

HANDS ACROSS THE LINE

(By Sergt. G. W. Ross).

For over one hundred years the United States and Canada have dwelt at peace, side by side, with three thousand miles of unguarded border between them. No row of sentries, forts and guns, such as have marked boundaries of European nations, presents itself to the view of the traveller. In a spirit of friendly understanding they have settled their differences, but they have been two peoples separate and distinct in spite of their common origin.

In the past any attempt of the two governments to bring the countries closer together was met by the old cry of "An-

affection across the border line.

It was in recognition of this fact that the Mayor of Boston, the Honourable James M. Curley, visited the battalion at Valcartier Camp where the Kilties from Canada and the Kilties from the United States were being welded into one strong, powerful fighting machine. It was this fact that thrilled the hearts of twelve hundred soldiers as they roared forth cheer after cheer of hearty welcome as Mayor Curley's machine rolled down the battalion parade ground.

These are days of growing democracy

ful and winning personality of the man; the officers of the battalion, because they realize the value of his assistance in the New England recruiting campaign, and are grateful. Mr. Curley came to the Kilties as one of us and as one of us he was taken into the life of the regiment.

No one of the Kilties who thronged about His Honour will ever forget the eloquence of his oratory. Every word radiated the good will of the United States towards Canada and every cheer of the men rolled back a hearty and warm response.

The Mayor rode to his tent in the officers' lines on the shoulders of a joyous crowd of men. After reaching his destination he held a reception and among those who pressed forward to shake his hand he recognized many old friends.

Immediately after dinner the Mayor enjoyed a cabaret performance in the officers' mess, the entertainment being provided by members of the battalion. In the ranks of the Kilties there are a considerable number of professional entertainers. Privates Garrity and Craig were, before donning the khaki, familiar to those who patronized the Keith and Orpheum Circuits. They and others—instrumentalists and vocalists—gave of their best and sounds of merriment and applause volleyed alternately from the officers' lines.

As the long northern twilight faded into darkness and the rank and file were spreading their blankets for a night's rest the bugles blew "General Assembly". In a minute or two every man was on the battalion parade ground. The glare of flames reddened the sky toward the mystic Jacques Cartier and then the word passed along the waiting battalion "It's a bonfire in the Mayor's honour".

Led by their officers the Kilties trooped to the river bank and formed a great circle about the blaze with Mr. Curley and Colonel Guthrie in the front rank. A piano was borne into the circle of firelight and the songs of the war, one after another, were boomed forth by a thousand voices, "Keep the Home Fires Burning," "It's a Long Way to Tipperary," "The Star Spangled Banner" and "God Save the King" each had their turn.

Insistent cries from the circle induced the Mayor to respond with a recitation "The Dandy Fifth" and His Honour's



MAYOR JAMES M. CURLEY at the Kilties Tented home on Valcartier Plain.

nexation". Thus in 1911 the Reciprocity Treaty proved the lever by which a political party was thrust from power. Finally, it was realized that it was not by legislative means but by the common and personal decisions of the two peoples, that this idea of closer friendship was to be effected. This movement found a beginning when several hundred New Englanders donned kilt and sporran in the ranks of the Maclean Kilties to follow the paired flags of both nations. Thus began a new era of closer

and the sweeping aside of the old ideas of the self-sufficiency of nations. This is the spirit of the day and even the most uneducated of us feel it as a vague, yet strong and irresistible impulse for the drowning of the old national prejudices and differences. Thus it was only natural that Mr. Curley be welcomed by both peoples, that he be liked by both, the Bostonian Kiltie because he knows him and appreciates his services in the past; the Canadian Kiltie because of the power-