

not in any sense having been responsible for it, went over there and gave their youth, the youth of Canada, Canada's sacrifice. Without being called, they rushed from all parts of the Dominion to Valcartier. Battalions sprang up in the bushes over night. Within six weeks there was an army. In September there was a flotilla of 30,000 men prepared for war, sailing across the Atlantic. The first thing we knew, there was a whole division across, and landed in the immortal mud of Salisbury Plains. They lived there throughout the wettest winter England has ever known. Now and then they escaped to London for a bath. Suddenly they were shipped across to France.

I wonder how many of you, who are young, can remember very clearly that first battle on St. George's Day in 1915. No one who does not remember the old British regular can appreciate what that little army was, that was taken from London in August, 1914, and rushed across the Channel. At Mons, on August 23rd, 1914, the Briton and Teuton looked into each others' eyes at the beginning of five years of mortal strife. The battle of the Marne marked one of the greatest battles in the history of the world. At the first battle of Ypres, the Germans were held back once more. But the immortal 100,000 had died, and there were none to take their place. Germany claimed the British lines would hold just as long as the Regulars were there. Men said, "Now the end will come."

The new recruits from Canada were placed in the front lines in April, 1915, next to the French Colonial troops. The Germans then attempted to perpetrate one of their greatest atrocities. On the morning of April 23, 1915, as the men were standing in their trenches, a dark green wave came over the damp tangle of No Man's Land.