. You'll have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it."

Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled down on the couch and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled.

"Dell," said he, "let's put our Christmas presents away and keep 'em a while. They're too nice to use just at present. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now suppose you put the chops on."

The magi, as you know, were wise men—wonderfully wise men—who brought gifts to the Babe in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise, their gifts were no doubt wise ones, possibly bearing the privilege of exchange in case of duplication. And here I have lamely related to you the uneventful chronicle of two foolish children in a flat who most unwisely sacrificed for each other the greatest treasures of their house. But in a last word to the wise of these days let it be said that of all who give gifts these two were the wisest. Of all who give and receive gifts, such as they are wisest. Everywhere they are wisest. They are the magi.

RELENTLESS.

"What shall we do after the war?"

"After the war? Listen, pal; so far as I'm personally concerned, between me and the Germans, there's always going to be war."



THE RED TRIANGLE



THE "Y" AND DEMOBILISATION.

Follows the Soldier.

The problem of demobilisation touches the military branch of the Y.M.C.A. overseas at only one point. In general the activities of the organisation alter only in location and proportion, following the soldiers wherever they may be and suiting themselves to the varying sizes of camps and their demands. In physical requirements the soldier on a war footing differs little in war or peace; and even in mental needs there is only the difference that what went once to morale for facing the foe now affects a morale of quite as much importance—the tremendous responsibilities of a return to civilian life and its duties of citizenship.

Thrill of New Vigour.

Someone has said that every soldier may not be a hero, but he has ceased to be a zero. The trials of war have made men. Even the youth from the Canadian high schools back home emerges from the struggle bigger in outlook, in independence, in mental equipment, as he probably does in body. There never was a developer like war—which is the only good thing that can be said of it. But the world knows now the depths of unsuspected valour and grit and manliness of the most untried Canadian soldier, the heights to which he can attain in the pursuit of a desired objective. And the soldier himself feels almost unconsciously the thrill of a new vigor of mind and body that comes of the hardships and perils he has faced.

The Utmost Profit.

To carry this new energy and independence, this fresh and unbiassed outlook on life, back to his homeland is an ambition of those who have watched the effects of war. That Canada should profit to the utmost from it and through this means forget a little the terrible anxieties and sufferings that trail on the heels of war is an object worthy of the co-operation of any individual and organisation. Therein lies one of the main problems of demobilisation. There the eyes of the Y.M.C.A. are turned, and in that is its special demobilisation concern.

Canada Needs Enthusiasm.

None knows the Canadian soldier and his ways better than the Y.M.C.A. Living with him everywhere, from the camps in England to the front lines in France, it has seen him under every condition of war. That is sufficient to justify its enthusiasm in the belief that Canada needs him with all his war enthusiasm. That the soldiers will readily purge themselves of the unfortunate sentiments and methods necessitated by the dire contingencies of war is the faith of more than the Y.M.C.A. But that a complete discard of what war has brought into their lives would be a disaster to Canada and the world is the basis of the Y's concern in the details of demobilisation.

A Wider Grasp of Life.

To many it is of little concern what the effects of the war may have been morally. The feelings of Canadian soldiers are based on a home experience that will assert itself at the end of war. The impelling thought is that the men war has made are not so unevenly developed as to have forgotten the old instincts that made them good Canadians; the new assertiveness, self-respect, confidence, and self-assurance have come of a wider grasp of life and its responsibilities and are certain to exhibit themselves in a finer sense of the attributes of a man. From the furnace of war must come more than a little purified metal. But more certain is the production of a quality that will further purify itself in process of time if the proper encouragement is given and the way opened.

Men of Ideas.

It is with some such thoughts that the Y.M.C.A. has joined hands with the chaplains and the Khaki University in a campaign of Citizenship. There is nothing dictatorial or pedantic in title or aim. The Y.M.C.A. happens to have at its disposal some of the equipment for carrying on such a campaign. It can find men with the ideas and in no way can better utilise some of its funds. It is confident that it will be possible through the speakers to supply a staff to hold to, here and there, a thought to ponder over and discuss, a motive to strengthen, a touch of encouragement and assistance. It desires to bring into the period of demobilisation a definite stage in the return to citizenship. The process of reversion may be simplified and shortened, the possible losses of the period avoided. For the disappearance of the incentive that existed so long as there was an enemy to face may in some cases, in this quiet transition stage, bring the uncertainties of reaction.

A Strong Platform.

The program planned to carry out this idea consists of well-known speakers, a few from America, most of them from the existing military forces and the Khaki University. The co-operation of the soldiers themselves is the real impetus to the movement confidently expected. Already many of the speakers have appeared in the large camps in England. Bishop Stringer, of the Yukon, has been in Seaford and Bramshott; Dr. Symonds in Witley and Bramshott; Col. Macdonald at Bramshott, and will visit all the other large camps; Taylor Statten at Witley and Seaford, with his address on "Hero Worship and the Canadian Boy"; Dr. Frank J. Day at Rhyl. Col. Almond, D.C.S., will visit each of the large camps to speak on reconstruction. Mr. Sovereign and Mr. Townsend are speaking at the forestry camps on "The Question of Citizenship."

Some Future Events.

Early in the year many prominent English public men will appear in Canadian camps, dealing with the tasks of new citizenship. A feature of the meetings will be question periods, when the individual problems of the soldiers will be treated.

PATRIOTISM.

I believe that all kindly acts are eternal, and linger about the land where they are done, that they can be felt as beauty and inspiration about the land. The inhabitants are quickened by that soul, and nations are only great when true to that soul. Man only can be great when he is true to the best he has imagined. St. George stood up for the poor, and cared for beauty, and no finer thing can be said of a man or a nation than that.

Patriotism is not a singing of praises. It is a very deep thing, a very sad thing, a very stern thing. St. George didn't go out to fight the dragon without some sense of defeat. He knew that his sword might be broken, that he would never see his children again, and that people would probably call him a fool when he was done. He went out, I think, as our battalions went out, a little sick, and a little trembling. He went out into the mud, and waited for the dragon to come on. England before the war was a nation who had forgotten her soul, but now she has remembered it. It may seem to you that we have done little, that we have been clumsy. We are hard pressed to-day. But you know that no matter how long the way, nor how bitter, nor how bloody, that we'll stick it.

King David when he was besieging a city, in the summer when it was hot, wished for a drink from the pool just outside the city gates. But when his men got the water for him at the risk of their own lives, he said he could not drink what had been gotten at such a sacrifice, that it would be like drinking blood, and he poured it out to his God.

Now the young men are bringing us the water of peace. This will, I believe, be the peace that passeth understanding, when we shall have our lives again, our loves again, and can do our work. It will be like the drinking of the blood of these young men. Love and courage are the main things in this life. With them you can face the world. We will need them when we try to re-make the world. May America and Great Britain stand together in the re-making of this world a little nearer to the heart's desire.—JOHN MASEFIELD, in New York.

GOOD FOR US.

The rain is falling as I write, the cold November rain; it is a black and cheerless night, and tomcats on my tin roof fight, and make a noise insane. The rain is pelting, pelting down, I hear it splash and beat, and I'm unwise to wear a frown and rend my spangled dressing gown—this rain will help the wheat. All things unpleasant do us good, so all the sages say; instead of using steaks for food we ought to make a stew of wood, or boil some prairie hay. To teeter in a chair and rock is pleasant, I must say; but all the doctors come and knock and say we ought to go and walk a hundred miles a day. If there is something we despise, that is the stuff we need; we hate to swat the silly flies, but in that task our safety lies, so runs the health board's screeed. We all are liable to ills which make us pale and thin; and while we pay the doctors' bills we know there's nothing to their pills unless they taste like sin. Sometimes I think that life's a fake, a rather sorry jest; my spirit feels a throbbing ache, for everything I ought to take is something I detest. The rain is streaming down the door, like water gone to seed; it grieves my heart, it makes me sore, and, since it is a beastly bore, I know it's what we need.—WALT MASON.



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) GN-3. 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.

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

NO. 7.

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

Write on a postcard the names of 15 of the most famous Generals of the world war, in the order you think they rank in importance, put your name and address at the foot and forward to "Competition No. 7," THE BEAVER, 49 Bedford Square, London, W.C. 1. Entries close 18th January, 1919.

RULES.

1. A vote will be recorded for each of the fifteen names on each postcard received, and the final list prepared, according to such voting.
2. The two competitors whose cards most nearly approximate the final list will receive the prizes.
3. The Editor's decision is final.

NO. 8.

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

Write on a postcard a sentence not exceeding four words, having some relation to one of the following words and containing at least three letters of the word chosen in the sentence:—

- DISCHARGE. HOME. PEACE.
- Examples:
 Word: Discharge.
 Sentence: Let it come quickly.
 Word: Home.
 Sentence: We'll make it soon.
 Word: Peace.
 Sentence: Regiments and Battalions Dismiss.

Address postcard to "Competition No. 8," THE BEAVER, 49 Bedford Square, London, W.C. 1.

RULES.

1. One of the words only to be chosen.
 2. The prizes will be awarded to the senders of the two best efforts.
 3. The Editor's decision is final.
- Entries close January 18th, 1919.

NO. 9.

A prize of 5/- will be given to the sender of the first postcard containing a correct solution of the following Checkers problem

WHITE 2 pieces (Kings) at 23 and 27.
 BLACK 2 pieces (1 King, 1 Man).
 King at 28, Man at 12.
 White to move, and win.

Address postcard to "Competition No. 9," THE BEAVER, 49 Bedford Square, London, W.C. 1.

Mick and Mac march into Germany.

