

THE CIVILIAN

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Ottawa, August 4, 1916

THE NATIONAL DUTY.

Canada, and French Canada above all, owes it to itself not to remain indifferent in this war, but is compelled to do its share to have respected those principles which it invokes daily and to which it owes its own existence.

The fight going on to-day is like the battle of the Crusades. Since the Crusaders times have changed and circumstances have changed, but principles are still the same as they were. The battle of the Crusades was that of Christian Europe against the Infidel, who had already vanquished the Orient. To-day the enemy is not Islamism, it is Pan-Germanism which, with greater arrogance, tries to get domination from the North Sea to Bagdad, and to establish a Teutonic hegemony to dominate the world. In the Crusades all who could bear arms went to fight in that sacred cause. Are there any among us now who will remain indifferent before this arrogance, many times more atrocious than the arrogance of Islamism? If there are any, for my part, I am not one of them.

—Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

In this war the soul of the Empire has put on its armor and gone forth to conquer or to perish.

—Lord Curzon.

OUR BOYS

Previously reported:

Dead	63
Wounded	108
Prisoners	7

DEAD.

TREVOR L. CUFFE.
KENNETH CRAIG CORSAN.
J. R. MORRISON.
A. F. QUINN.
GEO. DOUGLAS CURPHEY.
LIEUT. CHAS. P. COTTON.
LIEUT. R. A. R. CAMPBELL.
JOHNNY DUBE.

WOUNDED.

THOMAS LAW.
H. E. BALL.
WM. PICKUP.
L. A. BROWNE.
JAS. E. SMART.

PRISONERS.

D. A. SIMONS.
H. S. HOGARTH.

TWO YEARS.

Two years ago to-day our country took up arms in defence of the freedom and civilization of the world.

For two years her ancient might has been exerted o'er the seven seas and they remain free to all but those who chose to be her enemies. On land, doing more than her part, she has spilled her dearest blood like water and opposed an unflinching front to the most vicious onset of which history has record.

Two years have passed,—hard, bitter years,—and a third dawns upon us,—harder, bitterer than those which are gone,—perhaps the hardest and bitterest of all this epoch of blood and woe. The mediaeval Hun, stripped of the last of those rags of "culture" with which he strove for a century to hide his hid-