

FOUR YEARS' WAR FOR PEACE.

(Continued from page 2)

her social, industrial and political life with a completeness that defies analysis and baffles imagination. The change is not simply, as it were, either mechanical or chemical; it is organic; it goes to the roots of life. The most continuous, unbroken national life in the world has not suffered revolution, but has perpetrated revolution upon itself.

The first and deepest element in that change is the personal dedication of life. There is nothing known to us which we can set up by way of comparison with that voluntary enlistment of over five million men. If the sacrifice of everything for others is the moral principle of religion, the enlistment of these millions of our men stands as the greatest religious act in British history.

The Universities for the first time in their long centuries of history emptied themselves. They did so instantaneously. Irresponsible, high-spirited, pleasure-loving undergraduates swung in without a breath of hesitation, took unspeakable hardships without a murmur, shouldered responsibilities on which great issues hung, lived strenuously and died gallantly. From factory and warehouse, city office and farmyard, schoolhouse and shop-counter; from tram and omnibus, railway and mine, the men poured in till the enlistments of a single day surpassed the pre-war enrolment of a year. The flood of men overwhelmed the military machinery of the country. When the news from Flanders was at its worst, enlistment swelled to its best. In thousands of homes where the advocacy of world-peace had been the genuine absorption of all the thought that was given to foreign affairs, every male member of military age sprang to his place in the new Army.

If that personal enlistment on a national scale was the first and most dramatic element in our revolution, the adoption, with hardly a dissentient voice, of compulsory military service was a stern witness to the national determination to carry the War through to a victorious conclusion.

(To be continued.)

OBEY THAT IMPULSE!

Get a copy of "Knots and Lashings" to send to the folks back home. You may be sure they will be glad to get it. The postage is one cent.

WE WONDER—

Whether that drummer in the band realises he changes time at least three times during one march piece.

Whether Sgt. Cook appreciates the fact that he marches us on and off parade at from 130 to 140 paces to the minute.—Too quick—120 is o.k.

Whether we are to get another blanket per man, now that the chilly nights are coming along.

JOTTINGS.

Well, Alec, what do you think of the birds you have now? Make a fellow cry.

Those poor Cadets have had to relinquish those nice bed cots and one fellow swears he has corns growing on his ipergastrum since he slept on that cruel tent floor. It's a rotten war, Alphonse, we'll have to stop it sure.

I wonder who's kissing her now? Who does that get?

Anybody's seen those nice sign boards outside "B" Coy's Marquees? Some class, what?

Why will that Sergt. take your seat at meal times?

Please, Sir, may I go to Siberia? I want the highest rank you can give me, please.

What do you know about this for poetry!

"Your eyes of blue,
Match the Richelieu."

Wow—kill it!

Well, Harry, I guess that'll keep him quiet.

Cheer up, Jimmy, we're all with you.

Yorkey's pretty quiet these days! Have to get his room mate to use his weight.

Got any lamps to spare, Yorkey? How will he get along in Siberia?

No, madam, we're not serving out umbrellas to the Siberian draft. But I think they will have everything else, madam, Good morning.

O, Frank, how divinely you one step—it makes me almost forget myself; I feel so giddy and reckless, get me a cone.

Joekski Ewingovitch is going to Siberia. No beerski there, Jock.

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