



A RATHER ugly flashlight reveals interesting personages at the opening of the Maple Leaf Club for Canadian soldiers in London. Here are the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Sir George Perley, our overseas War Minister, Lady Drummond, Lady Perley, and obscurely tucked away behind—Rudyard Kipling.

THREE soldierettes, born of the same mother on the same day, brought up on a foreign language, now togged up for King and country; Canadians of the new time coming.

THE British tow-line contingent below are on the white, weird march with field artillery clean from the Caucasus to the Dobrudja, going by way of Tiflis and Erzerum helping the Rumanians.



Stethoscope in War

(Concluded from page 7.)

preparation" to offer a strong resistance to an advancing enemy.

But all too often these shells are terribly destructive, and swift death and horrid mutilation constantly menace those who must live and work within their range. That is why, out here, you soon become of necessity a fatalist. No amount of care and caution is going to save you from the chance shells, and therefore you soon learn to reason that you are, or are not to be hit, as the Fates decree, and cease to worry uselessly over the matter.

In a certain square men used for months to gather in the afternoon and hear the band play, until one day two shells arriving together killed and wounded forty of them. Another, the only one fired near the battery that day, entered one of our dug-outs and killed the six men that were in it. A little pet dog that was there, too, escaped quite unharmed. I saw thirty-two men one morning all horribly burned by an incendiary bomb that happened to come through their billet roof. One of our recruits from England, going up for the first time with a fatigue party that had been working without a casualty for weeks in H—, was instantly killed by a machine gun bullet through the head, and a few days after, the latest officer to join our Brigade, out from home only a week, was blown to pieces by a "Minnie."

The strip of ground, about three miles deep that lies within the zone of shell fire, is indeed a wonderful place, a land more strange than any that Sindbad ever visited. One is reminded of the maps drawn in the middle ages, with dragons and serpents to mark the unknown places, which the old-world folk peopled with many strange, unknown terrors. For this land, too, is one of hidden terrors, with swift death flashing out of the sky, riding the choking gas clouds and speeding past with the feathered whispering of bullets. One has the uncanny feeling that a sinister intelligence, quite impersonal, altogether merciless, is sleeplessly watching and planning to kill our people or mutilate them. A great Roc circles overhead. It is pitiless as Hell, and we know that its cold, intelligent eyes are searching us out. We try to shoot it down, but it flies away out of sight across the valley. Half an hour later we hear a distant muffled explosion, no louder than a drum beat, then a growling, whirring, hurtling sound, and earth and air are shattered by a great explosive bolt that has been sent to destroy us.

And we dig feverishly under "grass screens" and through the night, and bring up long steel engines, terrible beyond the dreams of Sindbad, and presently the people across the valley will also hear drum beats, and their countryside will erupt with splitting explosions. So we use all our thought and energy and the fabulous resources of great empires to make the opposing fire zone a place of fear and sudden death for those other people.

One sees very little here of the pride and panoply of war. No long columns of marching troops or cavalry or lines of cannon. The country is stiff with fighting men for miles back. Every house and every barn in every village is full of them, and the inspiring sight of a whole division on the march is a familiar one.

But near the front the troops thin out, and move by companies or half companies, and the guns come up singly in the night and are hidden so well as to be rarely seen; and the sudden ear-splitting blast from an innocent-looking hedge or nearby orchard fairly lifts your cap as you ride along, and makes you fervently consign all sixty-pounders to Hades.