THINK!

THINK of the colonel of a provincial regiment who led his boys into the attack and who, when he found one of them in trouble with his machine gun, fixed it and fired it with his own hands.

THINK of the sargeant who dropped as his platoon was rushing a deadly woods. He called out to them as he died: "They've got me boys! Go on and give 'em hell!"

THINK of the Signal Corps men crouching low while the shells tore down their telephone wires, and rushing out to repair them while the shelling was still at its height.

THINK of little Corporal Jerry—submitting with ill-concealed impatience while his pal from the Hospital Corps dressed a wound in his forehead. He was bandaged so that all you could see of his head was half of of his left eye and he was put down by the roadside to wait his turn back in the ambulance. A moment later a lieutenant caught him stealing away, rifle in hand. "Just ten minutes," he begged, "just ten minutes." I haven't killed one yet and I must. Just ten minutes."

THINK of another wounded man who escaped from the dressing station and was later found unconscious on the road. It was the road leading into the battle.

THINK of the Nova Scotian found dead on the battlefield of the Marne, who scrawled "For God and Country" on his gas mask before he died.

***THINK** of these men, think of all their brothers in the great army of grit, **THINK** and go deep into your pocket!*

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