

# THE CANADIAN THRESHERMAN AND FARMER

CANADA'S LEADING AGRICULTURAL MAGAZINE

E. H. HEATH,  
PRESIDENT

E. W. HAMILTON,  
MANAGING DIRECTOR

F. C. GRAY, TREASURER

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY



E. H. HEATH COMPANY, Limited,  
WINNIPEG, CANADA



(MEMBERS WESTERN CANADA PRESS ASSOCIATION)

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1313 MARQUETTE BLDG.  
CHICAGO, ILL.

AUTHORIZED BY THE POSTMASTER GENERAL, OTTAWA, CANADA, FOR TRANSMISSION AS SECOND CLASS MATTER

July

1916

## A PRIVATE FROM KAMSAC

### OUR GUARANTEE

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"IT was a private from Kamsac, Saskatchewan," says The Times correspondent. "Under the awful artillery fire to which there was no replying with rifles, he had busied himself in caring for the wounded, and had bandaged one officer, two non-commissioned officers and two privates, and was looking after them as well as he could behind a forlorn bit of battered sand-bag breastwork out in the open, for the trenches were all gone. The fragment of his company was told to fall back, but he refused. He had got his private hospital there, and one of the wounded privates was a pal from his own small town in far Saskatchewan. So he stayed with his pal." Another correspondent adds:—"When the shell-fire lifted, and there was just a chance of escape it was utterly impossible to move him. This young soldier said: 'You go' to the other wounded men who were

the white-livered gentry, the rank corruption and humbug that is going on at home they are not familiar with; and still they hold on with the tenacity of tigers bereft of their whelps. Thus indubitably does the "Private from Kamsac" and his comrades prove their manhood and fidelity. How our hearts warm to those nameless heroes and what a glow of confidence do they not shed abroad on the coldest outlook! How can anything "fail" that is placed in the keeping of such men?

They are the salt of the earth, in death as well as in life. "No one can say," said a British officer, "that the Canadians do not know how to die," and says Mr. Philip Gibbs of one little deathless incident of the Ypres salient: "They (the little group of Canadians) died to a man fighting."

"They died to a man, fighting. It seemed to me one of the most pitiful and heroic things of this war, that little crowd of

men, many of them wounded, some of them dazed and deaf, stumbling forward to their certain death to oppose the enemy's advance.

"From the network of trenches behind, not altogether smashed, there was time for men to retire to a second line of defence, if they were still unwounded and had strength to go.

An officer in command of one of these support companies brought several men out of a trench, but did not follow on. He turned again, facing the enemy, and was last seen—"a big, husky man," says one of his comrades—as he fired his revolver and then flung it into a German's face."

Thank God our men are all at the front or straining at the leash to get there. Not necessarily "rankers," because some of the "bluest" blood of Britain has mingled again and again in the same trench with the common red fluid of the ancestral serving man. Thank God that our grafters are slated for the penitentiary, or are safely headed for same under satisfactory escort! Thank God that our white-livered "nuts" are safe at home, tied up to the maternal apron or permitted to wander no farther afield than the golf links, the pool-room or the tennis courts! All our men who would be of any use now have put their names down long ago. Conscripts and cowards are useless and worse than a menace at this stage of the job and recruiting rallies for all such had better be abandoned. The man of the hour is the man who forgets himself at any crisis of his country's life and the man of all men we honor is the Private from Kamsac.



just able to walk, and then he sat down again by his comrade's side and said: 'I am staying.' So he stayed with his friend."

What a friend to have! Newspaper men and magazine writers have striven to out-do each other in glorifying this simple story. But what commentary or florid embellishment can elucidate or "illuminate" an incident of the kind? What need is there for any words beyond the bald statement of the war-journalist? The unadorned official account is all that is needful to a splendid panegyric upon the nobility of a nameless man who refuses to be known as a hero; upon an act of common decency that is outlasted by nothing in human history. And the glory of it is that it is by no means a solitary example of its kind. There was the earlier story of that other nameless one, a toil-worn, weary Highlander, who volunteered to scale the parapet, go far out on the open, in a tempest of shrapnel and bring in a wounded officer. He succeeded, and disappeared to return hours afterwards with a wounded private of the German army! His sole explanation was that he "couldn't stand the thought o' the poor blighter lyin' out there alone, cryin' for watter."

This is the day of the Common Man—may it never go down in darkness and blood. On the "Private from Kamsac" and his pals of the trenches hangs the fate of the British Empire. Never before has the courage and constancy of men been tried as it has been in this war of liberation. And they are "sticking it out," those indomitable, white-souled brothers in arms. There is nothing of

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