

OUR SOLDIERS' MACEDONIAN CRY

CANADA'S GENERALS AT THE FRONT URGE CANADIANS AT HOME NOT TO DESERT OUR FIGHTING MEN, BUT TO SUPPORT THEM WITH ADEQUATE REINFORCEMENTS



MAJOR-GEN. DAVID WATSON, C.M.G.



MAJ.-GEN. SIR R. E. W. TURNER, K.C.M.G.

WHO IS CALLING CANADA?

Your Boy is Calling Says "Ralph Connor"

Fresh From the Trenches Major the Rev. C.W. Gordon Writes a Strong and Moving Appeal for Support for Union Government

By Major, the Rev. C. W. Gordon (Ralph Connor.)

The rear always looks ragged. It is farthest from the band, from the scene of interest, from the place of action. Also it is the place for stragglers to walk, too weary to keep step.

Many armies compose a nation's war strength. Far up at the front is the fighting army, where the guns roar and belch forth death, where the H.E. shells batter flat the lines of trenches, where bombs blow up dugouts, where the bayonets, coldly glittering, strike terror to the shrinking foe, where the gallant knights of the clouds wheel and dart like avenging angels over their foes.

BACK OF THE FIGHTING ARMY.

Back of the fighting army is the army of transportation through the lines of communication, a slow winding mud-grey serpent, curiously articulated with transport wagons and ammunition carts, motor lorries and G.H.Q. autos, shell-laden pack mules and ambulances, water carts and laundry machines, repair trucks and medical stores, big guns and marching columns, with now and then a tank, a joyous joint in the writhing serpent, and all under the control of mounted men alert, patient, fierce, now wreathed in smiles, now with a sulphurous aura visible and palpable about their heads.

The army, of direction, where the brass hats exude brain sweat and multitudes of subs and orderlies pound the types till they rattle like machine guns or roar savage amenities into telephone offices.

The army reconstruction, all the way from No Man's Land where the stretcher bearers and battalion M.O.'s and chaplains struggle through mud and fire to save their wounded comrades, all down the line through battalion aid posts, advanced dressing stations, casualty clearing stations, hospital trains and base hospitals where through clever brains and quick fingers through tender hearts and smiling lips the Christ pity and the Christ love flows in healing streams about sore wounded bodies and weary souls.

THE ARMY OF THE REAR.

The army of administration of which let only reverend words be spoken, and other armies, but chiefly and lastly—

The army of production, or the army of the rear. Here, says General Joffre, echoed by Lloyd George, the war will be lost or won. For from this army all the other armies draw their sustenance, their very life. Let this army fail and the war stops short, all is lost. The history of this war so far relieves us of all fear as to the other armies. The fighting army will not quit so long as it lives. Those armies that reach from the fighting line to the rear will not fail the fighting man, for they catch now and again the sound of the guns, the gleam of bayonet, the flash of wings in the sky, and they see the long line of stricken heroes borne to the rear.

But this army of the rear. "Will they quit, think you?" asked a wounded French poilu anxiously of a newspaper man.

"The men up there?"

"Sacre non, those down below."

His anxiety is the only anxiety in the war.

The army of the rear, the ragged army where, with the rear guard, finest in temper of all the fighting men, mingle the weak, the weary, the slacker, the fearful, a motley crew and hard to bear. Ah, that gallant rear guard, what glory is theirs, imperishable! Theirs the sacrificial offering of their hearts' dearest treasure, the slow agony of separation and of waiting; theirs the sharp gasping stab of death winged from the battlefield; theirs the stern resolve to endure with faces serene always the ultimate demands. As that young girl in France to whom came the colonel of her husband's regiment with the news of his death—"Tell me," said she with white face and staring eyes while she clutched the colonel's arm, "tell me our France will be free? I will weep no tear." Wonderful France, wonderful soldiers of France, most wonderful of all the women of France who send their men away with a smile and all long hours that they may want neither guns, nor shells, nor daily rations that so they may win for France the right to live free.



MAJOR GENERAL CURRIE, K.C.B., D.S.O.

On the eve of an election which will decide whether Canada is to continue her war effort at full pressure or gradually quit, loyal Canadians will give heed to this cry for help from the firing line. From the generals who command our glorious troops these messages come like a trumpet call to duty.

GEN. SIR ARTHUR CURRIE, D.S.O., COMMANDER OF THE CANADIAN ARMY.

"I hope that, appreciating what we do in the field through uniting all our effort, they will do their utmost to remain united in Canada. News from there does not make pleasant reading to men in the field here. Orangemen and Catholic, Anglo-Saxon and French-Canadian, Whig and Tory, fight side by side, and, dying, are laid side by side in the same grave, fully satisfied to give their lives for the cause they know to be just.

"They have given their blood freely to maintain their nation's honor and now confidently expect that the full fruits of their sacrifice will not be prejudiced. It is an imperative and urgent necessity that steps be immediately taken to ensure that sufficient drafts of officers and men are sent from Canada to keep the corps at its full strength.

"My personal conviction is that the only solution to the problem of Canadian recruiting is conscription. My experiences in France have shown me, not as a politician, but as a soldier, the necessity of conscription, if we desire to maintain at full strength our fighting divisions to the end."

LIEUT.-GEN. SIR RICHARD TURNER, V.C.,

"I wish as a soldier it was permitted to express fully my views on the present Canadian crisis. Do people in Canada think 250,000 of their best blood fighting this world war in defence of their country will tamely submit to any part of Canada saying, 'We will not support you to our fullest extent in your efforts to beat the recreant Hun to his knees? Have the Canadian troops since the war started, ever stopped to consider, or been daunted by, any numbers up against them?' The answer is given on many bloody battlefields in Belgium and France. Canadians all must play the game and be true to their salt."

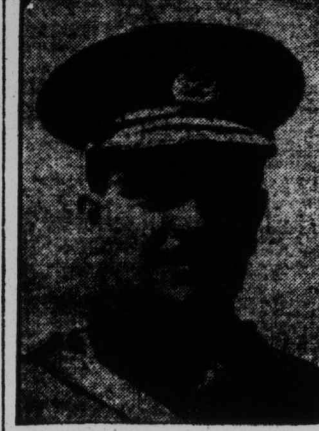
MAJOR-GENERAL H. BURSTALL.

"We can only carry on the war to the basis of a final peace by having our battalions maintained to full strength.

For this we entirely rely on Canada. We are convinced that Canadians will never permit their battalions at the front to become worn out through lack of reinforcements, but will face the situation and take the necessary steps to provide them. For us all our thoughts are of Canada, and after every victory the one idea in all our minds is that Canada will again have reason to be proud of her sons at the front in upholding her honor and liberty. So we have absolute faith that Canada will respond with the reinforcements necessary to sustain us."

MAJOR-GENERAL DAVID WATSON.

"I state with positive certainty that a splendid state of determination and resolution exists in a greater degree than ever among every unit of the Canadian force today. This resolve and belief is the ever growing result of intimate knowledge that this terrible struggle into which we have entered has ever been and is now equally as important for the maintenance and development of our Dominion as it is for the vital protection and safeguarding of our interests and liberties. Willingly making all sacrifices required in consummation of these objects, may we not securely rely on the unity and the practical assistance of our friends in Canada."



MAJ.-GEN. H. E. BURSTALL, C.M.G.



MAJOR-GEN. L. J. LIPSETT, C.M.G.

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BLOOD MARKS ON THE SHELLS.

So too with the army of the rear in Old Britain, where men long past age toil long hours and where women from the Castle and the farm, from the manor mansion house and the cottage, from the fishing village came forth to work at the making of shells and guns, and all the engineering of war that so their men might have a chance for their lives against their foe trained to war and equipped to the last button with all that science could supply. They tell how those first shells were often marked with blood from the tender fingers of women unused to work, but the workers never slackened for that.

The army of the rear, where are the invincible souls who shrink from no sacrifice that the fighting line may be kept strong, and in good heart. In Glasgow, a widow with four sons fit for war sent away three with the Borderers. When the three had paid their full toll to freedom's cause, the fourth knew what he must do but feared for his mother. To her he went at last and said, "Mother, I must."

"Aye, laddie," said the mother, quietly. "Weel, I ken ye must. We ha'e given too much not to gie all," and sent away her last lad to the war.

SO ALSO WITH CANADA.

As with the home lands, so with the lands overseas, so with Canada. Here also the army of the rear labors that the sons of Canada in the fighting line may want neither supplies nor men. But alas, the fighting line is many thousands of miles away. The whine of the shell, the rattle of the machine gun, the roar of the high explosives never breaks the quiet by night or by day, and men preoccupied with other things forget the boys in the mud and rain fighting for their country far away.

That is, some forget. But some cannot forget for in their prayers to God at night when they seek rest, and by day in the pauses of their work, they bear upon their hearts the lad who left three years ago now and whom they would fain see again, and might see if one of the neighbors who keeps four of them still, had gone to his relief.

For it is true—though the lad in the fighting line, great-generous soul that he is, for long refused to give the rumor credence. It is true that those four boys in his neighbor's family back home in Canada refuse to come to his relief. They can give many perfectly good reasons why they refuse to go. But they have no need to declare the truth. To all the country they are known to be the craven-hearted slackers that they are. It may be that some poor-souled females may become wives to them and bear them children to carry their name and their shame into succeeding generations, but when in song and story the great deed, done in Flanders and in France, thrill men's hearts, their children will sit silent and ashamed amid the cheering crowds and curse in their hearts the craven slackers that begat them. Yes, it is sadly, terribly, shamefully true that with those heroic souls that compose the unsung but glorious army of the rear mingle those others that are at once a nation's weakness and a nation's shame.

THE CRYING NEED FOR MEN.

When Joffre at Washington was asked, "How can America best help France?" he made answer like the impact of a bullet: "Send us men, France needs men, send them quick. Food, guns, ships, yes, yes, but chiefly and quickly men." And in passionate oratory Viviani echoed the word. Arthur Balfour with quiet but intense iteration pressed home the truth—"France must have men."

So with the whole western front against which Germany has flung her science-massed masses of war-bred men in vain. There is sore need of men there. The French line grows thin. The army of our empire, too, that phenomenon of the war, fighting on five fronts, grows thin upon the western front. The Canadian line grows thin. As the line moves ever forward, the line grows ever thinner and more thin.

Russia is out of the war. Pray God, no worse may come from her. Italy, reeling from the stroke of the Hun War Club, ceases for some months to be capable of a great offensive. Hence, with her released millions the enemy is preparing for the western front an overwhelming, a smashing blow.

Oh, Canada, our boys are on that front. Inevitable as the sunrise, that blow will fall. What men can do our men will do. Grim, resolute, but with not unanxious hearts and with many a yearning glance toward their homeland for aid, they wait that stroke.

AN APPEAL TO MANHOOD.

Oh, men of Canada, will you, can you unmoved, look on while that thin line of Canadian heroes waits the approach of those massed battalions long-trained and fully-equipped for this final attempt to hack through? They need you, these comrades of yours. For three years they have fought for you and your cause. They wonder at your easy deliberation. The haunting fear gathers about their hearts that you have forgotten them. Pitiful God, help them against that fear!

Your party? Your leader? God forgive you, for Canada never will if for things like these you forsake those waiting lads. Referendum? Referendum now, while with furious haste our enemy prepares destruction for that waiting line? Surely not referendum now, Canada, but reinforcements and quick to your waiting sons. A thousand voices chatter reasons for delay but across the seas comes one voice clear and loud, brave but heart-piercing.

Who calls Canada? Your boy, and he is calling for you. Quick! Go with haste, you may be late.

RALPH C.