

CANADA'S VICTORY LOAN  
1917

## A STITCH IN TIME

By MARK KETTS

CANADA is Wearing War Clothes. And the way war goes the Clothes get Torn in the scrimmage. A stitch of yours or mine looking like \$50 or any multiple thereof may be the Stitch that Saves the Clothes.

## BUY CANADIAN VICTORY BONDS

tion to the Victory Loan. What did one—that one being me—mean in eight millions?

Thus I reasoned, and at each stage felt more my insignificance. It is surprising how insignificant you can make yourself feel if you really try. You can even sink into nothingness as you did in your dreams that night after a lobster dinner, shrinking and shrinking into a mannikin, and finally disappearing at the point of a pin.

With a realization of insignificance, came a lessening of responsibility. No, my last dollar would not count in winning the war. So I reasoned.

And yet "a stitch in time saves nine." And what is smaller than a stitch—and what is sometimes more embarrassing than a rip of nine? But it is a war garment our country wears, subject to stress and strain as never

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and mine. For the commander of the Victory Loan Brigade has said that each must put his available all into Victory Bonds.

Maybe you were born a hardshell Grit—I was—and didn't like Sir Thomas White's opposition to Reciprocity—I didn't—but that is no reason why you and I should not accept his dictum in the matter of the Victory Loan. It is not even a fractionally decent subterfuge. These are war times; Canada's money is being mobilized for Canada's safety, and Sir Thomas White is the O. C. of the Victory Loan Brigade. We have simply got to trust Sir Thomas White's leadership.

Suppose Tommy Atkins refused to

SOMEbody has said, "It is the last dollar which will win the war." Who? I cannot remember, for so many people are saying so many things these days that it is impossible to remember who says what. This I know: at the time the phrase did not grip as meaning me and my dollar. It did not strike home; did not stir within me the feeling that giving my little all might mean winning the war, and withholding might mean—but we must not even think of losing the war. In a sort of way, I realized that it might mean your dollar, or somebody else's—everybody's except my own.

When Sir Thomas White announced his intention of asking the people of Canada for \$150 million, or several hundred million dollars, it did not seem possible that my pittance would be missed.

Of course, I believed in the safety of the investment, in the profit of the investment, in the virtue of the in-

"Come right in,  
Boy."



"Buy a Victory Bond."

vestment, but there are so many waiting spots for money these days—at least for mine. The little I had would not count. The loan would be subscribed for; these things are always subscribed for. Who notices the last drop that doesn't go into the bucket? So I reasoned.

As I wormed my way through the Yonge Street crowds of tall and short men and women, fat and thin men and women, the seemingly endless, congested stream of all kinds of men and women, I could even visualize the subscribers and more and more realized my own insignificance. And in the cities and towns of the Canada that stretches from the Pacific to the Atlantic, were more crowds—eight million people in all, and upon them rested the responsibility for subscrip-

before.

In Cadorna's great retreat, somewhere there was a man who first gave way—a stitch that ripped—a first man who did not stand up to fire, just one in the army of more than a million, and then another and another, until Cadorna's huge forces yielded before the oncoming Huns.

A stitch in war times saves 999—and more. It may save all the stitches in the garment. Without me the 8 million Canadians are only 7,999,999, and without you the country is one short. It is surprising how important you can make yourself feel if you really try. But with this realization of our true importance in the country's organization must come a realization of our true responsibilities—our personal responsibilities, yours

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