

One of the Boys



Sergt. J. P. Carr has the distinction of being the first sergeant to return to Canada after having suffered the amputation of both legs. Sergt. Carr is a native of Vancouver, and left for England in June, 1915, with the first draft of the 47th Battalion. In August he left for France, where he was transferred to the "Fighting Seventh." After a few months in the trenches, he was attached to the Machine Gun section, where he graduated from Private to M. G. Sergt. in charge of guns.

In June, 1916, at Ypres, he earned his first GOLD STRIPE. While assisting a wounded comrade to shelter, a shell burst, wounding him in the left

shoulder. On the Somme, in September, he was again wounded, this time on the head and face. In October, 1916, while in the trenches near Courcellette, a shell exploded above him, burying him in the debris. Willing hands soon dug him out, and it was found that he had been hit in the legs by fragments of shell. The wounds proved so severe that amputation was necessary. After treatment in hospitals in France and England, he was sent to Toronto, where he was fitted with artificial limbs, and returned home in December, 1917.

Sergt. Carr has ably mastered the science of walking under the new conditions, and was not long in taking up civilian life again and resuming many of his old activities—even to climbing Grouse Mountain. He is Vice-President of the 7th Battalion Association, in which he takes a keen interest. In common with the other Heroes of the GOLD STRIPE, he shows that wonderful cheerfulness and pluck which has won the admiration of all.

THE BOYS WHO WON'T RETURN.

By Beatrice E. Green.

Amidst the peace rejoicings,
Sad hearts there are that yearn,
And ache and weep and sorrow—
For the boys who won't return.

And many homes and firesides
Can know no joy to-day,
Because of all the loved ones
Who sleep so far away.

On broken fields of Flanders,
Now leave we them to rest—
Beneath the crimson poppies
That bloom o'er many a breast.

So "Lest we forget" our duty,
O God, help us to learn
The way to cheer the loved ones
Of the boys who won't return.



ONE OF THE BOYS.