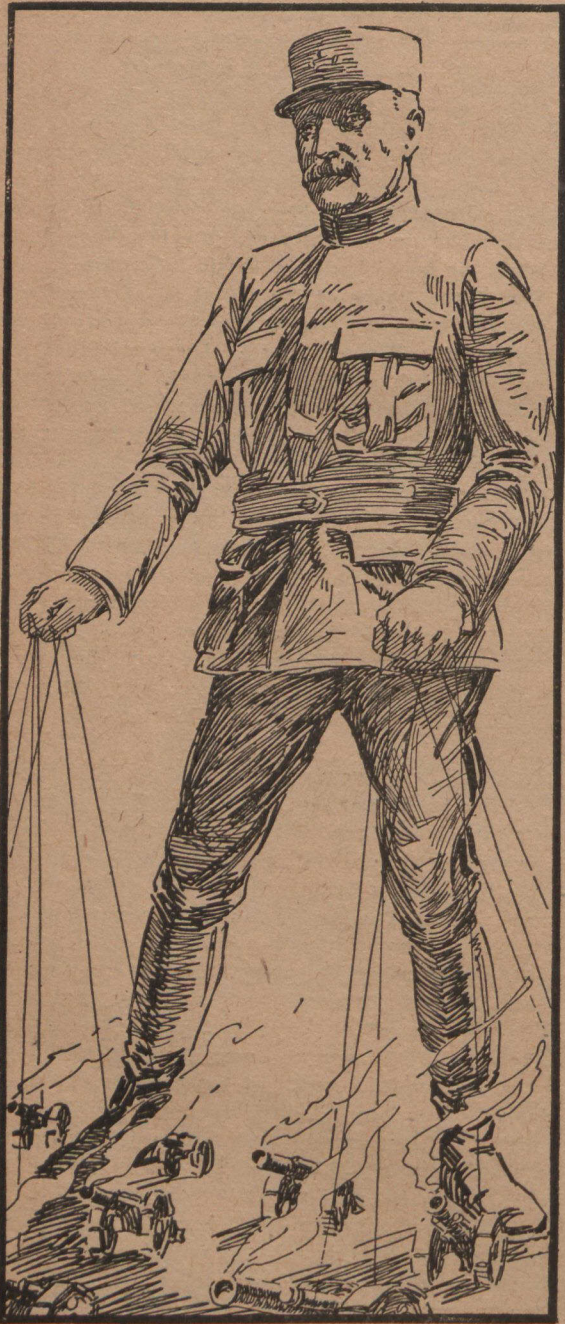


alize that the great war was as much ours as any other people's.

So on Sunday morning, August 5, 1917, as you sit in church and hear the organ play and look out over the green fields of gold and brown where there is not even a shell hole or a blown-up wall or an air-raided ruin, you will find a whole panorama of images going through your mind as a Canadian. Just across the aisle or behind you near the door may be a man with crutches; or one with a single arm; or one with a seamed and scarred face or an eye out. And if you could see in one procession the whole of these maimed and disfigured Canadians on Sunday morning; and in another the tramp-tramp of those who marched away to band music down the crowded street in 1914 and never will march again, you would begin to forget what the preacher is saying about the war or what the organ says, and think about what some day it will mean when 300,000 men come trailing back to Canada in the King's khaki.

WE all have two contrasted pictures in mind. As Canadians we have never had any two mental pictures in our minds so vividly. The khaki cripple across the street has seen but one of them. He felt the other. He was part of it, when in 1914 we were among the thousands lining the streets to see the long, brave line of khakis trail away to the station; when we pried into the camp just to watch them drill; when it seemed to us that no German war machine could be more perfect to respond to the call of command or of country.

We were like boys at a new game, suddenly



THE PASSIONATE STRENGTH OF FRANCE.

PETAIN, generalissimo, stands now in bigger boots than Joffre did in 1914. This great master of artillery and genius of strategy has known since the first days of Verdun in February, 1916, what it means to hold back the Hun. Petain may not be a great statesman. He is surely a great modern soldier and citizen.

aware that there was in the world a war invention such as had never been known. No, it wasn't any idea of supermen. We got that later. All we knew clearly was that a totally new sort of army had invaded France and Belgium. Able writers on the spot gave it the character of the Book of Revelations.

Against that no other army seemed possible.

But England would build an army. Canada would do part of it. There should be a Canadian army. How big? We didn't know. Perhaps a hundred thousand. In fact by the time we landed half that number the war might be over. Most of us were optimists. Children always are. In the game of war we were children—thank heaven! Some of the wise ones now are remembering that on such and so a date they said there would be a long, long war. We can't remember those predictions.



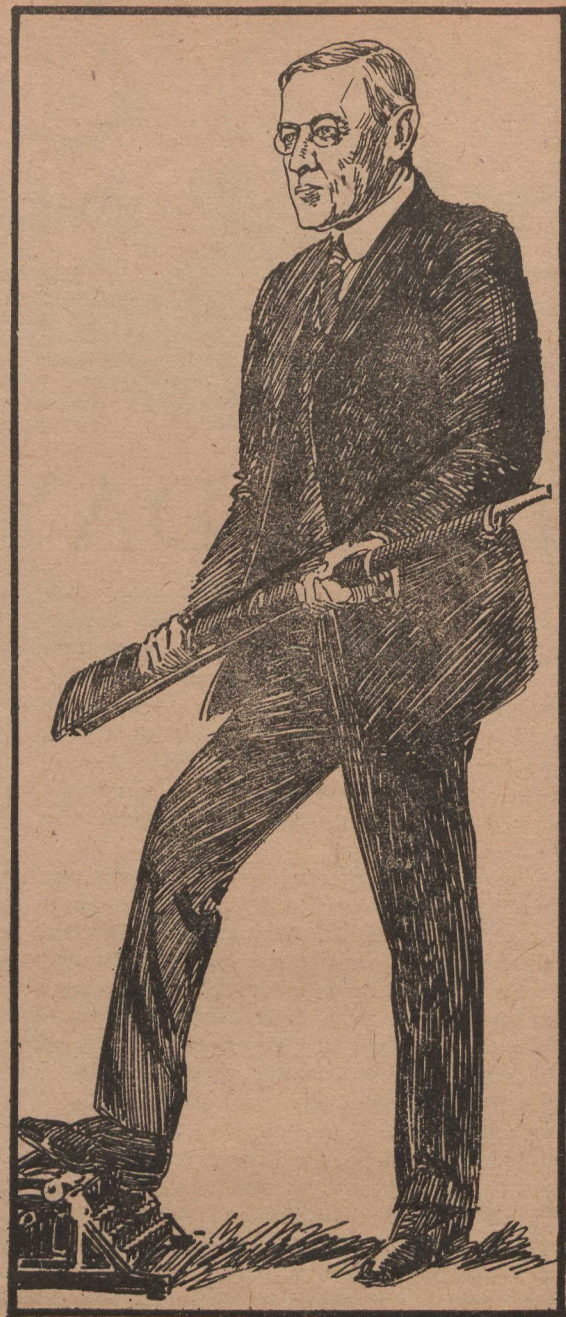
MAKING RUSSIA A NATION.

A. F. KERENSKY is the greatest visible man in Russia to-day and he has the biggest single job of any man in the world—not excepting President Wilson. The new Premier is 32 years of age. He stands as the hope of Russia against anarchy and German plots. If Kerensky can't save Russia from going to the devil with Germany—who can? He is the Mirabeau of the Russian Revolution.

You will recall some of the speeches made in the fall of 1914; the editorials written; the books that began to come out; the magazine articles; the photographs. Europe suddenly began to spill itself into our papers and magazines. It was a fine thing to know that we in Canada were part of the great show. We supposed it would be serious. But one of these days the boys would come marching home.

Some of them are home. But they are not marching.

Most of them are over there yet. They had all the thrills possible when they went away in 1914, 1915, — afterwards. They had our optimism. En-



IN THE NAME OF DEMOCRACY.

PRESIDENT WILSON has more official power than any other man living. Since he discarded the typewriter for the gun he has come out as the determined embodiment of aggressive America against the danger to freedom and honour the world over. And with all his faults Canada takes off her hat to Woodrow Wilson.

thusiasm was high. Battalions seemed to spring at us from every corner. Bands on every street. Shouting sergeants and awkward squads, with a march past somebody every little while and pictures in the press. Then a bugle band and a pack of drums. Presently another three battalions authorized. Another batch of new colonels. Some honoraries. Patriotic concerts; mass-meetings; talk of marching to Berlin — from whichever direction we decided would be the easiest. Poor mailed fist!" as Lloyd George said in 1914. "Poor shining armour!" All over Canada—skipping a few—we echoed his words. First contingent; first 100,000; battalions numbering up to 200; ships carrying out soldiers as fast as they ever carried in immigrants.

Then we got into the head-line period; the time when the war was being won by the men who wrote the display type summaries—along with "boundless Belloc," and a whole new tribe of hopeful experts who could always measure up the Germany that Richard Harding Davis saw marching through Brussels like a scene from Revelations.

The supernatural began to invade the despatches. We had the angels at Mons to play off against the Zeppelins. In the early days we had our own submarines doing incredible things. Among the supernatural things let us not forget the tragedy of the Dardanelles. Those were the days when the name Anzac was born and stuck on to a place that Australians and New Zealanders will never forget.

The making of Kitchener's Army was also among the supernatural things. Canada had a good deal to