

## DID A DEAD MAN WIN THE WAR?

(From a letter to the editor of the New York Times.)

Now that the war has ended and the nations are earnestly striving upon whom to bestow the laurel wreath for the most valuable service to the cause of democracy, let us pause to determine whether a greater man than Wilson, Lloyd George, Clemenceau, Foch, Haig et al. has not come and gone from the world, leaving behind by his keen foresight the solid foundation on which alone it was possible for democracy to stand and conquer. True, the nations were unprepared, but he had broken the bands of suspicion and distrust, and they were able to get together without indecision, by which alone the first mad rush of the Teutonic hordes was stopped in its tracks. No more should he be known as Edward VII, the "First Gentleman of Europe," but Edward the "Savior of Democracy."

With almost uncanny wisdom and forethought, this truly royal monarch perceived and undertook, single handed, to bring to naught the scheme of his nefarious nephew. To a hostile France he came as a suitor, and France gathered him to her generous heart and accepted his pledge of lasting friendship. He smiled on Italy, and that warm-hearted people were shaken in their none too popular regard for their Teutonic allies. He perceived the Kaiser's wooing of Spain and answered that by giving his niece as consort to Alfonso. He sent his son, the present king, as his envoy to the great Indian Empire and Dominions and tied the Japanese mikado to him with the bonds of a strong alliance. Not for naught did the Kaiser complain of his masterful uncle, whom he feared and hated.

Alone and practically unsympathized with, Edward laid the foundation of the world's salvation. Germany herself has not hesitated to blame him for her plight. Is it not time that a grateful world should accept Germany at her word in this? And, if it must erect monuments and victory arches, let it not forget to honor the greatest figure that has occupied the stage in the last century; the man whose elegant kid glove has outworn the mailed fist—Edward, by the grace of God the "Savior of Democracy."

## Gallant Canadian Grenadiers



The graveyard at La Boisselle, on the Albert-Bapaume road, shows the graves and simple wooden crosses in memory of three brave officers of the famous 87th Battalion, Canadian Grenadier Guards, all killed the same day.



A Canadian Brigadier General in a tank starting on a reconnaissance. He was heavily shelled while passing through what was a few moments before a German stronghold.

### The Long And Short Of It.

Two Tommies were digging a small dug-out at the back line. One of them was a giant of about six feet three, and the other somewhere in the region of five feet four. During the morning, a sergeant strolled round to see how the job was progressing, and after watching the two men for a few minutes he saw the small man doing considerably more work than the big one.

Desirous of making the big man feel ashamed he said in a withering voice:

"Look at you—big as a cart horse, and yet you allow that little chap to beat you hands down. He's

done twice as much work as you have."

"And didn't he ought to?" was the reply; "ain't he nearer to it?"

### Poor Chicken.

The Irishman and the Scotchman are usually very good chums out in the trenches, although they are miles apart in the matter of temperament. The Irishman is all for the present and let the future take care of itself, but the Scotchman is full of care for the future and in every way cautious and canny. Here is an example of their different temperaments:

Pat and Sandy reconnoitring

round an old farmhouse found a war-weary chicken. Pat was overjoyed, he was sick of bully and biscuits.

"That's a bit of luck," said Pat. "Sure we'll have a dacent supper tonight."

"No, no," said Sandy with his native cautiousness. "Let's keep it till to-morrow, it may lay an egg."

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