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THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

"He left us with the high spirits of pure manhood for his country's service. He went out into the darkness and did not return. The laugh with which he went re-echoes in our souls like a sentence of infinite pain. It sets the measure of all that we have lost."—The "Times."

A YOUNG Western Canadian volunteered for active service, went to France with

his battalion and was killed in action in the Somme battle of 1916.

His commanding officer knew the young man in private life to have been a tough subject, a source of anxiety to his friends, and found that the discipline of the ranks had but partially succeeded in taming his unruly spirit. His was a familiar name on his company crime sheet almost to the point at which it took its place in the firing line.

Then came the morning of attack, and over he went like a true Canadian, with one heroic thought in his heart—to reach the objective. Right out on "no-man's-land," within a yard or two of the appointed goal, this brave lad fell, but before his soul passed on, a comrade saw the light in his face that never was on sea or shore and he spent his last breath on the words:

"Canada, This for Thee"

What a glorious passing and what a complete restitution! But what human commentary on such a story can be anything but a sacrifice?

However far this young man

"God gave all men all earth to love,
But since our hearts are small,
Ordned for each one spot should prove—
Beloved above all."—Kipling.

in the zeal and "thoughtlessness" of his keen young spirit may have wandered from the wishes of his friends, he, at least, had a country, and he loved his country so much that he felt it was well worth dying for.

land" idea that this great man misses, and which no genius of language can define.

One of the most woeful stories we ever read was that of a man without a country. What had been his country he had sold "for

three classes: those who are selling it and those who are dying for it; and between these two there is the great inert mass who are sponging on it.

Nothing on earth will ever do justice to the boys who are dying for Canada at this hour, or who are cheerfully offering themselves for the supreme sacrifice. Their's is a position in the general esteem that may be safely left to take care of itself.

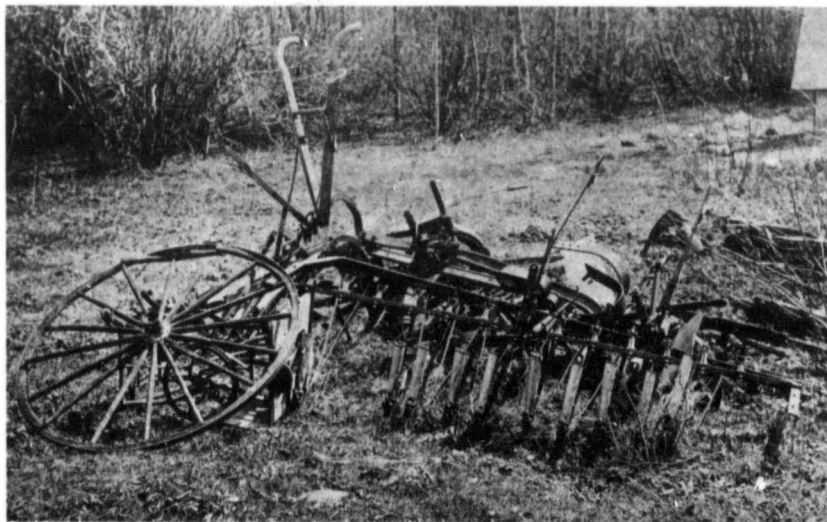
But the battlefields of Europe do not tell all the story of those who are dying for Canada in the day of her trial. There are the mothers—the wives and other dear ones of those splendid men who are actually passing through the almost greater trial of that lingering death of suspense. And they, too, are virtually "dying for Canada," God bless their heroic hearts!

Someone asks: "What about the folks who are living for Canada?" Well, now, we

cast our eyes around everywhere, and really, beginning at our own domestic hearth or office chair, we don't seem to find the smallest portion of a list of this elect party anywhere.

So far as one is enabled to judge, whether in the city or on the farm, every one who isn't really fighting seems to be living for himself or herself and having a mighty good time of it, too. Frankly, in our small way, that is our experience of "the times we live in."

What does it avail merely to



This is not the result of "shell shock" in Flanders, but merely the fotsam of neglect on a Manitoba farm.

What is one's "country"? You can't describe it, but every one who has a country knows it as every child instinctively knows and clings to its own mother. Kipling suggests it in the lines above, and no one who reads this and who has a country will need any help.

Coleridge said: "I do not call the sod under my feet my country. But language, religion, laws, government, blood—identity in these makes men of one country." All very good, but there's a subtlety in the "home-

a mess of pottage" and had been found out. He was cast adrift from kindred and friends, debased and disowned by every one he had known, to wander where he might, with not so much as a dog to love him!

Of course, this story is apocryphal, but imagine the plight of any creature doomed to such a dreadful fate and really living under it! And yet it is little more than what some of us have earned.

The people of Canada to-day may be roughly divided into