

clerks for a whole week led the life of Trappist monks, refusing converse with their fellows. Finally about noon of a Thursday—"Come Sergeant, tell us when the show is to open, that's a good fellow," one wheedler petitioned. "The show opened at twenty minutes past four this morning and by now we are 6,000 yards inside the Boche lines."

On Aug. 7 the first echelon of Corps Headquarters moved to Dury, a village on the Paris road three miles south of Amiens. A faint buzzing went round among the messes that there would be an attack within the next day or two—Friday was generally selected. That afternoon the Corps Commander, Sir Arthur Currie, had a talk with the two Canadian correspondents. Before him was a large scale map and the barrage map. It was all very clear and lucid. We take up our line here; our first objective is there; "zero" hour was named (and this of course a dead secret from all but the privileged few); our final objective for the day over there—constituting a world record for a first day's advance!

One was struck with the speaker's simplicity and his quiet confidence and certainty. He, of course, knew the Canadian Corps and what it could do. It was a finely tempered weapon. It had been proved before in the tightest corners—in the Somme, at Vimy, and more recently at Passchendaele, where it had gone in and conquered; gone in against the better judgment and advice of the Corps Commander himself—but gone in where others had failed, to win.

And now added to this war experience were the long patient intensive months of preparation; the knowledge that the artillery support was to be the greatest known; and that all units went into the field actually over strength, with ample reinforcements on the spot to make good casualties. He knew his men—oh, abundantly he knew them and trusted them; he knew, too, their leaders, from the Divisional Commanders down to the platoons, and had the assurance there would be no botching.

And yet when all this was admitted there was something

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