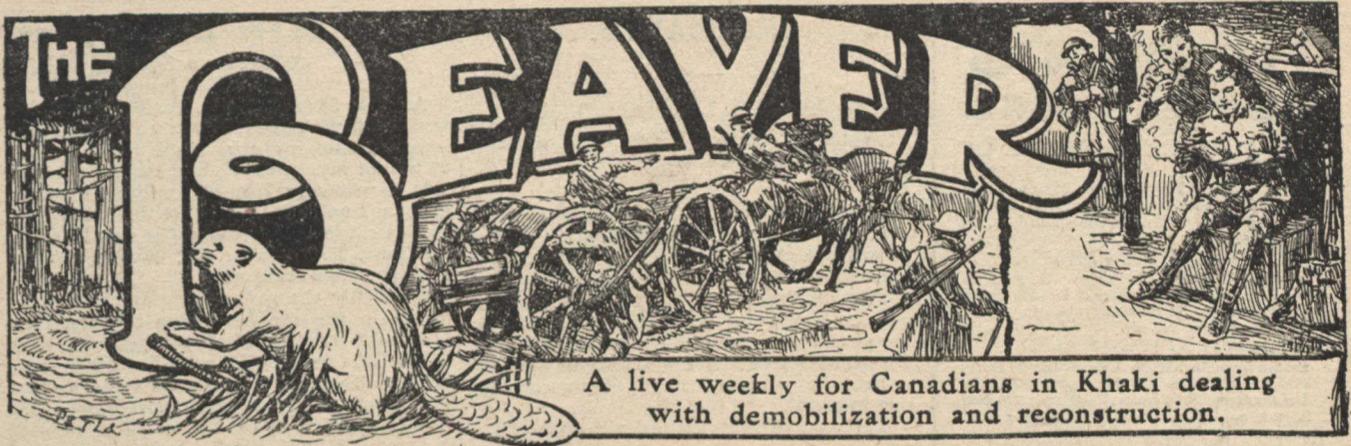


THE PAPER WITH SNAP IN IT!



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Vol. 1. No. 6.

LONDON, JANUARY 18TH, 1919.

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Lieut.-General Sir Richard W. E. Turner, who is Chief of the General Staff, is the keystone, so to speak, of this Canadian Arc de Triomphe. A business man from Quebec city, he probably knew more about actual fighting than any of his compatriots who have reached so high a degree of military eminence during these four furious years, for he made a name and won fame during that far-off event, the South African war, as a dashing cavalry officer, in which arm of the service he had specialised in the Canadian Militia. He took part in one of the most daring feats of that pigmy contest, a cavalry charge which saved the British guns and won him that glittering prize, the glorious V.C. Twice severely wounded before the fight was finished, he was mentioned in despatches; and he

CHIEF OF THE GENERAL STAFF



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Lt.-Gen. Sir Richard E. W. Turner, V.C., K.C.M.G., C.B., D.S.O.

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IMAGINATION.

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

It has been said that business is similar to war in that neither is an art, but rather a science—a cold, calculated, exact science, and our first impression is likely to be that imagination can be of no constructive value to the person engaged in either business or war. Do we who have waged a victorious war owe a debt to imagination? Let us consider one example.

The issue of rifles thrilled all with a pagan pride in their appearance. We learned that this thing could catch a chap at 2,000 yards and puncture any odd cartilage in his anatomy. Fancy being able to kill a blighter that far off! How we wished that doggone tailor or that crusty old civilian boss were there, so we could try a dum-dum against their hides. And the sight! 'twas so easy to slide from 200 to 2,000, but we heard the battle crash of armed hosts in that slide up the scale, so to speak. That inaudible ascent rang the tocsin in our blood, and we arose a conquering band, our foes dead beneath our mobilization boots. "Heard sounds are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter." Then for hours, it seemed, we saw ourselves picking off the unspeakable Hun: one cartridge, one corpse. How we cleaned it up, picked smears of grease out of chinks and crannies, overhauled the magazine, worked the bolt back and forward like a piston rod, and toyed with the safety catch. Many a man thought seriously of getting the sky-pilot to christen his weapon Excalibre, or Excelsior, or Extraordinary, or Extra-special, just as the knights of the Holy Grail did, and then all the bullet proof waistcoats ever case-hardened in Krupps would not be proof against its lethal power. As civilians we wouldn't have hurt even a lose-the-war deputation, but the time soon came when our unredeemed souls surged with murderous feelings; we were anxious to biff the Hun, to humble him and foil. And the motive power was imagination.

In business as in war the man of feeble imagination achieves but little. Imagination—the ability to recall past experiences in a variety of combinations—is not only a source of pleasure, but also a valuable business asset to the possessor. When a business man tackles a new problem his imagination enables him to construct an organisation "on paper"; his judgment, reason and memory enable him to verify his conclusions. Without imagination there can be no invention; without which there can be no commercial progress.

It is evident, therefore, that we cannot afford to neglect the development of our imagination. To my reader who knows what it is to lie down in a muddy hop field with a waterproof sheet underneath him, and a rifle beside him, awaiting the dawn of an ominous darkness, it is perhaps not so much the development of the imagination that is necessary as its proper guidance and control. This can be done by a critical examination of ideals, which are in reality the product of the imagination and can be built only on experiences which the memory recalls; it is, therefore, necessary to form the habit of remembering, and unless you would become a mere visionary, endeavour to obtain as much experience as possible.

TO THE EDITOR.

49 BEDFORD SQUARE, W.C. 1.
January, 1919.

A letter from Sergt. F. W. Phipps in this week's issue of THE BEAVER, on a grammatical issue, catches my eye. As I generally like to assure myself of a place on the winning side in whatever form of combat I may engage in, I unhesitatingly take the ladies' part in this cause. "Mesdames, je suis à vous," and now, "Alea jacta est; amicus humani generis feminarumque."

Decidedly the gallant sergeant is no profligate in the use *he* makes of adjectives. He won't use two where one will do. Not even at the expense of tone colouring. He is frugal. Thus in one sentence alone we find him employing, at very short range, the same adjective twice, for, in effect he says "..... in her peculiar misuse of adjectives—a habit which seems peculiar....." etc., and, in the next sentence but one, he again uses the same adjective—peculiar.

This, I think, is a "frightfully" peculiar use to make of a peculiar adjective in a peculiar sense, and appears to be a peculiar peculiarity of a peculiar writer.

But, sir, what I wish to get at is this—Sergt. Phipps appears to have a grievance against what he terms the misuse of *adjectives*. In giving voice to this grievance, however, it seems to me that he is punching holes into something quite different. We find that in not one of the many "peculiar" quotations he favours us with, does the same adjective appear twice. This, by the way, speaks well for the richness of "English" English. Strangely enough, however, he uses the word "frightfully" in each quotation. Now, if I were to write a letter to the editor of a newspaper for the purpose of publicly complaining about—let us say—sheep straying about the town and in the course of their straying, entering and destroying my garden plot, I wouldn't mention horses, nor dogs, nor pigs—no, I would specifically stick to sheep. And so, "pour en revenir à nos moutons," Sergt. Phipps should, I think, adhere specifically to *adjectives* if his grievance is based as it would appear to be, on the misuse of *adjectives*. Judging by his reiterated exposure of the word "frightfully," it would appear to me that that is the word which has engendered his wrath.

Would the gallant sergeant be good enough, then, to tell me what part of speech is the word "frightfully," and what on earth it has got to do with his growl about the misuse of adjectives?

Would he, at the same time, please tell me what he makes of the following quoted "adjectives"? A "dandy" time. A real "peach" of a day. Come "right" in. It's "right" here. Wasn't "ordinary." Going "some." Made me think "considerable."

Might I give Sergt. Phipps a little hint? Every man should, I think, dig a grave deep enough to bury his friends' faults.

Now in a "majority" of one to four, I think Sergt. Phipps should again retire to his corner and indite, in his best style, a nice little "amende honorable" to the ladies of Argyll House.

D. E. LACAILLE, Sergt.

CAN OR CAN'T.

"We don't understand some of the things you said in that speech of yours," said the constituent. "Then," replied Senator Sorghum, gently, "you should not find fault with me. When you do not thoroughly understand you cannot intelligently disapprove of."



THE COMPLETE LIFE OF JOHN HOPKINS.

There is a saying that no man has tasted the full flavour of life until he has known poverty, love, and war. The justness of this reflection commends it to the lover of condensed philosophy. The three conditions embrace about all there is in life worth knowing. A surface thinker might deem that wealth should be added to the list. Not so. When a poor man finds a long-hidden quarter-dollar that has slipped through a rip into his vest lining, he sounds the pleasure of life with a deeper plummet than any millionaire can hope to cast.

It seems that the wise executive power that rules life has thought best to drill man in these three conditions; and none may escape all three. In rural places the terms do not mean so much. Poverty is less pinching; love is temperate; war shrinks to contests about boundary-lines and the neighbours' hens. It is in the cities that our epigram gains in truth and vigour; and it has remained for one John Hopkins to crowd the experience into a rather small space of time.

The Hopkins flat was like a thousand others. There was a rubber plant in one window; a flea-bitten terrier sat in the other, wondering when he was to have his day.

John Hopkins was like a thousand others. He worked at \$20 per week in a nine-story red-brick building at either Insurance, Buckle's Hoisting Engines, Chiropody, Loans, Pulleys, Boas Renovated, Waltz Guaranteed in Five Lessons, or Artificial Limbs. It is not for us to wring Mr. Hopkins's avocation from these outward signs that be.

Mrs. Hopkins was like a thousand others. The auriferous tooth, the sedentary disposition, the Sunday afternoon wanderlust, the draught upon the delicatessen store for home made comforts, the furor for department store marked-down sales, the feeling of superiority to the lady in the third-floor front who wore genuine ostrich tips and had two names over her bell, the mucilaginous hours during which she remained glued to the window-sill, the vigilant avoidance of the instalment man, the tireless patronage of the acoustics of the dumb-waiter shaft—all the attributes of the Gotham flat-dweller were hers.

One moment yet of sententiousness and the story moves.

In the Big City large and sudden things happen. You round a corner and thrust the rib of your umbrella into the eye of your old friend from Kootenai Falls. You stroll out to pluck a Sweet William in the park—and lo! bandits attack you—you are ambulated to the hospital—you marry your nurse; are divorced—get squeezed while short on U.P.S. and D.O.W.N.S.—stand in the bread line—marry an heiress, take out your laundry and pay your club dues—seemingly all in the wink of an eye. You travel the streets, and a finger beckons to you, a handkerchief is dropped for you, a brick is

dropped upon you, the elevator cable or your bank breaks, a table d'hôte or your wife disagrees with you, and Fate tosses you about like cork crumbs in wine opened by an unfeeling waiter. The City is a sprightly youngster, and you are red paint upon its toy, and you get licked off.

John Hopkins sat, after a compressed dinner, in his glove-fitting, straight-front flat. He sat upon a hornblende couch and gazed with satiated eyes, at Art Brought Home to the People in the shape of "The Storm" tacked against the wall. Mrs. Hopkins discoursed droningly of the dinner smells from the flat across the hall. The flea-bitten terrier gave Hopkins a look of disgust, and showed a man-hating tooth.

Here was neither poverty, love, nor war; but upon such barren stems may be grafted those essentials of a complete life.

John Hopkins sought to inject a few raisins of conversation into the tasteless dough of existence. "Putting a new elevator in at the office," he said, discarding the nominative noun, "and the boss has turned out his whiskers."

"You don't mean it!" commented Mrs. Hopkins.

"Mr. Whipples," continued John, "wore his new spring suit down to-day. I liked it fine. It's a grey with ——" He stopped, suddenly stricken by a need that made itself known to him. "I believe I'll walk down to the corner and get a five-cent cigar," he concluded.

John Hopkins took his hat and picked his way down the musty halls and stairs of the flat-house.

The evening air was mild, and the streets shrill with the careless cries of children playing games controlled by mysterious rhythms and phrases. Their elders held the doorways and steps with leisurely pipe and gossip. Paradoxically, the fire-escapes supported lovers in couples, who made no attempt to fly the mounting conflagration they were there to fan.

The corner cigar store aimed at by John Hopkins was kept by a man named Freshmayer, who looked upon the earth as a sterile promontory.

Hopkins, unknown in the store, entered and called genially for his "bunch of spinach, car-fare grade." This imputation deepened the pessimism of Freshmayer; but he set out a brand that came perilously near to filling the order. Hopkins bit off the roots of his purchase, and lighted up at the swinging gas-jet. Feeling in his pockets, to make payment, he found not a penny there.

"Say, my friend," he explained, frankly, "I've come out without any change. Hand you that nickel first time I pass."

Joy surged in Freshmayer's heart. Here was corroboration of his belief that the world was rotten and man a peripatetic evil. Without a word he rounded the end of his counter and made earnest onslaught upon his customer. Hopkins was no man to serve as a punching-bag for a pessimistic tobacconist. He quickly bestowed upon Freshmayer a

colorado-maduro eye in return for the ardent kick that he received from that dealer in goods for cash only.

The impetus of the enemy's attack forced the Hopkins line back to the sidewalk. There the conflict raged; the pacific wooden Indian, with his carven smile, was overturned, and those of the street who delighted in carnage pressed round to view the zealous joust.

But then came the inevitable cop and imminent inconvenience for both the attacker and attacked. John Hopkins was a peaceful citizen, who worked at rebuses of nights in a flat, but he was not without the fundamental spirit of resistance that comes with the battle-rage. He knocked the policeman into a grocer's sidewalk display of goods, and gave Freshmayer a punch that caused him temporarily to regret that he had not made it a rule to extend a five-cent line of credit to certain customers. Then Hopkins took spiritedly to his heels down the sidewalk, closely followed by the cigar dealer and the policeman, whose uniform testified to the reason in the grocer's sign that read: "Eggs cheaper than anywhere else in the city."

As Hopkins ran he became aware of a big, low, red, racing automobile that kept abreast of him in the street. This auto steered in to the side of the sidewalk, and the man guiding it motioned to Hopkins to jump into it. He did so without slackening his speed, and fell into the turkey-red upholstered seat beside the chauffeur. The big machine, with a diminuendo cough, flew away like an albatross down the avenue into which the street emptied.

The driver of the auto sped his machine without a word. He was masked beyond guess in the goggles and diabolic garb of the chauffeur.

"Much obliged, old man," called Hopkins, gratefully. "I guess you've got sporting blood in you, all right, and don't admire the sight of two men trying to soak one. Little more and I'd have been pinched."

The chauffeur made no sign that he had heard. Hopkins shrugged a shoulder and chewed at his cigar, to which his teeth had clung grimly throughout the mêlée.

Ten minutes and the auto turned into the open carriage entrance of a noble mansion of brown stone, and stood still. The chauffeur leaped out, and said:

"Come quick. The lady, she will explain. It is the great honour you will have, monsieur. Ah, that milady could call upon Armand to do this thing! But no, I am only one chauffeur."

With vehement gestures the chauffeur conducted Hopkins into the house. He was ushered into a small but luxurious reception chamber. A lady, young and possessing the beauty of visions, rose from a chair. In her eyes smouldered a becoming anger. Her high-arched, thread-like brows were ruffled into a delicious frown.

"Milady," said the chauffeur, bowing low, "I have the honour to relate to you that

(Continued on page 9.)

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LONDON : JANUARY 18th, 1919.

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THE LAND.

The informing articles which we have already published regarding the Dominion Government's land settlement policy will have been read with interest by all returning soldiers, whether they intend to take it up or are merely resuming their commercial or industrial occupations. The future of the world lies with agriculture. The Great Upheaval has turned the attention of Governments and peoples everywhere to the value of the products of the soil. "Harvest" has become the magic work on every tongue. Without food nations would perish. The war has at least shown how thin a wall there is between plenty and starvation, and "back to the land" is more than ever an insistent cry. Canada is pre-eminently and predominantly an agricultural country, and her illimitable acres, so many millions of which are still untilled, are only waiting for the tickling plough to laugh giant crops. There must of necessity be conditions in regard to Settlement, but these have been made as easy as is consistent with security and the safeguarding of the interests of Government and settlers. Whether a man selects the East or the West as his future home matters little so long as he makes up his mind and understands fully what his engagements involve. It is largely a question of taste, inclination and fitness. Some will do better in the West where there is the stir and movement of large wheat propositions, banner crops, and big scale returns. Others the East, with mixed and fruit farming, stock raising, and the proximity of town and city markets. The East will be considered too slow for the pushing personality, eager to make a splash; the West too strenuous for the comparatively easy-going and phlegmatic temperament, persevering and plodding rather than dashing and enterprising. East is East and West is West, and each has much to offer which on balance makes one Province as good as the next. "You pays your money and you takes your choice." Only in this instance it is the Government who pays, for the distinction which makes this scheme unique is that financial assistance and the advice of expert farmers are to be placed at the disposal of those who take it up. Advances are provided on a generous scale and on a strictly business basis. It is one of the first conditions, however, that a man must possess the physical and temperamental capacity to reasonably succeed. Farmers—at least Canadian farmers—are more often made than born. Some break in the making, others make in the breaking. The instinct to till the soil, however, seems to be inherent in every Britisher, and the passion to "run a bit o' land" is easily roused. Unlikely beginners often make a most astonishing and successful finish, and the race is not always to the swift. THE BEAVER's advice to all and sundry is to go home and be somebody by taking up land.

FOR REFLECTION.

When tillage begins, other arts follow. The farms therefore are the founders of human civilization.—Daniel Webster.

SPEEDING-UP DEMOBILIZATION

Great Increase in War Service Gratuities : Free Passage Home for Dependents.

The Office of the Ministry of the Overseas Military Forces of Canada, has issued a most important statement in regard to the Demobilization of the Canadian troops overseas, and a new scheme for substituting the old post discharge pay by a system of War Service Gratuities on a sliding scale in accordance with length of service. Provision is also made for the return to their homes in Canada, at Government expense, of all dependents of all Officers, Warrant Officers, N.C.O.'s and men of the Canadian Expeditionary Forces sent to Canada for Demobilization.

As the schemes for War Service Gratuities and the return of dependents are retroactive, that is to say that all ranks who have already been discharged in Canada prior to the 11th November, 1918, and have served at the front in an actual theatre of war, will be placed on the same basis as those still to take their discharge, and all dependents who have paid for their passages home since November 11th, 1918, will have their fare refunded; these generous arrangements will be hailed with the liveliest satisfaction by the Overseas troops and their families, especially as an assurance is given that the Demobilization Scheme is being carried out with the utmost possible speed. The official statement is as follows :—

Demobilization.

Deeply appreciative of the devotion, heroism and cheerfulness with which all ranks of the Canadian Expeditionary Force have carried out their duties during their service overseas, the Government of Canada is bending all its efforts to securing the utmost despatch in the Demobilization of the O.M.F.C., and the return of officers and men together with their dependents, now overseas, to their homes in Canada.

It is recognised that the period of waiting for discharge is necessarily a trying one, and all ranks are invited to co-operate with the Government in establishing during this period a fresh record for that splendid discipline and cheerful adherence to duty which has won for the Canadian troops as high a respect as their achievements in the field.

It should be realized that the speed of Demobilization largely depends upon transport facilities in France, and it is hoped that due credit will be given to both the French and British Authorities there for the efforts, and even sacrifices, they are making to secure the speedy return of Canadian troops to their homes.

The return of Canadian troops has already been greatly speeded up and the return of soldiers and their dependents to their homes in Canada will be further expedited as soon as the advent of Spring makes navigation possible in the St. Lawrence River.

Many officers and men have relatives in England whom they may wish to see before their return home and arrangements will be made for such meetings where they are desired.

War Service Gratuities.

As a mark of gratitude on the part of the people of Canada to the troops who have so long and so gallantly carried out their duties Overseas the Government has decided to abolish the old Post Discharge Pay and introduce War Service Gratuities on a scale more commensurate with the services which have been rendered.

(Continued on page 10).

CANADIANS IN SIBERIA.

A SOLDIER'S LETTER TO MOTHER AND DAD.

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

It is Sunday afternoon and just a week since we set foot on Siberian soil. I can't help wondering how many more weeks it will be before I get away from it. This certainly is the most weird and wonderful country I was ever in. Do you remember how far Brittany was behind the times? Well—this country is about 500 years behind Brittany. The most extraordinary part of it is that in this city they have some magnificent buildings, and everything that would



"Yours truly" and Jap Troops in Siberia.

be necessary for a flourishing business to be carried on, and yet there isn't an atom of business done.

I haven't seen a decent article of any kind, with the exception of furs, in the town. The only form of business that is indulged in to any extent is the selling of small stuff such as fruit, candy and smokes, which are all sold in kiosks on the side walks. The whole population seems to be in the last stages of poverty. The streets, even the main ones, are piled up with garbage and filth, diseases of every kind are rampant, and altogether the country seems to be totally beyond repair.

I have no doubt it will be better when the British and American Governments get a footing, and believe me there is all kinds of room for improvement. They have a street car system that is the biggest joke you ever saw. They have eight cars on the whole system—imagine this in a town bigger than Brighton and more than half the time it is broken down. Of course all the Americans and Canadians keep strictly together, and don't mix to any extent. The main objection I have to the place is that one never knows who is friend or foe—the man you are talking to may be a German, Austrian, Turk, Chinaman, Jap, Bolsheviki, Czecho-Slovak, Polish Jew, Mongolian, Hindoo, or any other nationality, and is liable to stick you in the back any old time. We never go out alone, and work on the old slogan "The more the merrier."

We have adapted ourselves to conditions, and are just as comfortable as possible. Of course we are just the advance party, but when the main body arrives (no dates allowed) we shall probably have to shift around a bit, but nothing bothers us these days. The food is good, what there is of it. We are a lot better off in this connection than the actual population, as we have all our own supplies. We are, of course, hundreds of miles away from any fighting, but when the rest of the gang come there may be some fun, and we shall be ready for it.

I met a New Yorker the other day who has lived in this country for the past twelve years, and he was telling me of the vast amount of mineral wealth up in the Ural Mountains. He made a fortune out of a tobacco factory. He was telling me that the people out here know all about the gold and diamonds to be found, but are content to sit still and do nothing as long as they get their three meals per day.

It used to be a mystery to me why Russia was such a chaos, but now that I have seen the population the mystery no longer remains.

I have got a piece of the Bolsheviki white flag which was hoisted when they surrendered to the Czecho-Slovaks, and will put it in this letter if possible. I thought you might like it for the souvenir section of the house. This looks like being a really interesting trip, and is going to be an education.

The snow is here, and as I look out of the window at all the hills in the distance it is certainly a wonderful sight. It is not deep yet, but this is the first they have had, and the natives promise us about 20 feet, so here's hoping. The thermometer registered 30 below, and they say this is summer weather.

The scenery in this country beggars description, and with the snow on the ground it is even more wonderful. We are now in a camp in a great long valley, with mountains on either side, but I have just come in to Headquarters for orders about moving again to-morrow.

The Government have supplied us with everything from snow-goggles downward and we have got so much kit that we don't know what to do with it. We have all the woolly things imaginable. Fur hats, fur-lined pants, and fur-lined overcoats. There is a rumour that they are even talking of giving us fur-lined tooth-brushes. It takes about four hours to pack it all up. Yet in spite of all this we feel cold.

We haven't yet found out who are our friends and who are our enemies, and the

funny part of the Russian Army is that they haven't any proper uniform. They are weirdly and wonderfully clad, some as civvies and some as soldiers, and they are fighting each other.

The Russian question was always a puzzle to me, but now it is worse than ever. Scottie and I are taking lessons in Russian, and believe me it is slow work. I always thought French was difficult to acquire, but this is the limit.



Bolshevik Flag Hoisted in Surrender.

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REG.

KHAKI KOLLEGE KLIPPINGS

At Etchinghill a class in Agriculture was held during December, with a registration of 15 members, and at the C.A.M.C. Depot further work in Elementary Agriculture and also classes in Practical Science are in process of formation.

Registration at Buxton has increased from 24 to 64 during the last month: the largest class is in Agriculture, in which 41 students are enrolled.

During December Epsom had a total registration of 550, and an average attendance per night of 94.5. The class in Engines and Motors has the largest enrolment, closely followed by that in Agriculture.

Over 1,100 men are enrolled in day classes at Seaford, and over 300 are continuing to attend the night classes. 6,000 hours' work were put in during the month by the former, and 1,400 hours at night.

There has been over 25% increase during December in the registrations at Witley College, and an increase of 73% in the Instructional Staff.

Total registrations in all classes at London College increased during December, from 1,063 to 1,103. The Department of Commerce still leads with 533 students, over 45% of the total enrolments. The Department of Agriculture claims 22%, and Practical Science 14%.

124 new applications were received by the Correspondence Department, and now that the work is being made known in the Forestry Camps and the men are beginning to avail themselves of the opportunities made possible by the Correspondence Department, the enrolments will probably become very much greater.

The Advanced French class at the London Branch of the Khaki University is truly what its teacher, Sergt. D. E. Lacaille, 102nd Batt., likes to term it—a most exemplary class. This class has been going strong ever since the institution of the London College early last year, and while the attendance roll stands as a proof—in spite of the many difficulties military students have to contend with—of the grim determination on the part of each and every member of the class to be "on parade" at the appointed day and hour, the progress made by the students has been no less remarkable.

The most complicated and intricate points of the French grammar are explained to the class entirely in French, and are just as easily understood as if they were dealt with in English. There is a delightful sympathy between teacher and pupils, and each element regrets that the class cannot meet six nights in the week.

The work of the class is prepared in schedule form for a month ahead, so that if any member be unfortunately—though this is rarely the case—forced to be absent, he may carry on his work at home. The Class has consistently averaged twelve, there being on the roll 3 officers and 9 ordinary ranks.

Sergt. Lacaille is now prepared to palm off almost any member of his Advanced Class as a genuine Parisian, and we think with him that he is quite justified in upholding this class as one of the many features of the College.

Yes! it's a fact—the Khaki University Camp for College Classes has been located. Bramshott is to be the concentration camp for those men who desire to take up regular class work during the next few months—the opportunity is now definitely offered. What are you going to do about it?

Shall I go to Bramshott, or shall I go home? At Bramshott I have a definite proposition for the middle of January—at Bramshott I can save a session while still in khaki—at Bramshott I give practically my whole time to regular class work—at Bramshott six Canadian professors are ready to guide my studies in Theology. Why not go to Bramshott?

How can I get to Bramshott? First make up your mind that you are going to Bramshott, secondly make application to your Commanding Officer for transfer to Bramshott for this purpose, and thirdly forward your Commanding Officer's recommendation to Col. H. M. Tory, Director of the Khaki University, who will see it passes through Argyll House.

At the International Live Stock Exposition, Chicago, last fall, the Ontario Agricultural College Live Stock Judging Team (trained by Professor Wade Toole) won first place in the Judging Competition. More than that, R. E. Begg stood highest in the entire competition; R. F. Mackenzie was third; Campbell Lamont was fifth, and D. J. Matheson was eighth, these all being members of the Guelph team. This competition is open to all Agricultural Colleges in the United States and Canada, which may be represented by five men each. On the recent occasion, Iowa came second, and Nebraska third.

Out of 35 men working in the Letter Office, Canadian Section, G.P.O., the following enrolled in the London College:—

Agriculture	15
Commercial	7
Petrol Engines	3

The following public lectures will be given at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Clare Market, Portugal Street, Kingsway, W.C. 2, on the dates specified. Admission will be by ticket, which may be obtained by any Canadian soldier on

application to the Department of Commerce, 31 Bedford Square, London, W.C. 1.

1. COSTING IN RELATION TO GOVERNMENT CONTROL, EFFICIENCY AND ECONOMY, by Lieut.-Colonel James Grimwood, D.S.O., Incorporated Accountant, on 22nd January, at 7.30 p.m. Lieut.-Col. Sir John Keane, Bart., D.S.O., in the chair.

2. COSTING AS APPLIED TO GENERAL ENGINEERING, by Mr. C. E. Lewton, of D. Napier & Son, Ltd., Acton, on 29th January, at 7.30 p.m. Sir Wilfrid Stokes, K.B.E., Chairman and Managing Director, Ransomes & Rapier, Ltd., in the chair.

As one new student at Bramshott put it: "I am being fed, housed, clothed, given instruction free, and being paid while taking it. It's too good to miss. The Khaki College is the place for me."

The Commercial Department at Witley is booming. There are about 150 students now, and the number would double if they had more instructors. Commercial instructors, step forward, please.

FAMOUS CANADIAN BAND.

The Band of the 23rd Canadian Reserve Battalion, which is noted for its playing throughout the country, is attracting attentive audiences at the Canadian War Memorials Exhibition at the Royal Academy, Burlington House.

RIPPLING RHYMES.

Kultur and Culture.

There is an end to Kultur, the kind that's spelled with "K"; with all the other rubbish they've carted it away; it lies with broken scepters and last years' cast off crowns, with wornout robes of ermine and princely hand-me-downs. We've seen what it accomplished in bringing up the Teut; it took a kindly peasant and made of him a brute. It gave us Wilhelm's bombast in place of Schiller's screed, displaced the true religion and gave a sordid creed. It brought a mighty empire to ruin and decay, and so the dump got Kultur, the kind that's spelled with "K." And now the Teuts will sample, from countries of the free, the soul uplifting Culture, the kind that's spelled with "C," and when they have absorbed it, and got it in their souls, they wouldn't touch the "K" kind with tongs or ten-foot poles. Our culture will convince them, convince them soon or late, that love of man is greater than frightfulness or hate; that justice takes us farther than panoply of might, that wrong can never conquer for long the truth and right. The culture of our churches, the culture of our schools, will bring the light of reason to blood-besotted fools, will bring to slavish peoples the truth that makes them free—the culture that enlightens, the kind that's spelled with "C."

WALT MASON.

QUEBEC AND RETURNING SOLDIERS.

Potentialities and Advantages of the Province.

Canada entered the war moved by righteous indignation against treaty-breakers and enemies of freedom and justice, and Canada has never repented her noble impulse. Though essentially a peaceful nation and therefore ill-prepared for the arts of war, she faced her new problems with a confidence in her initiative and resourcefulness which events have amply justified. Her deeds of valour upon the battlefields, which have made her name imperishable in history, have been backed by deeds of energy, ability and self-sacrifice in her workshops, her farms, and her homes. Well may our country be proud of its glorious share in the victory which has made the world safer for freedom and justice.

Peace brings problems of reconstruction no less important to mankind than the winning of the war. Our nation will again prove equal to the occasion and the right solutions of the new problems will be found. The Khaki University idea is but one instance of her ability to do the right thing at the right time.

Quebec sees in settlement upon the land one of the best channels in which to direct the energies and ensure the happy future of our returning heroes. A hungry world clamours for food, and for years there will be hardly enough foodstuffs to appease the hunger of the new-born nations as well as of the old. The millions of men who have fallen victims to Teutonic ambitions were for a large proportion tillers of the soil. Their labour is lost to mankind. The dark chaos in Russia may deprive Europe for a long time of the huge stocks of foodstuffs hitherto obtained from the empire of the Czars. For these reasons the shortage of foodstuffs all over the world is enormous, and farmers are ensured permanent markets for their produce. Hence security for the future is assured to them.

The Quebec Government offers special inducements to soldiers who earnestly elect for an agricultural career. Lots of 100 acres of fertile land is given free, and generous help is guaranteed for the making of roads, building of churches, schools, and other essentials of civilised and healthy life, moral and physical. Special cheap rates have been obtained from transportation companies, and every possible help is rendered to make their start upon the land as easy as possible.

The co-operative idea, which has brought so much prosperity to Denmark and other countries, has been developed to a very high degree in Quebec, and soldier-settlers will find in our thousands of co-operative societies valuable assistance for the marketing of their products with the maximum profit to themselves.

In the very important matters of the education of children, English settlers need not fear any handicap in Quebec. Our English and Protestant citizens have their educational needs looked after by men of their own race and religion, chosen by themselves, and those delegates of the British-Protestant community alone control school programmes. Those delegates form what is known as the Protestant Committee of the Council of Public Instruction. It is a permanent institution, whose members are elected for life, and are not therefore subjected to the changes of political regimes. They are never interfered with by the Government of the day. As the men who form this Committee are chosen

amongst the best and foremost educationists in the Province, it ensures to Protestant children school programmes which are nowhere excelled in the Dominion for practical utility. Another provision of Quebec school laws deserves mention. Wherever ten families petition to have a school for their children apart from that of the majority of the place, be it French or English, Catholic or Protestant, the petition is granted automatically as a matter of right, and not left to the discretion of any minister or official. The school rates of the ten families are devoted to the support of that particular school, and out of the public funds a sum is provided to complete the amount necessary for its efficient maintenance.

We have in Quebec a large number of Agricultural Schools and Colleges, Experimental Farms, Schools for the Dairy Industry, whilst travelling instructors are constantly visiting farmers all over the Province. Schools of Good Housekeeping (Ecoles Ménagères) have been opened in almost every part of the province in which young girls are taught the domestic sciences, so essential to the health and happiness of all members of the family.

One need not necessarily speak French to settle in Quebec. There is hardly a spot in the province where English is not spoken and understood. In fact there is not a single obstacle to settling in Quebec, and English-Canadian soldiers would be welcomed by our rural population, who will prove, upon close acquaintanceship, good neighbours, hospitable, sociable, willing to help and sympathise, eager for enjoyment once the daily tasks have been accomplished—for our population, happily, has not yet sacrificed the healthy pleasures and amenities of life upon the altar of mere money-making.

To those who are inclined to commerce and industry, Quebec offers opportunities which are nowhere excelled in Canada. The raw materials abound for countless industries, whilst our favourable position, at the head of oceanic navigation, makes easier the development of export trades. Our technical schools are the finest in Canada and compare favourably with the best in the United States. The School for Higher Commercial Studies in Montreal can stand the comparison with similar institutions in France and other countries. In these special schools the soldier who may want to perfect his technical or commercial knowledge, will find a course of instruction as complete and high-grade as can be found anywhere in Canada or America.

Roads and Highways of Quebec.

In 1916, there were 1079 rural municipalities in the Province. They had a length of 32,388 miles of public roads, while the independent municipalities, cities and towns, had 1684, making a total of 34,072 miles of verbalized public roads. Apart from these were the colonization roads in the townships not organised as municipalities, which add some hundreds of miles more to above total.

The Government's attention has, for over 15 years, been given to the maintenance of public roads. Nevertheless, since 1911, it has striven to get the municipalities to make gravel and macadamised roads, by lending the necessary money for that purpose, the muni-

cipalities repaying only 2 per cent. of the interest on such loans.

The total amount spent by the Government down to the 31st December, 1916, was \$16,537,806.50.

During the same period, there have been made under the Government's control 1,279 miles of macadamised and 568 of gravel roads, making a total of 1847 miles of roads permanently improved.

Railways and Canals of Quebec.

In 1900, there were, in the Province of Quebec, 3,387 miles of railway and, in 1916, 4,383, an increase of 966 miles. There are 45 steam and 8 electric railways.

The steam railways have an aggregate length of 4,154 miles and the electric railways, 229.

Previous to 1836 there were no railways in the Province of Quebec. The first line was that built between St. Johns and Laprairie. At the date of Confederation, all the lines combined had a length of 575 miles only.

The railways having the longest lines in the Province at present, are: the Canadian Pacific, with 560; the Grand Trunk, 450; the Intercolonial, 328; the Quebec and Lake St. John, 298; the Quebec Central, 276.

The canals of the Province of Quebec form three great systems:

The first comprises the St. Lawrence canals; the Beauharnois canal from lake St. Francis to lake St. Louis; the little Carillon canal; the Chambly canal which connects St. Johns with Chambly on the river Richelieu; the Grenville canal, from Carillon to Grenville on the Ottawa; the Lachine canal, from Montreal to Lachine; the Soulanges canal, from lake St. Francis to lake St. Louis on the St. Lawrence, and which is destined to replace the Beauharnois canal, now too old and too small for modern traffic. This system is completed by the two locks at Ste. Anne.

The second system renders the Ottawa river navigable by means of the Carillon and Grenville canals in the Province of Quebec.

The third system comprises the river Richelieu, the Chambly canal and lake Champlain. The St. Ours lock on the Richelieu also forms part of this system, giving a navigable length of 411 miles, from Sorel to New York.

Iron Bridges and Toll Bridges.

The policy of aiding municipalities which build iron bridges has always been maintained by the Government, by granting subsidies.

Thus, since 1908, the Government of this Province has contributed \$1,588,345.51 towards the construction of iron bridges, a sum larger than the share of the municipalities. In fact, the latter furnished only \$1,285,312.25.

Since 1910, the Government has abolished the tolls on certain toll-bridges, or has made arrangements with the municipalities for that purpose. Fourteen such bridges are now free to travellers. To attain this end, the Government spent \$310,366.00 in 1916.

We cordially invite returning soldiers to study conditions in Quebec, the oldest province of the Dominion, where first was unfurled the banner of Christianity and Civilisation. And those who will decide to settle among us and help us with their energy and ambition, their ability and character, their muscle and brawn, to build up a prosperous and contented Canadian nation, united in a common ideal of freedom and justice, which are the keystones of a sound patriotism, will be sure of a hearty welcome and a prosperous future for themselves and their descendants.



From all accounts the little show at Millbank was the greatest sporting event of the week. Fifty seats a day will help. It's wonderful how a boat moves when all pull together. The C.A.P.C. have a pretty good crew when they're in form.

* * *

The firing having ceased and calm resumed on the little squabble ground across the Channel, the Yanks have started a little war about Baseball.

The discontents desire to write "Napoo" under the name of Ban Johnson, and set up a new King in the person of one John Heydler as permanent President.

* * *

The Galt soccer team, composed principally of returned soldiers, have cinched the championship of the W.F.A., Ontario.

This is not the only championship returned soldiers are going to obtain: they will be to the forefront in most things from now on.

* * *

Ty Cobb says he is going to quit baseball. He has just returned to the States from France, where he was a Captain in the U.S. Army. Well, we've heard of Madame Patti and Forbes Robertson and others, including Jeffries, but it's wonderful what an effect the dollars have as an inducement to make just "one" farewell season.

* * *

Jack Dempsey took just one minute to find the weak spot in the abdominal regions of the big lump Carl Morris, and received \$4,000 for a reward, whilst Morris got \$1,250 to buy embrocation to relieve his damaged tummy. It beats soldiering, anyway, even with 50 cents a day added for extra subsistence.

* * *

The year just passed was a good one for Canadian athletes in England.

Pte. Sellars of the 15th Reserve Battalion, won the 100 yards championship in 10½ secs., at the Aldershot Command Meeting in August.

The championship for the Canadian troops in the London area took place in August, when Capt. Archibald, the Canadian record holder and A.A.A. ex-champion at pole-jumping, showed fine form considering his years of service, as also did S.Q.M.S. Luke-man, and the old Ranelagh harrier, S.Q.M.S. (now Lieut.) H. M. Williams.

Most noteworthy, however, was the meeting open to all the Canadian Forces in England at Stamford Bridge. As at Aldershot Pte. Sellars (Bramshott) won the 100 yards, getting home in 10½ secs. Lieut. F. M. Hann (Seaford) took the 120 yards hurdles in 16½ sec.; the other events being 220 yards, Corpl. M. Kelly (Seaford), 23½ secs.; quarter-mile, Lieut. C. T. Davidson (Bexhill) 51½ secs. Half-mile, mile and three mile were all won by J. H. Massey (Witley), in 2 min. 2½ secs., 4 min. 37½ secs., and 15 min. 37½ secs. respectively. The mile walk and throwing the discus, Corpl. Edmundson (Witley) 7 min. 23½ secs. for the former and 114ft. 9½in. for the

latter; the relay race won by Witley; putting the shot, Pte. Barton (Seaford) 34ft. 11in.; and the high jump, Gunner P. J. McDonald (Witley), 5ft. 7in. The 12lb. hammer throw and the pole jump were both won by Capt. O. B. Archibald (London), the hammer with 152ft. 10in., and the jump at 11ft. 6in., though he afterwards cleared 12ft. in an exhibition leap. Seaford secured the Physical Training Competition and Bramshott won the tug-of-war. In several of the before-mentioned events the winning performances were "records" for the sports.

* * *

They don't understand in the U.S.A. how it is that their representatives winning five out of eight finals in the Albert Hall affair, should yet lose the trophy to the British Army. Well, it does seem rather curious on the face of it, and in the comments of the boxers, their trainers, and the newspaper editors, it is remarkable to find that no one attempts to show the real reason. The counting system was weird and truly tinged with army arithmetical gymnastics worthy of a quartermaster-sergeant at the limit of his capacity. Yet in simple form it meant this "divided forces." The Yanks entered two teams, one Army, one Navy, and the winners were divided between them. The English Army won 3 events, so their team had as many winning representatives as the U.S. Army. If the Yanks had been able to forecast the winners and had entered one team which secured five wins out of eight they would have won, but they tried out a couple of chances and lost out. They also make a few references in no kind frame of mind anent the extra half points awarded for "British grit" to the losers. This may or may not have been warranted in some cases, but they were not so frequently awarded as to affect the issue. Then perchance those three whole points (instead of one) which went to Pal Moore on that decision more than offset any little items of this kind. Ah, well, it was a good show, and we won't have another like it for some long time.



Two
of the
Head
Steve-
dores
in
Siberia.

AFTER CROSSING THE BAR.

"That's how we do things in the army," said Tommy, pointing to a news-heading which bore the words: "Five hundred Germans Drowned in Champagne." "Got nothing to beat that in the navy, I'll bet."

"Oh, haven't we?" retorted his sailor friend. "My lad, that's nothing to get excited about—nothing at all. In that last little affair along the Belgian coast we sank three German submarines in port!"

CANADIAN CITIZENSHIP.

The Mass Meeting at the Lyceum Theatre on Sunday afternoon, January 19th, in connection with the above campaign, will be addressed by Horatio Bottomley, Esq., M.P., the well-known Editor of "John Bull."

A Canadian Band will be in attendance, and all Canadians are welcome. Doors will open at 2.30, and the proceedings will commence at 3 o'clock.

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THE COMPLETE LIFE OF JOHN HOPKINS.

(Continued from page 3.)

I went to the house of Monsieur Long and found him to be not at home. As I came back I see this gentleman in combat against—how you say—greatest odds. He is fighting with five—ten—thirty men—gendarmes, aussi. Yes, milady, he what you call 'swat' one—three—eight policemen. If that Monsieur Long is out, I say to myself this gentleman he will serve milady so well, and I bring him here.

"Very well, Armand," said the lady, "you may go." She turned to Hopkins.

"I sent my chauffeur," she said, "to bring my cousin, Walter Long. There is a man in this house who has treated me with insult and abuse. I have complained to my aunt, and she laughs at me. Armand says you are brave. In these prosaic days men who are both brave and chivalrous are few. May I count upon your assistance?"

John Hopkins thrust the remains of his cigar into his coat pocket. He looked upon this winning creature and felt his first thrill of romance. It was a knightly love, and contained no disloyalty to the flat with the flea-bitten terrier and the lady of his choice. He had married her after a picnic of the Lady Label Stickers' Union, Lodge No. 2, on a dare and a bet of new hats and chowder all around with his friend Billy McManus. This angel who was begging him to come to her rescue was something too heavenly for chowder, and as for hats—golden, jewelled crowns for her!

"Say," said John Hopkins, "just show me the guy that you've got the grouch at. I've neglected my talents as a scrapper heretofore, but this is my busy night."

"He is in there," said the lady, pointing to a closed door. "Come. Are you sure that you do not falter or fear?"

"Me?" said John Hopkins. "Just give me one of those roses in the bunch you are wearing, will you?"

The lady gave him a red, red rose. John Hopkins kissed it, stuffed it into his vest pocket, opened the door, and walked into the room. It was a handsome library, softly but brightly lighted. A young man was there, reading.

"Books on etiquette is what you want to study," said John Hopkins, abruptly. "Get up here, and I'll give you some lessons. Be rude to a lady, will you?"

The young man looked mildly surprised. Then he arose languidly, dexterously caught the arms of John Hopkins, and conducted him irresistibly to the front door of the house.

"Beware, Ralph Branscombe," cried the lady, who had followed, "what you do to the gallant man who has tried to protect me."

The young man shoved John Hopkins gently out the door and then closed it.

"Bess," he said calmly, "I wish you would quit reading historical novels. How in the world did that fellow get in here?"

"Armand brought him," said the young lady. "I think you are awfully mean not to let me have that St. Bernard. I sent Armand for Walter. I was so angry with you."

"Be sensible, Bess," said the young man, taking her arm. "That dog isn't safe. He has bitten two or three people around the kennels. Come now, let's go and tell auntie we are in good humour again."

Arm in arm, they moved away. John Hopkins walked to his flat. The janitor's five-year-old daughter was playing on the steps. Hopkins gave her a nice red rose and walked upstairs.

Mrs. Hopkins was philandering with curl-papers.

"Get your cigar?" she asked, disinterestedly.

"Sure," said Hopkins, "and I knocked around for a while outside. It's a nice night."

He sat upon the hornblende sofa, took out the stump of his cigar, lighted it, and gazed at the graceful figures in "The Storm" on the opposite wall.

"I was telling you," said he, "about Mr. Whipples' suit. It's a grey, with an invisible check, and it looks fine."

NEWS ITEMS.

Sir Robert Borden, Prime Minister, accompanied Mr. Lloyd George to Paris to take his place at the Peace Conference.

The popular European Manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway in London, Col. George McLaren Brown, has been made a Knight of the British Empire. Sir George comes from Hamilton, Ont.

Lieut.-General Sir A. W. Currie has been placed in charge of all demobilisation arrangements for all Canadian troops in France.

The pensions for children of deceased and totally disabled soldiers have been further largely increased. The increases will be payable as from September, 1918.

A hospital to cost \$500,000 is to be erected for the Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment near Woodbridge, Ont.

Capt. E. B. Wright, a former Toronto newspaper man, who served as Quartermaster with the 129th Battalion, has died at Nangara of pneumonia.

It is intended to plant Maple trees over the graves of Canada's heroes who have fallen in France.



JEWELLERS BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING.

Gifts

The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company's collection of Personal Jewellery, Gold and Silver, Tortoiseshell, Ivory and Leather Goods offers the best value that can be obtained. Every article is of the highest quality and is moderate in price.

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WARNING.

The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths have no branch establishments in Regent St., Oxford St., or elsewhere—in London or abroad—only one address, 112 Regent Street, London, W.1.

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Diamond Initial, set in Palladium, white enamel border, on black silk band, as bracelet or neckslide, £4 0 0, £4 5 0 £4 10 0, according to initial.

THE RED TRIANGLE

CANADIAN Y.M.C.A. AT RHYL.

The Last Lap.

The great Canadian demobilisation camp at Rhyl, North Wales, is as yet incomplete, though many thousands of soldiers are already there on the last lap towards Canada. Before many weeks it is expected that the regular population will be more than twenty thousand.

A Warm Spot.

The Y.M.C.A. provisions for these men have necessarily to assume a more than ordinarily important role in camp life. It is estimated that the soldiers will remain something less than a week on their passage to the boat for home, but that five or six days will be an idle period during which entertainment and refreshment will form more than the 'tween duties occupation of a camp on a war footing. In the latter camp the Y Hut is a relief from the grind of the day's work and drill, a nice warm spot wherein to ease off the day's strain and troubles. It is the lighter part of military operations.

Entertainment.

At Rhyl, however, it is charged with the care of the soldier's entire day. The new problem involved is the entertainment of thousands of men at the moment when discipline is apt to be most relaxed and thoughts of the nearness of home introduce an uncomfortable impatience. It is a grand opportunity for just such service as the Y has been most anxious to give—and which has been given to the extent of its facilities during the years of war.

Readjustments.

In order to carry out this idea plans are under way to increase the space accorded Y operations and to add those features which the Canadian Y has found the Canadian soldier to appreciate. The camp, which was formerly an Imperial one and well cared for by the British Y.M.C.A., is being readjusted to the new occupation, and the Y.M.C.A. is fitting the facilities to the needs.

Three Huts.

There are at present three Y Huts in the camp, in which are included a movie screen and rooms for cadets and W.A.A.C.'s. Additions of 25ft. by 75ft. are to be made to two of the huts. The movies are to be given free, as is the custom with the Canadian Y, and the new order of things includes special entertainment in each hut every afternoon and evening. This entertainment will be even wider in form than the usual run at Witley and Bramshott and the other camps catered to by the Y. There will be more quiet rooms for writing, games and reading matter will be placed in all huts, and more space provided for the kitchen plant. It is probable that an officers' hut will be furnished when the men's needs are satisfied, but at the moment the men are to receive all the attention.

Clubs.

In Abegele, five miles away, the nearest village, were four social rooms for the men when visiting the village. Should the freedom accorded the men from camp warrant

it these will be taken over and fitted in the usual manner. In Rhyl, eight miles distant, was a cadet club of eight rooms and another of two for the men. As the cadets are not expected to be numerous, the allocation of the clubs will be changed, the men having the larger space for their uses.

The Complete Camp.

With the encouragement of the military authorities the Y.M.C.A. will spare no effort and little in expense to make this last week of the Canadian soldier's life overseas one of the happiest in his war experience, assisting in returning him to Canada with much of the suffering and horrors of war blotted from his mind. If that result is possible it will mean much to the soldiers and to the homes to which they return. Rhyl, at the end of their stay, is to be the complement in pleasure, through Canadian effort, to the enthusiastic and soul-stirring welcome that greeted the Canadians on their arrival in an English port.

PHOTOGRAPH 200 FEET LONG.

The longest photograph in the world, nearly 200 feet in length, is to be seen at the Exhibition of Canadian battle photographs which has been organised by the Canadian War Records Office, and opened by Sir Edward Kemp, the Overseas Minister, at the Grafton Galleries on Tuesday last.

This remarkable picture, which has been made in sections, and runs completely around the Grand Gallery, presents a panorama of several hundreds of the guns captured by the Canadians in the last great advance.

It is not only a photograph of great historical interest, but it presents a most fascinating study, as all types of weapons are represented, while the little French children who play about among them give it an appealing human touch.

VITAI LAMPADA.

By SIR HENRY NEWBOLT.

There's a breathless hush in the Close to-night,
Ten to make and the match to win—
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
An hour to play and the last man in.
And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
But his Captain's hand on his shoulder
smote—
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

The sand of the desert is sodden red,—
Red with the wreck of a square that
broke;—
The Gatling's jammed and the Colonel dead,
And the regiment blind with dust and
smoke.
The river of death has brimmed his banks,
And England's far, and Honour a name,
But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the
ranks:
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

This is the word that year by year,
While in her place the School is set,
Every one of her sons must hear,
And none that hears it dare forget.

SPEEDING-UP DEMOBILIZATION.

(Continued from page 4.)

These War Service Gratuities recognize length of overseas service, which was not done under the former provision. For the purpose of these payments all "Other Ranks" except 1st Class Warrant Officers, are placed upon the same footing in regards to the rate of pay.

The following schedule gives in detail the exact amount of pay receivable as War Service Gratuities by all such "other ranks" in accordance with length of service, and whether separation allowance has or has not been paid to wives or other dependants:—

Length of Service.	Number of days pay.	Amount received where S.A. paid dependants.	Amount received where no S.A. paid.
3 years or over ...	183	\$600	\$420
2 years & under 3...153		500	350
1 year & under 2...122		400	280
Under 1 year 92		300	210

Officers and 1st Class Warrant Officers will receive the same number of days' pay as is provided for other ranks at their respective rates of pay.

Those who served at the front in any actual theatre of war and have been discharged prior to the 11th of November, 1919, will receive War Service Gratuities on the same scale as provided for under the new scheme outlined.

Return of Soldiers' Dependents.

The Government has also arranged to return to their homes in Canada, free of charge, the dependents of Canadian soldiers sent there for demobilization. This provision is retroactive to the 11th November, 1918, and dependents who have paid their own transportation charges to Canada since the 11th November, will be reimbursed by the Government.

BOARDS OF TRADE AT WORK.

One of the outstanding changes in the west during the last year or so has been the transformation wrought in the various boards of trade. Instead of lending themselves to real estate escapades and irresponsible transient promoters, unfortunately so common in pre-war days, practically all the boards have carefully revised their platforms and are now operating along wholly constructive and legitimate lines. Winnipeg, Calgary and Vancouver in particular have boosted their membership and branched out comprehensively among the various avenues of trade and commerce, and development work generally—a course which is bound to have a splendid influence in future. The rejuvenated policy is now such as to attract the attention and co-operation of the best professional and business talent, and is bound to play an important part in after-war problems which will mean much to Western Canada.

WOULD HE SAY IT IN OTTAWA?

A South African infantryman, who hailed from Ireland and described himself as a "Dublin gentleman," was visiting the sights of London the other day when they came to Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament. He turned to his friend and said, "I can respect the Abbey because a saint lies there, but I cannot the other, because there they are alive and lie every day."

ERRATUM.

The signature of the letter from Woodcote Park Hospital in our issue of January 4th should have read A. J. Van Nostrand, Major, and not as it appeared.



WHAT MEN OF ACTION SAY.

(Some typical extracts from letters).

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

When you require the Best Tonic Medicine, see you get

PHOSFERINE

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Influenza	Exhaustion	Mental Exhaustion	Faintness	Backache	Nerve Shock
Nervous Debility	Neuralgia	Loss of Appetite	Brain Fag	Rheumatism	Neurasthenia
Indigestion	Maternity Weakness	Lassitude	Anæmia	Headache	Sciatica
Sleeplessness	Premature Decay	Neuritis	Nervous Dyspepsia	Stomach Disorders	Palpitation

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

SPECIAL SERVICE NOTE.

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

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

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

COMPETITION RESULTS.

Two winners in Competition No. 1 divide the prizes of £3 between them, receiving £1 10s. each.

The lucky list senders are as follows: 1024287 Pte. W. S. DRUGAN, 3rd Can. Inf. Bn., Can. Special Hospital, Palace Hotel, Buxton.

1418 Sergt. S. J. Stainer, 31 Bedford Square, W.C. 1.

The last lines adjudged the best in Competition No. 2 appear below:—

A smart young fellow from Saskatoon, An observer was in a gas balloon;

Till a Fritzie one day,

Came round that way,

No flowers, by request, interment at noon.

First prize awarded to 1024287 Pte.

W. S. DRUGAN, 3rd Can. Inf. Bn.,

Can. Special Hospital, Buxton.

But his parachute worked "joy" otherwise "gloom."

Second prize awarded to 2138347 Pte. J. W. ABBOTT, Can. Com. Hospital, Hut 98, Woodcote Park, Epsom, England.

No correct solutions have yet been received in regard to the Chess Problem, Competition No. 3. The prize is still to be won.

SASKATCHEWAN CROPS.

Some interesting comparisons are made in the final estimates of crop acreage and live stock returns recently completed by the Saskatchewan Department of Agriculture. The acreage under wheat has been increased from 8,273,253 acres in 1917 to 9,249,260 acres seeded this year, an increase of almost one million acres, notwithstanding an acute labor shortage; 614,980 acres of new prairie land were broken in 1918, as against 431,698 acres in 1917. Rye is becoming more and more a standard crop each year. A few

years ago the acreage sown was so small that the amount could hardly be estimated, but this year about 123,500 acres were seeded with this valuable cereal.

The total acreage under wheat in Saskatchewan in 1918 was 9,249,260; oats, 4,988,499; barley, 699,296; flax, 840,957; rye, 123,500; peas, 4,251; beans, 861; buckwheat, 1,207; mixed grains, 23,449; other grains, 27,347. In root crops there were: Potatoes, 59,793 acres; turnips, 5,622; mangolds, 1,806; other roots, 2,332. In feed crops there were, in corn, 11,186 acres; hay, 315,117 acres, and pasture, 933,862; alfalfa, 6,943, and other crops, 40,504. The total summer fallow was 4,060,801, and new breaking, 614,980. This gives a total acreage under cultivation of 22,016,139.

The live stock estimates show a gratifying increase over 1917 in all departments for 1918: Horses, 1,000,076; cattle, 1,279,551; sheep, 134,177; swine, 521,240; poultry, 8,000,369.

Mick and Mac find peace terms difficult.

