

away at fifty or sixty miles an hour. We had had excitement but no luck.

While this was going on in our part of England, the anti-aircraft gunners were doing good work in the London district and "bagged" two of the Kaiser's best. It is at times like this that one becomes more and more certain that there is something in the British nation after all. It would thrill you good folk in Canada to see our airmen (Canadians among them) go up above the Zeppelin, and, when they get right over her, drop a signal. Then guns cease firing and the aeroplanes get in their good work. When you see those specks above the German ship and think of the pluck of our men, it makes you say with real feeling—

"They may build the ships, my lads,

And think they know the game;

But they can't build boys of the bull
dog breed,

Who've made Old England's name."

When all is over we go to bed and rise again next morning as usual, men, women and children going to war work.

When riding in the London tube the other night after the alarm had sounded I saw a picture which made me thank God I was in this game. The tube is many feet below the ground and when the Zeppelins are expected women and children are allowed to stay down there until the raid is over. If you picture that sight, can you wonder that a mother allows her only son to go? can you wonder that a wife gives the husband she adores to do his "bit" to save defenceless women and children from such dastardly crimes?

Those who have made this sacrifice willingly will receive the reward of eternal gratitude. During the time I have been in the Old Country I have seen a growing determination, a preparedness which speaks ill for the Germans. But there is still much to be done; the end is not yet. We are fighting for victory. Such an end can be attained most surely if every ounce of British power is thrown into the balance. Canadians can help to hasten victory and peace.



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