

The Maple Leaf

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The Magazine of the CANADIAN
EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

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Maple Leaf Magazine

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FORCE.



WESTMINSTER HOUSE
7 MILLBANK
LONDON, S.W.

INTRODUCTION

I have much pleasure in introducing No 2 of the "Maple Leaf" Magazine, with the hope that it will receive as good (if not better) a reception as No. 1.

I have to thank all those who have contributed articles and in other ways assisted me with the good work for which this Magazine is published.

THE EDITOR.

FIGHTERS WHO WENT TO DEATH SMOKING

The Last Consolation of all sorts of Men in all ages.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, history tells us, "took a pipe of tobacco before going to the scaffold." Recently a captured German spy went to his death smoking a cigarette; General Marchand in France led a charge, destined to be his last, with a pipe in his mouth. Why?

From the day Ralph Lane, the first Governor of Virginia, and Sir Francis Drake brought to England in 1586 the raw smoking material and the implements of tobacco smoking this habit has become rooted in British people of every class. In the writings and speakings of poets and statesmen all down the ages from that time one may find references to tobacco. Some of these, it is true, do not flatter the fragrant weed; with every new habit that man contracts, even though it be harmless, there comes into being an anti-league of people who denounce it. That is only human nature.

But the majority of the most famous men in our history who have spoken of tobacco have done so to eulogise its virtues. Spenser, in his "Faerie Queene," alludes to "divine tobacco"; Charles Lamb once wrote: "For thy sake, tobacco, I would do anything but die." See Byron's eloquent panegyric on it:—

Sublime tobacco, which from East and West
Cheers the tar's labour and the Turk man's rest.
Divine in hookahs, glorious in pipe,
Like other charmers, wooing the caress
More dazzlingly when daring in full dress.

Robert Burton's lines on tobacco are no less eloquent:—

"Tobacco, divine, rare, super-excellent tobacco, which

goes far beyond all panaceas, portable gold and philosopher's stones, a sovereign remedy to all diseases."

Thus Charles Sprague, one of the lesser known poets, about the middle of the eighteenth century:—

Thy clouds all others dispel
And lap me in delight.

And Isaac Browne, some years earlier:—

By thee protected and thy sister beer,
Poets rejoice, nor think the bailiff near.

What can be the reason of man's great affection for tobacco? Let us try to analyse it.

You doubtless know a man who is engaged in work which requires great brain-power and strong nerves, and who, when his day's work is done, goes home, falls into an armchair, and begins smoking. Ask him why he smokes, and he will tell you that it steadies his jaded nerves and gives him a feeling of restfulness. Therefore it soothes. The night watchman, the look-out man on a ship, the soldiers in the trenches smoke. Why? Ah, now we come to the all-important point to emphasise which this article is written. Our soldiers must have tobacco; it relieves the monotony, helps to pass away the weary hours of waiting in the trenches. And in the prison camps they must have smokes. That is why the Canadian Pay and Record Office Prisoners of War and Field Forces Tobacco Fund for supplying them with their needs was started. We have a large force in the field. If all readers of this magazine would deny themselves some luxury, and each send \$1.00 per month, our brave boys will receive cigarettes and tobacco to the value as follows. They have done much for you; cannot you do a little for them?

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2,050 " " " "	\$4.00	

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The above Brands are the favourites with the CANADIANS and the BRITISH.

If you do not know a special regiment, we will send to those most in need.

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As this is the most HUMAN FUND known, I appeal to my readers to assist me with this good work.

All donations to this FUND should be made by Cheque, Bank Draft, or Money Order, payable to Staff Sergt. C. Crean, and crossed TOBACCO FUND.

With my thanks in anticipation,

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES CREAN, *Staff Sergt.*

Hon. Sec., Canadian Pay and Record Office,

Prisoners of War and Field Forces Tobacco and Cigarette Fund.

*Westminster House,
7, Millbank,
London, S.W.*

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“We should give as we would receive—cheerfully, quickly, and without hesitation; for there is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers.”

“That comes too late that comes for the asking.”

SENECA.



TALKING OF TOBACCO—

Keep on "plugging" at us; we like it.

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They are The Brave Canadians:

Words and Music By

Rex Ellis

Tempo di Marcia (con spirito)

First system of musical notation, including a treble clef with a sharp sign and a piano forte (f) dynamic marking.

Second system of musical notation, including a piano fortissimo (sfa) dynamic marking.

Third system of musical notation, including a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic marking and the first line of lyrics.

Fourth system of musical notation, including the second line of lyrics.

1. read-i-ness to fight for Her, and ea-ger to de-fend, — They
 2 steady per-se-ver-ance mins for them their vic-to-ry — And

1 en-tered in the spir-it of the war. — No
 2 helps them place their Coun-try's stand-ard high. — They

1 task has been too diff-i-cult, At near-i-ness they scoff, — The
 2 greet en thus-i-ast-i-cally. The or-der to ad-vance. — To

1 on-ly word they do not know is fear, — To
 2 check the host-ile far-ces that draw near — When

them — we proudly take our hats off — And give a
 they — came back a — gain from France — — — — — Well greet them

7 2 sfz:

good old Eng - lish cheer. } Hip, Hip Hurrah! [Cheer, all together
 with an Eng - lish cheer. } Boys!]

ff

Chorus: mf:

They are the boys who showed such grand de-ter-mi-nation In the

mf:

fight for old y - pres. — — — — — They are the

7. 2.2 2.2 2.2 2.2 2.2

Handwritten musical notation for the first system, featuring a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The piano part includes various ornaments and slurs.

will — ing — hearts and hands — They foil the

Handwritten musical notation for the second system, continuing the vocal and piano parts.

boys — who rise — to ev'ry big occa- sion With

Handwritten musical notation for the third system, including a 'Tempo!' marking.

gave their lives in pay — They are the

Handwritten musical notation for the fourth system, including a 'Tempo!' marking.

boys — who saved — a vi-ent sit-u- a - lion, Tho' they

en --- e - my in er - ty - eff - ort - of - in - vas - ion - They're the

1st Time

f brave Can - a - di - ans.

Repeat Chorus: ad lib

Repeat Chorus: ad lib

2nd Time:

ans

BVA

mf

3rd

Finè

Finè:

Da Capo dot. ♩ al Finè

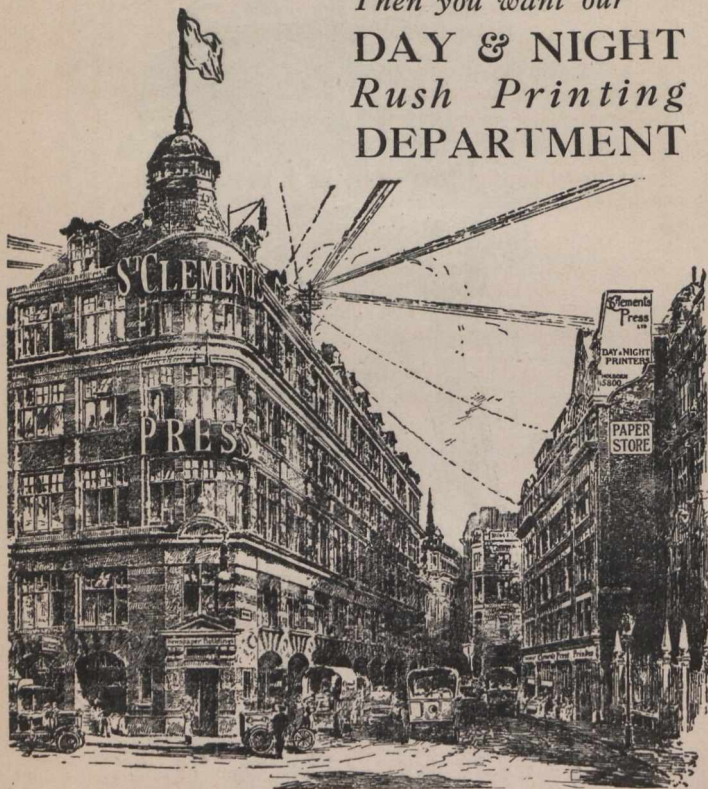


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F. D. Brown, 29 Roxborough Street, Toronto	1	0	6
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Robert Neill, P.O., Winnipeg	0	4	1
East End Social Club, Ottawa, per F. Thomas, Sec.	0	4	0
A. Denton, 20 Ashbury Avenue, Toronto	0	4	1
Mrs. Seymour Nash, 74 Huron Road, Balham	1	10	0

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OBITER DICTA.

Without or with offence to friends or foes,
I sketch your world exactly as it goes.

Byron's "Don Juan."

THE Chancellor's chess-nut : cheque mate?
* * * *

How do you pronounce the word patriot? I used to pronounce the first syllable short, pat—to rhyme with cat.

But after reading the Budget, I think I must be wrong, and that it should be paytriot.

* * * *

Still, I am not going to McKenna complaint.

* * * *

For months our gallant comrades from
Attacks have ne'er been free,
And we at home will bravely face
A tax on you and me.

* * * *

One of our correspondents wants to know how the Budget will affect him now there is a proposal to tax war prophets.

* * * *

What some people think of the Budget :—

A patent medicine man : A sovereign remedy for all bills.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling : Pay, pay, pay.

A Multi-millionaire : Payinful (painful!).

Munition Maker : We shall be for ever indebted to you for this Budget.

A Scotsman : Has money points to recommend it, lad.

Many People : I shall always owe the Chancellor more than I can ever hope to pay for this wonderful Budget.

An American : " Sum Budget."

* * * *

Scene : Somewhere in France. Time, midnight.

Sentry (to a figure seen approaching) : Who goes there?

Figure : Chaplain.

Sentry (still dreaming of the cinema he saw when on leave) : Pass, Charlie Chaplin.

MY FIRST (and Last) BURGLARY

By SIR ROBERT ANDERSON, K.C.B., LL.D.

THE house I "broke and entered" was the residence of Charles Reade, the great novelist, who was by no means the least eminent of the brilliant writers of the last generation. I was living in his house at the time, and the story of how I came to be living there may serve as a preface to the story of my burglary. Five and forty years ago I was living at the Westminster Palace Hotel, and a desire for greater privacy decided me to revert to lodgings. I chanced to hear of rooms about to be vacated in a house in Park Lane—the only house in all that aristocratic thoroughfare where "apartments" were ever to be had. It was rented by a house-agent, who used the ground floor for his business and let two of the upper floors to lodgers. I secured the drawing-room floor. But the very day before I was to take possession he came to me with an appeal to release him from the bargain. His previous tenant, a captain in the Army, had just been notified that the order requiring him to proceed to India was cancelled, and so he wished to resume his tenancy of the rooms. But the agent told me of some exceedingly charming rooms at Albert Terrace, Knightsbridge, which had been put upon his books that very afternoon, and he begged me to inspect them. I went off at once to do so, and I found that the rooms far surpassed his description of them. The sitting-room offered me contained paintings worth many hundreds of pounds—one of them was a famous work of Sir Joshua Reynolds—and the furniture was quite unlike what one expects to find in lodgings. I at once engaged the rooms, and not till afterwards did I discover that my landlord was Charles Reade.

But what in the world induced such a man to take in a lodger! It was not till later on that I discovered the solution of this mystery. Charles Reade was as

impulsive as a child, and he seldom disguised his feelings. He had heard from relatives whom he disliked that they were coming to London to pay him a visit, and in a fit of temper he asked his friend Mrs. Seymour to put his rooms on a house-agent's books, and to write to his troublesome relatives that he could not entertain them just then. And he went off to Oxford, where he had a charming domicile in Magdalen College, of which he was a Fellow. So the rooms were registered in the Park Lane office at 3 o'clock that day, and two hours afterwards I engaged them.

In some ways Reade was like a petulant child, and when he returned from Oxford he had another fit of temper on discovering that there was a lodger in the house. He at once gave orders that I was to be summarily evicted. But Mrs. Seymour intervened, and obtained a respite for me. She it was who afterwards told me the whole story; but at the time, of course, I was in blissful ignorance. And I was left undisturbed. We all know the story of the frugal housewife who, having a good room vacant on the first floor, decided to take in a lodger. Her husband's annoyance and disgust were assuaged by discovering that the lodger was a big feather bed sort of creature who gave no trouble, and went in and out as quietly as a cat, and who moreover paid his weekly rent with exemplary regularity. One evening, however, while the family were at supper, they were startled by ructions overhead. The lodger seemed to have gone mad, for he was evidently tearing round his room. The next evening the disturbance was renewed, and the wife had great difficulty in preventing her husband from taking steps to throw the man out neck and crop. But the third night brought matters to a crisis. The big fat lodger seemed to be jumping round his room like a caged beast, and the safety of the ceiling was endangered. But when the husband rushed upstairs the lodger explained with a placid smile that "he was only taking his medicine." And in reply to his landlord's indignant remonstrances, he produced his doctor's prescription, which directed him "to take the

medicine two nights *running* and to *skip* the third night ! ”

I suppose Mr. Reade was appeased by finding that I was an inoffensive sort of tenant, for I never took medicine in that fashion. But he ignored me for a time. His first overture to me was a letter he wrote me one morning on hearing that my slumbers had been disturbed by the howling of the house dog. And as that letter was as characteristic of the man as any book he ever wrote, I give it here :—“ I am truly concerned to hear that the wild beast which governs and oppresses this house kept you awake with his howling last night. Should this recur, please entice him into your room and leather him. This has always a soothing influence on him.” Soon after this we became friends, and when I wanted to give a dinner party he used to lend me his own room. A very fine room it was : a description of it will be found in his book, “ A Terrible Temptation.”

But as my pen runs on I am forgetting the burglary ! On arriving home one night at twelve o'clock, I found I had come out without my latchkey. The hall door bell rang downstairs, but, as all the occupants of the house slept upstairs, my efforts to attract attention were fruitless. No. 2, Albert Terrace (as it was then called) is exactly opposite the top of Sloane Street. Taking advantage of the fact that a few yards of “ garden ” separate the house from the street, I decided, in despair, to “ break and enter.” A theoretical knowledge of the business led me to suppose it would be an easy job, for the kitchen window had no fastening save the ordinary swivel bolt, which I could easily push back with my knife. So with a light heart I dropped into the area and set to work. But I found that the swivel was a brand new one, and it resisted all my efforts to move it. So there I was, caged like a bear in a pit, for there were no area steps, and though it was easy to drop in, it was impossible to climb out. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to break the window, and my recollection of the many window-panes I broke accidentally in boyish days made me think that was an easy matter. But as Knightsbridge is a busy thoroughfare, even at midnight, I wished to do it noiselessly.

Here, again, I was thwarted. My rapping the window with my walking-stick attracted the notice of the passers-by; and as I heard them opening the garden gate I had to jump off the window-sill and hide in the coal cellar. After an interval I had another try, but with the same result. So I gave up all idea of caution, and I boldly smashed the window with the heavy end of my stick, and again retreated to the cellar and closed the door.

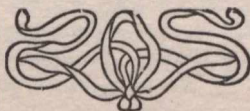
This time the passers-by summoned the police-constable, who was on fixed point duty at Knightsbridge, and through a chink in the cellar door I saw the flash of his lantern playing on the window. But, fortunately for me, he was a careless officer; and as there were no area steps he withdrew without taking any action whatever. After awhile I emerged from my hiding-place, and before another minute passed I was inside the house and on my way up to bed. But that escapade gave me food for thought. I never realised before what nerve a burglar needed. As I was "well known to the police" (though not in the usual sense of that phrase), I had nothing to fear except publicity and ridicule; and yet the twenty minutes I spent in that area made me "nervously limp."

When I awoke next morning I found the house in a great state of excitement. The police had been sent for, and the case had been fully investigated. The broken window and the dirty footprints on the table under the window were indisputable evidence that a burglary had been committed. But a careful search had failed to discover that anything had been stolen. The case was a mysterious one, and it was relegated to the category of undetected crimes. It was a nine days' wonder, and not until the nine days were over did I tell Mr. Reade my story. Anyone who knew him will realise with what uproarious laughter he heard it. Charles Reade's biographer describes him as a man "who from the first moment that he took pen in hand used it on behalf of the weak, the helpless, the suffering, and the oppressed." And he ends his panegyric of him by declaring that so long as the English language is spoken, the name of Charles Reade will be "familiar in men's mouths as household words." But

he shows no sympathy with the final phase of his hero's life; and as to this I would say a few concluding words.

Charles Reade was the son of a devout and godly mother, from whose lips in childhood he heard the words of life. And in his closing years the seed thus sown bore fruit. Not that his was "an abundant entrance" into the kingdom. But he again took up the long-neglected Bible. And he actually framed the skeleton outline of a book on "Bible Characters," a few copies of which were printed, and I am happy in possessing one of them. We are the poorer that he did not live to write that book. But here is his confession of faith in Christ, by his own directions engraved upon his tombstone in Willesden Churchyard, and designated by himself, "His last words to mankind."

"I hope for a resurrection, not from any power of Nature, but from the will of God, who made Nature and me. . . . And I hope for holiness and happiness in a future life, not for anything I have said or done, but from the merits and mediation of Christ. He has promised His intercession to all who seek it, and He will not break His Word. . . . 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.' 'If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous, and He is the propitiation for our sins.'"



Turn to page 5 and send a Donation to
Fund.

IN DARKEST LONDON

LONDON, dark as it is at night, must be darker yet. That is the conclusion to which the authorities have come, and no one is likely to question the decision.

Fortunately for Londoners, the darkening of the streets has been progressive, and by this time most of us have become used to gloom. We can find our way about like owls or bats, or, it may be said, like the good folk of Dr. Johnson's London, who had but a few flickering oil lamps and the occasional glow of a link-boy's torch for guide.

None the less, we must remember that in Dr. Johnson's day, though we might collide with brawny chairmen of my lady's sedan or even come uncomfortably near the wheels of a passing coach, there were no eager, restless taxis hurrying about the streets and hooting so persistently that the voice of warning came to be disregarded. We have really got to be careful, and the taxi-man and chauffeurs have got to be careful, too, unless we want the Zeppelins to take toll of us without even the trouble of crossing the North Sea.

In other words, we must see to it that the precautions which we are forced to take for military reasons do not themselves tend towards loss of life and limb. Hitherto such loss has unfortunately been suffered, and in the first year of a darker London the fatal street accidents increased by an additional 58, representing 10 per cent. on the previous year's figures, while the non-fatal accidents increased by 6,000, or 25 per cent.

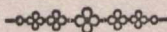
Compared with our losses in the field, such casualties are small indeed; but an accident is to be regretted in proportion as it is preventable, and if we kill fifty or sixty extra citizens a year in London, when we could save them by exercising a little more care, it is really a serious matter.

Some of our motor-drivers are perhaps too much inclined to think that the public must take its chances, and if it cannot exercise greater care, it must be content to run a greater risk. It is doubtless true that most people who are killed in the street have largely contributed to their own misfortune, but that does not mean that all blame is lifted from the shoulders of those who are the direct cause of the accident. To drive as if every foot passenger were going to behave in a perfectly sensible way, although you know that a certain proportion will behave with extreme foolishness, is simply to court disaster.

Therefore, it is necessary that the drivers of fast vehicles especially should exercise even greater care than formerly, and that foot passengers also should remember that the new restrictions mean that a sharper look-out must be kept when crossing the road.

With regard to the lighting of vehicles, it will be noticed that the rear red lamp is compulsory on all vehicles, including handcarts and, apparently, perambulators; and those who enter the London police district from outside will do well to note the fact, or it may be brought home to them in an unpleasant and expensive manner.

It should, moreover, be impressed on the public that the duty of seeing that the regulations are carried out devolves upon the police. The part of the public is to obey cheerfully and promptly, and not to take the initiative. The brave souls who climb lampposts and extinguish the lighting during an air raid are doing the very thing which they seek to avoid—namely, attracting the enemy's fire.



**Advertising Space To Let.
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IN MEMORIAM.

*[To the Canadian Heroes who nobly gave their
Lives for the Glory of the Empire at the Battle
of Langemark. April, 1915.]*

O! Canada, Mistress of snows and of Mountain,
Tears are the dew of thy Prairies to-day ;
Thy Blood has gushed forth as it were from a
fountain,
'Neath Belgium's sweet soil thy noble sons lay.
Gallant the "Charge" that made the world-story,
Fierce were the odds, but they knew not dismay.
Ever their Fame will reflect in the Glory
Of Self-sacrifice, as they fell on the way.

So while the Maple and Pine trees are swaying,
In the long years to come and the peaceful to be,
Peasant and Priest will be silently praying
At the feet of thy loved ones laid o'er the sea.
Immortal, their deeds will ever be cherished
In the struggle for Honour and sweet Liberty ;
Belgium will rise though our heroes have perished,
Canada's sun shines that Nations be free.

O! Canada, Mother of sons whom we cherished,
Britain in anguish condole in thy pain.
Mothers and loved ones of those who have perished,
God keep you strong till the Roll's called again.
Thus let the bravest sleep on 'neath the rattle
Of rifles' loud crack and cannons' hot breath.
Their fame is undying, they've fought their last Battle,
And glorified Canada . . . e'en by their death.

GEORGE GILMORE, 10th Canadians.

May 7, 1915.

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DARBY AND JOAN

By MONTAGUE.

DARBY, resplendent in Sunday best, restlessly paced the platform of the Doughville railway station, clutching in his hand two much-thumbed and very grimy telegrams.

The first read, "Coming home to claim your promise. Is it still good?—Joan." The second, in answer to his "Yes," read: "Will arrive eleven-fifteen train." It was then eleven-ten, and the fluttering Darby anxiously awaited her arrival.

Ten long years ago Joan had left for the Big City. Since then news of her had been very brief and very occasional.

How well he remembered the day under the apple blossoms in his father's orchard he had held the slender, girlish form in his arms, and asked her to be his wife.

"Darby, my love," she had answered, "my career in the Big City calls, but if you still want me, some day I shall return. Till then, my love, be true."

"I am yours for evermore," he had answered, and now, after all the years of patient waiting, she was keeping her word, and his fidelity was to be rewarded.

The train's arrival recalled him from the past, but his heart sank within him when he saw that the only alighting passenger was a fat, beefy-faced woman in deep mourning, with seven or eight children in tow.

Heartbroken, he was turning away when the fat woman and children bore down on him.

"Darby, my own!" she cried.

"Pa!" shrieked the children.

Darby was almost killed in the rush.

A MEMORY of DICKENS

By JEROME K. JEROME.

I HAVE always been under the impression that once, when I was a little boy, I met and talked with Charles Dickens. It may be a delusion. The man's face for some reason engraved itself upon my memory, and when Charles Dickens died, not very long afterwards, and I saw in an illustrated paper a picture of him as he lay in his coffin, the face seemed to speak to me, recalling itself to me. I give the incidence for what it may be worth.

One evening I had taken a walk to Victoria Park—a favourite haunt of mine in summer-time. It was a fair and peaceful evening, and I fell a-wandering there in pleasant reverie, until the waning light hinted to me the question of time. I looked about me. Only one human being was in sight, a man with his back towards me, seated upon a bench overlooking the ornamental water. I drew nearer. He took no notice of me, and, interested—though why I could not say—I seated myself beside him at the other end of the bench. He was a handsome, distinguished-looking man, with wonderfully bright, clear eyes, and iron-grey hair and beard. I might have thought him a sea-captain, of whom many were always to be met with in that neighbourhood, but for his hands, which were crossed upon his stick, and which were white and delicate as a woman's. He turned his face and glanced at me. I fancied that his lips beneath the grey moustache smiled, and instinctively I edged a little nearer to him.

“Please, sir,” I said, after a while, “could you tell me the right time?”

“Twenty minutes to eight,” he answered, looking at his watch. And his voice drew me towards him even more than had his beautiful, strong face. I thanked him, and we fell back into silence.

“Where do you live?” he turned and suddenly asked me.

"Oh, only over there," I answered, with a wave of my arm towards the chimney-fringed horizon behind us. "I needn't be in till half-past eight. I like this park so much," I added; "I often come and sit here of an evening."

"Why do you like to come and sit here?" he asked. "Tell me."

"Oh, I don't know," I answered; "I think."

I marvelled at myself. With strangers generally I was shy and silent; but the magic of his bright eyes seemed to have loosened my tongue.

I told him my name; that we lived in a street always full of ugly sounds, so that a gentleman could not think, not even in the evening time, when thought goes a-visiting.

"Mamma does not like the twilight time," I confided to him. "It always makes her cry. But, then, mamma is—not very young, you know, and has had a deal of trouble; and that makes a difference, I suppose."

He laid his hand upon mine. We were sitting nearer to each other now. "God made women weak to teach us men to be tender," he said. "But you? You like this 'twilight time'?"

"Yes," I answered, "very much. Don't you?"

"And why do you like it?" he asked.

"Oh," I answered, "things come to you."

"What things?"

"Oh, fancies," I explained to him. "I am going to be an author when I grow up, and write books."

He took my hand in his and shook it gravely, and then returned it to me. "I, too, am a writer of books," he said.

And then I knew what had drawn me to him.

So for the first time I understood the joy of talking "shop" with a fellow-craftsman. I told him my favourite authors—Scott, and Dumas, and Victor Hugo—and to my delight found they were his also.

"I used to read silly stuff once," I confessed. "Indian tales, and that sort of thing, you know. But mamma said I'd never be able to write if I read that rubbish."

"You will find it so all through life, Paul," he re-

plied. "The things that are nice are rarely good for us. And what do you read now?"

"I am reading Marlowe's Plays and De Quincey's *Confessions* just now," I confided to him.

"And do you understand them?"

"Fairly well," I answered. "Mamma says I'll like them better as I go on. I want to learn to write very, very well indeed," I admitted to him; "then I'll be able to earn heaps of money."

He smiled. "So you don't believe in art for art's sake?"

I was puzzled. "What does that mean?" I asked.

"It means in our case," he answered, "writing books for the pleasure of writing books, without thinking of any reward—without desiring either money or fame."

It was a new idea to me. "Do many authors do that?" I asked.

He laughed outright this time. It was a delightful laugh. It rang through the quiet park, awaking echoes; and, caught by it, I laughed with him.

"Hush!" he said, and he glanced round with a whimsical expression of fear, lest we might have been overheard. "Between ourselves," he continued, drawing me more closely towards him and whispering, "I don't think any of us do; we talk about it. But I'll tell you this—it is a trade secret and you must remember it—no man ever made money or fame but by writing his very best. It may not be as good as somebody else's best. Remember that."

I promised I would.

"And you must not think merely of the money and the fame, Paul," he added the next moment, speaking more seriously. "Money and fame are very good things, and only hypocrites pretend to despise them. But if you write books thinking only of money you will be disappointed. It is earned easier in other ways. Tell me, that is not your only idea?"

I pondered. "Mamma says it is a very noble calling, authorship," I remembered. "And that anyone ought to be very proud and glad to be able to write books, because they give people happiness, and make them forget things; and that one ought to be

very good if one is going to be an author, so as to be worthy to help and teach others."

"And do you try to be good, Paul?" he inquired.

"Yes," I answered; "but it's very hard to be quite good—until, of course, you're grown up."

He smiled, but more to himself than to me. "Yes," he said, "I suppose it is difficult to be good until you are grown up. Perhaps we shall all of us be good when we're quite grown up." Which, from a gentleman with a grey beard, appeared to me a puzzling observation.

"And what else does mamma say about literature?" he asked. "Can you remember?"

Again I pondered, and her words came back to me. "That he who can write a great book is greater than a king; that the gift of being able to write is given to anybody in trust; that an author should never forget he is God's servant."

He sat for a while without speaking, his chin resting on his folded hands supported by his gold-topped cane. Then he turned and laid a hand upon my shoulder, and his clear, bright eyes were close to mine.

"Your mother is a wise lady," he said. "Remember her words always. In later life let them come back to you; they will guide you better than the chatter of the clubs."

"And what modern authors do you read?" he asked, after a silence. "Any of them—Thackeray, Bulwer Lytton, Dickens?"

"I have read *The Last of the Barons*," I told him. "I like that. And I've been to Barnet and seen the church; and some of Mr. Dickens'."

"And what do you think of Mr. Dickens?" he asked. But he did not seem very interested in the subject. He had picked up a few small stones, and was throwing them carefully into the water.

"I like him very much," I answered; "he makes you laugh."

"Not always?" he asked. He stopped his stonethrowing, and turned sharply towards me.

"Oh, no, not always," I admitted; "but I like the funny bits best. I like so much where Mr. Pickwick——"

"Oh, damn Mr. Pickwick!" he said.

"Don't you like him?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, I like him well enough—or used to," he replied. "I'm a bit tired of him, that's all. Does your mamma like Mr.—Mr. Dickens?"

"Not the funny parts," I explained to him. "She thinks he is occasionally——"

"I know," he interrupted, rather irritably I thought, "a trifle vulgar."

It surprised me that he should have guessed her exact words. "I don't think mamma has much sense of humour," I explained to him. "Sometimes she doesn't even see papa's jokes."

At that he laughed again. "But she likes the other parts," he inquired, "the parts where Mr. Dickens isn't vulgar?"

"Oh, yes," I answered. "She says he can be so beautiful and tender when he likes."

Twilight was deepening. It occurred to me to inquire of him again the time.

"Just over the quarter," he answered, looking at his watch.

"I'm so sorry," I said. "I must go now."

"So am I sorry," he answered. "Perhaps we shall meet again. Good-bye." Then, as our hands touched, "You have never asked me my name," he reminded me.

"Oh, haven't I?" I answered.

"No," he replied, "and that makes me think of your future with hope. You are an egotist, little comrade, and that is the beginning of all art."

And after that he would not tell me his name. "Perhaps next time we meet," he said. "Good-bye, little comrade. Good luck to you!"

So I went my way. Where the path winds out of sight I turned. He was still seated upon the bench; but his face was towards me, and he waved his hand to me. I answered with a wave of mine, and then the intervening boughs and bushes gradually closed in around me. And across the rising mist there arose the hoarse, harsh cry of the park-keeper: "All out! All out!"

MILLBANK'S DARLING.

1.

SHE is an infant prodigy,
She's seven Millbank's pride,
She toddles round so cheerily,
Her hair négligé tied.

2.

She has the loveliest eyebrows
And such delicious eyes,
That make the heart most callous
Stop beating with surprise.

3.

She dotes on the Canadians
'Tis useless to deny,
"To Catford!" is their slogan;
"There we must live and die."

4.

The grey-haired beau of forty,
The youth still in his teen,
The married man who's naughty—
With jealousy they're green.

5.

I know one mercen'ry young man,
Who sports a table-end,
And talks of selling out his seat
That money he may spend.

6.

There are other lovely maidens
On Pay canex, fifth floor,
Whom I might toast another day—
My readers say, "No more."

(Signed)

CHARLIE.

The Man who Rebuilt Greece

A PERSONAL SKETCH OF M. VENEZELOS AT HIS HOME.

[This interview with M. Venezelos appeared in the "Evening News" on March 8 of this year, after the statesman's first resignation. No apology is necessary for its republication in the present circumstances. The author is Mr. H. Charles Woods, who is so intimately acquainted with all Balkan affairs.]

IT was on a boiling hot August day that I met M. Venezelos in Crete for the first time. Then only the leader of a Cretan party, or, more correctly, the most important politician in the still nominally Turkish island, his Excellency had come to see me—so I expected—in order to explain the reason and the necessity for the realisation of his own cause—the Cretan cause.

Much to my astonishment, this serious, keen-eyed, dark-haired man absolutely refused to discuss the then present or past attitude of the Great Powers towards the Cretan question or to explain to me the point of view of the people of the island.

He simply said, "I will forward to you to-day the copies of some of the diplomatic correspondence which has passed between the representatives of the Protecting Powers and the Island Government, and you can judge yourself as to the merits of our case.

"I will not prejudice you, but I shall hope to discuss the question with you to-morrow, when you will already have had the opportunity of forming an opinion of your own."

THE REGENERATOR OF GREECE.

On the morrow, looking forward to an interview with one who was obviously a great man, I drove out to the modest villa then tenanted by the future regenerator of the Hellenic people.

After a long conversation, animated and stimulated

by a view over one of the most beautiful stretches of deep blue sea which man can ever wish to see, I departed feeling that M. Venezelos was destined to govern Greece, either from Crete, and on account of his far-seeing attitude upon the Cretan question, or else from Athens, as a result of a summons—a summons which was not then long delayed.

M. Venezelos belongs to an old Athenian family, and therefore, whilst throughout the earliest years of his life he was always regarded as a Cretan, he was, at least technically, a Greek subject even before the union of Crete with Greece after the Balkan wars.

Invited to go to Athens by the Greek Military League, which then controlled the Government, in August, 1909, his Excellency played a very important rôle in the internal affairs of Greece, even before he actually and formally took over the reins of Government in October, 1910.

Since then, and throughout the two Balkan wars, M. Venezelos, in spite of ever-recurring, even if secret, opposition, has been completely dominant and all-powerful in everything which has concerned the internal and external policy of his country.

A WISE AND MODERATE MAN.

M. Venezelos is well known for the wisdom and the moderation of the policy which he has always been desirous of adopting.

At the time of the first Balkan Peace Conference, held in London in December, 1912, I well remember the far-seeing, clear-sighted, and discreet attitude taken up by the then Premier.

Always an optimist, his Excellency once said to me, "I am hopeful of arranging peace (with Turkey), because I have come here to conclude peace."

Reading this statement—made as it was during the earlier days of the Conference—between the lines, it was easy to understand that his Excellency knew there could then be no peace upon the terms which the Turks were so foolish as to try to insist.

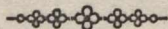
In favour of accepting a compromise upon the Albanian and the *Ægean* Islands questions after the two Balkan wars, his Excellency is believed to have wished

to see the establishment of a better understanding with Bulgaria, even if this meant the granting of some concessions to the Government of King Ferdinand.

However this may be, certain it is that prior to the outbreak of the great war M. Venezelos on more than one occasion was responsible for adopting a policy which preserved peace between his country and Turkey—a peace which has proved to be completely advantageous to the Greeks.

A SINCERE STATESMAN.

But, knowing him as I do, I am convinced that neither the power which accompanies office nor the friendships which are extended to Premiers by high personages would persuade M. Venezelos to adopt the policy which he believed to be against the interests of his country.



YOU who have life's pleasures,
And use them to the full,
Think of **THOSE** who've left their treasures,
And now at the guns they pull.

You who've felt nothing of sorrow,
And live as you lived before,
Act! make up your mind before the morrow
To bring happiness to many a score.

Save your pence, and don't be mean
In the way you intend to use them;
Hand them over to Staff-Sergeant Crean,
And, to be sure, he won't refuse them.

And when he gets a decent sum,
Tobacco and stuff he will get,
That Canada's sons may not be glum,
Though they're not **THERE** yet.

K. G.

A COUNCIL OF WAR

By L. COPE CORNFORD

THERE was once an Admiral who, when he was appointed to command a certain Royal Naval College, not so very long ago, did not regard that office as an opportunity for dignified repose. For he could never be happy unless he was setting wrong things right; and even then he was not happy, because so many people preferred things as they were. He had been educated in sailing ships, which were kept so clean that you would not be allowed to eat your dinner off the deck, though it shone like silver, because the rations would stain its lustre; and it seemed to him that if a ship must be clean, how much more clean ought a Palace to be? And the Royal College is a Palace which, designed for the magnificence of Kings and Queens, was given by them to poor sailors.

Now, the Palace is built upon the foundations of an older palace; so the Admiral began by cleaning out the cellars, uncovering as it were the very bones of the centuries. Then he went on to scrub and polish and set in order right throughout the whole vast range of buildings.

Day by day, as he haunted the forgotten recesses and dim corridors, the past in which his mind lived became more real to him than the present. Like the Apostle Paul, he knew not whether he was in the body or out of it, when he saw strange things. Sailors are not like other men; and in his melancholy way the Admiral enjoyed himself immensely. One bright morning, for instance, he saw Admiral Byng look out of the window. It was one of the three windows of the top floor of the eastern wing, where the Admiral was kept in prison ere he was taken away to be shot, to divert attention from the evil doings of the Government. The Admiral of the College, standing on the grass plot below, raised his cap and held it over his head,

according to the custom of the Old Navy. The apparition returned his salute, looking steadily down, and then vanished.

In due time the operations of the President extended to the Great Hall. He took down the pictures of sea-fights and the portraits of old dead Admirals, and caused them to be cleaned and the frames to be re-gilded. He superintended the work himself, to the intense discomfort of the workmen, who discovered what it was to be commanded by a British seaman. They never guessed that the Admiral was preoccupied by the impression that all the while the originals of the portraits were standing just behind his shoulder.

The Admiral proceeded to take up the marble floor, sunken by the passage of many feet of sight-seers, and dug deep to find a solid foundation. By this time his doings had come to the knowledge of a Minister at the Admiralty, and it seemed to that astute politician that the Admiral was wasting money. So the Minister wrote to the Admiral in his own scrawling hand, announcing his intention of paying a visit to the College.

The Admiral's dark face turned a shade darker, and he went out for a walk to consider how he could manage the politician, who was of a kind new to the Admiral's experience. The Minister arrived on foot, wearing a bowler hat and brown boots, to show that he was superior to idle convention, and the Admiral met him outside the great gates whose columns carry the image of the world.

There arose the wailing of pipes and the throb of a drum beating in slow time, and across the end of the dim street there crawled a procession of tall, grey figures helmed in black bearskins, an officer riding erect on his horse, the gun-carriage draped with the flag that glowed like a flower in that dark place, and followed by a single mourning carriage.

"What is that?" asked the Minister.

"A private soldier's funeral," said the Admiral. He stood with his hat held above his head.

The Minister lit a cigar. "More honour paid to the poor devil dead than ever he had alive," he said, with a laugh.

"Because he had discipline in his life he is now honoured," said the Admiral.

"And a deal too much," returned the politician.

The Admiral said no more. When they came to the Great Hall working hours were over, and the men had gone. The Admiral opened the tall door with his own key. A part of the walls whence the pictures had been taken down showed discoloured. Slabs of marble were piled about the space of bare earth, in the middle of which an excavation yawned like a grave.

The Minister looked sourly about him in the twilight, while the Admiral explained what was being done.

"All this expenditure seems to me rather unnecessary," said the Minister. "What is this place used for?"

"It is the Great Hall," replied the President. "It is dedicated to the memorials of the Navy. In a sense, it is the home of the Navy and its traditions."

"When you naval officers begin to talk of traditions, I frankly confess I can't follow you. Tradition, tradition—everything is tradition. I should like to hear a little less about tradition and a little more about practical reforms—in the matter of discipline, for instance, to which I think you referred just now. I have found it necessary to interfere with discipline more than once, and in each case of obvious harshness I was met with the excuse about tradition. The whole thing is obsolete. We are not living in the days of Nelson——"

The Minister stopped abruptly. He pointed with his umbrella towards the deep shadows of the dais at the upper end of the Hall.

"Who's that?"

The Admiral, adjusting his eye-glasses, peered into the gloom.

"I wonder," said the Admiral.

The Minister looked at him in astonishment. The Admiral returned his look droopingly, like a blood-hound looking upon a mongrel terrier.

"Very odd. I could have sworn I . . . what was I saying?"

"You were speaking of Lord Nelson," said the Admiral, mildly. "His sword and his uniform are preserved in this very Hall, you know."

"Well, he's dead," continued the Minister. "Quite dead. And that leads me to insist upon my point. The despotic authority of the naval officer is out of date. Naval officers should be consulted, of course—no one is more ready to consult them than I. But the proper person to decide upon matters of policy, and particularly of discipline, is the Civil power——"

He broke off, staring into the gathering dusk.

"There is someone there. Who is that?"

The short, broad figure of an old man emerged from the shadow. He was attired in the ancient full uniform of an admiral, in knee-breeches and white silk stockings; he carried a cocked hat in his hand, and held his head a little on one side.

"I beg your pardon," he said, courteously. "Your conversation interests me extremely. As an old member of the Board of Admiralty, I would venture to observe that the principle you put forward is new to me, and, I feel sure, to my colleagues also."

"Not to me, St. Vincent. I've heard the same thing preached in high places before now," said another voice, and a bent, white-haired naval officer, leaning heavily upon a stick, hobbled into view. "The breed never dies, it seems," he added.

"Ah, my dear Collingwood," said Lord St. Vincent, "you were damnably oppressed, indeed. You lived too long. It never does to live too long. People forget your work and who you are, and it does one no good. And then you get a civilian dictating to his Majesty's officers."

"Hang him," cried a jovial voice. "Hang him to the yard-arm at sunrise, my Lord."

A huge figure towered head and shoulders above the two admirals.

"You are too hasty, Tom Hardy," said St. Vincent. "Too hot and hasty, as usual. The prisoner has not yet been informed of the nature of his offence."

"Tell him, then, my Lord," returned Hardy. "You'll do it very well—none better."

It seemed to the Minister that the three dead admirals

fixed their wan eyes on him in silence, and that he was as if nailed to the floor where he stood.

"Sir," began Lord St. Vincent, quietly, "the Court finds you here in the very act of interfering with an officer in the execution of his duty. He is cleaning ship in accordance with the King's Regulations. Evil men make foul ships; and it would be well, sir, if the service could be purged in like manner while there is yet time."

There was a brief pause. The Minister, paralysed as he was, turned faint and dizzy.

"Sir," the grave voice continued, "you are accused of abusing the authority of your office and of fomenting discord. You have disparaged discipline. Let me remind you, sir, that discipline, and discipline alone, stands between man and death, the master of all. What but discipline can save the ship in a gale of wind? What but discipline grapples the men to the guns in their hour of trial, when their messmates are falling beside them? Death comes to all. But whereas he takes the undisciplined because they are unfit to live, upon the true servant of the King he bestows the supreme honour."

The Minister, with a last effort, made a movement. Stepping backward, his heel slipped upon the edge of the excavation; he reeled, and fell in a heap.

"So let all such enemies fall," said a gentle voice, with a slight nasal accent; and there was a slim, boyish figure, the right sleeve pinned across the breast, which was covered with stars and orders, the long hair falling about the face.

The Admiral of the College started forward. Lord Nelson put his hand under the Admiral's arm and walked forward. Presently the dishevelled figure lying in the shallow trench sat up and gazed about him. Finding himself alone he stumbled to his feet, and slunk swiftly out of the building, and, glancing now and again over his shoulder, walked away towards the gates.

Half an hour later the company invited to dine with the Admiral were assembled in the entrance hall, hung with portraits of kings and queens, in the wing of the palace which was the Admiral's residence. There were in all a dozen old naval officers, Admirals of the Fleet, Admirals and Vice-Admirals. Upright and sturdy, ruddy of countenance, high-nosed, hard-mouthed, one

and all had the alert and brooding eye of the seamen, and one and all might have been—indeed, some were—blood-kin of the naval heroes whose pictures hung in the Great Hall. Every one of them had been trained to the sea in sailing ships, and when they entered the Navy their superior officers were the men who had fought under Nelson. Of fifty years' service and more, they had seen the old Navy out and the new Navy in. They are the link between Nelson's time and the twentieth century; and the extraordinary thing is that no one has remarked that circumstance.

The talk ran upon the service, which (it seemed) was in a bad way. Various opinions were exchanged with the urbane freedom of men each of whom was immovably convinced that he was right, and each of whom knew that the other held the same conviction with regard to himself. But upon one matter there was a singular agreement. It concerned the performances of the political Minister.

Their host was late, for the first time (as someone observed) in his life.

Without, the grave buildings, the shaven lawns, and the curve of the broad river were bathed in a bright haze of moonshine; and the guests assembled in the entrance hall moved to the open doorway and gathered upon the wide flight of steps. The night was profoundly still. There came a low roll of thunder, like the mutter of distant guns. The sailors looked towards the river.

"That's a fine ship," said one.

In midstream, where the river ran round a bend, there glimmered the sails of a full-rigged, high-poooped ship.

"Reminds me of the old 'Marlborough,'" said a short, broad-chested Admiral, his blue eyes, with the drawn-down lids, staring into the shimmer of moonlight.

"'Pride of the Ocean,' you mean," growled another, and there was a laugh at a service jest which had ripened for forty years.

"I mean the Flagship of the World," retorted the first speaker. "Why," he added, in another tone, "she flies a Vice-Admiral's flag! Look!"

"Impossible, Admiral. They can't have towed the 'Victory' round here."

There rose again the growl of thunder, which was like the voice of distant guns.

"Very odd. The water gates are open," said another sailor. "I don't believe they've been opened since Nelson was brought here to lie in State."

The great wrought-iron gates opening upon the terrace which ran along the river stood wide. From the water sounded the beat and pulse of oars. The group of men standing on the steps, gazing and listening, were suddenly aware of several figures slowly advancing across the grass of the wide quadrangle. Among them, as they drew nearer, the officers recognised their host, but the rest were strange to them. Someone was speaking, and a part of his words rose clearly upon the quiet air.

". . . Coming again, by the old road, Admiral, in the old way . . . discipline restored . . . now or never. . . Aye, aye, I wouldn't be elsewhere for thousands. . ."

The words became indistinct as the figures receded towards the water gate; then, very clearly, as they vanished through the gate, came the words, "Good luck!"; then silence.

"The boat's crew is tossing oars," whispered one of the Admirals gathered close together on the steps.

They saw the wet oar-blades flash above the parapet, remain steady, and fall again. The next moment, as they gazed, they saw that the gates were shut. A sudden flare of light illumined the towering sails of the great ship looming near by on the river, and gleamed on her high stern lanterns, and revealed the glistening muzzles of her guns looking from the triced-up ports, and the rank of men lined up along the rail. Then the vision went out like a candle blown out.

"I beg your pardon," said the voice of the Admiral of the College, "I have been detained."

His brooding glance travelled from face to face. Every eye was bent upon him as he stood on the flagged path in the misty moonlight.

"At a Council of War," said the Admiral.

IN MEMORIAM.

“**D**OING his duty splendidly, serving the gun to the last”—

That is the simple comment by one of his comrades passed ;
Simple—but oh ! how stirring the thoughts that those words enfold,
Of sacrifice made for others, its grandeur and depth untold !

Young—in the flush of manhood—life lying all before,
With its hopes, its dreams, its pleasures—the love that it held in store ;
Yet never he failed, nor faltered, at the sound of her sacred call,
He laid on his country’s altar his life—his love—his all.

All through the long, long winter, out in the trenches drear,
Yet never a word of complaining, only brave words of cheer ;
On to the fiery ordeal, the terrors of Neuve Chapelle,
On, on to the fury of Ypres—where, facing the foe, he fell.

But out of that storm of fire, out of that hell of flame,
I know that a wonderful Vision, a Figure of Beauty came ;
That the dying eyes grew brighter as the dying ears heard—“ Well done,
You have died—as I died—for others, come Home, for your rest is won.”

Sculpture and Art and Music blazoning deeds of fame,
Laurels entwining and wreathing many a hero’s name,
But never was epitaph grander than the comment his comrade passed—

“ Doing his duty splendidly, serving the gun to the last.”

Alice E. Wolseley.



The regular Pyramid Handkerchiefs are tasteful, sound, refined, pleasing, and economical. 6½d. each in All-white (with or without embroidered initial) and indelible colored borders. Ordinary and extra large sizes. ALWAYS CARRY A PYRAMID.

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Sir Robert Borden's Visit

ADDRESSES TO CANADIANS. FRENCH LINES INSPECTED.

THE following description of the visit to the front of Sir Robert Borden, the Canadian Prime Minister, is supplied by the Record Officer now serving with the Canadian Division :—

Sir Robert Borden's tour in France began on July 20. Accompanied by Mr. R. B. Bennett and a military staff, he crossed the Channel, being met on his arrival by Colonel Wilberforce, the Camp Commandant, who had served on the staff of a former Governor-General of Canada. After luncheon he visited a Canadian base hospital, commanded by Colonel McKee, of Montreal. The next visit was paid to a British hospital, where Sir Robert saw Captain George Bennett, of the Princess Patricia's, who was just fighting his way back to consciousness after 18 weeks of burning fever.

From the hospital the Prime Minister went to the graveyard, where he planted seeds of the maple tree on the graves of our dead officers and men. The scene was touching, and Sir Robert was deeply moved. Sir Robert then visited the McGill College Hospital, commanded by Colonel Birkett; the Canadian Base Hospital, under Colonel Shillington; and Colonel Murray MacLaren's hospital, under canvas, in the sand dunes fringing the sea. In the long corridor tents in the sand dunes the convalescents stood to attention to receive the Canadian Prime Minister. Sir Robert, in a few pregnant sentences, made himself the mouthpiece of Canada in rendering to them, as representing Canada's suffering heroes, a high tribute of respect and gratitude.

Early on Wednesday morning the Prime Minister set forth to visit the Canadian troops at the front. He was joined in the course of his journey by Prince

Arthur of Connaught, who came to represent the Governor-General of Canada.

The road followed took the party near to where Canada at the second battle of Ypres held the left of the British line. The Prime Minister examined the position with the greatest care and interest, and looked upon the ruined city of Ypres, and far in the horizon identified the shattered remnants of Messines. And before he left he spoke to those about him, with deep pride and thankfulness, of those who stood and died for the honour of Canada in that great critical day in the Western campaign.

At noon Sir Robert reached the Canadian Divisional Headquarters, where he was received by General Alderson, who accompanied Sir Robert on his visit to the units of the division not on duty in the trenches.

Sir Robert addressed the men in a few ringing sentences, which excited the greatest enthusiasm in all ranks. The second brigade, under the command of Brigadier-General Currie, who has since been given the command of the 1st Division, with which his name is imperishably linked, and the first brigade (Brigadier-General Mercer) were also visited. The Prime Minister then visited the trenches, accompanied by General Alderson and Brigadier-General Burstall, and after a visit to the Army Service Corps, under Colonel Simpson, he parted from General Alderson and his fine command.

PRINCESS PATRICIA'S REGIMENT.

His next visit was neither less important nor less interesting, for it was to the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, which assembled 500 strong, in a field five miles from the Canadian Headquarters, and received with cheers, which broke out again and again, the Prime Minister and the brother of the Princess under whose name and favour the battalion has so bravely fought. The regiment was formed in three sides of a square. As the Prime Minister and the Prince advanced, the colours, presented by the Princess in Lansdowne Park on that great day, which seems so long ago, were unfurled.

In simple words the Prime Minister conveyed a message from the Governor-General. The Prince, in

plain and soldierly language, spoke in deep affection of the regiment, whose glory, he said, was so dear to his sister's heart. The men were deeply moved. On his return to Headquarters, the Prime Minister was invited to take part in a conference with the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief and his Staff. Among those present was the Prince of Wales.

It had been arranged that Sir Robert Borden's visit to the French armies—a visit most courteously and even pressingly suggested by the French Government—should take place on the conclusion of the conference at General Headquarters. Sir Robert was received at a small town, which it would be indiscreet to name, by General Joffre, who for a long time discussed the position and the prospect of the Allied forces in the field.

DISCUSSIONS IN PARIS.

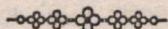
After a long day in the French trenches, varied by visits to advanced observation posts, from which the Prime Minister could plainly see the German front line trenches, the party returned through the stricken city of Albert to Paris, where the rest of the week was spent with the Government, and in discussion with the French President and the Minister of War. Here, again, Sir Robert met with the greatest kindness and frankness. Nothing promising or unpromising in the prospects of the Allies was concealed from him, and on his departure from Paris the First Citizen of France conferred upon the First Citizen of Canada the highest order of the Legion of Honour.

After a visit on the way home to the great Canadian Base Hospital, over which Colonel Bridges, an officer of the Permanent Force, presides, and in which Major Keenan, of Montreal, and of the Princess Patricia's, gives his services, the party reached Boulogne on Sunday, and were carried back to English soil again.

Monday morning was spent in visiting the great hospital at Shorncliffe, which is under the direction of Colonel Scott, of Toronto. In the late afternoon the Prime Minister arrived at the Canadian Convalescent Home, under the able direction of Colonel Combe, where troops are gathered from all the hospitals in England, either to return in due course to duty, or leave for ever the military service.

The convalescents here were over a thousand strong, all Canada being represented, from Halifax to Vancouver. Here were the survivors of the battle for the wood; there a remnant of the heroes who charged to save the British left. Here were those brave men who gloriously assaulted the orchard; there were the veterans of the 1st Ontario Regiment, who attacked on June 15.

The Prime Minister was profoundly affected, and the warmth and sincerity of his nature found expression in a moving address. It was a speech vital with humanity; it was the speech of a father who mourned over stricken sons, and, closing in a sterner note, it was the speech of one who foresaw and promised a day of retribution for the conscienceless race, which, with cold calculation, had planned this outrage upon humanity.



BOYS OF CANADA.

OH, boys of Canada! if you only knew
What England's women are thinking of you,
Who rushed from mansions, shops, and farms
To answer our country's "Call to Arms."
Ask us all, and we each will say,
No men could be greater than you to-day.

Oh, boys of Canada! if you only knew
When you pass by, what we long to do,
We want to cheer and we want to cry,
But our lips are mute and our eyes are dry.
Although we stand and make no sign
Our hearts are with your khaki line.

Oh, boys of Canada! if we only knew
Of anything else we could do for you,
But knit and sew, and watch and pray
For Canada's boys from day to day.
No work too hard, no task too long
For you who fight to right one wrong.

F. BENNETT.

“Three-Ha’pence Short”

A TALE OF EXTREMES

By NOLL AYTON.

THE last through car had just left the Embankment for the salubrious suburb furthest south served by the L.C.C.—London’s County Council tramway system, controlled in some departments by grey-bearded futilities in trousers who still maintain that a man can do better work more quickly by hand than with a machine which eliminates four out of five operations.

The prospect of waiting for an hour for the first “workman’s car,” and then the better part of the way still to be done on Shank’s mare, was about to be faced by Fred Granger, when suddenly, from out the shadows of that monstrosity of Victorian construction and design known as Hungerford Bridge, where it emerges from the south entrance to Charing Cross Underground Station, there appeared a gaunt, ragged newsboy—over 21 years of age, of course, to keep within the legal regulations of the Children’s Charter, and very praiseworthy, too—but still a boy, sprung up as it were from the ground. In his thin, muddy-coloured hand were a few re-folded copies of the evening papers, and in hoarse yet muffled voice he strove to mutter, “Th’ boy’s short o’ three-ha’pence for ’is lodgin’, guv’nor!”

After an effort Granger made it out to mean that the boy wanted another three-halfpence to make up the fourpence it would cost for a bed and breakfast. “The Council don’t ’low yer to slep on th’ Embankment no longer so we’s got to ’op it, and I got a mate wot’s awaitin’ on me now.”

It was 2.15 by Big Ben that early summer’s morning as Fred Granger was left by his friends—dropped amicably at the corner from their car ere they turned northwards for home. He had borrowed five shillings from them earlier in the evening, but found two pennies

left in his overcoat pocket, and was about to pass them on to the poor benighted youth with some degree of assumed leisure—notwithstanding the lad's evident desire to be off—intending to put a few questions to the fellow as to where he purposed sleeping, how far the L.C.C. restrictions had proved a hardship or otherwise, and hoped to elicit some further information which the prospect of a few pence usually helps to procure.

But almost before he knew what had happened the "ragamuffin" snatched the coppers from Fred's well-gloved, lazy fingers, threw down a soiled newsheet, and with a joyous ejaculation vanished into the gloom at a rapid pace. Fred could just discern him on the other side of the bridge, and heard him shout to a woman selling matches, "That bloke there wiv' the silkie topper on," whom she presently accosts requesting the price of her tram fare "to get whoam to the childers."

She followed some twenty minutes later into the car, and paid her penny, like the brave soul she was, out of hard-earned gains of "18 hours a-selling matches."

That tramcar carried a score of men and women that early morning as far as Kennington Gate. On each face was written a story of struggle, debauchery, or earnest effort and work well done. The fellow of thirty who had been "rooked" by companions offered the conductor his return ticket of the day just gone. "That's no good now," said the tired official, but a neighbour put it right.

A gallery reporter on a Western daily could tell of historic debates in the House, and of scenes that very night which would live in history. Granger himself turned out at Water-lane, and began a tramp homewards a mile or two further, which ended at 4.30 as the clouds of dawn were rising and another day began—for the birds, who were chirping gaily, and for the men who passed in the first workmen's car from the depot.

And the walk was worth the effort, for the night had been filled with thought and experiences unusual, even to a man like Granger, who had known much of life's varied roads before, and travelled a fair space of the world about, seen into things that were dreadful, and

heard the whispers and shout of women and children in trouble, of men who cared nought for life but "living."

Fred could "many a tale unfold," but there was a lesson—there were many lessons to be learned from his evening's unwonted experiences, and one more poignant than the rest lay in that cry, "Three-Ha'pence Short!" He had spent the earlier evening at a Masonic function at the "Holborn." The treat of music, song, and speech had been rich and rare. That was followed by coffee at "Frascati's" to conclude the discussion started at the banquet. But the talk veered round to the morals of the night-clubs. Granger held they could not be for good, and thinking to prove him wrong his host offered to entertain him and another friend by continuing the argument under the actual conditions of either rendezvous—Rumsey's or the Leinster Club. The latter was supposed to be then at its zenith of popularity, but a few days later was closed. They elected to go to Rumsey's—"the most respectable of all," as Fred was assured.

An hour and a-half later the three friends emerged into the cool air of Piccadilly and stood enjoying the change of clear atmosphere before entering the motor, a relief that proved most grateful to Granger's sated senses, even though his point had been gained as to the degrading *morale* of the place.

This is far from being an advertisement of "Rumsey's" or any other night club, however well it may be controlled, but from the point of view of a serious-minded—not puritanical—individual there was nothing to be seen there worth while, save perhaps the lighting effects—the weird, seductive, "vampire" tints, if one may call the inanimate so, which gave to the lighted ends of cigars a curiously greenish tinge, to women's eyes a lustrous fascination they did not know, like the limpid phosphorescent depths of a cat's eyes in reflected light at noon. The very liquids were paled in the glasses; ices appeared ghastly, and every person in the place looked tired, excepting the Argentine musicians who played and sang in rag-time, while a hundred dissipated individuals tried to "tango" till the dawn should come to end the struggle to seem amused and call them to sleep and rest—for another day of "keeping up the pace."

Nothing to see worth while was Granger's opinion. Women there were by a level ten score; of men probably fewer. Actors and actresses of some notoriety, and dancers of Tango fame from the "Empire" and other such places. But it all seemed a sickly "to do," just a bore to have come, and hard to endure, on the part of the majority of the people present.

No jewels to speak of, which might—and there had been—have sent scintillating rays of coruscating light dancing in the submerged yet shimmering Egyptian gloom of the obscured electric lamps. Fleshly crudities of form and figure that did not charm; scarce any beauteous women there, though some were pretty, but most were "overdone" or "under-dressed." Of men the "nuts" were chiefest, but what surprised Fred most was the number of fairly well-known business men, giving themselves up, so it seemed, in obedient sacrifice to a craze.

Their counterparts in the night palaces and famous restaurants of Paris and Berlin Fred had seen on many occasions, and wondered how they managed to be on duty for business at 8 or 9 o'clock the next morning. But in sober Britain, and its great metropolis especially, the spending of hours intended for recreation and relaxation in a vitiated atmosphere and amid demoralising surroundings positively puzzled him. At French and German resorts it is the rule that the whole family, above a certain age that is, join their parents in such amusements, and by so doing add a touch of restraint perhaps to the gathering, as the older folks—the grand parents—do of decorum, to otherwise doubtful entertainments. But here it were fairly safe to assume that the youngest of either sex was 20 or so, and the oldest not much over 50 years of age, and certainly very few, if any, gave one the impression of being there *à la famille*.

At "Frascati's" one saw more beautiful women, more flashily dressed and seductive of set purpose probably; the men there were not all on sober things intent, and yet there was not suggested, even amid the garishly beautiful decorations of the place, anything like as much that savoured of the objectionable as here at "Rumsey's."

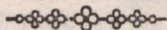
The economics of the situation startled one quite as much as the sensuous appealings. To think that some 400 people between 12 midnight and 4 a.m. would pass through the club and spend at least £1 per head. And this quite apart from the fact that each member has to subscribe for a £10 share as and by way of entrance fee, plus a yearly subscription of five guineas, and to pay 5s. for each guest introduced, and the prices of all refreshments are at least double the highest West-End charges.

A simple arithmetical calculation quickly shows that the proprietors of clubs such as this are making an enormous percentage of profit, entirely out of all proportion to the service they render. It seems trite to designate such "service" as "unproductive" to the last degree. Nay, it is "destructive" and parasitically artificial in the fullest and worst sense. "Waste" should be written large across the portals, for their motto is surely this from Dante:—"Abandon hope all ye who enter here!" There can be but one outcome of such demoralising resorts if allowed to continue, and consequently extend their sinister and baneful influence on the younger men and women of our time. It is a known fact that at one such club a woman has boasted that there she has engulfed three scions of noble houses within a year, who have been drawn into the vortex of her vampiric seductions, and is grimly determined to conquer more of those who frequent these hells upon earth—for they are surely nothing less.

It was Goldsmith who wrote those powerful lines beginning, "Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey, where wealth accumulates and men decay." Conan Doyle in his danger call to Britain, "The Last Galley," showed us how the Carthaginians lost their erstwhile heroic fighting abilities through supineness due to love of luxury and ease. Here in proud and so-called "Christian" England—in London, the seat of the world's greatest Empire—the blood and strength is being sapped from the hearts and minds and bodies of those very men and women to whom we should look to carry forward their Imperial heritage to higher destinies, while along the Embankment old Father Thames rolls darkly by and hears the hoarse cry of the

poor—"the boy is three-ha'pence short of his lodgings!" while a widowed mother begs a penny for her car fare to carry her home to the children who maybe are starving for want of a real loaf of bread.

(This article was written in time for insertion in the August, 1914, issue of a monthly magazine to which the writer frequently contributed, but owing to the outbreak of war was held over. The military authorities have been pressing for some time past for the extinction of night clubs because of the snare which many of them have proved to be for young officers. Hence the writer's closing words would appear to have been penned in a somewhat prophetic vein.)



PROPOSED LIMELIGHT LECTURES.

Arrangements are about to be made for a series of three or four limelight stereoptican lectures as follows:—

- (1) On Russia.
- (2) On the Balkans.
- (3) On Some Interesting Scientific Subjects.
- (4) On Some Places and Personalities of the War; or,
On the Track of the Huns.

These lectures will be delivered by Mr. O. A. Minns, F.I.S.A.C., who has personally visited most of the cities and places illustrated.

Further information will appear later.

The officer in command of details is now endeavouring to obtain permission from the directors of the British American Tobacco Company, to hold these lectures at Westminster House.

Look out for further announcements.

“CLOCK-WATCHERS”

EVERY business man knows that a “clock-watcher” is a man or woman who is anxious to get away from work; a servant who is forever waiting and watching for the time to “down tools,” as it were, and to get off to a more congenial employment.

Now, the “clock-watcher” is not necessarily an incompetent worker. He may be a most skilful and painstaking servant, but his soul is not in his work. For this reason employers find “clock-watchers” generally do not succeed.

There are signs, to us most hopeful signs, that Germany is “clock-watching.” Germany’s business at the moment is war. At this none can deny she is most competent and thorough, but we see signs of her failing interest in her task, despite the bluster and bravado of Imperial messages and an inspired Press.

Germany’s alleged peace terms, for instance. If the German really thought that he was doing as well as his recent victories in Russia might suggest, he would not talk about terms of peace. He would leave that for his opponents, and go ahead confident, knowing that each day brought him nearer to the complete victory which knows no terms.

But Germany is watching the clock of foreign opinion. The Kaiser and his advisers want to know what the other fellow thinks about things. So bogus “concessions,” semi-official peace terms, and pious aspirations are spread broadcast through the German and neutral Press. These are baits to try to catch an idea of how much longer the other fellow wants to keep up the game of war.

Do not let us think for a moment that these signs indicate an end of German resources. They do not. If anything, they indicate that Germany feels for the moment particularly strong. But they also indicate,

and it is here that we have reason for satisfaction, that Germany would as soon as not get back to a more congenial mode of life if she could do so in profitable circumstances.

She has learnt by now that those terms are not forthcoming, and so we may very safely assume she will deny all of "bait," and get back to the business in hand with all possible vigour.

Now let us consider the Allies. They dislike the work in hand just as much as the German, but their soul is in it; they have no objection to working overtime if the job cannot be finished sooner. They are going to finish their task.

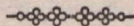
At the moment Russia, the apparently most hardly pressed, returns a message of defiance to the German's furtive challenge.

The Western Allies refuse the bait altogether. The Allies care nothing for the clock, knowing that they can have no rest until the task is done.

So the slaves of war get back to work, all perhaps confident that they can finish their task satisfactorily; but one anxious to get it over quickly in order to revert to a pleasanter one, the others content to see the present duty through, complete, finished, before giving any thought to the next.

And remembering this, ask any big employer of labour which class of servant wins in the end—the maybe brilliant "clock-watcher" or the duller enthusiast who likes his work, and is determined to finish it before he leaves business.

He will give you an answer that may be applied to the belligerent nations in Europe to-day.



COUPLETS

The Prize for the above Competition has been awarded to—

MISS KATHLEEN GREGG,
13, Rudolph Road,
Kilburn, N.W.

C stands for Canadians, cautious and cute,
Their world-wide reputation none can dispute.

THE AGE OF CHIVALRY

It has been popular in our day and generation to cry with Burke that "the age of chivalry is gone," and to regard personal heroism, fortitude, and endurance as the virtues of times long past—as qualities which dignified the strong, stern Bersekir of the North, and added glory to a long line of British warriors down to the spacious days of Elizabeth. Then civilisation, humane development, social progress, and refinement, so it has been customary to say, benumbed the spirit of our nation and weakened the people to effeminacy. Some there are who find it difficult to appreciate deeds of valour unless they are the theme of an epic poem, and who have not sufficient imagination to realise that the daily gallantry of our troops will ring sonorously through the epic of history, and stir the blood of nations still unborn. The letters from, and all the conversations of, our men breathe valour in every syllable, and must warm all hearts in which good red, honest blood pulses.

After many awful hours of the cruellest fighting near Ypres, when the remnant of troops is fatigued, it is necessary to obtain water to relieve the extremities of thirst from which the men are suffering. One of our men simply makes his way across the bullet-swept ground to procure a supply. He is shot, and crawls to safety only with difficulty and in agony. His act is paralleled by hundreds of others every day. Correspondents speak admiringly, moreover, of the courageous manner in which the wounded help one another; how those injured in the head or the arm, it may be, disregarding their own sufferings, refuse to desert their comrades, but collect and carry away amid the gravest perils those who are unable to walk. The age of chivalry is now.

CHIVALRY OF THE AGE

Burke added to his lament that "the age of chivalry is gone" that the age of "sophisters, economists, and

calculators has succeeded." Sophistry, finance, and calculation do involve our national and individual life far, far too much in the judgment of many of the wisest and most clear-sighted of men. Still, if some aspects of present affairs do, superficially at least, seem to bear out this suggestion, it is certain that loftier motives are hourly disclosed in refreshing abundance. Men there are of noble character who cannot right any wrong by physical resistance. However the scales of justice seem to incline, they cannot chastise the oppressor. The glory of courage, however, inspires them, and some of the most valiant acts of the present campaign have been performed by non-combatants engaged on the work of saving life and assuaging suffering. The heroism and fearlessness of these ambulance workers have won the warmest praise from men whose intrepidity and resource upon the field of battle qualify them to speak with authority.

Even the economist and the calculator are not necessarily self-seeking monsters, and those unable to draw the sword have in their thousands sacrificed their own abundance to the necessities of the nation. There are countless ways in which treasure can be used for the service of the country and the service of those "broke in our wars." In the age of legendary chivalry the maimed were cast aside, after all their valour in battle, and left to suffer unrelieved destitution and misery. This the chivalry of the present age won't permit.

THE SPLENDID MEN

The accompanying verse has been added to the National Anthen by an Australian, and is being sung in many colonial centres, in church and Sunday-school:—

“ God save our splendid men !
Send them safe home again,
God save our men !
Keep them victorious,
Patient and chivalrous,
They are so dear to us ;
God save our men ! ”

Diary of a Real Soldier

HUMAN SIDE OF TRENCH LIFE.

*Newspaper Published at Front by 7th Canadian
Battalion Tells of a Soldier's Ups and Downs.*

CANADIAN troops on service at the front are not without their own newspapers. One, "The Listening Post," is a four-sheet journal, published by the 7th Canadian Infantry Battalion (1st British Columbia Regiment). The first number, issued at a penny, came out in France on August 10. It contains editorial comment, news, verse, jokes, and regimental information. Below is the first part of the "Diary of a Real Soldier," a striking and realistic contribution, reprinted from "The Listening Post."

Sunday.—It must be Sunday for there goes the "Padre" and his batman carrying a bag. I wonder if it's heavy? That job would suit me fine. I must make inquiries to find out how they "land" these jobs. Here I am, "Somewhere" in France after several unsuccessful attempts to get "anywhere in England." I would take a chance in Scotland even if the opportunity presented itself. Well, the only hope is try Sick Parade again, and to make matters worse, there is talk of going in the trenches to-morrow night for another five days and nights Brrrrr!!

I shudder at the thought of those nights. When they whisper, "Pass the word from the O.C. to stand to" I lose my appetite, and all the pills that the M.O. and his bunch of body snatchers could pack around wouldn't help me in the least. Forgot my insect powder, and am up for Orderly Room for scratching whilst singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

MONDAY'S WISH.

Monday.—Went sick, but couldn't make any impression on that duffer of a M.O. at all. I guess he is wise to the game all right. Must think of something original, all the old complaints are played out; he even pulls teeth

now. Just been reading the "Daily Mirror" pictures of V.C. this and V.C. that trying to get away from girls who want the hero's autograph. Why do they send these pictures to us? Just to pile the agony on, I guess. Another picture of Lady Somebody taking wounded Tommies for a drive. I am beginning to wish those Bosches would come over—then I might get a nice little blighty, and get in on that girl and motor-car stuff.

TUESDAY'S COMPLAINTS.

Tuesday.—Got one day's fatigue for my misdemeanour on Church Parade, which placed me under the jurisdiction of that despised official, the Sanitary Sergeant. I hate to dwell on the many humiliations I suffered during the past 24 hours, but I shall derive all the more pleasure when I get back to civilian life and can read my diary at home. I was taken along with the other defaulters and ordered to clean up latrines. The creature who was told off to assist me, B—ll D—s by name, claimed to be suffering from every disease known to the medical profession excepting housemaid knee and twins. If personal appearance has anything to do with the acquisition of these complaints I think he can consider himself immune. He whined around the trench and described each symptom in detail, until I asked him if he had been reading the literature from a quack medicine almanac.

WEDNESDAY'S AMBITION.

Wednesday.—Have interviewed several batmen, and I find that they got their jobs by various methods. One fellow, who had several ribbons on his chest, said he was appointed to that enviable position through being a smart soldier. My hopes went down to zero when I heard that, but not to be discouraged I tried another batman who had no ribbons on his manly chest. I may say that this type is very scarce. Very reluctantly he told me that his method was to lay in wait for a new officer and take him by surprise, or, if you lack the necessary courage to do this, the next best system is to adopt one like a society lady sometimes adopts a "Chow." It was here that I learned that all batmen are in a kind of secret society, and manage to keep these jobs amongst a select few. When I had got through this interview I was the only outsider who knew about a

vacancy for a batman with the Padre. My whole ambition is to land this job.

THURSDAY'S SATISFACTION.

Thursday.—Landed the job all right, but had quite a struggle. The Padre is very particular who he has around him. The examination of my pay book proved to him that I had never been in the "Clink." I also got through with the 23rd Psalm and most of the Commandments, but nearly got fired at noon for forgetting to say grace. Worked my good standing back again by refusing a drink of rum from an old acquaintance when the Padre thought I didn't know he was around. Find it much healthier in this part of the country. But the fellows in the Company are saying cruel things about me. I should worry!! Stand much better chance of dying of old age than any of 'em. The boss smokes nothing but the best, and there is a chance that he may keep a little booze around here (say just for religious purposes). Think I'll straighten his room out.


Friday.—(Deleted by the Censor.)

SATURDAY'S PAINS.

Saturday.—Got off with a severe reprimand, but am back in the trenches. Things look worse than ever. Kept busy carrying bombs, ammunition, barbed wire, sand bags, and all sorts of horrors. Met the M.O. in the trench this morning. Told him I had sprained my back carrying those bombs last night. Asked me where the pain was, and when I said around my kidneys he nearly got me, for the kidneys are at least a foot away from the spot I indicated. I groaned horribly when he poked his finger up and down my back, and he sent me to the dressing station.

SUNDAY'S HOPES.

Sunday.—At the dressing station the M.O. told the Sergeant to fall in the "Camp Followers." I don't like that name, but I think he meant the other fellows. We all had our temperature taken. Don't think my thermometer was any good as it stuck somewhere below normal. We all made ourselves scarce except at meal times. Wish I could get down to the Base Hospital, or a job on the transport, or the shoemaker, or butcher, or best of all the Post Office Corporal's job. Must make inquiries.



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INVALIDS and the
AGED.**

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What would you Say to a Sorrowing Mother ?

MESSAGES FROM EMINENT PEOPLE TO THOSE BEREAVED BY THE WAR.

HAS mankind any means of bestowing real comfort upon the hundreds of thousands of men and women whom the great war has afflicted with sorrow? How can true consolation be offered to the world in tears? If there be any balm and solace in our religion or philosophy, is it not the bounden duty of all who have themselves received these gifts to pass them on to their fellow-creatures who are now so much in need of consolation?

These questions have given rise to an extremely interesting consensus of opinion from eminent men and women which appears in the current number of the *International Psychic Gazette*. The editor put the following question to leading representatives in religious, semi-religious, philosophical, and humanitarian walks of life :—

What would you say in response to the anguished cry of the bereaved mother's heart, "Where is my boy and how fares it with him?"

What would you say if you gathered around you in a room a group of fathers, mothers, wives, sisters, and lovers who have lost their dear ones, and who are looking towards you with confidence for a message that will assuage their grief and give them calm assurance and comfort in place of doubt and perplexity?

The following are some of the replies received :—

The Right Rev. H. R. Wakefield, D.D., Bishop of Birmingham :—

I would answer the mother in some such words as these :—"Your boy passed hence for the sake of the world's righteousness. Were there no hereafter, still he has lived to make better and nobler the ideals and the methods of mankind. He will live, therefore, in the future he has helped to

create. Again, could you call your boy back again and ask him whether he would choose to live here the dead existence of the one who has done naught in the great crisis to promote the good, or once more to lay down his all for the true, you know what his answer would be. Life grows through noble sacrifice. Nay, more. You, mother of the hero, do you not know in your heart that, all your anguish notwithstanding, you feel your boy is now more yours than ever? Your pride in him is absolute, and, believe me, if you will listen with the mother's all-hearing ear, you will still be able to hold sweet communion with him who was, is, and must ever remain part of yourself. Love is life, and death cannot kill love. So be comforted, and—wait."

The Right Rev. J. E. C. Welldon, M.A., Dean of Manchester :—

The world has indeed become a house of mourning. To such a group of mourners as your letter depicts I could only say, I think, that if Jesus is, as Christians believe Him to be, the Resurrection and the Life, then the future world is His as well as the present, and one day tears will be wiped away from all eyes in His beatific presence.

The Rev. F. B. Meyer, D.D. :—

Christ's appearance after his death, in a body which, although of another texture, was distinctly recognisable, and the further fact that Mary and others recognised His voice, are sufficient to prove that those who have passed over into the other life retain their identity. We shall know and hear them again. Even if their love is unable to express itself as in the past, we cannot but believe that it holds us still in its strong embrace, because love was a part of themselves. Time has ceased to exist for them, and they are not exposed to its obliterating tendency. They certainly await us.

Mr. Israel Zangwill, the famous Jewish novelist, playwright, and sociologist :—

It has been more than once my melancholy task to try to console bereaved mothers, but I have never been able to point to any source of comfort

except the high heroic memory their sons had left them. To suppose that this tragic butchery could be circumvented by immortality would be to deprive death of its reality, heroism of its substance, and war-makers of their guilt.

Mr. J. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P. for Leicester :—

I am not sure that I can help very much. One's faith in everything good is sadly shattered both by the events and the mind of these days. If I were in a room with those who sorrow I would just sorrow too, and in silent touch with their souls seek with them to regain some of that belief in the righteous order of creation so much of which has been lost this last year. I am tired of cheap consolation. It is turning religion into a desert and calling it peace.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, LL.D., the creator of "Sherlock Holmes" and many famous novels :—

I fear I can say nothing worth saying. Time only is the healer.

Mr. Edward Clodd, J.P., author of "The Childhood of the World," &c. :—

As the evidence that we possess seems to me conclusive against survival after death, I can say nothing on the lines which you suggest.

The Rev. Hon. E. Lyttelton, M.A., D.D., headmaster of Eton College :—

(1) No matter how true or beautiful or sympathetic anyone's words may be, they will bring no comfort whatever except they be translated to the sufferer by the Comforter. (2) Did we not foresee that our loved ones might be slain? How, then, did we let them go? Because their eagerness reminded us of what we were forgetting : that this life is not all. (3) Some feel that all messages are powerless to uplift. They can only warm the ante-chambers of the heart. True, but in that very powerlessness there is hope, which beckons us on beyond words to the Everlasting Arms. Words are for the ante-room, but only in the presence of our Father is there peace.

Mr. John Galsworthy, the novelist and playwright :—

I am sorry, but I'm afraid that I should be quite

incapable of sending you any message likely to be comforting to people holding accepted views of life, whether mystic or religious. I'm afraid most people do hold such views, and I therefore refrain. I am sorry.

Miss Violet Vanbrugh, the actress :—

Shakespeare's words, "In the great hand of God I stand," seem to bring with them a message of comfort and protection—as well as a sense of power to all of us, and will help us to say : "Father, into Thy hands I commit my spirit !"

Mr. Arthur Bourchier, M.A., the actor-manager :—

In answer to your question, I would quote the beautiful and comforting words of the greatest Humanitarian as well as the greatest philosopher :—"I will not leave you nor forsake you." They seem to have an added meaning at this time of trial and suffering, and they give new courage and endurance to those souls bent with anguish.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, novelist and dramatist :—

The best use to which we can put our life is to spend it in service. Some serve with many years of labour. To others the call is made that they shall lay it down in one great gift. And maybe they are the more blessed.

Mrs. Katharine Tynan, the Irish novelist and poet, sends an answer in verse, of which this is the concluding stanza :—

Oh, if the sonless mothers weeping,
The widowed girls, could look inside
The country that hath them in keeping
Who went to the great war and died,
They would rise and put their mourning off,
Praise God and say : "He has enough."

Lady Muir Mackenzie :—

I would say to those who sorrow : There is only one Path of Comfort to be found ; that is, by eliminating the Personal, and by losing ourselves in the Great Cosmic Love. Let all who sorrow dedicate their lives to place the world on a better basis for generations yet unborn, for—

Love with its dome of many-coloured glass
Stains the white radiance of Eternity.

THE MORAL CLUE

THE Balkans are a jig-saw puzzle, with most of the marriageable pieces missing. There are few Balkan facts, and most of the Balkan facts are lies. The plain man can make neither head nor tail of a riddle which makes the Sphinx look like an amateur. The moral clue is the only clue worth following. That clue makes the triumph of the Kaiser (the Belgian butcher) and Enver Bey (the Armenian butcher) unthinkable. It simply cannot be. Lord Bryce told a tale to the horror-stricken House of Lords which satisfies us that Prussian militarism is a doomed and decadent infamy. The unspeakable Hun and the unspeakable Turk cannot be tolerated in a world inhabited by human beings.

We do not believe that the German people will in the long run bear the burden of blood-guiltiness which the Kaiser's clique has laid upon their souls. The truth cannot for ever be hidden from their conscience. Lord Bryce says that 800,000 Armenians have been massacred since May. These massacres have been planned by the Kaiser's Turkish coadjutors. They were ordered. The orders came direct from Constantinople. Some of the Turkish Governors refused to execute the awful orders. Two were dismissed. The massacres were carried out in cold blood. The young men were marched out of each town and shot or bayoneted. The women and children and older men were driven in herds into waste places. They died of hunger. Women were stripped naked and marched in that condition. Many women went mad and threw away their children. The route of the caravans was marked by a line of corpses. Few of the martyrs survived.

In Trebizond the Armenian Christians were put on board sailing boats and thrown overboard into the Black Sea. The whole Armenian population, about ten thousand, was thus destroyed in one afternoon. Nearly the whole nation has been wiped out. "I do not think there is any case in history," says Lord Bryce, "cer-

tainly not since the days of Tamerlane, in which any crime so hideous and upon so large a scale has been recorded." And the German Government makes excuses for it. Wilhelm the Damned has outdone Abdul the Damned.

That, we say, is the moral clue to the Bulgarian puzzle and the Greek puzzle. We brush aside all the conflicting coils and convolutions of diplomacy and intrigue. These things are not the realities. The realities are the moral issues. Whatever may be the difference between King Ferdinand and the Bulgarian people, whatever may be the difference between King Constantine and M. Venezelos, whatever may be the difference between the Greek majority behind M. Venezelos and the Opposition, there are forces which are stronger than Monarchs and Ministers. They are the moral forces of mankind. Those moral forces are at war with the unholy alliance between the Germans and the Turks. They include the conscience and the humanity of Christians in Germany as well as the conscience and the humanity of Moslems in Turkey. We know that evil is strong, but our faith in the moral foundation of the universe forbids us to fear that it is stronger than right.

There are many men who hate war. The United States is filled with a passionate hatred of war. Never in human history has there been anything like the American loathing of war. But there is the right to be saved. There is the truth to be rescued. There is the naked babe of pity to be delivered from the steel talons of cruelty. Wherever men are men and women are women, this evil that blackens the firmament is abhorred and must be stricken to its death.



**Turn to page 5, and send Donation to
Tobacco Fund.**

COMMEMORATING AN HISTORICAL EVENT

The Landing of First Canadian Troops in England, October 15th, 1914.

THE Armada of Phillip II. of Spain was a pigmy affair in comparison with the flotilla of splendid "Franconias," with their convoy of Imperial steel stalwarts, sweeping out of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, after dropping down from Quebec, and the lay-to in Gaspé Bay, then over the misty ocean without a single mishap to any one of the 33,000 souls and more on board.

They came to the aid of the Motherland, and right well have they filled their part—a glorious heritage for ever in the records of the land of maple, sunshine, sea-lakes, and giant, snow-capped mountain ranges—aye, and in the remotest corner of the sun-kissed Empire's farthest bounds.

The imagination is fired and the heart is thrilled at the thought of "the Mistress of the West" sending her sons "back home" in the Motherland's hour of need, but the quiet "family gathering" of the officers of the Pay and Record Offices in London, which was held to commemorate the historic event on Friday, October 15th, at the Hotel Windsor was a very simple affair in proportion to the purpose which occasioned it a year since.

Apart from Sir George Perley, the acting High Commissioner for Canada, whose interesting review of the past 15 or 16 months was phrased in most acceptable terms, there were only three "visitors" present—Mr. J. G. Colmer, of the Canadian War Contingents' Association, who had done much for the welfare of the troops; Mr. G. McLaren Brown, of the C.P.R., who has always been a stalwart friend to Canadians in London; and Mr. Dudley Oliver, the popular and energetic manager of the Pall Mall branch of the Bank

of Montreal, without whose aid it would have been difficult to manage the financial arrangements of the force in England and overseas.

In a few well-chosen words, Colonel W. R. Ward, Chief Paymaster of the Canadian Contingents, made clear the purpose of the gathering, emphasising that its object was not to "celebrate" the anniversary, since too many hearts were sad at this awful time, and tendered his thanks to those who had supported him in bringing the present organisation of the Pay and Record Office to the unexpected and unpremeditatedly huge proportions it had now reached, with 980 on the pay-roll—one-third of whom were civilians. A selection of tasteful musical items was very capably rendered by the male choir composed of N.C.O.'s and men of the Pay and Record Office.

When the annals of Armageddon are written within the due perspective of the coming decade; when the awful deeds of Attila II. are forgotten through the kind healing of Time's soothing hand, and the cathedral bells of St. Antoine at Antwerp peal their Tarantelle of joy once more, the story of the Canadians' landing at Plymouth will be repeating its wonderful hold on the hearts and minds of Britons at home and the wide world round.

O. A. M.



**Turn to page 5, and send Donation to
Tobacco Fund.**

Warrant Officers, N.C.O.'s & Men's Commemoration Dinner

The above took place on Saturday night, October 16, and the King's Hall was filled with guests, many of whom showed signs of having been on active service. Act. S.-M. G. D. Patterson presided, and carried out the duties imposed upon him very creditably. Colonel W. R. Ward and the officers in charge of the various departments were present as guests, this being the first opportunity that officers and men had had of meeting each other in a social way, and the reception accorded them indicated that the happiest relationships exist between officers, N.C.O.'s, and men.

The short toast list was appropriate, and the speakers discharged their respective tasks creditably, especially the toast of "Canada," proposed by Staff-Sergeant Matthews, who in stirring tones traversed epochal events of Dominion history down to date, showing how Canadians were always "ready." "The Officers" was proposed by Sergeant-Major Widdowson, and responded to by Lieut.-Colonel Kamis Betty. "Our Fallen Comrades" was given by the Chairman with admirable brevity and good taste. Staff-Sergeant Crean spoke for "Our Fighting Forces," and Captain Gimblett for "Allies."



For Advertising Space apply Editor.

Programme: Warrant Officers, N.C.O.'s and Men's Commemoration Dinner.

Warrant Officers
J.S. Gullett Headwaiter
King and Royal
Officers
Reply
 CANADA
On Fallen Comrades
Our Fighting Forces.
Our Allies
The Committee.
Artists.
Reply

TOASTS AND MUSIC.

Substantive of SA

J.W. Downing
 PART I
 1. Chorus... "O Canada" ... *Indian Military Choir*
 2. Song... Selected ... *Private S. FLEMING*
 3. Colla Solo... Selected ... *Bugler W. J. COLLUM*
 4. Song... "The Deathless Army" ... *Sergeant J. ROWE*
 5. Song... "My Dreams" ... *Sergeant S. C. NICHOLLS*
 6. Quartette... "Killarney" S. Q. M. S. L. DIGHTON and EVANS
Sergeants ROBERTS and ROWE

Pa. Minno
 PART II
 1. Chorus... "Hartech" ... *Military Choir*
 2. Song... *Private S. J. PEARSON*
 3. Song... "The King's Own" S. Q. M. S. LAITHEE, DIBBLE
 4. Song... "The Soldier" ... S. Q. M. S. KIRKING
 5. Duet... "Down the Vale" Sgt. NICHOLLS and Pte. FLEMING
 6. Chorus... "Crossing the Plains" ... *THE CHORUS*

"GOD SAVE THE KING."
Sergeant LEWIS ROBERTS.
Private A. A. ANDREWE
Arthur J. Chiffell
Charles Good
Staff Sgt.
Editors of the

"Is there Freedom left in England —?"

The first of these two poems was written by an Englishwoman in Germany and addressed to Mrs. G. K. Chesterton, who answers it in the second poem.

THE QUESTION.

(By an Englishwoman in Germany.)

ARE there bluebells still in England?
Is there left a happy place
Where they grow in all their glory,
Nodding with a careless grace?

Are there hedgerows still in England?

All untrimmed and growing wild,
Honeysuckle and dog-roses
Dear to every English child?

Is there joy left in old England?

Or have children grown so stern,
Thinking only of their duty
And the lessons they must learn?

Is there freedom left in England?

Is my England England still,
Not to be coerced or driven,
Save by choice and of her will?

Oh, my country! oh, my country!

How I tremble, how I fear
When I see the awful bondage
That has fallen on us here!

May God spare you, oh, my country!

Stamped upon you is the worth
Of a nobler far dominion
Than of force upon the earth.

Forge no chains for children's children;

Still let thy law be liberty.
England, mother country, girded
By the broad zone of the sea.

M.A.

THE ANSWER.

(By an Englishwoman in Her Own Country.)

IN deep woods of green England
There are bluebells of such blue
That your heart might stop its beating,
Could I send one bloom for greeting
From our beloved land,
One bloom for you.

In the hedgerows of your England
The dog-rose softly lies,
And the honeysuckle creeping
Would move you in your weeping
To lift a heavy hand
To dry your eyes.

The children in our England
Are laughing in the lane;
They have heard the cuckoo calling
And summer raindrops falling.

Great hopes we planned,
Dear, some remain.

High freedom lives in England,
Though we dreamed that she was dead;
We found her in the fighting,
Mid the shouting and the smiting,
That you in alien land
May lift your head.

England, our holy England,
Dear Mother of me and mine,
Still for liberty is pleading,
Though her very heart is bleeding
And running in the sand,
Blood, spilt like wine.

Yet she is gay, our England,
Her back no sorrows bend,
Her warm arms ever folding,
Her children in their holding,
Erect and firm to stand,
Abides the end.

Frances Chesterton.

From *The Daily Chronicle*.

The Canadian Military Choir

THIS excellent musical organisation, which has been practising assiduously for some weeks past, and bids fair to take London by storm, makes its initial appearance.

The members of this Choir have been carefully selected and comprise the best singers of the First and Second Divisions, the majority of whom have seen service at the Front and are now doing duty in London.

It is proposed to give a series of concerts in aid of the various Canadian Charitable Institutions, and no doubt much financial benefit will accrue. Colonel Ward has given his unqualified approval to the formation of this Choir, and has agreed to become its Hon. President.

The conductor is Sergeant Lewis Roberts, of Vancouver, B.C., a well-known Organist and Choir leader on the Pacific Coast, whilst the Secretarial duties are at present undertaken by Staff-Sergeant W. S. Bain of Prince Albert, who is already in receipt of requests for the services of the Choir from such cities as Liverpool, Manchester and Glasgow.

Appended is the personnel of the Choir :

1st Tenors.		2nd Tenors.	
S.Q.M.S. LAURIE-DIGHTON.		Q.M.S. ROTHERY.	
Sergt. NICHOLLS.		Sergt. "CASEY" JONES.	
" SKRIMSHIRE.		Corpl. J. OBORN.	
" BOLSTER.		" FITZPATRICK.	
Pte. KERR.		Pte. J. T. DAVIES.	
Sergt. DE LONGCHAMP.			
" LA ROSE.			
Staff-Sergt. MATTHEWS.			
1st Bass.		2nd Bass.	
S.Q.M.S. EVANS.		Sergt. CRAWFORD.	
" ATKINSON.		" DEY.	
Staff-Sergt. McMULLEN.		" HOUSTON.	
" AFFLECK.		" FELTON.	
" CREAN.		" ROWE.	
Sgt. CRANE. Sgt. CHRISTIE.		" CULLUM.	
" GREEN. " BILLINGS.		" EDMUNDS.	
" BYATT. " BIGGS.			
Pte. FLEMING.			
Choir Director - -	Sergt. LEWIS ROBERTS.		
Accompanist - - -	Pte. A. A. ANDREWS.		
Secretary & Treasurer - -	Staff-Sergt. W. S. BAIN.		

Association Football

CANADIAN ARMY FOOTBALL CLUB

v.

SOUTHALL.

Saturday, October 9, 1915.

THE Canadians journeyed to Southall, and engaged the "Soccer" eleven of that place in friendly rivalry. This was the third appearance of the "Maple Leaf" representatives since its formation. On the two previous occasions they played at Hounslow against the Army Cyclists, the first resulting in a win for the men of the wheel by two goals. With a stronger eleven on the following Saturday the Canadians, after having three-fourths of the play in a very fast game, just managed to draw.

The exchequer of the Southall F.C. must have benefited considerably as a result of the game, for the climatic conditions were of the best, and the enclosure was packed, the seating accommodation in the grand stand being taxed to its utmost. The Canadians received a splendid reception as they tripped on to the "billiard-table-surface-like" playing arena, clad in their new light blue colours.

The following team lined up for the Canadians:—

Houston.

Brooks. A. Cottam.

Marshall. Carpenter. J. Cottam.

Ford. Christie. Thompson. Peake. Stair.

The game was a closely-contested one, the score at half-time standing at 2—1 in favour of the light blues. Southall early in the second half equalised, but the fast-going sons of Canada gave the opposing defence no rest, the whole forward line swooping down on the backs, one of whom at this stage fouled within the penalty area, the referee promptly pointing to the

12 yards mark. "Ash" Cottam, who was entrusted with the kick, made no mistake, converting with a lovely shot into the corner of the net far out of the goalkeeper's reach. The excitement at this stage was intense, the grand-standites throwing hats and sticks in the air and cheering vociferously for several minutes. The Canadians must have had several hundred "fans" with them, amongst whom were many of the fair sex, who journeyed from London to cheer on their favourites.

The Southall boys, pulling themselves together and playing a very robust game, seemed now to give the superb Army defence a warm time of it. After a brilliant run down, the left wing passed into the centre, who appeared from the Press-box to fist the ball into the net. Much to the chagrin of Brooks and Houston, who protested vehemently, the referee pointed to centre field, and the score stood 3 all.

With only a few minutes to go, the excitement was at fever-heat, the ball travelling in fast style from end to end of the field, and just as the whistle blew the Southall centre scored the best goal of a fast and intensely interesting game.

The Southall left wing shone throughout the game.

The Canadian back division were splendid, Peake was the star performer in a good forward line, and Carpenter at centre-half was, as usual, the backbone of the team.

S.Q.M.S. Laurie-Dighton officiated in the capacity of linesman for the Army team in his usual impartial manner.

The husband of an old countrywoman was very ill, and the doctor took his temperature and told her to do the same the following morning, if she could borrow a thermometer. The old soul tried all her neighbours, and the only thing she could get was a barometer. The next day, when the doctor called and asked after the health of his patient, she told him what had happened.

"I put it on his chest," she said, "and it went to 'Very dry,' so I gave him a quart of beer, and he got up and went to work."

“What will you have?”

IT'S an ill wind that blows no one any good. Even the ill wind that blows across Europe in these days has a breath of virtue in it. It is toppling over many of our hoary prejudices, and blowing away some of our bad habits. I don't think it is going to leave any of us quite as it found us. We may all be sadder at the end, but we shall certainly all be wiser, for the human mind cannot pass through such fierce fires of experience without learning something and having a good deal of its rubbish purged away. And as for some of our bad habits—well, we have no option. We have to forgo them willy-nilly.

* * * *

Perhaps some of these bad habits we shall give up with regret, but there is one that will go amid universal acclamation. It is that abominable habit of treating. Jones goes into the club (or the pub.), sits down at a table with Brown and Robinson, and enters into a pleasant conversation about the crops, or conscription, or Charlie Chaplin. He talks eloquently and gets dry, summons the waiter and asks for beer, or whisky, or whatever may be his peculiar “vanity,” as Mr. Tony Weller would say. And there, by all the considerations of common-sense, should be the end of it. But, instead, in obedience to an absurd ritual, he proceeds to ask Brown and Robinson what *they* will take. And Brown and Robinson stipulate their favourite brands. Just as the waiter arrives with the drinks, up comes Smith. Smith is no end of a good fellow. Everyone rejoices when Smith heaves on the horizon, and how can one express one's enthusiasm better than by demanding what *he'll* have to drink? And the waiter trots away for a drink for Smith.

* * * *

The talk flows on for a time, and then, the glasses being emptied, Robinson calls the waiter. It isn't that he really wants anything more to drink, but he has got to show that he is as hearty a fellow as Jones, and as ready to "stand his corner," as the preposterous jargon goes. And so there is another round of "drinks," followed by another round of talk. Then Smith feels the promptings of conscience. He wants another drink rather less than Robinson did. In fact, he doesn't want it at all, cannot really afford this evening habit, and would like to be going. But he has got to preserve his reputation as a man who gives as well as takes, and so—more drinks, more talk. There remains Brown. He would have liked to have got his "round" in before Smith, not because he is thirsty, nor because his pockets are overflowing with money, but because he fears the other fellows may think he is shirking his turn, and because then he could decently have refused the fourth round, which he would willingly throw out of the window, so little does he want it. And so—more drinks.

* * * *

Could there be a more infantile proceeding? Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson each goes home, having drunk more than he wanted to drink and spent more than he wanted to spend, out of respect for an absurd custom. He hasn't even the satisfaction of feeling that he has been a hospitable fellow. He had to do it as a matter of course. He had to give the other fellows drinks they didn't want because they had given him drinks that he didn't want.

* * * *

Now that isn't hospitality, which is a very beautiful thing. When I think of hospitality I think of a dear old lady in a Kerry cabin where I called for a drink of milk one hot summer's afternoon. She "shoo'ed" the hens out of the cabin, dusted a chair for me with her apron, and then brought me a great bowl of milk warm from the cow. And when I offered to pay she refused with a noble dignity. "Sure, there's not a cabin in Kerry where ye'll not be welcome to a drink of milk,"

she said. That answer breathed the soul of hospitality. It irradiated that little cabin with the glow of ancient courtesy, filled it with the warmth of human kindness, and sent me on my way by the shining waters of Darrynane with something singing at my heart. Many years have passed, and the old lady must long since have passed to her rest, but I still hear her proud assertion that every poor cabin in Kerry is rich in hospitality that has no price.

* * * *

Treating is only a debased caricature of this grace of giving. It evokes the vices of character rather than its generousities. I do not know which is the more objectionable, the man who is always flourishing his "What will you have?" in your face, or the man who is grossly obvious when "drinks" are being offered, and who, while others take their "turn," sits meanly wondering how he can dodge his. The former is motivated by vanity of the worst kind. The most generous man in the public-house is often the meanest man at home. He will squander drinks on Tom, Dick, and Harry in order to sun himself in their envy of his purse, and then quarrel with his wife because she wants money for boots for the children. You all know that gentleman. And you all know the other gentleman who puts himself in his way and goes home meanly, flattering himself that he has never once "got his hand down," as the vulgar saying goes.

* * * *

Well, both the wastrel and the sponge are now as illegal as the pickpocket. A wretched practice has been knocked on the head by the war, and let us hope that when the peace comes the practice will never be revived to poison our intercourse again. Smith will henceforth be able to join the circle of Brown, Jones, and Robinson with no more thought of exchanging drinks than he has of exchanging hats.

DUG-OUT DOUBTS.

Pte. Inquiz : " How did you get on with the paymaster, Bill? "

Pte. Slimpurz (who has just received 28 days' No. 1) : " No good. He asked me what I wanted the money for, and I told him periscopes and field-glasses. He said he couldn't see through it. "

1st T.G. : " Where is the insect powder? "

2nd T.G. : " Over in the box. "

1st T.G. : " Which can is it? "

2nd T.G. : " The small one. "

1st T.G. : " Gee whizz ! I thought that was pepper, and put it in the stew this morning ! "

Officer (to platoon crossing the Douve River) : " Form two-deep. "

Private (front rank) : " We are already too deep. "

HINTS TO YOUNG SOLDIERS. (I Guess Not.)

Never obey an order from an officer. If you do not like the orders given by your sergeant, strike him.

Never clean your rifle, it makes it shine too much in the trench.

If you are on sentry keep your head well above the parapet. It's safer.

If you feel tired go to sleep; it does not matter if you are on guard.

If you see an enemy aeroplane, make as much movement as possible and look up at it.

If you are a sentry, and see a stranger in the trench who asks questions, tell him all you know about the movements of troops, how many men in reserve, or any other little bits that might be of use to the enemy.

FATHER O'FLYNN, OF THE DRESSING STATION.

SURE, doctor dear, you've a queer sort of way wid
you,
Thinking the boys are all striving to play wid
you,
Faith an' there's none of them wanting to stay wid you,
They see enough of you, doctor avic.
Down through the trenches your stethoscope fingering,
Keeping your eye out for them that's malingering,
Devil a thing that you haven't your finger in,
Poking our grub around, you wid your stick.

And when the Gov'nment's over and done with us,
And we're at home wid the girls having fun wid us,
Take it from me, doctor, sure there'll be none of us
Ever be wanting to meet you again.
You wid your tales of the things you have done to us,
Physic and pills I'm sure you have tons of it,
Castor oil, too, you've had barrels of fun with it,
Silently laughing to hear us complain.

Lately you've turned to a new sort of drollery,
Making us laugh wid your jokes and tomfoolery,
Cleverness, too, in a sort of corollary,
Doctor avic, did you know it before?
All of the pages were free from banality,
Showing the marks of your strong personality,
Promises, too, of a great versatility,
Faith an' I'm proud of you, doctor asthore.

Sure, after all, you're not a bad divil, though
You have your troubles, like any young medico.
Maybe you there's times when you're subject to vertigo
Making you hard to get on with, asthore.
But for the laughs that your paper supplied
Many's the one of us sure would have died,
So we'll forgive your assumption of "side,"
Only insisting you give us some more.

L/CPL. L. MCKINNON.

ASTERISKS.

"I N the pink."—Any robust young civilian.

* * * *

"Bill to Deal With Night Clubs"! Bill will have something to do.

* * * *

"The Balkan situation."—The one King Constantine is in some danger of losing.

* * * *

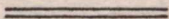
If Bulgaria obtains her hoped-for extensions of territory, will she then be called Bulge-area?

* * * *

"Going to the wormeaten oak brochure," says a dramatic critic, "he slowly unlocked that sacred drawer (bottom left), and took out the old oaken casket." Surely a "brochure" in oak boards is fairly entitled to be considered a full-grown book?

* * * *

"According to a French authority, the 'Pekin News' has now been appearing regularly for a matter of thirteen hundred years." But when the sun rose fully a mere bantling of a London paper less than 20 years old beat it hollow with the exclusive news of the "Pekin massacre."



CANADIAN CABINET CHANGES.

OTTAWA.

Mr. Louis Coderre, Secretary of State, has resigned his office to accept a judgeship.

Mr. E. L. Patenaud, a barrister in Montreal, enters the Cabinet as Minister of Inland Revenue, while Mr. Blondin, the present Minister of Inland Revenue, becomes Secretary of State.—Reuter.

PINK FORM RIFLEMEN, FORM!

(With apologies to Tennyson.)

There is a sound of thunder afar,
Storm in the East that darkens the day!
Storm of battle and thunder of war!
Well if it do not roll our way.
Pink-form Riflemen, form!
Ready, be ready against the storm!
Form, pink-form riflemen, form!

* * * *

Talking of black sheep in the fighting line, it is a headmaster who tells the story of

one of the so-called "failures," a boy of 17, whom I dismissed for smoking, for disobeying my orders. He left the school under that awful cloud.

Yes, it is a headmaster who describes that cloud of smoke as an "awful cloud." The lad has died like a hero in a really awful cloud, of battle-smoke.

CANADA AND THE LOAN.

TORONTO.

Commenting on the Anglo-French loan, Sir Edmund Walker, president of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, said: "The over-subscription to the Anglo-French bond issued at half a billion dollars is indeed most gratifying. Further, it shows that the Allies can look to the States for considerably larger accommodation should the need arise."

This may be taken as representing the views of the leading Canadian financiers with regard to the loan.

Sir Edmund also pointed out that the popularity of the issue on the American market bears out what he had already said himself to others concerning the advisability of Canadian financiers abstaining from participation in the present loan, and preserving their resources to assist in the raising of a large sum of money in Canada when the time is ripe for such a project.—Reuter.

PAYING FOR THE WAR

WHAT, we wonder, would some ancient Chancellor of the Exchequer, with his rude and visible symbols of office, his chests, and rolls, and tallies, and his chessboard and games of counters in which his annual Budget was figured out, think of Mr. McKenna's War Budget with its provision for an increased revenue amounting to upwards of £102,000,000 (= \$510,000,000) in a full year? The unhappy generation that is passing through this war will suffer from its after-effects for many a long year, but they will have comfort in the thought that they are bequeathing to future generations a priceless legacy of freedom and chivalry and honour and good faith. More than ever in the past will other nations be able in the future to affirm, "Here and here did England help us," for ignorant and malicious critics notwithstanding, it is becoming more and more apparent that Britain has borne, and will still have to bear, especially in the matter of finance, the brunt of this terrible war.

The details of the Budget are well known, and although there are likely to be some modifications, every citizen understands exactly how Mr. McKenna's proposals will affect his or her way of living. There is no one, rich or poor, who will not be materially touched, but it is a happy sign of the spirit in which the nation regards its duty in this war that the demands upon it have been met in such a cheerful and ungrudging spirit. The nation is "only asking to be taxed," said the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and he knows that we will fight to the uttermost farthing to bring the war to a happy end. Germany knows it, too, and knows that, with her overseas commerce destroyed, her shipping bankrupt, and her credit seriously impaired, she cannot possibly raise money by any further taxation of her people. Germany, in fact, is a nation consuming itself, and the process cannot be carried on for long without collapse.

The British Empire is surpassingly wealthy, and its credit is as sound as Germany's is rotten; but the financial obligations that are being incurred put a great strain on our resources. The expenditure during the fiscal year covered by Mr. McKenna's Budget is estimated at just under 1,600 millions. This enormous amount cannot be met out of the current earnings of the people, and although other sources are available, it becomes a stern duty on the part of everyone to economise to the utmost possible extent in order to help the Exchequer. There is no reason to doubt that every needful economy will be effected.

HELP.

Strenuously knitting, we're doing our best,
Toiling daily with vim and zest;
Early and late we are working hard,
Nothing our efforts can retard.
Often we think of those stalwart sons
Giving their best to beat the Huns.
Really, we're knitting socks galore;
Aid us with cash and we'll turn out more.
Purchase the wool, we'll do the rest;
Hurry up, boys, put us to the test!
Each one's expected his duty to do;
Remember what *they* are doing for you;
Surely it is the least you can do.

"B.A.T. BULLETIN."

For Advertising Space apply Editor.

CORRESPONDENCE

Buckingham Palace.

The Private Secretary is commanded by the King to acknowledge the receipt of Staff-Sergeant Charles Crean's letter of the 21st inst., with the accompanying copy of THE MAPLE LEAF MAGAZINE.

September 24, 1915.

The Mansion House,
London.

The Lord Mayor is greatly obliged to Staff-Sergeant C. Crean for so kindly sending him a copy of the first issue of THE MAPLE LEAF MAGAZINE, which is most interesting and readable. He hopes it will be continued with success.

September 28, 1915.

War Office,
Whitehall, S.W.

Staff-Sergeant C. CREAN, THE MAPLE LEAF MAGAZINE,
Westminster House, 7, Millbank, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—I am desired by Lord Kitchener to thank you for the copy of THE MAPLE LEAF MAGAZINE which you have been good enough to send to him.

Yours faithfully,

H. J. CREEDY (Private Secretary).

September 25, 1915.

EDITOR, THE MAPLE LEAF MAGAZINE, Westminster
House, London.

DEAR SIR,—I have pleasure in acknowledging receipt of your letter of the 25th ult., and with it a copy of the first issue of THE MAPLE LEAF MAGAZINE. The latter is very interesting. When I was in England recently,

wounded, I personally bought a copy from you in Folkestone, and I had already noticed your reference to the *Listening Post*. I will see that the latter is sent to you regularly, and will have back numbers mailed to you at once.

With kindest regards, and with the thanks of all ranks for the interest you are taking in the men over here,

Yours sincerely,
A. W. ODLUM, Lieut.-Colonel,
7th Canadian Bn. (1st British Columbia).

October 2, 1915.

Dacre House, Victoria Street,
London, S.W., October, 1915.

Thanks so much for copy of THE MAPLE LEAF. It is an excellent production, and reflects great credit upon its Editor.

Do you think you could spare me another copy, and also send copies to the following:—Morgan Tamplin, Esq., P.O. Box 815, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, and the Editor *Welsh Outlook*, Cardiff?

With kind regards,

Yours faithfully,
J. AUBREY REES.

In Field, France, October 4, 1915.

To Staff-Sergt. Chas. Crean, Editor THE MAPLE LEAF MAGAZINE, 7, Millbank Street, London, S.W.

SIR,—It was with a great deal of pleasure that I received a copy of THE MAPLE LEAF MAGAZINE, and from its quality I should judge that your worthy venture will also be a successful one.

I enclose herewith complete numbers to date of our little field publication, the *Listening Post*, and have much pleasure in placing your name on our mailing list.

Wishing you all possible success in your worthy object,

I remain, yours truly,

WM. F. ORR, Captain,
Editor the *Listening Post*,
7th Canadian Battalion.

22, Lynton Road,
Brondesbury, N.W.

DEAR SIR,—Thank you very much for the little "monthly," in which I was most interested. I should like to see the article on "Loyalty" widely circulated, for I am sure people don't realise the full meaning of the word, and we should all be far better if there was more "loyalty" amongst us. The little book is altogether a fine little production, and I am glad to have it.

I enclose with this a copy of the lines you ask for. If they will be of any use to you I shall be very glad.

ALICE E. WOLSELEY
(niece of the late F.M. Viscount Wolseley).



For Advertising Space apply Editor.

LETTERS FROM PRISONERS

DEAR CHARLES,—I was very glad to get your letter, and wish to thank you, on behalf of all the boys here, for the trouble you have taken for us. I am much better now. My wounds are all healed up, except one in my back, and it is nearly well. My hand is not much use yet, but it is better than I ever thought it would be. Dick Walter and Mark Heagle (E Company) are here and doing well. Fred Rew has been sent to the camp cured. Poor Bramley died about two weeks after we came here. Mr. Scott is here, and is doing well.

The following are in hospital here:—Simons, Walter, and Heagle, 2nd Battalion; Pte. M. Baynham, 3rd; Ptes. N. M. Cowan and S. J. van Mill, 5th; F. E. Brecken and S. L. Shannon, 8th; F. G. Hicks, Harry James, and H. Glover, 13th. All are on the mend. Baynham was wounded in the right shoulder, and is not able to write, so I had him make his mark, and had it witnessed. Several of the boys from here were sent to the prison camp as soon as they were well.

Any information you can give me with regard to how the company got along will be thankfully received. Do you know if Dan Stoddart or Les. Tubman got through?

Do you think you would have any chance of getting boots for Walters, Heagle, and myself? Also, if you happen to have an old pair of puttees in the way, ship them along, and I will be very thankful.

We are very well used here, and no one has suffered through lack of proper treatment.

I must close now, again thanking you for what you are doing for us. Write when you can, and I will do the same. We are allowed to write two letters and four postcards a month.

Yours as ever,

DAN A. SIMON,
2nd Battalion (Canadians), Brüderhaus,
Paderborn, Westfalen, Germany.

July 22, 1915.

Giessen (Allemagne).

Compagnie No. VI. Baracque No. A.

F. H. Foss (88), Kriegsgefan Fager,

October 2, 1915.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge receipt of package of cigarettes. You will see by above address that I have left Wetzlar, and as there are two or three hundred Canadians here at Giessen, the satisfactory distribution of them was somewhat difficult. I have, however, divided same amongst the men of the 10th Batt., of whom there are 14 here. The 10th Batt., being made up of men from Winnipeg, Calgary, Lethbridge, and Medicine Hat, seem to be nobody's care, as up to date, when other regiments have been receiving gifts from their respective towns, the 10th have been forgotten. I trust what I did will meet with your wishes and approval. There were no cards enclosed, as mentioned in your letter, with which the men could write personally and thank you, so they wish me to convey to you their grateful thanks. I notice you mentioned forwarding future packages. I should be glad, therefore, if you decide to do so, if you will kindly let me know your wishes in the matter, and I will be glad to do what I can toward carrying them out. The men here are Morris, Wood, McGovern, Wauchope, Frost, Holland, Secord, Dunn, Archibald, Birrel, White, Horner, Chappelow, and myself, all in best of spirits. So, again thanking you,

I remain, yours obediently,

F. H. Foss (19614),

M. G. S., 10th Batt. Canadians.

Allemagne, Germany.

Offizier-Kriegsgefangenenlager Gütersloh.

GENTLEMEN,—I have received two parcels of cigarettes and one packet of tobacco. As there are not a great number of Canadians here, I have distributed the whole amongst all the British here. On behalf of all here I must offer you thanks for the gift, which I can

assure you has been greatly appreciated. Trusting this will reach you safely,

I am, yours faithfully,

E. L. JONES.

September 27th, 1915.

DEAR SERGT.,—Just a line in reply to your letter. Now Pte. Beckwith has been invalided home, and he left all his parcels to me, so I have received them safely, and have also distributed them among my comrades. The parcel of cigarettes has also been distributed, and I wish to thank you very much for your kindness.

I remain, yours sincerely,

JOHN MURPHY.

Receipt for Parcel.

Göttingen.

DEAR STAFF-SERGT. CREAN,—I have received your parcel posted on August 25, 1915, for which I thank you very much.

(Signature)

SERGT. H. ASHLING
15th Canadian Batt.

Evangelisches, Krankenhaus,
Oberhausen, Germany.

September 26th, 1916.

DEAR SIR,—Received your very welcome package to hand, and distributed the tobacco and cigarettes among my comrades as you desired, who join me in thanks to the society for the same. I am glad to say the boys are doing well in hospital here.

We remain, yours sincerely,

CORP. T. GRAHAM.

PTE. F. WHALE.

PTE. JOHN CAIRNDUFF.

PTE. COLIN ALEXANDER.

PTE. K. HERRINGTON.

7th Batt.

September 26, 1915.

DEAR SERGT. CREAN,—Just a few lines to thank you for the tobacco. I distributed it to all the Canadian boys that are here, and they certainly were very pleased. There was no postcards in the parcels, so next time you send tobacco make sure that the postcards are sent so that the boys can send a reply. If you ever see anything of Adam Goodfellow tell him to write. I would be very pleased if you could send me a few articles of clothing, as mine are getting very shabby. I want a Glengarry, size 7 $\frac{1}{4}$, spats or putties, hose tops. If you wish to send us anything in the way of groceries, such things as tinned milk, butter, sardines, &c., would be very acceptable. I must now close, again thanking you for the tobacco.

Yours truly,

SERGT. H. ASHLING.

Gottingen Camp.

DEAR SIR,—I received your case of tobacco and cigarettes, which I distributed equally amongst my comrades. The special cards were not in the package. I will do my best to distribute it equally if you send it weekly, and none of my comrades were averse to taking their share. Some will acknowledge the receipt of same.

Yours,

PTE. WILLIAM DEXTER.

Alten Grabow,

September 27, 1915.

TO STAFF-SERGT. CHARLES CREAN.

DEAR SIR,—I received the packets, but no cards enclosed. I am sending list of names of N.C.O.'s and men who received tobacco and cigarettes. I should be very pleased to distribute any other packets that you may send.

Trusting this will meet with your approval,

I remain, yours obediently,

SERGT. G. W. LYONS.

P.S.—Could you forward a few suits of khaki, as several are in need of same. I myself have not a

tunic at all. If you can do anything in this matter I should be extremely obliged.

The Hill, Cregagh, Belfast,

October 10, 1915.

DEAR SIRs,—I had a letter this morning from my son, Sergt. G. M. G. Anderson, and he asked me to thank you very much from him for your gift of two parcels of tobacco and Players' cigarettes, and that he has distributed them among the Canadians in his camp. Your parcels were dated August 28. His letter to me is dated September 20.

Yours truly,

DARLEY ANDERSON.

Sergt. Anderson is only allowed two letters and two postcards in the month, so he asks his mother to write and thank for parcels.

Kriegsgefangenenlager,

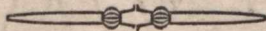
Limburg,

October 3rd, 1915.

DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for the parcel you sent me it was in good condition and contained five hundred cigarettes. I must thank you again for your kindness.

I remain, yours truly,

J. SULLIVAN.



**Turn to Page 5 and help our Boys
in the German Prison Camps.**



You'll
HEAR
FROM
US -

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GOT

“SWAN”
PENS

Mac

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BRITISH
LAGER

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