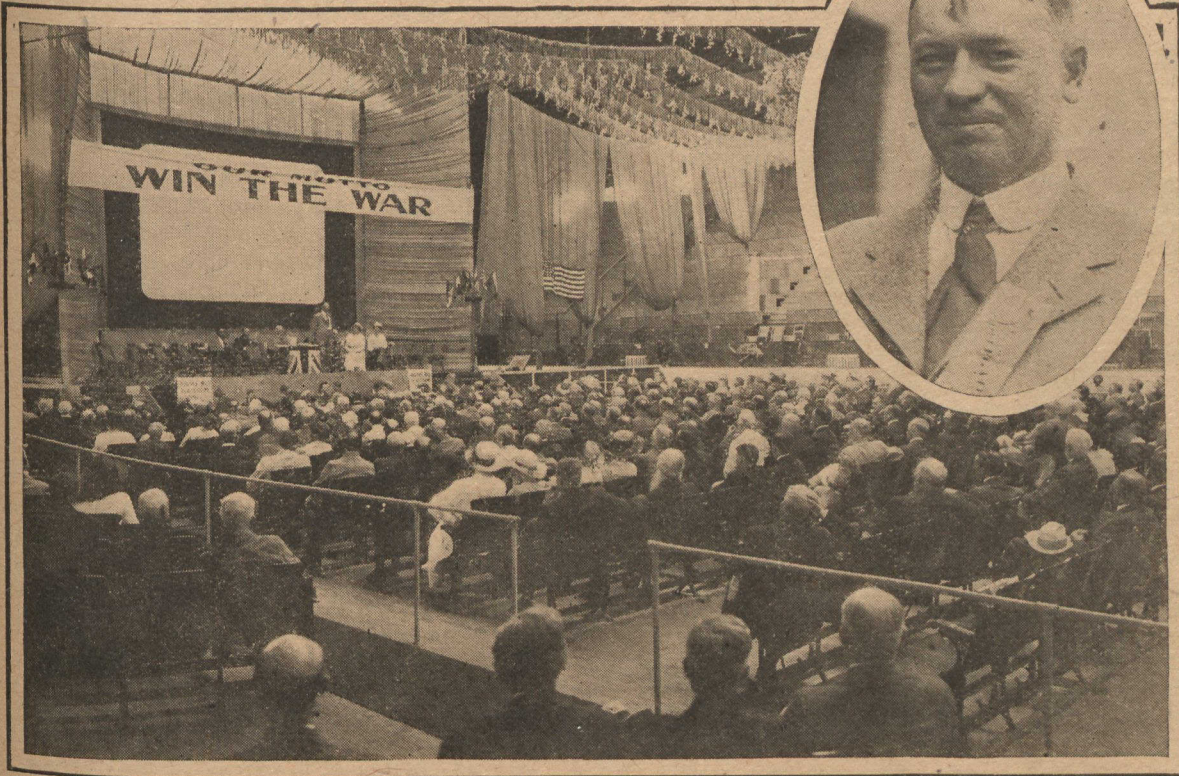


# WIN-THE-WAR AND WAR WOOL



**W**HEN the Win-the-War Convention got together in Toronto, August 2 and 3, it knew nothing about the way any cat might be jumping in Winnipeg, August 7 and 8. The crowd that assembled under the gavel of J. M. Godfrey, K.C., had one clear idea from the start. That was—winning the war. Straight politics was taboo. The chairman was a Liberal. He put his Liberalism on the shelf and went after the war, regardless of party. Mr. Hugh Guthrie, K.C., M.P., who came first in the open meeting at night after the volley of speeches by war veterans, was also a Liberal. He put his Liberalism in his pocket and talked war. Mr. N. W. Rowell, K.C., who came last on the programme, was also a Liberal. As leader of the Ontario Opposition he had a fine chance to talk politics. But he put Satan behind him—and he talked about how the nation known as Canada ought to unite for winning the war, leaving elections to be looked after when politics might be in season again. Sir William Hearst, Premier of Ontario, also ignored politics and talked about the Canadian army at the front.

The sentiment of the meeting was in favour of a union government, no election, the prompt enforcement of the Military Service Bill and a steady policy of reinforcement for the Canadian troops at the front. Resolutions covering most of these items were conveyed to the Government.

Alongside the pit, close to the front, was a weather-beaten old patriot who led in a good deal of the cheering. He had a five-cent palm-leaf fan, a badge, and a flip-flop hat. He was an out-of-towner, and he had a fund of uproarious energy. When the Chairman announced God Save the King, it was Brother Vox Populi who raised the tune, and at every other bar shouted to the crowd, "Sing it! Why don't you sing?" At the end of the National Anthem he led off impromptu into the chorus of Rule Britannia, and as the big crowd with its thousand or so returned soldiers drifted on, he ran along the rail shouting to all and sundry his panting message on behalf of King and Country.

That man typified the spirit of the Win-the-War Convention.

**N**OTICE the grim look on some of the faces opposite, some of the men in khaki. These men have also been at a convention. It had something directly to do with organizing the sentiments of men who have been at the front and are now back in Canada observing what this country is doing to help finish the job. These men are Great War Veterans. They come from clear across Canada, as may be noted from the names and addresses; beginning at the back row, left to right:

W. A. Irwin, Edmonton; Major J. R. Anderson, Montreal; Capt. K. C. MacPherson, Ottawa; A. C. Hay, Winnipeg; Sergt. H. E. Stafford, Vancouver; B. G. C. Lippett, St. John, N.B. Seated, N. F. R. Knight, Dominion Secretary-Treasurer, Windsor, N.S.; Sergt.-Major James Robinson, D.C.M., Vancouver; Major W. B. Purney, President, Halifax; J. J. Shanahan, second vice-president, Toronto; Capt. T. Finn, Prince Albert, Sask.

These are the Council of the Federation of Returned Soldiers' Associations. They don't even remember what their politics were before they went to the front. They naturally don't care much what anybody else's politics are in this country. In forming a cross-country organization they rode roughshod over all the political clothes-lines. They are the organized advance guard of the army that is slowly coming back. The average returned soldier's contempt for politics is equalled only by his hatred of Germany. He is frank about both. To him every party-monger is a friend of the enemy. Behind him in the trenches is an army of men who all feel about as these men did. Some day that army will be back. When they are done fighting Germans they will begin to fight the anti-national sentiment of Canada. They may be a little violent in their methods. But they know what it means to stick it out against the devil and all for the sake of citizenship in this country, and they have no patience with pussyfooting political methods or up-the-alley intrigues.

**T**HIS pack of wool is part of a first consignment of 600,000 lbs. sent by the Southern Alberta Sheep Raisers' Association to the Dominion Government's warehouse in Toronto. By the time this goes to press the wool may be khaki.

