THE COURIER.

THE THING THAT HITS US ALL From Camp to Camp, the Home Folk's Last Chance to See the Soldier Boys at the Station



In that brief moment living over again the day when they became man and wife.



Mother looks at her son; father grimly thinks it all out—and the young soldier looks straight ahead. It's no longer a matter for mere words, but for action.



Kit-bag on shoulder, somebody's baby and somebody's girl on the right, the young soldier realizes that the two sides of war are something to brace a man up to the best that's in him.



Some day this baby may dimly remember that farewell hug and kiss of father.

S CENES like those illustrated on this page are the emotive of the second second soluter. It is now recognized in Canada that every young man is a potential soldier. And the happiest man is he who, having determined to sacrifice salary, home, friends and comfort for the sake of duty, shoulders his kit-bag in the crush at the station and joins the ranks of hose who fight abroad, of personal glorification; a democracy like Canada is it merely sacrifice. It is the bringing out in every man that goes the qualihere and hereafter more than the humdrum of his



And it would take a shrewd novelist to write out what has just been cheerfully said by these four groups of detached little dramas.

The world is suddenly bigger than it was a year ago. The gates of great manhood are open. The men who go through these gates to the front of the world where the world's manhood is fighting for all that is worth while in the world, are those who have done much more than "washed their robes and made them white." They are the men to whom has come the greatest experience in life. Charles Frohman, when he went down on the Lusitania, said with true dramatic instinct, "Why should men fear death? It is the greatest adventure of all." But it is a greater adventure to meet the enemy, taking the chance of life or death. And the pictures on this lights on the drama.