

one that has, so far as the writer knows, been overlooked by all commentators of the war, but one which stands the acid test. Taking the casualty lists as they came from Passchendaele Ridge the other day in one newspaper column, an authority on Scotch names, figured that 35 per cent. were Scottish; another column 23; another 34, then 23, 29, and 42, making an average of 31 per cent. from six Canadian casualty lists that were Scottish names. Nearly a third of those names belong to a proud race. German bullets and German shells are no respectors of nationality, so is it not a fair deduction that nearly a third of Canada's fighting force are Scotch-Canadians?

**Will the people at home desert that fighting force?** Do the Scotch-Canadian people who remain behind want to see these boys further decimated till the four divisions dwindle to three and so on, or do they want to see that force augmented and still flourishing when victory comes? If Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his present followers have their way the voices of that Scotch-Canadian third of Canada's army, crying for help, will be as voices crying in the wilderness. If the Union Government plan is followed that gallant third of Canada's army will be heartened and cheered by a constant stream of reinforcements. There can be no breaking faith with those ten thousand Scotch-Canadian dead lying behind those battle lines. Even in this appeal to the Scotch-Canadian can be found a place for the tribute of an English war correspondent, Perry Robinson of the *London Times*. He wrote:

"In the middle of the waste on the summit of Vimy Ridge there is a little group of white painted wooden crosses marking the graves of the Seaforth Highlanders of Canada, who fell in the capture of the Ridge. These Canadian Seaforths were mostly British Columbians. A long, long way they came to die, these long-limbed sons of Victoria, Vancouver, Westminster, and Nanaimo. Some came even farther, for they came from the far off slopes and peaks of the mountains, or the upper waters of Fraser river, when they heard the call.

"Many other feet will tread the same journey after them, the feet of pilgrims, who through generations yet to be born, will come here as to a shrine. The little graveyard will be as a flame of inspiration to Canada in the ages, for there was nothing finer done in the war than the achievement of those western men on that ridge."

And earlier, on April 22, 1915, during the second battle of Ypres, when the Canadian Kilted regiments faced unmasked that first German gas wave, and fought to the last round and the last man; how in a moment of awful peril the bravest Scotch-Canadians were sacrificed, and not a Canadian gun was lost. When one battalion, the 48th Highlanders of Toronto, showed 629 killed, wounded or missing out of 1,212 effectives. Did these men die in vain? Is a Scotch-Canadian going to render their sacrifice valueless by voting Canada out of the war to align herself with the Socialist-crazed nation of Russia?

*Sons in my gates of the West,  
Where the long tides foam in the dark of the pine,  
And the cornlands crowd to the dim sky line,  
And wide as the air are the meadows of kine,  
What cheer from my gates of the West?*

What cheer indeed from the policy of Sir Wilfrid, from the plan of Bourassa, from the plan of Lemieux? What cheer in a referendum, what cheer in delay and repeal for Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur Currie, himself the bearer of a Scottish name? What cheer if Canada votes for the Laurier-Liberals, for those Scotch-Canadians wearing the insignia of the Maple Leaf. What cheer?

## When the Test Will Come

On December 17, the Scotch-Canadians have the opportunity to show that the blood of the old land has not been watered thin. There is no doubt about the war spirit in Scotland—where this war's casualties are greater in proportion