

life we would pity them for their disabilities or lingering limitations, but in a war when only the killed are grieved over, an impaired or dismembered life seems almost a blessing. These men, at least, will see Canada again. They will be greeted by an appreciative public, they will have the pick of the "jobs" in the country. They have done their bit, they can't do any more, and they will live to see the triumph of the cause for which they have fought. We may indeed call them lucky, and trust we, too, may be directed through the "Back to Canada" gateway. And yet, even as he receives his "ticket," the man marked for return experiences, deep down, a certain feeling of regret. He is leaving the field before the fight is over. He is saying "good bye" and "good luck" to the boys who go back to "finish up the job." A victim in the tedious, trying period of holding and defence, he is denied, the satisfaction of "getting his back." Having put up with it at Ypres, he is not going to be able to put it over, on the Somme. And then, perhaps, or rather probably, he is returning to Canada with a disability that, however honorable, is bound to be a handicap for the future.

Then there is the big "compromise class"—the procession that passes out of the gateway leading to Light Duty. They must still stay with the khaki—howbeit a gold-striped khaki. They still have a part to play in the great Empire war machine. Not a strenuous, exposed, life-and-death part, but a useful and necessary service, that releases more fit men for the danger zone. It is just that the Pay, Post and Record Office, the base and depot, these training and communication duties should be performed by men who bear the scars, and retain the limps and limitations of front line service.

They have already done a fighting man's bit, and now they are going to do a little bit more. They are denied Canada for a while yet, but they are also denied the fiery, fatal furnace of France. They will still feel the thrill and tension and excitement of living in the war strung, but happily, in the war-unviolated island of Great Britain, the very focussing centre of the Allies' plans and efforts. They have a reasonable chance of witnessing the conclusion of the war and of participating in the culminating enthusiasm both of England and Canada. Still, these men belong to the "compromise class," of the gold-stripe legion, and there is not generally much enthusiasm in this world over a mediocre situation. And the work almost inevitably tends to become tedious and irksome. All the same this is both a safe and useful category in which to be placed, with very satisfactory prospects, "après la guerre finit."

Finally, there are the men from the Granville, who receive the decree of destiny in the shape of "Up the line with the best of luck." In spite of its accompanying benediction, it has very much the sound of doom about it. Life insurance chances were none too good, even in the static days of trench warfare. And yet even then