

or three pairs of socks, a change of underclothing, a "housewife,"—the soldiers' sewing-kit,—a towel, a cake of soap, and a "hold-all," in which were a knife, fork, spoon, razor, shaving-brush, toothbrush, and comb. All of these were useful and sometimes essential articles, particularly the toothbrush, which Tommy regarded as the best little instrument for cleaning the mechanism of a rifle ever invented. Strapped on top of the pack was the blanket roll wrapped in a waterproof ground sheet; and hanging beneath it, the canteen in its khaki-cloth cover. Each man wore an identification disk on a cord about his neck. It was stamped with his name, regimental number, regiment, and religion. A first-aid field dressing, consisting of an antiseptic gauze pad and bandage and a small vial of iodine, sewn in the lining of his tunic, completed the equipment.

Stoical Tommy Breaks Loose

THERE was one burst of enthusiasm, as we started on our journey, which struck me as being spontaneous, and splendid, and thoroughly English. Outside the harbour we were met by our guardians, a fleet of destroyers which was to give us safe conveyance across the Channel. The moment they saw them the men broke forth into prolonged cheering, and there were glad shouts of—

"There they are, me lads! There's some o' the little old watch dogs wot's keepin' 'em bottled up!"

"Good old navy! That's w'ere we got 'em by the throat!"

"Let's give 'em 'Sons of the Sea!'"

And they did. They sang with a spirit of exaltation which Englishmen rarely betray, and which convinced me how nearly the sea and England's position as Mistress of the Sea touch the Englishman's heart of hearts.

"Sons of the sea,
All British born,
Sailing the ocean,
Laughing foes to scorn,
They may build their ships my lads,
And think they know the game;
But they can't beat the boys of the bulldog breed
Who made old England's name!"

Shorty's Complaint

SHORTY, a seasoned lieutenant at the front, gives the new-comers some notions of what conditions are. This is how he describes some information brought back by one of our listening patrols near the enemy lines:

"But this is wot gives you the pip," he said. "Ere we got three lines of trenches, all of 'em wired up so that a rat couldn't get through without scratchin' hisself to death. Fritzies got better wire than wot we 'ave, an' more of it. An' 'e's got more machine guns, more artill'ry, more shells. They ain't any little old man-killer ever invented wot they 'ave n't got more of than we 'ave. An' at 'ome they're a-s'yin', 'W'y don't they get on with it? W'y don't they smash through?' Let some of 'em come out 'ere an' 'ave a try! That's all I got to s'y."

I did n't tell Shorty that I had been, not exactly an armchair critic, but at least a barrack-room critic in England. I had wondered why British and French troops had failed to smash through. A few weeks in the trenches gave me a new viewpoint. I could only wonder at the magnificent fighting qualities of soldiers who had held their own so effectively against armies equipped and armed and munitioned as the Germans were.

Tommy's Fair Play

I HAVE always admired Tommy Atkins for his fair play. He enjoyed giving Fritz "a little bit of all-right," but he never resented it when Fritz had his own fun at our expense. In the far-off days of peace, I used to lament the fact that we had fallen upon evil times. I read of old wars with a feeling of regret that men had lost their old primal love for dangerous sport, their naive ignorance of fear. All the brave, heroic things of life were said and done. But on those trench-mortaring days, when I watched boys playing with death with right good zest, heard them shouting and laughing as they tumbled over one another in their eagerness to escape it, I was convinced of my error. Daily I saw men going through the test of fire triumphantly, and, at the last, what a severe test it was! And how splendidly they met it! During six months continuously in the firing-line, I met less than a dozen natural born cowards; and my experience was largely with plumbers, drapers' assistants, clerks, men who had no fighting traditions to back them up, make them heroic in spite of themselves.

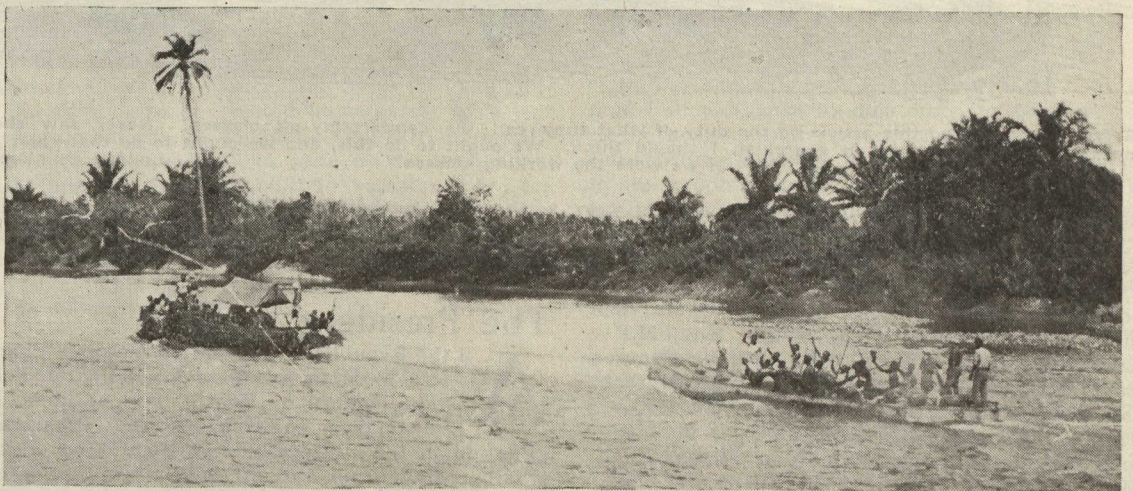
The Skylark

ONCE we heard an English skylark, singing over No-Man's-Land! I scarcely know which gave me more pleasure, the song, or the sight of the faces of those English lads as they listened. I was

WAR IS SOMETIMES PICTURESQUE



THE smallest and most picturesque expeditionary force sent out during the war was the naval expedition of 27 officers and two armed motor boats sent to Central Africa to clear the Germans off Lake Tanganyika. This fleet travelled farther and utilized more methods of transport than any other fleet ever known for war purposes. After reaching Capetown by steamer, the fleet travelled by rail to Fungurumee, 3,448 miles from F., it went 148 miles of a cross-country trek to Sankosia; thence by rail, 18 miles, to Bakama; thence by Lualaba to Kaballo, 350 miles, and again by rail to Lake Tanganyika, where the two armed motor boats, after 15,000 miles journey, captured the German gunboat Kingani and sank the Von Wissmann. By this brilliant feat the fleet liberated the natives from the clutch of the Germans. In the picture below the fleet is seen with full gas ahead on the trail of the German gunboats. In the picture above the gaudy and gorgeous natives are engaging in a dance of celebration in the fleet's honour.



deeply touched when one of them said:—

"Ain't 'e a plucky little chap, singin' right in front of Fritzies' trenches fer us English blokes?"

It was a sincere and fitting tribute, as perfect for a soldier as Shelley's "Ode" for a poet.

How German Trenches Look

THE author describes how certain German trenches were taken by the British and what those trenches looked like. In view of recent ructions along our own front this description is immensely interesting:

Many of the shell-proof dugouts were fifteen and even twenty feet below the surface of the ground. Entrance to these was made in the front wall of the trench on a level with the floor. Stairways just

large enough to permit the passage of a man's body led down to them. The roofs were reinforced with heavy timbers.

There were larger surface dugouts with floors but slightly lower than that of the trench. These were evidently built for living quarters in times of comparative quiet. Many of them were six feet wide and from twenty to thirty feet long, and quiet palaces compared to the wretched little "funk-holes" to which he had been accustomed. They were roofed with logs a foot or more in diameter placed close together and one on top of the other in tiers of three, with a covering of earth three or four feet thick. But although they were solidly built they had not been proof against the rain of high explosives. Many of them were in ruins, the logs splintered like kindling wood and strewn far and wide over the ground.

MOOSEJAW WILL "STAMPEDE"

MOOSE JAW proposes to teach history. Her pupils will be all Canada or as much as can get there next July. The special subject will be "Prairie History." In short, Moose Jaw is to have a "stampede" on the 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th of July.

The modern westerner does not have much opportunity to acquaint himself with old-time conditions. The life he leads is quiet and comparatively humdrum. But the old-timers and sons of old-timers don't propose to let the new men escape or forget the traditions of the country. Hence the coming stampede. There will be a reappearance of cowboys, cowgirls—kings and queens of the lariat—the rough riders, ropers, sharpshooters and their fantastic equipment of saddles and bridles, gold spurs, chaps,

hats and gloves. The ranch is disappearing—has disappeared entirely from the older parts of the West. The influx of settlers into Western Saskatchewan and Southern Alberta put an end to wholesale horse and cattle dealing. The cowboy turned ploughman—or moved away along with the lariat.

Moose Jaw was for twenty-five years on the eastern boundary of the ranch country. It was the winter home of many ranchers while their foremen and outriders kept an outlook over the stock on the ranges. Moose Jaw was also a great market place for cattle. It has therefore all the traditions of a real ranch country centre. Thousands of Canadians and Americans will gather in the big western city next month for a real western Canadian thrill.