



VOL. XIV. No. 7

WINNIPEG, AUGUST, 1930

PRICE: 20 CENTS
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CARDINAL'S PALACE, QUEBEC

WISE AND OTHERWISE

GENERAL DELIVERY

We've had a lovely time playing postman, said the small hopeful of a family. We gave a letter to every lady on the street.

But where did you get the letters, dear?

Oh, we found them up in the attic, tied up in blue ribbon.

* * *

Two sailors from London town, wandering in a foreign port, thirsty and broke, came on a fair where a wrestler offered \$100.00 to anyone who could stand up for fifteen seconds.

"You're a bit of a restler, Bill," quoth Bert, "ave a go at it. Think what we could do now with \$100.00."

So Bill did have a go. And Bert stood near to shout encouragement.

"Go on Bill, only another four seconds," he yelled. The wrestlers twisted and turned and swerved like contortionists, with Bert still yelling encouragement, until there was only half a second to go.

And then Bill, with a cry of pain, flopped down to the floor—outed.

"Ard lines, Bill," Bert greeted him, "another 'arf a

second and we'd a 'ad that 'undred dollars. Wot the 'ell 'appened to make you go down like that?"

"Well," says Bill, "you see the way we was twistin' about, like a pair of snakes. Well, all of a sudden I sees a stumich in front of me and I wants that 'undred dollars so bad I sticks me teeth in it, just to make sure, an' then I finds it's my stumich."

* * *

There were but two beds in the manse—the bachelor minister's and the serving wench's, so the stranded visitor for the night had to share his host's bed.

And he awoke to find the daylight streaming through the window, an enblow digging him in the ribs, and a sleepy voice saying, "Come on, Jennie, there's the milkman at the door."

* * *

PEACE AND PIECES

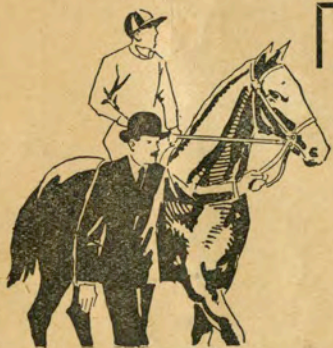
Oddly enough, earlier this week, just as we were reading the headline in our morning paper, "Britain Drops Two 10,000-ton Ships," there came from the hall outside a terrific crash, and at first we thought she had dropped a couple more.

But, bless us, 'twas merely our Mary Ann, who had crashed once more with the breakfast tray.

* * *

"You are called as a witness of the quarrel between your friend and his wife. Were you present at the beginning of the trouble?"

"Certainly! I was at their wedding."



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— PARI-MUTUEL SYSTEM —

WHEN BUYING—PATRONIZE THOSE WHO PATRONIZE US

THE KHAKI CALL

VOLUME XIV.

WINNIPEG, AUGUST, 1930

NUMBER 7

12th ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE *Army and Navy Veterans in Canada*

THE TWELFTH ANNUAL CONVENTION of The Army and Navy Veterans in Canada will be held in Winnipeg during the week commencing Monday, September 15th, 1930.

The headquarters for convention will be The Army and Navy Veterans Building, 299 Young Street, Winnipeg. This building is the headquarters of the Winnipeg Unit and provides ample accommodation for convention and committee meetings.

Arrangements have been made with the Royal Alexandra Hotel (C.P.R.) Winnipeg for the reception of delegates and friends, etc. Very favorable rates have also been arranged, and reservations will be taken care of.

Reduced return fares to Winnipeg from all points in the Dominion over the various railways will be issued and vouchers for same will be issued in due course by the Acting Dominion Secretary, Ottawa. Unit secretaries are requested to notify the Dominion Secretary as early as possible the number of vouchers they will require.

The Convention Committee appointed by the Winnipeg Unit, in conjunction with members of the Fort Garry Unit, 279 Garry Street, are leaving no stone unturned in their efforts to make this convention one of the most, if not the most, successful ever held by this Association. Delegates and their friends will be met at the various railway depots here by the Reception Committee who, with the Ladies' Auxiliary and their president, Mrs. Wasdell, will do all in their power to make their stay one of the most enjoyable, combined with business.

A tentative programme will be found elsewhere in this issue. This may be slightly altered if occasion permits of further entertainment, etc.

Further information will be supplied by writing the Secretary.

C. H. BARNARD,

Secretary, Convention Committee,
Army and Navy Veterans in Canada.

299 Young Street, Winnipeg.

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OVERHEAD CHARGES

By K. R. G. BROWNE



HERE is a lesson for all of us in the case of that gentleman who, as tersely recorded in the public prints, was recently arraigned before a Beak on a charge of pinching one gamp or umbrella, the property of somebody else.

Being able to demonstrate to the satisfaction of the magistracy that his adoption of the said umbrella had been purely accidental, the gentleman was hooshed out of the dock, the gyves were struck from his wrists, and he left the court without a stain on his character other than those which had been there when he went in.

But what a warning to you and me and the person who took my umbrella in an A.B.C. shop last Thursday! In fact, to everybody above the age of ten. In the life of every man there comes a moment when he realizes, with a slight sense of shock, that he has taken somebody else's umbrella by mistake; and it is by his behaviour in such crises that he reveals his true nature.

If he merely sighs, turns wearily about, and plods back through the rain to restore the thing to its rightful owner, then he is plainly a man of honor and integrity. Rather a boob, perhaps, but a trustworthy boob. If, on the other hand, he utters a loud cry of delight—perceiving the inadvertently-borrowed gamp to be superior to his own—and legs it for the security of his home at full gallop, then it is safe to prophesy that he will make a big name for himself one day in the realm of commerce or finance.

As a matter of fact, it is extremely difficult to avoid taking somebody else's umbrella by mistake occasionally, for the outstanding characteristics of umbrellas are their restlessness and their habit of attaching themselves to any stranger whose own gamp is about ready for the dustbin. I have discovered by experiment that the only way to inculcate loyalty in an umbrella is to equip it with a padlock and chain and tether it firmly to the nearest hat-stand, lamp-post, or policeman. An alternative method is to ill-use it so brutally that it loses all its sex-appeal and repels rather than attracts the eye of the casual and covetous observer.

The foregoing, of course, refers only to expensive umbrellas—the kind that bear the original owner's initials on a golden necklet and are unrolled only in circumstances of the direst necessity. A cheap umbrella—one worth, that is to say, from five to fifteen shillings—is as loyal as a St. Bernard hound, as hard to lose as a bad reputation, and about as useful in a tempest as one of those paper hats one finds in crackers.

Whereas an expensive umbrella will seize the first opportunity of vanishing into the empyrean, never to be seen again, a cheap umbrella will remain faithful until it is green round the edges and fit for nothing but conversion into toothpicks. Nobody can explain why this is so, but so it is.

The ability to roll an umbrella as it should be rolled is granted to but few. Most men-about-town have it, certain novelists of the ultra-modern school, and one or two members of the Brigade of Guards; but journalists, university professors, scientists, school-masters and debt-collectors are noticeably deficient in the knack.

I am not too good at it myself, but after years of practice I have evolved a system which yields fairly satisfactory results. My method is first to dislodge the dead mice, breadcrumbs, cigarette-ends, tram-tickets and similar oddments which have found a good home in the umbrella since its previous furling, and then secure the snout or stabbing end tightly in a carpenter's vice or the crack of a door. The blunt end or hand-piece is then pressed firmly against the stomach of the roller, and the umbrella rolled smartly from left to right, or right to left, according to the direction of the wind. I have found that almost as good results can be obtained if the eyes are kept shut throughout the operation.

Once successfully furred, an umbrella should never be unrolled except in cases of the most urgent need. Many a man who takes pride in his appearance has carried an umbrella about with him for years without discovering whether it is porous or waterproof.

I once knew a chartered accountant whose umbrella—which was never seen unfurled—was the envy of all who beheld it, so sleekly symmetrical were its folds, or svelte its outline. When he died recently, at the age of ninety-four, his umbrella was opened, in a spirit of wanton bravado, by a young relative to whom he had bequeathed only a couple of green china cats; and the first thing that fell out was the counterfoil of an upper-circle ticket for the Tivoli Music Hall, dated January 15th, 1871.

It is hardly necessary to add that the cause of my friend's demise was double pneumonia, contracted while walking home from the office in a thunderstorm.

Concerning umbrellas it can truthfully be said that the female of the species is more futile than the male. Indeed, for sheer uselessness a woman's umbrella is comparable only to the average Member of Parliament or the kind of cigarette-lighter that affluent aunts bestow upon needy nephews at Christmas. Too large to be carried in the handbag, yet too small to protect more than a fraction of its owner from the elements, the feminine umbrella is a mockery and a delusion and a perpetual source of danger to the eyes of passers-by.

By the way, when will somebody invent and publish an umbrella having a little gutter round its outer edge, so that the rain-water may collect there instead of running briskly down my back, as at present? As a crying need or long-felt want, this is in a class by itself. However, we have no time to go into that now.

PENSIONED RETURNED MEN OF CANADA

Look on This Side of the Picture and Be Satisfied

Major C. G. Power, M.C.,
Ottawa, Ontario.

Dear Sir

In this city it is common knowledge that no direct and concise interest is taken in the affairs of Imperial veterans, whatever their war records, political and industrial ability, or social status. I am taking advantage of the fact of your high reputation as a sincere advocate of the affairs of Canadian veterans of the past Great War to place you in a position to understand better than perhaps you do a class of Imperial veterans whose country has not thought fit to provide them with means to exist at the near approach of old age incapacity.

I am a veteran who gave his boyhood and youth as a contribution to Great Britain's aims and purposes in Lower Egypt and the Egyptian Soudan throughout the years 1882-3-4 and 5. I returned to England in 1886 constitutionally overwhelmed by war infirmities and spiritually prostrated. Nevertheless, I succeeded in becoming a member of the London Metropolitan Police Force, in 1886, but was compelled in 1893 to relinquish my post because of failure of health. In 1900 I emigrated to Canada, and since that time,

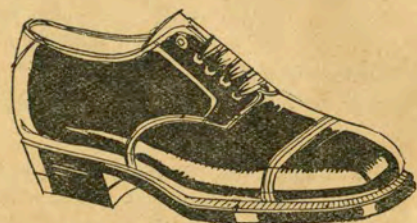
when not compelled by domestic affairs to return to Great Britain, I have steadily and devotedly contributed to the manhood of Canada by sincere application to such forms of labor as I have been fortunate in securing. I am known to many in this city who can bear testimony to the fact of my civic, political, and industrial attention to duty. In 1916-17 I was a member of the Canadian Corps of Military Staff Clerks until compelled to relinquish my membership through sheer fatigue. In my capacity as Sergeant of Fyles, approximately 17,000 of these which bore records of Canadian soldiers, were consigned to my care for safe keeping and expert arrangement. In 1918 I was an attendant in the mental institution of Essondale, B.C., but because of a shortage of experienced military clerks at Valcartier Camp, P.Q., I was invited to work at the camp's central registry under Major Papineau and Colonel S. M. R. Rogers, the camp's commandant, who is able to testify favorably regarding my character and clerical ability under his command. In 1923-4 I was employed in the archives branch of the Finance Department, Ottawa, whilst politically as a "sidesman," both in Canada and the Motherland, I have endeavored to enhance the high prestige of this country of my adoption among the nations of the entire world.

My reward so far is confined to the apprehension of becoming in old age a recipient of public charity, and when stating this much of self, included in my thoughts are the pensionless remainder of Imperial men in Canada, whose only hope of obtaining pensions

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Main Floor, HBC

WHEN BUYING—PATRONIZE THOSE WHO PATRONIZE US

BRITISH WAR VETERANS WILL HAVE TO PAY TEN DOLLARS VISA FEE

Washington.—Eighteen British war veterans, coming to the United States for a convention in September, will be required to pay the usual \$10 visa fee each, despite Great Britain's courtesy a few years ago in admitting several hundred American Legionnaires without charge.

Sir Ronald Lindsay, British ambassador, was informed in a note made public today that the State Department regretted its inability to comply with his request for a blanket visa, but that the law gave it no alternative. A formal reciprocal agreement would be necessary, the State Department informed Sir Ronald.

WOMEN EXCLUDED FROM BRITISH ARMY BOXING

London.—Women will not in future be admitted to boxing tournaments promoted under the Army Boxing Association rules.

This decision is announced by Captain Tate, 1st Scots Guards, who is organizing the Army vs. Civil Service inter-team competitions, which takes place at Victoria barracks.

Captain Tate said that the authorities governing Army boxing had decided that boxing was "not an edifying spectacle" for women, and had therefore forbidden their admittance to contests held under the Army Boxing Association rules.

Wives, who are often keen and critical spectators, are thus prevented from seeing their husbands compete.

JUST AS GOOD

Last summer an English family rented a house in the North of Scotland for a few months. It's windows overlooked one of the lochs which make the Highlands so beautiful. One morning the party engaged a boat to take them across. On their way, however, the weather turned rough and the head of the family turned to the old boatman.

"Can you tell where I can get a mackintosh for my daughter?" he asked.

The boatman thought for a moment or two.

"Weel," he said at length, "there's no verra many Mackintoshes roound here, he ken. But there's a fine young Macdonald wha lives at the heid o' the loch, and he micht be suiting the young lady."

"Dear Mr. Editor: Will you please read the enclosed poem carefully and return it to me with your candid criticism as soon as possible, as I have other irons in the fire."

"Dear Sir: Remove the irons and insert the poem."

for war services depends upon the goodwill and intervention of Canadian officers like yourself, and that of the Canadian Government through its Pensions Department.

In conclusion may I add that doubtless you will fully sympathise with the reflections of my class of Imperial veterans regarding their treatment as compared with that awarded Canadian veterans of the past Great War, the vast sum of 600 millions of dollars in eight years, with recently an additional 840 thousand dollars paid as an added contribution to soldiers' pensions and allowances, making a total of 600,840,000 dollars awarded Canadian veterans as against nil of my class of Imperial veterans, which God in His goodness defend in the day when no longer able to provide for themselves, unless Canada and officers like yourself intervene in their behalf.

ALBERT E. VENN,

(Late Left Half Batt., the
35th The Royal Sussex Regt.)

91 Albert St.,
Ottawa, Ont.
12-7-30.

DECLARES WAR BOOK SLANDERS CANADIANS

Volume Entitled "Generals Die in Bed"

London.—The Canadian troops are slandered and the insinuation of cowardice is brought against British and Dominion generals by a new war book, according to a Daily Mail editorial published today under the caption: "A Slandrous War Book."

The volume is by Charles Hale Harrison and is entitled: "Generals Die in Bed." It was published recently. The Daily Mail, in its review, declares the book exploits the "looting" of Arras by Canadian troops, slanders the actions of the Dominion's soldiers in France, generally, and imputes base cowardice to the generals of the regular and Canadian forces.

"Particularly monstrous," says the Mail, "is the accusation which Hale brings against the Canadian and British authorities when he says the Llandoverly Castle, sunk by the Germans, had arms and ammunition aboard."

JUST WHAT THEY WANTED

"Yes," said the eminent oculist, "Jones had a curious affliction."

"Really! And what was that?" asked his friend.

"Everything he looked at he saw double," said the former.

The other shook his head sympathetically.

"How sad!" he returned. "I suppose the poor fellow found it hard to obtain employment?"

"Strangely enough, no," said the oculist. "The local gas company snapped him up as soon as they heard of it. He's now reading gas-meters."

SHOW YOUR LOYALTY—PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

MANITOBA'S ACTING PREMIER WAS RATED AS "UNDESIRABLE"

Hon. R. A. Hoey, recently acting-premier of Manitoba, ought not to be in this country at all. Like Charles A. Dunning, Minister of Finance at Ottawa, Hoey was an "undesirable" immigrant under the statutes of Canada. Dunning was physically unfit and should have been turned back by the medical authorities. Hoey was vigorous enough, but lacked the \$35 cash without which persons may not enter this Dominion.

But whereas Mr. Dunning took a chance on the doctor discovering his weak heart and won, Hoey simply could not take any chances. And so Hon. R. A. Hoey, some time acting Premier of Manitoba, twenty years ago got into Canada by eluding the immigration officers—literally stole his way into the country.

Of course he could have delayed coming and saved the necessary money, but being an Irishman it was perhaps natural that he should come as he did. Hoey is a native of the "Black North" of Ireland, being born in Enniskillen in 1883. He immigrated when only 26 years of age.

He had a brother in Canada and suddenly decided to come. His friends tried to dissuade him, but the

next ship sailing for Canada carried Hoey as a steerage passenger.

Having no money he was confronted by the problem of finding immediate employment. He could not go to the immigration employment bureau because he would be seized for deportation. The only job he could find was working in a Montreal tannery at \$7 per week.

At the end of two months he had saved enough to pay his fare to Fort Frances, Ont., so he quit the tannery and in due time got a job in Fort Frances at \$400 per year. He continued to save money and in two years began a university course at Wesley College Winnipeg.

He was graduated in 1915 and become active in the farmers' movements in Manitoba. Six years later saw him in the Progressive Party and a Member of Parliament. A speech delivered in March, 1923, stamped him as one of the greatest orators in the Commons.

Hoey did not stand for re-election in 1925, but he was not long lost to public life. Premier Bracken, of Manitoba, took him into the provincial cabinet in 1927 as Minister of Education.

Dentist—"You say this tooth has never been worked on before. That's queer, for I find small flakes of gold on my instrument."

Victim—"You have struck my back collar stud, I guess."

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MANITOBA

WHEN BUYING—PATRONIZE THOSE WHO PATRONIZE US

DESCENDANT OF MAN WHO MARRIED LORNA DOONE LEAVES FARM

The Lorna Doone Country.—Mr. Thomas Ridd, descendant of "Girt Jan Ridd," who wooed and won the lovely Lorna Doone, daughter of the wicked Doones of Exmoor, is to leave the historic Yenworthy Farm in the parish of Oare, where his ancestors tilled the land since men can remember.

Girt Jan Ridd's love story has been immortalized in R. D. Blackmore's romance, "Lorna Doone," in which it is stated that the Ridds were "seised in their own right of the best and largest of the Oare parish."

Strangers to Possess

Nut now the family pays rent for what they hold in Oare, and strangers will take possession of Yenworthy after Michaelmas.

I made my way today over the rough moorland track near to where the old county gate divided Devon from Somerset, and along the sunken bridal path where the marauding Doones, bent on pillage, had often trod before me.

And I came at length to Yenworthy Farm, which overlooks the sparkling sea, hundreds of feet below.

Mr. Thomas Ridd was ploughing the historic soil for the last time. The long barrelled, flintlock gun which Carver Doone poked through the window of Oare Church hangs on the wall of the old homestead.

His pretty young wife and his two children, a little Jan Ridd and a girl called Lorna, stood at the doorway.

But the story of the Doones and of Girt Jan Ridd means nothing to Mr. Thomas Ridd.

"It does not worry me. I do not bother about it at all," he said.

SPEAKING OF VETERANS

When T. E. Le Francouer, oldest member of Vancouver Veterans Association turns out on a ceremonial parade a rarely identified medal appears on his left breast with his Mons Star and two Great War medals. For Le Francouer is one of the few men alive today who has engaged in two wars with the Germans.

A lad of seventeen, he had just joined the colors at the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war of 1879. Serving through the campaign unscathed he completed his term of enlistment and immediately afterward came to Canada.

In 1914 he was 61 and had for 40 years been a British subject. But love for the land of his birth, with an equally strong adventurous spirit, refused to allow gray hairs to bar him from the conflict.

A packet of hair dye temporarily removed this stumbling block and when the first contingent sailed, Le Francouer was numbered in

its ranks. Not a few times during his years in France with the C.E.F. he revisited points etched in his mind over four decades before; the uniform he wore was different and he paid allegiance to a different monarch, but the Teutonic foe was the same.

"I didn't always recall the names," Le Francouer says, "but often some building or outstanding bit of landscape would haunt me as familiar. This struck me one night as we pulled into billets in a little village in the Arras district. In the morning the feeling was stronger. An incident in '70 suddenly came to me and I slipped over to the village church. It was closed, for the town had been partly evacuated due to shell fire. Ignoring "out of bounds" signs I slipped through a window and climbed the stone belfrey. There, weather-beaten but still legible, were my initials, scratched with a boyish enthusiasm during that earlier campaign."

SPEAKS LANGUAGE SHE NEVER HEARD

When little Marie Glashan Skotnicki, of Warsaw, Poland, suddenly began to talk to herself in a strange tongue that her parents couldn't understand, they summoned the family physician, thinking that the child was the victim of some malady which started her gibbering in meaningless sounds.

The physician, who is something of a linguist, told the amazed father and mother that their daughter was speaking pure Gaelic. How this could be neither the Skotnickis nor their doctor could understand, for the child never had been away from her native town and her ears never had heard any language except Polish.

Several scientists, who heard of the little girl's mysterious behavior, visited the Skotnicki home and verified the doctor's statement that the Polish girl was speaking Gaelic of an unusually pure quality.

Marie is a normal child in every respect and is more than ordinarily pretty. She stands up well in her school classes and has never, on any other occasion, done anything to indicate that she is anything but a healthy, happy girl.

The only clue that throws any light on the mystery is the fact that Marie's great-grandfather was born and raised on the Island of Lewis. This island is the largest of the outer Hebrides group off the north-west coast of Scotland and residents of the island speak Gaelic of more than usual purity.

The scientists who are studying the case see little hope of explaining the girl's behavior through this clue, however, because her great-grandfather died several years before she was born.

"The most far-reaching phenomenon of our time is the industrialization of women."—Will Durant.

SHOW YOUR LOYALTY—PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

KIPLING WAS ONCE FIRED BY AN AMERICAN EDITOR

Whatever estimate critics may make of Rudyard Kipling after his death—he is sure of a niche at least in the temple of fame—the world hardly knows how to place him while he is still with us. Honored by the Nobel Prize for idealism in literature, he has nevertheless glorified brute force and conscienceless cleverness as few writers of contemporary fiction have done. German militarism roused in him a violent hatred, yet he himself has cast a glamor around the military ideal. Although army life figures so much in his Indian stories he frankly admits he saw little of warfare in India. The material for his stories he gathered from the narratives of eye-witnesses and participants in the innumerable little wars on the frontier. But he took part in the South African campaigns from which he learned that war is, in his own words, “a mathematical problem with some of the aspects of a surgical operation by the highest paid specialist—utterly devoid of romance and glamor.”

From South Africa he returned, bursting like a comet with his message of Anglo-Saxon supremacy and its duty to undertake the tutelage of inferior races upon a Britain that was rapidly imbibing liberal opinions on the subject of backward races and government by British military offices and governors. He became the mouthpiece of British Imperialism in an environment that grew more and more out of harmony with his message. There was George Bernard Shaw increasing in popularity and ridiculing all that Kipling held dear. There was the Socialist, Robert Blatchford, not only criticizing Kipling's politics, but his literary achievements. Soldiers such as were described in Kipling's Indian tales, asserted Blatchford, not only were unknown in India, but were found nowhere in the world, and as for Kipling's poetry, Blatchford declared it reminded him of nothing so much as “a man with a wooden leg going down a wooden stair—Bump—Bump—Bump.”

Unruffled by ridicule and opposition, Kipling plodded on his intellectual highway with a confidence that has been justified. Stories that he vainly tried to market for fifty dollars he later sold for five thousand. His works are abundant justification of his thesis that romance has not departed with the coming of electricity and steam. He is himself the answer to his own prayer, “Lord, send us a man like Robbie Burns to sing the praise of steam.”

Despite this modernism, he is most at home in the hearts of men of primitive instincts and desires. He likes to tell us how people felt in the Neolithic age; he speaks the tongue of rough sailors seized with the wanderlust that takes them to the ends of the earth; and above all, he has been the mouthpiece of the common soldiers of the professional British armies of the days preceding the great war.

“The best reporter in the world,” he has been called by reason of his marvellous facility in reporting

events that he has learned of at second hand. Once he took a position as a reporter with a San Francisco daily paper. We may feel sure that what copy he turned in was written in his own inimitable style. But he did not last long. He was fired, the editor informing him that he “had absolutely no nose for news and no sense of style.”

MORE WOLVES

More unconscious humor has come from school children than from any other source. In “Fresh Howlers,” Mr. H. Cecil Hunt gives us some rare good laughs. Here are some of the best “howlers”:

Nota Bene. This is an American expression which is equivalent to the English “penniless.”

The Poll Tax was a tax on parrots.

Edward the Martyr got his name because he was killed when he was not ready.

People go about Venice in gorgon zolas.

A therm is a germ that creeps into the gas metre and causes rapid consumption.

Ali Baba means being away when the crime was committed.

False doctrine means giving people the wrong medicine.

A stethoscope is a spy-glass for looking into people's chests with your ears.

The Pope is claimed to be inflammable, at least when he doesn't speak out of his cathedral.

The mosaic law was a law compelling people to have their floors laid with colored stones.

Six days shalt thy neighbor do all thy work.

A LUCKY CATCH

Sentry Receives \$20,000 for Saving Life of Prince at Belgrade

One of King Alexander's gigantic guardsmen recently was given an indefinite leave of absence after receiving a reward of 100,000 dinars (nearly \$20,000), for having quite inadvertently saved the life of the 2-year-old Prince Tomislav, the second son of the King.

The Prince was playing in the apartments of his mother, Queen Marie, on the second floor of the palace, at Belgrade, when suddenly he fell from a window. The sentry, who was passing at the moment, received the full weight of the child on his shoulders. The Prince clutched the sentry around the neck and slid to the ground unhurt, but the burly guardsman was knocked unconscious and crumpled to the ground.

HIS FATE

Mrs. O'Reilly: “Good morning, Mrs. Murphy, I ain't seen your old man lately. Wot took 'im orf?”

Mrs. Murphy: “A seizure.”

Mrs. O'Reilly: “Dear, dear—you never say. Wot was it—'eart?”

Mrs. Murphy: “No, luv—police.”

WHEN BUYING—PATRONIZE THOSE WHO PATRONIZE US

THE EXTRA NUMBER

“A capital idea,” said Jones, “this plan of getting an extra sock or glove, or what-not with each pair of things you buy. Take gloves. I use woollen ones in winter, and I generally carry a walking stick. What is the result? Before I've had them six weeks I invariably wear a hole in the palm of my right glove. Then, though the left one is as good as new, I have to buy a fresh pair. Now, however, by getting an extra right hand glove at the start I shall avoid wasting the other one.”

“It sounds all right,” I agreed.

“It is all right. Take ladies' stockings.”

“Really, Jones!” I protested.

“Do you know what ladders are?” he went on ruthlessly.

“No.”

“They are a sort of disease which attacks the female stocking. As soon as one develops ladders there is nothing for it but to discard the pair of them, because the odds are that the other won't exactly match any of the remaining stockings your wife has.”

“I have no wife,” I said.

“You never know when you may acquire one. In any case, it is immaterial, as I was not thinking of you particularly. The point is that the third stocking solves the difficulty.”

“My trouble,” I said, “is trousers. For some unexplained reason my left knee goes baggy almost at once, while the other retains its shape for quite a long time. Of course, in the case of socks one can ensure level wear by shifting them from the right foot to the left and vice versa on alternate days. But such a method is impracticable with trousers, unless one puts them on backwards, which would be unusual.”

Jones reflected. “I know,” he said suddenly; “detachable legs, and a spare leg to each pair. Why not? By Jove, it's a grand idea! I must talk to my tailor about this.”

It was not till some weeks later that I ran across

Jones again. He was just finishing lunch with Smith in a restaurant in the city. I sat down at their table.

“What about that spare trouser leg?” I asked when I had given my order to the waiter.

To my surprise Jones seemed unwilling to discuss the subject. “Oh, I haven't had time to bother about it,” he replied, and then rather hurriedly he turned the conversation to Lord Botherbrook. After a few minutes he got up and left Smith and myself together.

I told Smith about the trouser leg.

“Oh yes,” he said, “the spare-part idea; three to every pair of everything. He was awfully enthusiastic about it, wasn't he? Always talking about it. Poor old Jones.”

“Why, what's happened?”

“Well, you see, as luck would have it, the person he seems to have impressed most of all with the theory was his wife. So last month she presented him with—” he paused and smiled.

“Twins!” I exclaimed. “Plus a spare,” said Smith.

PREFERENCE TO WAR VETS. RE-ESTABLISHED

Canberra, Australia—The Labor Government of Australia has, in the face of strong public opinion, moderate one of its ordinances passed in favor of the trades union movement.

Prime Minister James Scullin announced the government was reverting to the former regulation which gave first preference to returned soldiers on government work contracts, and second preference to trade unionists.

The recently-announced decision of the government to abolish the preference to ex-soldiers unless they were also trades unionists, roused a storm of indignation, and veterans' organizations all over Australia were commencing to organize a campaign to fight the government's action.

SCOTTISH AMATEUR ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION OF WINNIPEG

SCOTTISH SPORTS POLO PARK, LABOR DAY SEPTEMBER 1st, 1930

66 EVENTS

\$3,000 IN PRIZES

Admission (before 11.30 a.m.):—

Adults - - - 75 cents Children - - 25 cents Autos - - - 25 cents

Admission, after 11.30 a.m., \$1.50

SHOW YOUR LOYALTY—PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

COL. L. W. MULLOY, SOUTH AFRICAN WAR VETERAN, LEADS FULL, ACTIVE LIFE

Cornwall, Ont.—Those who know him well never think of Colonel Lorne W. Mulloy, blinded South African War veteran, as sightless. Colonel Mulloy, long known to the British and Canadian peoples as Trooper Mulloy, is an active law practitioner at Iroquois, 33 miles west of this town.

His pleadings take place largely in Cornwall, and one recalls that the first case he handled was as defending lawyer in a murder trial here

M.R.C.M. College

When Colonel Mulloy came back from England after his Oxford studies, General Sam Hughes, then Canadian minister of militia, found him a post in the Royal Military College where he remained several years. He was used as a recruiting officer throughout Canada during the Great War.

Then he decided to study law, on the advice of his friend John Godfrey, K.C., of Toronto. The colonel read his law course in one year, which usually takes three years, and the Ontario Law Society called the distinguished soldier and scholar to the bar. He decided to live in Iroquois, which he knew from youth, and bought a fine old stone residence and garden on the banks of the St. Lawrence River at that place.

Office at Home

When he established himself in law people came to him from the whole countryside. His office is in his residence and he keeps a capable girl secretary. To his wife, formerly Jean Munro of Seattle, Wash., a noted soprano soloist, he owes much, as she did most of his reading for several years.

Colonel Mulloy, who is a Conservative in politics, has taken part in various election campaigns, and on several occasions has nearly been chosen as candidate for both Provincial and Dominion honors. "The majority rules" is his motto, and he digs right in to help the winner on every occasion.

He has taken a very active part in municipal affairs of Iroquois. In Dundas he will be remembered in the future as friend and helper, just as the old country doctor of the past lives in the affections of the people he served. He settles many seemingly knotty problems and by diplomacy has saved more than one person from a prison term, so his friends tell.

"What a wonderful groove this is", said the new preacher's wife as she inspected the parsonage. "How calm, how serene, how restful. Surely, sir, you must have many visitors who come to this spot just for meditation and silent, spiritual uplift?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the church janitor, "I ketch 'em here almost every night."

WHEN BUYING—PATRONIZE THOSE WHO PATRONIZE US

STRANGE WILL MAKES DROUGHT IMPOSSIBLE

London.—A 10-gallon cask of whisky was among the bequests of Edward Percy Thompson, A.R.I.B.A., of Elstree, whose estate was proved at £5,122.

The whisky was left to his "old and dear friend," George M. Muir Wood. "It is my desire," he added, "that he shall from time to time, when the contents of the cask shall reach the level of the tap now in the middle at the end of the cask, refill the cask with five gallons of Scotch whisky, so that the cask shall not from time to time be tilted to draw off the contents."

Mr. Thompson left a copper wash bowl from Newgate Prison (pulled down in 1903) to Charles Griffin Lawson, "this is to be polished bright before it is handed to him. It is meant for use as a rose bowl."

THE TRIALS OF "SIAMESE" TWINS

Lucio Godino, of New York, woke up early as usual. He didn't roll over. His brother Simplicio was in the way. For Lucio and Simplicio are joined together at the base of their spines, and are, it is stated, the first male "Siamese" twins for more than 100 years.

"Come on, let's get up," said Lucio, starting to rise. "Shut up and go to sleep," grumbled Simplicio, who didn't want to get up.

So finally they got up to show their wives round New York, where they are engaged in a stage turn. Getting up is about the only thing they don't agree about.

"He likes to sleep his head off," explained Lucio.

"He's always waking me up early," complained Simplicio. "Some day I'll get annoyed about it and stay in bed all day."

The joined twins come from Manila and are 21 years of age. They have just concluded a theatrical tour which was at the same time a honeymoon. They are married to twins, also from the Philippines, named Victorina and Natividad.

Their courting days in Manila also caused a little disagreement.

Surgeons have assured them that they could be separated safely by an operation. But, as they say, they would have to go to work then.

HE KNEW THE SIGNS

A minister having a round of golf was bunkered at the eighteenth. In the process of extracting the ball he got some sand in his eye. The eye was still troubling him when he went into the clubhouse and ordered a glass of milk.

When he tasted the beverage he looked sharply at the steward and said—"Is this milk?"

"Well, sir," grinned the steward, "naturally I put a dash of spirits in it when you winked."

LEG-PULLING

The art of leg-pulling, like many other forms of amusement, seems to be fast dying out. The credulity of most people is astonishing. I remember the story of the circus proprietor who advertised the fact that he was exhibiting a most wonderful beast—the only one of its kind in existence—with a most unpronounceable name, and as fierce as it was rare. Great crowds flocked to see the wonderful beast, and on the opening night there was not a seat to be had in the circus.

As the hands of the clock slowly reached and passed the hour of commencement and no signs of the animal appeared, the crowd began to express its impatience by fierce cat-calls and stamping feet. Just as the noise reached its height there was a loud clanging of chains, accompanied by the most terrific shrieking. Suddenly, the circus proprietor rushed into the arena, his hair dishevelled and greatly excited, shouting at the top of his voice that the wonderful beast had escaped, and exhorting the people to fly for their lives.

People rushed out in confusion, and, remembering all they had heard about the wild beast, hurried home and locked themselves in.

Next morning the circus had disappeared. It had stolen silently away.

An Insect Killer

Advertisements lure money out of the most reluctant miser. An ingenious American advertised a marvellous invention for killing insects. People with more money than sense who parted with their cash received in exchange a block of wood and a hammer. To do the advertisers justice, a note was enclosed which stated that one firm blow with the enclosed hammer was enough to render the most offensive insect hors-de-combat.

The Unsuspecting Apprentice

There is, of course, a leg-pulling of a kind which is not so disastrous. The apprentice starting his engineering training is a heaven-sent opportunity for the leg-pullers. The poor unsuspecting lad, anxious to please, is sent for all sorts of ridiculous things.

Although years ago the apprentice who went for a pot of tartan paint would be an object of derision, you will probably not believe me when I say that it is now possible to obtain such a thing. After many years of careful study, a well-known manufacturer has at last succeeded in putting tartan paint on the market. In addition, by a most ingenious device, it can be turned out in any tartan in the world.

Yes, you are quite right. I am pulling your leg.

Mrs. Higgs: "I 'aven't seen yer usband about lately, Mrs. 'iggins. I op 'es' quite well."

Mrs. 'iggins: "Didn't you 'ear? 'e fell off a tram an' got 'conclusion,' my dear."

Mrs. Higgs: "You mean 'concussion,' don't you?"

Mrs. 'iggins: "I mean 'conclusion'—'e died."

NINE RULES ON HOW TO KEEP A HUSBAND

Nine rules for keeping husbands were presented to members of the California Federation of Women's Clubs, by Miss Jennie Partridge, past president of the City and County Federation of San Francisco, at their annual meeting. They are

1. Dress prettily for breakfast.
2. Never make your husband dry dishes.
3. Friend husband should take you out just two evenings a week. The rest of the time let him stay home.
4. The wife should pay the rent, grocery and butcher bills before dolling up or even buying new furniture.
5. Never permit mother-in-law to visit on Sunday or holidays.
6. Listen to your husband, if he likes the sound of his own voice.
7. Ask his advice on everything.
8. Be dependent and clinging, but not too clinging.
9. Make him think you are a poor weak creature and he is nine feet high with the strength of a lion and the courage of Napoleon.

ABOUT THE FLAG

All British subjects have the right to fly the Union Jack, but it should not be hoisted before sunrise and always lowered at sunset. This should be done by hand in such a manner as never to allow the flag to trail on the ground. The flag should never be used as a covering for a chair, table, lounge, etc., and never be placed in any position where anything can be placed upon it, except when used as an altar covering, the Bible alone resting on it. If any marching organization carries flags, the Union Jack should be placed at the right of all other flags and when displayed in churches, it should be at the right of the congregation. When several flags are flown on a line stretching across a street, the Union Jack should fly to the north on streets running north and south.

THE SERIOUS-MINDED EMPLOYER

"The typist I want in this office, young lady, must be neither frivolous nor pretty. There is no room here for an attractive girl. The one who is employed must not use powder, rouge or lipstick, and I shall insist that she be always modest and decorous, with skirts somewhat longer than the prevailing mode.

"And another thing: I have no desire whatever for the type of young lady who would accept an invitation from her chief to go out to lunch. Understand? Very well, since you apparently have all of these qualifications, you may begin work at once. I think you're the ideal typist for my husband's office, and, if he ever tries to give you notice, just let me know."

SHOW YOUR LOYALTY—PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

AN ADVENTURE OF A CENSUS TAKER IN U.S.A.

Q. What is your occupation?
 A. No gotta no more; he's gone away.
 Q. You don't understand. I say, what is your occupation . . . what are you working at?
 A. Joost feex da chair. He's get broke by da baby.
 Q. I mean what is your job?
 A. No joke, meester, please no maka da joke.
 Q. This is no joke. I'm asking you what your job is . . . what you work at?
 A. Dat's da joke. I no gotta da work seex weeks. What for you wanna know, eh?
 Q. I'm here to take the census.
 A. Take da wheech?
 Q. The census. I'm an enumerator.
 A. He was here one time already.
 Q. Who?
 A. Da feller who reada da gas meter.
 Q. Now listen, and try to get me. I'm sent here to find out all about the people who live in this house.
 A. Who sena you, eh?
 Q. The government send me.
 A. You gotta de wrong place. The feller who's maka da red wine leeve next street.
 Q. Now you might as well answer my questions and save trouble. The government is trying to find out how many people live in the country.
 A. I no lif in da country; I lif in da seety.
 Q. Now how many people are in your family?
 A. Wia.t I theenk wan minoot . . . He's Luigi, an' Petro an' Giovanni an' Tony an' Rosalie an' Carmina an' Carlotta an' Guiseppe an' Dominick an' . . .
 Q. Wait a minute. Never mind the names. How many altogether?
 A. I theenk he's 15. I no count seence las' week.
 Q. Do you own this house?
 A. Owna dees house! Creestopher Columbo, I no even own dees suit. Please no maka da wise-cracka.
 Q. You pay rent, then?
 A. Som time yes, som time no.
 Q. Do you own a radio?
 A. A wheech, please?
 Q. Do you own a radio?
 A. No, da wife she poosha da bambino in reg'lar baby carriage.
 Q. Listen . . . Do you own one of them things out of which voices and noises come?
 A. You mena da telephone! I no gotta da telephone. You getta wan in Petrone's grocery shop down by da fire house.
 Q. Listen. Are you a citizen of this country?
 A. Next week.
 Q. Next week what?
 A. Next week I get gypnotized.
 Q. Hypnotized?

A. Sure. I go to da judge an' get hypnotization papers.
 Q. Have you ever been a member of any military branch of the government and if so, what?
 A. Sure. I'm seex months in Elks.

BY HOOK OR BY CROOK

"By Hook or by Crook" is an expression which has been constantly used since the year 1666. At that time London was burnt to the ground and all boundary marks were lost in the conflagration. When the rebuilding was commenced the lack of boundaries proved a difficult matter and the law courts were appealed to, but without any satisfactory results. The delay in building could not be tolerated, so it was resolved to choose two surveyors of well-known integrity and repute and to rely on their decision in all problems. The names of these two worthies were Hook and Crook, and they displayed such wisdom and tact in their post that when anything difficult had to be done it became a common expression to say "We must do it by Hook or by Crook." We say the same thing today.

THE INDIAN'S SPEECH WAS CUT OFF SHORT

Major Fred Bagley, who is as much a feature of Banff, Alberta, as some of the surrounding mountain peaks, saw stirring times when he was a member of the Royal North West Mounted Police. He was in the famous affair at Poundmakers, near Battleford, in 1884. A few weeks after that trouble subsided the Indian commissioner came to Battleford and ordered all the ponies belonging to Indians of Poundmaker's and Little Pine's bands were to be branded with the ID (Indian Department) iron. This was merely a gesture of official rebuke, for the government, of course, had no intention of confiscating the property of its aboriginal wards.

Bagley was sent with a detachment of ten men to Poundmaker's to do the branding. The ponies were rounded up and corralled, and the police proceeded to put the government mark on their frames. The Indians looked on in sullen silence.

"We were about half through," says the major, "when a very old man in the bottom of a Red River cart pulled up alongside the branding fire. The dynamo activating the cart was a dog-eared old cayuse. The old Indian's squaw, retaining her hold on the leading line, went off a little way and sat in the grass to rest and smoke. The cayuse, his lower lip sagging, his eyes closed, dozed in the warm afternoon sun.

"The old Indian began a violent harangue, berating the onlooking redskins for allowing the government to put its stamp on their ponies. Perhaps as a young

man he had been a warrior of repute, for I noticed his speech was not without effect. An ugly look began to gather on the faces of his listeners.

"I turned to Bell, the corporal. 'Get an iron good and hot.'

"Bell heated the iron. The harangue continued. An ominous muttering grew among the Indians.

"'Now clap the brand on the ribs of old Long Tongue's cayuse!'

"Bell stepped with the iron over to the dozing cayuse. As the sizzling brand touched his flank the slumbering relic came to life with a snort—then he was on his way, the old woman upended. The cart, with the old man clinging desperately to its sides, bounded and bounced across the plain like a leaf on the tail of a tornado. A cracked voice came back to us, a thin, cracked voice bespeaking immeasurable consternation—the voice of the old man piping frantically to the runaway to stop. They disappeared at length in a bank of dust amid a vague rumble of noises in the poplar bluffs on the other side.

"They tell you the Indian is a stoic. Mush! Let our red brother once get hold of a joke and you can't pry him loose from it, and if he can't spring one on his neighbor he'll even laugh at himself. My audience rolled on the grass and whooped. Their sullenness vanished like ice cream at a picnic, and I had no trouble in completing my job of branding their ponies."

POLLY'S INDISCRETION

The fishing story and the golf story have had to give place to the parrot story since the outbreak of psittacosis. New York newspapers print the following without comment:

"Tacitus" was a garrulous parrot from Central America, whose fine flow of language was his undoing. He was acquired by a stewardess of the steamer Colombia when that vessel put into the parrot's home port. Hearing of the American embargo on parrots, enforced because of psittacosis, the stewardess taught the bird to meow like a kitten.

When the Colombia docked in New York the stewardess walked down the gang-plank with the parrot in a basket.

"What have you got there?" she was asked by a Customs officer.

"A kitten," replied the stewardess.

"That was the cue for Tacitus, and a convincing meow" came from the basket. Then Tacitus, through a small hole in the basket, saw the officer.

"Hello, there, you ——" he screamed, and betrayed himself.

He is now spending 30 days' quarantine on Hoffman's Island, along with 160 other parrots.

English peaches are now sixpence each in Covent Garden.

But down in the Strand . . . !



Western Canada produces nothing finer in a real Quality Beverage than

FRONTIER BEER

FULL BODY — RICH FLAVOR — THOROUGHLY MATURED

Also:

"Frontier" Stout

Manufactured by

Fort Garry Brewery Ltd.

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AUGUST, 1930

Editorials

THE CONVENTION

The Annual Convention of the Army and Navy Veterans in Canada is scheduled to take place in Winnipeg on September 15th. Winnipeg is a central point for the whole Dominion and on that account a strong representation of delegates from the Atlantic to the Pacific may be looked for. It may safely be assumed that Winnipeg will do all that lies in its power to contribute to the comfort and enjoyment of the visiting delegates and their families.

There are some who maintain that a convention at this time is perhaps unnecessary in view of the recent legislative clean-up of what were formerly acute problems affecting the welfare of ex-service men and their dependents. While it must be admitted that much has been done to meet the demands made at past conventions, there yet remains the all important matter of keeping a watchful eye upon the appointments that necessarily require to be made for the effective operation of the machinery arising out of the new legislation. In the making of these appointments, due consideration ought to be given by the Departments concerned to recommendations from the veterans' associations as a whole and not, as heretofore, give undue

preference to any particular association. The numerical strength and influence of the respective veteran associations in Canada are well known and it is therefore beside the question for the Canadian Legion to make claim that they are the only representative association of ex-service men in Canada. On the basis of such claim they have, in the past, been granted benefits and considerations that have since proven to be absolutely unjustified. In the July issue of THE KHAKI CALL the Victorian Unit of the Army and Navy Veterans take exception by way of resolution to the persistent and repeated "credit claims" of the Canadian Legion and in particular refers to the "Victoria Daily Times" of June 7th, 1930, wherein is reported Brigadier-General Alex Ross, C.M.C., D.S.O., president of the Saskatchewan Provincial Command, Canadian Legion, as giving all credit to the Canadian Legion for results achieved in carrying through the Bill known as No. 19 for the better consideration and treatment of ex-service men in Canada.

The convention will also be required to deal with two most important and pressing matters—one dealing with the manufacture and disposal of poppies, and the other dealing with grants of money from the Public Treasury to any particular veteran association. The unsatisfactory position of the poppy administration is well known to veterans' associations, the Daughters of the Empire, and other patriotic and loyal charitable bodies in Canada, and the time has come when this unpalatable subject must be placed upon a just and equitable basis.

It is to the shame of the responsible Department at Ottawa that they have countenanced these tokens of remembrance being under the heel of commercialism and profiteering so long.

HOW THE KING IS PAID

The article under the above heading which appeared in the May issue of THE KHAKI CALL has brought forth the ire and displeasure of J. A. Dawson, Melfort, Sask. Mr. Dawson charges that the writer was unacquainted with the article in question and concludes his letter in brutal frankness in stating that the article was not only misleading, but untrue. It would appear that Mr. Dawson's communication was inspired from an answer to a correspondent in the "Montreal Star." He has travelled east in the search for material to fortify his critical mind, but why, we wonder, should he have stopped at Montreal? If he had continued the eastern journey

— wonderful,
that's my verdict,
they are
blended right.



Twenty
for 25c

Winchester

CIGARETTES

SAVE THE "POKER HANDS"

across the Atlantic to London, England, he would there find reliable information as to the history and nature of the King's Privy Purse.

We have no doubt but that Mr. Dawson will appreciate a review of the subject in question, and upon him perusing same we trust he will be fair enough to acknowledge that the facts herein substantiate in the main the brief article in our issue of May last.

The annuities payable to their Majesties and to the members of the Royal Family are known as the Civil List, which is granted by Parliament upon the recommendation of a Select Committee. The Civil List of King Edward VII amounted to \$2,350,000, in addition to which annuities to other members of the Royal Family accounted for an additional sum of \$530,000. The Select Committee appointed on June 14th, 1910, reported on July 7th and made recommendations which were adopted by the House of Com-

mons. These recommendations, as modified by subsequent events, are as follows:

Their Majesties' Privy Purse.....	\$ 550,000
Salaries of Household.....	629,000
Expenses of Household.....	965,000
Works.....	100,000
Royal Bounty.....	66,000
Unappropriated.....	40,000
	\$2,350,000
Duke of York.....	\$ 125,000
Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyle).....	30,000
Duke of Connaught.....	125,000
Princess Beatrice.....	30,000
King Edward VII's daughters.....	90,000
His Majesty's younger children.....	130,000
	\$ 530,000

The County of Lancaster was created into

SHOW YOUR LOYALTY—PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

WHEN BUYING—PATRONIZE THOSE WHO PATRONIZE US

EMBERS

a Duchy or County Palatine Duchy by Edward III for his son John of Gaunt in 1377, but in 1399 it became merged in the Crown through the accession of John of Gaunt's son, as Henry IV. The revenue from the Duchy of Lancaster was for the year ending 1927, \$650,000. The contributory items are rents and profits of courts, royalties and dues. After deducting expenditure charges there remained a surplus of \$340,000, which amount was paid (for His Majesty's use) to the Keeper of His Majesty's Privy Purse.

It will be noted that the Select Committee makes no provision for the Prince of Wales. Cornwall was created a Duchy by Edward III for the support of his eldest son (afterwards created Prince of Wales) and the eldest son of the sovereign has since that time been born Duke of Cornwall. The revenue from the Duchy of Cornwall in the year ended 1927 was \$1,230,625, and after deducting expenditure charges there remained a surplus of \$333,565, which amount was paid on account of His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales.

It is only fair to state that the land revenues of the Crown in the United Kingdom (Crown Lands) have been collected on the public account since 1760. In that year George III surrendered the Crown Lands in return for a fixed annual payment or Civil List. At the time of the surrender the gross revenues amounted to about \$445,000 and the net return to \$55,000. The surplus revenue from the Crown Lands for the year ending March 31st, 1928, amounted to \$5,350,000 and was paid to the Exchequer as surplus revenue. It will be noted that the surplus revenues from the Crown Lands and appropriated into the general fund is much in excess of the amount paid from that fund towards the Civil List.

BRING IN THE CANDLES

Old customs die hard in Britain, and nowhere do they reach a lustier old age than in the Mother of Parliaments. If, for instance, it becomes dark in the chamber so that M.P.'s have difficulty in reading their order paper, the matter is not remedied by a request for more light. Instead a member asks, as a point of order, that "Candles may be brought in," whereupon an attendant switches on the electric light.

Then, at the opening of each day's sitting, when the Chaplain has ended his prayers, the cry that goes echoing down the lobbies and corridors is: "Prayers are over, gentlemen!" There is never any reference to the ladies, for the term "gentlemen" is still used in the Commons of male and females like.

WHEN BUYING—PATRONIZE THOSE WHO PATRONIZE US

Phantom spirits of a December evening were crawling silently up London's river. Grey mists, wraithlike and chill, drifted up under the great bridges, slower than the pull of the river itself, dragging heavily on the last hour of its flood.

Here and there along the Embankment heads were bending over the parapet. There are always a lot of heads bending over that parapet. By day or night that wide sweep from Westminster to the fire floats is a dotted line of bending heads, all staring down silently into the lure of the unclean water.

The tall, handsome man in faultless evening dress leaned his forearms on the parapet and stared silently down river.

"Are you all right now, sir?" asked a respectful voice at his elbow.

"Yes, quite all right, thank you. Griggs. I want a spot of fresh air, that's all. That jazz stuff they are playing in the Cecil doesn't quite agree with my mood. I seem to be getting a moody devil lately, don't I? Don't feel at all Christmassy tonight."

"Shall I wait with you, sir?"

"Oh, no; come along for me in about half an hour or so—and bring the car, will you, please?"

"Yes, sir; very good, sir."

The valet withdrew, leaving the tall quiet figure staring out over the water.

He had a fine face, the man in evening dress. There was a calm, quiet repose about it that gave him a look of absolute dependability and sincerity, and yet seemed to mask some deep and long-standing sorrow.

He stood for many minutes against the broad parapet, motionless, staring over the water.

"Buy a box of matches, guy?" Two hawkers shuffled up to the parapet beside him and rested their little trays of wares on the broad stone sill.

Diamond Stud did not even turn to look at them.

"No, thank you. I have matches," he said, in a polite, well-modulated voice.

"Well, buy a packet of pipe cleaners," suggested the second.

A faint smile flickered over the face of Diamond Stud. "Unfortunately for you," he said, "I don't smoke a pipe."

"Well, a merry Christmas, guv'nor, anyhow. That won't cost you nothing, will it?" he said, with the friendly impudence of the lesser breed.

"Thank you very much," said Diamond Stud, quietly. "I sincerely trust that you will have a merry Christmas, too."

"Merry? Merry won't be the name for it, guv. I've fixed up a deuce of a day. After I've tipped all diamonds and jools out of my Christmas stockin' I'm going to ring for my varlet to come and tiddivate me up and take me down to breakfast. Oysters and grouse and chicken and trifle and champagne. That's what I'm having for breakfast. Because I'm sick of everlasting eggs and bacon and kidneys and tomatoes every blessed day of me life."

Diamond Stud was chuckling with quiet amusement. "Match-selling seems to be a highly profitable business," he said.

"Guv, you wouldn't believe! If I go on at the rate I am I shall own arf Park Lane in a coupla years. Wot with me profits on the pipe-lights and me pension, I'll probably get a knighthood before long."

"Oh, so you're ex-service, are you?"

"Yes, mate; I suttinly am. Navy. Leading seaman. Got a packet at Zeebrugge and they invalidated me out. And now here I am, a prosperous timber merchant, known to 'ighly satisfied clients in every street on the starboard side of London."

"Oh," he said, softly. "So you were at Zeebrugge, were you?"

"Believe me! For three hours my home address was

'The Mole.' That was the only time in my life I was glad to leave home."

"The Mole, eh?" Diamond Stud was almost talking to himself. "You were on the Mole, eh? And what ship were you on?"

"The old Vindictive, and her upper decks full of landing parties and her guts full of cement."

"H'm! Had a pretty rough passage, I believe?"

"It wasn't a sewing bee, believe me!"

Diamond Stud breathed a deep, fervent breath.

"By jove, you're right, old son, it wasn't," he said, gently. "Fifteen thousand merry little hells, with the lids off. That's what it was."

"Ow do you know? Was you there?" demanded Matches, with a touch of truculence.

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"Yes, old son, I was there." Diamond Stud's voice was dead, stony.

Quite unconsciously and without the slightest intention, Matches flicked back to the quarter-deck. In a moment he was the leading seaman and Diamond Stud his superior officer.

"Very sorry, sir," he said soberly. "No disrespect meant. But it's—sort of different, you know, sir, when you're on the lower deck. Lower deckmen are only too thundering glad to get out of it. It's a— a dog's life, for'ard of the funnels. Hope you didn't get it too bad on the Mole?"

"Oh, no." Diamond Stud sighed. "It might have been worse. Still, it was more than enough to have got me dumped ashore. Old junk, son, that's all we are, slightly soiled. Lumber. Embers of the fire. Ah, um! But it might have been worse. We got into a pretty hot-pot, you know, on the Iris."

"I know you did, sir. You lay just ahead of us—you and the Daffodil; two Mersey ferry steamers, loaded to the gunnels with marines and matloes!"

"That's right. Dropping in shoals to machine gun bullets raining over from the tripod lighthouse on the seaward end of the Mole. Simply mowing 'em down. Gosh!—thos marines were wonderful. They stood up cold—to the Birkinhead drill, while the bullets shot 'em down, rank on rank of 'em, and the seamen fighting like furies to get the grapnel ladders fixed."

"Most of ours broke sir. We were rolling too heavy. Our side rails were skating twenty feet up and down the sea wall, like a lift gone mad. The landing ladders were smashed and carried away like carrots. And four hundred guns lettin' hell loose at us from the batteries ashore."

Absolute bedlam, old son. All that half-mile of land seemed to erupt and belch high explosives at us, with star shells going up in flocks. One colossal, crashing, cannonading uproar of cordite and lyddite that seemed to hit the brain and keep on hitting it. It was ceaseless. From the time the first searchlight streamed out on us and lit us up in the daylight blaze till the night closed down behind us after it was all over, it was all one long ear-shattering bedlam of noise."

"I was stone-deaf, sir, for four days afterwards."

"I can quite believe it. Guttridge went stone-deaf. Do you remember Guttridge?"

"Guttridge? Guttridge? I don't think he was on the Vindictive, sir."

"No. Chap went off one of the destroyers. Grand chap. Went pelting back along the Mole and snow-balled the tripod lighthouse with Mills bombs. An old Haileybury boy; a sort of a second Hobbs at cover-point. He could gather the ball and smash up the wicket almost before the bat had completed the stroke. Ye gods! He gave that machine-gun nest the time of its life. Flattened 'em out, too. Got ten direct hits in less than a hundred seconds. Slaughtered the whole bally shooting match."

"Oh, sure enough, Mr. Timber Merchant, V.C.'s were ten a penny that day. What about those two

stokers?—er—Harris and Maynard, I believe their names were. Carried a depth-charge all the way up the Mole—weighs about a hundredweight and a half, doesn't it?—and then dumped it behind the lockgates of the long canal running through to Bruges. The gates crashed away and billions of tons of water roared out of the canal, leaving about a dozen submarines high and dry in the mud. They got blown to blazes with it. And they knew they would be. I think that was wonderful."

They talked, as the minutes ticked slowly by, slow as the mists of the river. They talked quickly, slowly, sometimes halting on a macabre recollection of some sublime fool who went out to that Mole and stayed out on that Mole; sometimes sharply, as one of them flung in a highlight that picked out the memory of an incident in bright, abrupt colors. Old junk, on the Embankment, evening dress and dungarees, talking there glowingly in the darkness.

Then Matches switched to a question.

"Crooked for life, are you, sir?"

"Y-yes, I s'pose I am."

"So'm I. Got tangled up with a shell burst that knocked the breakfast out of me."

"And you friend, too—was he with you?"

"Who—old Perce here? No. He only takes me around. Gallipoli, he got his lot."

Pipe Cleaners looked eagerly over Matches' shoulder. "Going ter buy a box o' lights, sir, ain't yer?" he asked, with hopeful mental eyes on a coupla bob.

Diamond Stud fumbled in a trouser pocket.

"No," he said, "I don't think I need any more matches than I have. Here, split this between you and get yourselves a real bit of merry Christmas tomorrow."

Matches put out his hand and his fingers closed over something that rustled.

"'Ere, what's this, sir?" he asked, dubiously.

"I'm sorry!" said Diamond Stud, quickly, and changed the crinkly fiver for five less suspicious looking treasury notes.

"Blimey!" said Pipe Cleaners.

And then Griggs stepped out of a car and approached Diamond Stud.

"Are you ready to go now, sir?" he asked. "The car is here."

"Yes, please, Griggs. And I'd like you to give me your arm, please. My—my head aches."

He walked to his car. "Good night, boys," he said over his shoulder.

Pipe Cleaners watched the beautiful limousine slide smoothly away and swing round by the Houses of Parliament.

"Blimey!" he said again.

Matches turned to him querulously.

"'E was a rummy guy, Perce, wasn't he?" he complained. "Talkin' to me for over half an hour—and he never noticed I was blind!"

Pipe Cleaners tucked his hand under Matches' arm.

"That wasn't his fault, mate," he said. "So was he!"

"I WOULD ABOLISH THE AIR FORCE" SAYS AIR-MARSHAL SIR H. TRENCHARD

By E. ROFFE THOMPSON in "Tit-Bits"

On June 28th last the Royal Air Force held its annual display at Hendon, England. All the wonderful skill and daring of the English airmen were paraded and war in the air surrounded with all the romance and glamor that could be mustered. Nothing was spared to make it attractive to youth.

But there is another side—a side that was not seen at Hendon. Let us forget the false glitter and have a look at the truth.

A new race in air armaments is being developed between the great powers of the world. Expenditure on air forces is literally bounding up year by year.

In the past five years the expenditure of France has risen by no less than 113 per cent.; the expenditure of Italy has risen 25 per cent.; and the expenditure of the United States has gone up 140 per cent. And although England has not increased its expenditure to this extent, she is steadily joining in the deadly game; we are spending nearly \$100,000,000 this year—\$5,000,000 more than we did last.

We are all settling down to a steady development of air machines as a fighting force, just as we have done with armies and navies.

It is not much use talking disarmament while this sort of thing is going on; for if ever there is another war, it will be fought in the air. And air weapons are the most deadly that the misguided genius of mankind has ever conceived.

I do not want you to take my opinions about the danger of allowing this monstrous new armament race to go on. Listen, rather, to men who are in a better position to know. There is, for instance, Thomas Edison, the great inventor.

"Neither I nor anyone of my acquaintance," he says, "has discovered any protection against the aeroplane even in its present state of development. There is in existence no means of preventing an aeroplane flotilla flying over London tomorrow and spreading over the millions of Londoners a gas which would asphyxiate those millions in a relatively short time. From twenty to thirty aeroplanes would be amply sufficient for the purpose."

There is also Brigadier-General P. R. C. Groves, Director of Air Operations for the British Forces during the war. "In the first phase of the next war," he says, "there is little doubt that the belligerents will resort to gas bomb attacks on a large scale. This form of attack upon great centres such as London or Paris might entail the loss of millions of lives during the course of a few hours. All gas experts are agreed that it would be impossible to devise means to protect the civil population from this form of attack."

And there is Air-Marshal Sir Hugh Trenchard, until recently in control of the British Air Force, the man

who is largely responsible for building up this force to its present pitch of efficiency. "I feel," he says, "that all the good aviation will do in civil life cannot balance the harm that may be done by it in war, and if I had the casting vote I would say abolish the Air Force."

I think anyone but a lunatic would be impressed with considered opinions like these. It is obvious that if we allow this deadly menace to hang unchecked over the peoples of all countries we are simply preparing the way for such a slaughter of innocents as the world has not yet seen.

The terror of the air is one that imagination almost refuses to conceive. An aeroplane does not need to be an official bombing machine to be a potential weapon of war. The only real difference between civilian passenger aircraft and R.A.F. bombing machines is the cargo. You have only to put on a machine-gun, take out the passengers and luggage and put in bombs, and you have a bomber. And any ordinary passenger machine could, with the greatest of ease, carry 2,000 lbs. of poison gas and scatter it with impunity over any of our great cities.

Dr. Herbert Levenstein, probably the greatest expert on poison gas in the world, said not long ago, when he delivered an address to the Society of the Chemical Industry in London: "Any commercial aircraft could be turned into machines for dropping bombs or gas containers within twenty-four hours." And he knows. It is his job to know. There was an item of news in the papers the other day that I suppose most of us read—and promptly forgot. Yet it was very revealing. It told how one of the most deadly weapons yet devised—an especially fast torpedo seaplane—had been bought by the Swedish Government. It carries a torpedo weighing a ton, can fly at a height so great as to be practically invisible, can swoop down at a speed of 200 miles an hour, discharge its torpedo, and rise again almost vertically out of all reach of attack.

And it is the combined product of the German aircraft firm of Heinkel and the British Armstrong Siddeley Aero Engine Factory at Coventry!

Let us listen to another man who really knows, this time Professor Lewin, of Berlin University. He is an expert on the effect of chemical gases on the human system and has devoted twenty years of research to the question of chemical warfare. He recently gave a lecture in which he told his audience that some thirty types of poison gas have now been isolated and that they could all be prepared speedily and in vast quantities. "And," he added, "against every one of these thirty gases all antidotes and all protective measures are practically useless."

Do you know that we are spending nearly \$1,000,000

every year in chemical warfare research? Do you realize that while some of this money is going in the efforts to discover antidotes and protective masks against the devilish gases, the rest of it is going in discovering still more devilish gases that will make the antidotes and protective measures useless?

When you think of the damage one single aeroplane could do if let loose over a great city, it is terrifying to realize the numbers of efficient fighting machines the Great Powers of the world already have. Great Britain has 770; America has 900; France has 1,300; Italy has 1,100; and Japan has 500. And they are all adding to them as hard as they can go. These, too, are only the admitted fighting machines. In every country every single aeroplane could be converted into a fighting machine at short notice if the necessity ever arose.

At the risk of being labelled a crank and a reactionary, I say there are some forms of progress too dangerous to be allowed and that the aeroplane is one of them. If the world was sane, and convinced that peace paid better than war, if statesmen meant what they said when they signed the Peace Pact of Paris, it would be a different thing; but the world is not sane; statesmen, did not mean what they said; the world is not yet convinced, despite the awful lesson of the last war, that war pays nobody. Can we afford to go on developing the most murderous weapon the world has ever seen?

Laugh at this if you like, but think about it a little before you decide to laugh. For if ever there is another war it will be you—the civilian population—that will be the first to suffer. It is you who will first feel the blistering and suffocating effects of the gases that the swarms of aeroplanes will let loose on your cities and your homes. It will concern you far more than it will concern the fighters.

Civilians Would Suffer First

If you ask me, as you are entitled to ask me, what I propose you should do about it, I reply in the simplest possible way. I suggest that you should, by writing and every other possible way, make the lives of your Members of Parliament misery until the House of Commons agrees to take a referendum of the people on a simple issue. We ought to have a referendum in the following terms, to which a simple "yes" or "no" could be returned—

"Are you in favor of abolishing all war; of referring all disputes of whatever nature between nations to a Court of Arbitration; and of bringing to an end the colossal expenditure of money on military and naval and air force services?"

Mr. Stanley Baldwin recently said "Who in Europe does not know that one more war in the West and the civilization of ages will fall with as great a shock as that of Rome?"

Who, indeed?

Then in heaven's name let us get on with the job of making such a war utterly impossible.

WHEN BUYING—PATRONIZE THOSE WHO PATRONIZE US

NEW METHOD DEvised IN PNEUMONIA CASES

Washington.—An electrical treatment for lobar pneumonia which is almost a specific, promising to save hundreds of lives annually when it is taken up by general hospitals and practicing physicians, is being applied at St. Elizabeth's Hospitals here.

The method, as described by Dr. Watson W. E. I. edge, of the hospital staff, is to pass through the chest a high frequency alternating current at approximately 1,500,000 alternations a second, using two large tin-foil plates on the front and back. A voltage of about seventy is used.

The object is to get heat inside the body. Here the body acts as a resistance unit. All other methods of heat therapy consist of applying heat on the outside, which has very little effect on the internal organs. The patient feels no sensation, the two electrodes against the skin remaining cold.

When cases of lobar pneumonia are caught within the first twelve hours the results are only a trifle short of specific—that is, cures in every instance. Lobar pneumonia is the type which ordinarily in ten to eleven days comes to a crisis, when the patient dies or begins to recover almost immediately. It has a very heavy death rate.

The electrical heat treatment, says Dr. Eldredge, almost at once breaks down the pneumonia process and stops the infection. The crisis comes within two hours, before the patient's strength has been depleted by the illness.

Practically the same thing happens with cases first treated after more than twelve hours, but then the breaking down of the pneumonia process is slower. The crisis comes about the third day. Here also the patient is almost certain to recover, although there is greater possibility of a fatal termination.

The beginning of lobar pneumonia is so striking, it was explained, that the greater percentage of cases are almost sure to be in the hands of physicians within twelve hours. One moment the victim is perfectly well; suddenly he is seized by a chill lasting about twenty minutes, after which a high fever develops. This hardly can happen to anyone without the victim knowing something is seriously wrong and that he had better see a doctor at once.

Bronchial pneumonia is more gradual in its onset and may continue two or three days before the patient realizes he is sick enough to require a physician.

The method used at St. Elizabeth's is adapted from one devised by physio-therapists and used in a limited way during the war at military hospitals. For some reason it never has passed into general practice. A similar method has been used by Dr. George W. Crile in the Lakeside Hospital, Cleveland. He applied electrodes to cover the liver and the lungs during serious surgical operations to prevent the development of post-operative pneumonia.—Victoria Daily Colonist.

ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM OUR UNITS

FROM DOMINION SECRETARY

Dominion Headquarters,
Ottawa.

In the matter of the selection of Pensions Advocates, who will replace the present system of Soldier Advisers under the recent amendments to the Pensions Act, each Unit of the A. & N.V. in Canada is asked to send in to the president of the A. & N.V., Col. W. C. H. Wood, R.O., Quebec City, the name of its choice for the position locally.

The new Act will come into force on October 1st, 1930, and it is imperative that all nominations be in the hands of the president before that date in order that he may approve of them and forward them to the Department at Ottawa as the selection of the A. & N.V.

Units are urgently requested not to base nominations on personal popularity, fraternal affiliations or any reason other than the ability and qualifications of those whom they desire to fill the positions and represent the A. & N.V. in Canada with dignity and intelligence.

P. B. MELLON,
Acting Sec.-Treas.

VICTORIA UNIT NOTES

Among the many visitors who have "followed the birds to Victoria," quite apart from the sailors of H.M.S. Despatch (and a nice bunch of fellows they are) must be recorded Comrade John L. B. Claxton and his pal, "Seeds" Pike, from Edmonton. These wanderers, fresh from following "the ponies" at Tia Juana, were in excellent spirits in the Capital City and challenged Victoria A. & N.V. to beat Edmonton representatives at billiards. With Comrade George Gardiner, backed by Comrade F. Chevalley, the visitors had no show at all. However, the defeat was well taken and is to be partly accounted for by the "local temporary decorations" bestowed upon John L. B. C. from the northern prairie province. Other visitors during the past few weeks have included Comrade W. G. Binning, from Hollywood, Calif.; Comrade John A. W. O'Neill, from the newly-formed and Victoria-sponsored East Vancouver Unit, which, by the way, has quite unique quarters, well worth a visit; Capt. H. R. Moore, and other officers from His Majesty's Navy, some of whom only just "out" from England; Major L. E. McGinnis, of U.S.A. Army Corps, from Washington, D.C., and other member

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of present and past forces of our neighbors to the south. Comrade H. Cooper, from Calgary, looked in some time ago.

Saturday evening smokers, with Victoria's renowned sandwiches to keep company with the constant supply of talent seemingly inexhaustible, are being much enjoyed by visitors, as guests of comrades and members alike.

It has been arranged to hold the Unit's annual memorial service at St. Albans on August 31. The delay has been largely due to the appointment of a padre to succeed Major the Rev. Wm. Barton, who had to resign on doctor's orders. Happily, a successor has been found in the Rev. Lieut-Col. A. S. P. McGhee, D.S.O., who, although not in the best of health, has kindly accepted the appointment for the balance of the present year. All comrades visiting the city on that day are asked to attend. Transportation will be gladly provided.

The membership is steadily growing, with a few more out-of-town members as welcome additions to the strength.

An extraordinary number of "floaters" have been making for Victoria lately, thereby adding to problems of making the Armistice Period Committee and the Unit's Relief Fund go round. Efforts are being made to get the city and province to come to the rescue because the funds are for emergency and local purposes primarily. In these efforts the Army and Navy Veterans Association has the hearty support and co-operation of the "Amps" and the Legion.

At the burial services of Comrade Ernest William Archer, who passed away recently, the Rev. O. L. Jull conducted an impressive service, during which the hymns "Peace, Perfect Peace," and "Abide With Me" were sung. Major W. H. Pratt presided at the piano. Many friends were present, together with members of the Army and Navy Veterans' Association, and included President A. H. Down; Vice-presidents P. J. Simmons and C. W. Holden; Secretary Captain C. F. L. Money; members H. Callow, J. Green, Dr. Boyd, G. Gardiner, A. Daniels, Captain Walker, J. Thompson, J. Slowman, H. Page, W. Hewlett, A. Bengough and E. Hardisty. The pallbearers were Comrades T. Collins, H. Clear, G. Wilson, C. Jasper, W. Taylor, G. L. Walker, Thos. Jones and S. Rowlinson. At the graveside Comrade F. Lawley sounded the Last Post. Interment was made in the Royal Oak Burial Park.

CHURCH MEMORIAL SERVICE OF VICTORIA POSTPONED

The annual Church Memorial Service of Victoria Unit has been postponed to September 7th in the hope of meeting the convenience of His Honor the Lieut.-Governor, who has made a point of attending in past years.

WHEN BUYING—PATRONIZE THOSE WHO PATRONIZE US

Just as we are going to press the Victoria Unit was honored with a visit from the Past Dominion Command President, Maj.-Gen. the Hon. W. A. Griesbach, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., K.C.

H.M.S. Despatch, on return to port, has resumed cordial relations with the Unit and the ship's company is quite "at home" at 512 Fort St., Victoria Unit's quarters.

H.M.S. DESPATCH HAD NEW CAPTAIN ON LEAVING PORT

When H.M.S. Despatch left Esquimalt recently the ship was in command of Captain F. M. Attwood, who arrived from England on July 30, relieving Captain A. F. B. Curtis, who left for home on Saturday, August 2, accompanied by several other officers and a number of ratings. Arriving with Captain Attwood were five other officers for the ship, replacing the officers of the Despatch posted for duty on other stations. H.M.S. Despatch and H.M.C.S. Vancouver left Esquimalt within a few minutes of each other, participating in the Fleet Week features of the Sound city. Commander Murray, senior naval officer at Esquimalt, went to Seattle with the ships and was representative of Canada during the visit there.

H.M.S. Despatch has arranged to give a concert for the Navy League on return on behalf of an urgent fund in lieu of a return visit for the Victoria A. & N.V. Unit.

QUEBEC UNIT

VETERANS ANXIOUS TO KEEP AFFAIRS OUT OF POLITICS

In preparation for commencement of the fall and winter activities of the Quebec Unit 33, the Army and Navy Veterans in Canada, the executive committee held their first meeting on Friday, August 8.

Comrade Lazenby, chairman of the Social and Sports Committee, reported that the annual picnic had been an unqualified success. There had been a large attendance of orphans and comrades with their families.

The financial secretary rendered a statement of relief and general expenses for the past four months, April 8 to August 8, amounting to \$16,069.16, which was duly approved.

Special cases (7) of relief, aggregating \$554.00, were received and dealt with separately, and all approved for action.

Applications were received from veterans both at Hamilton and Peterboro, Ont., for assistance to unemployed veterans. A grant of \$250.00 was made in each case. The case of a local veteran who has developed tuberculosis was reported by the secretary as having, on the advice of the local physician, been sent to Lake Edward Sanatorium, where he will remain until cured, his wife and six children being cared for

TENTATIVE PROGRAMME OF ENTERTAINMENT OF DOMINION DELEGATES TO ARMY AND NAVY VETERANS IN CANADA CONVENTION BY WINNIPEG AND FORT GARRY UNITS, WINNIPEG

by the Association. Three other cases of lesser degree, treated in the Jeffery Hale's Hospital, were also reported and action approved.

Donations to Charity

Pending final approval of the general meeting, the following donations to local charities were recommended, all the societies concerned being more or less active in the care of veterans or their dependents in some form or other.

The Quebec Red Cross Society.....	\$ 5,000.00
Laval Hospital (new wing).....	5,000.00
Jeffery Hale's Hospital.....	2,000.00
St. Vincent de Paul Society.....	5,000.00
Dom Bosco Society.....	2,000.00
Canadian National Institute for the Blind..	5,000.00
Province of Quebec Institute for the Blind..	1,000.00
The Amputations Association of Veterans ..	10,000.00
The Dominion Command.....	10,000.00
Total.....	\$45,000.00

Dominion Convention

The president directed the attention of the committee to the Dominion convention scheduled for September 16th to 20th next, at Winnipeg, and, as delegates to represent the Quebec Unit, Comrades W. J. Lazenby; Achille Pettigrew, LL.A., and Col. J. S. O'Meara, with Comrade Lieut.-Col. A. W. Purcell as waiting member. Comrades Colonel W. C. H. Wood will attend as Dominion President and Comrade G. H. Garlick as one of the Dominion directors, representing the province of Quebec.

Owing to the very large number of cases requiring assistance and relief, due no doubt to the large number of unemployed, both resident in the city and who drift into Quebec day by day in search of employment, it was decided to re-open the Bureau of Relief so far as this Association is concerned, three days per week commencing Tuesday, August 12. Comrade Colonel A. W. Purcell will be in control.

Official Soldiers' Advisers

A report was laid before the committee to the effect that there was likely to be an attempt made to bring the appointment of Official Soldiers' Advisers into the realm of politics. It was moved (1) that the Government be requested to keep all matters pertaining to veterans out of politics; (2) that the veterans had attained complete success in this regard in their recent Parliamentary Committee work at Ottawa, where all

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 15TH—

Registration of Delegates.
Dominion Executive Meetings.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16TH—

10 a.m.—First Session Convention, opened by His Worship the Mayor.
2 p.m.—Afternoon Session.
Concert in the Club Rooms, 299 Young Street

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17TH—

Morning and Afternoon Sessions.
Afternoon.—Memorial Service to Rooms and Cenotaph by Ladies' Auxiliaries.
Official Photograph.
Evening.—Theatre Party.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18TH—

Morning and Afternoon Sessions.
Evening.—Banquet and Dance at the Royal Alexandra Hotel. Army and Navy Band will supply musical selections outside the hotel and at banquet; also orchestra for the dance.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 19TH—

Morning Sessions. Election of Officers for ensuing year. Dominion Executive Meeting.
1.30 p.m.—Trip Around City (Winnipeg Electric Street Railway buses).

shades of political opinion had been represented and had worked side by side for the common good; (3) that inasmuch as the veterans require service from their Official Soldiers' Advisers, the appointment of these gentlemen be made and kept by merit alone, and (4) that communications to this effect be sent to the Dominion Secretary, the Press, the Canadian Legion B.E.S.L., and all affiliated veteran associations, seeking their co operation in this matter.

MANITOBA PROVINCIAL COMMAND

The Manitoba Provincial Command executive held an important business meeting at the headquarters of the Winnipeg Unit, Army and Navy Veterans, on Wednesday, August 20. President C. J. Sharpe occupied the chair and was supported by Vice-President Major A. M. Pratt, M.C. and delegates from the following Units: Winnipeg, Fort Garry, Portage la Prairie, Souris, Russell, Strathclair, McCreary and Minnedosa. Prior to the business meeting the delegates were entertained to an excellent turkey dinner

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at the headquarters' cafe, put up in characteristic style by Comrade Daniels and his staff. After dinner the visiting delegates were taken in hand by President O'Malley and by him conducted over the spacious and well-equipped club rooms.

The reports from the delegates indicated that their Units were in prosperous condition, and a cheerful note prevailed as to their future. Secretary C. H. Barnard submitted correspondence from ex-service men in different parts of the province wherein application was made for affiliation with the Army and Navy Veterans and the granting to them of charters. A special committee was appointed to deal with these applications and at the same time were deputed to make a survey of the whole province in order to ascertain the districts where the interests of ex-service men are being neglected, by way of affiliation or service.

In the course of the discussion upon the subject it was revealed by Secretary Barnard that in matters of application for pension and other service work a large percentage of these were not affiliated with any association and in some cases were affiliated but were not satisfied with the attention received from the association to which they were affiliated.

The spirit of comradeship was strongly manifested in the delegates' decision that service work would be cheerfully given to all ex-service men applicants, irrespective of their non-affiliation or affiliation with other veterans' associations.

A representative committee was appointed to deal with the preparation of resolutions to be submitted to the forthcoming Dominion convention. The principal matters so far submitted are The sale and disposal of poppies being placed on such a basis as will completely eliminate the exploiting of proceeds to the advantage of any particular association of veterans; officials of Soldiers' Settlement Board being brought under the Civil Service Act; Returned Soldiers Insurance; the question of grants from the public treasury, federal or provincial, and pension allowance and relief. It was decided to postpone the election of office bearers for the ensuing year till after the close of the Dominion convention.

MEMBERS PLEASE NOTE

"How to "Kill" Your Unit

1. Don't come to meetings.
2. If you do come, come late.
3. If the weather doesn't suit you, don't think of coming.
4. If you do attend a meeting, find fault with the work of the officers and other members.
5. Never accept office, as it is easier to criticize than to do things.
6. Never-the-less get sore if you are not appointed on the committee; but if you are, do not by any means attend the meetings.
7. If asked by the chairman to give your opinion

on the matter, insist that you have nothing to say; then after the meeting tell everyone how things ought to be done.

8. Do nothing more than is absolutely necessary, but when members roll up their sleeves and willingly and unselfishly use their ability to help matters along, howl that the club is run by a clique.

9. Hold back your dues as long as you can; or better still, don't pay them at all.

10. Don't bother about getting new members for the club, let the others do that.

The above are ten good ways of "Killing" your Association.

PALESTINE WOMAN THANKED CANADA

When Mrs. Emily Ferguson Murphy and her four associates launched their litigation to establish that women were persons—and, consequently, eligible to sit in the Canadian Senate—they may (and also may not) have visualized the presence of Hon. Cairine Wilson in that body. But they assuredly did not realize the possible far-flung consequences of their now famous test case.

It was last September that his majesty's privy council, or at least the judicial committee thereof, made its unanimous decision that women are persons.

Many people may not realize the fact, but that decision automatically established either a clear-cut law or at least a rather substantial judicial precedent for the entire British Empire. For even with those Dominions that have done away with appeals to the privy council, the decisions of that august body inevitably carry tremendous weight.

In the brief six months since the decision was given it has produced startling results even in the Orient. As witness the case of Mrs. Rosa Ginsberg in Palestine.

Mrs. Ginsberg claimed the right to appear in the courts of Palestine and to plead there as an advocate. She possessed all the recognized qualifications but one.

She was a woman.

When questions were asked in the British Parliament about the rights of women to appear in the courts of Palestine, the minister said that the local opinion in Palestine was against any extension of rights to women and that therefore the colonial office would do nothing to make possible their entry into the legal profession.

Mrs. Ginsberg persisted and appealed to the courts. She contended that absence of women from a profession might be due to custom rather than to legal disqualification. And in support of her contention, she cited, as one of her strongest arguments, the judgment of the privy council in the Canadian case.

"That case helped my point a great deal," she stated in a letter to Mrs. Murphy. "I owe you my best gratitude not only for cheering me up when I was very much depressed, but also for the strong weapon which helped me to win my case."

For win it she did.

WHEN BUYING—PATRONIZE THOSE WHO PATRONIZE US

ASSIMILATED

Talking of the influence of immigration on American culture, a letter quoted by Professor H. P. Fairchild, of New York University, is taken from the report of his address now included in pamphlet form. Prof. Fairchild says assimilation is not an event; it is a process. "What I mean is illustrated, better than any words I could say, by this genuine letter received by the company to which it is addressed, and for those who didn't happen to grow up in the Middle West, I might say that the pump to which the writer refers is a windmill pump, which is always supplied with an auxiliary handle".

Prof. Fairchild then proceeded to read the following letter:

Cleveland Pump Company,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Gentlemen:

I get the pump witch i by from you, but why for gods sake doan you send me no handle. I loose to me my customer. Wats the use a pump when she doan have no handle. Shure think you doan treet me rite. I rote ten day and my customer he holler for water like hell from the pump. You know he is hot summer now and the win he no blow the pump. She got no handle so what the hell i goan to do with it. Doan send me the handle pretty quick i send her back and i

goan order some pump from Meyers Companies.

Good by,

yours truly,

ANTONIO DUTRE.

Since i rite i find the goldam handle in the box, excuse me.

"Now," says Prof. Fairchild, "I challenge any living mortal to say positively that Antonio Dutre is assimilated or not. He is enough assimilated to run a business."

DEDICATED TO FRANK HOUGH

(the energetic member of the Executive Committee, Winnipeg Unit)

Whatever I do, wherever I go,
I hear Frank Hough pronounced Frank Hoe.

And just as irrevocably off
Are those who persist in saying it Hoff.

Not the sort of name that should set one agog,
And yet there are those who address him as Hogg.

There is much to be said, if you know him (and how!)
For calling him (though it's not right) Frank How.

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FROM THE DOMINION SECRETARY, LADIES' AUXILIARY

In view of the forthcoming convention to be held September 15th to 19th, in Winnipeg, I have been authorized by the Dominion President, Mrs. E. Wasdell, to ask all Auxiliaries to make an effort to send one or more representatives to the convention.

The per capita tax for the second half of the year is now due and we would ask that it be forwarded as soon as possible, to allow the books to be closed and audited.

That all secretaries submit a full report of the year's activities (convention year), also treasurers' reports. Any amendments or suggestions to the constitution to be dealt with at the coming convention to be submitted in writing to the Dominion Secretary.

We hope for a very successful convention and trust there will be a full representation from the various Auxiliaries. Winnipeg will do all in their power to make the convention a huge success in the West, "... Where the skies are a trifle bluer, out where the hearts are a trifle truer—

That's where the West begins."

Thanking all Auxiliaries for their co-operation in the past and asking for closer co-operation in the future, thereby ensuring the success of the convention

Correspondence to be sent to Mrs. Lothian, Dominion Secretary, care of Mrs. E. Wasdell, 66 Maryland Street, Winnipeg, Man.

WINNIPEG LADIES' AUXILIARIES

Another year has rolled round since our last convention and the Ladies' Auxiliary, A. & N.V., find

themselves stronger than ever in numbers but still faced with many problems and cases of distress to attend to.

Just now all attention is focussed upon the coming convention—the 12th Annual Convention—to be held in the home of the Auxiliary's headquarters, Winnipeg, September 15th to 19th. There should be no excuse for us not having the greatest representative annual meeting of the ladies from coast to coast that we have ever had. Let every Auxiliary have a representative here on that date. Do not let the lack of male escort deter any lady from coming. Winnipeg will take care of her and look after her arrangements.

This is the only time of the year when the opportunity is afforded the great A. & N.V. Association members from all over the Dominion to get together, and we want as many as possible to take advantage of the special rates offered by both railway companies.

A great deal of interesting business is to be attended to, ideas to be exchanged and problems solved for the betterment of our work which, as the years roll on, seems to increase instead of decrease. A visit to our hospitals proves this by the many new faces making their first appearance in hospital since the war.

The convalescent home at Winnipeg Beach is filled to the limit with boys from the different hospitals. We hope the fresh air will help them improve and grow stronger to face the long winter.

A trip to Gimli Fresh Air Camp would make you happy to see the kiddies enjoying themselves on the beach. Our Auxiliary gives a donation each year to this worthy cause, and we have the privilege of sending many mothers and children to this camp.

The House Committee are busy these days getting

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the new meeting room furnished and ready for our fall meetings.

Our first regular meeting will be held on September 9, Monday afternoon, in the new headquarters, 299 Young Street, and every member is requested to be on hand as the important business pertaining to the convention will be dealt with.

Auxiliaries, from coast to coast, boost the convention. See that your representatives are on hand for the opening meeting—September 15.

GRACE E. SARTIN.

PEEPS INTO THE PAST

45 Years Ago

Riel Rebellion.—The scouts organized by Major Boulton from the Shell River and Birtie districts, are as husky a lot of boys as one could pick in any country. They are all well and nearly all splendidly mounted, are first rate horsemen, accustomed to country and camp life and are armed with Winchester repeating rifles. They left for the front via Fort Qu'Appelle and Touchwood early Friday morning.

The troops which had arrived in this country up till Monday, April 13, were as far as we could learn thus; Gone up the Prince Albert trail via Fort Qu'Appelle and Touchwood Hills.

90th Batt. officers and men.....	300
Winnipeg Field Battery.....	60
Infantry School of Toronto.....	45
"A" Battery.....	115
10th Royal Grenadier Guards.....	261
Capt. French's scouts.....	30
Major Boulton's scouts.....	80

Gone up to Swift Current.....	891
Infantry School of Toronto.....	45
Queen's Own.....	280
G. G. Foot Guards.....	55
"B" Battery.....	117
35th Infantry.....	180

Gone to Calgary.....	677
65th of Montreal.....	365
At Qu'Appelle station.....	
The 12th from York, Ont.....	180

A priest offered a shilling to the boy who could tell him who was the greatest man in history.

"Christopher Columbus," said the Italian boy.

"George Washington," answered the American boy.

"St. Patrick," shouted the Jewish boy.

"The money is yours," said the priest, "but why did you say St. Patrick?"

"Right down in my heart I knew it was Moses," said the Jewish boy, "but business is business!"

OH, THE SHAMROCK!

MOORE

Through Erin's Isle,
To sport awhile,
As Love and Valour wandered,
With Wit, the sprite,
Whose quiver bright
A thousand arrows squandered;
Where'er they pass,
A triple grass
Shoots, up, with dew-drops streaming,
As softly green
As emeralds seen
Through purest crystal gleaming!
Oh! the Shamrock, the green immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of bard and chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

Says Valour, "See,
They spring for me
Those leafy gems of morning!"
Says Love, "No, no,
For me they grow,
My fragrant path adorning!"
But Wit perceives
The triple leaves,
And cries—"Oh! do not sever
A type that blends
Three godlike friends,
Love, Valour, Wit, for ever!"
Oh! the Shamrock, the green immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of bard and chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

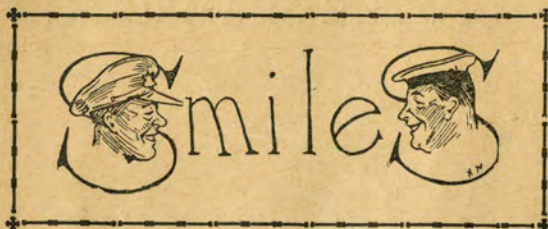
St. Patrick is said to have used the shamrock in explaining the doctrine of the Trinity to the Irish.

GIANT PEAS GROWN AT PORT RENFREW BY WALTER HARVEY

A photograph received by "The Colonist," Victoria shows Sergeant Nicholson, of the Victoria police, standing in front of a crop of peas grown by Walter Harvey at Port Renfrew. Sergeant Nicholson is six feet tall, but the peas are half as tall again, their approximate height being nine feet six inches. The pods, it is stated, are about seven inches long and bear about ten peas each. The seed was brought from Great Britain. These peas outdo those recently depicted in a mainland paper.

Another claimant for honors resides in Victoria, and his peas are stated to reach over twelve feet, with 11 pods to some stalks or "vines" as they say in the East.

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STRONG MEN

The strong man on holiday in Somerset rode out on horseback to challenge a farmer whose great strength had gained him a reputation. He entered the farmyard, tied up his horse and approached the farmer.

"Hey," he said. "I've heard a lot about you, and have come a long way to see which is the better man."

Without answering the farmer seized the intruder, hurled him bodily into the road and returned to his work.

When the loser had recovered his breath the farmer growled: "Have you anything more to say to me?"

"No," was the reply, "but perhaps you'll be good enough to throw me my horse."

The major was holding court. After dealing with each man the major invariably added, "And you!" Asked what he meant, the major thus replied: "You see, I am an old soldier and I know that when I sentence a man he always says under his breath, 'Damn you, you old ——!' So, as I like the last word, I always add, 'And you!'"

NOT BAD!

At a club a number of members were discussing the Darwinian theory, and one of them, observing a pageboy stand by, overserved jokingly:

"And what do you think about the theory, my lad?"

"I don't think about it, sir," observed the page. "Maybe you gentlemen have come from monkeys, but I know that both my parents came from Devonshire."

Sandy Buchan, from Aberdeen, was walking along Princess Street, Edinburgh, when he was greeted by an old friend.

"Hallo, Sandy," said his friend, shaking hands with him, "fat are ye daein' in Edinburgh?"

"Man, Jock," replied Sandy, "I got marrit last nicht, an' a'm on ma honeymoon."

"On your honeymoon! An' faur's the bride?"

"Oh," said Sandy, "I left her in Aberdeen. Ye see, she's been in Edinburgh afore!"

Judge: "So your name is Muggleworth?"

"Yes, Your Honor."

Judge: "And you want the court to change it to Pullman. Now just tell me what you want it changed for?"

Applicant: "Well, Your Honor, to tell you the

truth it was my wife's idea. She got to thinking that we ought to have the same name that is on our towels."

"Tilly, you were entertaining a man in the kitchen last night, were you not?"

"That's for him to say, ma'am. I did my best."

A certain clergyman, noted for his activities as a temperance advocate, is at present the laughing-stock of his village. The Sunday school children were singing "Little drops of water, little grains of sand."

"Come now," said the clergyman. "Try it again. Now, then! 'Little drops of water'—and for heaven's sake put some spirit into it."

A recruit wearing 14's in boots was enlisted in the Army. One night he was included in a rounding-up party, and when the roll was called afterwards he was "non est." "Has anyone seen O'Hallaron?" said the sergeant.

"Sir," said a voice, "he's gone up to the cross-roads to turn round!"

The second course of the table d'hôte was being served.

"What is this leathery stuff?" demanded the diner.

"That, sir, is fillet of sole," replied the waiter.

"Take it away," said the diner, "and see if you can't get a nice tender piece from the upper part of the boot."

A certain couple, having been married about ten years, lived a life made up for the most part of quarrels and bickerings. One day the husband visited a friend whose home life was entirely different.

On leaving he said to his friend "I've enjoyed my visit. You seem so happy; how do you manage it?"

"It's quite simple," replied his friend. "I make a fuss of my wife, and kiss her quite often."

The husband decided to try this method, and when, on arriving home, his wife opened the door he kissed her. His wife burst into tears.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Oh, dear!" sobbed the wife. "Every thing has gone wrong today. I fell down and broke a lot of china, the maid has given notice, and now you come home drunk."

A minister, while passing a group of convicts at work on the country roads, became very much depressed at the wickedness of the world.

"My goodness men," he exhorted, "we should strive to mend our ways."

"Well, wotinell you think we're doin'," asked No. 6605, "diggin fishworms?"

Fifty million powder puffs were sold in England last year. Some lucky manufacturers are making hay while the nose shines.

Two women were talking over the back fence about one of their neighbors.

"Who was she before she married?" asked one.

"I don't know," said the other, "but here comes her little boy, maybe he can tell us. Oh, Willie," she called to the child, "who was your mother before she was married?"

"Aw, go sell your peanuts," said Willie. "She wasn't my Mother before she was married."

A Jew had recently been elected to membership in an exclusive country club. The master caddy asked him if he desired to have his name printed on his golf balls.

"And you would put my name on a dozen balls for dat price," he asked.

"Yes," was the response.

"And would you put on it my address, too?"

"Yes."

"For de same price?"

"Yes."

"Vell, for de same price, would you mind putting on it, too, 'Office hours, 9 to 5'?"

There was a young man from Kilbride,
Who fell down a sewer and died.

Now he had a brother

Who fell down another,

And now they're interred side by side.

A bank in New Jersey ran this advertisement in a local paper: "Wanted—a clerk. Must be experienced in foreign exchange. Salary, \$15.00 per week."

This was one of the replies received:

"Dear Bank—

"I would respectfully apply for the position you offer. I am an expert in foreign exchange in all branches. In addition, I converse fluently in Gum Arabic, Zola, Gorgonzola, and Billingsgate. I write shortland, long hand, left hand and right hand. I can supply my own typewriter, if necessary, and I may mention that I typewrite half an hour in ten minutes—the record.

"I will also be willing to let you have the service, gratis, of my large family, all boys, and, if agreeable to you, my wife would be pleased to clean your office regularly without extra charge. The cost of postage for your answer to this application can be deducted from my salary.

"Please note that if you have a back yard I would make bricks in my spare time."

"Dad, what part of speech is 'woman'?"

"Woman isn't a part of speech, son: she's all of it."

We are now told that George Washington was one of the world's most wonderful liars.

But it seems only fair to point out that he didn't tell the one about How America Won the War.

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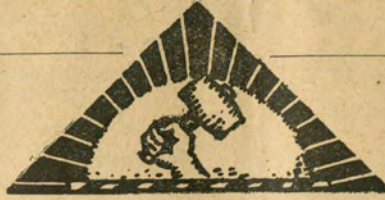
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