

to population than in any other belligerent. Here is a story illustrating the war spirit of Scotland, which may perhaps hearten a drooping heart in Canada. A Canadian officer was making a tour of Scotland and stopped to talk to a young woman with two tiny children.

"My husband is in one of the Highland regiments, the Argylls," she volunteered after a little introductory conversation.

"There are only two young men left in this village who have not gone to war," she continued, "and they will have to be out of here tomorrow, or they will hear from the women."

"You Scotch women are very hard on the men," replied the Canadian. "You are sending them all to war. There won't be any left. Why did you with those two little children let your husband go to war?"

This seemed to stagger her for a moment, then she drew herself up scornfully, and turning on the Canadian with her eyes fairly blazing, she said:

"I am a Cameron, sir, I would never have spoken to him again if he had not volunteered to go to the war."

That is the spirit of Auld Scotia; the same brave spirit that was in the hearts of the Scottish-Canadian pioneers in Canada; the same spirit that's there today—the spirit that can surmount the party tie, the party shibboleths, for the only cause that matters till the fight is won.

It will be hard for those sturdy Scotch-Canadian Liberals to break with Sir Wilfrid Laurier, because it is ingrained into Scottish hearts to be true to one's friends. But here is an issue so momentous, so utterly without precedent, so serious, that one cannot remain behind one man, simply because he has had a clean and honored past.

And so this appeal is made to Scotch-Canadians to see, amid conflicting doubts, the only thing that matters—is Canada to stay in the war or is she to "slink out?" There is no other expression to qualify this plea from Bourassa and his followers to repeal the Military Service Act than to "slink out of the war".

And after the ballots are counted on December 17, what is the message to be flashed throughout the world and to those splendid men steadily pushing back the Hun? Will the message be heartening to Germany or heartening to the Allies? On the Scotch-Canadians rests a good deal of the burden of the answer. Many of them, perhaps, the majority of them, have loyally followed Sir Wilfrid in the past. They cannot follow him now, forgetting those 10,000 Scotch-Canadians dead, forgetting those scores of thousands of Scotch-Canadians still grimly fighting on, forgetting the proud history of those hallowed crags and glens over the sea. A man or a woman with Scotch blood in his or her veins, to slink out of the war, to perhaps have to dance to the tune Henri Bourassa plays, never! Rather let the words of Robert Burns still inspire as they have inspired countless thousands gone before:

*Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor! coward! turn and flee!*

*Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward! let us do, or die!*



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