

The Path That Lies Before

By SIR WILLIAM HEARST

In which the Premier of Ontario Points Out what it Means to be a Canadian, and the Necessity for Unity of Action After the War

"Co-Operation Should Be Our Watchword," He Says

THE record of Canada during this war is one that on the whole gives us pleasure and satisfaction, but the record of this grand old Province of Ontario in particular, is one in which we feel especial pride.

It means more to-day to be a Canadian than ever before, because the bravery of our men at the Front and the generosity and courage of our people at home, particularly our women, have made the name of Canada loved and honoured among the nations of the earth. And when I speak of Canadians, I do not mean native born alone, but all who have made their homes with us, wherever born. We can claim a part in the honour and glory they have all won.

Henceforth a Canadian will be a citizen of no mean country.

I think it is Cowper who wrote "Time was when it was pride and boast enough to fill the measure of a common man in every land, travel where e'er he might, that the language of Chatham was his native tongue."

In future, it will be pride and boast enough for any man and woman, that he or she is a fellow citizen of the heroes of St. Julien, Givenchy, the Somme, Passchendaele, and Vimy.

WE cannot fail to take special satisfaction in what Ontario has done. Out of 552,601 enlistments from all of Canada up to the 30th of June last, Ontario furnished 237,512.

Public and individual subscriptions to the Patriotic Fund in this Province amount approximately to \$19,000,000—only \$500,000 less than the contributions of all the other Provinces put together.

Out of \$417,000,000 subscribed for the Victory Loan, \$203,000,000 was from Ontario, almost half the entire sum raised.

The response of Ontario to the appeal of the British Red Cross, the only institution that carried voluntary aid to the sick and wounded in the British forces on land and sea, in every theatre of the war, was particularly generous, and won warm praise in the Mother Land.

Sir Robert Hudson, in his report on "Our Day" in 1917, pays a high tribute to the patriotism and generosity of our people of Ontario.

"The result of the appeal in Ontario," he writes, "is £380,982. In 1916 the Province gave £352,115, and in 1915, £320,528—well over £1,000,000 in three years, an example of patriotism, generosity and practical



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Premier of Ontario

sympathy with the sick and wounded of the Empire which has not been surpassed in any other part of the world."

Equally generous has been the response of the people to the Canadian Red Cross, the Secours National and in

fact to war funds of every character. Recently we had a magnificent response to the appeal of the Navy League for the men of the Merchant Marine throughout the British Empire.

Valour of Canadian Men

IT is right when opportunities offer that we should pay our respects to the memory of our heroic dead and our tribute to the gallant men who are still fighting on the Western Front, the line that forms the bulwark of defence for Canada against the Hun.

Our soldiers have made the name of Canada immortal. Among all the men gathered from the best races and from the four corners of the earth engaged in the greatest war of all time, none are braver, than the men from Canada.

The fathers, mothers and wives of our soldiers overseas may well hold their heads high and let their hearts swell with pride for their loved ones have shown themselves among the bravest and best in the bravest and best armies on the Western Front. The names and records of the Canadians who went over with the first contingent are especially immortal, and the name of Canada has been exalted because of the valour of her sons on the bloody fields of France and Flanders, where alas not a few of them lie beneath white crosses awaiting the resurrection morn.

The Supreme Sacrifice

THERE'S many an aching heart to-day for the lads who will never return. To them I extend my heartfelt sympathy and pray that the Great Comforter may be with them in their hours of sadness and loneliness. But I would say to these sorrowing ones, mourn not, rather rejoice that to you has been given the opportunity of making such a sacrifice for country and for freedom. To your son, your husband, your loved one, death held no terror, it was but the entrance into a grand and glorious Immortality. They were glad to die that the world might be free, glad to die that you might be saved from the savagery of the Hun, and to-day they sleep peacefully in the land they were battling to make free. Their requiem was the roar of the avenging Canadian guns—their funeral hymn the cheer of their unconquered and unconquerable companions as they rushed to avenge their death. If they could speak to you from their hallowed tombs on that far off battlefield,

(Continued on page 38)

Canadian Women in Foreign Legions

By ESTELLE M. KERR

CANADIANS cannot be recognized at a glance. They have no distinctive marks or colouring, no definite accent even, yet we find them everywhere, from Scotland to Serbia, willing to serve under any of the Allied flags so long as they may serve! It is not that they have

no predilection for Canada—oh, no! Wherever they are, whatever they are doing—washing dishes, driving ambulances, or dressing wounds—they always say: "if we could only be doing it for our own men!"

How so many women not qualified as nurses have arrived in France is a mystery. The Canadian Government has put every possible difficulty in their way, yet here they are and here they will remain; and if others can obtain a passport by fair means or foul and so be allowed, like their brothers, to do their bit in France, you may be sure they will follow. Some crossed the ocean to be married, and when their newly-acquired husbands went to France, they followed. In several instances the husbands have returned to England on sick leave while the wives cannot be released from their six months' contract to join them, nor will they ask it if they find their work is urgent. Women as well as men must sacrifice their home-ties and personal inclinations if they engage in this international struggle.

You will find them in Paris, serving on the station canteens for soldiers on Paris leave, for the wounded evacuated from Paris hospitals, and for the refugees passing through the city. You will see them helping at the "Paris Leave Club," or "Blighty," working in surgical dressing stations and Red Cross packing-rooms, nursing in every variety of hospital. You will find a goodly number at Bastion 55. Here, on that No Man's Land, where somewhat obsolete fortifications separate the city from industrial suburbs and ornamental parks, the French War Minister has set aside a space for the



A Store Room at Bastion 55. Canadian girls may be found in the various huts looking after Hospital Supplies which are sent from Overseas

various war charities that work for the French, and the huts have been extended and multiplied as old societies outgrew their premises or new ones were formed.

If you enter by the proper gate, Bastion 55 will smile at you with its formal garden, neat gravelled paths, and rose-embowered sentry-box. The pretty sentry, with military cap stuck coquettishly on one side of her head, smiles too. Sometimes her dark eyes flash their greeting from above the mouthpiece of the telephone, sometimes they glance over the mirror on the table before her and she gives you a careless nod without interrupting the engrossing occupation of rouging her lips or putting an extra coating of powder on her nose. The only times

she ignores you entirely are when the French-Canadian sergeant is near, so near as to obstruct her view. He is attached to the Red Cross, but still more attached to the pretty sentry. Who says the French-Canadians do not love the French?

Entering by the larger gates (reserved for motors) the place presents the appearance of a western shack town. Here the word "Canada" spreads itself in red letters across four of the largest huts, while in the sheds opposite stands a line of motors marked "Canadian Red Cross." A more industrious sergeant with a Maple Leaf badge and a cockney accent, is noting the contents of the big cases from Canada, which the French *poilus* are unloading.

"One hundred and twenty pyjamas," he sings out as you pass.

In the next garage space, reserved for the use of the French War Emergency Fund, you will see amongst other motors an ambulance marked with their insignia and below it the words, "Gift of the Canadian Red Cross." Still farther on are some huts that bear a freshly-painted sign, "Section Canadienne de L'Aisne Devastee."

That is all the signboards tell you of Canada, but you will find Canadian women working for many other societies as packers, clerks, and motor drivers.

Miss Ethel Clarke, of Toronto, is one of the most skilled and indefatigable workers in "Pour la Blessées," a society which is doing most valuable work in the manufacture of splints of *papier-mache*, made from plaster casts of injured bodies for individual cases. They also make quantities of standardized hospital gloves and splints with various devices for strengthening muscles or counteracting their shrinking tendencies. The workers, for whom there is an ever-increasing demand, are recruited largely from artists. Sculptors are particularly useful on account of their skill in taking

(Continued on page 44)



A Motor Convoy belonging to the French War Emergency Fund starting from Bastion 55, Paris, with Equipment for a Front Line Evacuation Hospital Canteen



Waiting for the Wounded to arrive at a Paris Goods Station. Canadian girls are on hand equipped with immediate relief for our indomitable heroes