

years now; and there should be no misconception as to the soldiers' lot.

Does he feel that his freedom is limited to such an extent that it is irksome to him? If he does, his ignorance is the cause of this mistaken idea.

The army is evidently the first taste of discipline he has ever had, and if he cannot see that this rigid attention to discipline is an essential factor in the government of men for war, he is both blind and ignorant.

"A man convinced against his will is of the same conviction still"—is a well worn saying; and it is so often true that we feel it almost a waste of time attempting to put this individual in a frame of mind where his viewpoint can be enlarged beyond the narrow scope of party vision.

We hope, however, that at least he will read this and realise that he is inconsistent. Nothing is more contradictory than the attitude of a soldier in voting against the welfare of a soldier. He is practically a traitor to his comrades.

Does he realise that in voting for the opposition he is voting for a "party" which has nothing but rash promises to offer?

Does he realise that in voting for the opposition he is voting for procrastination, while our Canadian boys at the front are in need of reinforcements?

Does he realise in voting for the opposition he is protecting the sleek slacker, the miserable "skunk" who will shelter behind all manner of excuses rather than go out and do a man's work?

Does he realise that he is offering sanctuary to this class of individual who, if Canada was immediately threatened, would no doubt act in the same manner?

That is their cry:—"Canada is not in need of defence"—"Canada is not threatened by the Hun."

You poor shortsighted, misguided fools—small wonder you cry in that manner.

Your scope of vision is so narrow that it is piteous to believe man could be so puny.

Look at the issue—if you can—in a broad sense. If you are a Canadian you are one of a vast Empire—your Motherland took up the gage flung at her feet by the ruthless, brutal Hun for the protection of Belgium and France and the protection of the world at large.

Had Great Britain remained idle, do you think the Bosche would have been held at the Marne?—do you think for one moment the Kaiser's hordes would have been

satisfied with the Conquest of Europe?

Ask yourself these questions:—You know the answer.

Remember Edith Cavell, the Lusitania, the Belgian massacres! Remember Louvain and a thousand more acts of frightfulness.

Then, don't you realise that Canada, a rich prize, would naturally come within the purview of the Hun? The sons and daughters of England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Australia, South Africa and Canada are now on the battlefields of France and Flanders to protect the WORLD from this aggressor.

You, as a soldier, as a part of

this great Empire, can only have one right point of view.

Sink your petty grievance, take a broader look at the situation, use your vote as a bullet against the Hun, and your duty will have been well done at the poll.

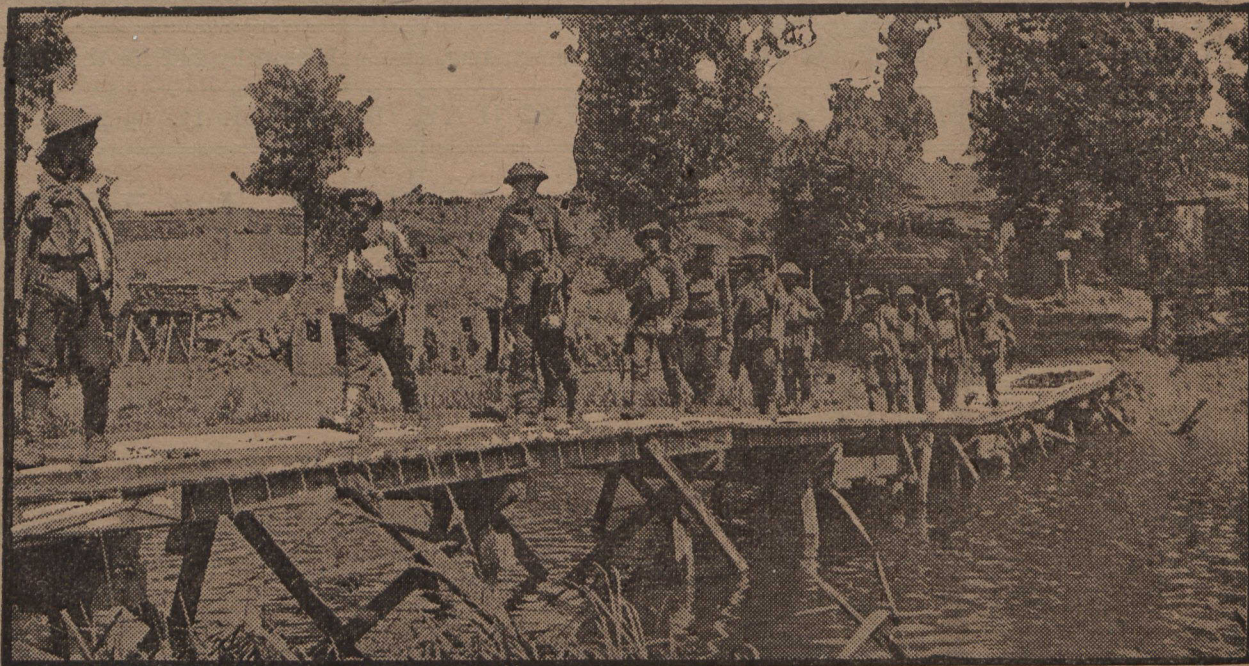
If you vote for the opposition you are not fit to wear the uniform:—you are not fit to live with your comrades:—you are a traitor.

The 10th Battalion went into action over 800 strong, and 3 hours later, only 23 answered at roll call. In honoring these, our dead, we honor the glorious Canadian Dead in all this great war.—Pte. C. V. Coombes, (pris. in G.)

BY GOSH!

A member of the band went to the M.O. with a plaintive story about a sore throat. "Sore throat—eh?" said the M.O. pleasantly. "Let me see. Oh, that's not very bad! A slight irritation—nothing more. You'll be all right in a day or two. I think you had better run no risk of renewing the trouble by using your throat, though; so I will recommend you for a fortnight's sick leave." Armed with the Doctor's certificate, the bandsman obtained his fortnight's sick leave. The fortnight had just come to an end, when he met the M.O. on the parade-ground. The bandsman saluted. The M.O. recognized the face and stopped. "How's the throat?" he asked pleasantly. "It's quite well, sir," was the answer. "That's good!" said the M.O. "You can get back to your duty without fear. By the way, what instrument do you play?" "The bass drum, sir!" replied the bandsman.

BATTLE of MENIN ROAD



Battle of Menin Road.—Infantry crossing the stream after having driven the Hun back.



Welsh battalions being conveyed to the front.—They fought magnificently in the storming of Zonnebeke—gaining a line of their objectives.

Photos by courtesy of C.P.R.