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Member Audit Bureau of Circulation

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THE LONDON ADVERTISER  
COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Tuesday, August 8.

## THE REAL U. S.

WHEN THE WAR commenced and Belgium was overrun in such a brutal manner as to challenge the whole boasted force of a Christian civilization that believes in protecting the helpless child from the vicious ruffian, the United States had its friends and enemies in Canada. Those who looked most to America were its friends. They felt the most sincere regret when no protest came from the lips of Wilson and they seemed to pray in vain when the Lusitania went unavenged, save through the might-for-might of Great Britain. The enemies of the United States were glad to sneer.

The true friends of the American people are the best of Canadians. They have always felt the great force of that democracy upon the world and the increasing evidence of public honor and business and good nature. They do not believe there is perfection on either side, but they did see the most vigorous idealism being born out of the pangs of the nation that mothered all races. They saw the running sores of Americanism—the divorcee, loose morals, graft—yet they saw the light shining down upon these things, and the sunshine of devotion healing and curing everywhere. They recognized the most resourceful people the world has ever known. They believed that the spirit of the square deal, as preached by Roosevelt and all the leaders of thought, would recognize the breach of Belgium's neutrality as the reversal of the square deal policy and the betrayal of all democratic trust in a world of men descended from a common sire and pledged to honorable action.

These Canadian friends of the United States called out from their hearts for the United States to strike a blow against the common foe, not against the German, but against the thing that the German stood for: not for Britain, but for the thing that British stood for. The Canadian people could not have been forced into such a conquest ON THE WRONG SIDE by anyone. But from the so-called pacifist and from the extreme radical leaders in this Dominion came the cry for international police. Canadians cared not where those police came from. They joined the force themselves and their first impulse and their lasting impulse and all the strength of their spirit and all the strength of their impulse charged and defences at the front is born of the determination to save and not to destroy.

The Americans did not respond. There are many sides to the question. Perhaps Wilson thought it unbelievable that Germany would invade a neutral country. Perhaps he waited too long; perhaps he thought Germany would be quickly handled and subdued; perhaps he had vast internal dangers; and this is certain, that Allied diplomacy did not seek his assistance, while German diplomacy spent millions to buy a good name.

The Germans have labored in vain to buy a good name in the United States. They have won over certain interests and newspapers, who are either blind or incapable of dashing down prejudice. It is certain that thousands of Americans are fighting on the Allied side, a sacrifice to keep in its high place their country's honor. The nation to the south has been so much the tool of politicians and good men who get off the right track that its spirit has been smothered up. It has been gagged by those in high places. Its misfortune was that the war fell in Wilson's year rather than in Roosevelt's. Things went wrong for the nation, but the nation is not wrong. The young American who is dying in France every day is making it right. The spirit of the race shines through the obscuring fog.

## "SAFETY FIRST" LAST.

NAGARA power flickered several times in London last night, and for a minute or more the power which runs the street cars and light which illuminates the streets and institutions and homes was "off."

At such institutions as Victoria Hospital there was no light for some time, excepting in the operating room, where two or three gas-burners are installed. The wards and private rooms of the institution were without light, as was the case one week ago today.

A hospital is not a pleasant place when there is no light available. Everywhere about a hospital at all times there is some sort of necessary activity that operates to keep the vital spark of life from flickering out. How much a minute's delay may mean is plain. How much a minute's or an hour's darkness may mean is quite as apparent.

Yet, through some strange edict, there is no secondary system of lighting in the city's refuge for the sick. If Niagara power fails, the patients must stay in darkness. It is unnecessary to draw upon the possibilities. They are very evident.

The law demands that moving picture

theatres shall be supplied with a secondary system of lighting, and there is an apparatus to make the change almost instantaneously. Is a secondary system not fully as necessary in a building like Victoria Hospital? Not at any time should there be complete dependence on a system which fails periodically, even if the periods were ten years apart. Surely "safety first" is to be preached for public institutions, if for anyone.

## WASTE.

SEVERAL hundred Canadian officers are taking their leisure on Pall Mall.

Tons of Canadian material have been thrown on the rubbish heaps in England.

The Eaton machine gun battery has never been sent to the front, although it cost a barrel of money. It is today practically useless through non-usage.

Hundreds of Canadian wagons supplied to the forces by the Government have never been used in France because they do not fit the roads.

Ross rifles by the tens of thousands have been "scrapped" and many lives sacrificed to the opinion of one great expert that they were fit for service and better than the British service weapon.

Various other equipments, such as the spades of Sir Sam Hughes' secretary, issued to the Canadian forces, have been literally turned into junk.

Hundreds of officers and men have been sent back from England after being declared medically unfit. The supply of colonels who will never see the front and who are being needlessly humiliated and the supply of equipment that does not fit the situation, continues to pour into the British Isles.

The waste and inefficiency of the Canadian military organization is inexcusable, and it is said by those competent of judging to increase rather than diminish.

## LESSARD REVIEWS.

A REVIEW of the splendid South Waterloo battalion was held in this city yesterday by Gen. Lessard, a soldier who, but for his failure to be in favor with the powers that be, would now be commanding a Canadian division or better. The review passed off quietly, with the fine points of the battalion noted and approved, and due consideration made for the condition of the atmosphere.

There was no "ragging" of officers and no unnecessary hardship for men. There was no crowd of friends in a private car to see Gen. Lessard review the troops.

There was no gathering of the city fathers and there were no moving pictures of the general smiling upon the dear public.

He did not make any promises that the battalion would preserve its identity all through the war. He regretted having to hold the parade on such a day, and is said to have expressed an unwillingness to hold the review at all, preferring to be at his desk, where some very necessary work was waiting.

The British general enshrined in the hearts of the British people is not a creature "full of strange oaths." He does not hold parades for his own glorification, nor does he deem rudeness an indication of greatness. The plaudits of the public concern him not at all.

It is a pity that London could not have had more Lessard reviews.

## THE RATEPAYERS' ROAD.

MANY thousands of Londoners have gone to Port Stanley over the London and Port Stanley Railway this year. How many of these patrons are ratepayers of the city and how many are people who have no taxes to pay would be an interesting comparison to make, were it possible, for the London ratepayer is paying these days a reasonable rental for his property, and in some cases, a high rate of interest. The object of owning one's own home is to live cheaply—to live much more cheaply than the man who pays rent. But the average London taxpayer is not living more cheaply than the man who pays rent. What with a fair allowance for interest on property, the general tax-rate and the frontage taxation and other special levies, the man who owns his own home in London, thanks to the mad career of several years' unbridled spending, is paying as much, if not more, than those who rent homes in which to live. When the head of a family pays income tax on a comparatively small salary his burden is by no means a light one.

The man who owns his own house is the man who made the London and Port Stanley Railway possible. It is one question in the road's operation as to whether or not the taxpayer gets much out of it. Then there is the 30-cent fare problem.

We are told that the road has been a great success from a financial standpoint, and until an independent audit is made we have no means of ascertaining just the exact state of affairs. We do know that the bonds are still held by a bank as security and are not sold, but as the city stands behind these bonds they will be disposed of sooner or later, although the market is against public ownership bonds. The secrets of the road's welfare are under the hat of one man, and in a year citizens have not had one word to prove that the road has been a success.

We have had several claims, and one statement which was plainly a play to the gallery. Now it is promised that a report of the year's business will be forthcoming, and it will be a difficult matter to arrive at a conclusion, no matter what claim is made, with the revelation fresh in mind that the provincial hydro coffers were freely drawn upon to assist the road, and that a large sum of the original amount has been granted.

But this we do know—THAT 30-CENT FARES ARE GIVEN ONLY ON CERTAIN DAYS, AND THAT THE MAJORITY OF THE SUMMER VIS-

# The Girls Sent Fastidious Uncle Archibald to the Delicatessen for Some of That Well-Known Cheese.

BY FONTAINE FOX



## TOURS HAVE TAKEN ADVANTAGE OF THE 30-CENT FARES.

If the road has made money on these 30-cent passengers, why is the fare increased on other days?

If the road is losing money on these 30-cent passengers, then all claims for success from a passenger standpoint would seem to be so much thin air.

As to freight, it has been stated that the munitions business has aided the road, steel having been brought in from the United States in large quantities. What will the road bring in after the war? Will it depend on exports from the United States, which is not to be a member of the Allied trade combine, or will the ocean liners be calling at the port after peace is declared? Will the agitation for trade with the mother country and her European allies affect the city's road?

These are the "fat months" for the city's railway. Ratepayers should begin to take cognizance of some of the vital indications.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

One in every four Americans will own an automobile in 1917, says a dispatch. How many own a house to live in?

Premier Asquith and British workmen think alike in at least one thing—Kaiser Wilhelm should hang.

A submarine is reported off the coast of Maine. It can hardly be an American, since it submerged and rose again.

Oregon surgeons are trying to restore a girl's sight by grafting in a rabbit's eye. They're certainly safer than sheep's eyes.

Botha has come to Africa to see the last of Germany's colonies wrested from her. He will stay for the finish, but will not be long detained.

If the Deutschland does reach Germany in safety, there is just about enough rubber, nickel and gold aboard to compose an exhibit in a museum. It won't lessen the scarcity perceptibly.

## LEARN HOW TO SWIM.

[Providence Journal.] Good swimmers are drowned now and then, but most of the victims lose their lives because they are not able to swim. As between the swimmer and the non-swimmer the chances for escape in an emergency are as ten to one. The point of the important lesson is driven home with emphasis every summer, and still apparently needs urging as much as it did twenty years ago. Most people seem to regard swimming not as an important accomplishment, but merely as an optional recreation, like golf, tennis or china painting. And yet any of us may be confronted at any time with a crisis that makes swimming an art more important for the moment than that of walking. The folly of the common neglect is heightened by the fact that it is an art as easily acquired as the ability to walk. And once acquired it is never lost. Learn to swim! It is one of the most important items in the equipment of personal preparedness for summer.

## THESE BE MEN.

[By Herbert Kaufman.] Louis, the little waiter who used to serve you at the LaFayette, is serving a "seventy-five" at Verdun. Etienne, the fat cook of the Palace Grill, was decorated last month for conspicuous gallantry. Beppo, the valet at the stock-pot, heroism in a apron, courage vying muddy shoes—life is queer!

There's a crippled valet in a New York hotel with a recipe in the Northwest Mounted Police and a sergeant in Strathcona's Horse to his credit. A putty-faced butler in the upper Sixties carried the guidon through the Tugela River campaign. A dishwasher in a cheap Greek restaurant answered the call in both Balkan wars and accommodated half a Bulgarian bayonet in his groin.

They serve—these alien workers from over seas. We measure them with scant comprehension and judge them low, because they do our menial work. But can a nation take into its value a better strain? How many a cook is worthy of the master's place—how many a master should be busy with the basting spoon?—Copyright, 1916, by Herbert Kaufman.

## The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

(Copyright, 1916, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

## The Littlest Bridesmaid

BY ISOLA FORRESTER.

If Nancy were only just a little bit taller, she might do. Marjorie glanced at the youngest member of the Raleigh family speculatively. "I do think it was perfectly foolish of Dell to disappoint me right at the very last moment. She knew I never could get another girl way up here in the mountains in time for the wedding."

"Don't you care, Marjorie," Nancy spoke up generously. "I'll be the rescue party. I can wear your high-heeled slippers if I stuff the toes and I'll do my hair way up high. I don't mind a bit."

"Listen to the magnanimous kitten," laughed Marjorie. "It's the chance of your young life, and you know it, too. I don't mind, but how about mother and Aunt Suzanne? Do you hear them saying yes?"

"I'll bet two cents to a collar button they'll have to," Nancy returned stantly. She sat curled up on the window seat in the girls' favorite room for confabs, the little room at the head of the stairs that looked out over the broad mountain view below Stony Henge. And she was most industriously cleaning her tennis shoes, for there were no personal maids in the Raleigh family. Maids and "sich like" didn't matter. Nancy was just a girl, and she was young, and she was beautiful, and she was the youngest of a bevy of beauties—Winifred, safely married well in Washington; Kitty, wife of a young Captain Business in the navy; and now Marjorie, bride-elect of Lansing Phillips, the consulting engineer for the big Graham-Stokes interests.

"You know I shall have to marry somebody perfectly wonderful to keep up the family record," Nancy would often say. "I can see him waiting for me, serene and splendid, with daisies and anemones and mother's sweet smile, and all you girls wishing you'd waited for my chance. It's much nicer being the youngest. You can profit by the other's experience."

Marjorie had gone down to the veranda, where her mother sat planning the final arrangements for the wedding the next day, and presently Nancy likewise for close inspection. The postman was just coming up the walk with the afternoon mail.

"The high heels would add to her height," Mrs. Randall said musingly. "And there's a little dress you wore at the Parley lawn party. You remember, dear, it has a lace underskirt and the overdress of white mull flowered in pink roses. With her big drooping white hat and pink roses—but have we any fresh enough?"

"Use real ones," suggested Nancy. "Oh, I'd love to, real lovely fresh ones, mother, dear, all around the brim and tucked in my waist wouldn't it?" "It would be rather quaint. You could carry pink roses, too, and the other girls wear pink. It won't be noticeable."

So it was arranged, and Nancy trod on air in the seventh heaven while the dress was altered to fit her slim, alert figure. The wedding was to be at ten in the little ivy-covered chapel across the winding road from the Raleigh estate. Nancy, as she came downstairs to the other girls, intent on her slippers and new dignity, heard one of the men saying that Andy was late as usual. And it meant nothing at all to her who Andy was or why he was late. She almost had a lace underskirt and the overdress of white mull flowered in pink roses. With her big drooping white hat and pink roses—but have we any fresh enough?

"You're the lace," Vera Kennedy whispered to the girl just behind her, and Nancy, taking one backward glance at the telltale shroud dangling, slipped out of line and made for the sitting-room for a pin. It did seem as if every pin had vanished. She searched wildly, keeping her eye on the window where the bridal procession could be seen moving sedately through the spacious bow-bordered path to the chapel.

"Did you see her knee?" before the lower desk drawers when the new voice started her. It must be a belated guest, she thought, yet a very desirable one. Yes, even at first sight, very desirable. He was tall and athletic and just dusty and rumpled enough to look refreshing after the groomed perfection of the others. "Have you a pin?" asked Nancy. "I tore my skirt!" "Indeed I have," he retorted heartily. "Right here. Can I help the flower girl?" "I'm not the flower girl," Nancy answered haughtily. "I am one of the bridesmaids."

"The littlest one," he added gravely, as she rose with the ruffle pinned safely in place. "Can you run? I've got to, because the ring's in my pocket and I'm late."

Nancy's blue eyes danced with sudden mischief. They went down the steps and the path on a run like children.

"You're Andy and you're always late," she said. Then she thanked her lucky stars Marjorie could not see her, or her mother, as she slipped back into her place just as they reached the chapel. And he, this dilatory Andy, went around through the vestry door and appeared, calm and capable, beside her future brother-in-law as best man.

"You know, Nancy," Mrs. Raleigh said a few hours later, when it was all over and Marjorie started on the crest of matrimony's tide, "you looked very winsome and sweet and acted very nicely. I was glad you didn't make yourself conspicuous at all."

"Yes'm," said Nancy demurely. And then, oddly enough, she went up to the little hall room, she, the last of the Raleigh daughters, and just jumped into the cushions on the window seat crying because Andy Kincaid had called her the littlest bridesmaid. The hair done high and the slippers and grown-up dress had not deceived him. He had smiled at her amusingly and had been nice just to please her in her masquerade. That was all. And yet she was really going on eighteen. That was pretty nearly grown up.

It was nearly dusk when the car stopped outside.

Nancy looked out the window, trying to distinguish the two figures. One was surely her father, and the other the dilatory Andy. And they came up the broad veranda steps like a couple of pals together. Nancy stood in the little room, heart beating fast like a captured bird, listening at all to her father's step on the stairs, and she ran to meet him.

"Go down and welcome Andy, Nan," he said, cheerily. "He's going to spend a week with us. His dad and I were chums through college. And listen, Nanmie," as she started down. "I'll tell you mother why he's here himself, see?"

Nan caught at the big, strong hand on the banisters, and pressed it to her lips, then went softly, shyly down to the big, shadowy living-room where he stood waiting.

"I never dreamed you'd be back so soon," she faltered. "I couldn't wait for you to grow up, dear. And when Mr. Raleigh asked us to marry her, station if I wasn't! Dad Morrison's boy, I knew the trail led back to your feet. So here I am. He paused and took her hands in his, waiting. "I won't hurry you, you know; I won't say anything at all until you give me the signal, but I just wanted to come back and look in your eyes and be sure you knew me as I did you."

Nancy's voice was almost a whisper, a very hurried but eager whisper. "I did—the very minutes you gave me the pin. But how soon you came true."

## ONLY A HORSE.

Only a horse, and an old horse, too, working from day to day, Only a worn-out nag, its true, plodding his weary way.

A horse that works, and works in vain for his master's word of praise; A slave that bows to the tightened rein; a beast that his master flays.

Only a horse, but a horse with a heart—a thin, worn-out old bay; But with spirit strong he glides along, with an uncomplaining neigh.

A beast of burden, by man abused, tortured with lash and with rod; But a leaven of faithfulness, courage, and toll this worn-out nag of the road.

Only a horse—not a brute, but a horse—a patient, tired old bay; The brute is the one that applies the lash, not the one who receives the flay.

He labors hard for his master's greed, he endures the toll and the pain; But the deed of despair from his eyes is a prayer—an appeal to be humane.

## WAIT A MINUTE!

—By J. H. F.

The apologists for Sir Sam Hughes are not convinced whether Camp Borden is plain blunder or plunder.

They are seeing submarines off the coast of Maine, giving place to the summer pastime of seeing sea serpents and sharks.

Legs will be prominent in musical comedies this year. They should be regular musical treats, so to speak.

There are several hundred Canadian officers in England. All are fighting is the high cost of living.

A poet sings, "Be merry." But how can a man be merry with the thermometer ranging nearly 1,000 in the shade?

We like those diaphanous gowns, and all the rest of the things that girls do not wear in the summer time.

British Columbia is in the throes of an election. Sir Rodmond Roblin is in the throes of a court trial. Bob Rogers is spending his time on the Parliament Buildings. We are mixed up in a religious discussion. Sir Sam Hughes is gabbling in England. No wonder a lot of folks are crying for some quiet, secluded spot, wherein to drink cool water with zephyrs playing around.

This is a short ozymund today. We are short of breath, and very short of energy.

One of life's little pleasures is not in being stranded in that dear old Port Stanley.

The crown prince, directing an attack, when Gen. Lessard might have been entertaining the Germans, with much glory for Canada.

Heaving help the poor working girl, but will some gent have the weather man look after folks this weather?

"FAREWELL, M. A." I've cooked myself and it myself. Till it seems to be a year.

Though really it is scarce a month since Mary Ann was here. I've sought my forage from the Greek. And dined with Chinese Charley, too; I've chased hot-dogs and tea-leaf pie. Till all my horizon looks blue. And all my thoughts are sombre grey. Yet still my Mary Ann's away. I make my bed 'most once a week. It's hard and rough and always lumpy.

Alone I sit around the house, And sure my nerves are getting jumpy. I turn the steak and boil the tea. Then chuck the whole mess in the can.

Today I dined on bread and milk. And sat and thought of Mary Ann. A true-born kitchen help M. A. She stays and stays and stays AWAY!

## —H. HELPUX.

## RUSSIA'S EMPEROR AT WORK.

[By H. Hamilton Fyfe in the London Daily Mail.]

A well-knit, slight figure, in a long, brown military overcoat and usual Russian soldier's cap, came briskly out and ran down the steps almost before the sentries had time to bring their rifles to the salute. He acknowledged it by a cheery wave of the hand. Then he joined a little boy who was playing with a large dog, tempting it to sniff at snow-balls and then squashing them over its too inquisitive nose. The little boy was in exactly the same plain, working uniform, high boots and all. They went together down the street of the little town "somewhere in Russia"—the emperor and his son.

In the small house from which he came the emperor had passed most of his time since he became generalissimo of the forces of the Empire in September last. He lives in two rooms, works in one, sleeps in the other, and he is quite content, for one of the keynotes in his nature is simplicity. He has no love for the trappings and the suits of his imperial state. This plain soldier's uniform is his usual wear. He dislikes having to appear in full-dress uniforms, laden with gold embroidery, and to cover his chest with decorations. He prefers living in a small house in Tsarskoe Selo—small, that is to say, in comparison with other palaces.

Life at the "Stavka," so the Russians call field headquarters, suits him, therefore, well. He is busy. He escapes from tedious post and ceremonial duties by the pressure of internal problems is relieved. Every morning about nine o'clock he walks to Gen. Alexieff's office, and there, with maps and sheaves of telegrams reporting the latest movements and probabilities, works till between 12 and 1.

It would be foolish to pretend that he directs the operations himself. But he follows them with minutest care. He knows exactly where every division is, every battalion, every regiment, even. He has a good head for geography and a good memory. He can keep in his mind an accurate plan of the positions of the opposing forces upon the whole immensely long Russian front. Thus his comments are often suggestive and his good memory helpful in saving time.

About one o'clock the emperor returns to his quarters to lunch. He always has a few guests. Our British attaché at the Stavka, Gen. Hanbury-Williams, is a favorite here, as every-

## You Can Have Soft White Hands



Soak the hands on retiring in hot Cuticura Soap suds, dry and rub Cuticura into the hands. Wear old glove or bandage during night.

Sample Each Free by Mail Address post-card, "Cuticura, Dept. 3M, Boston, U. S. A." Sold everywhere.

In a Single Night By Using Cuticura

# WEDNESDAY SPECIALS

On account of being closed yesterday (Civic Holiday) this store will remain open all day Wednesday this week.

## All-Day Wednesday Specials

45-inch Circular Pillow Cotton, good quality round thread. Wednesday at ..... 20c per yard  
Bleached Turkish Bath Toweling, snow white, eighteen inches wide. Wednesday only at ..... 11c per yard

## Girls' Middy Blouses---

Regular 75c and \$1.00 White Duck Middy Blouses, blue and red trimming, girls' and misses' sizes. Wednesday special ..... 50c

## Big Waist Bargains--

Come early Wednesday morning for these \$1.00 Waists at 59c; all sizes 34 to 44; white embroidered voile, rose design ..... 59c

## Stamped Goods

For Wednesday, three dozen Muslin and Dimity Dresses for children, stamped for working, 35c and 50c. At ..... 25c each

Two dozen Ready-made White Nainsook Corset Covers, stamped for working. At ..... 25c each

## Silk Ankle

Hose, 45c Fine Medium Silk-Ankle Hose, with reinforced feet, black or white. Wednesday only.

A TABLE OF 25c HOSIERY Silk-Ankle Hose, plain lisle and cotton, stout sizes, too.

## One-Day Gingham Sale--

Plain Chambrays in every color, also checks, stripes and plaid gingham; not reduced before this season. Wednesday only 10c yard. Come early for first choice ..... 10c

## BLACK, NAVY AND CREAM LUSTRES.

42-inch Lustres on sale Wednesday at ..... 59c per yard  
ALL-WOOL CREPE DE CHINES in black, cream and a wide range of shades, 42 inches wide, \$1.25 value. At ..... 98c per yard

## Chapman's

239, 241, 243 Dundas Street

where, and is very often invited. The czar likes talking to Englishmen. "They do not make me feel all the time that I am a czar," he often says. "None of your damned business," came from someone in the ranks. "All right, Canadians, advance."

The Englishman, however, suspected the Canadians could fight, and he found it out in the engagements around Ypres. They were among the earliest sufferers from asphyxiating gas as a weapon.

When the Germans on the first day of the war in Flanders threw the Allies' whole defensive in Flanders into disorder. They held their line after the French colonials had been overcome, and they battled on for days. The remnant of the Princess Patricia's, the best regiment Canada sent to the war, numbered but 100 when