



For-he's-a-jolly-good-fellowship—caught by the Bonne Entente camera on the steps of Toronto City Hall.

he got to the bottom and found there was nothing more to say. But it would be hard to remember any one thing he said because it was all staircase and emotion. His speech was just about all that Sir Lomer's was not. With a trifle of accent he might have passed for the Frenchman of the two.

Sir John Hendrie never loses himself trying to make a speech that carries him off his feet. He spoke with great sense and with the blunt plainness of a man who was never cut out to speak in public and always seems to be talking to a committee or a couple of friends.

Sir George Garneau was vastly different. Here is a man who feels the innate and intimate value of a scholarly English medium and consciously, determinedly and skilfully delivers on oration of unblemished character. He spoke in a lofty, historical strain. It was the speech of a Roman senator, forensic in form, dignified in temper, stately as a Ciceronian oration. And again he was neither in accent nor in manner a Frenchman.

By way of contrast take the speech of Newton Wesley Rowell, leader of the Ontario Opposition. It was midnight when he got up. Tobacco smoke had clammified the air. The speeches of a dozen men were still heavy in the room. It seemed as though everything had been said. Any more would be fulsome and might spoil the taste. Mr. Rowell calmly let himself out. If other speakers had stolen any

of his thunder, he had quietly got together some more as he listened. Rowell never speaks quite extempore. On this occasion he took his preconsidered skeleton of argument with all its careful alignment of crescendos and climaxes and clothed it with the passion of a rousing, emotionalizing speech. The points somewhat roughly made by other men he remade by a new grouping of the ideas. With eminent juridical clarity he worked himself up the ropes of oratory, and when he got to the tiptop of the trapeze he flung out his big compliment to the French-Canadians now at the front. Of course he said other things. He made fine use of the historic as he always manages to do. But when he got away from that into the great little story of Courcellette and the gallant 22nd with its sole surviving eighty men and two officers besides the C. O. "fighting the Germans like devils" he had voltage enough for an audience of ten thousand.

For downright bluntness of impromptu, happy as a whack on the back, commend us to the surprise speech of Gen. Lessard, who was stamped into making it and swam out on the tide of a "spontaneous popularity." That was one of the hits of the evening.

For critical common sense and business perspicacity untinged by any sort of patriotic emotion, we shall never forget the plain statements of Mr. Huntly Drummond, who, as a Quebecker, did not hesitate to point out that Quebec is much behind in

the practical business of war.

The French salutation of Professor Squair to Quebec was a felicitous compliment. The French seemed somewhat academic, but made a fine impression.

The final toast to United Canada, proposed by Col. Guthrie, from New Brunswick, and from the "edge of hell" on the battle front, gave every man in the room a vivid picture of what might happen if the victorious eastern enemy in the north and the treacherous Greek army in the south should begin to squeeze the army of Sarraill. He made a fine emotional speech; confessed that he was an Orangeman, was dressed as a Highlander, paid his tribute to the boys at the front, who knew no race nor creed, but only the fight for liberty, and somewhat sobered down the gathering by his picture of actual war conditions—short of victory as yet for the Allies. He hung out the prospect of conscription.

Col. Girouard made the shortest speech of all in seconding the toast of United Canada. It was a blunt, eloquent bit of brevity.

And the wind-up to the most momentous non-political and patriotic gathering ever held in Toronto was given by Senator Beaubien, who, in a fine, restrained address, lifted the audience to a height of historical perspective.

Bonne Entente had been taken, in large doses. It seemed to agree with everybody.

STETHOSCOPE IN THE WAR ZONE

IT was on February 8th that I was assigned to the nth Brigade Royal Field Artillery, with headquarters in the French village of H—, and taken there from the casualty clearing station where I had been serving for many months, in a motor ambulance. That is how we came to blunder into a bombardment. We didn't know that we should have waited outside the village until the strafe was over, and those who might have warned us had all gone to ground in the dug-outs and cellars. I reached headquarters (a dugout) safely, however, very badly frightened, but sound of limb and skin, and the surprised Adjutant thoughtfully provided a "spot" of liquid encouragement that helped restore me to a fairly tranquil nervous balance. And thus, in the midst of a Bosche "hate" did I make a bewildered entrance upon the stage of the "big show."

I have never had a more enjoyable time than in the stuffy dug-out that night, only a few hundred yards from the firing line, in the company of those fine war-hardened chaps, who strove to show in song and story and rollicking good fellowship, their deep down affection for the "doc" who had shared their fortunes through many stirring months of hardship and severe fighting.

The party broke up well after midnight. It had been snowing; the air was crisp and the village under a full moon, lay very still, with only an occasional rifle shot, and now and then a burst of machine gun fire from the trenches about six hundred yards away.

Outside the dug-out the protesting doctor was solemnly shouldered by his friends; there was trouble

A Nova Scotia Medical Man Tells a Few of His and Other People's Experiences at the Front

By E. V. SULLIVAN

squeezing across a railed foot bridge over a trench, and again in the narrow passage between two tumble-down walls, but the silent village street was safely won at last, and the little procession advanced slowly between the moonlit skeleton of half ruined, shell pocked houses, with short laughs and laboured breathing from the bearers, and appeals on the doctor's part, to stop twisting his knee and not break his back, and "For God's sake, you chaps, don't drop me in this mud." And so at length his billet was reached, and with much squeezing and grunting down the narrow stone steps, the genial M. O. was safely deposited on his camp bed in the little vaulted cellar.

Next morning he left for the Clearing Station, and I took over his work of keeping the eight hundred men of the brigade "in the pink"—also his sleeping quarters in the chill, damp, ratty cellar.

To keep his men fit is the Alpha and Omega of the Medical Officer's job. I have accustomed myself to reason that each man in the brigade represents a capital investment of \$1,500 to England, an investment which yields good dividends as long as he is healthy, but stops earning and begins to cost largely in repairs and loss to the effective strength of the army the moment he goes sick. You must look at your problem in this impersonal way, or

sympathy will step in on the side of inefficiency. A large proportion of my men had been civilians of comfortable means, quite unused to the menial work they must do out here. So they are apt for trivial causes to appear at

sick parade.

In these cases impersonal reasoning must prevail, and "medicine and duty" is the invariable sentence: we try to make it up to them, however, by constantly fighting their battle for comfortable billets, good food and adequate bathing and sanitary arrangements. And when a man really is ill or wounded, he finds quick relief and full measure of sympathy and comradeship to help soften his misfortune.

That a million men have burrowed and lived closely, and slopped about in mud and slush through the long months of an atrocious winter, without the semblance of an epidemic—with a sick average indeed but little higher than at home, speaks eloquently of the fine work of the regimental M. O. and the splendid R.A.M.C. organization that backs him up.

At first I was very unhappy in H—, for I had a lot to learn, and wasted many an all wool fright on things that didn't really matter. For instance, it was days before I knew that a certain ear-splitting explosion came from our own guns concealed near by, and wasn't dangerous; and it takes time and experience to get away from the settled conviction that the warning whirr of each approaching shell is addressed to you personally. It is surprising though how quickly one learns to pick out the sounds that may mean trouble and to cease to waste