

the hem of a Canadian's uniform. I imagine that *some of Sir Sam Hughes' speeches have been translated into their language*. In that case, all we can do is to live up to specifications.

I met a Belgian to-day, who spoke excellent English, and I asked him to tell me his story. Uhlans, drunk with stolen wine and the lust of battle, had entered his home, shot his wife before his eyes, *bound him to a buffet while they outraged his daughter*, and prodded him with their lances when he attempted to shut out the sight. After this, they fired his house and drove him into the streets. *There were no tears*, not even a voice quiver, during the recital, and I wondered why. He told me that he was kept alive by the *spirit of revenge*; that some day he hoped to vent his pent-up rage upon the enemy; that he could raise a force of ten thousand men whose feelings were as *bitter as his own*.

In the face of this, men and women talk about an early peace. How can there be peace while outraged Belgium and France are unavenged? Germany must first be scourged *with the whips of her own fashioning*, and the prayer of every Canadian Tommy is that he may take part in the flogging.