

many. So far as Great Britain is concerned, this is as righteous a war as has ever been fought under the folds of the Union Jack. What I say is that Britain has enough men of her own to give Germany all the pounding she needs, and that Canada hasn't half enough men to till the land of which she boasts. You, and young men like you, are not *needed* in Europe. If England had been *short* of men, your uncle would have been the first to visit Winnipeg and *kick* you out of the bank and into a suit of khaki.

"When I read your letter to your mother, she began to cry and say, 'Thank God!' *I cursed you for your short-sightedness.* Wonder how we'll get in next year's crops,—if there's any crops to get in.

"I've got thirty-six head of cattle to feed this winter, and the hired man went crazy yesterday, packed up, and said he was going off to fight for his King and country,—*as if thirty-six head of cattle ain't Empire enough for any man.*"

If I thought the old grouch meant half he said, I should tell the Mater to leave his farm, and consign him and his cattle to blazes. One Armand Lavergne in Canada is enough. An Armand Lavergne, plus an uncle like that, is a surfeit. Like a lot of other people, *he doesn't realize that when Great Britain is at war, Canada is at war.*

I felt a bit that way myself, until I saw a married