

THE PAPER WITH SNAP IN IT!



A live weekly for Canadians in Khaki dealing with demobilization and reconstruction.

ISSUED BY THE KHAKI UNIVERSITY OF CANADA.

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PRICE ONE PENNY (2 CENTS).

SIR ARTHUR CURRIE was born 43 years ago on a Canadian farm near Strathroy, Ontario. He attended school at the latter town, walking four miles each way.

Always "that big boy Currie"—he stands over six feet and is big in proportion—he was fond of all kinds of outdoor sport, and even occasionally indulged in practical jokes. That he would ever become leader of a Canadian Corps in the biggest of all big wars, however, was not even dreamed of.

Like so many other young Ontarians, he "went west" when he was eighteen, and settled in Sidney, Vancouver, where he took up school teaching as a profession. Later he moved to Victoria, and became an insurance broker.

It is said of General Currie that a favorite game of his, as a boy, was playing soldier, and that he was never happier than when drilling his playmates. When he settled in Victoria he indulged his bent for soldiering by enlisting as a gunner in the 5th Regiment of Canadian Garrison Artillery, and ever since he has been actively associated with the militia. He advanced steadily in rank until in 1909 he had become command-

THE CORPS COMMANDER.



Canadian Official Photo]

ing officer of the regiment. Then a little later on, when the 50th Highlanders Battalion was formed, he was transferred to it and eventually became its commanding officer.

At the outbreak of war he was one of the first to enlist, and so fine was his reputation as a soldier that he was immediately offered the command of a brigade. He went to France as head of the 2nd Infantry Brigade; succeeded in September, 1915, to the generalship of the 1st Canadian Division, and last spring became the successor of General Byng as commander of the Canadian Army.

"Currie" to the Canadian soldier stands for "Confidence." His is a spirit which is contagious, and which has made the Canadian Corps one of the finest fighting units in the Allied Armies.

When once ground won has been consolidated it has never been given up.

General Currie's special order of March last will be remembered for the classic phrase, "Under the orders of your devoted officers in the coming battle you will advance, or fall where you stand, facing the enemy."

Sir Arthur was knighted on the battlefield by H.M. the King.

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"PRINCESS PAT" : KING TO CANADA.

The King, replying to a message of con-
gratulation from the Governor-General, the
Duke of Devonshire, on the engagement of
Princess Patricia, telegraphs:

"I heartily thank you, the Government,
and people of Canada for the kind message
of congratulation upon the engagement of
Princess Patricia which you have sent me
on their behalf. I also rejoice at this en-
gagement, which I am sure will bring every
happiness to my dear cousin."

Replying to a New Year greeting, his
Majesty telegraphed:

"In thanking the Government and the
people of Canada, I welcome this occasion,
when our hearts are full of hope and expecta-
tion, to assure them once more of my deep
and abiding interest in their great country
and of my wish for their ever-increasing
happiness and prosperity."—Reuter.

NEW CANADIAN-AMERICAN BANK.

We are informed that The Union Bank of
Canada and The National Park Bank of
New York have formed a subsidiary banking
Corporation representing both institutions,
and are establishing agencies of the new
Corporation in Yokohama, San Francisco,
and Seattle, thus enabling both banks to
offer exceptional facilities to exporters and
importers conducting trade on the Pacific
Coast and the Far East. The subject of this
closer association between institutions of
Canada and the United States is favourably
commented upon on the other side. Estab-
lished in 1865, the Union Bank of Canada,
whose headquarters are at Winnipeg, and
London Offices at 6 Princes Street, E.C. 2.,
and 26 Haymarket, S.W. 1., has 300 branches
throughout the Dominion. The National
Park Bank of New York was organised in
1856, its Board of Directors includes Mr.
Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mr. Stuyvesant Fish,
Mr. Richard Delafield, and Mr. Robert P.
Perkins.

EAGLE AS ROYAL SYMBOL.

From very remote times the eagle has been
used as a device on royal banners. It was
the ensign of the ancient kings of Persia and
of Babylon. The Romans adopted various
other figures on their camp standards; but
Marius made the eagle the chief ensign of
the legions, and to the sub-divisions assigned
various other figures. Constantine was the
first Emperor to introduce the two-headed
eagle as a royal or national device to indicate
that his empire had two heads or kings, but
was nevertheless one body or empire. The
two-headed eagle is now used to signify
a double empire. Austria claims to be the
successor of the Caesars of Rome, and also
of Charlemagne, and the one head represents
the Eastern and the other the Western
empire. Russia also has a double-headed
eagle, having added that of Poland to her
own.

CANADA AND TROOPSHIP COMPLAINTS.

The Government is ordering an investi-
gation to be made into the complaints by
returning soldiers regarding the poor food
and inadequate accommodation on troop
transports.

Further evidence at the inquiry by Judge
Modjins on the conditions on board the
"Northland" disclosed that the stewards
sold food to soldiers. One soldier testified
that the stewards had a price-list. He
bought daily about 2/- worth of food. He also
alleged that the bathing facilities were bad.

CANADIAN PAGEANT OF WAR.

Remarkable Exhibition of Paintings to be
opened at Burlington House.

The Canadian War Memorials Exhibition,
which has opened at the Royal Academy of
Arts, Burlington House, is the most remark-
able exhibition of pictures dealing with the
war which has yet been seen in this country,
or for that matter in any country. It is a
stirring and moving pageant of war which
will draw all London.

There are scenes in training camps in
England, such as a striking picture of the
"Cook-house" at Witley, by Miss Anna
Hity, with other scenes at Witley by Capt.
J. W. Beatty, and pictures of different
Canadian training centres such as the
"Bombing Area, Seaford," by Capt. Maurice
Cullen, R.C.A., and "The Canadian Area at
Hythe," by Lieut. C. H. Barraud; finally,
Sir John Lavery, F.R.A., deals in a masterly
manner with the embarkation of Canadian
Troops for France.

There is a magnificent painting of the
Landing of the 3rd Canadian Brigade at
St. Nazaire, by Mr. Edgar Bundy, A.R.A.,
and a giant canvas by Major Richard Jack,
A.R.A., of the "Second Battle of Ypres."
Major Jack also has a fine painting of the
"Battle of Vimy Ridge."

There is a splendid collection of portraits
of interesting personalities, such as Sir Robert
Borden, Prime Minister of Canada, Sir George
Perley, the High Commissioner in London,
Princess Patricia of Connaught, whose
name will forever be associated with the
formation of the Princess Patricia's Light
Infantry, and Lady Drummond who has
laboured so unceasingly for the Canadian
Red Cross. Further there are portraits of
many members of the Canadian Higher
Command and a whole gallery of Canadian
V.C.'s, including the heroic Captain C.
Scrimger, of the Canadian Army Medical
Corps, and Lieut. Colonel Bishop, one of the
most famous airmen of the war.

There are also several distinguished pieces
of sculpture, notably a group which is likely
to prove the "sensation" of the Exhibition.
This is entitled "Canada's Goliaths," and is
by Capt. D. Derwent Wood, O.O.O., and por-
trays with terrible realism, the crucifixion
of a Canadian soldier by the enemy.

In addition to this really remarkable col-
lection of these paintings dealing with the
war, the Canadian War Memorial Committee
has secured some famous paintings of his-
toric interest to Canada. Among these are
Sir John Lawrence's portrait of Sir Alexander
Mackenzie, who was the great pioneer ex-
plorer of Western Canada and discoverer of
the Mackenzie River, which is named after
him, and the well-known painting of the
"Death of Wolfe" at the close of the battle
which won Canada for the Empire, which has
been generously presented to the Dominion
by the Duke of Westminster.

The whole collection will ultimately be
housed in the building specially designed for
the purpose at Ottawa. In that building will
also be housed another collection of paintings
dealing with the part that Canada played in
the war at home. This latter enterprise is
being controlled by Sir Edmund Walker,
President of the Canadian Bank of Com-
merce, who is perhaps the greatest authority
in the Dominion. On this section of the
collection some thirty Canadian artists are
engaged.

The Exhibition will be open daily from
10 a.m. to 6 p.m., and on Sundays from 2 to
6 p.m.



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FROM EACH ACCORDING TO HIS ABILITY.

Vuyning left his club, cursing it softly, without any particular anger. From ten in the morning until eleven it had bored him immeasurably. Kirk with his fish story, Brooks with his Porto Rico cigars, old Morrison with his anecdote about the widow, Hepburn with his invariable luck at billiards—all these afflictions had been repeated without change of bill or scenery. Besides these morning evils Miss Allison had refused him again on the night before. But that was a chronic trouble. Five times she had laughed at his offer to make her Mrs. Vuyning. He intended to ask her again the next Wednesday evening.

Vuyning walked along Forty-fourth Street to Broadway, and then drifted down the great sluice that washes out the dust of the gold-mines of Gotham. He wore a morning suit of light grey, low, dull kid shoes, a plain, finely-woven straw hat, and his visible linen was the most delicate possible shade of heliotrope. His necktie was the blue-grey of a November sky, and its knot was plainly the outcome of a lordly carelessness, combined with an accurate conception of the most recent dictum of fashion.

Now, to write of a man's haberdashery is a worse thing than to write an historical novel "around" Paul Jones, or to pen a testimonial to a hay-fever cure.

Therefore, let it be known that the description of Vuyning's apparel is germane to the movements of the story, and not to make room for the new fall stock of goods.

Even Broadway that morning was a discord in Vuyning's ears; and in his eyes it paralleled for a few dreamy, dreary minutes a certain howling, scorching, seething, malodorous slice of street that he remembered in Morocco. He saw the struggling mass of dogs, beggars, fakirs, slave-drivers, and veiled women in carts without horses, the sun blazing brightly among the bazaars, the piles of rubbish from ruined temples in the street—and then a lady, passing, jabbed the ferrule of a parasol in his side and brought him back to Broadway.

Five minutes of his stroll brought him to a certain corner, where a number of silent, pale-faced men are accustomed to stand, immovably, for hours, busy with the file blades of their penknives, with their hat brims on a level with their eyelids. Wall Street speculators, driving home in their carriages, love to point out these men to their visiting friends, and tell them of this rather famous lounging-place of the "crooks." On Wall Street the speculators never use the file blades of their knives.

Vuyning was delighted when one of this company stepped forth and addressed him as he was passing. He was hungry for something out of the ordinary, and to be accosted by this smooth-faced, keen-eyed, low-voiced, athletic member of the under-world, with his grim, yet pleasant smile, had all the taste

of an adventure to the convention-weary Vuyning.

"Excuse me, friend," said he. "Could I have a few minutes' talk with you—on the level?"

"Certainly," said Vuyning, with a smile. "But, suppose we step aside to a quieter place. There is a divan—a café over here that will do. Schrumm will give us a private corner."

Schrumm established them under a growing palm, with two seids between them. Vuyning made a pleasant reference to meteorological conditions, thus forming a hinge upon which might be swung the door leading from the thought repository of the other.

"In the first place," said his companion, with the air of one who presents his credentials, "I want you to understand that I am a crook. Out West I am known as Rowdy the Dude. Pickpocket, supper man, second-story man, yeggman, boxman, all-round burglar, card-sharp and slickest con man west of the Twenty-third Street ferry landing—that's my history. That's to show I'm on the square—with you. My name's Emerson."

"Confound old Kirk with his fish stories," said Vuyning to himself, with silent glee as he went through his pockets for a card. "It's pronounced 'Vining,'" he said, as he tossed it over to the other. "And I'll be as frank with you. I'm just a kind of a loafer, I guess, living on my my daddy's money. At the club they call me 'Left-at-the-Post.' I never did a day's work in my life; and I haven't the heart to run over a chicken when I'm motoring. It's a pretty shabby record, altogether."

"There's one thing you can do," said Emerson, admiringly; "you can carry duds. I've watched you several times pass on Broadway. You look the best-dressed man I've seen. And I'll bet you a gold mine I've got £50 worth more gent's furnishings on my frame than you have. That's what I wanted to see you about. I can't do the trick. Take a look at me. What's wrong?"

"Stand up," said Vuyning. Emerson arose, and slowly revolved. "You've been 'outfitted,'" declared the club man. "Some Broadway window-dresser has misused you. That's an expensive suit, though, Emerson."

"A hundred dollars," said Emerson. "Twenty too much," said Vuyning. "Six months old in cut, one inch too long, and half an inch too much lapel. Your hat is plainly dated one year ago, although there's only a sixteenth of an inch lacking in the brim to tell the story. That English poke in your collar is too short by the distance between Troy and London. A plain gold link cuff-button would take all the shine out of those pearl ones with diamond setting. Those tan shoes would be exactly the articles to work into the hart of a Brooklyn school-ma'am on a two weeks' visit to Lake Ronkonkoma. I think I caught a glimpse of a blue silk sock embroidered with russet lilies of the valley when you—improperly—drew up

your trousers as you sat down. There are always plain ones to be had in the stores. Have I hurt your feelings, Emerson?"

"Double the ante!" cried the criticised one, greedily. "Give me more of it. There's a way to tote the haberdashery, and I want to get wise to it. Say, you're the right kind of a swell. Anything else to the queer about me?"

"Your tie," said Vuyning, "is tied with absolute precision and correctness."

"Thanks," gratefully—"I spent over half an hour at it before I—"

"Thereby," interrupted Vuyning, "completing your resemblance to a dummy in a Broadway store window."

"Yours truly," said Emerson, sitting down again. "It's bully of you to put me wise. I knew there was something wrong, but I couldn't just put my finger on it. I guess it comes by nature to know how to wear clothes."

"Oh, I suppose," said Vuyning, with a laugh "that my ancestors picked up the knack while they were peddling clothes from house to house a couple of hundred years ago. I'm told they did that."

"And mine," said Emerson, cheerfully, "were making their visits at night, I guess, and didn't have a chance to catch on to the correct styles."

"I tell you what," said Vuyning, whose ennui had taken wings, "I'll take you to my tailor. He'll eliminate the mark of the beast from your exterior. That is, if you care to go any farther in the way of expense."

"Play 'em to the ceiling," said Emerson with a boyish smile of joy. "I've got a roll as big around as a barrel of black-eyed peas and as loose as the wrapper of a two-for-five. I don't mind telling you that I was not touring among the Antipodes when the burglar-proof safe of the Farmers' National Bank of Butterville, Ia., flew open some moonless night ago to the tune of £16,000."

"Aren't you afraid," said Vuyning, "that I'll call a cop and hand you over?"

"You tell me," said Emerson, coolly, "why I didn't keep them."

He laid Vuyning's pocket-book and watch—the Vuyning 100-year-old family watch—on the table.

"Man," said Vuyning, revelling, "did you ever hear the tale Kirk tells about the six-pound trout and the old fisherman?"

"Seems not," said Emerson politely. "I'd like to."

"Seems not," said Emerson politely. "But you won't," said Vuyning. "I've heard it scores of times. That's why I won't tell you. I was just thinking how much better this is than a club. Now, shall we go to my tailor?"

"Boys, and elderly gents," said Vuyning five days later at his club, standing up against the window where his coterie was gathered, and keeping out the breeze, "a friend of mine from the West will dine at our table this evening."

(Continued on page 9.)

WHAT KIND OF LANGUAGE DO YOU USE ?

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The Beaver :

A Live Weekly for Canadians Overseas.

LONDON : JANUARY 11th, 1919.

EDITORIAL OFFICES :

49 Bedford Square, W.C. 1.

Matter intended for current issue should reach the Editorial Offices, 49 Bedford Square, not later than each Wednesday noon. Contributions should be short and snappy. Gossipy news from all quarters, personal paragraphs, interesting items concerning Canadians in khaki, short poems, humorous stories, problems, jokes and conundrums specially requested. MSS. will only be returned when addressed stamped envelope is enclosed.

SUCCESS.

Nothing succeeds like success, and none deserve to succeed but those who put their backs into their work. Great business reputations have been built upon a first achievement, judiciously and wisely followed. Not too fast nor too slow, but always at it is the right way. Now that the holidays are over and the new year is in full swing University students should give their whole attention to class and school work. In a few months vast Allied armies now in being will melt away under the warm rays of the sun of Peace. Civil life will not be exactly what it was when it was so suddenly dropped four years ago. Many things will be different. Those who return will not be the same. Youths have become staid soldiers under the influence of life in the trenches. The boy has become a man, the man a grey-headed, war-scarred veteran. To pick up the threads and weave again upon the loom will be much less difficult if it is tackled by an enlightened mind trained to think to weigh up and to decide. And to the training of the mind the Khaki University bends all its energies. Individual initiative brought to the front the men who made good during the war, and who carried off high honours and earned a nation's undying gratitude. And individual initiative is just as essential in civil as in military life. Those who have sufficient self-respect and initiative to improve are more likely to succeed than those who are content to take pot-luck, for pot-luck generally means poor fare. The success of the Canadian Corps was made possible by the development of individual initiative and self-confidence. That is the grand spirit of success for everything and those who would be in the swim must not hesitate, but must plunge into the educational stream without delay. "It is not in mortals to command success. They can do more—deserve it."

FOR REFLECTION.

A desire of knowledge is the natural feeling of mankind ; and every human being whose mind is not debauched will be willing to give all he has to get knowledge.—Saml. Johnson.

CANADA AND RECONSTRUCTION.

Canadian Labour advices show that, for the first time in the Dominion's history, representatives of organised labour, clerical and technical organisations, are recommending to the Government a joint reconstruction policy.

THUMB-NAIL SKETCHES.



"C.R.C.S."
The Chief Commissioner of the Canadian Red Cross Society, Colonel Harry Woodburn Blaylock, joined up in England, for though a graduate in Law, he has never practised but turned his attention to commercial

undertakings, in which he was engaged in this country when war broke out.

From Dunville, Quebec, his home town, he came to the Greatest Burgh in the world—London—where he was well and popularly known in Canadian and other circles.

He was Assistant Red Cross Commissioner in France from 1914 until 1918, when he was appointed Chief Commissioner Overseas. The magnificent work of the Canadian Red Cross Society is well known and the service rendered to Canadian Prisoners of War in Germany and to Canadian wounded and convalescent men is beyond all praise.

Educated at Bishops' College School and Bishops' College, Lennox Mills, Col. Blaylock is a graduate of McGill. He is also a C.B.E., a Knight of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and a Chevalier of the French Legion of Honour.

"C.D.D."

In August, 1914, Paul Kennard Hanson enlisted with the 14th Battalion Royal Montreal Regiment, and in September of the same year came overseas. As Major he saw some of the heaviest fighting in France, and at St. Julien in April,

1915, he was knocked out after four months' active service.

Invalided to Canada in the same year he returned after three months' leave, and was appointed Officer Commanding Canadian Discharge Depot at Buxton in July, 1916.

Buxton is a magnificent jumping-off point for the boys before returning home, and Col. Hanson has by his cheery good nature made it a real bit of Canada to those who have waited there on their way to the point of embarkation. He has sent the men home feeling good with themselves and everybody else. Lieut.-Colonel Hanson was educated in Ontario, though he is a Montrealer by birth. His name appeared in Birthday Honors as an O.B.E., and he has been mentioned in despatches.



Some Suggestive Reflections.

EDUCATION AND BUSINESS AMALGAMATE.

By Lt. C. R. LENNAN, D.C.M.

(Dept. of Commerce Khaki University of Canada).

"Gather your rosebuds while you may,
Old time is still a-flying,
And he that smiles on you to-day
To-morrow may be dying.

"For life is life and war is war,
But what's the use of waiting?
An hour of joy is better far
Than twenty days of fighting."

The foregoing philosophy is as old as the sun, and was known to the Latins who expressed it in the now familiar phrase *carpe diem*, and there is evidence that it has penetrated even into the super-scholastic mind of the Greek. It found expression in the Garden of Eden itself long, long ago, when the too assiduous fulfilment of its theory in practice culminated in the sack of Adam, the alienation of Eve, and the eternal regret of the children of the earth.

We have come from the caves, from the subterranean dwellings in the deep delved earth, from the darkness and mire of craters, and the uncertainties of saps, to the ease, the comfort, the ephemeral luxury of a life on the lap of peace where we can breathe an air that is pure and taste of nectar and ambrosia and see Cleopatra in flesh and blood, not through a glass darkly, but face to face.

After more than four years of war there is nothing strange in the fact that we prefer "an hour of joy" to "twenty days of fighting." But we must realize the fact that the clash of arms is but an incident in the struggle for commercial supremacy. The world to-day doesn't want laggards, and unless we keep our business armour bright we will be hopelessly and helplessly side-tracked.

The end of the war and the consequent return of her soldiers finds the nation face to face with many urgent and perplexing problems. The mantle of the prophet Jeremiah would seem to have descended upon not a few "minor prophets" who are at present proclaiming that unemployment is bound to overtake us. The contention that this condition must necessarily and inevitably prevail is open to question.—This so-called "regrettable necessity" need only occur if we allow it; and it will be the result of bad management. In considering the possibilities of saving the nation in some measure at least from that disaster which hovers like a nightmare over some anxious minds, it is extremely reassuring to learn the attitude of business men.

Several of our leaders of Finance and Commerce have declared quite recently their belief that those who have walked on the edge of the world will return with a larger outlook on life, which will demand a nobler habitation and a higher standard of living. And they will get it. No longer is there the dread of German competition. No longer will we consider the hypocritical word of a dishonourable foe, who has neither revered the laws of chivalry nor fought in accord with the rules of humane and civilized warfare. At the present moment the Germans have donned the white robes of a sentimental philanthropy and their spokesman adopts the pose and attitude of Mr. Pecksniff in his best oratorical style. He is boasting that German industries can "under-sell" their competitors

and thus capture an immense volume of trade in the markets of the world. But this rodomontade neither impresses nor disturbs the tranquil spirit of the Canadian business man, who is now fully alive to the costliness of cheapness. Excessive cheapness brings that dreary aftermath called waste, and it has been very forcibly brought home to us that waste is a crime. The people of Canada want none of the gaudy wares and cheap rubbish made by a nation of degraded taste.

As previously stated, there is now a recognised demand for better goods, and Canadian business men are making every effort to meet this demand.

The Government actively encourages and assists in matters pertaining to the commercial development of the industries of Canada, and this active cognizance of our trade requirements will prove an important factor in industrial expansion. The three essential pre-requisites for modern commercial success—government, business and education—have been consolidated into a practical harmony.

There is a closer alliance between education and business than in the pre-war days when business men expressed scorn for the "professors of theory," and this co-operation between factory and university, with the consequent co-operation of the various abilities—governmental, industrial and educational—will produce a marshalling of human and material resources that will astound the world. Incidentally it will go a long way towards ensuring employment for all those who really desire to be that "fine body of men" we have prided ourselves on being called. From recent correspondence with Canadian business men the writer is led to believe that the lack of enthusiastic, capable, thinking men is a much more probable cause of commercial stagnation than the lack of jobs.

STRIKE ME!

First Tommy: "You didn't 'aft be'ave bad at the feed yes'erday, did you?"

Second Tommy: "Garn! What did I do?"

First Tommy: "What didn't you do? I'll jest give yer a couple of instances. Ter begin wiv, I ain't sure if it's exactly form ter light yer fag when the dessert comes on, but I do know that it ain't right to strike yer bally match on the blomonge."

THE DEATH RATE.

Statistically Inclined Tourist: What is the death rate here?

Native: Same as it is everywhere else—one death for every inhabitant.

HABIT.

While in a certain government office recently the British transport board chairman overheard the following dialogue between two fair type-writer tappers:

"Isn't it terrible the way we have to work these days?"

"Rather! Why, I typed so many letters yesterday that last night I finished my prayers with 'Yours truly.'"

ON A GOOD THING.



Sold by all High-class Bootmakers.

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Opportunities for Returned Soldiers IN QUEBEC

"The Province of Prosperity."

The Quebec Government has plenty of vacant employment awaiting for ex-soldiers, and also assists such soldiers to find it.

FREE GRANTS OF LAND

are now made by the Quebec Government to suitable ex-soldiers. Particulars and conditions may be obtained on application.

The Provincial Government of Quebec gives generous financial assistance for the making of roads, the erection of schools and churches, and has secured from the railway companies cheap railway fares for all new settlers.

All ex-soldiers desiring to share in the advantages offered by this fertile and healthy land should write at once for further particulars to

The Agent-General of Quebec,
36, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2.

KHAKI KOLLEGE KLIPPINGS

The Home Economics Class of the London College in addition to receiving instruction in Cooking, Laundry, etc., will be given lectures in Agriculture to those especially interested. Gardening, Poultry, Dairying and Bee-keeping are the subjects to be discussed with these students. Already a very high percentage of those enrolled for Home Economics have expressed a desire to take these lectures.

Capenor Addenda was the Junior Champion at the Hackney Horse Society's Show at Newmarket. He was bred by A. P. Brandt, Esq., of Bletchingley Castle, Redhill, and when the Agricultural Class, London College, visited Mr. Brandt's estate the students had

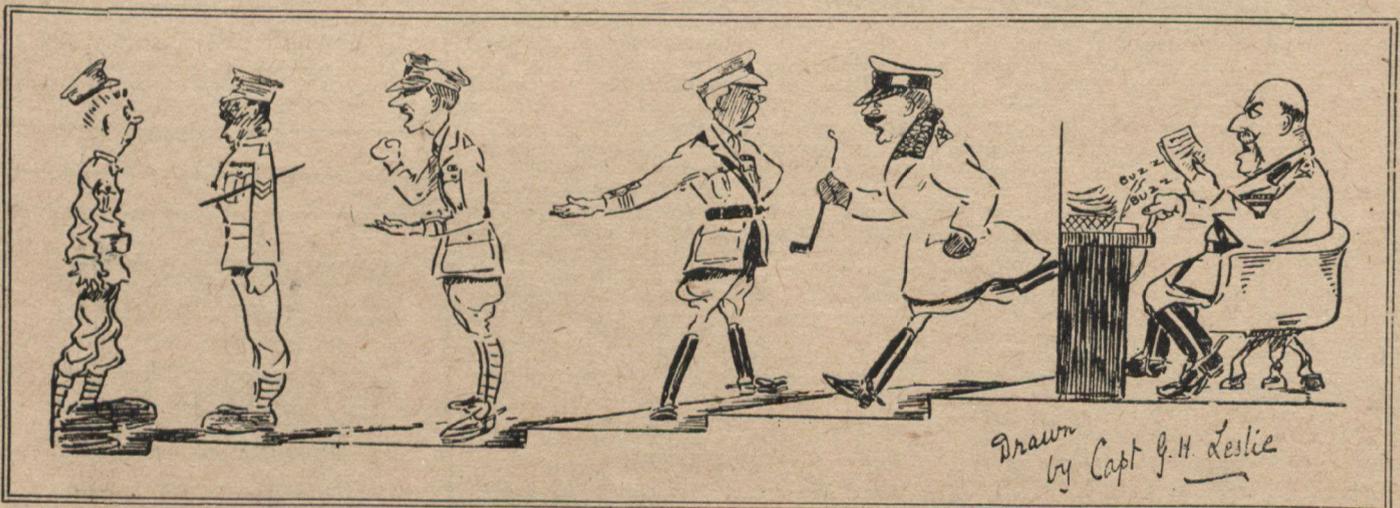
Commercial Courses is a clear indication that the Canadian soldier recognises the fact that business education is the light that shows up some of the rocks when sailing over the ocean of commercial life.

The following extract, clipped from the Official Banking Report of Canada, will prove of interest to many of our readers: "Some institutions are giving preference more and more to young men who have graduated from business colleges, as they have proved them to be more competent to take up the general work of the bank. One of the best recommendations a young man can have to-day in applying for a position in a bank is a diploma from a good business college."

Who are to conduct the classes in Theology? Four professors regularly engaged in this work have been brought over from Canada—others will be appointed as the work develops.

The first of a series of Sunday afternoon lectures under the auspices of the Canadian Citizenship Campaign was given at 3 p.m. on Sunday, January 5th, 1919, in the Lyceum Theatre, Strand, by Miss Cristabel Pankhurst. The music was provided by a Canadian Band. Next Sunday, January 12th, 1919, Mr. H. Gordon Selfridge will give the lecture. All members of the Overseas Military Forces of Canada are cordially invited to attend these lectures, which will be continued every Sunday until further orders

NOT AT THE COLLEGE—YET!



From "The Bramshott Souvenir."

The Cult of the Gentle "Strafe"—in a descending scale.

the opportunity of seeing this fine specimen of an English hackney. It was noted that the English hackney carries more bone than the American type, and that it has a longer reach in its stride.

Who is coming with the Agricultural Class, London College, to see the Royal Stables, Windsor, on January 11th?

It will be of interest to note that a repatriated Prisoner of War from Germany has reported to the Agricultural Section of the London College. He will qualify for the standard necessary for the Dominion Cow-Tester, with a view to engaging in this work in British Columbia upon his return.

The increasing numbers of enrolments for

Our Theological Faculty is attracting the attention of many men in khaki. Enquiries are coming in from various units. The members of the Faculty are busy with interviews and correspondence and evidence is accumulating that there are many men who are desirous of availing themselves of these classes as soon as satisfactory arrangements can be made.

When and where are the classes in Theology to be held? This is the important question that is engaging the attention of many young men at the present moment. The answer rests with the military authorities. They have agreed to concentrate students for class purposes. They have agreed to name time and place. We expect the announcement any hour.

by various lecturers, and a weekly notice will be published giving the lecturer for the following Sunday.

We learn that Canadians are attending a class of instruction in German every evening in a room in Bonn University. English-German Dictionaries and books with useful phrases translated are selling like hot cakes in the book stores along that part of the Rhine occupied by British Troops.

As already stated by the Official Correspondent with the Canadians, the Headquarters of the Khaki University of Canada for France, Belgium and Germany are now located in Bonn University with the mutual consent of the Governors of that institution. So we are getting on!

LAND SETTLEMENT FOR SOLDIERS.

WHAT THE NEW ACT SAYS AND DOES.

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

(Third Article.)

Canada is prepared to give all her soldiers and all the soldiers of Britain, a chance to settle on the land on their return to civil life. The following extracts from "The Soldier Settlement Act" and "Regulations of the Soldier Settlement Board," will show those who wish to take advantage of this opportunity what they are entitled to and what they must do to secure it.

1. Those who are entitled to apply for a Soldier Grant:

(a) Any person who has served in the naval or military expeditionary forces of Canada during the present war and who has left the forces with an honourable record or who has been honourably discharged.

(b) Any person who has been engaged in active service during the present war in the naval or military forces of the United Kingdom or of any of the self-governing British Dominions or Colonies, and who has left the forces with an honourable record or who has been honourably discharged.

(c) Any person who, being a British subject resident in Canada before the war, has been engaged in active service at one of the seats of war in either the naval or military forces of any of His Majesty's allies in the present war, and who has left the forces with an honourable record or who has been honourably discharged.

(d) The widow of any such person described in items (a), (b) or (c) above who died on active service.

2. Conditions of Entry:

(a) A soldier entry shall be for not more than a quarter section of 160 acres.

(b) Shall convey no right to minerals, and no exclusive right to any body of water within the land covered by entry.

(c) Where there are improvements they must be paid for by settler.

(d) Entry for land against which there is a charge in favour of the Crown may be granted only subject to the payment by the entrant of such indebtedness.

(e) Every soldier entry shall be granted subject to the right of the province to take without compensation at any time prior to the issue of letters patent any land which may be required for road purposes, not exceeding four acres in a quarter-section.

(f) Every entry shall be for the sole use and benefit of the holder of the same and not for the use or benefit of any other person or persons whomsoever.

(g) The Board may, if deemed necessary, require the holder of a soldier entry to furnish proof, by declaration or otherwise, that he is duly performing his settlement duties in each year subsequent to the date of his entry.

(h) A quarter-section of land upon which there is not more than twenty-five acres of "merchantable timber," but upon which there is more than twenty-five acres of timber suitable for cord-wood or fence poles, is not open for entry, unless such entry is granted on the condition that it will be subject to the issue of permits upon the remainder of the quarter-section after the entrant has selected, subject to approval, twenty-five acres for his own use.

(i) If after an entry is obtained, it is ascertained that the land entered for, or any portion thereof, is necessary for the protection

of any water supply or for the location or construction of any works necessary to the development of any water-power, the Board may, at any time before the issue of letters patent, cancel the entry or withdraw from its application any portion of the land entered for, but where the land is required for the location or construction of works necessary for the development of any water-power, only in so far as the land is necessary for that purpose, provided, however, that no entry shall be cancelled under the provisions of this paragraph until the entrant has been compensated for any improvements made by him upon the land, the amount of such compensation to be fixed by arbitration if the entrant refuses to accept the compensation allowed by the Board.

3. Settlement Duties

Every holder of a soldier entry shall, except as hereinafter otherwise provided, be required before the issue of letters patent,

(a) to have held the land for his own exclusive use and benefit for three years;

(b) to have resided thereon or in the vicinity thereof as hereinafter provided for at least six months in each of three years from the date of entry, or the date of commencement of residence;

(c) to have cultivated in each year such area of the land entered for as is satisfactory to the Board;

(d) to have erected a habitable house;

(e) to have paid in full the loan, if any, and interest thereon made to him on the land entered for under the provisions of the Soldier Settlement Loan Regulations, and other charges, if any;

(f) to be a British subject, except as otherwise provided.

4. What to do:

1. Nothing can be done by the soldier until he has been discharged.

2. First the soldier must, after discharge or while awaiting discharge, communicate with the Soldier Settlement Board, Ottawa, or local representatives, asking for "Preliminary Information Form."

Where the applicant has served in the Canadian Expeditionary Forces the Settlement Board will consult the Militia Dept. concerning his standing.

In all other cases the applicant must forward his certificate of honourable discharge (registered mail only is advised) or a copy thereof duly certified by the Local Representative or a Notary Public.

3. When the applicant's right as a settler is established, the Board will send him an "Attestation" of such right. This attestation is not transferable and will be surrendered when formal application is made for entry.

4. Next the soldier must select the land for which he wishes to apply. The information as to lands open to him will be made available in the following way:—

(a) No land shall be open for entry under this Act until it has been surveyed and until notice that it is to be open for entry upon a date to be set forth in the notice has been posted for at least 30 days in the land office of the district in which the land is situated, and has been published in at least one news-

paper in that district, and in one newspaper in the provincial capital.

(b) In the case of other than newly surveyed lands the Dominion Lands Agent when notified by the Board to make any land available for entry, shall advertise such land for 10 days by posting a notice in his office giving date on which the land will become available.

(c) Lands reserved under the Act shall be made available for soldier settlement from time to time to any settler who is eligible to make entry.

(d) The right of soldier-entry may be exercised on any parcel of land, which, though not reserved for the purposes of the Soldier Settlement Act, is open to homestead entry under the provisions of the Dominion Lands' Act.

(e) General information concerning lands for soldier settlement Board, Ottawa, or any representative of the Board elsewhere.

Precise information as to whether any particular parcel of land is open to soldier settlement may be secured on application to the Agent of Dominion Lands for the district within which the land is situated.

5. The soldier having received his "Attestation" and selected his land must next apply for entry on a form prescribed by the Board at the office of the Agent of Dominion Lands for the district within which the land is situated, which shall be the office of record for that district.

Application for entry may be made also before any agent or sub-agent of Dominion Lands or a Local Representative of the Board.

Every application for soldier entry shall be made by the settler in person except where a person makes application on behalf of a husband, wife, father, mother, son, daughter, brother, or sister. When duly authorised to do so in the form prescribed. The proxy must appear before the Agent of Dominion Lands for the district.

The settler on whose behalf such entry is made must, before the expiration of 6 months from date of entry, appear personally before the Agent and satisfy him that he is already in residence or on his way to commence residence before the end of the six months.

No fees shall be charged in connection with a soldier entry but the applicant must pay the value of the improvements (if any) on the land, and any charge or indebtedness against it.

6. A certificate of entry will then be issued to the applicant, and this certificate will entitle the recipient to occupy and hold the land.

5. Patent.

After the completion of the settlement duties hereinbefore prescribed, the settler may file proof of the completion thereof. Such proof shall be in the form of a sworn statement by the entrant, corroborated by the sworn statement of two disinterested parties resident in the vicinity. The statement of the applicant and his witnesses shall be given before an officer duly authorised by the Board to receive such evidence.

In the event of the death of an entrant or in the event of an entrant becoming insane

(Continued on page 9).



It is mooted across the water that Herbert L. Pratt the noted sportsman and Chairman of the Y.M.C.A. Sports Committee, in New York, is behind a scheme to bring to America Georges Carpentier, Eugene Criqui, and the one and only Jimmy Wilde. It is further stated that feelers have been put out to try and obtain the consent of the French and English authorities to permit of this being done.

It would also be as well if they would ask the authorities to speed up demobilisation so that some of us could get back and see the boys in action "over there."

They are also arranging a big boxing tournament in the States to swell the funds of some patriotic endeavour or another, and Jess Willard has promised to appear. Jack Dempsey promptly offered to go with Willard any number of rounds up to 25, the whole proceeds to be devoted to the fund. It remains to be seen whether anything will eventuate, but it is very probable that Willard will select something a little easier, and save this tit-bit for an occasion when there is real money attached to it.

A Buffalo telegram of Monday's date, received in London yesterday, states that Jack Dempsey knocked out Gunboat Smith in the second round.

Dempsey is much the younger man of the two, and is aspiring to the heavy-weight championship, a title which Jess Willard feels indisposed to give up.

Morrison, the Canadian chess champion, won brilliantly against Janowski, of France, in the Master's Tournament held at New York recently, but was well beaten by Capablanca, the Cuban champion.

Tommy Burns is in the field again, and is out with a challenge to all and sundry. He is a member of the Canadian Army now, and although hardly likely to come to England at this particular stage of the war, he has been amusing himself by beating all and sundry in Canada. It is reported that he has beaten "the Canadian Army champion" and acquired the title for himself. It is to laugh. Who on earth is the "champion." What about Rolph and Borthwick, who have been over here some time, and both of whom have had the honour of winning the championships in England at different times. Also what about the winners of the championships in France. Then there is Bill Hanna, for several years amateur champion in Canada, who was over here with the Eaton Battery. As there has never been held any really definite championship it seems that "Tommy" is a bit premature in claiming even the Army championship of Canada. Not that he might not be able to maintain and hold such an honour, for it is more than probable that he could if he has anything at

all of his old form left, but an ex-world's champion should hardly need to claim something that exists not.

Eddie McGoorty wants to meet Bombardier or rather Sergt. Billy Wells, and failing him, he has an idea that he would enjoy himself in an encounter with Sergt. Rolph (Canadian Army).

The latter is quite willing subject to two conditions, first that Eddie will put up a little side bet of £100, and agree not to exceed 12 stone 7 lbs. We trust it will materialise as we should like to see Rolph in action again.

It is proposed to hold a big athletic carnival in France some time during the year, before all the athletes return to their homes. This carnival is to be on a scale exceeding the Olympic games in extent, and will substitute for the Olympic games which should have been held in Berlin in 1916. With the American, Canadian, English, French, and other nations' athletes easily available, a truly representative team could be got together in each case.

This sounds very interesting, and should be a great success, but it is to be hoped that the lesson of the Boxing Tournament will be well learned, and a few "real" judges obtained to decide the events.

No one succeeded in solving the first two Chess Problems, which seem to be a little too hard for the average player. The prize money therefore is accumulating and will be awarded to the first successful solution sent in the Chess and Draughts Competition.

Latest advices show that Jimmy Wilde has a little programme mapped out for him. He is to meet Charles Ledoux at an early date in this year. Ledoux is to be released from the French Army soon, and wants two months to get into shape, when he will be ready for Jimmy. Ledoux is a holy terror, but we fancy Jimmy is the better of the two. Pal Moore is to be accommodated soon after, and that little dispute will be arranged in proper fashion. Moore is to get a discharge from the American Fleet, and then the mix will take place. There is talk of a £5,000 purse for the Wilde-Moore fight.

Sportsmen are feeling pretty good just now over the General Election results. Most of the kill-joys and objectors to sports got their walking tickets last Saturday, and will no more be able to give voice to their sanctimonious views in the House of Commons. It looks as though the red corpuscles were a little more active these days, and we are looking forward to the same kind of dose being handed out in Canada before long. There are lots of kill-joys over there, and they didn't tumble into the ranks of the Army when men were needed, so we shall

hardly consent to allow them to decide what is good or ill for us, in the shape of sports and pastimes, and other things.

The 1st Canadian Tank Battalion at Bovington, Dorset, have organised a Rugby team, and want matches. Major W. Mavor, M.C., is in charge.

MY PACK.

O Loathsome Pack	And mak'st me tack
That sore dost rack	Along the track
My patient back!	As does a smack
Alas! Alack!	When skies are black.
To hang thee 'xac-	But do not cack-
-t I fear I lack	-le, bloated Pack,
The happy knack.	When we attack
Thy grip-like wrack	You'll get the sack;
My bones doth crack,	With ready "jack"
Or else thou'rt slack	Thy strings I'll hack,
And then dost ac-	Accursed Pack!
-t the Jumping Jack,	

CANADIANS HAVE LEARNED



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LAND SETTLEMENT FOR SOLDIERS.

(Continued from page 7.)

or mentally incapable, the proof of the performance of the conditions of the grant shall be made by such person or persons, and in such manner as may be satisfactory to the Board.

If the proof of the completion of the conditions of entry has not been furnished as herein prescribed, within five years from the date of entry, the right of the entrant in connection with the land entered for shall be liable to forfeiture on the order of the Board.

If the proof of the fulfilment of the conditions of entry has been submitted as herein prescribed, and such proof is satisfactory to the Board, the Board will, if there is no charge against the land by reason of a loan granted under the Soldier Settlement Loan Regulations, recommend the issue of patent to the entrant, or in the event of the death of the entrant, in the name of his legal representative, or in the name of the deceased direct, if the law of the province within which the land is situated makes no provision for the appointment of a personal representative.

If the proof of the performance of the settlement duties has been accepted by the Board, but there is a charge against the land for advances made under the Act, the Board will withhold the issue of patent for such land until such time as the charge has been removed.

In the cases mentioned in the preceding section the entrant, or, in the event of his death, such person as would be entitled to receive patent, had all the conditions been completed, may receive a Certificate from the Board setting forth that the requisite settlement duties have been completed.

After establishing his right as a settler, the soldier may obtain a loan at 5 per cent.

The Board may loan to a settler an amount not exceeding two thousand five hundred dollars for any of the following purposes:—

- (a) the acquiring of land for agricultural purposes;
- (b) the payment of incumbrances on lands used for agricultural purposes;
- (c) the improvement of agricultural land;
- (d) the erection of farm buildings;
- (e) the purchase of stock, machinery and equipment; and,
- (f) such other purpose or purposes as the Board may approve.

As ability to farm is a prerequisite of the loan the following arrangements will be made to instruct men in farming:—

The Board may, with the approval of the Governor in Council make provision for,

- (a) The placing of returned soldiers with farmers in order that they be instructed in farming;
- (b) Agricultural training stations for returned soldiers;
- (c) Farm instructors and inspectors to assist settlers with information and instruction in farming;
- (d) Training in domestic and household science for settlers' wives and female dependents.

HALF AND HALF.

With a despairing grin on his red visage the sergeant confronted the knock-knee'd recruit.

"You ——!" he roared.

Just then the Captain passed and inquired the reason of his subordinate's wrath.

"I've tried an' tried!" yelled the sergeant, "an' I can't git 'im to look smart. See 'im now! The top 'alf of 'is legs is standin' to attention an' the bottom 'alf is standin' at ease!"

FROM EACH ACCORDING TO HIS ABILITY.

(Continued from page 3.)

"Will he ask if we have heard the latest from Denver?" said a member, squirming in his chair.

"Will he mention the new twenty-three-story Masonic Temple, in Quincy, Ill.?" inquired another, dropping his nose-glasses.

"Will he spring one of those Western Mississippi River catfish stories, in which they use yearling calves for bait?" demanded Kirk, fiercely.

"Be comforted," said Vuyning. "He has none of the little vices. He is a burglar and safe-blower, and a pal of mine."

"Oh, Mary Ann!" said they. "Must you always adorn every statement with your alleged humour?"

It came to pass that at eight in the evening a calm, smooth, brilliant, affable man sat at Vuyning's right hand during dinner. And when the ones who pass their lives in city streets spoke of sky-scrapers or of the little Czar on his far, frozen throne, or of insignificant fish from inconsequential streams this big, deep-chested man, faultlessly clothed and eyed like an Emperor, disposed of their Lilliputian chatter with a wink of his eyelash.

And then he painted for them with hard, broad strokes a marvellous lingual panorama of the West. He stacked snow-topped mountains on the table, freezing the hot dishes of the waiting diners. With a wave of his hand he swept the clubhouse into a pine-crowned gorge, turning the waiters into a grim posse, and each listener into a blood-stained fugitive, climbing with torn fingers upon the ensanguined rocks. He touched the table and spake, and the five panted as they gazed on barren lava beds, and each man took his tongue between his teeth and felt his mouth bake at the tale of a land empty of water and food. As simply as Homer sang, while he dug a tine of his fork leisurely into the table-cloth, he opened a new world to their view, as does one who tells a child of the Looking-Glass Country.

As one of his listeners might have spoken of tea too strong at a Madison Square "afternoon," so he depicted the ravages of "redeye" in a border town when the caballeros of the lariat and "forty-five" reduced ennui to a minimum.

And then, with a sweep of his white, unringed hands, he dismissed Melpomene, and forth with Diana and Amaryllis footed it before the mind's eyes of the Clubmen.

The savannas of the continent spread before them. The wind, humming through a hundred leagues of sage brush and mesquite, closed their ears to the city's staccato noises. He told them of camps, of ranches marooned in a sea of fragrant prairie blossoms, of gallops in the stilly night that Apollo would have forsaken his daytime steeds to enjoy; he read them the great, rough epic of the cattle and the hills that have not been spoiled by the hand of man, the mason. His words were a telescope to the city men, whose eyes had looked upon Youngstown, O., and whose tongues had called it "West."

In fact, Emerson had them "going."

The next morning at ten he met Vuyning, by appointment, at a Forty-second Street café.

Emerson was to leave for the West that day. He wore a suit of dark chevrot that looked to have been draped upon him by an ancient Grecian tailor who was a few thousand years ahead of the styles.

"Mr. Vuyning," said he, with the clear, ingenuous smile of the successful "crook."

"It's up to me to go the limit for you any time I can do so. You're the real thing; and if I can ever return the favour, you bet your life I'd do it."

"What was that cow-puncher's name?" asked Vuyning, "who used to catch a mustang by the nose and mane, and throw him till he put the bridle on?"

"Bates," said Emerson.

"Thanks," said Vuyning. "I thought it was Yates. Oh, about that toggerly business—I'd forgotten that."

"I've been looking for some guy to put me on the right track for years," said Emerson. "You're the goods, duty free, and half-way to the warehouse in a red wagon."

"Bacon, toasted on a green willow switch over red coals, ought to put broiled lobsters out of business," said Vuyning. "And you say a horse at the end of a thirty-foot rope can't pull a ten-inch stake out of wet prairie? Well, good-bye, old man, if you must be off."

At one o'clock Vuyning had luncheon with Miss Allison by previous arrangement.

For thirty minutes he babbled to her, unaccountably, of ranches, horses, canons, cyclones, round-ups, Rocky Mountains, and beans and bacon. She looked at him with wondering and half terrified eyes.

"I was going to propose again today," said Vuyning, cheerily, "but I won't. I've worried you often enough. You know dad has a ranch in Colorado. What's the good of staying here? Jumping jonquils! but it's great out there. I'm going to start next Tuesday."

"No, you won't," said Miss Allison.

"What?" said Vuyning.

"Not alone," said Miss Allison, dropping a tear upon her salad. "What do you think?"

"Betty!" exclaimed Vuyning, "what do you mean?"

"I'll go too," said Miss Allison, forcibly.

Vuyning filled her glass with Apollinaris.

"Here's to Rowdy the Dude!" he gave—a toast mysterious.

"Don't know him," said Miss Allison; "but if he's your friend, Jimmy—here goes."

PLACING ONE-LEGGED MEN.

The Vocational Summary, a bulletin issued by the U.S. Federal Board for Vocational Training, printed the following in a recent issue:

"One-Legged Employments for One-Legged Men: 'I held off a long time,' says one Toronto man, 'but when I saw so many men with one leg I positively began to be ashamed of having two.' They say you cannot scare a Canadian by bringing him face to face with men who have lost arms and legs in their country's service. These physically handicapped men are being trained for civilian employment, and are demonstrating every day in contact with their fellows, that physical handicaps do not mean industrial, social or occupational handicaps. The two-legged man simply goes into a two-legged employment and resigns the one-legged employment to a one-legged man. Both thus continue to be 100 per cent. efficient."

PURELY PRIVATE.

"Any boys in the service, Nancy?"

"No ma'am. I only got three girls; but mah son-in-law, Frank, he done go the fust of the wah. I don't know jus' what he is, but he is right smaht, and he had orders from Washington fust thing. We done know if he's a soldier or what, but he's been in seben places in France, and all them addresses are marked 'Private.'"



THE RED TRIANGLE



CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR IN THE BEAVER HUT.

Ding-dong, clang, clang, rang the clapper as it flew from side to side above the heads of a few hundred Canadian soldiers gathered in the lounge of the Beaver Hut. A score of dainty little red and white ropes stretched downwards from the bell and two score of masculine and feminine hands, the owners of which stood in pairs on the outskirts of the throng, energetically made it ring.

Thus was the world-war rung out in the chief Canadian Y.M.C.A. centre in London, and the year of peace rung in. The Hut was congested to the point of immovability by Canadian soldiers on leave from their units on the Continent or in England. Here and there among the khaki was the blue and white of the Women Voluntary Workers in the hut, and it was a representative of each of these forces which made the old factory bell, discovered somewhere in London that day by one of the officers of the Hut, ring out with gladness as midnight struck.

The whole evening was spent in jubilant fashion by the hundreds of soldiers who were there for New Year's Eve, aided by the Y.M.C.A. staff and the voluntary workers. The floors were cleared of chairs and settees, and the old party games were played by a happy company.

Christmas Day also brought its joys, for it was one of the outstanding days in the life of the Hut. Never before was it so clearly demonstrated that the Hut was built for the benefit of the boys away from home, and never before was so much benefit and joyousness crowded into a twenty-four hour space.

"Oh, la, la! Bon anglais!" said a French Canadian boy in khaki, as he gleefully described to one of the Y.M.C.A. officers the good time he and a comrade had had in an English home. Not only Christmas, but the days before and after were spent by these two Quebec-ers as the guests of a cultured English family. With over 1,000 other similarly situated men they had been taken into the homes of London and given a royal time. Many of the hostesses came to the hut in the afternoon to meet their prospective guests, or sent representatives to conduct them to their homes. This was one of the great achievements of the Y.M.C.A. in London, and a service more appreciated by the men than any other it performed. It had been expected that 500 men would be accommodated in the homes, but this number was more than doubled.

In the same way Christmas Dinner in the Hut was prepared for 500 men, while 700 men were served, and served generously. The menu consisted of: Turkey (with real cranberry sauce), two vegetables, Christmas pudding, mince pie, nuts, oranges, tea and coffee. It was simple, but it was good. During the courses talented artists sang or performed for the large company, while, of course, the men had their usual robust round of popular songs and home ditties which went with a roar that shook the rafters. When the three sittings of dinner were over the guests of the day gave three hearty cheers for the

voluntary workers who served them and followed it with more cheers when a Canadian Sergeant-Major proposed a vote of thanks to the Y.M.C.A.

Souvenirs of the occasion were provided in the form of illustrated booklets showing the Beaver Hut and its various departments. Inside the front cover was this message: "To the folks at home: While I enjoyed my Christmas dinner here my thoughts were of you." A place was left for the soldier to sign, and the announcement, made at dinner, that every souvenir so signed and placed in the envelope provided would be forwarded by the Y.M.C.A., resulted in the rapid exhaustion of the supply of 600. The other men were supplied with similar booklets in which no message had been printed, in one of which a soldier wrote these characteristic words: "Dear Marjory—Had my Christmas dinner here. It was great." The emphasis of course, he put on the last word, and everybody else had the same feeling.

It was a wonderful day in the Hut. At 8 o'clock in the morning Captain Moore, the O.C., went through the dormitories and lounges (for many men spent that night on the chairs and settees), handing gifts to all the men who slept there Christmas Eve. He also gave them a Christmas greeting card, an invitation to dinner, and card on which was printed Queen Mary's Christmas message to soldiers and sailors.

During the forenoon the Hut Theatre was filled to the doors for the Christmas service. A splendid address was given by Captain Sovereign, a musical programme furnished, and an excellent Christmas film, "The Birth of Christ," exhibited.

The Billiard Room, always popular to the limit of its capacity, was a centre of interest during the morning when two English professionals, Pte. Stanley Newman and Arthur Peele, gave an exhibition, while in the afternoon a tournament, participated in by sixteen men representing the various parts of the Empire, was held. This event with prizes given by the Y.M.C.A., was won by an Imperial soldier, with an Australian in second place, and Sergeant Higgins, of Calgary, third.

Both performances in the Hut Theatre, matinee and evening, when high-class artists provided the programmes, were attended by capacity houses, the auditorium being "packed to the roof." The evening, however, saw the Hut comparatively quiet, but it was the eloquent quiet of a greater happiness and a larger service, for, had a search for the missing been instituted, they would have been discovered at the well-laden tables or before the blazing grates, or surrounding the pianos of their kindly English hostesses.

Besides the home entertainment thus arranged the Leave Department directed large numbers of soldiers to more distant points such as Exeter, Ilfracombe, Southport, etc., where the Department had secured the co-operation of the local authorities in entertaining them on Christmas Day. Reports from these points and from the men themselves indicate that they spent a most unique and enjoyable Christmas.

BLIND OFFICER APPOINTED.

A blinded man to care for the blind is the policy of the Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment indicated by the appointment of Captain E. A. Baker to a position on the vocational staff. Captain Baker's sight was destroyed in France by a German bullet three years ago, and he is himself a brilliant example of what a determined man can do to get the better of the handicap which he will now assist others to overcome.

Prior to enlistment he had graduated from Queens as an electrical engineer, and was employed as operating engineer in the power station of the American Cyanamid Company at Niagara Falls, Ont. He enlisted in the early days of the war and had served just 30 days in Flanders when his vision was destroyed. In those 30 days he had won the Military Cross and the Croix de Guerre, and it was the same courage which enabled him to overcome what to many would have been a crushing disaster. He was trained at St. Dunstan's Hostel for blinded soldiers.

The Department, largely on the recommendation of Captain Baker and one or two other blinded soldiers, has decided that all sightless veterans shall have the opportunity of being trained at St. Dunstan's which Captain Baker declares to be in every way the finest establishment of its kind in the Empire.

Altogether there have been about 80 members of the Canadian Forces blinded or nearly blinded since the beginning of the war, including a number who have gone blind or are going blind since their return from overseas. Of these, 43 are in Canada, a number having been definitely trained and fitted for self-supporting employment.

Captain Baker is already engaged in the effort to establish a hole-proof arrangement whereby blinded Canadians cannot leave England until they have been adequately acquainted with the willingness of the Government to give them the advantages of training at St. Dunstan's. Personal correspondence will be conducted with every blinded Canadian soldier before and after his return from Europe in order to keep the department acquainted with his condition and needs.

SUGGESTED BASIS OF PEACE

With my next-door neighbour.

In order that the little suburban world we live in may be made safe for democracy, I should be pleased to have you look over the following three points:

1. The freedom of the backyard.—This will include the usual interchange of courtesies between your wife and mine and you and me. But it should go no further. You have more hens than I have, which disturbs the balance of power. But I have one more dog than you. This will naturally be a subject for arbitration in the future.

2. Looting during the absence of the commander-in-chief.—This has been going on systematically. My wife tells me the other day, while she was shopping, your cook came over and borrowed three pounds of butter from your non-commissioned houseworker. All crime should be considered personal. In case of undue assimilation, the offenders should be brought to justice.

3. Sniping.—We have evidence to show that one of your offspring, armed with a putty-blower (the use of which is a plain breach of intersuburban law), has been sniping one of my pet squirrels. In case of a repetition of this crime, by common agreement, your offspring should be deported to my cellar and made to look after my furnace for one week.



WHAT MEN OF ACTION SAY.

(Some typical extracts from letters).

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

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

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

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

(17) GN^o. H. SUMMERS, S.A. HEAVY ARTILLERY, B.E.F.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

When you require the Best Tonic Medicine, see you get

PHOSFERINE

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Influenza
Nervous Debility
Indigestion
Sleeplessness

Exhaustion
Neuralgia
Maternity Weakness
Premature Decay

Mental Exhaustion
Loss of Appetite
Lassitude
Neuritis

Faintness
Brain Fog
Anæmia
Nervous Dyspepsia

Backache
Rheumatism
Headache
Stomach Disorders

Nerve Shock
Neurasthenia
Sciatica
Palpitation

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

SPECIAL SERVICE NOTE.

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

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

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

NO. 13.

FIRST PRIZE £2. SECOND PRIZE £1.

Open to all Readers of "The Beaver."

Fill in the last line to the following :—

The best of friends must part, must part,
 So runs an old, old song ;
 But my khaki suit
 Is not the kind

EXAMPLE :—

Of friend for whom I'm strong:

Send on a postcard, addressed to "Competition No. 13," THE BEAVER, 49 Bedford Square, London, W.C. 1. Entries close February 1st, 1919.

RULES.

1. The prizes will be awarded to the

senders of the two best efforts in the Editor's judgment.

2. The Editor's decision is final.

NO. 14.

FIRST PRIZE £2. SECOND PRIZE £1.

Open to Hospital Patients only.

Write on a postcard the names of six of the best Generals that Canada has produced in this war, arranged in the order their merit entitles them in your opinion.

Put your name at the bottom and send to "Competition No. 14," THE BEAVER, 49 Bedford Square, London, W.C. 1, not later than February 1st, 1919.

RULES.

1. The first prize will be awarded to the competitor whose card most nearly coincides

with the result of the voting. Second prize to the next nearest.

2. A vote will be recorded for each name submitted, and the final list prepared in accordance with such voting.

3. The Editor's decision is final.

NO. 15.

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

BLACK 2 pieces (King at 25 and man at 21).

WHITE 2 pieces (Kings at 26 and 27).

Either to move, White to win.

Address postcard to "Competition No. 15," THE BEAVER, 49 Bedford Square, London, W.C. 1.

Mick and Mac in Germany (they assist the Police.)

