

That will never be true of the scar won in the great world war. We know only too well the ordeal through which our men have passed, and we thank God that the loving care of devoted women, the skill and patience of our doctors, with all the devices of modern surgery, has minimized the sufferings of our injured heroes, and that many who have been maimed and mutilated will be able to take up again cheerfully their work as citizens of this "No mean city," as Britons, proud of this province, or whatever part of the Empire in which their lot may be cast.

I have been asked by the Editor of the GOLD STRIPE to offer a few words of greeting to the men who wear the decoration, the members of the Amputation Club, and our heroes generally, and to voice the thanks of those who have undertaken this enterprise, to the authors and artists who have contributed to this interesting and beautiful book.

I am proud that such a volume has been produced in Vancouver, showing as it does that the city possesses talent in harmony with its public spirit, generosity and patriotism. I offer my congratulations to all responsible for this volume. It needs no commendation from me, but I do commend it as a Christmas present to be sent to the utmost corner of our Empire, wafting with it a message of good will, and showing that in this far-flung post of Empire we have a love for the Good, the Beautiful, the Just, the Noble and the True, and we do not lack those who can, with pen and pencil, give expression to our highest ideals as men and citizens.

I can best express the feelings of the men who won it in the lines of Fred A. Earle:—

The Gold Stripe's won!
Thanks to the Hun
And his shrapnel fierce and biting.
The thing I mind
Is the long, long grind,
Till I get back in the fighting.

It hurt a bit,
But what of it!
In the crimson of its flowing—
My wound—I see,
For the men with me,
A bond of love that's growing.

We're nearer drawn,
And the lad who's gone
Where the trail leads West—I know it—
A stripe that's bright
With the "glory" light,
The good Lord will bestow it.

We're brothers, all;
One heart, one call,
And a flag to be defended!
There's no retreat
Till the Huns are beat,
And the War Lord's reign is ended.

In conclusion, I wish every man who has donned the khaki, every man who was unable to do so but who "did his bit" to win Victory, every woman who has, by her devotion and sacrifice, aided the cause so triumphantly won, and the citizens of Vancouver, the birthplace of this book—

A Happy Christmas of Peace, Comfort and Reunion, and a Bright and Prosperous New Year.

In the words of Tiny Tim,—
"God bless us all."

