CANADA IN KHAKI

A Tribute to the Officers and Men now serving in the Canadian Expeditionary Force

The net profits of this publication will go to the Canadian War Memorials Fund

Published for the Canadian War Records Office
by
THE PICTORIAL NEWSPAPER CO. (1910), Ltd
At 23-29 Bouverie Street, London, England
1917

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

The Editors of CANADA IN KHAKI gratefully place on record their indebtedness to the many eminent writers and artists who have so generously contributed to this publication. The copyright in all contributions, both illustrations and letterpress, contained in these pages is strictly reserved. The Editors are also very much indebted to Messrs. Albert E. Reed & Co., Ltd., for having generously supplied the paper for this publication at less than cost price; and to the Pictorial Newspaper Co. (1910), Ltd., for publishing this book free of charge.

CONTENTS

LIST OF COLOURED PLATES

By Byam Shaw

THE CALL

THE DOMINION AT WAR

By SIR GEORGE H. PERLEY, K.C.M.G., M.P.

(Member of the Canadian Government, administering the Office of the High Commissioner for Canada, in London, and Canadian Overseas Minister of Militia)

THE Canadian armies have now been taking their part in the battles of the Empire for two years. They have won for themselves, for the Dominion which sent them, for the Motherland in whose just cause they sprang to arms, immortal renown. With the glorious Australians, New Zealanders, and other Overseas forces, they have done what, in the long annals of civilised nations, no colonial peoples ever did before.

Colonisation is older than history, but in all its story there is no record like that of the British Empire and of the spirit that unites its far-separated communities. Mother States in the past have oppressed and warred against daughter States, treated them as vassals, drained and exhausted them, and eventually every link of connection was severed; but each decade brings the parts of the British Empire more closely together.

SIR GEORGE PERLEY

Canada has taken part in many wars, but never except from motives of loyalty and self-preservation. For more than half a century after the battle of Quebec established British rule in the vast lands that lie between the St. Lawrence, the Great Lakes, and the Arctic Sea, British soldiers, often whole regiments when disbanded, found permanent homes in Canada, and their descendants have ever been the first to unsheathe the sword in defence of their rights. They formed the flower of the British forces that served in the frontier war with the United States in 1812; they repelled invasion during the Fenian raids; they helped to garrison British fortresses in the Indian Mutiny; they were present, 7,000 strong, in South Africa, and did yeoman service in the Imperial cause. But great and notable in their day as these services were, they, like all other episodes in military history, are paled and dwarfed by what Canada has done and is now doing in the present war.

In the past Canada sent contingents; in 1914 Canada went to war as a nation. From the Pacific to the Atlantic, every citizen of the Dominion had but one thought: "If Britain is at war, Canada is at war." Canada made the quarrel her own, and had the whole of the armed might of Germany been hurled at her alone, she could not more unreservedly have applied all her energies and resources, man power and material power, to the work of resistance and defence.

The leadership of the young nation in arms was in the hands of Sir Robert L. Borden. How splendidly has the Dominion Premier filled his great office! Under his loyal, firm, unhesitating control, the transformation of Canada into camp and arsenal has been a miracle of smooth, continuous development, adaptation, and expansion of which we have every reason to be proud. Canada's burning patriotism, quivering with the energy of young nationhood, and under the inspiring guidance of Sir Robert Borden, has done its utmost to assist in this great war, believing that in fighting for the

rights and liberties of the European countries attacked by the Central Powers she was also defending her own. Each of the belligerents has proved its ability to rise to the emergency, but none has surprised our enemies more than the Overseas Dominions.

When the tempest of world-desolation broke, Canada, even more than the United Kingdom, was a land given over to the pursuits of peace. To the mind of her people the spectre of international carnage was even farther away than it was to the occasionally disquieted vision of the people of Great Britain. Canada, still essentially an agricultural country, was chiefly engrossed in her harvests and the development of her great natural resources, but at the same time her manufacturing facilities were steadily increasing to meet the wants of her people. Since war began, however, her industrial capacity has been augmented until now she could supply three times her own population; and such has been the rapidity of adaptation and new construction of plants, that Canada, like Britain, has become one of the great purveyors of munitions and war materials to the Entente Powers. It was to be expected that Canada would send to the Allies wheat, meat, fruit, and canned fish and other foods, but she has also become a prolific source of army clothing, boots, saddlery, and the hundreds of things indispensable to the immense armies in the field.

Had we all learnt, as that great Englishman Joseph Chamberlain told his countrymen they *must learn*, to *think imperially*, there would be no need to apportion the services rendered by the Empire's component States. It would be as impossible for any Britishers to think of the Empire without its vast wheat-bearing overseas areas as it would be for Austrians to think of the hereditary empire of the Hapsburgs without the wheat plains of Hungary. We are all one—complementary to each other, and by this war the Kaiser is helping to consolidate our great Empire.

The population of the Dominion now exceeds that of Scotland. From her eight millions she has raised a greater force than Napoleon needed to crush Europe until, in the plenitude of his power, he levied on all the prostrate nations to raise his Grand Army of half a million men for the invasion of Russia. A number of the Canadian Provinces have raised bigger armies than Wellington ever commanded. Canada's first expeditionary force of 33,000 men, mustered, armed, and sent to Europe within two months of the outbreak of the war, exceeded in numbers the largest army of British troops that won the immortal victories of the Peninsula.

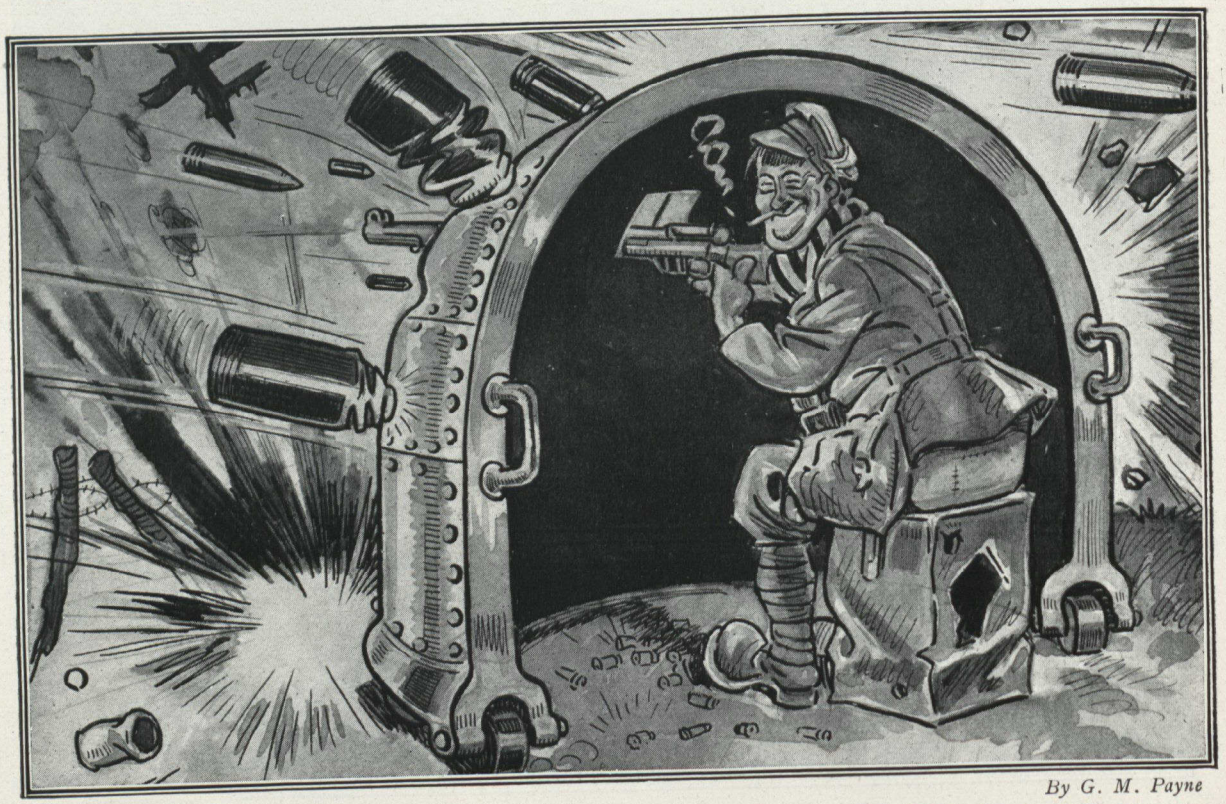
And we are proud to know that these troops have worthily upheld the best British traditions, and have shown themselves *second to none* in valour. At Ypres, Festubert, Givenchy, Courcelette, the Somme, Canada's sons have been as brave as the bravest. In the rush of battle her kilted regiments have proved themselves worthy to wear that garb which marks out a corps for desperate prowess. The deeds recorded of her *Red Watch* should make them famous, like the Black Watch of Scotland. No dauntless brigade, no Old Guard, ever saved the day more gallantly than did Canada's First Expeditionary Army at Ypres, when the Huns by their first surprise attack with chlorine gas made a dangerous breach in the French lines contiguous to the Canadian position.

Magnificent as the response of her sons to the call of the bugle has already been, Canada has not yet done all that she is going to do. Sir Robert Borden and his Cabinet are impressing on the people of the Dominion the necessity of making still greater efforts and sending yet more men. These will be forthcoming, and in that great army there will be found native-born, British-born, and young men from all the varied races that in recent years have been carried by the tide of

By Frank Reynolds

ONE OF OURS

THE SORT OF CHEST PROTECTOR TOMMY USUALLY RECEIVES—



By G. M. Payne

—AND THE SORT OF CHEST PROTECTOR HE WOULD LIKE

immigration into the Golden West. Such has been the spirit of patriotism and adventure in the West that for the harvests of the past two years thousands of men had to be brought from the United States to gather the crops, so few had remained behind.

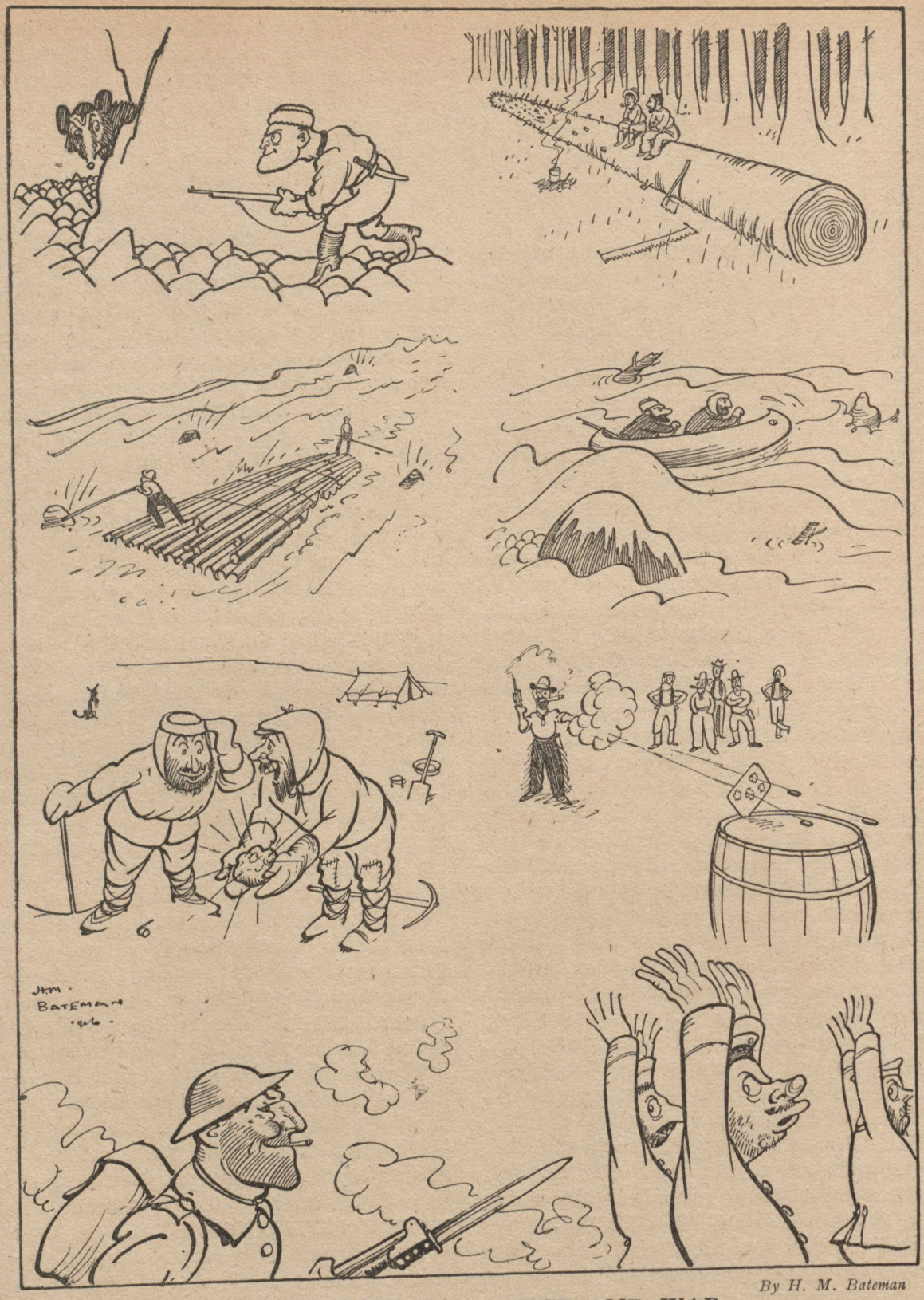
The Dominion is no mere auxiliary. The Dominion is at war, a partner in all things with the other members of the Alliance. Among them all there is none which embraces the two essentials for modern campaigning more happily mingled—a highly developed material civilisation, and a hardy breed of men, the stalwart children of nature who in every age have filled the legions of conquering races. Canada, however, is no longer a new country, a land of pioneers and prospectors only. Her immense resources, although developed as yet only in a small degree by her commercial and industrial organisations, have enabled her to furnish substantial financial assistance to the common cause. Although prior to the war a large borrower of British capital, the Dominion Government has successfully issued large internal war loans that have been oversubscribed by the Canadian public. In September, 1916, a loan of £20,000,000 was asked for, and almost immediately more than thirty-four millions was applied for by Canadian subscribers. Nothing could more convincingly show how the Canadians have gone to war heart and soul, for in a country like Canada nothing is more difficult than to convert wealth from one form to another. Canada is now spending a million dollars a day on the war—a wonderful tribute, not merely to her glorious spirit, but to the soundness of her prosperity and the excellence of her banking system.

The Dominion has, in truth, put her all into the fray. She has, with no stint, with no reservation, given her blood, her toil, her possessions. No less than the British forces, including the gallant Indian contingent ; no less than the heroic armies of France, Russia, and Italy ; no less than immolated Belgium and Serbia, have Canada and the other Dominions shattered the dreams and broken the power of Germany. It is not merely that they have exacted toll on the blood-drenched battlefields of Flanders ; most terrible to Germany has been the lesson taught by the sublime devotion of all parts of our great Empire to the cause of the right.

The once " waste places of the earth," to which Germans for centuries never gave a thought, are now held by sturdy nations prepared and able to treat with derision the insolence of the apostles of " Kultur." What peoples of the various Dominions have, they will hold—hold for themselves, hold for the British Empire of which they are part.

A century ago the States of Europe contended with one another for dominion over colonial possessions. Fleets and armies, that often were overwhelmed with disaster, went from the Old World to the New, to the East and West Indies, to America and the Antipodes. We are in a new cycle of historic evolution. Germany is too late. The British Dominions can now send mighty armies to Europe to defend their freedom there, to break the power of the usurper and aggressor at its source.

There is not in all history any revolution more majestic, any action of collective humanity more sublime. Long before Germany can recover from the exhaustion of defeat which her mad lust of power and arrogant assumption of superiority have brought upon her, the British Dominions will be great Powers like Germany herself, holding the position in international politics — diplomatic and dynamic—which they have won in this war by dedicating themselves to great ideals and the nobler part. When the choice lay before her of staking her all for virtue and freedom, or standing aside to clutch at gain and risk the disruption of the Empire to which she belonged, Canada chose the path of honour, and has never looked back.



By H. M. Bateman

THE CANADIAN IN PEACE AND WAR

As imagined by an English artist

THE SPIRIT OF HEROISM

Fragments from the Glorious Record of Canada's Fighting Men

By Sir GILBERT PARKER
and Captain T. G. ROBERTS

NOTE.—The following brief accounts of the actions of a few of our officers and men who were decorated for their valour are representative of the heroic deeds of hundreds of our fighters. They illuminate the spirit in which innumerable acts of gallantry and self-sacrifice were undertaken and innumerable courageous hearts stilled in death. Glorious as these deeds are, they are but fragments of Canada's glorious record.

Lance-Cpl. FRED FISHER, V.C.

IF there is one thing which this war has made clear, it is that the British race has not degenerated, and that there is, both in the United Kingdom and in the Overseas Dominions, a dynamic vitality which responds in splendid measure to opportunity.

On many a well-fought field, since the beginning of the war, members of the Overseas Forces of the Crown have proved themselves as worthy of the highest honours in the game of war as ever British men have won.

SIR GILBERT PARKER

The first overseas troops to win fame and name in the war were the Canadians, by the accident of being first in the field. Since then, in the European field, Australians, New Zealanders, Newfoundlanders, East and West Indians, and, in a fine degree, South Africans, have proved the mettle of their pasture.

March and April, 1915, must always be a flower of light in the garden of this war. It was in March the Canadian guns took part in the battle of Neuve Chapelle, and the Princess Patricia's Light Infantry fought at St. Eloi; and it was in April that the infantry of the First Canadian Division came to stern and dreadful grips with the enemy.

The Canadian Division moved into Ypres Salient and relieved troops of the 11th Division of the French Army and 5,000 yards of undeveloped trenches. Then it was that the Germans flooded our Allies on the immediate left of the Canadian position with asphyxiating gas, against which no protection existed, and that terrible and inhuman mode of attack strangled, blinded and suffocated Turcos and Zouaves, and a four-mile gap in civilisation's defences was opened to the Germans, and the Canadian left was uncovered!

Deeds of valour were done on that 22nd of April, sacrifices were made, and courage burned at a white heat in the fight against the makers of indescribable atrocities, the tyrants of militarism, the enemies of civilisation.

Where all are commendable among the Canadian fighters, it is a happiness to us that the names of a few heroes, that the particulars of their gallant actions, were recorded and given to the world.

Then it was that Lance-Corporal Fred Fisher played his magnificent part in the struggle against overwhelming odds. A battery of Canadian field-guns maintained an advanced and perilous position, supported by a depleted company of the 14th Battalion. The guns of the enemy stormed upon them, but for a time they held their ground, until the Germans were within a few hundred yards,

and they did terrific execution by firing point-blank "into the brown" of the advancing masses. Then they were withdrawn, with the help of a small force of infantry, into comparative safety.

It was while this was being done that Fisher, with a machine-gun belonging to the 13th Battalion, covered with masterly valour the extrication of the field-guns. All four of Fisher's crew were shot down, but Fisher, not content with the work he had done towards saving the battery, moved his machine-gun forward to a still more advanced position, where it was fully exposed to the fire of shrapnel, machine-guns, and rifles, and where he stayed, fighting his gun, until he was shot dead.

He lost his life, but he won the Victoria Cross. He was an example to his fellow-soldiers; he was the pride of his fellow-countrymen; and his name stands for all men think worth while in the battle of life.

Men may shrink from the thought of war—of the awful storm of metal, the horrible din of firing, the ghastly clamour and the hideous wound. They think they would reject the opportunity to face this swarming death; but the wonderful part of the Great War is that the individual, unknown and unheralded, has proved himself equal to his opportunity, whether he is a newsboy V.C. from the streets of Edinburgh or a Canadian lance-corporal.

Such men as Fisher, V.C., make us feel confident of the future of the world.

Lieut. F. W. CAMPBELL, V.C.

THE Seventh Division (British) being ordered to take an important and formidable German position known to our troops as "Stony Mountain," the 1st Canadian Battalion was given the task of securing the Division's right flank. This meant the occupation of 150 yards of the German front line, running southwards from "Stony Mountain" to another enemy stronghold called "Dorchester."

The 1st Battalion moved up to our front-line trench opposite their objective on the afternoon of June 15, 1915. On their right were the 2nd and 4th Canadian Battalions, with the 3rd in support.

Two Canadian field-guns, which had been hidden overnight in our fire trench, wrought havoc in the German parapet and wire. Then we sprang a mine; and through the flying earth and smoke of that explosion the leading company of the 1st Battalion charged. Though they were met by the fire of the machine-guns of "Stony Mountain," they reached and captured "Dorchester" and a part of the enemy's front-line trench. "Stony Mountain" repulsed the attack.

Lieutenant F. W. Campbell advanced with the second company, with two machine-guns. He was followed promptly by the third company of the battalion, which, like the other two, lost terribly in the advance.

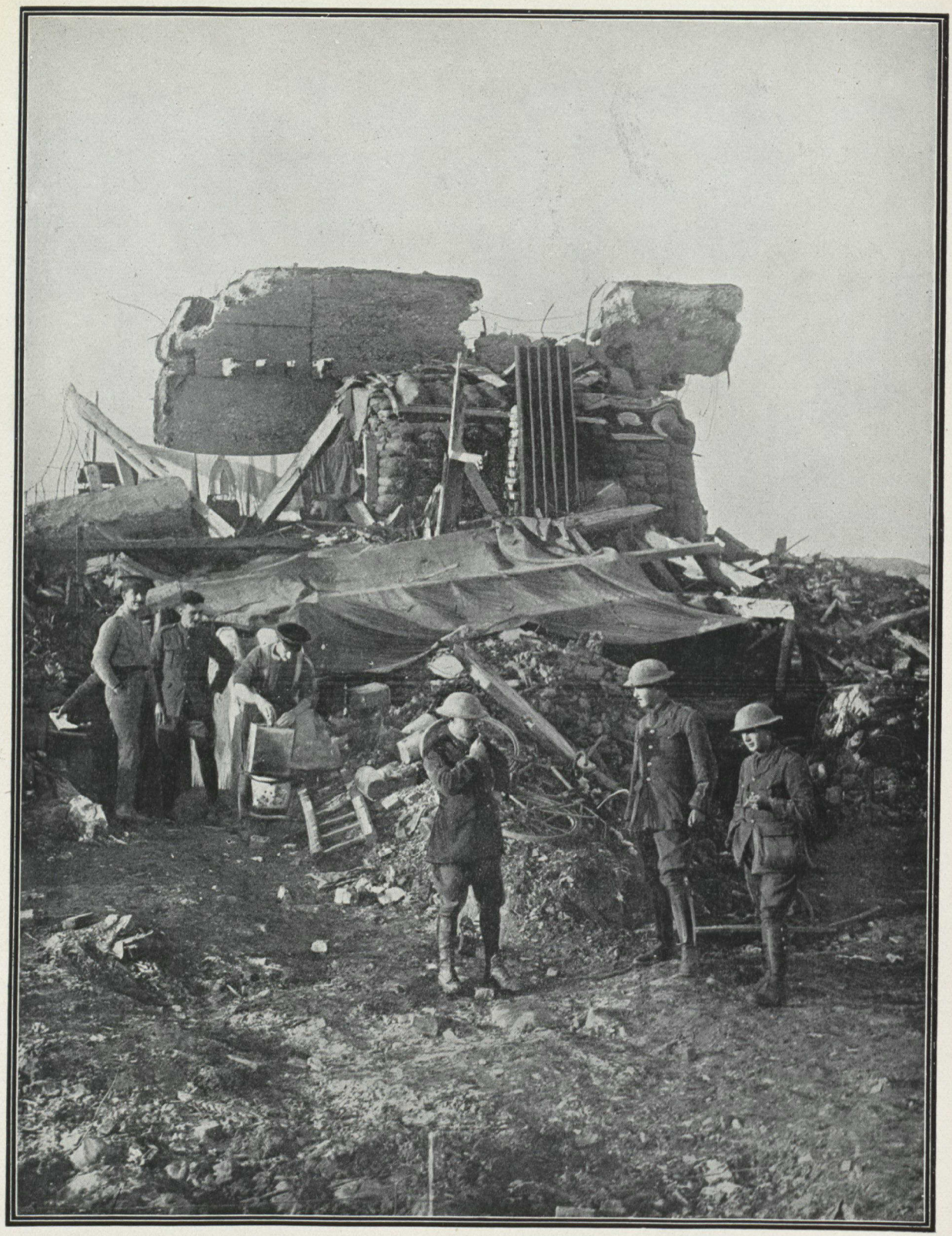
Before reaching the hostile trench Campbell lost the entire crew of one of his machine-guns. He reached the trench with one gun and a few unwounded men, and immediately moved along it towards "Stony Mountain" until he was stopped by an enemy barricade. By this time only one of his men, Private Vincent, was left of his command. All the others lay dead or wounded behind him.

Lieutenant Campbell could find no suitable base for his gun in the peculiar position in which he found himself, so he mounted it on the muscular back of Private Vincent. Vincent was as cool and courageous as he was strong. He had been a lumberjack in Ontario before the war. By this time our supply of bombs was exhausted; but Campbell fired about one thousand rounds from his machine-gun, and actually held back the enemy's initial counter-attack. He and Vincent maintained their advanced position until the trench was entered by hostile bombers. Campbell was seriously wounded. Vincent then abandoned the tripod and dragged the gun away to a place of safety.

Lieutenant Campbell crawled from the scene of his heroic exploit in a dying condi-

MUD-STAINED WARRIORS FROM THE TRENCHES

Canadian Official Photograph



CANADIANS IN A "CASTLE" ON THE WESTERN FRONT

Canadian Official Photograph

tion, and was carried into our own trench by Company-Sergeant-Major Owen. He died almost immediately.

Sergeant-Major F. W. HALL, V.C.

ON the morning of April 24, 1915 (the third day of the second Battle of Ypres), Sergeant-Major Hall, of the 8th Canadian Infantry Battalion, won the Victoria Cross and lost his life.

The previous night the 8th Battalion relieved the 15th Battalion in the front-line trench. In moving up to our fire trench the 8th had to cross a high bank, which lay about fifteen yards in rear of our forward position at this point, and was fully exposed to the rifle and machine-gun fire of the enemy. In crossing this bank the battalion suffered a number of casualties. Sergeant-Major Hall went back twice, under cover of darkness, and returned with a wounded man each time. On the following morning, at nine o'clock, groans of suffering from the top of the bank attracted the attention of the occupants of the trench.

Sergeant-Major Hall, accompanied by Corporal Payne and Private Rogerson, immediately left the trench and attempted a rescue. Both Payne and Rogerson were wounded before their objective was reached, and the Sergeant-Major returned to the trench with them. But only for a few minutes. He attempted the rescue again, this time alone, though he knew that as soon as he topped the rise he would become the target for the excellent shooting that had already put Payne and Rogerson out of action.

The fire from the German trenches in front and on the flanks of this point in our line was now heavy and accurate. It was deliberate, aimed fire, discharged in broad daylight. But Hall risked it. He moved slowly, crawling very close to the ground. He reached the wounded man without being hit. He even managed to get the sufferer into position on his back for moving, but in the act of raising his head slightly to glance over the ground before commencing the crawl to shelter he received a bullet in his brain. He died instantly; and other bullets immediately took the life of the sufferer on his back.

Sergeant-Major Hall was born in Belfast, but his Canadian home was in Winnipeg. He joined the 8th Battalion as a private in August, 1914, at Valcartier.

Captain F. A. C. SCRIMGER, V.C.

OF the four Canadians who were granted the Victoria Cross in 1915, only Captain F. A. C. Scrimger, of the Canadian Army Medical Corps, lives to-day.

Captain Scrimger was attached to the 14th (Royal Montreal) Battalion during the second Battle of Ypres. Throughout the desperate fighting in which his battalion was engaged between April 22 and 25, 1915, he worked day and night with the wounded in forward positions, exposed to hostile fire of every description.

On April 25 the farm buildings in which he had established an advanced dressing station were heavily shelled by the enemy. After directing the removal of his wounded back to places which promised at least a greater measure of safety than the shattered dressing station upon which the German fire continued to register, he attempted to carry away a wounded officer on his own back. He had not gone far before he saw that, owing to the serious nature of this officer's wounds, it would prove fatal to the sufferer to move him farther single-handed, so he remained with his charge in the open, under fire, until the arrival of help, at times covering the body of his patient with his own.

Cpl. W. H. BAKER

CORPORAL W. H. BAKER, of the 10th Canadian Battalion, was given the Croix de Guerre for the splendid work he did and the indomitable courage he displayed on the night of April 22-23, 1915. At midnight two of our battalions, the 10th and the 16th, took a strong German position in a wood lying to the west of St. Julien at the point of the bayonet. They lost grievously in their

advance across the open in the face of a withering fire of machine-guns.

Corporal Baker reached the German trench with sixteen bombers at his back. Baker and his sixteen immediately moved to the left along the trench, bombing the reluctant enemy from cover as they went. But this was not for long. The Germans were still in force in this part of the line, and with their retaliation of bombs and rifle fire they soon put nine of the corporal's sixteen men out of action. They then blocked the trench, and at the same point dug a cross-trench, thus establishing a formidable redoubt. The seven Canadians spent the remaining hours of darkness within ten yards of the redoubt, still on the offensive.

The Germans received a fresh supply of bombs early in the morning, and immediately redoubled their efforts to drive out the Canadians. Baker, who had led his party throughout the fight, lay nearest to the obstruction in the trench. Owing to his position the German bombs went over and beyond him, killing his six comrades, but leaving him unhurt. Perhaps he gave a thought to his chances of surviving this unequal action—but it is unlikely. He certainly made no attempt to avoid the issue.

He armed himself with the bombs of his dead comrades and continued the fight. His fire was so accurate and well-timed that the fire of the hostile bombers slackened. He held his position all that day and all the next night, and returned to his battalion just before the dawn of the 24th.

Sergeant H. HICKEY

SERGEANT HICKEY, of the 4th Canadian Battalion, distinguished himself at Pilchem Ridge during the second Battle of Ypres, and again in May, 1915, to such an outstanding degree that he was strongly recommended for the Victoria Cross.

On April 23 the 4th Canadian Battalion, supported by the 1st Canadian Battalion, counter-attacked to save the left of our position. This attack was successfully carried through in broad daylight, in the face of a terrific fire, but at a terrific cost of life. The German trench was reached and bayoneted clear of the enemy, and the integrity of the Allied line was thus secured at a point and time critical beyond words.

Sergeant Hickey was one of the survivors of this charge; but, not content with having come through that adventure of a thousand perils with a whole skin, he went out of the captured trench, still under the combined fire of shells, machine-guns and rifles, and dressed the wounds of five of the men who had fallen in the charge. While engaged on this merciful task he was in full view of the enemy, and the enemy took full advantage of the target thus offered them. But they did not hit him. He succeeded in bringing the five men into the comparative security of the trench.

One month and one day later (on Victoria Day), during the battle of Festubert, Sergeant Hickey volunteered to attempt the recovery of two trench mortars which the battalion had been forced to abandon in an untenable ditch the day before. It was a task that seemed to promise nothing but certain death. But Hickey undertook it coolly. He crawled to the ditch and found the mortars.

During the return journey with the mortars he was forced, by the severity of the German fire, to take an extremely circuitous route. While engaged in this perilous undertaking he kept his eyes and wits on the alert, and discovered a way of communication, running almost entirely in "dead ground," between our supports and front line.

Having delivered the trench mortars, Hickey went out again and made his way to the support lines by the route which he had just discovered. Again and again he made the journey, guiding up parties to the fire trench. How many lives he saved that day by his clear brain and courage, and how many times he cheerfully jeopardised his own life, it is impossible to determine.

Sergeant Hickey was killed in the trenches on May 30, 1915, by a chance shot. His memory has not been honoured by the bestowal of the decoration for which he was so justly recommended by his commanding officer; but it is enshrined for ever in the heart of Canada.

THE COMING OF THE CANADIANS

By AUSTIN HARRISON

(Editor of the *English Review*)

I SHALL never forget my first sight of a Canadian soldier, though it seems so long ago now that I cannot put a month to it.

I was returning from Portsmouth, whither I had been to say good-bye to my brother, who was going out—alas! never to return—and it was in those days when things looked black and threatening and Paris was the uppermost thought in men's minds.

On the platform, crowding through the ticket gateway, there strolled a knot of men, and there was something about them which attracted general attention. They seemed supremely happy, calm, rather proud. Their faces showed strength and rude health. Their uniforms appeared to be of better material than ours, more shapely, and then one noticed the shoulder plate.

While I was staring, an old gentleman rushed up, his face all aglow with delight.

MR. AUSTIN HARRISON

"Colonials!" he exclaimed. "You're the Canadians, aren't you?" And when one of the men answered, with a broad smile, that, "Sure, we are Canadians," the old gentleman could scarcely contain himself. "I knew it," he said; "I knew Canada would send us her boys. Now it will be all right. By Jove! but we've had a near shave"—at which remark the big Canadians laughed, and so, patting this one on the shoulder and that one on the back, the old gentleman pushed through the gate and—we parted.

The little scene was typical. At that time we were a bit "nervy" on the island, for no man knew that the Canadians had arrived, owing to the mistaken policy of secrecy which shrouded all movement of troops, except the passing of the million Russians through England—perhaps the greatest illusion any people has fallen victim to in modern history.

But this time there was no illusion. The "Canucks" bulked large in the eye. We soon got to know them, and soon they got to know us, and good fun it was. In a short time the achievements of the Canadians became the talk of the country. I fancy they had a pretty good time pulling some of our legs in those early days, and I believe they did us no end of good.

They woke us up. We saw fine free men who loved life, who feared no man. They stalked about like men from a different planet, with that gait of freedom, that independence of attitude, which characterises the New World. A fresh light shone from their eyes; they stood four square; they looked as hard as nails. Of discipline they had also exceedingly independent notions.

One man I knew got into trouble for pinching a duck. Blimy! Why not? They didn't give him duck in the camps. He liked duck. At home he had as many ducks as he could eat. Why make a fuss about a duck? He'd come to fight all right, but a duck was a duck, and so he argued it out to the stupefaction of a rather splenetic "dug-out," whose ideas of warfare, I fear, were largely mixed up with the laws of property, and he waxed very wroth indeed.

The Canadian got it in the neck over that duck, but he didn't mind a cent.

I remember another scene, also in a train. The carriage was full, and there entered a

young Canadian, who squeezed himself into a seat opposite my wife. Offering her a cigarette, and finding she accepted it, he turned to me for a light. "Must light your girl's cigarette," he said, and this set the whole carriage talking, though until he got in we had sat for a whole hour all staring gloomily at one another.

Our friend was just "jolly" enough to be funny—and frank. For nineteen years he had been in Canada. To-day, he told us, he had been to see his sister, and "hardly knew her." But the "wet" was good, and presently he began to sing, and when he discovered that my wife came "from the Lakes," knew his songs, and could talk a bit of Indian, his effusions almost became dangerous. What struck me was the man's determination to fight.

"It will all be over," he said they had told him, "before another six months." But he was determined to have his knock in. "I'll get out somehow. I haven't come over here for show," he informed us. "I've come to kill a German, and I'm going to."

At Waterloo he nearly met with disaster—he would take the platform before the train stopped. For a moment we thought he was on his head; but no, a wild stagger, a magnificent sprawl, and he was up and erect, waving his hand, blowing kisses, looking as dandy a soldier as any in Europe. I know he gave a good account of himself.

If the truth were told—and why not tell a little of it?—we got rather alarmed at the vagaries of the Canadians in those early days. The old disciplinarians shook their heads. At that time we were unused to that grand Colonial type of manhood that we now recognise as the cream of the race. "Fears" were expressed at what might happen when so individualist a lot of men found themselves before the guns of Teutonic Kultur.

But that "fear" was soon dispelled. The German gas did it—the Canadians stood firm, indeed their fighting in that critical period of the initial gas attacks was superb, and literally saved a very dangerous situation. From that hour no man in Britain ever doubted a Canadian again; in the Army no soldier ever had doubted him. I am told the Highland regiments to a man spontaneously cheered the Canadians when they came back from that fighting to the rear. "The Canadians are as good as us any day," a Black Watch captain informed me, and when a Scot says that, he means it.

Only the other day the Canadian Scots were in London—giants, simply magnificent men, among them Frank Slavin as straight and keen as of yore. No finer body of men ever marched through the old capital. Even the big City policemen seemed small at their sides. "If that is Canada," said an old woman near me, "Lord save the Germans."

Perhaps nothing has been more wonderful in the war than this revelation of Canadian patriotism, this rallying of the peoples from across the seas, this re-association of ties and memories and interests long thought dead. In England's hour of danger the old gods came back to her, serene, strong, beautiful in their strength and dignity, and we have learnt to love them again and know them to be blood of our blood and bone of our bone, free men fighting for a common freedom.

In this exultation of union and community the spiritual meaning of the war has grown and spread among us, linking the loose joints of Empire together, cementing the hearts of our common heritage in a way hitherto unknown. The Canadians have struck a deep fire in our English senses which will light a candle in the civilisation of the world. It was as if the tombs of our ancestors had opened and from the earth the bones of our ancestry had risen at the call of danger to battle for that Empire that they themselves had won on land and on the seas.

We saw the Canadians with a choking feeling of gratitude. History had justified itself. The work of Nelson lay there, indicated in the thews and sinews of those young Canadians who had thrown up all for England, for the little island home whence years ago many of them had set out never to return.

Men here can never forget the coming of the men of Canada. They have lit an Imperial beacon in the land which will not now go out, which, in the years that are to come, will fashion a new Right of Man and a new structure of a common privilege.

By J. A. Shepperson

THE FIELDS OF FLANDERS

Where are the Dead?
There are no Dead.

—MAETERLINCK (*The Blue Bird*).

She was very sweet and gracious, and asked about his wound, but the fact that he had found her picture upon the battlefield did not appear to interest her as much as he had hoped.

BILLY CARTER'S PHOTOGRAPH

A Complete Story by MAX PEMBERTON

Illustrated by G. Wallcousins

BILLY found it one day in the hollow road which runs down from Delville Wood towards "Lousy" and the farm; and he didn't think overmuch about it at the time. Which was natural, for eleven-inch shells were "dotting the landscape," as the joy-ride reporter remarked, and Billy was just a little bit anxious that they should not dot him.

When he got back to the base hospital and they were for sending him to London, Billy had the picture upon him, and he used to keep it under his pillow to be taken as required. It was his bad luck to annex a keepsake from a Weary Willy the night before Eaucourt; but the portion of old iron which entered his anatomy fortunately spared the masterpiece, which was just over the place where a decent man's heart should be. Billy did not know why he kept it there; but, after all, the photograph was "somebody"—and as far as he knew there were few of the kind on this side the hemisphere.

MR. MAX PEMBERTON

He had his "pals," of course, and there was a silver-haired old mother way back at Edmonton. He had written to her to say that a fly had bitten him, and that he would be fighting again before she got his letter—but his pals

were then spitting Germans down Schwaben way, and the nurses did not seem to want to flirt with Billy; while the parson's stories all came out of the Ark, and, generally speaking, the wounded man did not find life a riot. It was at such moments that Billy took the picture from beneath his pillow and had another look—a process he did not repeat more than some forty times a day.

"By gosh!" he would say, "but she is some woman"—and the most casual critic would have admitted the lady to be that.

Mind you, she was no infant in arms; no flapper in fur boots, or nymph from the beauty chorus of a Hippodrome revue. Billy placed her at "twenty-seven," and a lover is always generous towards a woman's years. What the colour of her hair might be the photograph did not tell him. She wore a nurse's uniform with a hood, which covered maliciously those abundant tresses Billy hoped were auburn. He had a passion for the tint. He would have held Fortune a jade indeed if the "unknown" possessed tresses of any other colour.

Billy was a month in hospital on this side, and then found himself in London with an arm that would not work. The sawbones talked a jargon he did not understand, chiefly about a "plexus" and the muscles of the right side, and whether he would or would not recover the use of the rebellious limb. All pleasantly, mind you; much as one asks whether George Robey will or will not appear at the concert.

When they loosed him for a month's leave, with daily attendance for massage, Billy found London a dull place enough. He hadn't much taste for the strange man at the drinking bar, who wanted to go round the corner with his money. Revues interested him because he thought he might see her in one of the choruses; but she was never there, and he began to think very little of that particular kind of entertainment. He had shown the picture to some of the "boys," but none recognised the *inconnue*.

"You'd better call at all the likely houses," one said cheerfully. Others were of the opinion that she was certainly the daughter of a doctor or a parson. "Put an advertisement in the *Church Family Newspaper*," they said; and Billy perceived that they were pulling his leg. In the end he said nothing more to anybody, but sat down steadily to consult the Agony Column of the *Times*. Perhaps someone would advertise for the lost picture, and in that way the finder would learn her name. "Gee," said Billy to himself, "but that would be a day!"

Often he wondered where she lived and in what circumstances. The little houses in the by-streets interested him greatly, for he had the absurd idea that one day he might see her face at a window. When a daily newspaper took to printing the photographs of men who were missing, Billy took it in regularly, and one day he had the temerity to call at the office.

"Say," he remarked to the busy sub-editor, who saw him for a moment in a filthy passage, "do you chance to know who this is?"—and he handed over the precious picture as though it were a Rembrandt from Trafalgar Square. To his astonishment, the young man laughed and looked at him in the oddest kind of way.

"You mean to say you don't know?" he exclaimed. Billy was quite sure of it.

"Found her at 'No Man's,'" he said sheepishly, "and thought, perhaps, we might have a tea-party. I shall be mighty glad if you can help me."

The young man went into an inner office, where shouts of laughter presently were to be heard. When he returned he was quite serious, and he had written down the address for Billy.

"Go right through the little court, and the house is in the next block," he said.

Billy waited for no more. The cab set him down at the bottom of St. James's Street, and then he remembered that the young journalist had forgotten, after all, to tell him the lady's name.

"Never mind," he thought, "they'll know at the house." And with that he marched up the alley they had named, and presently found himself in the porch of a mansion which is famous all the world over.

"Some apartment," said Billy; and then he perceived that, after all, it was merely a hospital. The discovery reassured him. She

would be a "Sister" there; glad to see him, and perhaps willing to go that very night and learn what the Bing Boys were doing. So he rang the bell and boldly thrust the picture under the porter's nose.

"Want to see this lady," he said. The porter evidently thought he was mad.

For all that, he saw her, five minutes later, in a great room on the first floor, and she was very sweet and gracious and asked about his wound, and even suggested that he might come there to be massaged if he liked. There were so many others about her that he had not the courage to mention the Bing Boys; nor did he speak about a tea-party. The fact that he had found her picture upon the battlefield did not appear to interest her as much as he had hoped, and he could not fail to observe that she brushed the matter aside in a way that was not romantic. Billy put the picture back into his pocket rather shamefacedly; but he said he would come back for the massage; and then found himself ushered out into the corridor again with an adroitness which betrayed long practice.

"Who is that lady?" he asked the Sister who showed him down. She looked at him with eyes as bright as stars.

"You don't know the Duchess!" was her startled exclamation. Billy said no more. An observer would have remarked that he ran like a hare.

On the pavement outside he stopped to think about it.

A Duchess! Gosh! but it was lucky he did not speak about the Bing Boys. At least, he thought so; but was it really?

And would she not have gone had he asked her?

He did not debate it.

The colour of the hair was all right. But between her heart and poor Billy there seemed, unfortunately, a gap as wide as No Man's Land.

By Gunner McRitchie, C.E.F.

Sergeant: "And when I say 'Eyes left,' I want to see those eyes come over with a click."

THE TRENCH "O. PIP"

[*Note.*—Field Artillery Observation Posts (called O. Pips) are often situated in front-line trenches.]

CRAMPED in a crumbling dug-out
On the edge of No Man's Land,
Chilled to the bone I sit at the 'phone
Set up on a sand-bag stand.
My Ingersoll points to midnight:
I've two more hours to do,
And keeping awake would wrest the cake
From the torture Tantalus knew.

From here the "eyes" of the battery
Detect the Hun at work,
And targets fair we 'phone to where
Our eighteen-pounders lurk.
Then shoals of high-explosive
Frustrate the plans of Fritz,
Who runs to ground as we promptly pound
His parapet to bits.

When Tommy in the trenches
Is having a rotten spell
From "whizz-bang," mine, and five-point-nine,
From "Turnip" and "Tear-shell,"
He calls for retaliation,
And our waiting gunners know,
When we pass THAT through, the Devil's due
Is more than a quid pro quo.

It's up to us—the peeping
At Fritz through a periscope,
Likewise to go a-creeping,
And out in the darkness grope
For the "break" where a bursting "Johnson"
Has cut the telephone wire,
Whilst the peeved O.C. of the infantry
Bawls for our battery's fire.

Cramped in a crumbling dug-out,
Too near to No Man's Land
To be without a lingering doubt
As to how your "home" would stand
A "coal-box" split upon it,
Or a "liquid fire" rain.
Hello! Hello! Great Scot! Hello!
The line is "out" again.

W. D. D.

By J. Hassall, R.I.

BILL AND HIS PRISONER

THE SMALL WORLD AND THE WAR. (A Fact)

DURING a raid by the enemy on the Canadian front, a soldier from Alberta, whom we will call "Bill," was surrounded by the hostile infantry. He took refuge in a shell-hole. He lay tight all day, but at the fall of dusk he decided to make a bold break back to his lines. Only one man—a German sentry—stood between him and safety. Watching every move of the sentry, the Canadian suddenly pounced upon him and grabbed him by the throat. For a few moments they struggled, but as soon as he could get his breath the German exclaimed, in plain English: "Bill! for God's sake take me a prisoner!" Bill immediately did so, for the German was no other than his neighbour out in the Province of Alberta, who had returned, via the United States, to Germany.

By H. P. Jenner

Officer: "Who are you?"
Recruit: "Gran', hoo's yersel?"

TO FRANCE

By CANON (MAJOR) F. G. SCOTT

(Senior Chaplain 1st Canadian Division)

WHAT is the gift we have given thee, Sister?
What is the trust we have laid in thy hand?
Hearts of our bravest, our best and our dearest—
Blood of our blood—we have sown in thy land.

What for all time will the harvest be, Sister?
What will spring up from the seed that is sown?
Freedom and peace and goodwill among nations,
Love that will bind us with love all our own.

Bright is the path that is opening before us,
Upward and onward it mounts through the night;
Sword shall not sever the bonds that unite us
Leading the world to the fullness of light.

Sorrow hath made thee more beautiful, Sister,
Nobler and purer than ever before;
We, who are chastened by sorrow and anguish,
Hail thee as Sister and Queen evermore.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

HIS UNFINISHED STORY*

I CANNOT know the story
Of what you might have done;
I can but dream of honours
You would have earned, dear son.

But I shall keep the record
Of how you did your part,
True to your highest, ever
Deep in my happy heart.

Beauty of dawn and sunset,
Glory of sky and sea,
Grandness of star and mountain,
Will bring you back to me.

Often in woodland pathway
Beside me you will stand
Tranquil and true, and tell me
Of work that you had planned.

And life will aye be sweeter,
Hope be more strong and clear,
Faith more serene and vital,
Because I feel you near.

JAMES L. HUGHES.

Toronto, Canada.

* Ended in Belgium, November 14th, 1915, while doing his duty.

ROUTE MARCHING IN ENGLAND

A CANADIAN OFFICER'S IMPRESSIONS

ENGLAND is echoing to the tramp of marching men. If anyone feared that the man-power of the Empire is waning, he would have only to place his ear to the ground and he would be reassured by the steady, swinging rhythm of marching feet.

It is a sound that stirs the blood. These khaki-clad men tramp-tramp-tramping across the face of a country but lately absorbed in peaceful toil, not thinking of war, represent the power that is back of the splendid British fighting machine in the field. They are the population of the great training camps with which the little green island is dotted. Presently they will go to take their places with their comrades in the firing line or to fill those aching gaps that are the price of war. They are ready, nay, eager, to go; and when they go the Boche will find that they are of the same breed that he has already learned to fear and respect. But meanwhile they go marching to and from the busy training camps, along the winding country roads, across the sweeping valleys and over gorse-clad hills, painting great swathes of khaki on the pleasant landscape, beating hard the road that leads to Berlin.

For marching is a constant factor in the soldier's training. Whatever stage he may have reached, there are always route marches on the syllabus. Marching hardens the muscles and develops the staying-power. It is the surest test of fitness and the best touchstone of a man's cheerfulness and good temper. It singles out the weaklings and the malingerers, and it shows up those with physical defects that might otherwise go unnoticed, making them a burden to the rest when the supreme test came.

Route marching we had in Canada, of course. But to those of us who are Canadians by birth, seeing England for the first time in the final stage of our training, route marching in "the Old Country" has been a delightful series of surprises. This is not because Canada is lacking in natural beauty, but because the English landscape is so entirely different. It is the difference between a young land, still largely in a virgin state, and a land which centuries of habitation and cultivation, coupled with a moist climate, have made one great garden. The charm of the Canadian countryside lies in its ruggedness, its unshornness, its primitive wildness and simplicity, its comparative innocence of the touch of man. A magnificent spaciousness, a careless prodigality of sweeping vistas, lead the imagination forth. The spirit does not sit and brood, it soars and wanders, skipping lightly over intervals, eagerly straining forward "over the hills and far away."

The beauty of England, on the other hand, is intensive. The landscape is split up by hills and valleys, winding roads and interlinking hedges, into exquisite mosaics, each one inviting the scrutiny of the eye. Its outlines are soft and rounded; there are few extremes of either flatness or elevation; the luxuriant vegetation never seems to run wild, but to have been carefully trained and groomed with a supreme sense of graceful effect by some master hand. Vistas there are, but usually circumscribed and full of detail—none of your vast receding stretches without incident to break the impressive loneliness of primitive nature. The farms and fields are neatly picked out with hedges of impeccable trimness. The untilled hills and valleys are swept clean and spread with bushy gorse or a rich brocaded carpet of bracken that waves undulatingly in the breeze.

The church spires and chimney-pots of quaint hamlets emerge here and there from their surrounding groves of century-old oaks

By Leonard Richmond, R.B.A.

ROUTE MARCHING IN ENGLAND

and yews to give further evidence of the hand of man, which seems to have left its stamp everywhere upon the landscape. And the whole is a rich and intricate tapestry of vivid colours—the deep blue-green of the prickly gorse and the bronzy-purple of the heather upon the hillsides; the brighter green of the waving bracken fronds; the yellow hay and corn fields; the green and yellow and brown meadows in their varying shades, marked out into a neat patchwork quilt by the darker hedges; the dark rich green of rounded tree-clumps and groves, clear-cut against the lighter fields or the intense blue of the sky; the pastel blues and greys of the distant hills that roll away into dimness where the prospect opens from some rise of ground. It is a picture of soft and melting beauty, smoothed of all harshnesses, breathing peace and the kindliness of good Mother Earth, redolent of simple joys and the homely virtues.

And across this peaceful landscape go the rippling streams of khaki. It is a splendid country to march through, whether it be a two- or three-mile "hike" to the training area on some gorse-clad common for a morning or afternoon of mimic warfare, or an all-day route march, with ten-minute halts at hour intervals and lunch at noon from the field kitchens. With packs on our backs and rigged out in full equipment ("like a Christmas tree," as the saying goes), we swing along the winding roads.

The roads are a revelation to the Canuck—smooth, hard macadam in the main, sometimes surfaced with tar, and bordered by neat hedges set atop of earthen walls. And how they twist and meander! They take you down into valleys and up over hills, through long tree-shaded "lanes" that often become sheer tunnels, so high are their embanked hedges and so thick their over-arching trees and bushes. They take you past little cottages nestling modestly by the roadside in their crowded wee gardens, bright with roses, and asters, and phlox, and Japanese sunflowers and poppies, and fronted by the inevitable hedge and swing gate. They wind through quaint old villages with their beamed houses, swing-signed inn and picturesquely satisfying "oldest inhabitant," stepped from the pages of Neil Lyons. And now they will take you through a wood, full of rich damp odours, and towering trees all overgrown with vines and moss as they rise from a knee-deep carpet of bracken. In their cool recesses you will hear the English blackbird piping his lilting flute, and other feathered songsters that are new to you.

We are not the only beings on the road, however. "March to the left!" is passed up or down the line, and the tramping fours close in to give passage to a tradesman's motor-lorry or a steam-driven van that goes lumbering past, or perhaps to one of those queer little bobbing two-wheeled carts, frequently drawn by a donkey. Or it may be a "brass hat" (Staff officer) in a whirling motor-car, or a leather-suited dispatch rider on a motor-cycle. In a country which knows the value of roads, and bestows a loving care upon them, one comes frequently, too, upon the crushed-stone wagon and the steam-roller, administering the proverbial "stitch in time."

Do not imagine that our route marches are silent, glum affairs. We have our bands to brighten the way with the airs that stir our memories and our hopes. Sometimes it is a pipe band—one Canadian Division was noted for the number and excellence of its pipe bands, frequently boasted by battalions neither Scots nor kilted. The drone of the bagpipes, whether you have Scots blood to be roused by their peculiar charm or not, makes splendid marching music—if you can stand the monotony!

But whether we have a band or not, we have always our voices, and echoing down the English lanes you will hear some of those very songs that made the welkin ring at Niagara or Sewell, Sarcee, Vernon or Valcartier, rendered with the same emphatic relish. You must not expect concert finish from us. There is a delightful inconsequence about route-march singing. Your Tommy is a creature of moods, and his moods change as rapidly as the minutes when it comes to a song. If one platoon starts a ditty and it does not catch the momentary fancy of the majority, it dies a natural death or struggles on pathetically till some other platoon or group or individual, more happily inspired, hits the mood of the

moment. Then, like an attack of measles, the chosen air spreads down the column, gathering volume with each line, till the whole battalion is roaring it lustily in ecstatic rhythm.

There is a vogue in route-march songs, too, as unaccountable as it is strange. For instance, you would probably be surprised to hear that two of the favourite march songs at the time of writing are old vaudeville "hits," revived and elevated to a new popularity. Tommy is a pure cosmopolite in the matter of songs. So long as the air is catchy and the sentiment to his taste, he does not trouble about the local colour. So you cease to have fears for his patriotism when you hear him chanting with eager intensity:

"Oh, how I wish again
I were in Mish-again,
Down on the farm."

Or again, promising what he will do

"When I get back,
When I get back,
To my home in Tennessee-ee!"

He is not thinking at all of these two American States, but of his own home in Ontario, or Alberta, or British Columbia, or whatever part of the wide Dominion he may have come from.

Sometimes, when the freshness of the newer songs has been worn down a bit, you will hear some voice start up one of those throbbing lilts, pregnant with memories of home and the days of early training, when all the world of soldiering was new and the breaking of ties was a recent affair: "We'll Never Let the Old Flag Fall," "Good Luck to the Boys of the Allies," "When You Wore a Tulip," or "Keep the Home Fires Burning." Strangely enough, you will hear, too, in the gropings of some musical soul for novelty, a resurrection of a popular catch you had not heard for years. Recently I heard "Nellie Gray," that march song of another war, come again to life. Nor are the hoary classics despised. You will hear "John Brown's Body" slowly mouldered away in song, and "Marching Through Georgia" whistled lustily. Of course, there are a few catches that we have always with us. Always as we swing into a little hamlet with its interested population standing at its doors or peeping from its windows and a toothless octogenarian leaning on his stick outside the "pub," you will hear welling up cheerily from a thousand throats:

"Here we are,
Here we are,
Here we are again! . . . etc."

That is Tommy's invariable salute to an admiring populace.

And, of course, there are parodies. You may be asked, for instance, to the tune of "I Want to go Back South to Dixie":

"Why don't you join?
Why don't you join?
Why don't you join Sam
Hughes's army?"

Or this piece of musical sarcasm, in which some wag in the ranks has voiced the common impatience to get to France, may greet your ears to the old hymn tune of "When the Roll is Called up Yonder":

"When the war is nearly over,
When the war is nearly over,
When the war is nearly over,
When the war is nearly over,
I'll be there."

But however deep Tommy may plunge in reminiscence, or sentiment, or humorous protest against his lot, he keeps perennially cheerful. Towards the end of a long day's march, when packs are growing very heavy, and feet are throbbing, and the rifle is a burden, you will hear a chorus of lusty, if somewhat wavering, voices rising cheerily in this uplifting chant:

"Wot's the use of worryin'?
It never was worth while,
So pack all your troubles in your
old kit-bag
And smile—smile—smile!"

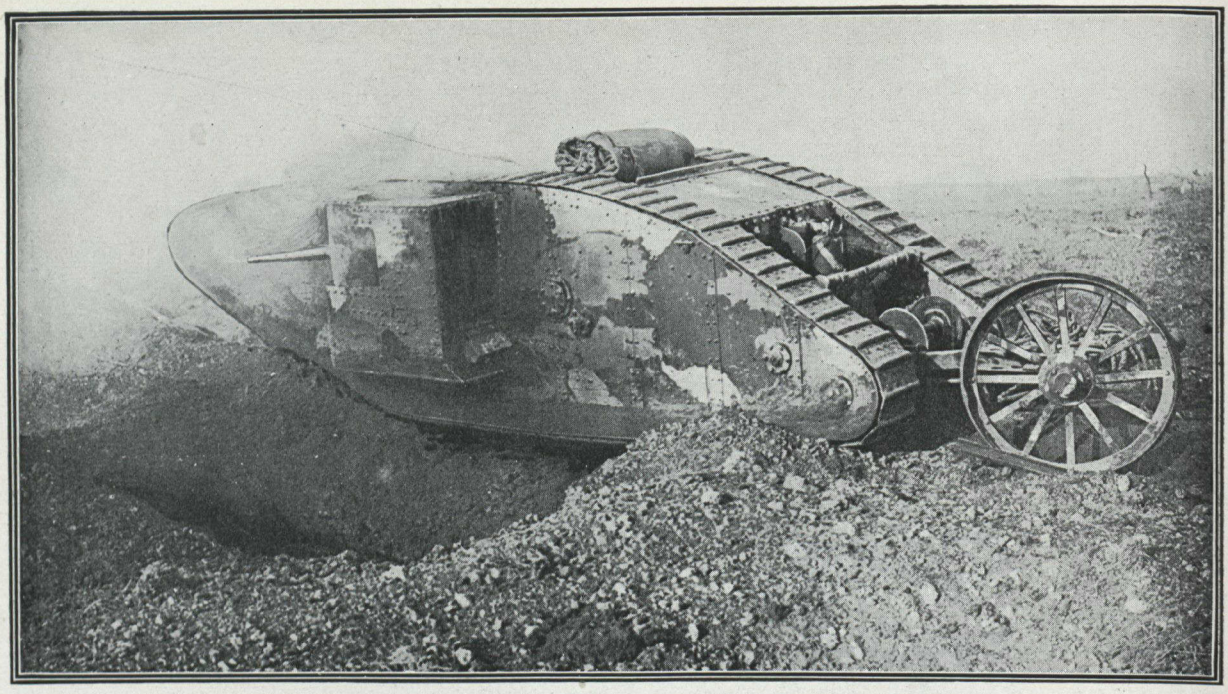
Some of these songs, grown poignant with associations, many of us will carry in our hearts long after route-marching days are over.

C. McNaught.

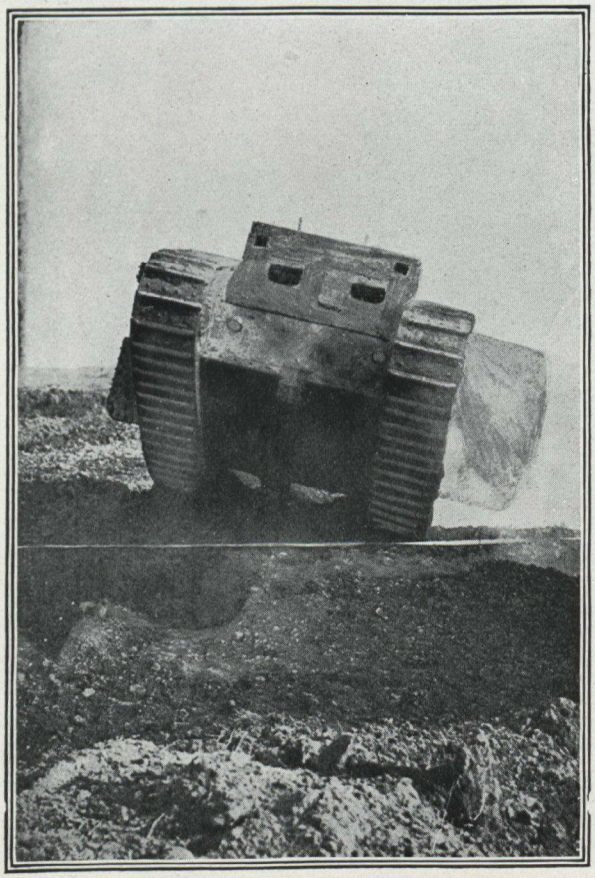
Canadian Official Photograph

A BRITISH "TANK" GOING INTO ACTION

One of the splendid pictures from the great Exhibition of Canadian Battle Photographs



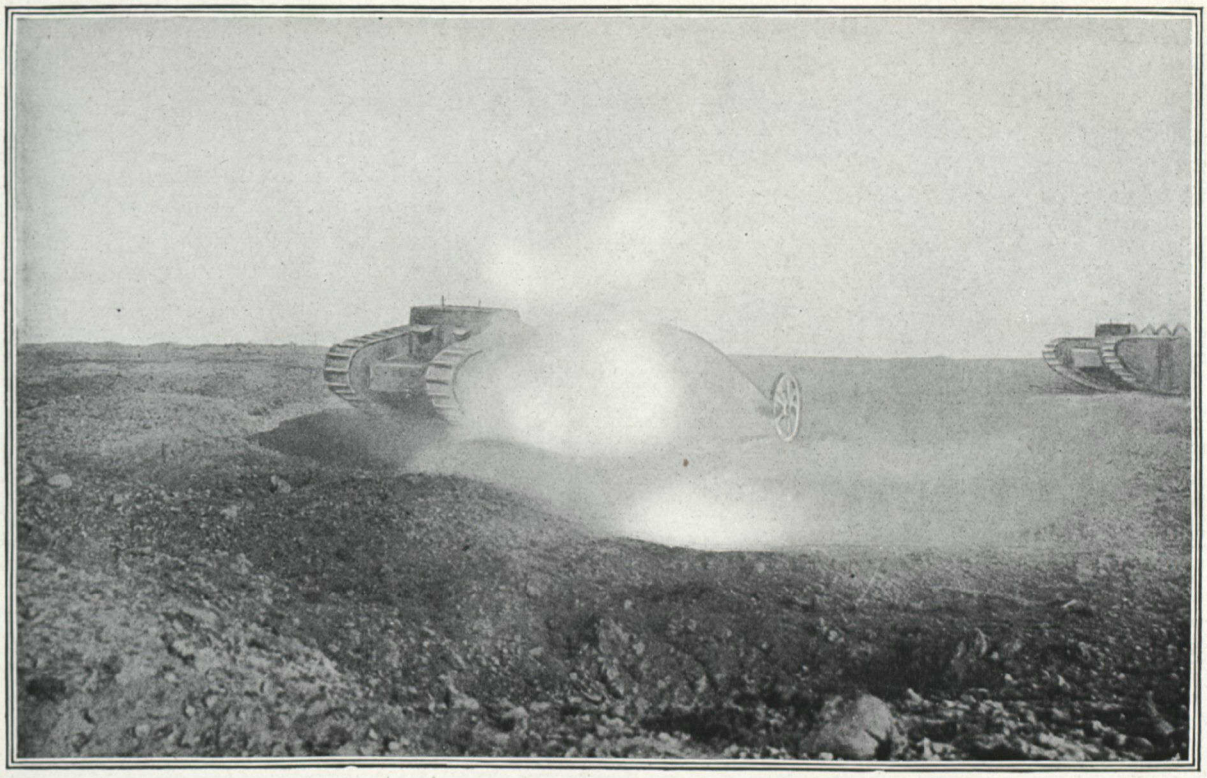
A "TANK" CROSSING A SHELL CRATER



AS THE ENEMY SEES IT

A BUMPY BIT OF GROUND

Canadian Official Photographs

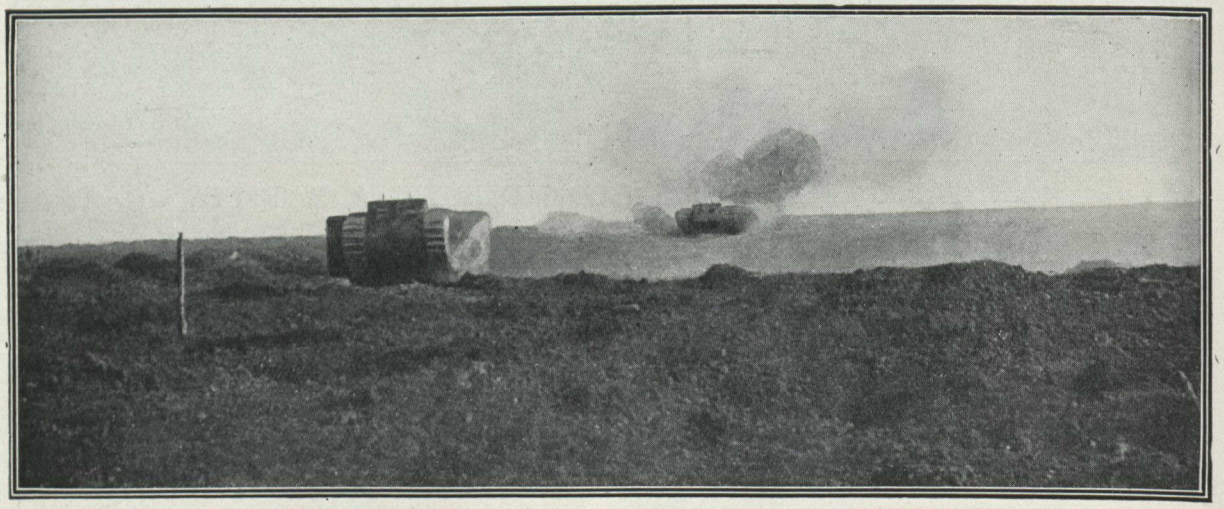


A "TANK" FIRING ITS GUNS DURING A BATTLE

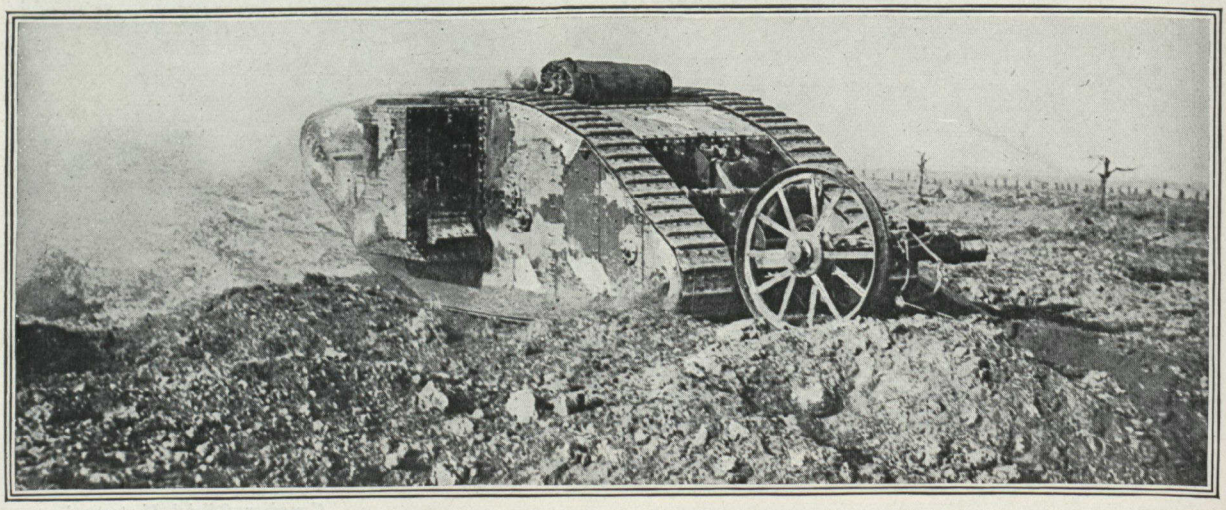
PRISONER STRETCHER-BEARERS WATCHING THE "TANKS"

Canadian Official Photographs

GERMAN PRISONERS, WITH A "TANK" IN ACTION IN BACKGROUND



"TANKS" PROCEEDING SERENELY ON THEIR WAY



"TANKS," ARE PAINTED WITH PROTECTIVE COLOUR SPLASHES

Canadian Official Photographs

WHAT THE GERMANS THINK OF CANADA

By FRANCIS GRIBBLE

(The Eminent English Critic, who was Interned at Ruhleben)

WHEN the Editor asked me what the Germans think of Canada, my first impulse was to reply that the Germans do not think of Canada at all. But that needs explanation.

Thinking, as we in England understand the word, is not a German habit. The completeness of German organisation leaves no room for thought—especially in time of war. What happens, then, is that a certain number of intellectually dishonest people in high positions put their heads together and consider what opinions and emotions they wish to prevail in the community. The Press is employed to suggest those opinions and emotions; and the country appears to be swept by a wave of passionate feeling.

But the feeling, not being spontaneous, has no depth, and dies away as soon as the artificial stimulus is removed, or even flows backward when another button is pressed in Herr Hammann's Bureau. That is what we have to bear in mind when inquiring what the Germans think on any subject except the adequacy of their food supply and the arrangements supposed to be made for its equitable distribution.

MR. FRANCIS GRIBBLE

At the beginning of the war no special opinion about Canada seemed to be called for; consequently, none was suggested. Canada was simply lumped with the other colonies; and the official German view of all our colonies was that they were inhabited by hereditary bondsmen, eager to strike a blow for freedom: men who regarded England pretty much in the light in which Poles and Alsatians regard Prussia. That was the German interpretation of such incidents as the Louis Riel rebellion; and I found quite intelligent Germans fairly well impregnated with it.

The Feldwebel-Leutnant in charge of the little garrison at Vianden, in the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, was a case in point. Being on what was nominally neutral ground, one could talk to him with comparative freedom; and he smiled with polite incredulity when told that Germany would have, in the end, to deal, not only with the British Expeditionary Force, but also with enormous armies gathered from the Dominions beyond the seas. A few volunteers he was prepared for; the arrival of trained soldiers in bulk was a contingency which he declined to contemplate. Being a well-informed man, he had heard of Professor Goldwin Smith. He had gathered from the Professor that incorporation with the United States was the manifest destiny of the Dominion; and he could not bring himself to believe that Canada would miss so good a chance of achieving that destiny.

That, I take it, was the general sentiment at the outset. The stories of arson and dynamite outrages seemed to support it. Naturally, it was not announced in Germany that Count Bernstorff was hiring desperadoes to stagger humanity across the border.

The outrages were represented there as the symptoms of genuine discontent, related to it as an eruption is related to a fever. It was expected that the British attempt to raise an

army in Canada would be paralysed by them. The actual arrival of the army caused a great deal of surprise, and needed a great deal of explanation; and the next step was to keep up the spirits of the German people by ridiculing that army and making light of its fighting value.

At that stage of the proceedings, indeed, all colonial troops were similarly disparaged. Germany was led to believe that all New Zealanders were Maoris and that all Canadians were Choctaws, or Blackfeet, or Ojibbeways. That conception of them was sedulously propagated.

How long this delusion lasted I cannot undertake to say. It was certainly prevalent up to the time of the second battle of Ypres. No doubt it ought, then, to have died a sudden death; but I think its death was really a lingering one, and was due to the tales of the soldiers, wounded and otherwise, who gradually drifted home. These have, from time to time, corrected a good many of the false impressions circulated in the newspapers, and have never supported the theory that any portion of the British Army is contemptible. On the contrary, I have heard from both German officers and German men much flattering testimony as to the prowess and valour of all sections of that army. Some of them have even gone so far as to claim us as their cousins in the avowed hope of thus catching some reflected rays of glory.

Not all of them, of course, were in a position to distinguish Canadian from other British troops; and Canadians have no reason to complain of the discrimination. They shared with the Highlanders a reputation for particular ferocity. It came to be understood that, in addition to their zeal for the common cause, they were resolved to avenge certain acts of cruelty inflicted on some of their own men who had been captured; and they were credited with the doctrine that the only good German was a dead German. Frightfulness, it was felt, was more likely to provoke than to intimidate them; and *furor Canadiensis* was unquestionably recognised as one of the most effective replies to *furor Teutonicus*.

By A. E. Horne

THE WAR IN OUR PARISH

Our Vicar (after about an hour of it): "And what do we find, dear friends? We were quite unprepared for this terrible war, but at last—at last, we are *all* awake!"

By G. E. Studdy

FRITZ'S NIGHTMARE VISION OF TANKS

HOW CANADA ANSWERED THE CALL

By A. M. DE BECK
(Editor-in-Chief of *Canadian News*)

LIKE lightning the news that England had cast her vote for war flashed from city to city, from store to store, from lonely farm to lonely farm. In an incredibly short space of time that summer day of August, 1914, all Canada palpitated with the awe-inspiring news. And then the question in each loyal Canadian heart was, "What are we going to do?"

Canada realised that the behaviour of the Dominion would be one of the deciding factors; that it was upon a wrong and mistaken judgment of what that behaviour would be that the Kaiser had dared to draw the sword.

Enthusiastically and unanimously Canada threw in her lot with the Mother of her Race. Without a moment's unnecessary delay, Sir R. L. Borden acquainted the Imperial Government with the glad tidings.

Men from the prairies, from the wheatfields and the lumber-yards of the West; men accustomed to the saddle and to sport of all kinds; men who can wield an axe more deftly than I can hold a pen; men accustomed to face death twenty times a year or more, and who have waged war with Nature or with wild beasts all their lives—what wonder that they sprang to the call of war as surely never men sprang before. The clash of battle was as music in their ears; and so they came flocking to the call of Empire—a magnificent body of champions.

These Canadian soldiers brought with them the qualities and the interests of the trained sportsman and the backwoodsman and all those elements that go to the formation of the strongest type of character: decision, initiative, resource, endless courage, and the capacity for endurance such as are hardly to be found in the men of towns and cities, splendid though these latter have proved themselves to be.

And so these magnificent warriors of Nature's own schooling, with the training of the woods and forests and the habits of the born sportsman, came to the battle-grounds of Europe, and very speedily demonstrated to the Kaiser the unimaginable folly of which he had been guilty in under-estimating or altogether misapprehending the quality and substance of their loyalty.

The Canadian Army is one of the keenest, sharpest, finest fighting machines that it would be possible for any nation to produce, and this applies to officers as well as to the rank and file. Utterly and often foolishly reckless, they have proved themselves to be fighting men of the most superb description. For even recklessness has the virtues of its qualities. It is not always the very careful man who is the most successful or who makes the best soldier. Canadian dash and recklessness have already done great things for the Empire. They are indeed qualities with which the enemy has been forced to reckon.

The evolution of an Empire is on a parallel with the evolution of the Universe; it cannot remain stationary, it must go on or recede, and no reasonable being can feel any doubt as to the ultimate position of the British Empire in the councils of the world. High as that position is to-day, and dominating as her influence in world politics has been for the last two hundred years or so, yet it is as nothing with the might, the majesty, the glory, the power and the dominion that shall be hers when this turmoil and this tumult have died down into silence—and Canada's sons are helping to bring all this to pass.

THE FALLEN BELL

[On coming upon a cracked and fallen bell, on Christmas Eve, in the ruins of a Belgian village back of the firing line. The bell speaks:]

HOW can I sing glad tidings of great joy?
How can I ring a message to mankind?
No more may I my ancient tongue employ
To fling a clam'rous greeting down the wind.
Such nights as this, in happier times of peace,
Surmounting all the warm-lit hamlet's glee,
My deep-voiced tones boomed forth and did not cease
While e'er my masters held their revelry.
Old Jan would swing upon my hempen curl
And laugh with prideful pleasure at my song,
The while his cronies harmless quips would hurl
And wonder he could humour me so long.
Alas! Old Jan is gone, and all his kind;
Their simple pleasures, too, are long forgot
And all the friends I've known time out of mind,
Swept by the common hurricane,—are not!

* * * * * * * *

To-night, once more, it is the Eve of Christ;
The mitrailleuse, the bomb, alone, we hear;
Amid the wreckage of my throne envised
I lie, song-dumb, and desolate, and drear.
I pray you, alien friend, to bury me
Here in the débris of my chosen spot,
That with familiar things I still may be,
And, with familiar things, corrode—and rot!

C. L. ARMSTRONG.

France, 1916.

Border Design by G. Spencer Watson

First Sapper, to second ditto (Somewhere in France): "Well, Sam, all I hope is that we're not here when they want all this darn stuff putting back again.'"

By H. P. Jenner

YPRES

On the road to Ypres, on the long road,
Marching strong,
We'll sing a song of Ypres, of her glory
And her wrong.
Proud rose her towers in the old time
Long ago.
Trees stood on her ramparts and the water
Lay below.
Shattered are the towers into potsherds—
Jumbled stones.
Underneath the ashes that were rafters—
Whiten bones.
Blood is in the cellar where the wine was
On the floor.
Rats run on the pavement where the wives met
At the door.

But in Ypres is an army that is biding,
Seen of none.
You'd never hear their tramp or see their shadow
In the sun.
Thousands of the dead men there are waiting
Through the night,
Waiting for a bugle in the cold dawn
Blown for fight.
Listen when the bugle's calling Forward!
They'll be found,
Dead men risen in their battalions
From underground.
Charging with us home and through the foemen
Driving fear
Swifter than a madness in a madman,
As they hear
Dead men ring the bells of Ypres
For a sign,
Hear the bells and fear them in the Hunland
Over Rhine.

LAWRENCE BINYON.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

By W. PETT RIDGE

DOCUMENT MARKED A.

(*Miss Comerford to Lance-Corporal Price, Canadian Expeditionary Force, France.*)

"DEAR MR. PRICE,—I send this note hoping it will find you safe and well. We are enjoying good weather in London, and we often talk and think about you and the other Canadians we met at the concerts. I must now conclude with best regards.—Yours sincerely,

"ALICE COMERFORD."

DOCUMENT MARKED B.

(*Miss Marsden to the Same.*)

"MY DEAR MR. PRICE,—You were so kind, in saying good-bye before you went abroad, as to give me your permission to write, and you added that a few lines now and again would be sufficient. I propose to take advantage of your suggestion, and if occasionally my pen should run away with me, I trust you will forgive. To understand—as is truly said by the Allies with whom you are fighting shoulder to shoulder, or very nearly—to understand is to pardon.

"I need not say that you are always in my thoughts. An omnibus conductor the other day, on the No. 30 route, asked me what I was looking so down in the mouth about, and if he had put the question civilly, I might have told him I was thinking of a Colonial gentleman abroad now struggling gallantly for the defence of his nation. I think it is so splendid of you, and I know I ought not to allow myself to become melancholy, but it is useless to struggle against the inevitable, and mother is not much of a help. If I ask her when the war is going to end, all she says is that what is to be will be, and that grousing over everything does nobody any good. I find myself at times singularly out of accord with my domestic surroundings. I am so looking forward to the moment when I shall find myself in a house of my own, but there seems little prospect of that. Highbury, in my opinion, has never been a good marrying district, and nowadays the prospects are worse than ever. On the other hand, Canada appears to be an ideal country.

"I enclose some beautiful lines, which I have copied from one of my favourite magazines; they are called 'Last Words on the Battlefield.' I hope you always carry the book of poems I gave you; it may be so useful in stopping a bullet. Something seems to tell me we shall never meet again.—Yours in deepest sympathy,

"GLADYS MARSDEN."

MR. W. PETT RIDGE

"I shall be writing again shortly, because nothing cheers up a soldier so much as getting bright and interesting letters from home."

DOCUMENT MARKED C.

(*Miss Comerford to the Same.*)

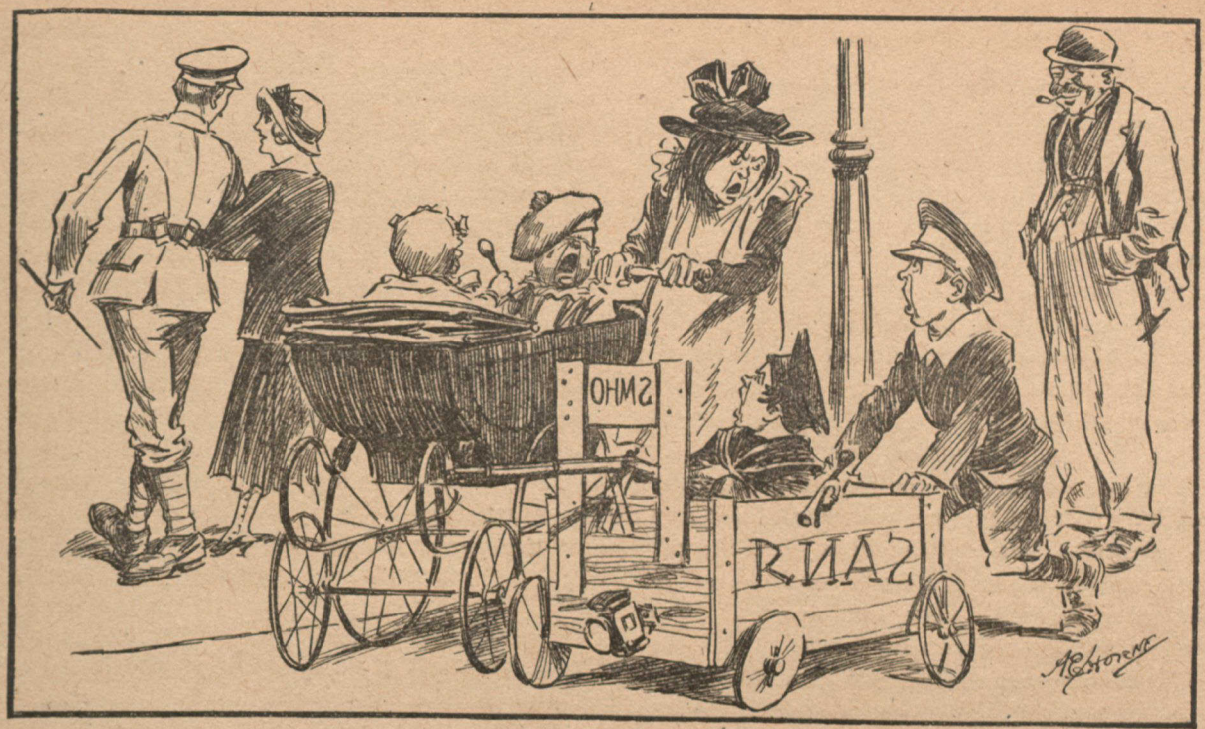
"DEAR MR. PRICE,—Glad to hear you are busy. The weather is not so good in London as it was. In haste to catch post.—Yours,

"ALICE COMERFORD."

DOCUMENT MARKED D.

(*Miss Gayford to the Same.*)

"MY DEAR MR. PRICE,—Sorry not to have



By A. E. Horne

The Driver of the Armoured Car: "Nah then, clumsy, where yer goin' wiv yer Rolls-Royce? Don't yer know a private mowtor alwyse gives wye ter the Royal Nivy?"

written before, but have been so occupied that really there does not seem time to do anything. Saw Miss Marsden the other day. She said she had written you a nice long letter. If I were you, I should not believe a word she says.

"Went to two theatres last week, and recited at a concert in Islington. When I had finished, heard a wounded soldier say he did not care now how soon he went back to the fighting line. Was not that a sweet compliment? Am sure he meant it, for he spoke so earnestly.

"Well, and how are you getting along out in France? I envy you your opportunities of seeing the latest fashions. Am going about looking positively dowdy. Next week I intend to have one or two good strong days at the sales, for, after all, the shops must be kept going somehow. Do not know whether you remember the coat I wore last winter? I have put new large buttons on it, and a waistbelt, and it looks quite military. Wish I could join something that would enable me to wear a uniform, but, from inquiries made, it means a lot of hard work. Small hats are all the go. They are worn slightly on the slant, and make a girl look very nice and conspicuous. If all goes well, shall manage a new evening dress, but have not quite made up my mind about this.

"I think I have told you most of the news. Remember me when you bring home souvenirs. Have already collected several, but not so many as I should wish. Am sending you my latest photo. It is supposed to be one of my successes. Do not show it about to the other Canadians unless they particularly want to see it.

"Ever your affectionate friend and well-wisher,

"ETHEL GAYFORD."

DOCUMENT MARKED E.

(*Miss Comerford to the Same.*)

"DEAR MR. PRICE,—Many thanks for your note. The weather is turning slightly colder. I am now in the railway service.

"Excuse more.—Yours,

"ALICE C."

DOCUMENT MARKED F.

(Miss Wall to the Same.)

"DEAR ARTHUR PRICE,—I trust you will forgive the delay there has been on my side in writing to you, but do not imagine that you are forgotten by your many friends. You were always very popular at our musical entertainments, and I often used to get as jealous as anything at the fuss Miss Gayford and Miss Marsden made about you when you were not there. By the by, I met poor Alice Comerford the other day; she nipped my ticket at a station barrier, and told me where I had to change. It was a painful situation, but fortunately I had the presence of mind not to recognise her. War does, indeed, play many quaint tricks. I am happy to say that the pater is doing very well over it. Very well indeed, to tell you the truth.

"It is in regard to this that I am, as a matter of fact, writing. I think it high time you applied for a commission. It would be much pleasanter to be called Lieutenant Price than Lance-Corporal Price. Now, the pater has some influence, and if I ask him prettily, he will do all he can for you. The trouble is that, in putting the request to him, I shall have to explain my position in the matter, and unless you can see your way to help me this will be rather difficult. I cannot put it more plainly, but I may mention that I should have no objection whatever to becoming the wife of an officer.

"I hear you are coming back to London on leave, and I hope you will make your first visit to the above address. Send me a wire beforehand if you can manage to do so; otherwise the joy of seeing you again may be too much for me.

"Your ever loving friend,

"NANCY WALL."

DOCUMENT MARKED G.

(Extract from London journal):

"At the Registry Office, on the 13th, Lance-Corporal Price to Alice Comerford. Canadian papers, please copy."

By Thomas Henry

Sub: "They're a topping lot of fellows in our camp—regular *Bohemians!*"
Aunt: "Good gracious! I didn't know *they* were at war."

By Charles Pears

"Why don't you enlist, Chawlie?"
"Well, I did orfer meself, but they told me to 'op orf."
"What regiment did you try?"
"I fink they call theirselves 'the Guards.'"

By J. Hassall, R.I.

LOOKING DOWN THE ST. LAWRENCE

A RIVER IDYLL

Down the river we drifted,
Whither, we did not care,
And the golden sunlight sifted
Through the gold web of her hair.

None but ourselves to hear us,
Why did we speak so low?
She made believe to steer us,
I made believe to row.

We talked and talked together,
Saying we cared not what,
And spoke about winter weather
Because the day was hot.

Hardly a bird was singing
In the sultry afternoon;
We talked of the sleigh-bells ringing
Under the frosty moon.

She wished for a cloak of sables
And the sweetest of sealskin caps,
And a sleigh with silver sleigh-bells—
"And might I drive?" "Perhaps."

And I told her how a lover
Who rode with his love by night,
Each bridge that the road ran over
Might claim a kiss by right.

Why did her face flush wholly,
Rosy from brow to throat,
When a bridge's shadow slowly
Drifted across our boat?

Then briefly did I deliver
A speech to set forth cause
Why tolls on the road and river
Come under the self-same laws.

Her sweet lips could not sunder
Ere something sealed them fast,
And the boat had drifted under
Before the kiss was past.

They have mapped the river lately,
But with little skill, I doubt;
There are bridges, many and stately,
Left altogether out!

But just as the sun was setting,
The stream was lost in the lake,
And she murmured, half regretting,
"There are no more tolls to take!"

High up, the sunset slumbered
On the waves of amber cloud,
Barring the sky, unnumbered—
I looked, and laughed aloud.

"Those cloudland ripples and ridges
You could not count in a day,
Are all of them only bridges
(And each with a toll to pay).

"Where the angels walking above you
Look over the walls at you;
For all of the angels love you,
And want to kiss you too!"

ADRIAN ROSS.

By J. Hassall, R.I.

Lieut. Rations (losing his temper): "Hello! Hello!! Is there an idiot at the end of this phone?"

Voice (sweetly): "Not at this end, sir."

"OLD BILL"

HE was the strangest member that ever belonged to the battalion, and entirely different from all other fellows. Some said he was crazy, some said he was weird, others said he was queer, while many insisted from the very beginning that he was a spy.

Certainly he was peculiar, and his peculiarities became apparent as long ago as that August Sunday evening, in 1914, when he came aboard the train at Broadview, in faraway Saskatchewan, to join the bunch of western cavalrymen who had volunteered for service as footsloggering infantrymen, and were at that early date en route à la guerre, via Valcartier.

On coming aboard our train he retired to a corner by himself, and declined to take part in any of the amusements by means of which we whiled away the tedious days of travelling on the C.P.R. Tommy's special to the big camp.

He never once got off the cars to stretch himself, and he wasn't at all interested in the crowds which lined the various stations to cheer us on our way. The girls waved their good-byes and blew kisses after us, but old Bill never batted an eyelash even at the prettiest.

He was a funny-looking beggar, and a bit shaky about the feet; he didn't shave, and we all figured that he'd get his bumps when we got to camp and would have to put a razor to his beard, which he was apparently very proud of. He had a very wise and almost venerable look, and his age was hard to determine; it was argued that he was too old.

Well, he made the grade—passed the medical examination in spite of his hammertoes and varicose veins—and his attestation papers were duly completed. Then he was inoculated and vaccinated and examined again, and all questions about his age and next-of-kin must have been satisfactory, for he was taken on the strength and posted to the staff. This, however, made little change in him, and he continued as before, morose and gloomy.

He never showed much enthusiasm about things in general, but he was always poking his nose into things that didn't concern him. Soon everyone became suspicious of him; but though fellows accused him openly of being a German, he chose to ignore them. He never attended the concerts; perhaps he had no ear for music, for he never joined in singing our great favourite, "You'll never be rich, you're in the Army now."

He was one of the very few to suffer from sea-sickness in our memorable voyage across the Atlantic; but, strange to say, he turned up at the boxing championship, and no one was surprised when he showed a tendency to "butt in." He finally got into a scrap of his own and proved an easy winner.

On arrival at Devonport the medical authorities said he would have to go into quarantine, but he broke out of that and got back to the battalion transport lines, where some fellows hid him.

The O.C. never paid any attention to the statements regarding Bill's German extraction, and used to say that if he had enlisted in B.C. he would be a real "Rocky Mountain Kiddo." Anyway, he was quite a good performer, and was often at the officers' parties putting on fancy stunts.

Bill's palmy days ended when he left England for the Front, and he came a cropper at our very first billet. He was caught in the orderly room, just nosing around, but he made a hurried exit when the O.R.S. came in. The Battalion Nominal Roll was missed, and when placed under arrest for the theft, it was discovered that he had eaten the sheets, doubtless to destroy the evidence against him, and parts of them were found, in a chewed-up condition, in his billet.

About two weeks later he was again placed under arrest for making a base charge against

a superior officer. Two crimes inside of a month put him into disfavour, and everyone was convinced that he was a traitor and probably a spy.

Then came the Second Battle of Ypres, and he made good. He got a nasty shrapnel wound in the neck, but he pluckily stuck it out. He was put on light duty, and remained with the transport for a long time. Shell-fire never bothered him, and at Festubert and Givenchy, under trying circumstances, he was very cool, and played a true hero's part.

During the winter months of 1915-16 he got a bad dose of trench feet, but still he remained on duty with the battalion, though on the move he always rode on the top of a limber, where his sober and serious appearance attracted much attention.

He has been lucky ever since, but had many close shaves around Dickebusch and on the Somme. He was always very popular with the French and Belgians, and, of course, now he's very popular in the unit. He has lately been made a sergeant, and proudly wears his chevrons and the gold braid to show how he bled for his country. The old suspicions about his loyalty have been long forgotten.

Bless his old whiskers (he never would shave), he's a real old-timer—one of the Old Fifth (Western Cavalry). As an old soldier he'll never die, though he may fade away some day. He's in the pink now, and we show his portrait overleaf.

By G. M. Payne

"Our hopes are fixed on Calais."—***Extract from German Communiqué***

TO A GERMAN HELMET

'MEMBER your owner? Well, he's very dead—
Not by *my* hand—I think a sniper scored,
And the *direct* cause was a chunk of lead.
His blood is on his Kulturing Kaiser's head,
The paper-scrapper with the flaming sword!

Poor chap, I helped to bury him; he looked
Peaceful enough. His death did not contort
A Hunnish visage. But his goose is cooked,
And if they hold parades where he is booked,
He'll form his fours a pickelhaube short.

Say, were you comfortable on his brow?
I'm sure he felt uneasy under *you*.
Was he a fairly decent citizen? Somehow
He didn't look it quite, I think, but now
You are my loot—*de mortuis* my cue!

You'll never view the stricken field again,
Nor march in triumph or captivity;
You'll ne'er be dented in a shrapnel-rain,
Or riddled in a bullet-hurricane,
You're going to a white man's country, see?

How shall I make bestowal fair of thee?
Frolicsome shall I wear thee at a masque;
Raffle thee at bazaars for charity;
Or fill thee with strong waters merrily
And make a loving cup of thee, my casque?

No. I'll wax sentimental, trophy mine;
I'll fix a dainty cord to hang thee by,
Fill thee with earth, and in that shell of thine
(As every flower has got its language-sign)
I'll plant the one that whispers "Victory"!

R. M. E.

By Leonard Shields

INCIDENTS IN THE CAREER OF "OLD BILL"

(See Biographical Sketch on preceding pages)

HOW SANDY MACFADYEN NEARLY MISSED THE V.C.

By W. L. McALPIN

It was up on the north o' the Ancre—
It micht hae been near the Clyde—
An' the boys were beginnin' tae hanker
For a break in the chingeless tide
O' days and nichts in wet trenches,
O' rheumaticky, frost-bitten war.
Said MacFadyen: "I cam' oot for fechtin'—
No' tae sit on my hurdies in glaur."

Next mornin' wee Cap'n MacSporran
Cam' daunerin' doon the first line.
"I've got excellent news for ye, kilties,"
He said, as he lit a Woodbine.
"The order's come doon frae Headquarters:
'Prepare tae attack them the nicht.'
So jist hev yer implements handy;
Keep quate, boys, an' don't show a licht."

We were a' so bucked up at the message,
We could maist have embraced wee Mac-
Sporr.
Tae think we were leavin' the trenches,
Sayin' guid-bye tae the glaur!
We kent fine the cap'n was serious;
We believed every word that he spoke.
Like Sir Dooglas himsel', he's a Fifer,
An', Scotch-like, unable tae joke.

So we polished oor bonny wee bayonets,
Pit by a' oor shovels and spades,
Wrote letters tae wives and the auld folks,
An' filled up oor bags wi' grenades.
The big guns had hardly stopped yelpin'
When the whustle blew. Man, it was
gran'!
A thoosan' men, yellin' an' skelpin'
Like rabbits across Nae Man's Lan'.

MacFadyen went ower wi' the foremost—
I'd be shorter than him, even on stilts—
The heftiest man in the regiment:
He looked like a damned "Tank" in kilts!
He was gallopin' stretcht for the Germans,
When a shot clipped a bit aff his ear.
They say I'm no' bad, whiles, at sweerin';
But I wish ye had heard Sandy sweer!

He put up his haun' tae his listener,
An' brocht it doon, covered wi' bluid.
He was aye a bit carroty, Sandy;
But noo he was stark, starin' rid.
"The deevils! They'll pay fur't," he shouted.
"Come on, boys—it's Sandy that leads!"
An', reachin' the enemy's trenches,
He began hurlin' bombs at their heids.

But, killin' them that waye is slow work
For a Fifer whose bluid is aflame.
In a jiffy he'd whipped aff his bomb-sacks,
An' emptied them intae the lane.
The noise that they made in explodin'
Was mingled wi' shrieks frae the Hun.
Then a grunt an' a spring, an' MacFadyen
Was doon in the trench wi' his gun.

"It's noo for the bayonet!" he muttered.
"Tak' that!" an' he transfixed a Boche.
Then, drawin' oot the blade, he ran furrit.
"This yin's mine. Oot the way,
McIntosh!"
Hoo lang he kept spearin' them nane kens;
For, covered wi' bluid, mud and sweat,
Until every Hun was a deid yin,
His cry was: "I'm no' finished yet!"

The sun was high up in the heavens
Before the Jocks ended their task;
An' never did twa dizen kilties
Mak' shorter work o' a cask
O' cool lager beer that the Germans
Had left on an underground shelf.
"If I'd kent this was here," said MacFadyen,
"I'd have taken the trench by myself!"

Next day, when they'd gone back tae billets,
MacFadyen was dressin' his ear,
When the cap'n came up and said: "Sandy,
There's a grave cherge against ye—that
beer.
Ye're gaun tae be tried by coort-martial;
Yer case will be heard by Sir D——.
An' if ye're no' shot in the mornin',—
Well, he's promised ye'll get the V.C.!"

By Tom Cottrell

"THE V.C."

GLORIOUS CANADA!

By HORATIO BOTTOMLEY
(Editor of "John Bull")

BEFORE the war—how dim and remote that period seems!—we had our Doubting Thomases, prophets of little faith—men who believed, or professed to believe, that at the challenge of foreign aggression the silken ties of Empire would part like ropes of sand. Instead, these subtle bonds have held like tempered steel. The prophets of disaster are utterly discredited. Never has the world witnessed a spectacle more majestic and sublime than the rally of the British Dominions to the succour of the Motherland.

Between these great Free States of Britain, each ungrudgingly devoted to the common cause, there is no envious rivalry, no jealous pride of place; and if for a moment I speak with special emphasis of the part played by the Canadian Dominion, it is not that I am for an instant unmindful of the equal services rendered by other scions of the Imperial race—by the "Anzacs" of immortal memory; by the devoted South Africans, the brave Newfoundlanders, the West Indians, the Tasmanians—by the whole gallant company of Britain's stalwart sons. But Canada, no less than the "Anzac" Dominions, deserves a place of special honour on the scroll of Imperial fame. From the moment when the angry war clouds burst over Europe, involving the Motherland in acute peril, the patriotic sentiments of her people were unmistakable, and their martial response assured.

"'I am first in the battle,' said our Lady of the Snows"—and in the earliest weeks of the war the Canadian Government were wellnigh overwhelmed with offers of support and help. French Canadians vied with British in zeal for the defence of their common heritage of Freedom. Religious difficulties, racial differences, political animosities, were caught up and submerged in a torrent of patriotic fervour. And with this wondrous unity of sentiment there was complete agreement as to methods. Little time was wasted in speech-making. The honour of the Dominion was not to be satisfied with words. Canada must fight. The flower of her manhood answered the call of Duty.

All ranks and classes flocked to the Colours. American citizens from over the border, remembering the traditions of the Land of Liberty, were among the first recruits. Even the Red Indians, proudly describing themselves as "the first citizens of Canada, the old Allies of warring French and British," were to the front with offers of assistance. Soon a new Army, fully manned and officered, was in active training; and in an incredibly short time the first overseas contingent was embarked at Quebec for England and the Front.

MR. H. BOTTOMLEY

A Canadian section held part of the line at Neuve Chapelle, but it was at the Second Battle of Ypres that the troops of the Dominion got their first great "chance." For Great Britain the situation was critical. The Hun had set his heart upon Calais. At all costs, the hard-driven German soldiery were to cut their way through

to the coast. "Take Calais or die" was the Imperial Order of the Day, and the wildest hopes of Potsdam centred in the attempt. The blow at Calais was a menace to the heart of Britain. Behind Calais lay Dover—and Dover was the gate of London. But between the advancing Huns and the coveted objective stood the flower of the British Army, though many times outnumbered, and, as we now know, lacking adequate equipment and reserves.

The brunt of the fighting fell upon the untried troops of the Canadian Division. Their hour of glorious opportunity had arrived. The details of the struggle are fresh in our memories. We remember how at the first onset the Huns poured asphyxiating gas, for the first time, into the French trenches on the Canadian left, compelling even the stout soldiers of France to retire in confusion and dismay. But with their flank all unsupported, nakedly exposed to the deadly fire of the enemy's machine-guns, and to the massed onset of the German infantry, the Canadians stood firm—stood firm until the moment came for a desperate counter-attack; then they advanced with brilliant heroism in the teeth of a withering frontal fire—and saved the situation!

"It is not too much to say," wrote the British Commander-in-Chief on the morrow of this glorious day, "that the bearing and conduct of these splendid troops averted a disaster which might have been attended with the most serious consequences." Only when the war is over, and the whole truth can be spoken, shall we know the full meaning of those pregnant words. It is no secret, however, that at this crucial "moment" the project of invasion was uppermost in the German mind; and the heroic stand of the Canadians at Ypres had no small share in balking this fell design, and dashing the mad hopes of Potsdam to despair.

The brilliant achievements of the Canadians at Ypres, and afterwards at Festubert, Givenchy, and elsewhere, were not attained without terrific loss. On the altar of the world's Freedom, Canada has poured out in fullest measure her sacrifice of blood. In sublime fashion, she has given the lie to those who accused her of mean commercialism, of sordid self-seeking, of indifference to the finer claims of civilisation, and to the higher obligations of British citizenship. Never again shall we cherish doubts of her superb fidelity. Never shall we question the sterling quality of her Imperial patriotism. To our insular faithlessness, "Canada in Khaki" has been at once a revelation and a rebuke. We see her now—"Our Lady of the Snows"—clad with superb dignity, vestured in deathless glory. Nothing can rob her of the heritage of honour which is hers—first, by right of birth, and now by right of valour.

In the light of the war's history, the very name "Canada" is a synonym for glory. By her scornful rejection of false counsels of "neutrality"; by fierce warfare for the right, she has added new lustre to the British name, and in some measure redeemed the American Continent from the stigma of dishonour. Henceforth, the moral metropolis of America is not at Washington, but at Ottawa. There Justice is enthroned, Honour regarded, Freedom vindicated. Thank God, that while meaner nations palter with the claims of conscience, one bright beacon of Liberty still shines undimmed in the Golden West!

After this, let no man scoff at Canada.

By Harry Rountree

GREY WOLF AND BLACK EAGLE

By W. Heath Robinson

THE KAMERAD SELF-BINDER

Clearing a Trench

SOME OF OUR PRISONERS

ODES TO TRIFLES

By R. M. E. *Illustrated by Dudley Hardy*

I.—TO A RATION BISCUIT

Oh, twice cooked one!
Twice cooked and overdone!
Oh, hardest tack!
My teeth—both front and back—
Are sorely put to it, in vain assailing
Thy stony substance—every effort failing
Until, imagining thy name is Fritz,
I bare my bayonet, and thou art—bits!

They say in thee
The cabbage and green pea,
And haricot,
And spud are blended so
Neatly, completely, that one can't detect 'em
(As good things happen when we don't
expect 'em),
Insert at least the thin end of the wedge
And let us taste some old familiar veg!

Of nourishment
I know that thou hast plent-
Eous store of meat
And *useful* things to eat;
Thou art the cleverest conglomeration
Of much in little! But, an ideal ration?
In spite of leans, and fárinas, and fats,
Thou bear'st too close a likeness unto Spratts!

Oh, doubly baked,
How have my molars ached
After a bout,
In which they've suffered rout
On thy inexorable flanks! Oh, ruthless
Bane of the dentist! Spectre of the toothless!
One can but re-attack, and start anew
To hammer off thee more than one can chew!

I call to mind,
In years long left behind,
On Trail and Track,
How damper and flapjack
For grub, or tucker I have cooked and eaten;
And staked a fine digestion. Aye, and beaten
The woeful messes! But 'gainst thee to risk it?
Giving thee vict'ry as I take the biscuit!

'Gainst hunger's prick
True thou hast proved a brick;
Oft hast thou saved
A life or two, and staved
Starvation off; and those who question whether
More efficacious were a chunk of leather,
Are ingrates, or have never felt the pinch
And known the hour their belly-bands to cinch.

They label thee
Iron—emergency.
Thou with thy chief
Companion—bully beef,
Hast done thy bit in this dire Armageddon.
And when all's over, and I have a spread on,
And feeling mellow, then I may recall
How true thou wert a comrade after all!

II.—TO A LACHRYMATORY SHELL

SWEET shell! that burst abaft my booby hutch
And brought me tears—the blessed gift of tears—
Altho' in quantity pr'aps overmuch,
Still tears—to me who have not wept for years.

I've seen men die, and I have said good-bye
To her I worshipped—heavens! how I've tried
To ape the crocodile and yearned to cry
As she who wandered down the mountain-side.

I've heard at Penny Readings "Home Sweet Home"!
Seen Cubist paintings, Cockneys play the Dane,
And prayed for tears, and yet they would not come.
E'en "Satan's Sorrows" have I read in vain.

I've plunged into the depths of sentiment,
Struggled to open the floodgates bare an inch,
Rushed to the angels' side when they have wept,
Nor, furtive, scorned an onion at a pinch!

Good shell! How is thy mission different
From shrieking shrapnel's and explosives high
And low, and gaseous poisons? 'Tis thy bent
Merely to make a foeman pipe his eye.

This message to the gunner who has sent
Thee bolting through the blue—mighty his deed
And truly great his prestige who has won
A flow of tears from our non-blubbering breed.

Good, gentle Boche! dear, devastating Hun!
Grinning I've faced the bludgeon blows of Fate.
Yet comes this smack of Kultur, and I weep
To dry my eyes? Oblige? Your Hymn of Hate!

R. M. E.

FLASHES

CANADA—with the accent on the *can*.

* * *

A gay N.C.O. from Quebec
Wrote home for some money on spec.
When they sent him ten cents
He cried, "Now for events!"
And next day was a h—l of a wreck.

* * *

The Hun prisoners captured at Courcelette are now furnished with what one wag has termed Borden lodgings.

* * *

I hear that one or two Canadian soldiers, who have proposed to and been accepted by English beauties, have dropped the old form, "Will you marry me?" in favour of the more free-and-easy, "Say, what are your ideas on the emigration stunt?"

* * *

Sergeant Sammy from distant Regina
Was a highly fastidious diner.
"Bully beef," he said, "true,
May be bully for you,
But for my part, I *have* tasted finer."

* * *

I see that a Canadian newspaper recently referred to the Germans as Cain-hearted. This is where they differ from Canadian soldiers, who are able-bodied.

* * *

One of the most amazing fabrications of the German wireless service announced that Hun troops had actually landed in Canada! Of course, it was a lie, and we are still able to boast of the British Empire on which the Hun never gets.

* * *

Said a Montreal Tommy, who for
Revues had booked tickets galore,
"With General Smith-D.
I *think* I agree——
But it's always as well to make sure!"

My hearty condolences to the Canadian Tommy whose attempted conversation with a German prisoner was so badly hampered by his mistaken impression that the German for "No" was "Nietzsche."

* * *

Of the many remarkable war-names which have been bestowed by mothers on their babies lately, I think the biscuit is certainly taken by the fancy of a chic Canadienne, who has christened her little girl Margarine!

* * *

Mayfair Maud was a strong disapprover
Of Captain McKey, from Vancouver.
He gave her ju-jubes
And free rides in the Tubes,
And tin whistles—but *nothing* would
move her.

* * *

You may call them Hyphenated Americans or Dashed Germans—it's all the same.

* * *

"No, dad," the gallant corporal wrote home to Winnipeg, "in answer to your interesting question, I am very sorry to say that I have not yet been awarded the V.C., but I am happy at least to be able to tell you that in the course of one week I have been fortunate enough to hold three straight flushes."

* * *

And another Canadian of my ken mentioned in a letter to his brother that "from what I hear there seems to be a good chance that all the railways in England will be naturalised."

* * *

Said a fighter from Assiniboia,
"I really must visit my lawyer.
When I realise I've
Promised marriage to five,
I grow coyer and coyer and coyer!"

MR. MAYFAIR.

Photograph by Bassano

LIEUT.-GENERAL THE HON. SIR JULIAN BYNG, K.C.B.

G.O.C. Canadian Army Corps

From a Sketch by Captain R. G. Mathews, C.E.F.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL EDWARD HILLIAM, D.S.O.

A distinguished Canadian officer who has risen from the ranks

From a Sketch by Captain R. G. Mathews, C.E.F.

MAJOR-GENERAL R. E. W. TURNER, V.C., C.B., D.S.O.

From a Sketch by Captain R. G. Mathews, C.E.F.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL G. S. TUXFORD, C.M.G.

BOY SCOUTS IN KHAKI

By LIEUT.-GEN. SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL

IF one section of society more than another in Canada regretted the departure of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, it was the Boy Scouts.

From the first he had recognised their good qualities, and at a time when they were facing tremendous odds in carrying on their existence against rival attractions of cadets, etc., His Royal Highness came to their aid with practical encouragement and support, and during his term of office he was able to put them on such a footing as will guarantee their successful career in the future. The scout movement will ever remember with gratitude the powerful share that he took in putting it on its legs.

There were a great many prominent men, and among them the late Minister for Defence, who did not realise the value of scout training in connection with that of the cadets, and they naturally feared that rivalry between the two might damage both.

But the Duke of Connaught was able to persuade them in the end how invaluable the scout training was as a foundation upon which to build the ulterior military training of the cadets, and that, in fact, without it all military drill was merely a veneer which would not stand the test of service.

And so it came about, especially after a little experience on the part of commanding officers, that the scout training was looked upon as a natural step in the development of a lad for cadet work, as well as for success in the different lines of civil life; and this was found out just in the nick of time for practical use in the Great War. The system has there been put to the highest test, and has not been found wanting. From officers of every rank and even from the men themselves come tributes to the good discipline, the reliability, and the resourcefulness of these soldiers who have first had a training in the Scouts.

This is specially remarkable among Canadians, who, of all people, have the attributes of scouts naturally ingrained in them by force of the life they live in the woods and plains of Canada. It might be thought that such a training was unnecessary among such men, however much it might be desirable in the more luxuriously living citizens of a great country like Britain. But even among such natural scouts it has its uses; most especially is this the case in the development of discipline which is so essential to military success, as well as in the minor details of smartness and good order which tend to militarism, and are definite steps in utilising natural gifts to the best advantage in war.

....." WE ARE DOWN-HEARTED I DON'T THINK!"

And what a splendid lot physically they are, these ex-Boy Scouts among the Canadian soldiers. I have had the pleasure and

pride of inspecting them in more than one centre on different occasions, and each time this fact strikes me the more forcibly; and it is glorious to recognise the splendid spirit of Scout Brotherhood which animates them, even after they have left the ranks of the bare-kneed brigade and have grown to man's estate.

They still continue to consort together in the trenches and dug-outs, and, above all, it is refreshing to see that the boys left behind have clubbed together and, by each doing a day's work and pooling the proceeds, have purchased a recreation hut for the Canadians at the front, which is managed by Canadian ex-scouts for the benefit of all Canadians, but more especially of those who have been Boy Scouts.

So also in London, the Boy Scouts of Britain, after having contributed three ambulances and three recreation huts at the front, have also supplied a club in London, open to ex-scouts in all the overseas forces, where Canadians can foregather with Australians, New Zealanders and South Africans in the bond of the Scout Brotherhood.

This may be a small link in the bond of Empire, but it is none the less a strong one, and one which will have its effects in the hereafter, because it is a personal and practical touch rather than a merely theoretical one.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL.

By Poy

THE BABES IN THE WOOD

The Canadian Robin "puts the lid on it."

By George Dixon

Strong Nurse (massaging wounded Tommy): "We have to be cruel to be kind, you know." Tommy (who has been "put through it"): "Sure, nurse! you must be in love with me."

"AN UNSENTIMENTAL CUSS"

By C. L. ARMSTRONG

THE Junior Sub was piling the sodden and stained odds and ends in more or less orderly rows when Captain Tinker—"Fussy" he was called by intimates and subs when they were certain of his temporary absence—slid and slithered down the mucky steps of the dug-out.

"Got that junk all sorted out, Buddy?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. I was just waiting for you. The identification discs are boiling on the stove there—fifteen of ours and four Fritzes."

"Right! Beastly mess, eh? And, good heavens, I hope you have enough chloride on it! No sympathy with the buglets, what?"

Captain Tinker sat down on the bed and picked up the first lot of papers gingerly.

He was a square-built, blunt sort of man, with a cool, direct glance that had a sort of winter sunshine in it—light with little warmth. The adjutant had sized him up early in the game, when he had displayed amazing coolness and efficiency in a difficult situation, but without sparing himself or his men, as "An unsentimental cuss, but a cracking fine officer!"

And so it had come to be understood by the whole battalion, as it got into the swing of exacting pioneer work, that "Fussy" was hard as nails and as efficient and dependable as a German ober-commander's dug-out.

"This is awful piffle, Buddy, and not an inkling of the chap's name, either. How many did we bury this morning, anyway? Thirty-two Canadians and four Fritzes?—and we have only fifteen Canadian discs? Wish the blazes they'd keep their discs on! All right, take these names and addresses and keep the papers and pay-books separate!"

Slowly the work went forward, the sad work of identifying bodies found on the battlefield, bodies that had lain in exposed spots so commanded by enemy fire as to render early burial impracticable. Great pains and risks are taken to give these fallen heroes proper burial as soon as it becomes anything less than certain death to attempt it. A battalion is warned to send a party, under officers, to do the work, and, accompanied by a padre, they brave death, in many instances, to accomplish the task. Papers and identification discs are carefully removed, and each grave is marked. Later, crosses, properly inscribed, are erected over the last resting places. Papers, personal effects and letters, when found, are forwarded through official channels to next-of-kin.

Captain Tinker had the last scrap of paper from the last lot between his fingers. Twice he scanned both sides for some trace of name or address. There was none. And each time his eyes returned to an item in a woman's script, at the head of an expense account.

"You're certain that these papers came from the last chap, Buddy?"

"Yes. I had just taken them out of his tunic when that coalbox pitched in that wounded Rennie and Forbes, and we had to pull out without burying him. He was a big, young, *skookum* fellow."

"Pity you didn't get his disc, Buddy. I can't send a party back now. Fritz has that area spotted, and he'll shell beans out of it for the next few days."

Once more the skipper's glance ran over the neat writing now stained with mud and reeking with chloride. It was just one page of a letter:

". . . welcome our darling old daddy home, wee Donald and I. Dear, how I miss you! I wouldn't mind the illness nor the skimping if only you were here. But something tells me God will keep you safe for me. The baby is much better now. Here are the expenses for last week. I know you don't want an accounting, but it pleases me to show you how I manage, dear."

And the first item was:

"Fresh milk for baby, 50 cents."

Captain Tinker read the scrap of letter again and again.

"Hell!" he exclaimed under his breath. "Missing!"

* * * * *

Dawn was just breaking when the batman whom the junior sub shared with a brother juvenile came into the dug-out with breakfast.

"And here, sir," he said, as Buddy rubbed sleep-dulled eyes, "is a message from Captain Tinker, sent up from the dressing station. He was wounded early this morning, sir, and he's off for Blighty."

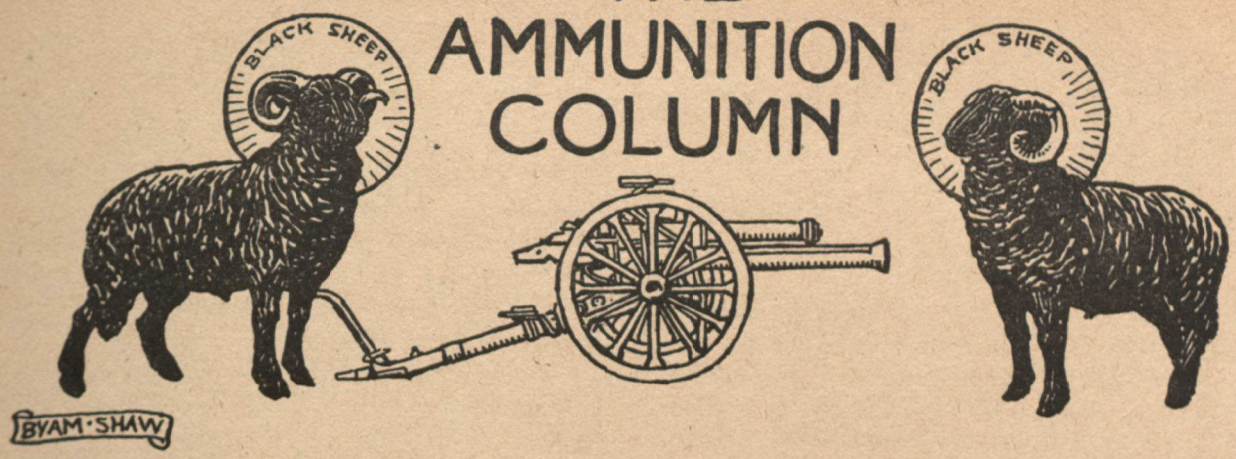
Buddy tore open the envelope, and an aluminium disc, stamped with a private's number, name, battalion and religion, fell out on the blanket. The note ran:

"Here's that chap's identification, Buddy. Bon chance, Kid. I'm off for Blighty.—T. TINKER, Capt."

"Him unsentimental!" said Buddy ungrammatically, after a long brown study. "Holy smoke!"

Why is it that Mr. Rudyard Kipling calls Canada "Our Lady of the Snows"? Is it because Canadians know so well how to freeze on to a position?

THE AMMUNITION COLUMN



WHILST training far from battle's bounds—
Valcartier Camp and Salisbury Plain—
Untold experimental rounds
We field artillery fired amain,
And wondered in such tentative attack,
What it was like when targets answered back.

Slowly our grim curriculum
Proceeded, until Jack Canuck
Waxed fat and kicked at so humdrum
A life, and several ran "amok";
And from the batteries these for punishment
Were to the ammunition column sent.

Since then, upon strategic soil,
Canadian boys have staunchly stood,
Knowing the task was theirs to foil
The Calais-seeking Prussian brood;
And dying in the trench and at the gun,
Preserved the line unbroken by the Hun.

Strange facts at such a time transpire,
And ancient theories headlong fall;
For 'mid that hell of blood and fire,
With hosts of comrades, heroes all,
None showed more valour—this we gunners tell—
Than our "am" column bringing up the shell.

W. D. D.

THE PERENNIAL PLUM

WE fellows in Flanders to-day
The ration supply cannot slam,
For with "eats" that are almost O.K.
Our skins we contentedly cram;
One fly in the ointment—our one disappointment—
Plum jam!

I'm not a fastidious stickler
For epicurean compote,
But why should Maconochie, Tickler,
Pink, Chivers, and brethren devote
To Tommy the plum which, ad libitum,
Gets his goat.

There may be some nebulous reason
Why plum is so painfully stable;
Perchance a slim strawberry season,
With currants the same, red and sable;
And oh, how we gasp at sight of a rasp-Berry label!

But having delivered my soul
With more or less obvious gall,
I'll quit this ungenerous rôle:
It is war, and my doggerel scrawl
Is plainly de trop—what if we had no Jam at all?

W. D. D.

YPRES, 1915-1916

By MAJOR F. DAVY

WHEN the first Canadian Division marched into the city of Ypres in April, 1915, the place still retained most of its civil population.

Its market was in full swing, its shops were doing a good business with the soldiers, and most of its thousands of civilians were still living as best they could in their homes. But upon the central part of the city the Hun had already set his mark. The beautiful cathedral had been gutted by fire and torn about by shells. But the tower and walls still remained and also many of the statues, and—expressive of the hope of the inhabitants—a fund had been started for the restoration of the cathedral after the war.

The stately and artistic pile known as Les Halles, or Cloth Hall, had also been destroyed internally by fire, but the walls, with their numerous statues and graceful carvings, remained, as also did the four-pointed tower. A few houses had suffered demolition by the Boche guns, but the greater part of the city remained intact.

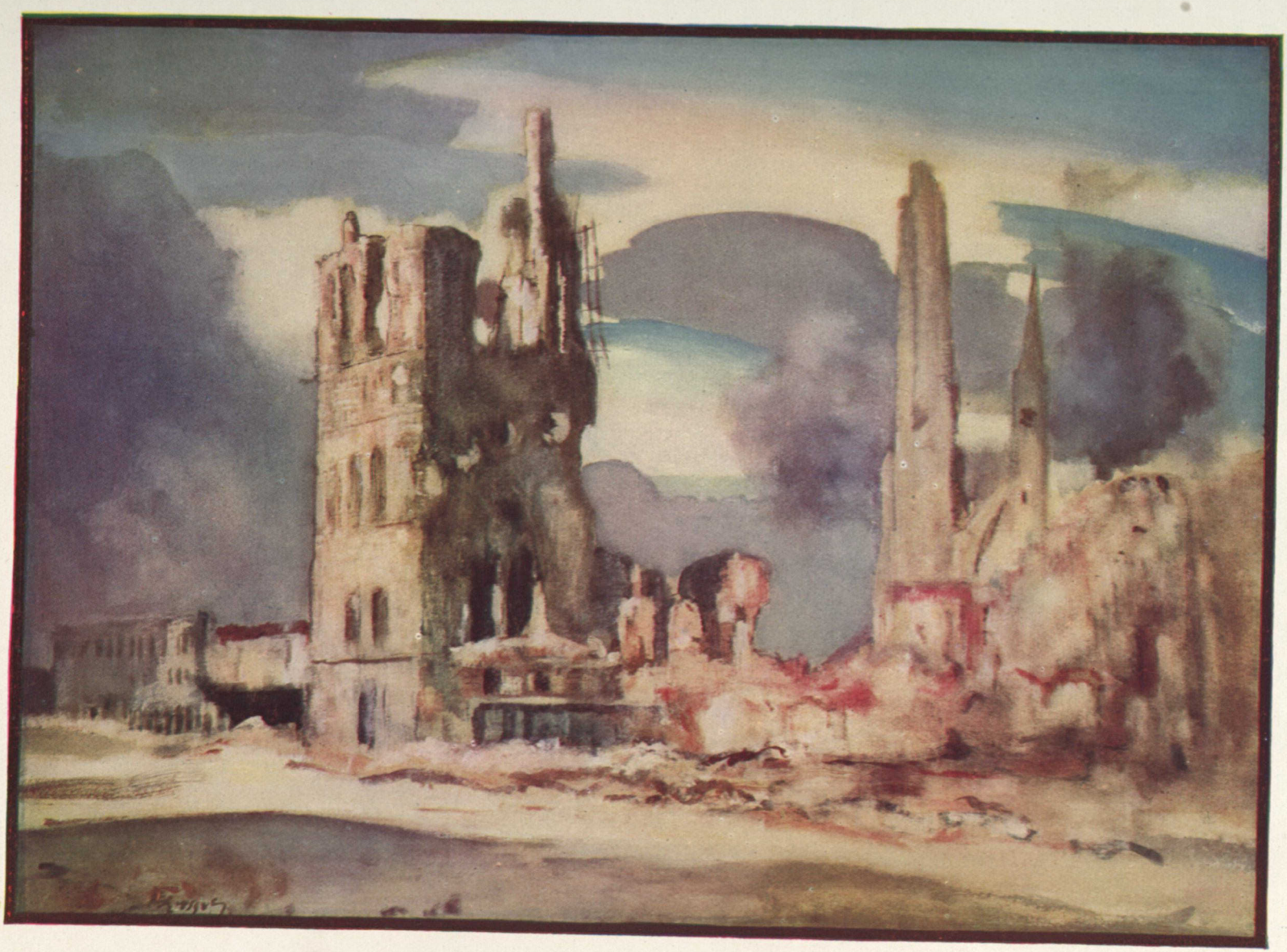
The German Army at that time was nearing the pinnacle of its power. It had been thrust across Europe, its organisation had been tested, its active service experience of the past few months had been noted by its leaders, and they chose the Ypres Salient as the point at which to deliver their attack. The results are now embodied in the military history of the war.

Part of the German scheme at the time of the attack had been the destruction of the city. To accomplish this purpose the enemy brought into action all his supposedly terrifying engines of war, the chief of which was the famous 420 millimetre howitzer, with which he had battered down the forts of Namur, Charleroi and Antwerp. When one had seen the harmless and undefended old town and its thousands of peaceful-minded civilians, it seemed but an inane and purposeless thing to destroy it. True, there were roads passing through it that were used by troops, but the Germans knew them all, and traffic could as easily have been stopped by concentrating fire upon the entrances and exits. But, no—the edict for destruction had gone forth and the work began.

The overture was some forty or fifty huge shells fired daily at the central part of the city, which added to the destruction of the cathedral and Les Halles. Then on the night of the great attack (April 22, 1915), when poisonous gas was launched for the first time in modern war, the real bombardment began. The spirit of it seemed like that of an infuriated and blinded animal charging wildly at a phantom enemy. First came the heavy 420's, or 16½-inch shells, in a systematic traverse of the environs, with an occasional few in the centre. Then came 12-inch, 8-inch, and smaller high explosive, and finally shrapnel and incendiary shells.

The nightly blaze of the buildings, with gleaming bursts over the burning town, made a spectacle that would have driven a Nero to ecstasy of delight. Unremittingly, with all sizes of artillery, the bombardment continued for many days and nights, and Canadian soldiers passing or located in near-by transport lines laughed at an enemy who could spend so much ammunition to so little purpose. The expenditure of ammunition in weeks of bombardment must have reached hundreds of thousands of shells, and it is likely that the enemy, less than a year after, had cause to regret this lavish waste of munitions. Figures cannot be obtained, but it is not likely that a single British soldier was killed for every thousand rounds.

But the work of destruction was complete. Seen in August, 1916, the city is no longer a city. It is a place of piles of brick and a few skeleton walls that stand grimly out against the sky. Of the cathedral and Les Halles only a few jagged scraps of wall remain. On many of the streets the debris of



YPRES

By W. W. Russell

ruined homes stretches out so far that only a single wagon track remains, and on others there is but a footpath. In holes and cellars of the city a few soldiers, whose duty takes them to the site, make their billets. Rats swarm about; but they are the only beings remaining who make their living in the place.

The Hun has done his work, and Ypres takes its place in line with Babylon, with Jerusalem, with Rome, with Moscow, with all other cities of history that have been destroyed by fire and siege in the lust and fury of battle. Ypres has become a city of desolation and unhappiness, its peaceful citizens having been either killed or driven far afield, most likely to misery and destitution. Its grim piles of debris make a picture that should for ever be a lesson to humanity of the dangers that lie in wait when unbridled ambition grips a powerful ruler's mind.

FOR ROSE AND MAPLE LEAF

CAME a loud knocking at the Empire's gate,
And there with tangled locks and blazing eyes
Bellona stood, and swung her torch of fate
In blood-red circles far about the skies.
Then flamed the world, and then grew dark the sun,
War's monstrous incense rolled in lurid shrouds
Athwart the face of Heaven blinding-dun;
Temples of God and man dissolved in clouds.

Long, long a fawning tongue and heart of guile
Had lulled Britannia to somnolent ease;
Grave warning counsels met with but a smile
Or old smug platitudes about the seas.
Then fell red War; but grand, 'mid stress and dearth,
She faced with level eyes the storm and strife,
And at her call from out the ends of earth
Armies invincible have leaped to life.

As by some touch of wizard's mighty hand
There came lion-hearted, and with purpose high,
The Sons of Canada to take their stand
To fight for England, or perchance to die;
Came lithe and strong from Yukon's gold-sprent tide;
Came from where Melville's surges thundering roar;
Southward, from giant cities spreading wide;
Eastward, from Hudson Bay and Labrador.

And they have written deep on history's scroll
A tale of chivalry, that in the light
Of afterdays will ring from pole to pole
In deathless epics of a people's might.
O, what an answer, bond on bond is sealed,
And wide-flung ends indrawn as strong links meet
In strife red forged, by mingled blood annealed,
A chain of Empire, flawless, stands complete.

Fair Canada, whate'er may come with years,
Or weal or woe as drifts their tide along,
In joy our smiles are yours; in sorrow, tears;
In sadness, sympathy; in mirth, our song;
And lips grown old will tell with trembling pride,
While young cheeks mantle, and bright eyes are wet,
To hear of that heroic khaki tide
That swept o'er St. Eloi and Courcelette.

Counsel, you head men, build for years unborn,
Lest Time should slack the bonds and men forget,
Lest victory of its guerdon should be shorn;
Counsel together and bind stronger yet
The friendship born on many a hard-won plain
In mutual sacrifice for mutual good.
So from War's ashes there shall rise and reign.
An Empire knit in one vast Brotherhood.

HENRY CHAPPELL.

WITH A CAMERA ON THE SOMME

By the OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHER WITH THE CANADIAN FORCES

OF all the battles of which I have been a spectator, that of the Somme is the least productive from the point of view of the photographer. Since positional war, as the enemy calls it, came into being the functions of the photographer are restricted. One might get some wonderful photographs if one had complete liberty of movement. But one would want a hundred charmed lives and indulgence from the enemy.

My first experience in the present war was gained at fateful Liége, which now seems to belong to another era. In those days there was incessant movement; the photographer was kept busy. Trenches then were merely a few shovelfuls of earth raised for temporary protection. There were no cavernous dug-outs with labyrinthine ramifications. I moved about from town to town taking photographs of the fighting. There was cavalry moving out here and falling back there. Light field artillery was to be seen marching from point to point. The Belgians and the French wore their coloured uniforms with picturesque helmets. Warfare had its pageantry and circumstance. In short, one had a canvas of war such as the artist had familiarised us with.

At Liége I listened to a bombardment such as I had never heard in the Balkan wars; and yet the bombardment of Liége was but a dull firework display, an exhibition for an evening's entertainment, contrasted with the violence of the artillery fighting on the Somme to-day.

Still, I would rather be under fire on the battlefield than be subjected to bombardment in a congested town such as Antwerp, where I was one of the last to leave in the terrible days of the retreat of the Belgian army. My duties have since taken me under heavy shell-fire on the Somme, and if one had any preference for this sort of thing, one would say, "Give me the risk of the open field."

My first welcome among the Canadians was not too encouraging; but I have to blame the enemy for that. For more than two miles I had to go through shell-fire, and the ground seemed as though it had been visited by an earthquake.

The taking of photographs under such circumstances is a disagreeable business, and you miss many opportunities when the shells are dropping round. You think you are going to secure a very great picture, but the German shrapnel comes along and you seek safety very quickly in the nearest trench.

Taking photographs of the men going over the parapet is quite exciting. Nothing, of course, can be arranged. You sit or crouch in the first-line trench while the enemy do a little strafing, and if you are lucky you get your pictures. But when you read in official communiqués that an "attack was launched at daybreak," you can imagine that photography is impossible.

What struck me were the remarkably good spirits of the wounded. Even those who have been badly knocked about laugh and joke in the most incredible manner. I recollect a case of a very badly mauled Canadian soldier who was brought in on a stretcher. He was unable to move, and yet nobody could take from him a German helmet, which he held with a tenacious grip. Even to his officer's appeal he gave a firm negative. Under no circumstances would he part with his souvenir. The last I saw of him was as he was lifted into the ambulance more dead than alive. But he still held his trophy secure.

Such a war as this must be full of swift tragedy. I remember one particular case. One morning, on going off to the front lines, I promised a certain major to come back and have lunch with him. I kept my appointment, but the major was unable to keep his. He had been killed at the entrance to his dug-out shortly after I left.

By Edwin Morrow

"ROULEZ, ROULANT, ROULEZ MA BOULE!"

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

By a HAND GRENADE

Illustrated by D. Jagger

I CAME first into consciousness in a long dark shed, where my parts or limbs were pieced by deft fingers; and I looked up, when I gathered vision from formless bits, into a pale woman's face, putting a finishing touch to my hard, compact surface of ribbed metal.

There's a story of a man who made a monster and then feared that monster terribly. I fancied the pale face showed fear.

Or was it pity?

Or was it what mortals call love?

The woman's long eyelashes nearly closed out the expression from her eyes. . . . I liked her at once. I liked her face, and the feel of her soft fingers.

And I fancy—it may be mere monster's vanity—that as she worked fear faded from that face, and that she almost grew fond of me. I flatter myself! And just before she passed me down a row of other women—finished—I caught her name. It was a pretty name, and I liked her the better for it.

I lay, next, in a chatter of pigmy monsters like me, in a stack or pile, for what seemed a long time.

Occasionally I felt fresh air fanning me. I moved; but I could not see where I moved, for they had enclosed me in the centre of a serried mass of similar monsters, who selfishly murmured to themselves of things outside, but never gave us inside monsters a vision of the brave world. But I heard of things. I heard a rumble of continuous wheels. I heard cries in the outer air. I heard other monsters murmuring of the air, of the sea, of the air again.

And then I was divided from my fellows, and my face—which is the whole of my roundness—saw a long low hut, some railway buildings, a new sky and faces—nothing I could understand.

More rumblings for a time; then a strange cavern in the earth. I understood nothing till I found myself in the warm hands of another human. Rough, strong male hands. I was part of a Tommy's protection, and I would have tried to swell with pride had I not been carefully conscious that one mustn't swell if one be a monster and metal: one must only explode. And my little time-keeping bar had not been loosened. So I knew I was to contain myself. The Tommy was no Boche.

He held me gingerly for a moment, and then I came to darkness again.

Where?

A warm darkness this time, with other sheltered things, or monsters, or unknown existences. Bits of things to which my solid constitution gave me no clue. They were not of my tribe. I ignored them. But from something I heard I guessed where I was. I was in the Tommy's pocket.

He was "going into action." . . .

Another indefinite wait, during which I had time to try to get into comprehension of the other things in the pocket.

A hard thing, a soft thing, a thing of paper.

This last lay nearest to me. I could trace the dark lines on the white surface. A letter. What interested me in the letter was the signature. It caught my eye first. A name. A woman's name. The name of the woman who made me, who touched me, whom first I saw as I became one monster out of many monstrous bits!

Well, the world of monsters, as the world of men, is full of coincidences, and is a small world after all. And now for this letter.

The signature side was, unfortunately, all I could make out. As the last leaf turned and came over to the last page, it said:

> . . . parcel. I am sending more cigarettes with my love, as always. And always, between the sendings, and all the time, I think of you. I often think, Phil, that my true sendings are not these parcels—not these so much as the many made-up bombs

and hand grenades and shells we women at home have helped to get ready for you all, and so made the difference between this year and last. You remember last year and the terror of "no shells"? Well, I wish each piece of *my* work the luck to reach you and help you. Who knows? Perhaps some of my work may reach you, as I dream it does. That will be better than cigarettes. . . .

And so it had reached him, by miracle! For wasn't I *her* hand grenade?

The letter ended with—but no, better not tell other people's secrets. The signature is the point. The pretty name of that girl whom I thought pretty.

And I suppose he thought so too, as he had thumbed and thumbed this letter.

He was thumbing it and thumbing me as we went into action.

"I felt the rough fingers grasp me, and I heard him shout. I realised that he was sore in need of me, for he was alone—alone in his danger—surrounded perhaps—cut off."

Again I heard little clearly, but a lot confusedly; and, indeed, a noise so great that it was *all* noise—nothing but the air and the sky and the ground turning to noise, I thought. I felt—merely ready and proud. In fact, ready to explode.

But now in time I felt the rough fingers grasp me, and again I saw light—a blinding fiery glow, with faces and cries crossing it. I heard him shout. I saw blood trickling down his face. I realised that he was sore in need of me. For he was alone—alone in his danger—surrounded perhaps—cut off. All I knew was, briefly, that the tall, stained body stood up high above me. He loosened my catch. He fixed me and timed me for eternity. I saw my seconds running towards an end. I swelled with pride. I exploded.

And in the air, mingled with bits of Boche, I was aware of his happy shout. He had thrown me. He was saved. I had put *them* out of action once and for all. . . .

I? Or she? "Who knows? Perhaps some of my work may reach you. Better than cigarettes. . . ."

And so I am—in war time; much better. Let the women of Britain remember it.

WITH A BELGIAN POSY TO CANADA

JUST beyond the stricken streets,
The riven walls and towers,
That yet remain of Ypres,
Blew these familiar flowers.
Violet and forget-me-not,
Modest both and sweet,
With a spray of early "May,"
My posy to complete.

Frail, yet bold of heart, they graced
These livid lanes of death
Where weary warriors smiled to note
The fragrance of their breath;
And all around, rough-sepulchred,
Canadian heroes lie—
Immortal seed in glorious soil,
To rise and bloom on high.

W. D. D.

Illustrated by Byam Shaw

THE CHAMPION GHOUL

A PARABLE. By KEBLE HOWARD

I MET him on the Canadian Pacific Railway. This is not an insult to Canada. I don't know that he was even a Canadian; certainly, he was not a typical Canadian.

He was a large, bloated man, with a pale face, and fishy, protruding eyes. To help his face, which needed no help, he wore a suit of greasy black.

He marked me down as his victim before we were a hundred miles from Vancouver. There was no escape. Getting out of prison is childish fun compared with escaping from a C.P.R. train.

"Enjoying the trip?" he asked.

"I hope to," I replied, as pointedly as might be.

"Ever been this trip before?"

"Never. I find the scenery fascinating."

He paused, smacked his lips, and then continued: "D'you realise that there's no doctor within five hundred miles?"

"Good," said I, and made for the corridor.

"D'you realise," said a voice in my ear, "that, if we had an accident, it would be impossible to obtain help within twelve hours?"

"Yes," I retorted.

"I don't think you do. Have you ever heard of a wash-out?"

"Yes."

"I don't think you have—not the sort of wash-out I mean. Great hunks of the line get washed away, and nobody knows anything about it until a train falls into the hole. This is about the time of year it happens."

"Thanks. I'll go and write a letter."

"Did you ever hear," said the voice over my left shoulder, "of the train that fell into the water?"

MR. KEBLE HOWARD

"Yes."

"I don't think you did. It was just a year ago. We shall come to the spot in the night."

I went into the dining-car and called for a drink. He found me within ten minutes.

"Almost everybody was drowned," he said. "They couldn't get out. The water mounted higher and higher. The weather was bitter."

"Have a drink?" I suggested.

"No, thank you. One or two of the very thin people managed to get through the ventilators. The others could do nothing."

"How interesting! Good-bye."

"I'm coming your way. When they finally recovered the bodies. . . ."

I hurled myself into the midst of a party of drummers who were sitting in the lavatory basins, singing songs. I think I stayed there seven hours. Hunger, at last, drove me forth.

". . . they were frozen," said the voice of the ghoul.

The train slowed up at a wayside station. I seized my grip and flung it out.

"Are you stepping off here?" asked the ghoul.

"Anywhere!" I answered, and leapt after the grip.

The train moved on. The ghoul stood in the doorway, licking his lips.

"There was a man murdered in that village a month ago!" he shouted. "Did you know?"

"Yes!" I yelled.

"I don't think you did!" mouthed the horrible creature.

And then he was pulled inwards, and the door was shut, and I was alone amidst the silent grandeur of the Asulkan Glacier.

Which is a parable.

By C. Alban Wallis

Regimental Bore (pointing): "Just think! if it hadn't been for the war, I should have been living quietly over there, and none of you chaps would ever have known me."

Fervent Chorus: "Gott strafe the Kaiser!"

RELIEF NIGHT

By W. M. SCANLAN, C.E.F.

DARK as Hades, wind and rain
(Oh, the Fifth is relieving to-night!)
Struggling along through old Mud Lane
By the flickering glow of a pale flare light.

Ruined walls where the château stood
(Oh, the Fifth is relieving to-night!)
Shadowy forms in Plugstreet Wood
Haunting the scenes of a bygone fight.

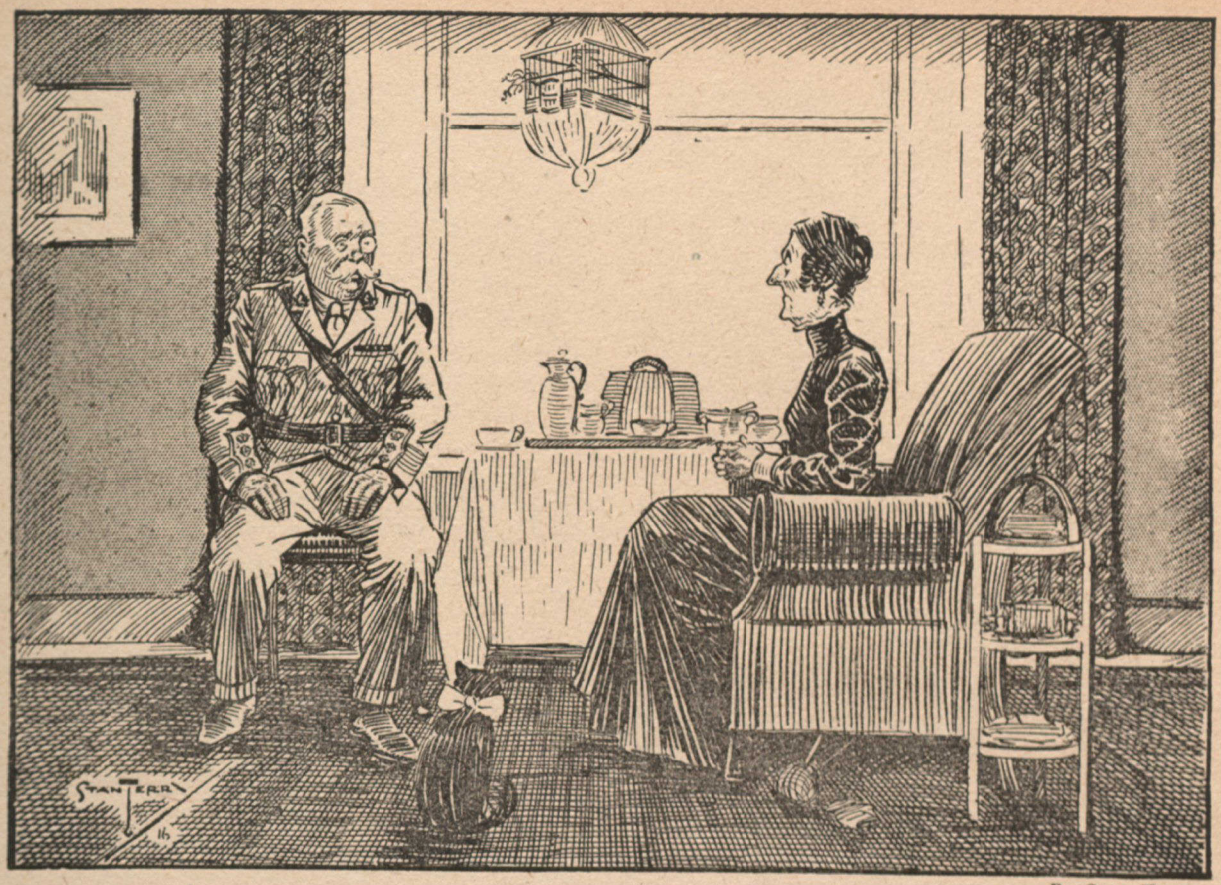
Trudging down the Messines road
(It always rains when the Fifth goes in!)
Stagg'ring along with your heavy load,
Slipping and sprawling—it's dark as sin!

Whine of bullets and burst of shell
("Duck your 'nappers' and on you go!")
For we've got to go in and do our spell,
It's front line trenches this trip, you know!

Dark as Hades, wind and rain
(Weary men in their dug-outs seated).
Sentries their eyes through the darkness strain
"Tines! Pip Emma, relief completed!"

By Lewis Baumer

THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND



By Stan Terry

THE GENTLE ART OF MAKING CONVERSATION

Colonel Gayboy (desperately, after exhausting all the topics of the day): "I say—have you heard that Limerick about the girl from Toronto?"

A CANADIAN DAY (September 15, 1916)

By THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS

On the fifteenth day of September, 1916, Canadian troops advanced into enemy territory to a depth and on a frontage exceeding any previous one-day advance of a British force on the western theatre of war since 1914. This is a fact that justly thrills Canadian hearts with pride, for it again proves the military value of our contribution to the defence of civilisation; it again proves that Canadian battalions occupy their positions in Britain's battle front on their merits as fighting units, without apologies to anyone for anything, without any need for excuses or allowances being made for the quality of their work or for their methods of working

In the old days, in the dear land they came from,
This was ever the morning to take the field
With gun and dog, to see what winged excitement
The frosty coverts and swamp-roads had to yield.

This was ever the day for ardent sportsmen—
The first of the season—and deep in the painted wood
The red leaves fluttered down to the frosty mosses
Where, furtive, alert, the old cock partridge stood.

September the Fifteenth! This was the day to answer
The challenge of flashing wing and secretive start,
Of feath'ry rustle, of quick up-volleying flight,
To assuage the primitive thirst in the sportsman's heart.

This was ever the day! . . . Steady, they waited,
Screened by the ridge from view of the waiting Huns,
While over their heads in screaming tumult hurtled
The flight of death from our bombarding guns.

The word was said, and they moved up and over.
They topped the ridge and, clear in the morning glow,
Beheld the war-torn wastes, the puddled trenches,
The pitted and deadly strongholds of the foe.

They felt the start of fire from hidden places—
And some fell then! They saw our barrage set
Like a spouting wall; and through it, bathed in sunshine,
They glimpsed the clustering roofs of Courcelette.

Down the long slope they moved. A barrier
Of German shells belched in their steadfast faces;
But they went on, keeping their true alignment,
To glory and death and the enemy's hidden places.

"Gained their objectives"—that is the core of the story;
"Secured their positions"—that is the meat of the tale;
Dug in, held on, while over their scant defences
The earth up-spouted, the shrapnel threshed like a flail.

So evening came. Again our great guns thundered;
Again the fences of death by the foe were laid;
And down the slope and over the new-won trenches
Came other battalions—the men of our —th Brigade.

Steady they came as those who had come in the morning;
Unshaken they passed where the bursting barrage was set;
They passed their victorious comrades; they pressed to their goal—
The machine-gunned houses and gardens of Courcelette.

Into it, through it, they flamed like fire through stubble,
With death before them, behind them and swift in the air.
They struck stark fear to the hearts of the craven foemen.
With bomb and steel they dug the Beast from his lair.

September the Fifteenth! That was a day of glory.
With blood, with life, they captured the fortress town—
While far away, in that dear land they died for,
In frosty coverts the red leaves fluttered down.

And one in his torn heart visioned the woodland twilight,
Sweet with the breath of bracken and frosty loam,
And saw a lamp in a farm-house window gleaming
To guide the feet of the 'venturous sportsman home.

CANADIAN TROOPS WAITING TO GO INTO THE FIRING LINE

Canadian Official Photograph

By Gunner McRitchie, C.E.F.

"What's the matter, Bill—inoculation?"
"No! Salutin' subalterns in London."

THE YOUNG DOMINION

By JESSIE POPE

WHEN, beckoned by Adventure's snare,
The earliest white men came,
They found a country rich and fair,
But very hard to tame.

A land of pines and snow-ribbed peaks,
Of valleys gay with flowers;
Of prairies, pastures, silver creeks—
And cried, "It shall be ours!"

Their fight for conquest, race and creed
Has reddened many a snow;
They sowed Dominion's tiny seed,
Their life-blood made it grow.

Three nations fought, one losing ground,
The others making good,
Until each separate race was bound
In one great Brotherhood.

So, hand in hand, the wilds they faced
By slow and sure degrees;
With shining lines they spanned the waste
And linked the distant seas.

Their commerce prospered day by day,
Great cities grew and thrived;
Their forward progress none can stay—
So Canada arrived.

Her seed was sown in years long past
By muscle, brain and will,
And, if to-day her harvest's vast,
Her future's vaster still.

By Gregor McGregor

The regiment chosen by the All-Highest to be the first to land on the hated shores of England receiving the glad (?) news

By G. M. Payne

EXTRACTS FROM PRIVATE SAM'S LETTER TO HIS WIFE

His hand groped about his neck, and he pulled out a little gold locket. "Will you—will you send it back to her—if you get through?" he asked with pathetic eagerness.

BEFORE COURCELETTE

An Unrecorded Incident of the Great War

By CAPTAIN CARLTON McNAUGHT

Illustrated by MacMichael

I FOUND my old college friend, Shirley Maskelyne, sitting up in his cot in the officers' ward, with a great hump in the light bed-coverings, where a grotesquely-bandaged foot announced its injuries.

He was gazing down on the bedclothes in front of him with an expression of what I can only describe as half-humorous perplexity on his strong, handsome face, and was not aware of his visitor till the white-hooded Sister announced me. When he looked up and saw who it was, he held out his hand with the old hearty smile which, for all his eighteen months at the front, had lost none of the sunniness that had marked it in our undergraduate days at the University of Toronto.

"You! This is unexpected good luck!" he exclaimed. "I had heard you were over here somewhere, but didn't know where. Sit down, and tell me all about it."

"That is what I had come to ask *you*," I replied, gripping his hand. "It is you chaps who have been over there and seen it all that have something to tell. How did it happen?"

"Oh, it's nothing much," he laughed, glancing at the hump in the bedclothes. "A bit of shrapnel caught me in the ankle. The M.O. says it will be all right in a few weeks—just as good as new. It was that little affair on the Somme on September 15, you know."

"Ah!" I exclaimed. The world had already been told something of "that little affair," which, culminating in the capture of Cource-

lette, had wreathed fresh laurels about the brows of our Canadian boys. "Go ahead—give me the story," I urged.

"There is not much to tell," replied Shirley.

His eyes wandered downwards, and following them I saw lying on the bedclothes in front of him two small objects. One was a thin gold locket, strung upon a slender cord of braided leather. The other was a small, worn leather case, not quite big enough to fill the breast pocket of a service jacket.

"Souvenirs?" I queried.

For a moment he was silent, and as he gazed at the two small objects his face fell once more into that half-humorous, half-serious expression that I had noted when I came in.

"Not exactly," he replied at last, looking up. "If you like I will tell you their story. The truth is, just at present, they are causing me a good deal of mild perplexity."

So as we puffed away at our pipes—a precious privilege that the M.O. had accorded Shirley within certain limits—he unfolded this tale—one of those throbbing heart-stories of which there are so many thousands swallowed up in the vast impersonal ebb and flow of the war.

"I was lucky enough to get through the first storm of shrapnel that the Boche artillery dropped on top of us when we went over for the assault early on the morning of September 15," said Shirley, beginning, as was his custom, right at the heart of the matter. "My chaps behaved splendidly, and went through that devilish hail of shrapnel and H.E. shells like veterans. Of course, we left some of them behind—that is inevitable. But we kept on. The Boche rifles and machine-guns made it pretty hot going; but our batteries gave Fritz a lively time of it too. We couldn't have been seventy-five yards from their front line when the Boche gunners shifted their sights and began dropping shrapnel in front of us again. I went down about fifty yards from their parapet. Didn't feel much pain at the time. But my foot soon began to kick up a deuce of a shindy, and I guess I must have fainted.

"When I came round it was getting dark. I concluded that the stretcher-bearers had passed me by for dead. I felt pretty weak, and my foot pained horribly when I tried to move it. I heard someone else groaning, and soon made out he was right behind me; I could almost touch him. I edged myself round, and found that it was young Pollock, who had come to us from a draft from a western battalion too recently for me to know him very well except that he seemed a bright chap, popular with his platoon. He was quite conscious, but seemed to have lost a lot of blood—shrapnel in the shoulder and chest.

"Luckily I found there was some water in my water-bottle, and I held it to his lips. He sucked in about half a pint, and I took as much. It perked us both up a little, and I began to fumble for my field dressing to see what I could do for him.

"'No use, old man,' he jerked out with a ghastly attempt at a smile. 'I'm afraid I'm done for.' A sudden twinge caught him, and he sank back with a gasp and lay still. I thought he was gone. Presently he opened his eyes, and his hand went groping about his neck. I ripped open his collar and shirt. But it wasn't air he wanted apparently. He was feeling for something, and presently he dragged out—this."

Shirley held up the little gold locket.

"It was hung about his neck by this thin leather cord. 'Will you—will you send it back to her—if you get through?' he braced himself to ask. His eagerness, through the pain, was pathetic.

"'Your wife?' I asked.

"'No—you'll find the address inside. She might have been,' he added, with a wistful look such as you may behold only in eyes that are looking at death. 'She almost promised; but the bank sent me out West—to Saskatoon. We corresponded. I think she did not forget. But there were—others. She was nice to most men—liked to be admired, and was fond of a good time, you know, like most girls. Everybody was crazy about her. No one could hold a candle to her at the dances. Sometimes her letters made me hope—you know. I wasn't making very much when I went out West. When I went down East at Christmas she seemed to care a bit.

THE RUINED VILLAGE OF COURCELETTE

SCREENING A ROAD ON HILL CREST ON WESTERN FRONT

Canadian Official Photographs

A SCENE ON THE BATTLEFIELD NEAR COURCELETTE

CONSOLIDATION OF LIP OF MINE CRATER

REPAIRING A ROAD TO COURCELETTE

Canadian Official Photographs

I was coming overseas, and—well, I couldn't ask her to marry me then. Somehow she would never give me a chance to ask her. But before we came over she gave me her photograph.'

"He was speaking in eager spurts. Despite the pain and weakness, a sudden energy seemed to be forcing this pent-up torrent of confidences from him. His eyes burned intensely in a white face.

"'I had a miniature made, and put it in this. I've worn it round my neck ever since we came out here—because—because I wanted to tell her I'd carried it through all this—if—you know. I've always sort of feared she cared more for Howton. But—I loved her. It's the love of her that's carried me through all this. I wanted to make a name for myself—make her proud of me, you know. I've done things I would never have had the nerve for if it hadn't been for that thought. I've always got through. Now—now Howton will win her. I'm glad now, you know. I think she cares more for him, though she never would say so, and she'll be happier. But—I loved her!'

"He clicked open the locket and held it tenderly to his lips, then passed it with a trembling hand to me.

"'Will you—will you——?' he urged, with eyes that stabbed me. 'I'd like her to know it helped me to be a man.' He sank back from his eager attitude and closed his eyes.

"I glanced at the tiny photograph, for he had handed me the locket open. There was still enough light to make out the features of a very pretty girl—pretty rather than beautiful—with all the freshness and gaiety of careless youth, a bit too assured and conscious of its own charm perhaps—but there it is, you can judge for yourself.

"'Buck up!' I cried as cheerily as I could. 'You're going to pull through this all right, you know. You mustn't throw up the sponge like that.' I got out my field dressing and, cutting away his jacket and shirt with my pocket scissors, bound up the wounds as well as I could. He groaned slightly, which was a hopeful sign. I must try and reach the dressing station and get aid, I thought. If attended to at once he might pull through. I told the Saskatoon man my intention, and getting on to one knee began to drag myself towards the trenches our boys had taken earlier in the day.

"It was rather awkward work, you know. And suddenly a devil of a roar burst from our batteries away up behind. Sounded as if they were paving the way for another advance. The din was awful. It made one's head feel as tight as a drum. Moreover, I wasn't at all sure there weren't enemy snipers within range and watchful on the flanks. I had been dragging myself over that torn and tumbled ground that had so lately been No Man's Land for what seemed like three hours (and was about fifteen minutes in actual time, I suppose), when the 'ping' of a bullet sounded over my head, too uncomfortably close for peace of mind. I was right on the edge of a shell crater, and I pulled myself over the lip with no appreciable loss of time, you can bet. It was pretty deep, and I sort of half slipped and half rolled down the slope of its side, almost on top of another chap who lay there. He cursed feebly when my shoulder bunted him, and I apologised. Imagine—apologising for tumbling on top of a fellow lying out there half dead! The conventions of polite society do cling to one. The humour of it struck me faintly; but it was just a momentary flash. I saw the fellow was an officer, and pretty far gone. He had evidently crawled there to die. When he sensed that I was not badly done up, however, he brightened a bit and held out this little case!"

Here Shirley picked up the leather folder.

"At first I thought he was offering me a cigarette—a final offering of comradeship—but he was struggling to say something, and at last he managed to gasp out: 'Keep it and—send it for me to—to her.'

"This time I almost laughed out loud at the idea, which just then struck me as absurdly humorous, of me dragging myself about what had lately been No Man's Land collecting dying bequests like this from other fellows. What was it this time, I wondered? Where was it going to stop? You may think it rather ghastly that I should see the comic side out there, but—well, the psychology of the battlefield is not that of ordinary times. The

poor devil was struggling to get something more out of him. He was sort of semi-delirious, I think.

" 'Tell her—not to be cut up,' he rambled. 'I died doing my duty—it's great to die doing one's duty. We'd have been married afterwards—if I'd come through—but somehow—you see there was Freddie—good sort, Freddie, too—they'll be happy——' Some such words as those, you understand.

"It was a ghastly sort of joke—you see, they were almost the exact words of the fellow I had left some fifty yards back. I wanted to laugh, but couldn't. The grinning pathos of it made me sort of mentally numb. And the air was full of the beastly roar of our big guns. I had to bend down close to him to catch what he was saying. Surely it must be reaching a climax. Presently it would stop and our men would go over that distant parapet for the new advance. This time it would be Courcelette itself, I supposed—and, of course, I guessed right. The poor chap whose head I was holding made a last effort. 'Send it to her—tell her I carried it through—through——' He fell back dead in my arms just as the fiendish din of our guns stopped, and I knew that our fellows had gone over.

"I laid him down and picked up the little case. It dropped open—and there was a photograph. There was still enough light to make it out, and suddenly I knew that I had stumbled upon a tragedy stranger than I had guessed. The same slender neck and wavy coronal of hair, the same laughing eyes and up-tilted chin of conscious winsomeness—there could be no mistake. I pulled out the locket and matched the two photographs. One was a tiny copy of the other. On the opposite leaf of the locket was engraved in script, 'Vivienne Claridge,' and a Toronto address. Across the foot of the larger photograph was penned in a bold, girlish hand, 'Lovingly, Vivienne.' I lifted the dead man's wrist, and read the neat lettering of the silver identity plate: 'Sidney Howton, —— Battn. Can. Inf. Pres.' "

Shirley paused, the expression of pensive perplexity deepening on his face.

"Well," I said at length, "what about the other chap, Pollock?"

"I reached the dressing station at last, and the stretcher-bearers went out and brought him in—quite dead. They had some trouble finding him, but located him at last by the identity plate bearing his name, 'Frederick Pollock, —— Battn.' He was dead then, but I had given them his name, so they knew he was the man I had sent them after. Another party brought in the second man's body about the same time."

"Queer," I mused, "that they should both have been out there so near each other, and apparently neither of them aware of it."

"I found out the explanation of that later," said Shirley. "Pollock's battalion had been at the front for some months, though he had only come to us recently. Howton arrived in the sector only the day before with reinforcements just over from an eastern battalion. He would have no chance to learn what battalion they were supporting. I don't suppose Pollock knew Howton had arrived in England even."

"So all that remains is to send the two photographs back to the girl," I ventured.

"I thought so," replied Shirley, "until I came across this in a Toronto paper that reached me just yesterday." He pulled a clipping from under his pillow and handed it to me to read.

"Endicott—Claridge," it ran. "On July 15 a very pretty wedding took place in St. Peter's Cathedral, when Vivienne Isabelle, only daughter of Mr. Thomas R. Claridge, became the bride of Charles Edward Endicott, of the well-known firm of Endicott & Son. The church was beautifully decorated——" I did not read further.

We smoked on in silence for some moments. A subdued but joyous buzz drifted over from a near-by cot where a young subaltern was celebrating a reunion with his wife and mother.

"And now?" I queried.

"And now," said Shirley, "I have about decided that I will not send the photographs back."

"Because?"

"Because I'm not sure that the girl deserves it," replied my friend.

And perhaps, after all, he was right.

THE FLIES OF FLANDERS

By W. D. D.

Illustrated by J. Hassall, R.I.

GROUSE not to me of rations
That fail to come to hand,
Or parasites on troglodytes
In this war-ridden land.
Our inundated trenches,
And Teuton shot and shell,
We deprecate; but oh, we hate
The flies that give us "hell!"

They crowd into our dug-outs
As bees a hive infest,
And, should we doze, on us they close,
To stultify our rest.
O'er jam and cheese and bully
They blaze a "germy" trail,
Whilst not a few end in the stew
The entomologic tale.

We "biff" them by battalions,
And fumigation try;
But as a joke they treat our smoke,
Declining so to die.
For one laid low, a thousand
For instant vengeance burn.
With virile voice would we rejoice
Could we the breed intern.

Last evening Fritz and Company
Sent over gas galore,
Then backed by Krupp, they followed up,
Athirst for British gore.
But, "muzzled" all, we blighted
Their super-Borgian hope—
Nor did we sigh that ne'er a fly
Survived that German dope.

W. D. D.

THE GUNS OF SANCTUARY WOOD

Retold from Sapper Hood's Story of June 2nd

SAPPER JAMES G. HOOD, of the Canadian Engineers, and his friend, Private Arnold Chambers, of the 8th Canadian Battalion, were in charge of an emergency wireless station in Sanctuary Wood when the Germans made their most recent and violent effort to wipe out the Ypres Salient and its defenders.

Both these men had been wireless operators in civil life. Hood was a citizen of the United States, having been born in Lowell, Massachusetts, about forty years ago; but he is a Canadian now by love and military service and the sacrifice of his blood. For a time he sailed the seas as wireless operator and purser of a boat of the Elder Dempster line. His duties took him up and down the Coast of Old Malabar, and into many steaming ports, but he left that life of tropical adventure a few years ago and settled down in Melville, Saskatchewan, where he found employment as the manager of an hotel. This occupation held him until Canada heard the call to the battlefields of Europe.

The morning of June 2nd came bright and fine to the Ypres Salient. In Sanctuary Wood, within a few yards of Sapper Hood's emergency wireless station, Lieutenant Charles P. Cotton, Canadian Field Artillery, had two eighteen-pounders established in gun pits and laid across the front of Armagh Wood, on Observatory Ridge, and a point in the German trenches four hundred yards away. These pieces were what is known as "sacrifice guns." They were to be used only in case of emergency, and then at point-blank range, and, should the emergency arise, it was expected that the guns would be sacrificed.

Suddenly the calm brightness of the summer morning was shaken by the thunder of guns, pierced by the screaming flight of shells and shattered by crashing explosions. The bombardment fell upon the whole curved front of the Salient like a flood that had suddenly burst its barriers. Groves were broken, pruned and uprooted by the hurricane of hate. Behind the battered and convulsed front-line trenches was set a wall of high-explosive shell-fire topped by a curtain of shrapnel. Hood and Chambers visited the fire-trenches several times, asking the infantry for messages to transmit to Headquarters.

The storm fell heavily on Sanctuary Wood.

By Thomas Henry

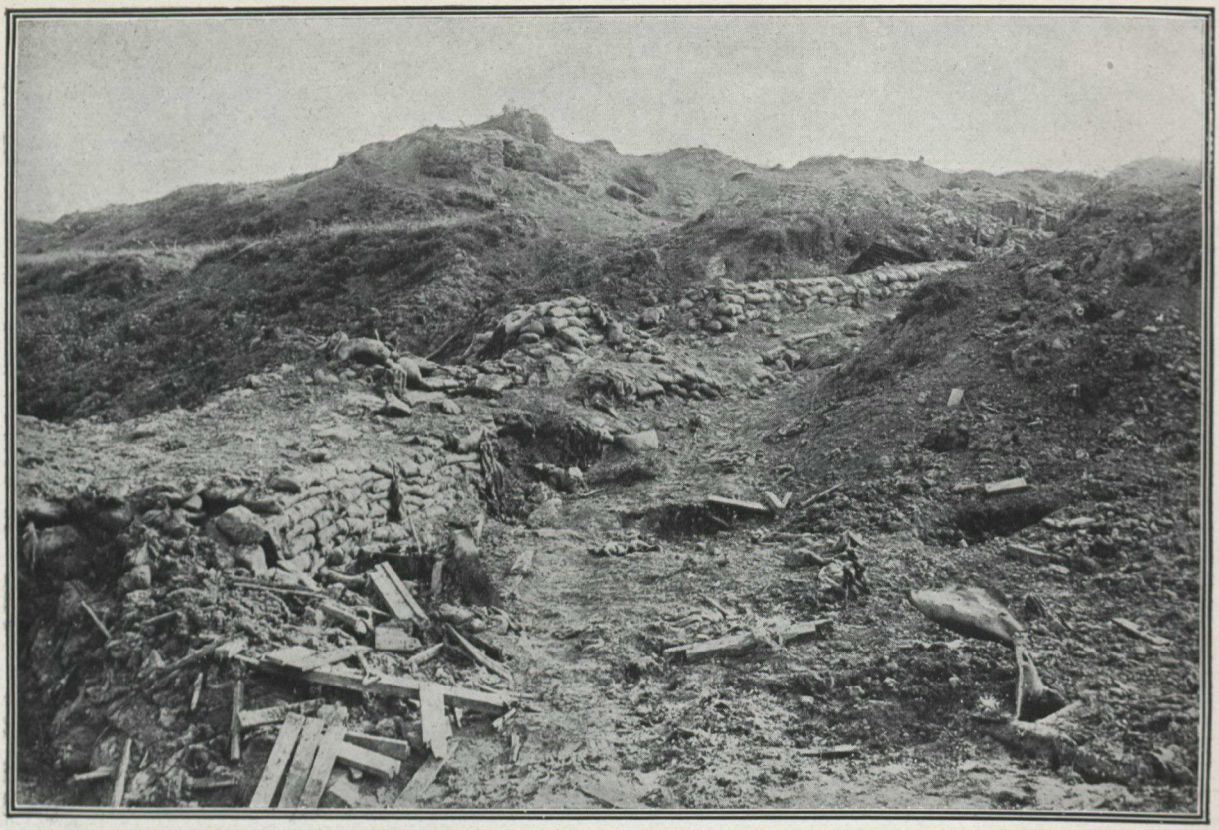
Officer: "Well! What's wrong with the trousers?"

Recruit: "Please, sir, they're a bit tight under the armpits!"

CANADIAN TROOPS RETURNING FROM THE TRENCHES

On the way they pass pack mules loaded with ammunition going up to the front

Canadian Official Photographs



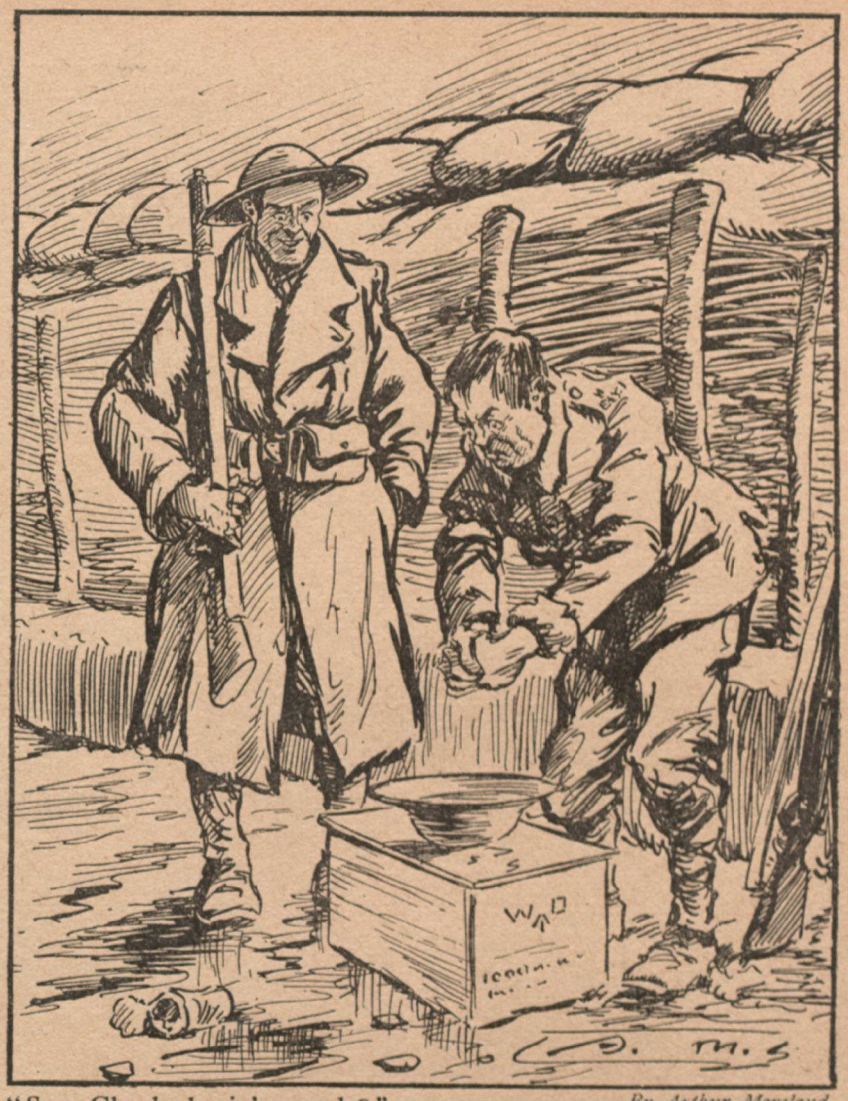
SCENE NEAR THE FRONT IN THE YPRES SALIENT

A RAILWAY NEAR THE FRONT LINE IN THE YPRES SALIENT

Canadian Official Photographs

Sapper Hood's aerials were carried away five times during the early hours of the bombardment and five times replaced. Lieutenant Cotton's gun-crews suffered, but the guns remained silent, waiting for the critical moment. At last Cotton ordered Hood and Chambers to leave their station and join his command. With these reinforcements there were now three men to each of the two guns, including the officer.

At a quarter to two in the afternoon, Lieutenant Cotton opened on the unseen trenches of the enemy beyond Observatory Ridge, judging that the hostile infantry were assembling there for an attack. His guns had fired about twenty rounds when small parties of our own infantry began to fall back on Sanctuary Wood. He sent Hood up immediately for information. Hood did not encounter any officer, but heard from several men that the retirement had been ordered. He returned to Lieutenant Cotton safely, and the guns continued to fire.



"Say, Chuck, havin' a wash?" *By Arthur Moreland*
"Sure, and if I was a gol-darned duck canary I'd be havin' a bath."

German infantry appeared suddenly over the ridge in force. The sacrifice guns kept up their desperate fire until the Germans were within forty yards. Then Lieutenant Cotton gave the order to his men to save themselves. Hood darted into his wireless dug-out, seized the instrument by its leather sling and smashed it on the floor. He then slipped out and hid in tall grass behind the dug-out. Leaving this cover after a few minutes, he crawled out of and away from the torn, Hun-infested wood. He had not gone far before a bullet went through the bone of his left arm. Again he took cover; and this time he lay still, nursing his wounded arm, until past ten o'clock.

The night was lit by flares and gashed by the red of bursting shells and bombs. Machine-guns quartered the ground.

Again Hood began to crawl towards safety. He could not go on all-fours, as he had to use his right hand to hold his shattered left arm to his side. He hitched himself along on his knees. At two in the morning he reached Maple Copse—the sole survivor of the crews of the sacrifice guns. T. G. R.

THE OLD ESTAMINET

By W. M. SCANLAN, C.E.F.

WHEN you've just come out of trenches and
you're feeling kinda blue,
And you're sick of mud, and sentry goes
and snipers,
You should always make your way
To the old estaminay
At the corner of the road that leads to Wipers.

Now the beer it don't amount to much—it
lacks a proper "kick"—
And the vin blanc and vin rouge is much
the same;
But when Marie says "Bon soir,
Monsieur Tommy, how you are?"
You somehow feel that you're still in the
game!

"Très beans," you answer, "How are you?"
She comprees what you say.
"You one biere?" "Une douzaine, s'il vous
play!"
Then she smiles, you smile as well,
"Votre bonne sante, mad'moiselle."
Oh, it's "très bon place," this old
estaminay!

Then the other fellows gather round the
tables in the room,
And mamma, papa and grandpa all appear,
For there's "beaucoup" work to do
In the coming hour or two
A-serving of the "soldats" with their beer.

And the Crown and Anchor's started, and
the fun flows fast and free,
And the merriment and laughter louder
grows,
And Marie's little pranks
As she gathers in the francs
Make Tommy quite forget his many woes.

Then suddenly the old man's voice is heard
above the din,
"C'est l'heure; eet's eight o'clock, you must
parti;
The beer, she is napoo;
She is parti, so must you!"
"You come back again to-morrow!" says
Marie.

Oh, when you're back from trenches, and you
want a little fun
To relieve your mind of mud, and Huns
and snipers,
You should "toute suite" make your way
To the old estaminay
At the corner of the road that leads to
Wipers.

By Dudley Hardy

He: "Do you think it possible to love two girls at the same time?"
She: "Not if they know it!"

Canadian War Official

THE STRETCHER-BEARERS

One of the Splendid Pictures from the Great Exhibition of Canadian Battle Photographs

CANADA AFTER THE WAR

The Dawn of a Great Era

By JAMES LUMSDEN

Author of "Through Canada in Harvest Time," "Our Food Supply," etc.

IN projecting the war for world dominion which Germany launched upon happy, unsuspecting humanity in the autumn of 1914, the Kaiser's Government hoped, should Britain become involved, that in the hour of need Canada, Australia, and New Zealand would fail the Mother Country, grudging the sacrifice and fearing the risk of embarking in a struggle which would waste the wealth and arrest the development of new countries.

Never did a greater error vitiate the reasoning of conspirators. In the grand crisis the free Britons of the daughter States not only furnished the most sublime example of allegiance to a racial homeland that the world has ever beheld, but they at once proved themselves to be prominent among modern nations for political vision and unerring sagacity. They did not count the cost. "Count upon us to the last man and the last shilling," was the spontaneous, instantaneous message of Canada and of Australia. As the conflict has deepened they have not flinched or swerved. Sacrifice has been heaped upon sacrifice; now, faithful unto death, participators in suffering, loss, bereavement and victory, they will be equal partakers in the glory and the fruits of the struggle fought to a triumphant finish. Canada has done everything that England and Scotland have done. She has sent forth all her young men to fight the battle for the free, and she has resounded from the Atlantic to the Pacific with the shouts of war and the clangour of a peaceful land turned into an arsenal. Her labour, her heroism, her fortitude will effect a transformation throughout the vast Dominion not less striking, not less profound, than that which we know is being wrought in the British Isles. It had long been predicted that the twentieth century would prove the century of Canada, but none foresaw the wonderful manner in which the prophecy would find its accomplishment. Canada has indeed entered into the lists, in the full armour of nationhood, a generation ahead of the most extravagant calculations of her political economists.

MR. JAMES LUMSDEN

The war found Canada with a population of about eight millions. About a hundred years ago the population of the United States had attained to that figure. Now it has swelled to upwards of ninety millions. Marvellous as the story of modern Germany is, it is surpassed in mere economic and material achievement by that of the United States, and that achievement would almost beyond question, without the intervention of the mighty war drama, have been repeated in the present century in the material progress and development of Canada. The full measure of achievement will not merely be accelerated and intensified, the accomplishment will bear the indelible impress of the share which the Dominion has borne in the World War.

On the eve of the conflict, but while the horizon was still unclouded, Sir Robert Borden said in an important political speech: "The highest future for this Dominion lies within the British Empire upon conditions of

equal status. Its flag streams in undiminished splendour upon the breezes of the twentieth century; and mindful of its power for peace and its influence for civilisation and humanity, we do not dare to doubt its greater destiny in the years to come."

The summons was not long delayed. The young nation of the West, aglow with the pride of strength and conscious of its high destiny, with calm courage joined in the mêlée of the old militarist nations, and received its baptism of fire on those fields where Gaul and German, Celt and Saxon, Frank and Hun—every race whose blood flows in Canadian veins—have fought the battles that have determined the course of history from immemorial time. Thus did Canada vindicate her claim to more than equal status within the British Empire; as a free, self-governing State she deliberately went to war with the Central Powers of Europe, the most powerful military alliance that the world has ever seen. Nothing that the United States has done in the sphere of international effort and responsibility is comparable with the rôle assumed by Canada in the opening act of her twentieth century splendour.

The greatness of nations, like the greatness of celebrated men, consists not in the immensity of their territory or the magnitude of their wealth, but in deeds and actions, the part they play and the influence they wield among foreign Powers. Railways and steamships made the world smaller, but how ineffectual was their agency compared with the step taken by Canada in obliterating at one stroke the time-honoured differentiation between the Old World and the New. The Monroe Doctrine sought to deepen and perpetuate that differentiation. It was a doctrine of selfish, near-sighted exclusiveness. Acting upon it, Canada would have washed her hands of all responsibility for the affairs of Europe or the fate of Britain and her Allies. For the corollary to the Monroe Doctrine is that if the European Powers must not meddle in the affairs of the New World, the Governments of the latter must not interfere in the affairs of the Old World. Canada ignored the base, selfish doctrine, obeyed the call of humanity, and staked her all in the cause of liberty and civilisation. She began a new and grander chapter in the political history of the New World.

The effects upon the future of the Dominion will be far-reaching and enduring. The Maritime Provinces of Canada have widely different memories and traditions from the Prairie Provinces. They are what they became during the long wars for possession waged between France and Britain in the eighteenth century. A nation is made by its past, and nothing from out the past bequeaths to future generations such vivid memories, such a volume of story, such a treasury of poetry, romance and epic as a great war of liberation. The Prairie Provinces of the Golden West and the Pacific Province of British Columbia now have a history; soon they will have war books and songs and memories of their own. Wars weld nations. Not the Union of the Crowns or the Act of Union, but their wars abroad by flood and field, the blood spilt in the Low Countries, the Peninsula, the Mahratta Wars, and a hundred tropical campaigns have united England and Scotland in indissoluble bonds. Thus closely, indissolubly, will the present war bind together in a common heritage of sacrifice and glory the provinces of the Atlantic and the Pacific, the St. Lawrence and the Rocky Mountains, Old Canada and the New Canada of Alberta and Saskatchewan—the "last best West."

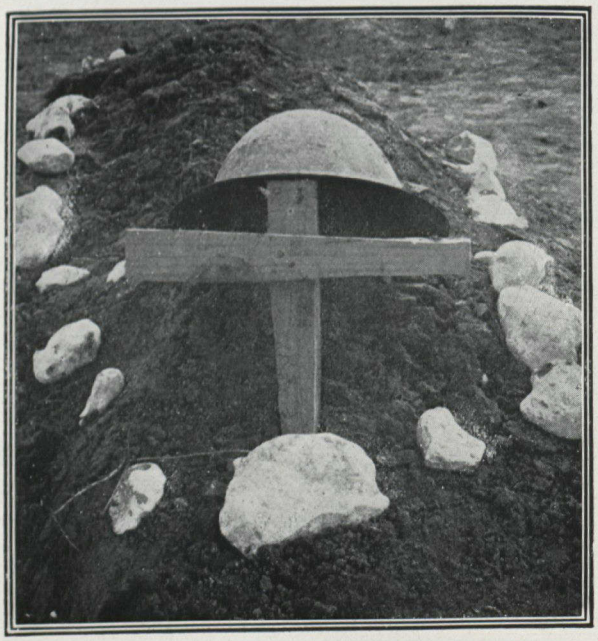
This is a consideration of high political purport. Even with two completed transcontinental railway systems it is a far cry from Prince Edward Island to Vancouver Island. It is as far as from Gibraltar to Archangel; and though newspapers in one tongue, understood by all, are published in every town from the Strait of Canso to that of Juan de Fuca, and though in that progressive country even farms are commonly united by telephone, still the extremes are far apart, and there are great physiographical differences that differentiate the industries and interests of the provinces. But more important to a great part of the Dominion than preoccupation in wheat-growing, lumbering, fisheries, or mines, has been propinquity to the United States and community of interests

ESCORTING GERMAN PRISONERS DOWN A COMMUNICATION TRENCH

PRISONERS CAPTURED BY THE CANADIANS AT COURCELETTE

Canadian Official Photograph.

CANADIANS ATTENDING TO A CHUM'S GRAVE AT THE FRONT



AN UNKNOWN HERO'S GRAVE

WRITING NAME ON A CROSS

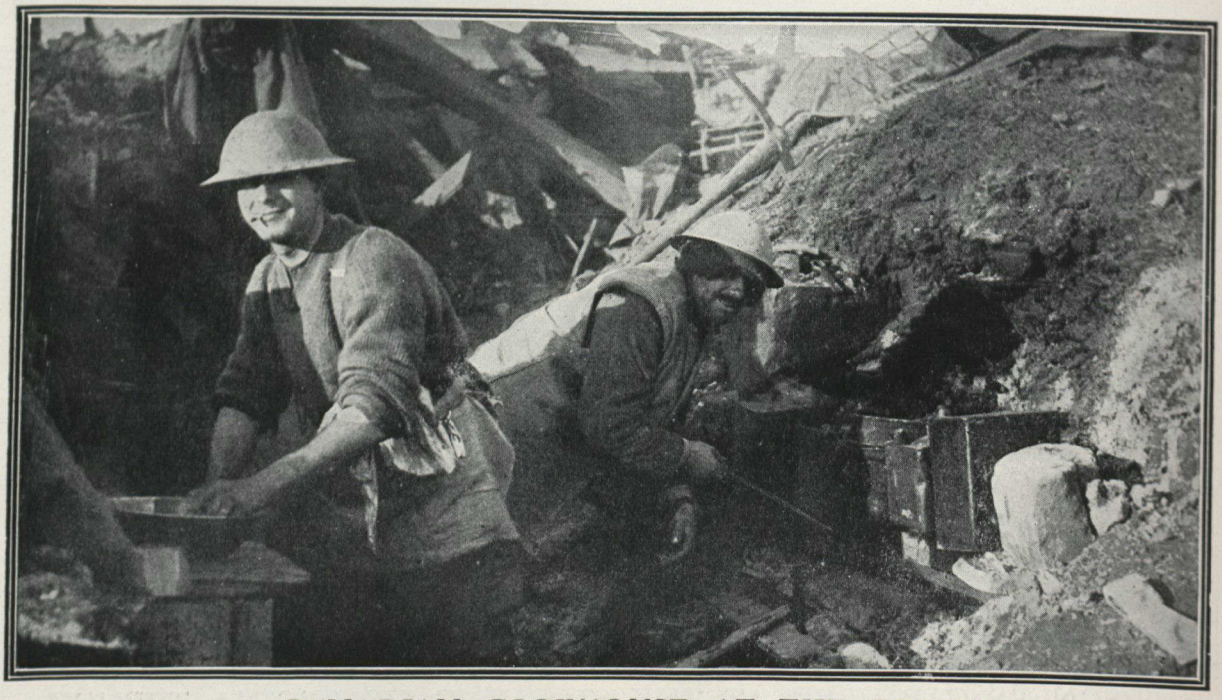
Canadian Official Photographs

A GROUP OF WAR-BATTERED HEROES, INCLUDING A JAPANESE

PRISONERS CAPTURED AT THE STORMING OF REGINA TRENCH

Canadian Official Photographs

CANADIAN RED CROSS MEN ENJOYING A MEAL



A CANADIAN COOKHOUSE AT THE FRONT

Canadian Official Photographs

with neighbours across the international boundary. American ways, habits of thought, influences, capital and people have always overflowed freely into the Canadian West, and have strongly tinged the manners and institutions of Canadians from Toronto to Vancouver. Between Manitoba and Dakota, British Columbia and Washington there was much more community of interest and more intercommunication than between the Maritime Provinces and those beyond the Great Lakes. American books and magazines and manufactures overspread the Golden West. That literature will now vanish and an impassable line of historic cleavage will be set up between the citizen of the Dominion and the citizen of the Union. The generation now at school in Winnipeg, Calgary, Regina and Edmonton will grow up with sentiments that will separate Canadians from Americans as sharply as the Danes are separated from the Dutch.

In the new era which peace will usher in no country which has shared in the burden and heat of the strife will reap a grander reward than Canada. The substantial recompense will correspond to her amplified political power and consequence. Canada alone stands to receive a large and immediate increase of population. Already peopled with soldiering stock above all the other British Dominions, Canada is the appointed home where thousands upon thousands of war veterans will receive lands in recompense for their valour. Many a fine lad who but for the war would never have quitted his office desk in England or Scotland will never return to sedentary drudgery. To him Canada offers a free farm and a hearty welcome. Every province will vie with its neighbour in making provision for the Empire's heroes. They will be the finest immigrants the Dominion has ever received. And few there will be of those warrior settlers who will not bring with him a bride from the Old Country to found a home among the orchards and wheat fields of the land of the maple. Just before the war the growth of the Dominion population was greater than ever before. It was more rapid than the increase of population had ever been in the United States. In the three years before the war 30,000 square miles, or upwards of 21,000,000 acres, were taken up as homestead holdings by new citizens of Canada.

That is only the beginning. Not only is there abundance of fine land for settlers in the beautiful old Canadian provinces of the East, in the fruitful vales of pine and hemlock, but in the three wheat-growing provinces alone—Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan—as yet only about 17 millions out of 150 million acres of land surveyed and known to be capable of cultivation have been put under crop. But for the war the annual immigration into Canada would ere now have passed the half-million mark. Lord Strathcona predicted that at the end of the twentieth century Canada would have a population twice as large as that of the British Isles. By the middle of the century Canada may overtake the German Empire. Well might Canadians fight for the liberties which they now enjoy! With such a glorious future unfolding before their eyes, what men of British blood would tamely have looked on while the sceptre fell into the hands of an envious, grasping Power thirsting for the opportunity to drive British institutions from the face of the earth and to substitute for them Germanic culture and the iron hand of Prussia?

The end of the war will not find Canada impoverished like some of the belligerents. Her wheat-growing provinces have been enriched beyond the dreams of Manitoba farmers by the unprecedented prices paid for three successive harvests. The war has also given a tremendous impetus to mining, lumbering and manufactures. It would be hard to predict whether the cereal-rearing West or the industrial East will benefit most by the demands created by the war. Hitherto the East has largely manufactured for the West; the war has taxed its resources to supply outside demands never dreamt of before. Ontario and Quebec bear the same relation to Manitoba and Alberta that New York, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania bear to the Western States of the Union. As settlement flows westwards and harvests increase, industries expand in the older Atlantic cities, and population and affluence increase at an ever-

rising ratio. No wonder, if nearly half a million fresh customers have to be clothed and shod, housed and supplied with household requirements every year. That alone implies regular and substantial additions to the output of the factories of Toronto, Hamilton and Montreal. During the war Canadian manufacturers have had a great advantage in obtaining plant from the United States. The demand has been enormous, and capacity of production in all branches of the engineering trades has been doubled and trebled. Some little towns of Ontario have been transformed into busy centres of industry.

Another thing which the war has finally and conclusively demonstrated in Canada is the immense superiority to coal of electric power obtained from water. The supply of water-power is independent of man-power. The lack and the scarcity of coal were for long a formidable obstacle to the development of industries in the Central Provinces, but fortunately just before the outbreak of war the problem had been practically solved in a manner that has proved providential. By means of a system of transmission lines under the management of a Commission appointed by the Provincial Government of Ontario, electric energy from the Falls of Niagara and many other sources was distributed over great distances to manufacturing centres. This cheap power has been utilised to the fullest extent, and has enabled many a newly-established Canadian manufacturer to cope with war work which otherwise could not have been undertaken. Thus the war has given a tremendous stimulus to industrial activity all along the line of the Great Lakes. New industries have sprung up, likewise, to supply the home market with articles hitherto imported from abroad. To the Canadian manufacturer the war has created that equality of opportunity which tariffs and oceans failed to create. For such an opportunity Quebec and Ontario were waiting. In many respects these provinces can vie with the industrial States of the Union in natural resources for manufacturing. They abound in iron and copper, and in that water-power towards which the great industries of the New World are rapidly gravitating. In Ontario alone there are natural resources in sufficient quantity and variety to support the population of Britain and France combined.

Canada is the world's treasure house of the useful metals. Never before was there such a demand for the nickel of Cobalt and the copper and lead of Nelson and the Slocan. The soaring prices have made mines of the lowest grade ore of a value that would have seemed incredible two years ago.

Only the future can show what the consequences of the World War will be in the old countries of Europe. About the virgin Dominion there is no uncertainty. In Europe the work of ages is being undone, the wealth of generations wasted. Empires are being exhausted, provinces devastated, noble cities laid in ruin. Munition-making cannot go on at white heat temperature when the war is over. All our energies may be needed to repair the wastage of war and to feed depleted markets; but that for many years to come will not enrich mankind, but only restore the former standard of prosperity. An intellectual revivification, a moral regeneration, may create a new and brighter era which as yet we can but dimly foresee and hope for. It is quite different with a new country of illimitable natural resources that have only been waiting the advent of man. The development of these once begun is not a transitory thing. The gain is a permanent asset. The New World has always vibrated to impulses transmitted from the Old. Throughout the nineteenth century the vast waves of immigration and development which rolled over the United States rose and fell with the revolutions and wars and social upheavals of Europe. The Old World's extremity has always been the New World's opportunity. That extremity will again arise in many crushed and broken regions of Europe. The twentieth century will be Canada's. Westward the Star of Empire takes, and must take, its way. Canada, raised above the other countries of the New World in power, will sit at the Congress of Nations and in the Council Chamber of the British peoples, equal in status and in sovereign nationhood, directing and controlling the pacification of the world and the new regime of civilised government.

PRIVATE BROWN, HERO

A Complete Story by CAPTAIN CARLTON McNAUGHT.

Illustrated by E. OAKDALE

THE clear notes of a bugle sounding "Réveillé" floated down the long avenues of bell tents in the fresh morning air. George Adolphus Brown, rolled in his blankets on the floor of one of the tents, turned over sleepily for a last comfortable snooze. Then suddenly he started broad awake, sat up and stretched. His seven companions were already up and dressing. He had remembered with a mingled flash of ill-temper and satisfaction that he was no longer George Adolphus Brown, but No. 134,695, Private Brown, G. A., a soldier of the Umpty-Umpth Battalion, Canadian Expeditionary Force.

Any ill-temper in his waking mood disappeared as George Adolphus put his head through the tent fly and drew in a breath of the sunlit morning air. How inspiriting it was! A vast sense of elation surged through him. He wanted to wave his arms and kick out his feet. In fact he did, and received the retaliatory demonstration of a boot in a tender portion of his anatomy with exuberant cheerfulness. But the immediate prospect of a breakfast of porridge, bacon, bread, jam and tea hastened his toilet.

George Adolphus had not always felt this way of a morning. Two short weeks ago he had filled a place behind a shirt counter in a big Toronto department store by day and occupied a third floor back bedroom in Mrs. Posset's boarding-house by night. The old alarm clock had wakened him regularly at 6.30 each morning. He had arisen reluctantly, struggled ill-humouredly into his clothes, accomplished a swift engagement with Mrs. Posset's attenuated breakfast, and reached the store as Big Ben on Bay Street was tolling seven. It had usually taken the greater part of the day to get himself back into a normal temper. Long hours in the stuffy atmosphere of the store, with a brief midday interval at the Savoy Quick Lunch, did not tend to a condition of physical fitness. A sallow complexion, tired eyes, and drooping shoulders bore ample testimony to this.

It was in a quite impersonal way at first that George Adolphus had from time to time discussed with his familiars the prevailing topic of The War. But recruiting posters and recruiting sergeants began to obtrude themselves upon the attention of George Adolphus in a way that soon became vaguely disturbing. He fell into the habit of pausing to listen to the exhortatory individual in khaki on the corner of Yonge and Albert Streets at noon hour. Once, to his extreme embarrassment, he was directly addressed by this worthy in this wise:

"Now, then, you there with the Panamawr 'at! Are yer goin' to stand by w'ile the Germans murder wimmen and hinnocent bibes and never lend an 'and to give 'em wot's wot? Get hinto the gime! Hit'll mike a man of yer—tike that stoop out o' yer shoulders and set yer up like a 'uman bein'!"

The effect of this open attack was to drive George Adolphus to a big recruiting meeting in Massey Hall. Here he heard things that still more disturbed his spiritual poise. It seemed that, after all, the war had a direct bearing on himself. Men were needed. While he had been going about his affairs a whole machinery had grown up for turning such as himself into soldiers.

"Guess it means me," ruminated the sedentary and peace-loving George.

Shortly after this the shirt circle was startled by a sudden announcement.

"I'm leaving to-morrow, boys," said George Adolphus.

"What's up, old man?" queried one. "Getting a raise?"

"Nope. Going to enlist?" was the laconic reply.

Sadie Morrison, the auburn-haired wrapper of parcels, who had occasionally deigned to accompany George to the theatre, or up the Humber in a red canoe, paused abruptly in

the chewing of gum when he broke the news to her.

"Aw, you'll sure look fine in khaki," said she, with banter in her eye. But there was an unaccustomed touch of softness in her manner, George thought with a thrill, as he formally took leave of the shirt circle.

So George Adolphus passed successively through the hands of the recruiting sergeant, the M.O., the attesting officer, and the regimental quartermaster, and came out No. 134,695, Private Brown, G. A., of No. 9 Platoon, "C" Company, Umpty-Umpth Battalion. His neatly creased suit of summer grey was exchanged for one of rough khaki serge, his low tan Oxfords gave way to heavy army boots thickly nail-studded, and his floppy Panama straw became a neat forage cap, with the badge of the Umpty-Umpth above its peak. One week afterwards the battalion moved out of its temporary barracks in the city, crossed Lake Ontario on the broad-beamed old *Cayuga,* and went under canvas on Niagara commons.

"'Aw, you'll sure look fine in khaki,' said she, with banter in her eye."

Two months of drill and "duties" and route marching amplified the change that we have already noticed in our friend Brown. His muscles hardened, his back straightened up, and his eye attained a brightness. A healthy tan supplanted the sallowness of his features. He found an unaccustomed joy in just living, in the activity of his rejuvenated body, in the long route marches over dusty roads to Queenston Heights, with dinner served from the field kitchens in the shadow of Brock's Monument far above the broad Niagara River in its orchard carpeted valley. The pomp and circumstance of the assembled battalions on those majestic heights thrilled George Adolphus's soul. But in the strenuousness of "infantry in the attack" one forgot the pomp and circumstance and remembered that war was hard work.

Sometimes after drill was over for the day George Adolphus would lie in the grass upon the lake shore and ponder. The placid lake and the smiling country round him looked so benign and peaceful. This was not war. But that was where it led; and George Adolphus at such times fell to wondering uneasily how he would acquit himself when the time came. In the vivid make-believe of

By Dudley Hardy

WHITHER?

A night scene at the Gare du Nord, Paris

bayonet drill, his tangled sensations left him uncertain as to which he shrank from most—threatening death or being threatened with it.

The ensuing winter the Umpty-Umpth spent in barracks in a little Canadian city. Steady training worked wonders, and when March came in like a lion our friend George Adolphus was, in physique and spirits, literally a new man.

"Sufficient unto the day," quoted George to himself when beset with doubts of his own hardihood, that long months behind a shirt counter had engendered. "When the time comes I will do my bit with the best of them, little as I like bayonets."

April found the Umpty-Umpth upon the ocean. Good-byes had been said, and letters must now be the only medium of affection. Auburn-haired Sadie, whom George had seen much of on his week-end visits to Toronto, was misty-eyed as she promised, with a catch in her voice, to write "regular." When the great troopship drew into her English port one evening at sunset there was a wild tooting of sirens and a white flutter of welcome from crowded excursion steamers. A thrill of solemn exultation went through Private Brown as he leaned over the rail and waved back. The welcome of England to her Canadian sons brightened the long train journey to camp. Every window and fence had its waving flags and handkerchiefs. The Umpty-Umpth settled down to the final lap in its period of training with seasoned zest.

It is only a step from Bramshott to the trenches, yet there was much to be done before that step was taken. And the Umpty-Umpth, eager as it was to get across to the scene of real activities, worked hard and patiently. In the letters that reached auburn-haired Sadie at the parcel desk in Toronto there was much about the beauty of England, its hedge-banked lanes and pleasant vistas from bracken-clad hills, "where we drive the imaginary Huns out of their lairs." And one letter reflected the marvel of grimy, multitudinous London, and another brought a dash of salt spray from a south coast watering-place. Then came hints of a move, and——

By the middle of August the Umpty-Umpth was in the trenches.

On the day that Private Brown found himself standing tensely at his post in the fire-trench, three hundred yards from the Germans, marking the luminous hands of his wrist watch creep towards the fateful hour of dawn, the Umpty-Umpth had been just two weeks at the front. Billets, reserve trenches, support trenches, and finally the front line—they had had a go at all. The grim orchestra of heavy artillery and the mosquito song of bullets had become dully familiar to their ears and nerves. After a bit trench life became as humdrum as Yonge Street—except that on Yonge Street there are no rats. But that dash across No Man's Land in the face of hell—how would his spirit, nurtured behind a shirt counter, stand that, he wondered vaguely.

With a queer sinking feeling that held his mind numb, Private Brown, at the appointed hour just before dawn, swarmed over the parapet with the rest of No. 9 Platoon. Almost simultaneously a torrent of bursting shells ploughed up the uneven ground ahead of them. The Huns, if not forewarned, were forearmed, and their artillery leaped into life. That peaceful, slumberous stretch of three hundred yards became instantaneously an inferno. Private Brown found himself scrambling madly forward, his mind queerly at rest, his body possessed of inhuman agility. He stumbled over the body of a man, recovered himself, and plunged steadily on. He fell into a shell crater, and scrambled up the other side in time to escape a shell that burst just to his rear. He stopped quite without his own volition as a thunderous report some yards in front sent up a column of smoke and earth. He put his hand to his face and found it was wet with blood. A glance over his shoulder revealed the scattered line of No. 9 Platoon spreading across behind him. He must have made good time. He wondered dully if it would ever come to an end. He seemed to have been running, stumbling ahead for hours. Just then his eye rested on a figure that threw its arms about wildly, fell forward, and lay still. It was a familiar figure, that of Sergeant Smart, platoon sergeant of No. 9, who had befriended Private Brown in his recruit days and for whom he had developed an

admiring affection. The straggling line seemed to be leaderless—no officer, no N.C.O.s. "Must have got cut off or bowled over," thought Brown, "must have——"

It was then in a flash that something appeared to grip Private Brown and tear the numbness from his mind. A reckless, choking fierceness seized him. The blood, his own blood, that came away red on his hands when he touched his face; the wavering line of dismayed men, staggered by the loss of their one remaining leader; the writhing arms of his friend Sergeant Smart as the bullet found him—all these roused something dormant in Private Brown and made him oblivious of the hellish tornado of shrapnel and bullets that swept that agonised space of ground.

He threw up his arm, and with his cap brandished aloft, he shouted, stridently and compellingly, so that the wavering line heard and saw him, and came to life:

"Come on, boys, follow me! We'll give 'em hell—they can't stop Canadians!"

And led by George Adolphus Brown, sales-clerk, the surviving handful of No. 9 Platoon, gathering leaderless men on its flanks, swept on with a cheer through that deadly barrage—on to the German trenches and over the broken parapet. But just at its brink Private Brown pitched forward with a bullet in his side.

* * * * *

"The best thing about the letter, to George Adolphus's mind, was that it was signed just 'Sadie.'"

A month later Private Brown lay propped up by pillows in the Canadian hospital at Shorncliffe. In one hand he held a London newspaper, in the other a letter bearing a Canadian postmark.

"Read it to me again, Sister," said Brown, handing the paper to the blue-and-white nurse.

"No. 134,695, Private George Adolphus Brown, Canadians," read the nurse for the fifteenth time, "awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal for conspicuous bravery under fire. He rallied his platoon after its leaders had all become casualties, and successfully carried out the attack on the enemy trenches at a weak portion of the line. He was himself stopped by a bullet just before reaching the trench."

Private Brown's eyes gleamed. Then they roved to the letter in his hand.

"I think I like this even better," he murmured as he lingered over its scrawly lines.

"And so you are getting well quick and coming home on leave soon. . . . It seems a long time. . . . Do you remember that night last August? . . . . When are you going to take me up the Humber again in a canoe?"

But the best thing about it, to George Adolphus's mind, was that it was signed just "Sadie."

And Private Brown, hero, gave a happy sigh.

By G. M. Payne

BURGLAR BILL OFFERS TERMS TO THE POLICE

By A. E. Horne

President of Court Martial (addressing prisoner): "Not only have you grievously assaulted a fellow-soldier, but you have run a bayonet through the breeches of His Majesty's uniform."

THE BALLAD OF THE PUMP

[Some of the incidents mentioned in the following verses appear to leave room for a considerable amount of doubt as to the strict veracity of the narrator. The poet's obvious haziness as to names would appear to indicate an extremely wide acquaintanceship with the presiding goddesses of estaminets.—EDITOR.]

IT was shortly after Wipers, when the gas was something new,
And the bunch of blithering brass-hats hadn't settled what to do
If a cloud of gas came over from the guys across the way,
So they kindly had advised us just to chew a rag—and pray.
I was sick of blood and slaughter—I'd have quit the A.S.C.,
What with different opinions of the adjutant and me
As to what a grown man's load was, and staying out at nights—
And he'd simply no idea as to individual rights.
And yet he knew the value of a man like me, I think,
For whenever there was danger, there was I—safe in the clink!
But of all his tricks vexatious and the hardest to endure,
I was treated in the rum line like a blasted amateur.
Well, such things get your goat, boys, and I was fairly sick,
And using up my spare time thinking how to turn the trick
And get the kind permission of my company O.C.
To leave the Army Service Corps—and join the M.M.P.
But e'en when things look blackest they may not be what they seem—
And a sudden change came over the spirit of my dream.

AN AEROPLANE LANDS ON THE TOP OF A TRENCH

EXAMINING A WRECKED GERMAN FIELD GUN

Canadian Official Photographs

TWO SMILING CANADIANS WITH GERMAN HELMETS.

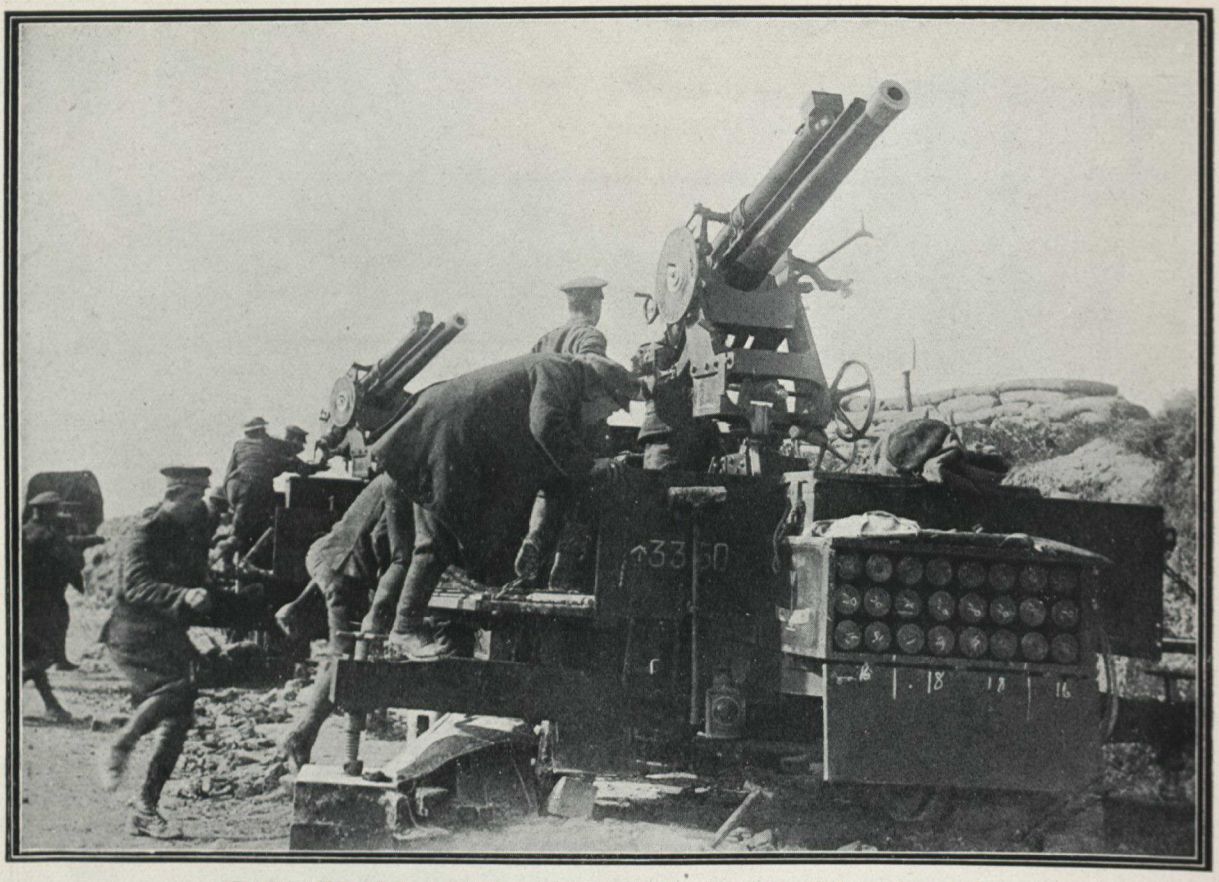
HOT COFFEE IS VERY COMFORTING AFTER THE TRENCHES

Canadian Official Photographs

UNLOADING SHELLS FOR THE CANADIANS' HEAVY GUNS

15-INCH SHELLS AS "A PRESENT FROM CANADA" TO THE HUNS

Canadian Official Photographs



CANADIAN ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS IN ACTION

BIG GUNS ON THE WAY TO THE FRONT

Canadian Official Photographs

Her Christian name was Mary—or perhaps it was Elaine—
In any case, her memory still fills my heart with pain.
She was presiding goddess of the billet where we lay,
Which was half a Belgian farmhouse and half estaminet.
'Twas the usual sort of farmyard, with its highly flavoured dump,
And in the nor'-east corner the usual sort of pump—
Not the pump for pumping water, but a grimy wood affair
That, when it got to working, pushed aside the startled air
And gurgled forth a fluid from a source I could not see;
But I'll swear a skunk was somewhere in that liquid's pedigree!
Ah, my loved, my lost Theresa! I can see her e'en to-day,
And her placket hole is open in the same old homely way.
Had I the pen of Byron, perchance then I might tell
The beauty of those ankles, round which her stockings fell.
And her back view!—oh, her back view!—rumbumtious, yet refined;
I never see a lumber-scow but she is called to mind.
One of her eyes was soulful and looked right up to heaven,
While the other eye was earthly and to constant tears was given.
And her features!—oh, those features!—they were so extremely nice
To appreciate them fully you'd to look at both sides twice.
And she'd such a disposition!—why, men would travel miles
On the off-end chance of seeing just one of Julie's smiles.
And she loved me! Boys, of all men I was to her most dear;
I had but to tickle Mary and she'd always set up beer.
She would wriggle very gently and giggle out "Nah Poo!"
And I tumbled soon that that was all the English that she knew.
It was on a summer's afternoon—I can't quite place the date—
But 'twas 'tween my doing ninety days and starting twenty-eight.
There was me and Curly sittn', and a beer in each right fist,
With a dash of "stingo" in it that the Q.M hadn't missed,
When we heard a cry, "Great Scott, the gas!" A dire commotion rose,
And we started watering at the eyes and tickling at the nose.
Strong men rushed forth like madmen and seemed of sense bereft—
While I had hardly time to swipe the beer that Curly left.
Then, as the situation needed some strong guiding hand,
I rushed forth to the farmyard and straightway took command.
In that valley where we lay I saw the gas cloud roll
That, if it could but reach us, meant death to every soul.
Mary rushed for me and grabbed me, then heaved a happy sigh.
I looked at her but once, and thought 'twere not so hard to die.
Then a thought Napoleonic came flashing through my brain.
With luck, I'd see the sunny shores of Georgia's Straits again.
Adelphi style I cried "Aha! we'll cook the German goose!"
And with tender care and a stable fork I pried sweet Rosie loose.
I grabbed what may have been her wrist and ran her o'er the dump,
And in my most commanding tones cried, "Hortense, man the pump!"
She could not reach the handle; but 'twas no time to despair.
I seized an empty biscuit box and crazy three-legged chair,
And hastily assembled them with Mary on the top,
And, somewhere in behind her, my shoulder for a prop.

She seized the situation, and the handle too, with glee,
And the way she started going was a holy treat to see.
A stillness fell upon us. There was nought heard but the "clump"
As Rosie worked the handle of that death-defying pump.
Yet nearer, ever nearer, the gas cloud seemed to close.
There were many men who held their breath, while others held their nose.
Then came a gurgle from the pump, and on the ambient air
There burst forth an effluvia—thank Heaven, extremely rare!
Of all the ghastly smells I've smelled in east, west, south or north,
There was none could hold a candle to what that pump brought forth.
Some there were who knelt and prayed; some bit on oily rags;
Some wrapped their heads in gunny sacks; some stuck their heads in bags;
Some wept and said, "This agony for years of sin atoned,"
While others grovelled in the mire, and some just lay and moaned.
But fast and ever faster that old pump handle flew,
And thick and ever thicker the air around us grew.
I smiled a grim but sickly smile, for I knew, if not too late,
We'd an atmosphere around that farm no gas could penetrate.
And high above us Hortense, one eye still flashing fire,
Pumped on, as if her brawny arms would never, never tire.
Meantime the gas drew nearer. 'Twas scarce two hundred yards
When we saw it hesitating as it got our kind regards.
The sea around Cape Flattery goes some when it gets sore,
And even old Niagara puts up a tidy roar;
A pay day in a lumber camp, or Vesuvius on a tear,
Are merely mild afflictions that the public have to bear;
But the greatest, grandest free-for-all that hist'ry's page adorns
Would have looked just like a doughnut-hole when those two smells locked horns.
A flash!—a noise like thunder!—the rest I cannot tell,
For the biscuit box was shattered and brave Theresa fell.
I saw the buildings wildly rock—then came an awful thud
As she fell on me and thrust me into quite three feet of mud.
A moment, ere my senses fled, I tried to gasp for air;
But though Mary still was evident, none knew that I was there.
But afterwards they told me, when the first strong man came to,
The German gas had vanished, save a little cloud or two:
And these same little cloudlets, I would have you bear in mind,
Were travelling hell-for-leather right up against the wind!

Will poets sing your noble deed, my Flanders Joan of Arc?
Will they give to you a statue in the wilds of Stanley Park?
In any case, your fame is sure, for men will tell the tale
When they get back to Canada and drink their ginger ale.
When peace has dawned and o'er the land is heard the martial tramp
Of regiments (of colonels) going into summer camp,
There's sure to be a veteran who will raise a hearty cheer
Whene'er he gets hilarious on local option beer,
And drink unto your memory and tell, as glasses clink,
How the German gas was beaten by an honest Belgian stink.

R. R. N.

[The poet pessimistically takes it for granted that Prohibition is likely in Canada.—EDITOR.]

By Thomas Henry

"BY ANY OTHER NAME"

Wounded Tommy, who has been to a garden party: "What's that you've got on your handkerchief, Pete? It smells fine."

Pete: "Darned if I know, but the lady who handed it round called it 'What Ho! of Roses.'"

CANADIAN WAR RECORDS

THE MAKING OF HISTORY

SO great a proportion of the citizens of Canada are vitally interested in the actions of the Canadians' Corps that a short account of the work of the department responsible for the records of their achievements must possess a certain interest.

The War Records Office was founded in 1916, under the authority of the Dominion Government. It sprang out of the work of the record officer, whose duty was to follow the fortunes of the First Division in France and to give to the Canadian public in dispatches and in the first volume of "Canada in Flanders" a description of those military exploits which have made the First Division immortal. These accounts were snatched from the firing line, from men still red hot from the fiery ordeal, and what they gained in vividness they may have sometimes lost in accuracy.

But this supply of news soon had to be discontinued, and was, in fact, discontinued before this office came into existence. The reason for this was the attitude taken up by the censorship, which finally laid down the rule that these statements were official, and, therefore, that the accuracy of the facts contained in them had to be guaranteed by General Headquarters. The adoption of this rule led to further consequences. It differentiated the "Eye Witness" article from those of the Press correspondents, and made it clear both to the public and incidentally to the enemy that anything stated in the "Eye Witness" article was absolutely reliable on matters of fact, whereas Press correspondents' messages could be published whether accurate or not, so far as they were not detrimental to the public interest. The result was that the "Eye Witness" articles dealing with contemporary events practically had to cease, and nothing of this official character can be published until something like a year after the actual action described. For instance, a full account of the fighting at St. Eloi in April, 1916, is still held back by the censorship, and will not be released until the twelve months' limit has almost expired.

But while these stories were being told the elements of the history of the future were being compiled. A continual flood of detailed and official information, the reports of the responsible leaders, was being passed homewards. For this information there was, until the formation of the Canadian War Records Office, no ready receptacle; it was stored, indeed, but it could not be dealt with. From January, 1916, however, all records have been kept with scrupulous accuracy and placed in security for the benefit of the historian; all past material has been read, sorted and filed and given into safe keeping—a work which entails great labour.

It may be as well to define of what this material consists. In the main it is contributed by the unselfish devotion and sense of duty of the Canadian officers at the front. The company commander, after a hard-fought action, sits down by the stump of a candle in a captured dug-out to give his pencilled account of the battle. The results are compressed into the iron limits of the battalion diary. The commanders of brigades, divisions and corps send in their reports dealing with the issue from the broader point of view of tactics and strategy. The Imperial authorities supply copies of all their diaries which refer directly or indirectly to Canadian actions. The monthly diaries of the corps are well kept, and convey in a dry and official manner the essential facts of the situation. The originals of the Canadian war diaries have been handed over by the War Office to the keeping of the Canadian War Records Office. The War Office were ready to extend this courtesy to the Dominion Government, con-

trary to their usual custom, by an arrangement by which the originals of the diaries might be duplicated.

But the work of the Records Office extends far beyond the collection and filing of the regular official documents. It has to be always vigilant, even to mark the occasional omission of one such report; and beyond that it has to be perpetually active in collecting from individuals the stories of brilliant actions which might otherwise fade into oblivion; in fact, as far as information goes, everything is fish which comes to its net.

The collection of regimental badges, of maps, of private letters, and of accounts correcting mistakes in previously published descriptions of actions all fall within the sphere of the office. Its duty is less to decide what particular piece of information may appear at the time to be of value than to see that no information of any kind is allowed to escape.

The office has subserved many other purposes of a more immediate nature, but its main claim is that it has collected the materials of the history of the future, and by the success or failure of that claim it will stand or fall. The effort is not to be judged by the immediate standard of the supply of communiqués or news or photographs, but by the test of laying down the bedrock of history.

The aim of the office has not been to supply an essay for the moment, but a possession for all time. It is unlikely, therefore, that the present generation will be able to do justice to its hopes or its achievements.

The writer of a new age, delving deep into the root fibres of our military history, will note the accuracies and the omissions, will see where a vital document has been dropped or preserved, where a story got straight from the actors of the moment lends point and

By MacMichael.

Young Sub. (on first night in camp): "I say, what is that bugler fellow blowing about?"

Sentry: "That's the 'Last Post,' sir!"

Young Sub.: "Good gracious, is there one as late as this? You might just run along and see whether there are any letters for me."

understanding to the narrative, and will pass a final judgment which contemporaries cannot anticipate.

The Dominion Government has been prompt to recognise the necessity of such a compilation. The cost to the United States Government of collecting the materials for its official history of the Civil War was $3,000,000, and in effect a very much greater sum. This vast expense was due to the fact that the United States authorities waited to collect their information until—as must be the case in armies which are in fact or essence volunteers—the units were scattered abroad and returned to civilian life. No proper diaries had been kept or reports given in, and even in the ultimate resort much had to be trusted to memory which should have been put on paper while events were still vivid to the mind. The confusion of a modern action is great, and little evidence is trustworthy which is not put down at the moment.

The Imperial authorities, on the other hand, have ever since the eighteenth century been scrupulous in demanding from all their officers full reports of their actions by land and sea. The British historical records of this war are under the control of the Committee of Imperial Defence, whose deliberations come under the direct review of the British Prime Minister. The results are enshrined in a high façade of buildings next to the Law Courts in the Strand known as the Public Record Office, where a part of the Canadian Records now reside for the moment.

The Dominion Government has been wise in following the latter precedent. The cost of putting together the story of Canada in France and Flanders has not been excessive.

The staff consists of eleven officers and seventeen men, and is recruited in the main from men unfit for general service. The work of the department in France is to collect the material, while the duty of the office in London is to put it to its proper use.

By W. L. Robertson

Officer: "Is this the fatigue party that's going to work all night?" Corporal: "No!"
Officer (sharply): "No what?" Corporal: "No blooming fear!"

The work of the office is then, as its title signifies, to record. As the documents come through from the base at Rouen they are read, classified, a précis is made of them, and filed, in the belief that out of these dry bones the history of Canada will still live. Nothing, indeed, has been more noteworthy of recent years than the care which the Dominion has been taking of its historical documents, and the presence and advice of Major A. G. Doughty, C.M.G., the official archivist of the Dominion, who was in London during the autumn, has been an asset of great value to the War Records Office.

The men and the regiments fall, as far as the records go, under two heads. So long as they are in Canada or in England, the facts concerning them are collected under the head of "Origin and Recruiting," as laid down in the King's Regulations and orders. The moment they pass over to France they come under the head of "Actions in the Field," and these actions are recorded in the various reports and diaries which flow steadily home in an unending series.

By Norman Morrow

"Say! Supposin' the war was over and you had quit the army and a rich guy left you umpteen thousand dollars and a good fairy gave you three wishes, what would you do?"

"Gee! dunno! Guess I'd have a pousse-café to be gettin' along with!"

There passes before the mental view a long succession of incidents not easily put into perspective by the judgment of the contemporary. There are enshrined in many forms the achievements of the men from the extreme East of the Atlantic seaboard to the extreme West, where British Columbia looks out on the Pacific Ocean. These records are expressed in many forms and illustrate many types of mind. The private and the sergeant write of their own experiences in a straight and unfaltering style; the corps commander bends his mind to an accurate narrative of events. The divisional commander explains the broad lines of the situation he had to face; and behind all this the diaries, which will in the end prove the last word on the subject, bear a rigid testimony to the truth. The reading of such material, written in the face

of death, must possess a fascination for all our minds. These men dared greatly and suffered greatly in the heat of the sun and the frozen wind of winter, and their story must never be allowed to perish with them. The material is prepared, and in the course of time the historian will be added unto us.

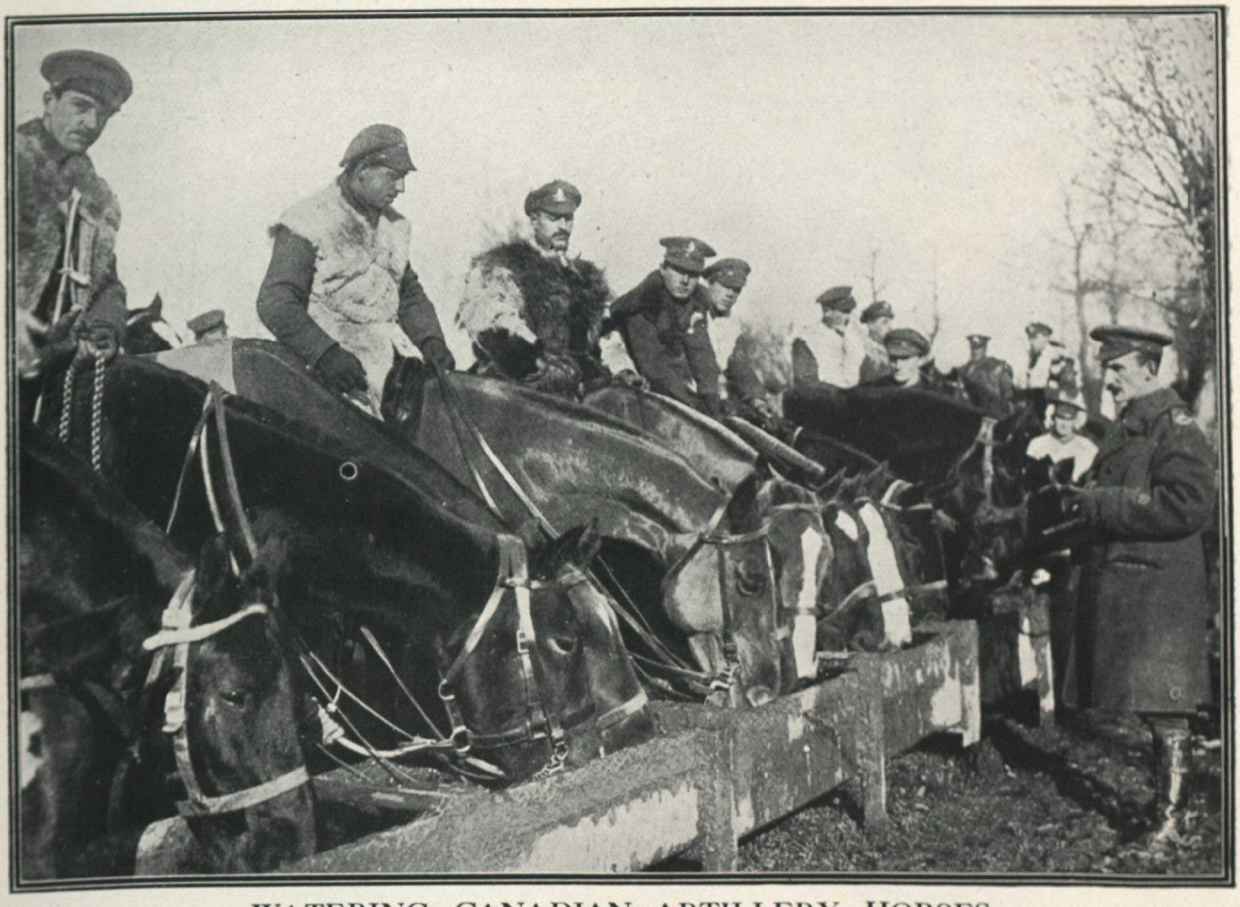
In the meantime an effort has been made by the record officer to produce a contemporary history. The first volume of "Canada in Flanders," dealing with the second battle of Ypres, Festubert and Givenchy, has been published. The second volume, which describes the fighting at St. Eloi in April, and the great battle of Sanctuary Wood in June, has long been ready, but has been delayed by the censor. The third volume, whose subject will be "Canada on the Somme," is in course of preparation.

It is no easy task to write a contemporary history. If one is inaccurate the commander of the forces in the field will check one severely; if one is too accurate the censor will make his objection. None the less, a contemporary history is opportune if we are to know to-day what it may be useless to know to-morrow. The issues of the war sway in the balance—it may be necessary to put the last man into the line; life on both sides of the Atlantic may become intolerable if we are only permitted to live at the price of protecting ourselves against the menace of insurgent militarism. But Canada, though it may believe all this in principle, will not be spurred to the final exertion unless it is told in practice, down to the smallest details, of what its share in the war has been. The gloom of death hangs over many homes; the battle and the trenches seem far off. We must have knowledge if we are to have light; and without light nothing great is accomplished, for it is impossible to ask a free democracy to sacrifice itself without knowledge and reason. It is the insurgence of freedom breaking through the trammels which tradition has imposed on it which will break the Prussians; otherwise there is no hope.

In addition, the weekly communiqués which give the story of the Canadian Corps in the field are circulated in Canada, England, and the United States. Colonel Sims, the representative of the Canadian War Records Office at the front, is responsible for the dispatch of these weekly accounts to London, whence they are sent out to the newspapers of

By W. K. Haselden

PUTTING ON HIS PUTTEES FOR THE FIRST TIME



WATERING CANADIAN ARTILLERY HORSES

CANADIAN ARTILLERY HORSES AT THE FRONT

Canadian Official Photographs

AN EQUINE "HAIR CUT" BEHIND THE LINES

HIS PET FROM THE TRENCHES

PROUD OF HIS TROPHY

Canadian Official Photographs

Canada, the United States, and of the British Empire.

Apart, however, from all this, the Canadian War Records has been actively concerned with all matters relating to photography at the front. The resources of science are not entirely devoted to destruction. It has been possible to employ them in order to obtain a permanent and vivid impression, accessible to everyone, of what our men have achieved. This office produced the first photographs of the "tanks," and has not been behindhand in kindred matters.

On April 28, 1916, the War Office authorised the appointment of an Official Photographer to record the doings of the Canadian Corps. The photographs taken have been circulated to the press of the British Empire, and an exhibition of them has been given at the Grafton Galleries, London.

The War Office also agreed to the appointment of a Canadian official cinema-photographer, who produced a series of pictures showing the taking of Courcelette which exceed in brilliance the already famous British pictures illustrating the first two great offensives on the Somme.

Photography has in its various forms given us the instrument of knowledge, if only it is rightly used. The events and the men may pass, but the photographic plates remain for years as an indelible record. Many of these have not passed the censor, but five or ten or twenty-five years from now they will be shown to us and our sons, and will link the decades together in a way unimagined by our ancestors. To the new generation Courcelette and La Mouquet will be as vivid in fact as any of the great events of history are to us in imagination.

It might be easy in one sense to brush aside all this work and to declare it the mere extras and advertisements of the serious business of war. But this view would be a shallow one. Under modern conditions, nations are fighting nations, and are sacrificing bone and sinew to an extent never known before, and realisation alone can justify the sacrifice. We must *see* our men climbing out of the trenches to the assault before we can realise the patience, the exhaustion, and the courage which are the assets and the trials of the modern fighting man.

The duty of the office in these matters has not been altogether simple. It has had to face two ways at once. In one direction came the insistent demand for immediate news: here the spirit was willing, but the censorship was by no means weak; in fact, as has already been pointed out, the final official decision on the publication of contemporary news was in effect prohibitive, and left nothing but the weekly communiqué, which only states events in the very baldest and vaguest terms.

From the other direction came the deeper call for the adequate compilation of every shred of evidence bearing on the Canadian Corps in the present campaign. This task lay within its own competence, and its success could only be limited by its lack of activity. No other power barred the road, and if it has failed it has done so by its own default.

I would submit that it has not failed, but has laid up for the enjoyment of posterity a treasure which the Canada of the future will appreciate. In the Canadian War Records Office there lie these files of diaries, reports, maps, and individual stories; the personal views of generals, subalterns, or privates on the actions they have fought; the trench maps in their red lines, or the sharp-cut brown and white of the aeroplane photographs; the originals of all the diaries, with their connections; a story here and there of some individual act of heroism. Ordered, read, and classified, they repose in their tomes until their destiny brings them across the water to Ottawa and they lie for ever in the Archives of the Dominion.

RECORDS OFFICER.

By George Whitelaw

Teacher (who has been talking about military fortifications): "And now, children, what is a buttress?" Little Johnnie: "Guess it's a nanny goat!"

THE CANADIAN'S TOOTHBRUSH

A Complete Story by GEO. EDGAR

Illustrated by Arthur Ferrier

JACK BUDD was a Canadian. Well, he was not exactly a Canadian. His father left England because the country wasn't worth living in. He educated his son, who was born in Toronto, to the same way of thinking. And when the war broke out, the old man was the first to say to Jack that he had better beat it to England. Old man Budd, who never revised his judgments on the larger things of life, still stoutly claimed that England was a country in which no decent man would want to live, but he had a notion that when it came to dying for her there was something doing. So he sent Jack and stopped at home and cried because he was too old to take a hand in the game himself.

Jack Budd came to England and enlisted. He was a fine-looking, trimly built, clean-shaven Canadian, with a bright eye, a hefty vocabulary, and a way with him. In addition to the large sums of money he drew as a private from a generous Government, which kept him in cigarettes, he had an ample allowance from old man Budd, who certainly didn't see his son dying for England and doing the sights of London on nothing a day. Also, as the war was still young and the Government had not quite realised it was taking

place, young Jack had plenty of time to look around, and made the most of his visit to London. The best part of the most of it was that he fell in love with Dorothy Barber, whom he met in the days when he was a trim, clean-shaven Canadian; and Dorothy reciprocated, just because he looked just what she considered a clean-shaven Canadian ought to be.

When Jack joined the Army they told him to grow a moustache. After that the trouble began.

For fifteen days he had not shaved his upper lip. His idea was to obey the regulations and grow a toothbrush. At the end of fifteen days he had not developed a toothbrush. All he had grown looked a bit like a smear. Still, he was a loyal and willing soldier, and orders were orders. He wanted to look the part as a warrior, and hoped that the smear would grow into a toothbrush big and bristly enough to frighten any Hun.

She pointed at the smear on his upper lip

At the end of fifteen days he took the smear to see Dorothy Barber. Dorothy had a good look at the once clean, trim Canadian face, saw the smear on it, and visibly wilted.

"Jack," she said, almost sadly, "we have been friends."

"Sure, dear lady," said Jack. "I've got to have a friendly feeling for a girl when I propose to her."

"I suppose," she suggested, "you wouldn't think me rude if I were to point."

"Not at all," he answered. "Anything you do, I 'O.K.'"

Dorothy projected her forefinger at her lover and pointed full at the smear—the smear he fondly hoped was going to be a toothbrush, big and bristly enough to scare the Hun.

"What is it?" she asked, and pouted.

Studying the direction of a plump and artistic forefinger, Jack Budd gathered she was pointing at the growth on his upper lip.

"It's a moustache," he answered promptly. "At least," he added, "it's beginning to be one. It only wants care and intensive culture."

"It's not a moustache," she argued; "it's a nasty black mark."

"Really," Jack urged, "it's doing its best to live up to the Army Regulations. At the moment it is only fifteen days old. I trust you approve."

"I—approve!" she said. "Approve—of that!" Again she pointed.

"What is wrong with it?" Jack asked.

"Everything," Dorothy said promptly. "As a moustache it is hopelessly wrong. Considered as a smear it is effective. It makes me think you want washing. At first it seemed to me you had started to become a Christy Minstrel with one dab of the burnt cork. Then I gave you the benefit of the doubt. You do not appeal to me as a man who is likely to become partly Christy Minstrelised. Then I thought you'd been writing home to father for more money and had spilt the ink and smudged your Canadian beauty. I could forgive you for that, because if you really love me you will need the money. But when you tell me it is a moustache you take me at a disadvantage. If you had prepared me for this development I would not have been rude. I should not have pointed."

"My idea," he said apologetically, "was to grow this moustache and get it out of my system."

"Rubbish!" Dorothy answered. "Old joke—very. As a matter of fact it is B.C.—and that does not mean British Columbia. Noah said the same thing about *his* whiskers. And Noah, besides being some shipbuilder, had to know about dodging the barber. After all, when it came to hairdressing, Noah could not carry two of everything. Try again."

"Well, I thought——" he began.

Dorothy laughed aloud.

"You thought!" she said. "That's just silly. Canadians never think."

"But I did think," he said humbly. "I thought as I had never grown a moustache before I might try one now. I thought it would be a variation from the merely flat facial viewpoint. I thought if it came off—or on—you might take a keener fancy to a new face."

Dorothy laughed. The room was filled with the tinkling melody of her hilarity.

"My dear old Jack," she said, with a gurgle, "you ought not to think. Thinking makes Toronto boys into solemn asses. Really clever people never think, you know. They should 'guess' their ways through life like good Canadians. And besides, the moustache does not look like the result of thought. Myself, I was thinking——"

It was his opportunity. "Of course, not being a Canadian you *can* think," he said suavely.

"Of course," she answered. "All the English think. That is why we are muddling the war. If we didn't think we should not muddle. We should just 'guess' and be effective in the Canadian manner."

"And you were really thinking," Jack prompted maliciously.

"I was thinking you were in trouble, dearest," she said, her round voice vibrating with sympathy. "I was thinking—forgive me for emphasising the thinking part—that you had done something dreadful. I had formed the idea——"

Dorothy stopped, and pointed at his upper lip.

"You had formed an idea?" Jack prompted.

"Certainly," she said, with dignity. "I had formed an idea. We do that in England, with an effort—even in war times. I had the notion you were wearing the smear as a disguise."

Jack hesitated and was lost.

"No," he said at last. "It is not a disguise. Now my idea——"

"As a good Canadian you ought not to develop ideas," she said mockingly.

He persisted.

"I had an idea," he said firmly. "My belief was you'd like me better with the toothbrush. You might think I am on the Headquarters Staff instead of being merely a Canadian private. I thought if you saw my latest development you might want to—er—kiss me."

Dorothy laughed deliciously.

"What is it you Canadians say?" she asked. "'Nothing doing.' If I had ever thought of kissing you again—and I never have—I would not now. You understand?"

"No," he said. "I surely do not understand. That's because I'm a Canadian and mustn't think."

A HEAVY HOWITZER ON THE SOMME

GERMANS SHELLING CANADIANS IN RESERVE TRENCH

Canadian Official Photographs

LOADING A HEAVY GUN

A MOTOR LIGHT RAILWAY FOR BRINGING UP AMMUNITION

Canadian Official Photographs

"Well, I'll tell you," she said, rippling with laughter. "That growth of yours is a smear and not a moustache. And it looks as if it were going to be a toothbrush."

"Well, what's the matter with a good old toothbrush?" he protested.

"Nothing," said Dorothy. "A toothbrush in its proper place is the real goods, as you put it. But I didn't say 'a good toothbrush.' Yours looks like one of those wretched soiled toothbrushes they sell, after a fire, or some silly old accident of the same kind, and at bargain rates."

She had gone too far. As a good son of Toronto, he decided to be what he really was —a man.

"Dorothy," he said sternly, "you've got to get in right. All the great men have moustaches—some have whiskers. A well-kept moustache properly trained gives the atmosphere of command. Look—only look at the photographs of the Kaiser and old Hindenburg. A moustache is necessary to the Army according to the regulations. That's why I have to grow this. It's a War Office axiom. Every soldier with a well-grown moustache has a field-marshal's baton tucked away in his pack—and that means another quarter of a pound of struggle on a route march."

She looked at him sadly.

"I knew the thing was a disguise," she murmured.

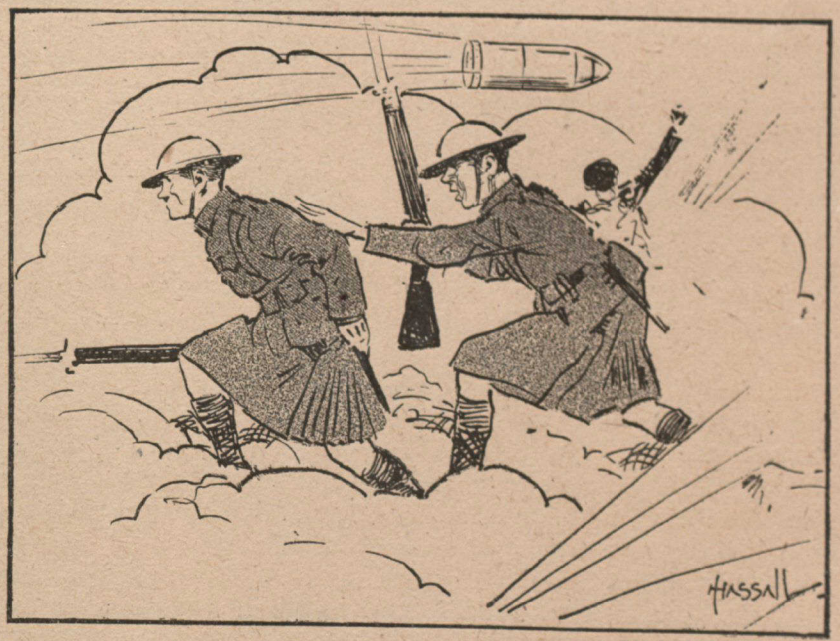
"Nix—the disguise," he answered firmly. "I am not ashamed of myself. I have never done anything wrong. I have never had my photograph in the weekly papers."

"Don't, Jack," she protested. "I know you are still moral. Your mother wrote and told me so. But—it *is* a disguise, isn't it?"

"Tell me—how am I disguised by growing a moustache," he asked, with a frigid smile.

"Lovely," she rippled. "Keep it up. You want to look like General Joffre, Sir Douglas Haig, or General French. I've an idea you have secret hopes of being frightful, and would like people to take you for Hindenburg. Or perhaps you are only mad and want people to think you are the Kaiser."

He did not speak. He looked grim, and his thoughts were dark. He made up his mind. He stalked out of the room in such a manner that his spurs jingled like a Queen Anne chandelier. And when he reached his billet—six feet of floor, three blankets and a struggle for the best helping out of the travelling kitchen—he found that in their wisdom, General Sir William Robertson and the combined intelligence employed in governing the Army and making Great Britain what she is, had issued an order that hair growth on the face in the future would be optional. In the grey light of the next morning he hacked the toothbrush off with an army razor, which made him feel as if he were skinning rabbits alive. Then, bald-faced, a trim, clean-shaven Canadian once more, he returned the following evening to Dorothy.



By J. Hassall, R.I.

Jock (in the rear): "Don't duck, Rabbie, I'm behind ye!"

"Now," Jack said tensely. "Now—I am no longer disguised. Now—I am no longer like General Joffre. I am the man you said you loved—the man *you once kissed.*"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I cannot do it again," she answered. "I simply cannot kiss you now."

"But you said the moustache stood in the way," he protested.

She laughed.

"I liked it," Dorothy answered. "I was going to tell you I did, only you looked so commanding before you ran away last night. And now—oo—oo——"

She seemed hysterical.

"Why oo-oo?" he asked sternly.

"Now, I cannot kiss you until you grow it again. Before, you looked so like a conquering hero that I thought the war was really over. After, since you have shaved, you just look like yourself—a simple Canadian."

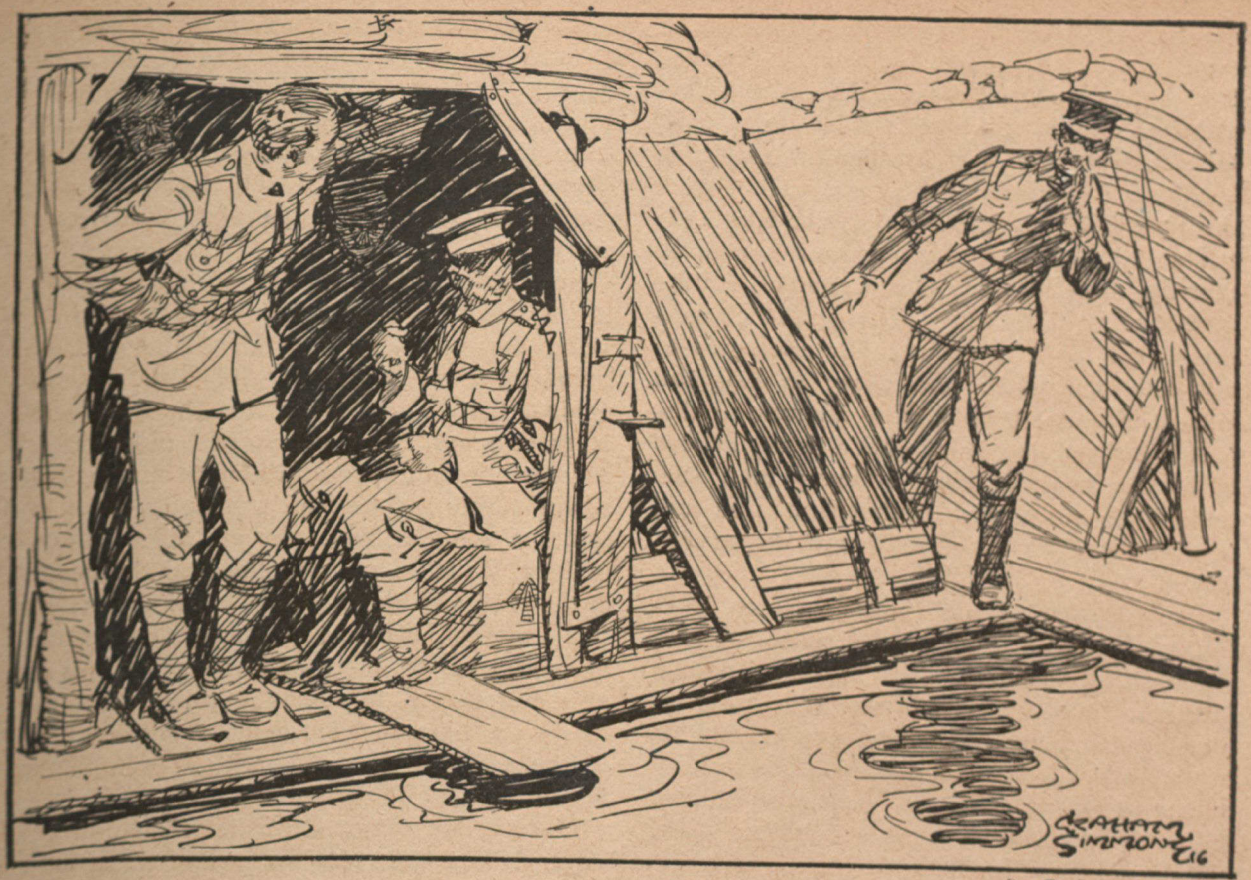
She laughed again and left him.

By A. E. Horne

The Patriot: "Lor' bless us, Bill, don't blow it orf. Don't the War Savings Committee say don't waste nothink?"

A perfidious sex—quite unworthy of the vote.

He had to remain unkissed for fifteen days, and even then—as a good Canadian should—he still thought the English an insincere people. But he has sent her photograph to old man Budd, in Toronto, all the same, and described her as a peach. Also, he has taken her to see his relations in England, and was glad that she stunned them And now he has a toothbrush once more; occasionally she sits on his knee and tells him he is good enough, with or without. That is perhaps because, in addition to a moustache, he wears a walking-stick, an ill-fitting suit of blue and a red tie, and is occasionally driven about in a motor-car by an English duchess. Dorothy says he does not look like a conqueror even with his toothbrush, but she firmly believes he has acted like one.



By Graham Simmons

Sergeant of Platoon which has just taken up trench quarters for the first time: "Are you lads all right there?"

Private: "Sure, sergeant, except that you've forgotten to serve out the water wings!"

CANADIANS

By THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS

THE Canadian Army (apart from the mere skeleton that remains of the old Active Militia) consists of several hundreds of thousands of officers and "other ranks," commissioned and recruited in Canada for overseas service as a part of the regular army of the British Empire. They are paid, armed and equipped by the Canadian Government. They wear "CANADA" on their shoulders.

In England, from time to time (during and since the Salisbury Plain winter of 1914-15), I have heard discussion of the percentage of "home-born" troops in the Canadian Expeditionary Force. I have heard it dwelt upon at considerable length and argued over with considerable heat in messes, in anterooms, in tents, in huts and in hotels. I have heard much useful breath expended upon it, as if it were a matter that explained something vital or proved some great truth, as if it were a question that called aloud either for exposure on the house-top or for concealment in the cellar.

During six months in France I never heard

the subject touched upon in conversation, even after dinner; but in France, between Divisional Headquarters and the enemy's fire-trenches, subjects of discussion and individuals alike soon sink or rise to their true levels of importance. I grieve to say that this does not seem to be the case in England; and so, for the information of those who think that the military spirit of a Canadian soldier depends at all on the geographical circumstances of his birth—and, with apologies to my comrades, dead and alive, in England and in France—I shall now attempt to dispose of this subject from what I firmly believe to be the point of view of every man who carries the six letters of that honoured and beloved name on the shoulders of his service-jacket.

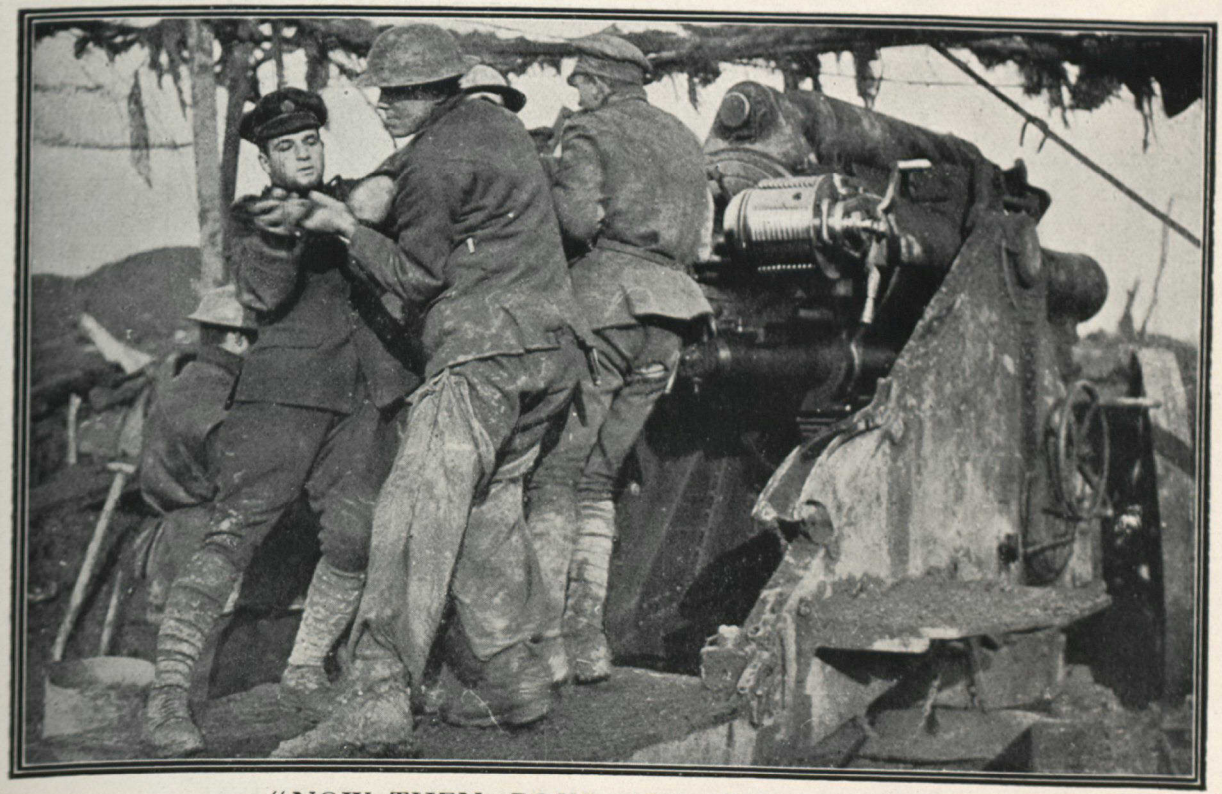
The forming of the First Canadian Contingent in August, 1914, was practically the mobilisation of ready units of the Canadian Militia. In every part of the Dominion recruiting for overseas service was carried on by militia officers at the headquarters of militia regiments. In the West, the country of young men, militia organisations were new, but the material for active service was large. Much of this first-class and ready material consisted of young men who had adventured westward from the older eastern provinces; but even more of it consisted of adventurous manhood from England and Scotland. The East recruited its battalions from a firmly established population which had already in past years contributed much of its young manhood to the West. Crack militia regiments from such centres of population as Montreal and Toronto filled their ranks for service abroad without much difficulty, and, upon arrival at Valcartier, simply changed their regimental numbers for battalion numbers.

In the infantry battalions of the First Canadian Contingent, as they were originally formed, the percentage of English- and Scots-born officers and men graded downward from West to East. In the Western units and detachments there were many Englishmen and Scotsmen (and doubtless Welshmen, and even Irishmen), while in the detachments from the extreme East there were comparatively few of these; and yet no one of the battalions differed greatly from another in spirit or quality. In their men, their non-commissioned officers and their company officers there was nothing to choose between them. These ranks in every battalion represented eagerness to fight, sacrifice and pure patriotism.

Such differences in quality—or shall we say in reputation?—which gradually came into being during the days at Valcartier and on Salisbury Plain, telling for this battalion and against that, were due to the senior officers of these units. In other words, many high considerations influenced the appointments of senior officers—considerations not always of military qualifications. In yet other words, politics, which mercifully shot over the heads of the rank and file, and likewise of subalterns and captains, had too much concern in the appointments of many of our seniors. It is only fair to say, in concluding these few remarks on this somewhat delicate subject, that in the majority of cases these appointments left nothing to be desired.

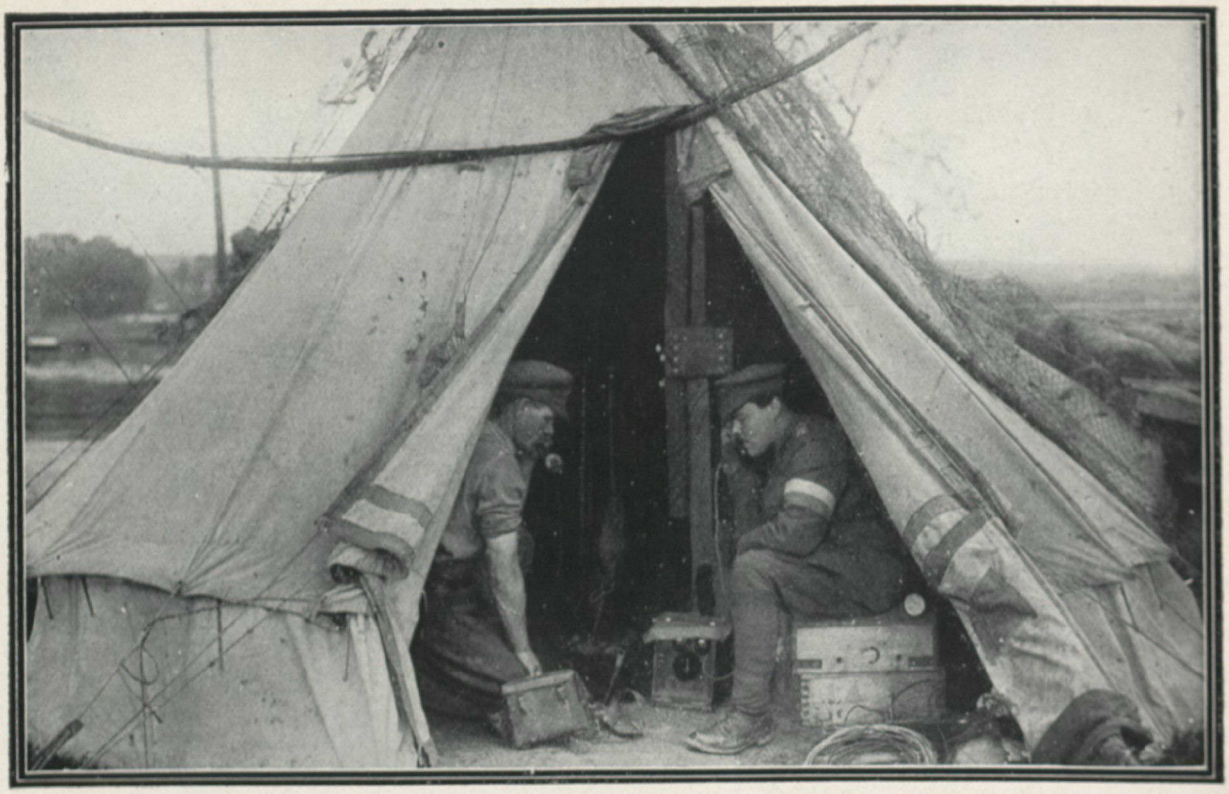
During our winter on Salisbury Plain we were given a bad name for lack of discipline. I refrain from asking if any other force of new troops of the British Army, numbering 33,000 men of all arms, would have maintained as high a standard of discipline and fortitude under the same conditions. For the purposes of this paper I accept the charge of lack of discipline, and without hesitation (and equally without malice) I lay much of the blame for this charge at the doors of a few of our "old soldiers." These old soldiers had been born in almost every corner of the Empire; but the accidents of the locations of their nativities had nothing to do with their actions. They were old soldiers. As such they knew how to have what they called a good time under the most adverse conditions. Also they were willing to give young soldiers the benefit of their knowledge. They made the mud fly. They got themselves and others into trouble. They consumed vast quantities of strong liquor and wandered far from home. Later they proved themselves as willing to show their less experienced comrades how to fight as they had been to in-

A MESSAGE TO THE HUN



"NOW THEN, BOYS, ALL TOGETHER!"

Canadian Official Photographs



A TELEPHONE TESTING STATION AT THE FRONT

THIS IS NOT A GUN BUT A FIELD KITCHEN

Canadian Official Photographs

struct them in less creditable military activities. They were good men, those old soldiers of ours—and now the majority of them are dead men. I salute them! I know that they must feel both pain and astonishment to think that their frisky "old soldier" sins against military discipline on Salisbury Plain served to give a bad name to a force of 33,000 patriotic, mud-soaked, uncomplaining overseas soldiers.

From the miseries of Salisbury Plain the First Canadian Division went to France. It was blooded at the second battle of Ypres; and I ask if the work of the Canadians during those terrible and heroic days was the work of a "mob of undisciplined civilians"?

But there!

I set out to prove that every officer and man who wears "Canada" on his shoulders considers himself a Canadian, and is so considered by his comrades without reservation. He may also consider himself an Englishman or a Scotsman, but what of that? He is no less a Canadian, either in his own heart or in the hearts of his friends.

The first object of a soldier's love and pride (as a soldier; the ladies are barred) is his immediate unit. It may be a platoon or a company. After that comes his regiment. Next he is jealous of the good name of his brigade. When it is a question of divisions, then *his* division is "It." And so his pride and love extend to his corps; and beyond that his heart embraces the whole British Army. This is true of every soldier worthy of the name, whatever his regiment. It is true of every Canadian soldier, no matter if he first saw the light of day in London, in Edinburgh, in Leeds, in Toronto, in Vancouver, or in Halifax, Nova Scotia, just as it is true of every English and Scottish soldier. Whatever a man used to be, he is now what his cap badge proclaims him.

By Arthur Moreland

THINGS THAT MATTER

Colonel Cayenne is interrupted in the enjoyment of a hot bath by the arrival of an orderly with the following "Urgent" message from H.Q.:—"Please report immediately to this office what is being done with your bones and fat."

In France I had the good fortune to enjoy the friendship of an infantry brigade that originally hailed from the Western Provinces of Canada. Even when I knew it in the field —from September, 1915, to April, 1916—it maintained much of its original territorial character, in spite of many casualties and many reinforcements. Its General Officer Commanding (at that time) now commands a Canadian division. He was an Irishman before he became a Canadian. Not only had he been born in Ireland, but he had risen to field rank in an Irish regiment. He is a Staff College man. He went to Canada before the war of his own free will, and in October, 1914—also of his own free will—he returned to this side of the Atlantic as a Canadian colonel in command of a Canadian battalion.

This officer's promotion has been unfaltering, but so well-deserved that doubtless had he transferred at any time to an English division he would have attained his present rank with equal celerity. But he didn't transfer. In the heart of Canada, in the hearts of the men he has led in battle, and in his own heart he is a Canadian soldier. The credit of his military career is first to himself and then to Canada.

I knew a major in a battalion of this same brigade. His name was Stuart. Even in that battalion he was remarkable for his keen sense of duty and his cool valour. In the Ypres Salient in June of last year (1916) a battalion of the major's brigade, which had recently suffered heavy casualties in its senior ranks, was booked to go over the top in a counter-attack against the attacking Germans. Owing to this temporary shortage of seniors, the major obtained permission from his Commanding Officer to attach himself to the comrade battalion for the duration of the offensive.

He went over the top with the counter-attack, only to be shot through the legs on the parapet. He slid back into the trench and sent over the second wave of the attack. A shell burst close in front of where he sat and shattered both his legs. He took a dose of morphia and continued, with a clear mind, to command the trench end of the battalion's operations until death released him from his duties twenty minutes later.

Major Stuart was one of our best. He served his battalion, the Canadian Corps, and the Empire with whole-souled devotion; and yet, before the war, he was a citizen of the United States of America. He was an officer in a cavalry regiment of the American Army; but at the outbreak of war he exchanged his American commission for King George's commission, and donned the khaki service-jacket with "Canada" on the shoulders. Doubtless his desire to fight for right against wrong was his initial inspiration; it is possible that the professional soldier's thirst for military experiences also had something to do with that adventurous change in his career; but with every day of his service his battalion came nearer to his heart, and he found himself fighting for Canada and for England as surely as for the greater but less human and less personal cause of civilisation.

One could go on for ever in this vein, telling of devotion to duty, of gallant deeds and of heroic deaths of Canadian officers and Canadian men born here, born there, but each jealous of the reputation of his own particular unit, and proud of the fact that his glory is Canada's glory.

We are all Canadians; and if one is more of a Canadian than another it is because he has served Canada more devotedly in this world war.

On my mother's side I boast a loyal Colonial and British North American pedigree of a length exceeded only by men of Red Indian blood; but, as a Canadian, I consider every officer or man of the Canadian Army who has spilled his blood in France, or whose services in France have been longer or more directly aggressive than my own—whether he was born in the heart of London or in the woods of Canada—a better Canadian than myself.

Home-born and Canadian-born, we all desire to be known only by the badge we wear. Our services—heroic or otherwise, as circumstances and duties shape them—are first to Canada, then to the Empire, and then to the great cause of civilisation.

By W. F. Thomas

"WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE, BUT NOT A DROP TO DRINK!"

THE FOURTH OF AUGUST

A Hitherto Unpublished Dramatic Sketch

By JAMES BERNARD FAGAN

CHARACTERS

H.H. The Maharajah Gunga Singh.
Baron von Hohenstein.
Tina Fröller, *alias Baroness von Hohenstein.*
Colonel Sir Harvey Moore, *British Resident at Mulpur.*
Mr. H. Green, I.C.S., *Secretary to the Resident.*
Officers, Guards, Servants.

SCENE.—The Maharajah's Palace at Mulpur.
TIME.—The evening of August 5th, 1914.

Scene.—A black marble audience chamber, at the back a triple archway through which the moonlight streams, with a balcony overlooking the city. Right, a single archway over which hang lofty maroon and gold curtains. Left front, another archway hung with curtains of the same colour. In the centre of the marble floor a Persian carpet. Several lamps hang from the ceiling, one directly over a low Oriental table. There are a few chairs and no incongruous European furniture, with the exception of a grand piano. The scene is empty. Outside can be heard the beating of tom-toms broken from time to time by a fife and drum band. The curtains R. are parted and one of the household enters followed by Colonel Sir Harvey Moore and Mr. Green.

Servant. Will the Sahibs be seated. His Highness is still at dinner. His Highness did not expect the Sahibs before nine.

Colonel. It's quite right. We are a few minutes before our time.

The servant glides out. Moore *and* Green *sit.*

Green. [*After a pause.*] I suppose you mean to give it to him pretty strong, sir?

Colonel. Straight from the shoulder. Yes, . . . certainly.

Green. There can be no question that these troops are new levies. [*He goes to the back and stands looking out.*]

Colonel. None whatever. . . . There are sixteen thousand men under arms in the State at this moment . . . sixteen thousand at the very least.

Green. Quite that . . . quite that.

Colonel. And Ali Husein tells me to-night they've got five batteries of artillery up at Jagpur. . . . Where the devil have they come from . . . eh?

Green. We'd better go to the devil and ask, sir.

Colonel. [*Laughing.*] You mean that infernal German. Yes, of course he's at the bottom of it.

The curtains L. are moved aside.

Green. Take care!

Tina Fröller, *a tall, beautiful woman in evening dress of pale gold tissue enters R. She looks at the two Englishmen, then, smiling to herself, crosses the scene and disappears between the curtains R. back. They stand watching her in the awkward attitude of men in the presence of a woman to whom they have not been introduced.*

Colonel. [*After a pause.*] Speak of the devil, and you see the devil's dam.

Green. By Jove, she is beautiful!

Colonel. Yes, the Baroness is a very pretty bait for the Kaiser's trap.

Green. By Jove! I should hate to think the old Maharajah wasn't playing straight. I've always liked him.

Colonel. Yes—yes—but he's headstrong, and he loves mystification. He's about as deep as the Indian Ocean, and a little bit more. We may be on the eve of war—we can't take risks. I hope he's playing straight—but I wish to goodness we knew what his game was. [*He goes to archway C. and stands looking out. The tom-toms and the fife and drum can be heard occasionally very faintly in the distance.*]

The curtains R. are held aside by two servants and H.H. The Maharajah *enters. He is a big man, olive complexioned, with a small black moustache. He smiles often, and at times looks unutterably bored. He speaks slowly and with a quaint accent, soft and like cat-purring.*

Maharaj. My apologies, Sir Harvey, that I was not here to receive you. [*Shaking hands with him.*]

Colonel. Pray don't apologise, Your Highness; we were rather early.

Maharaj. [*Shaking hands with* Green.] Good evening, Mr. Green. Let us sit down. If I had known in time I should like you to have dined with me. [*They sit.*]

Colonel. Your Highness is very kind, but I am afraid our visit to-night is more of an official nature.

Maharaj. Indeed. . . . And what is the reason you honour me with an official visit?

Colonel. Your Highness is doubtless aware of certain happenings in Europe which make the

By H. Piffard

THE THIN RED LINE

present moment one of very grave concern in the affairs of the British Empire.

Maharaj. "Wars and rumours of wars," as you say.

Colonel. Precisely. This is a time for plain speaking.

Maharaj. Speak plainly, Sir Harvey.

Colonel. I feel it my duty to remind Your Highness of the treaty between the Government of India and the late Maharajah your father, to which Your Highness subscribed on your accession to the throne.

Maharaj. Indeed, I re-member ve-ry well.

Colonel. Article Nineteen of the treaty stipulates that the army of the State of Mulpur shall at no time exceed seven thousand men with eighty guns.

Maharaj. Seven thousand men. . . . [*Nodding his head.*] I re-member ve-ry well.

Colonel. Your Highness will forgive me for suggesting that you appear to have forgotten.

Maharaj. I do not understand.

Colonel. We have reliable evidence that there are upwards of sixteen thousand men in your army at this moment.

Maharaj. You have counted them, Sir Harvey?

Colonel. Maharajah Sahib, there are eight thousand men stationed in this city now. That is the estimate of a military expert. There are at least another eight thousand in different parts of the State.

Maharaj. I think you are mistaken, Colonel. I do not contradict you. . . . I do not know. But I will take steps immediately to have the matter inquired into . . . and I will let you know the result. You have dined. Permit me to offer you coffee and liqueurs—and Mr. Gr-een.

Colonel. Thank you; we have just had coffee. Our agent at Jagpur yesterday saw five batteries of new guns. Can Your Highness deny that?

Maharaj. I cannot. I was not there. Nor were you.

Colonel. Your Highness denies the accuracy of our reports.

Maharaj. I deny nothing—I do not know. But you know that it is not possible that I could have the arms for these troops, or the cannon. To import them is impossible, and they do not grow in the jungle.

Colonel. It has come to our knowledge that during the months of May and June a quite extraordinary number of cases labelled agricultural implements were landed on Portuguese territory. Also a most abnormal number of large pianos. They have all disappeared.

Maharaj. Indeed! Pianos—that is very funny. I did not know the Portuguese were so musical. Sir Harvey, I undertake within two days to furnish you with an exact return of the number of troops under arms in my State, also the number of guns. I think that should be satisfactory.

Colonel. I hope it will be satisfactory, Your Highness.

Maharaj. Tell me, do you think the Empire will be at war?

Colonel. Things look very grave.

Maharaj. What is your latest news?

Colonel. The chance of peace hangs by a very slender thread. We must hope for the best.

Maharaj. A ve-ry slender thread—then we may hope for the best.

Colonel. Your Highness, there is another matter to which I feel bound to call your attention. If . . . if we should unfortunately become involved in this war . . . [*He pauses.*]

Maharaj. If—ah, yes.

Colonel. The presence here of Baron von Hohenstein and his wife as your guests becomes at once impossible.

Maharaj. Indeed . . . yes . . . that is a pity. They are such charming people. You have not met them?

Colonel. [*Shaking his head.*] I am under the impression that the Baron has avoided a meeting.

Maharaj. Oh no! A charming man. And his wife . . . so beautiful . . . so accomplished . . . when she sings . . . it is wonderful . . .

Colonel. These people have been Your Highness's guests for five months. In view of the gravity of the situation I wish to suggest most respectfully that Your Highness request them to terminate their visit at once.

Maharaj. [*Rising.*] At once!

MOORE *and* GREEN *also rise.*

Colonel. I wish to press that most strongly, Your Highness.

By G. M. Payne

EVERYTHING HAS ITS USES

No. 1.—The Bayonet

(*Continued overleaf*)

Maharaj. I will meet you half way. If there is peace, my guests are my guests. If there is war, Baron von Hohenstein goes back to his country by the shortest possible route. You are satisfied?

Colonel. Pending further instructions . . . I am satisfied.

Maharaj. I go with you to your carriage. [*He claps his hands. Two servants draw aside the curtains R.*] Ah—the Baron himself . . . It is a fortunate meeting . . . I will present you. [*He crosses to meet the* BARON, *who enters. A big, heavy, florid man in evening dress with dinner jacket.*] My dear Baron . . . permit me to present Colonel Sir Harvey Moore, the British Resident. Mr. Gr-een—Baron von Hohenstein. [*The men bow stiffly, the* BARON *bringing his heels together with a click.*] Sir Harvey Moore has very kindly called to inquire after the state of—my health.

Colonel. Delightful evening.

Baron. Delightful — almost cool — and the beautiful moonlight.

Green. Awfully hot last night.

Baron. Brrr! But it is summer; I am surprised it is not hotter.

Colonel. If you are thinking of staying longer, Baron—you will find it much hotter.

Baron. Ah, so!

Maharaj. Sir Harvey Moore and Mr. Green are obliged to go, unfortunately—I will return in a few moments, Baron. [*The men again bow stiffly. The* MAHARAJAH *leads* SIR HARVEY *away;* GREEN *follows.*] You will convey to the Viceroy and Governor-General, when you write, an expression of my unswerving loyalty to the Government of India and my lifelong devotion to the King-Emperor. [*They go out.* BARON VON HOHENSTEIN *stands watching them out of sight, then spits after them. A moment later* TINA *enters R., then turns quickly and stands looking out between the curtains.*]

Baron. Tina! [*After a pause.*] What is the matter?

Tina. Nothing. [*She closes the curtains.*] I thought someone was following me. [*She looks again.*]

Baron. One of the servants.

Tina. Perhaps. I couldn't see; but I felt there was a man following. [*She comes down.*]

Baron. You ought to be used to that, my dear Tina—the men have been following you since you were a little girl.

Tina. [*With a little shudder.*] You laugh—but do you know what I feel here?

Baron. What?

Tina. I feel that we are watched—from morning till night. If we go away, we are followed. Wherever we are, someone is watching, someone is listening—and we—we never see them.

Baron. [*Laughing.*] You are an actress, my dear; your ideas are of the theatre. You are always in an exciting situation—you cannot help it.

She shrugs her shoulders.

Tina. Did you meet the Englishmen?

Baron. We bowed, and said it was very hot.

Tina. Is there any news to-night?

Baron. None, except that we are at war with France as well as Russia. But that was certain. Kreutzer promised to send me a telegram from Bombay, but it has not come yet.

Tina. How long shall we have to stay here, Fritz?

Baron. As long as there is danger that England will fight we must stay. I must sit here with my finger on the button that will fire the mine.

Tina. The mine?

Baron. His Highness the Maharajah of Mulpur. When the day comes [*He presses an imaginary button*] he will blow India about the long ears of the English donkeys.

Tina. You are very sure about him—I don't know what he thinks.

Baron. You look into his eyes. I look into his mind. I have got him like that. [*Clenching his fist. A servant enters R. with a long glass of lager beer on a salver.*] Ah ha! my beer. *Famos!* [*He sits. The servant places the beer beside him and retires. The* BARON *holds the glass in front of him gazing at it.*] Is it not wonderful! Here in the very heart of the barbarous East, surrounded by temples and jungles and wild beasts, our German beer is shining. [*He drinks, then smacking his lips.*] Ah! the star of German world-power to the ends of the world! [*The* MAHARAJAH *returns. He walks slowly, lost in thought.*] Pros't, my friend . . . I drink to "The Day!" [*Rising and draining his glass. The* MAHARAJAH *walks towards the back*

By G. M. Payne

EVERYTHING HAS ITS USES

No. 2.—The Steel Helmet

(*Continued overleaf*)

barely inclining his head.] I hope you have satisfied the English Resident as to the state of your Highness's health?

Maharaj. [*Turning with a smile.*] Oh yes; I have endeavoured to reassure him.

Baron. Ah ha!

Maharaj. They were afraid that I was afflicted with a greater number of troops than they consider good for me.

Baron. Oh ho!

Maharaj. They had heard that I was suffering from a quantity of new artillery.

Baron. Psst!

Maharaj. But I have told them that I am well, and that the symptoms, if any, were greatly exaggerated.

Baron. It makes my blood boil—a high, well-born descendant of royal princes to be commanded by the sons of shopkeepers! *Gott in Himmel!* But perhaps it is not for long. I am expecting a telegram to-night—from Bombay—there may be news—great news.

Maharaj. That is strange. I, too, expect to-night a telegram—from Calcutta—and there may be news—great news.

Baron. Your Highness, it may be before this night is over . . . we shall have taken the first step.

Maharaj. Every event has its appointed time. Its happening can neither be hurried nor delayed. [*He turns to the Baroness.*] Baroness, will you not sing to us to-night?

Tina. Not to-night, Your Highness. Do not ask me. . . . I feel . . . [*She gives a little shudder.*] There is an oppression in the air.

Maharaj. Many nights our ears have drunk at the river of your song—and this night may be the last.

Tina. Why does Your Highness say that?

Maharaj. Did not your husband say, "Before this night is over . . . the first step may be taken."

Baron. Sing, *liebchen.*

Tina. I cannot refuse Your Highness anything. [*She seats herself at the piano and sings the "Chanson de l'Adieu" of Tosti. The*

By Tom Peddie

GETTING A MOVE ON

The Grandfather (colonel, retired): "Fine boy, my dear, fine boy; have you had him attested?"

MAHARAJAH *leans on the piano watching her. Before the song is finished a servant brings a telegram on a salver to the* BARON, *who opens it and rises. She breaks off the song, staring at the* BARON, *but still plays softly.*]

Maharaj. [*Turning.*] The news you wait for has come, Baron!

Baron. Yes. It is from Bombay. It is in a special cipher. I must go to my room for the key. When I have deciphered it . . . you shall know. [*He goes out R. followed by the servant.*]

TINA *plays softly. The* MAHARAJAH *goes to her.*

Maharaj. When I listen to your singing . . . war seems in another world. [*Taking a ring from his finger.*] This ring belonged to an ancestor of mine. It came from Persia . . . four hundred years ago. [*He hands it to her.*]

Tina. It is beautiful . . . what a very large emerald!

Maharaj. It is not so great as my admiration of your singing. But it is yours.

Tina. Mine!

Maharaj. I will put it on your finger. So!

She holds out her hand looking at it.

Tina. Ach, wie wunderschön!

Maharaj. [*Looking at her with half-closed eyes and smiling.*] I would like to dress you with jewels . . . from head to foot.

Tina. [*With a laugh.*] That would be a little draughty.

Maharaj. You are very beautiful.

Tina. Am I?

Maharaj. Yes. Many people have told you that . . . yet you like to hear it, always.

Tina. Yes . . . I am curious . . . what people think.

Maharaj. I think you are beautiful. Ivory and pale gold, you are. You seem like sunlight in the day and at night you are like the mist round the moon.

Tina. I think you would make love very prettily.

Maharaj. Prettily! No. I make love as I make war . . . fire . . . and when it passes there is nothing left. Are you afraid?

Tina. Of what?

Maharaj. Of love like that.

Tina. [*Rising.*] Make war for me . . . and I shall be afraid of nothing.

Maharaj. [*Smiling.*] Do you hate the English so much?

Tina. Yes, I hate them. And you . . . in your heart you hate them as bitterly as we do. When you have trampled on them, crushed them . . . when you are great, as you can be . . . as you are . . . then . . . then . . . [*She holds out her hand. He bends over it and kisses it.*]

Maharaj. [*Holding her hand.*] That is the seal of my bond. . . . I will make war.

The BARON *returns R. He carries a number of papers. She draws her hand quickly away.*

Baron. Your Highness, the news is most grave. [*He holds out the telegram.*] At eleven o'clock last night the British Government declared war on Germany. It is from Hartman, our secret agent at Bombay.

A pause.

Maharaj. We can hear the footsteps of Fate. But who shall say whither they go? [*He goes up to the back and stands looking out.*]

Tina. Cowards! . . . treacherous cowards! The English wait till our hands are full . . . assassins! They stab us in the back! We might have known it.

Baron. We are prepared even for that. . . . It is the end of England. [*In a lower voice.*] Leave us alone. We must bring matters to a head here. [*She goes out R. The* BARON *lays his papers on the table on which he spreads a large map. A pause.*] Your Highness!

Maharaj. Yes, Baron? [*Without turning.*]

Baron. "The Day" has arrived. . . .

Maharaj. [*Turning.*] Indeed . . . indeed. [*He comes down.*]

Baron. The day of decision . . . and the hour of action. We must move to-night.

Maharaj. [*Abstractedly.*] Yes — yes — the news, as you say is the most grave . . . the most grave.

Baron. The blow must be struck to-night, and it cannot fail.

The MAHARAJAH *sits staring at the map.*

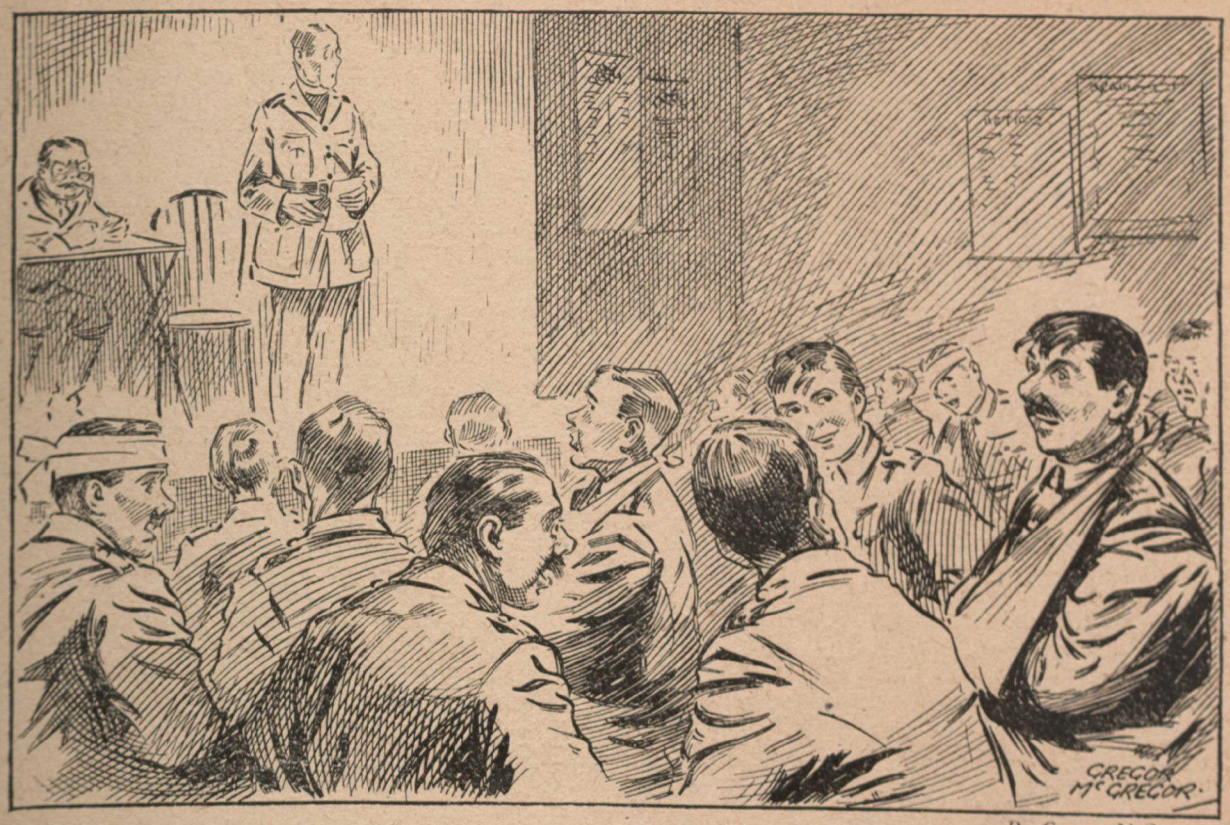
Maharaj. It is a very grave decision to make in a moment. Do you not think it is better to sleep for to-night, and in the morning . . . when the brain is clear . . .

Baron. Your Highness, the great secret of Germany's strength is instant readiness to strike

By G. M. Payne

EVERYTHING HAS ITS USES

No. 3.—The Gas Helmet



By Gregor McGregor

Chaplain (earnestly): "Believe me, comrades, hell is paved with Scotch whisky and ballet girls."

Irrepressible Canuck: "Oh death, *where* is thy sting?"

. . . like that. [*He brings his fist down on the map with a bang.*] It is the same here. You are ready. You have twenty thousand troops. You have two hundred guns . . . one hundred Krupp twelve-centimetre . . . there is no such gun in India, in the world . . . except in Germany. You are ready . . . you must strike. [*Banging the table again.*] If you hesitate now it may be too late.

The MAHARAJAH *is silent for a moment, drumming with his fingers on the map.*

Maharaj. How do you propose to begin?

Baron. [*Throwing up his hands.*] *Ach, mein lieber* Maharajah Sahib! Have we not discussed it . . . you and I? Have we not arranged . . . how many times? [*Putting his finger on a point on the map.*] Within five hours you shall have blown up the Viaduct at Dahrabad. Three thousand men can hold the valley for a week against any forces they can send against you from the north. You, with the main body, you go south to Kohali Junction, already seized by your troops at Kular. The key of the railways east and west is in your hands. And within three days every Rajput State in the west will rise and join you.

Maharaj. Will they? . . . I do not know.

Baron. But I *tell* you. Have we not our agents . . . in every State . . . everywhere? Everything is arranged. . . . It is a machine. It will work . . . like a machine.

Maharaj. A week! . . . In a week the Government could send a hundred thousand troops from the north against me.

Baron. They could, but they cannot spare them. In the north, too, there will be risings . . . in a dozen places at least. I tell you what I know. You have only to strike now, and in a fortnight you will be marching on Madras. . . . You will be master of the south of India.

Maharaj. [*After a pause.*] When I came to the throne of Mulpur I signed a treaty with the British Government of India. On what pretext am I to break it now?

Baron. [*Leaning back and laughing.*] Your Highness, are we children, you and I, to talk of treaties? A treaty! [*Laughing.*] A goose-quill makes a dirty mess on a piece of paper. Look! [*He picks up a sheet of paper, tears it in two, and throws the pieces in the air.*] That is what we do with treaties . . . we Germans. Treaties are made with blood and iron, and blood and iron breaks them.

Maharaj. And honour?

Baron. Honour is the shield behind which the coward hides what he cannot hold. There is no honour . . . save in the might of your sword. [*The* MAHARAJAH *leans his head on his hand and closes his eyes. A pause.*] Your Highness! You do not hesitate?

Maharaj. I was thinking.

Baron. Of what?

Maharaj. Of a time—when my father was young. A time, not many years ago, yet before your German Empire existed, when the whisper of the wind passed over India, saying, "It is the end of England." And many believed and many rose in arms, and the British were killed . . . yea, even their women and children.

Baron. That is war; and frightfulness, too, is a good weapon.

Maharaj. But my father said to himself, "The British Raj is a just Raj. It will come again . . . it will be avenged." And the vengeance for those women and children was terrible. [*A pause.*] Now you come, Baron, and you say, "It is the end of England! Strike! . . . It is the passing of the British Raj." But what proof do you give me that they will not come again?

Baron. The proof is Germany—in morals, in intellect, in might, superior to all the peoples of the earth. It is her mission to crush without mercy all who resist her; then, under her sword, to civilise the world. These are the words of the All-Highest.

Maharaj. The words of God?

Baron. Of His Imperial Majesty the Kaiser.

Maharaj. I beg your pardon.

Baron. No one who is not German can know what Germany is. We are more than a race; we are the life force, an irresistible machine. In three days we shall sweep through Belgium. In three weeks we shall take Paris. In five we shall leave France conquered for ever, crushed into the dust beneath our feet! Then we turn to drive the Russian barbarian back into the stinking dirt of his Asiatic civilisation. This is not a brag . . . a boast. It is a mathematical certainty . . . a truth of world-science . . . as sure as that to-morrow after dawn the sun will rise.

Maharaj. It is certain, indeed, that to-morrow the sun will rise. But you have forgotten England, Baron.

Baron. [*Laughing.*] Na! England will not stop the sun. At England . . . we laugh. Their army! a hundred thousand greedy mercenaries with long legs that will not save them. . . . We send our police to arrest them. The navy—yes, they have ships—more than we.

Maharaj. Indeed . . . many more.

Baron. Ja! But wait . . . if you knew what I know about our mines, our submarines, our Zeppelins, . . . na! I tell you, in confidence, something frightful is going to happen to the whole British Navy. England is rotten . . . rotten to the bones. In two months she will starve; her Empire will be gone; Egypt will be Turkish; South Africa Dutch; Australia . . . *na!* . . . that is too far. We waste words. We have not to talk . . . but to do. Your Highness, at once the orders to mobilise, and to destroy the viaduct at Dahrabad.

Maharaj. At once! . . . I do not think it is possible at once . . . to take such a step, without deliberation . . . without care. . . .

Baron. [*Breaking in.*] Not possible. . . . but what do you say? . . . it is the *only* possible . . .

Maharaj. Listen to me. You say in three weeks you will take Paris?

Baron. Ja! That is so.

Maharaj. I will meet you half way. On the day you enter Paris I will give the orders.

Baron. [*Springing to his feet and shaking his hands in the air.*] *Gott in Himmel! aber das ist ja entsetzlich!* [*Turning to him.*] I tell you, time . . . time is everything. If you wait three weeks you ruin all.

Maharaj. "The irresistible machine?"

Baron. [*Striking the table to emphasise his words.*] A machine is of many parts . . . and every part must move in time. If they do not. . .

Maharaj. I understand. But I ask you to wait for a few hours, perhaps only for a few minutes. I told you I expect to-night a telegram . . . from Calcutta. The moment it comes I promise you I shall give my orders.

Baron. But what is that . . . a telegram? From whom? Is it you do not know your own mind?

Maharaj. Oh, yes. . . . But it is important I should know the minds of others.

Baron. [*Throwing up his hands.*] Very well, then, let us wait till we learn our minds from the telegrams or the weathercocks, or whatever it is . . . Herr Je! [*Controlling himself.*] Forgive me . . . I am too hot. [*He sits again and continues in suave, heartfelt tones.*] *Mein lieber* Maharajah Sahib. I speak now as your friend. . . . To every great man there comes once the chance to be greater if he will. There is nothing you may not become . . . the ruler of all India. You have the chance to revive in your person the glories of Aurungzebe and the Great Moguls. It is yours . . . if you but will. [*He pauses.*] And one thing more . . . I speak it as your friend. When the war is over Germany will remember who were her friends and who were her enemies. She does not recognise neutrals. . . . You must be for us or against us. And in that day . . . in the day of glorious victory . . . woe! [*Shaking his finger.*] woe to those who were not Germany's friends.

A servant enters L. bearing a salver on which is a telegram. He brings it to the MAHARAJAH.

Maharaj. I think, Baron, the time has come for Germany to know her friends. [*He opens the telegram, reads it, then claps his hands. Another servant appears at the curtains L.*]

Colonel Assuf Khan. [*The servant disappears. To the other servant.*] There is no answer. [*The servant goes out.* COLONEL ASSUF KHAN *enters and salutes.*] Colonel, let a telephone message be sent to the Nardar Bagh, "The first regiment of my bodyguard to assemble immediately on parade before the palace. My military staff also to attend." I have an important communication to make. I will address them from here.

The COLONEL *salutes and goes out L.*

Baron. Your Highness, what is the news?

Maharaj. Your wish is fulfilled, Baron. We mobilise to-night. It is war. [*Rising.*]

Baron. Gott sei Dank! [*Springing to his feet.*] His Highness the Maharajah Gunga Singh Bahadur! . . . hoch! hoch! hoch! [*Thrusting out his hand to grasp that of the* MAHARAJAH, *who deliberately puts his left hand behind his back and with his right gives the* BARON *the telegram. The* BARON *reads it, his jaw drops, the telegram falls, he clutches at his collar. Hoarsely.*] *Was ist das?* What is that? . . . I do not understand.

Maharaj. [*Picking up the telegram.*] The answer to my telegram of August the first. [*He reads.*] "From His Excellency the Viceroy of India to His Highness the Maharajah Gunga Singh. The Government of India note with pride your offer to place at the disposal of the King-Emperor your personal services with twenty thousand troops and two hundred guns. On behalf of the Imperial Government I am to say that the offer is accepted. At the earliest possible moment you will proceed to France to fight beside the British Army and our Allies against the disturbers of the peace of the world." [*He carefully folds the telegram.*]

Baron. [*Stunned.*] So, you have cheated me from the first. . . . You took my help, and you betrayed me.

Maharaj. Baron von Hohenstein, you helped me import into my State German rifles as agricultural implements, German cannon as pianos. Because your pianos will play "Rule, Britannia" instead of "Die Wacht am Rhein" you say I have betrayed you. You came here as my guest on a treacherous mission, to make me break my faith and ruin myself and my people, to aid your schemes. You told me India would rise. You were right. She will rise as one man to fight for liberty against the German bullies who would be tyrants of the world.

Baron. [*In a frenzy.*] *Verfluchter Schweinhund!* You insult the German, you filthy, lying, oriental savage! . . . [*He whips a pistol out of his hip-pocket. In a flash the* MAHARAJAH *flings over the table between them, and shouting "Kai hai!" grips the* BARON'S *wrist, forcing it back and upwards. The curtains at the back are thrown aside, an officer and four of the guard rush in, and the* BARON *is secured and disarmed. The* MAHARAJAH *calmly arranges his dress, pointing to the table, which one of the guard picks up, replacing the papers.*]

Maharaj. You have received my orders. When I give the signal . . . I will drop my handkerchief . . . let them be carried out.

The officer salutes. The MAHARAJAH *waves his hand towards the back. The* BARON *is marched out between the curtains, the* MAHARAJAH *goes up, and holding them slightly apart, stands watching in silence. A pause of some moments, then he takes his handkerchief from his coat; as he is about to raise it, the voice of* TINA *is heard L. coming nearer, singing softly the refrain of the song. He turns and listens, then closes the curtains.* TINA *enters L.*

Tina. Your Highness, there are troops assembling before the palace. . . . I saw them from the windows. Why are they there?

Maharaj. Because to-night, Baroness, we take the first step. I keep my promise. . . . I will make war.

Tina. You will fight for us! Ah, now you are great. . . . Now I am happy. Oh, that is a relief! The Baron, where is he?

Maharaj. He is busy . . . a small preliminary of the mobilisation where his presence is indispensable. . . . Sit down . . . he will not be long. [*She sits L.C.*] Already we have been fortunate, the Baron and I. . . . We have discovered, just in time, that there is a traitor here.

Tina. A traitor!

Maharaj. [*Nodding.*] You are a native of Saxony, are you not?

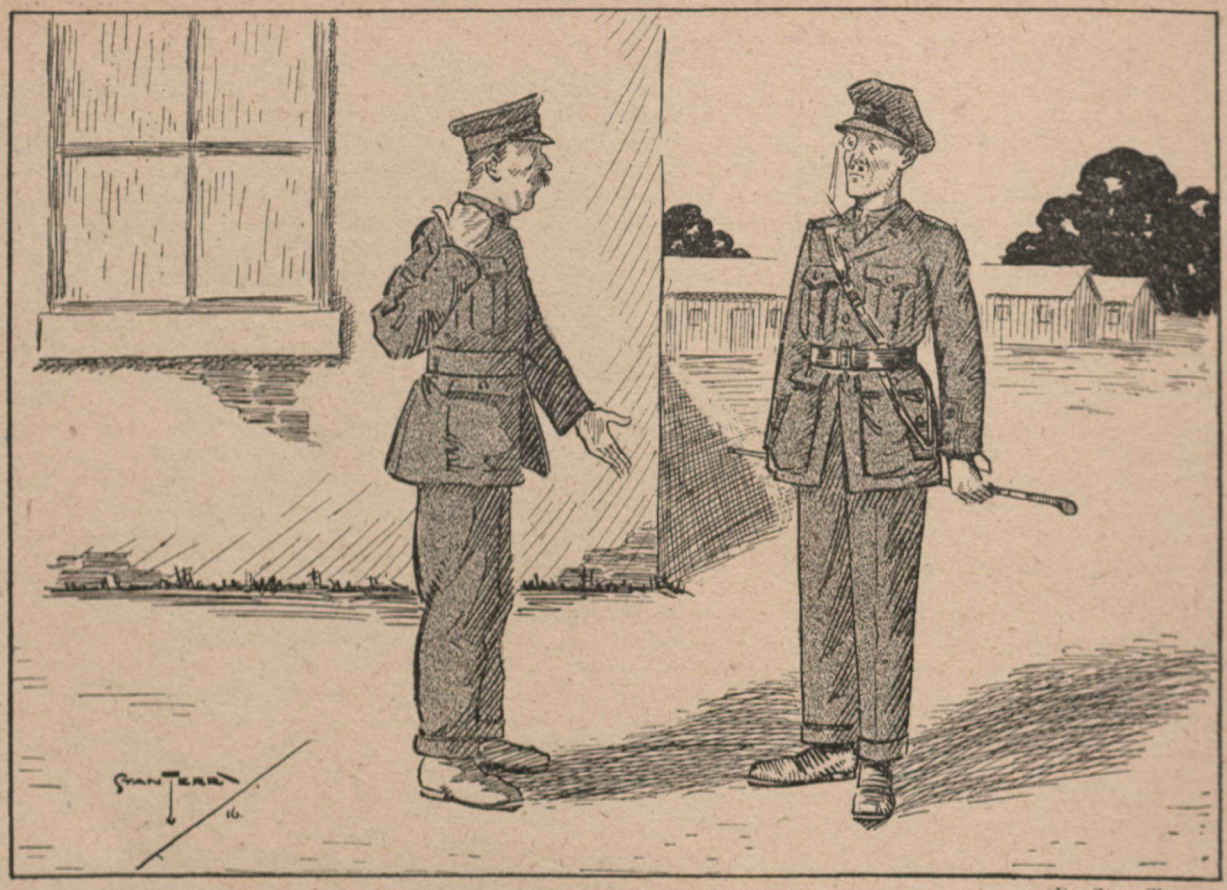
Tina. I! Yes. . .

Maharaj. Tell me; if the King of Saxony today discovered at his court a traitor who would make him break faith with his Emperor, ruin his kingdom and himself, what would be done to him, do you think, by your king?

Tina. I do not think—I know. He would be shot. [*The* MAHARAJAH *bows gravely. Then, going to the curtains, parts them, and holding his handkerchief above his head, drops it on the floor outside. The curtains fall. He crosses slowly towards the window R. A volley rings out in the corridor beyond the curtains. The woman springs to her feet, rushes up, and holding the curtains apart, stares out. A wild cry breaks from her. She turns, clutching the curtain in terror.*] We are betrayed! . . . You will kill us!

Maharaj. [*Turning near the window.*] Oh no . . . that would be a pity, Fraulein Tina Fröller . . . you are a very pretty woman . . . you are a charming actress. . . . I saw you in Dresden once . . . it would be a pity. Besides, we do not make war upon women. [*He steps to the window. A wild burst of cheering from outside. He unfolds the telegram and holds up his hand.*]

CURTAIN



By Stan Terry

Lieut. Blitherington: "Aw—what d'ye mean by 'You *think* the colonel wants me.' Did he mention my name?"

Orderly: "Well, sir, I didn't quite catch the name, but 'e said 'Bring the young ass 'ere!'"

TO A YOUNG BELGIAN GIRL

By H. SMALLEY SARSON

CHILD, into a woman growing,
Standing on the brink of life,
Is the stream so easy flowing
That you take no heed of strife?

Dancing, joyous-eyed! Hard sorrow
Cannot then, nor tyrant sway,
Crush your faith in the to-morrow,
That you still can laugh and play.

Faith, unsoiled, that you will vanquish,
Fortifies your breast to-night,
Though your brothers die in anguish
In the thickest of the fight.

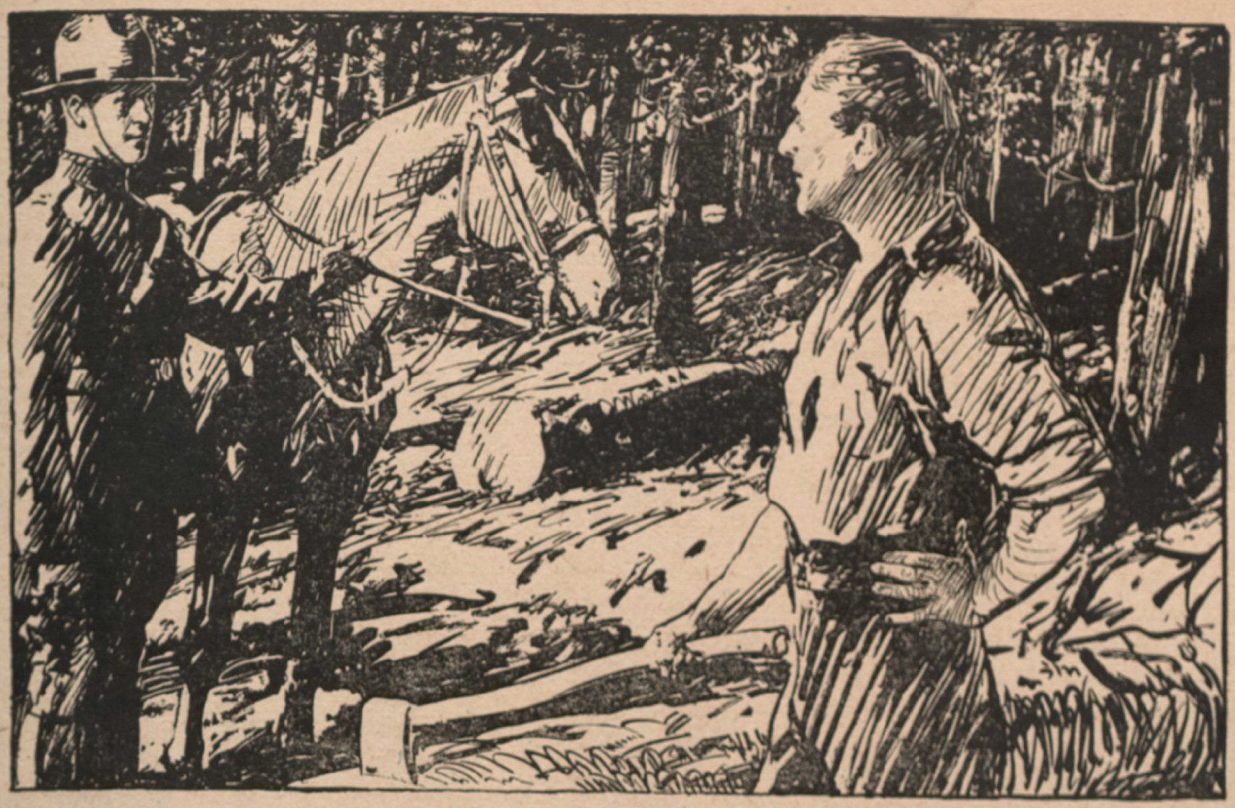
Laugh then, though your heart is breaking,
Though the tears fall thick and fast;
So 'twill be a pleasant waking
When your Faith's redeemed at last.

(Written at Vlamertinghe, April, 1915. To a child of eleven whom we taught to sing "Tipperary." Three days later the Germans bombarded the village for the first time, and she was killed with all her family whilst they were packing up to evacuate their home.)

Canadian War Official

"PARLEZ-VOUS FRANÇAIS?"

One of the Splendid Pictures from the Great Exhibition of Canadian Battle Photographs



THE SAVING OF TOM McKAY

A Complete Story by DONOVAN BAYLEY

Illustrated by SEPTIMUS E. SCOTT

BECAUSE he had lived all his life amongst real things, in a land where only realities survive, Tom McKay knew what the call was when it came, and knew, too, that it was not for some other fellow, but for himself.

The call said: "All Britain, from Kent to the Pacific Slope, from Hudson's Bay to the Great Australian Bight, is up against it, son, and you're wanted. You're not wanted to-morrow, or when you've got the wheat harvested; you're wanted right now."

And he, being a real man in that real land, answered: "I sure am."

He was a sure shot, though he had never killed a man, nor wanted that excitement. He had the endurance of a Redskin and the kindliness of a nun. He could use an axe from dawn to dark, and after be ready for an evening's riot. He could all but follow the trail of a wild bee to its hive. He could ride or break any devil in a horse's hide.

He had a whole wide range of pleasures and emotions unknown to the not less men of the islands, as well as possessing most of theirs too; but he had one thing left out of him, when God, having made him, saw that the work was good. That thing was the fear of death. He had no conception of it, and he was no more proud of the lack than a colour-blind man is who does not know green from red. It was so, like his lean face and his great chin.

When that terrible call came he did not strike attitudes and gabble about "Mother England" and lands of "hope and glory."

To him England was something between a "geographical expression" and a first cause, a fertile, brooding entity in which was hatched out the British Empire, including Canada, which, in turn, included his homestead, farm, and the forests where he found his fun.

Nor did he "reach down his gun and get." All that he did was to make a silent, swift journey to the place where the recruiting authorities would give him a regulation man-eating rifle and the livery of the New Crusade.

He travelled 700 miles for those things, mostly on a horse, and he was enlisted as an infantryman and put under a discipline that almost regulated the number of times he might blow his own nose.

Now, when a North-West Mounted Policeman had passed the call along to him, he had been camping out alone in a wood that could have swallowed all England, and he was about as free as the bears which were so curious as to him at nights.

Imagine a man going a well-known journey to a familiar place, and finding on his way that the timber was ablaze, so that he could not pass, but must go elsewhere. That was how the call came to him, as terrible and as obviously natural. It altered everything because it was what it was, and not because of any histrionics. He simply changed his route.

They brought him into camp in southern England, where the shopkeepers were over-civilised, and therefore charged him and his fellows prices that made it seem the Old Country was the dearest land on earth. If he and his fellows had had the idea that they were sacrificing themselves for "Mother England" they would have wrecked the shops of those greedy, homekeeping sons of hers.

When they had been fleeced into carefulness, and drilled to Kitchener's liking, they were sent to Flanders, where they got to work on the real thing, and proved to the Germans that a new breed, with original and effective ideas of its own about warfare, had come up against them. Flanders is not Canada, but basic things are basic things in all places. One of those fundamentals is that it is a far, far better thing to kill your enemy before he has seen you than at any subsequent time; and that lesson was well taught to North America by the Red Indian.

It was written that the bullet with Tom McKay's name upon it, made by an underfed German, kept going by a windy diet of unreasonable hate, found him at Ypres, and, though it did not kill him, there was a fighting man the less, for it shattered his ankle, so that he could never undismayed again march with rifle and pack down the long road through the Valley of the Abiding of Horror.

He was irrevocably clear and free and quit with honour. He was not, however, glad, for it had been his intention to go on killing until he was killed, or the war was won, and he disliked altering good and reasonable resolutions.

They mended him as well as he could be mended, and sent him to England, there to wait his passage to Canada and his discharge. He applied for furlough, got it, and came to London, expecting even he could not tell what, and finding a sombre-clad sea of people drifting through a grey immensity, and of all those people he did not know one. Nor did one of them seem to want to know him.

He did not blame them, but he wished it were not so. Where he came from, if folks met they talked, and if they did not like each other they passed on.

Everything seemed strange and unreal, as though he, living, had got by some dismal magic amongst the shadows on the screen of a cinematograph theatre, where each shadow did what was ordained for it on the film, with no other destiny or volition. He did not even understand the plot of the play.

He went where the shadows went and watched them, following them sombrely through miles of streets, eating in restaurants with them, sitting beside them in their theatres, and never once did he feel that he was one of them. It would have been very bitter for him if he had consciously gone to fight for their sakes, instead of in instinctive answer to the call. Most of this time he was in pain.

It would, of course, have been better for him had he not got leave and so cut loose from everyone whom he knew. But he had come to London hoping to have a free and a

good time, for London is a word of power to men of the Outlands. After a week of it he was longing for the sociability of the remote Rocky Mountains, for the companionship of the great lonely peaks and the silent forests. They seemed more kindly than London, and more homelike.

After a time he began to spend hours in Charing Cross Road, outside the second-hand bookshops, reading a great deal and buying a volume now and then to keep him company in his rooms at night.

"Poor old dear! You do look lonely! It sounds a funny thing to say, but you make my heart ache for you!"

McKay turned away from the tray of books and looked at the girl, who had stood by his side for nearly five minutes and had at last spoken to him.

"Seems as if one of the shadows had come alive," he said.

"Eh?" She shrank back slightly, and then moved towards him, so that she was touching him.

"What do you mean by that?" she asked.

She watched his face eagerly, as though she were looking for signs of something on it.

"I've a good reason for not telling you," he said.

"I'm not asking you to tell me anything you'd rather not. I'll go away, if you wish."

"The reason I can't tell you is that I don't know myself."

"You look so sad. I'm so sorry for you."

"That's real good of you."

"Do you mean it?"

"Sure thing."

"Then, if you mean it, lonely soldier, have pity on a lonely girl, and take her somewhere and give her tea and meringues, especially tea. I do love tea. Don't you?"

"Tea's good enough. Do you mean you'll let me take you to tea right now?"

"Please do. You don't think me very forward to speak to you, do you?"

He looked at her.

"Say, kid, why should I think that? Is it a sin in this city for people to speak to each other?"

"Lots and lots of people say it is," she

By Lilian Cowham

"Yes, that's father. He's only got one leg now."
Small Voice: "Where's it gone to?"
"Hush, dear, it's in heaven!"

sighed. "I think most people are positively dreadful. Don't you?"

"I haven't had enough to do with them in London to tell you. When you spoke to me I'd begun to believe that I was 'The Invisible Man.'"

"Has no one taken any notice of you?"

"I simply didn't exist; I wasn't on the earth. I was shot at Ypres and buried on the battlefield, and this thing that's drifting about London's just my ghost, and it doesn't amount to anything. At any rate, that's what I was feeling."

"But you don't feel like that now, do you?"

"Haven't I been telling you? Where will you have your tea?"

"It must be somewhere quite proper," she said. "I know a place where all the mothers and fathers go with their children when they think they're being dissipated."

"What's it called?" he said. "The 'Snail Shell'?"

"It's Ye Olde Englyshe Tea Taverne. It's not bad really. The rooms are full of inglenooks, with pews, and you can be awfully private really, and quite, quite proper. It's rather a long way off though."

"What's paralysed the cab-drivers?"

"Paralysed the cab-drivers? What do you mean?"

He saw a taxi coming towards them and beckoned to it.

"Where shall I tell him?" he asked the girl.

She gave the address of the "Tea Taverne," and got into the cab. The driver nearly said something to McKay, but thought better of it, and merely put his finger to his cap. In the cab the girl sat close, confidentially.

"I don't think I'll have meringues," she said. "I'll have lots and lots of buttered toast."

"You sound hungry."

"I am. I hadn't the heart to have any lunch all by myself."

"I know," he said, putting his hand on the back of hers; and she smiled queerly. "Eating alone's like trying to share a joke with a bear; at least, it is in a city."

"You find that too? I was never lonely in the country, but in London, in the crowds, it's dreadful."

She wished she had "Epsom Lil's" knack of making real tears come at pleasure, for they meant pounds a week to her. She was called "Epsom Lil" because of the bitter, salt tears she had at command.

She poured out the tea quite prettily, but she overdid her hunger a little.

"You haven't told me your name," he said. "I'm not asking for it, but if you'd like to tell me——"

"Isabelle Beaumont," she answered.

It was a nice name, much nicer than her own.

"That's good of you," he said. "Mine's Tom McKay."

She saw that he had given her his right name, and thrust out her hand to him. He took it and held it.

"Now we can be friends," she said. "May I pour you out some more tea, Mr. McKay?"

"No; I'll make mine last. They'll give us the bill and a cold eye when we've finished. I know that frozen eye. It looks at you, and then it looks at the sidewalk, and then you reach for the key of the street."

"That's when you order some hot water and another meringue," she said.

"You've never been lost, have you, Miss Beaumont?"

"No. Why?"

"I thought not."

"Do you like a girl who doesn't know her way about?"

"I haven't sorted them out into types yet. You see, where I come from girls are scarce, and those that are there belong to somebody. They're generally imported from the East. My shack's in the wild and woolly West."

"Is it?" she asked vaguely. "What do you think of people who take cocaine?"

Hearing the word "cocaine," the Army sister seated at the opposite table looked intently at Isabelle Beaumont, and then took up her paper again. She had seen the girl with other soldiers, and she had heard her speak to them of cocaine. More, she had seen significant alterations in them.

Therefore, from behind her paper, she listened honourably, shamelessly, and she

By Septimus E. Scott

"Hearing the word 'cocaine,' the Army Sister seated at the opposite table looked intently at Isabelle Beaumont, and then taking up her paper she listened honourably, shamelessly, and she heard the girl developing, very cautiously, with seeming innocence, an ingenuous defence of the use of the drug"

THE RUINED INTERIOR OF ALBERT CATHEDRAL

Canadian Official Photograph

heard the girl developing, very cautiously, with seeming innocence, an ingenuous defence of the use of the drug. If she had not only listened, but watched too, she would have seen a new alertness in the man.

His lazy smile was the same, the intonations of his voice had hardly altered, the little creases round his eyes were still deep; but to the hunter his poise would have been reminiscent of a wild animal which, feigning indifference, was about to do something.

"So 'coke sniffers' don't make you tired?" he asked.

"No. I'm sorry for them; but I can understand. Take you yourself. You're all alone. You have no one to speak to, nothing to do that you want to do, and a pinch or two of cocaine snuff will make you as happy as a king on a golden throne in a warm, lit palace. Why shouldn't a man forget care for a little?"

By Arthur Ferrier

ALL ABOUT THEIR OWN WEDDING

"Would cocaine make me feel like a king, with the lights switched on and the steam-heater humming?"

"I expect so."

"And what would I feel like when I came to? Wouldn't I feel like a sick rat in a soap factory?"

"If you did you could take some more and cure yourself."

"And then I'd wake up again. Is the stuff dear?"

"Yes; but it's worth it. You see, the silly old Government's stopped people buying it, stopped it coming into the country. It's awfully risky to get it through now, so the people who bring it have to charge a lot."

"I see. I couldn't go and buy it at a drug store?"

"Oh, no! I know where to get it, though. I can't get much, for there isn't much coming, but I can get some. Lots of boys I know would give anything to get it."

"They must want it badly."

"It makes them so happy. But I only get it for people I really like. I'd get some for you. You're all alone, and sad, and I'm sorry for you. It'd help you; and I'd like to help you."

"I won't tell you just how good I think you are."

"Then you'd like some? It's quite safe, you know."

"Yes, it'd be quite safe with me."

She put her hand into the little bag she carried, looked round her to see if she were watched, and brought out a tiny white paper packet labelled "poudre de riz."

"There!" she said, "that's some. I shan't be able to get any more for a week. Honest to goodness, I shan't. Perhaps I shan't then."

The nurse began to watch over the top of her paper, in the way women have by seeming to look at something else.

"You've been nice to me," the girl went on, "and I'd so love to make you happy. I'd give it to you if I could afford it. I will. I can spare it."

"You're real charitable."

"Do you think so? Perhaps I'm more charitable than you think."

"How do you figure that?"

"How do I figure it? Easily. What's twice twenty?"

"Well, there's a theory it's forty."

"And that's what that little bit of powder cost me in shillings, when I wasn't so hard up. I'm a music-hall singer, you know, but I'm out of a shop just now."

"Cut it right out. I'm not going to let you give it me."

He took his Treasury wallet from his pocket and passed two one-pound notes across to her. Then he behaved as if he were about to open the packet.

"Not here!" said the girl shrilly. "Not here! We could be arrested!"

"Is that so? Tell me, then, what do you do with the stuff when you want to be happy?"

"It's as easy as falling off a wall. You just use it like snuff. It's magic snuff. A few moments afterwards you're in heaven."

"And if I want some more heaven when this is gone, where do I go for a fresh supply?"

"Let me know, and I think I shall be able to manage it for you, if you won't tell anyone."

"Then you'll let me meet you again?"

"Why, yes. We're friends, aren't we?"

"Sure thing," he said. "Do you know, I think I'll have some heaven now."

She was frightened, genuinely frightened.

"You mustn't!" she said, "you mustn't!"

"I don't know anything about mustn't when I want a thing."

Isabelle stood up and held out her hand to him.

"I'm so sorry, but I must go now. Thanks awfully."

She lowered her voice.

"I'll be here at this time this day week," she whispered. "But, remember, if you want any more you mustn't take it when I'm with you."

She changed her tone. "You see, I like you very much. I've quite taken to you, and I'd like to make you happy; but there's no sense in going to prison just because you won't have discretion. Now, is there?"

"I see how you look at it," he said. "You'll be here at this time next week?"

"Will you?"

"Sure."

"Then I will too. Good-bye. Don't take too much first time. Just a pinch."

And she went from him. He watched her go out of the door. When she was gone he sat staring at the little paper packet, and the eyes of the nurse never left him.

Suddenly she came over to his table and sat down opposite to him, but not in the chair the girl had used.

"What do you think of London?" she asked, in the tone she used when she first spoke to a new patient.

"I can't get near it, Sister. I feel like a fly trying to get through the glass cover of a honey-pot. It's the coldest city on earth."

She looked at his badges.

"Surely Canada's colder?"

"I didn't mean the town; I meant the people. They were caught young, frozen stiff, and they've never thawed."

"But you had a friend with you just now?"

"If I were looking for an exact definition of her I'd hardly use 'friend.'"

"No?"

"No. I only met her an hour ago."

"Oh, I see. Then you don't know her very well? You don't know if you ought to be careful of her or not?"

"A man who amounts to anything, Sister, ought to take care of every woman."

"That seems to have two meanings."

"Most things have," he said.

"I suppose so. Are you on leave?"

"No; I'm waiting to be invalided out. I was granted furlough and came up to London. I'm beginning to wish I hadn't. Do you know anything about sharks, Sister? Are they a pretty fish?"

"No, I don't think so. Why?"

"Nothing, nothing. It was real good of you to come across to me."

"Well, I'm an Army Sister, and I understand, you see."

"That's so."

"Would you think me awfully rude if I asked you what you bought from that girl?"

"Rice powder, for the complexion. That's what it's labelled."

"Yes; but what is it really?"

"From what she said I gather it's the skeleton key of the Golden Gates."

"Tell me; are you going to use it?"

"If it won't hurt your eyes," he said, "take a good look at me, and then tell me if you think I'm the sure enough village idiot."

"Then why did you buy cocaine?"

"You've little pink ears, Sister, but they're up to their job. Why does a man buy anything?"

"Because he wants it."

"Sure."

"Then you want cocaine?"

"Just as much as a sick dog wants a can lashed to its tail."

She could see that he was amused, but she could not tell why; and she feared that it might be but one more example of the baffling cunning of the drug-taker.

"Say, Sister," he said, "do I look like a drug fiend?"

She admitted that he did not, but secretly she felt that this might be because he had not been long enough addicted to it for his face to have become marked. She was sorry for him and very grateful, for, again and again, she had seen what men must endure

By Sid Pride

Sentry: "Hallo, Bob, where 're ye going?"
Bob: "I ain't going nowhere—I'm just coming back."

who go into battle. And this man had fought for her, in common with all other women. More, he had come from Canada to do it, and the distance seemed to add to the value of it. She made her resolution swiftly.

"I come here for tea every afternoon," she said. "It's a change from the hospital."

"I come here every afternoon for tea," he answered.

"You do?"

"Sure. I don't miss a day. I haven't missed a day since I first found the place."

"I haven't noticed you before."

"Every time I've seen you," he said, "you've been reading the paper. It made me real sorry to think you'd no one to talk to."

"Really?" she said. "To be perfectly frank, this is the first time I've come here for at least three months."

"I'll be just as frank. This is the first time I've ever been here in my life; but it isn't the last. Do you mind if I sit and look at you while you have your tea?"

"I'd prefer you to sit and talk to me," she said.

"I think God must go to sleep sometimes. He wouldn't have let you out of heaven if He'd been awake."

She blushed and laughed.

"I wonder if you'll do something for me?"

"What is it, Sister?"

"Give me that 'poudre de riz.'"

"Sister, would you give a baby a parcel to play with containing the seven deadly sins and an earthquake or two?"

"Of course not; but I'm not a baby. If I wanted cocaine I could get it immediately."

"Sure enough," he said; "but I couldn't. Besides, this is 'poudre de riz.' There's a large, innocent label on it saying so; and, Sister, to put powder on your face would be like whitewashing a snowdrop or rouging a rose."

For it happened that Tom McKay, though he was not well used to women, was wise in the reading of human motives, and girls are quite human. Indeed, it is astonishing how human they are in reality. In books——

Tom McKay saw quite clearly that this pretty Sister, touched by his loneliness, and fearful that he either was, or was about to become, a drug fiend, had determined to save him. For what are a man's sorrows but for him to profit by? His loneliness had brought him her sympathy. That he had been in company with a shark made her want to save him. He began to be sure that it would be extremely pleasant to be saved. Therefore, half humorously, as furtively as he could act, and absolutely determinedly, he refused to yield up that little packet of "poudre de riz." He worked it out by logic, and for once logic applied to a girl absolutely fitted the case.

"She's one of those real good women," he thought, "who won't take their hands off a man till they've pulled him through the gates of heaven, and I guess the gates of heaven and those hands will fit me like a new singlet."

They met again next day, and she said nothing about the cocaine, or "poudre de riz," whichever it was, for she was not absolutely certain. Against her strong suspicion that it was indeed the drug was the fact, plain to her experienced eyes, that his face showed no indications that he was in the habit of poisoning himself for the sake of a sensation.

On the side of the suspicion was the other fact that she had noticed the girl before at the "taverne" with soldiers who plainly were suffering from cocaine taking, and, in addition, she had heard her speak of the drug to McKay.

Further to confuse her, he would neither deny nor admit that the contents of the little packet were rice powder. He treated the thing whimsically, and even seemed slightly amused by her concern.

"Sister," he said, the day before he had promised to see Isabelle Beaumont again, "I shan't be able to sit and devour you to-morrow. I've contracted to feed that girl you're so suspicious about."

"I'm changing over to day duty the day after to-morrow," she answered, "so you won't be able to bore yourself with me for a month."

"Why not? You get time off even on day duty, surely?"

"Yes; but——"

"Say, are you through with me?"

"I wonder."

"No; you know. Are you?"

By H. Piffard

THE FATAL MESSAGE

"Why should I be frank with you when you're not frank with me?"

"I won't pretend I don't know what you mean, Sister. I do. The time's coming when I can be quite frank."

"Why not now?"

"Sister, I'm working this stunt, and I don't want you to take a hand. Now, when can you meet me?"

She told him. "I don't think you quite deserve it," she added.

"Sure thing," he said. "No man could; but you're as full of pity as a sick kid's only mother is. There's a whole heap I've got to say to you one day."

"You make me very curious."

"I'll make you more than that yet," he said.

She rose to go.

"I don't think I like quite so much mystery," she told him.

"I'd rather keep you guessing," he answered cryptically, "than see your interest peter out, like the pay dirt in a claim I once worked."

* * *

By Hilda Cowham

THE HERO'S RETURN

Old Nanna: "Welcome home, Mr. James! Don't you recollect your old Nanna? Why, I used to bath you, sir, and put you to bed every night."

He was waiting for Isabelle Beaumont when she came. For a girl who was supposed to be penurious she had an extensively expensive wardrobe, but it was one that did not make him too proud and happy to be seen with her. It was too gay for the state of Europe, and its colours were not on good terms with one another.

"You haven't forgotten me, then?" he said.

"As if I could," she sighed. "And you remembered me?"

"You've pegged out your claim all right," he said. "Say, that stuff you let me have's bully."

"It's helped you to be less lonely?"

"It's helped me to a whole heap of things," he told her.

"You haven't let anyone else into the secret, have you?" she asked anxiously.

"No. Mustn't I?"

"Of course, not. That's a secret between you and I. See?"

"If you say so. Got any more?"

"I have; but I'm afraid you'll be cross with poor little me."

"Couldn't be done. What makes you say it?"

"Well, I couldn't get it so cheaply as the last lot. The silly old Government's——"

"I get you. What's the price now?"

She looked at him shrewdly. How far could she bleed him yet? Better be modest until the time came when he must have the stuff.

"It's fifty shillings now, not forty," she replied. "I couldn't get it for a penny under."

"Do you think another ten shillings matters?" he asked.

"Some soldiers are so poor. Mind, I don't blame them. They've given up all for the country. But the stuff's got to be paid for, hasn't it?"

"When you know more of the world," he said, "you'll be convinced that everything's got to be paid for."

"I know my way about quite as well as a nice girl ought to," she said. "I sometimes fear you think me too forward."

"You're the original innocent lamb," he said.

"Not quite, I'm afraid. Here's the stuff. Don't take too much, or it'll harm you. It's a good friend, as you've found, but don't increase the dose too quickly."

"Does it have to be increased?"

"Oh, yes, to get the same effect after you're used to having it. Don't overdo it, though."

"Keep calm, kid. I won't go the whole jag on it, though I'm not out to deny it's seductive."

"Cocaine's like a girl," she said; "you can love it too much."

"There's a whole heap of girls in London a man couldn't love too much if he lived till Niagara was down to sea-level."

"And I'm sure you think I'm one of them?"

"I'll tell you all I think of you some time," he promised. "When can I have some more of the stuff?"

"In about four days, I hope. Anyway, I wouldn't let you have it before."

"Don't say that."

"I really shan't be able to get any sooner."

"Oh. In four days, then?"

"Yes. Where?"

"Here's good enough, isn't it?"

"If we're cautious."

"I'll be as cautious as a starved Sioux tracking a fat bull moose on a done-for horse."

She did not understand the simile, but the tone in which it was uttered gave her assurance. Quite often she did not understand the things men said to her; quite often her victims transcended the limits of her vocabulary. But by some sharp sixth sense she was always able to divine whether the boding of unfamiliar words was good or evil.

* * * * *

Sister Barbara shook her head, and McKay leaned over the supper-table towards her.

"Why are you turning me down?" he asked. "What's it for?"

"You know quite well. You go on meeting that girl, and I think I understand why."

"Why?" he challenged.

"Well, do you pretend you like her?"

"'Man in his time plays many parts,'" he quoted; "and I'm a man, but I'm not up to speaking those lines with any conviction."

"You mean you don't like her?"

He nodded—almost appreciatively. If there was one thing he liked about Sister Barbara—and, Heaven knew, there were a thousand and one things clamouring for the premier place—it was the directness of her attack.

"Barbara, you get me in one. You've taught me a heap of things, and the chief of them is that a man in love thinks of only one girl. You're that girl."

For very much less than a second she looked happy, and then, a moment later, thoroughly miserable.

"Why have you met her three times this week?" she asked.

"We'll have this thing out right now," he said. "I've just told you something you couldn't have been blind to. I love you. Now, what's your answer to that?"

"Very simple," she said sadly. "I'm fighting not to love you."

By Arthur Ferrier

WHEN RANK DOES NOT COUNT

"Why?"

"You know; you must know."

"Still, say why."

"Because you're buying cocaine from that woman."

He did not answer.

"Do you deny it?" she asked.

"No; I've bought fourteen packets from her."

"And yet you ask me to marry you!"

"I do. What do you say?"

"There can only be one answer. No." She was definite.

He leaned back.

"Then you don't think I'm worth saving?"

"God knows I do," she said; "but there's only one person can save you, and that's yourself. I won't pretend to think you don't love me, because I've seen it in your face. Now, just imagine us married, and you taking that stuff. How would you feel, in the little intervals when you were yourself, to see me growing more and more miserable, when all the time you wanted to make me happy and your love for the drug wouldn't let you?"

"I should feel real mean," he said.

"And you still ask me to marry you?"

"I do."

"Then I don't understand."

"Barbara, promise to marry me, and I'll promise that from the moment you've said it I'll never buy another pinch of it."

"I promise," she said.

"I'll make you another promise," he told her.

"Yes?"

"When I'm taking you back to your hospital in the taxi I'll show you every last thing I know about how to kiss a girl."

"I hope you don't know too much."

"Can a man? Now, Babs, can you get off to-morrow afternoon? Haven't you an old grandfather who's dying, or a stepmother who beats your father, or something?"

She smiled.

"I can manage it."

"Then you be at the Olde Englyshe Tea Taverne, in mufti, at four o'clock, sitting at the table where I first saw you, and I'll show you how to take a real touching farewell of a shark."

"What do you mean?"

"And bring a man with you who'll run an errand."

Sister Barbara never liked being kept in the dark—never kept people in the dark herself.

"I wish you'd explain," she said.

"Say, if you went to the play, and some fellow with dough where his grey matter ought to be told you what all the actors and actresses were going to say and do, in how many places would you hit that mut?"

"In several," she admitted.

"Very well, then. You leave it there, Babs. It won't have to run away when you come to fetch it."

Nor had it. She saw him sitting opposite to the girl, and they seemed to be getting on together very nicely. Suddenly, however, he took an envelope from his pocket, opened it, and laid fourteen little packets on the table. His voice came clearly to Barbara.

"So it's gone up to three pounds a packet, has it?"

"Yes, it has," she said sullenly. "It'll go higher. What are those?"

"I'm coming to that just about as fast as I know how. Before I was a poor simple soldier, who has to do what he's told, I learnt my way about, and the hard world skinned my eyes. Now, here are fourteen packets of dope. What do they represent in fines?"

"You beast!"

"And how many months in jail do they stand for?"

The girl jumped to her feet, but he put his hand on her shoulder, and his hand was so heavy that she sat down again.

"There's one way out for you," he said, "and you've named your own price. Cover each of those packets with three one-pound Treasury bills, and the drug goes in the fire. I keep the bills."

"But I haven't got it. I'm only working on commission."

He leant back in his chair and regarded her dryly.

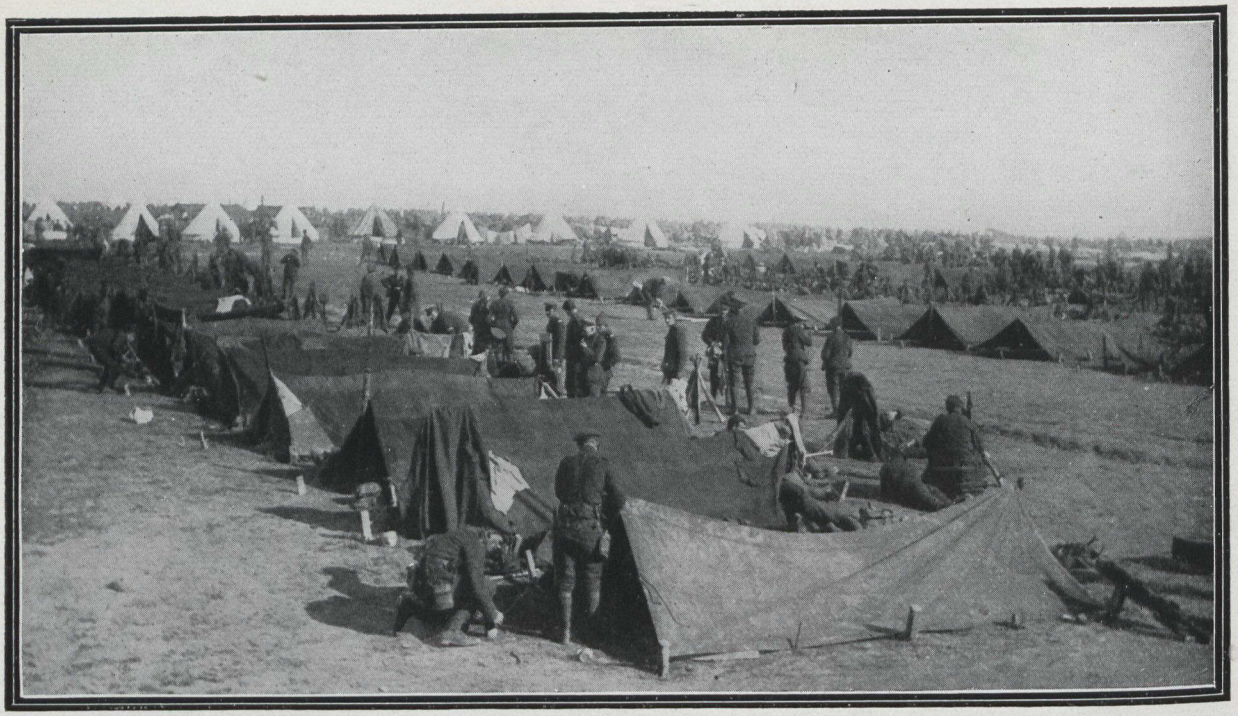
"Well," he said slowly, "I guess the muts who hand you that commission are very shortly going to be surprised some."

He beckoned to Barbara and the soldier whom she had brought with her. They came to the table.

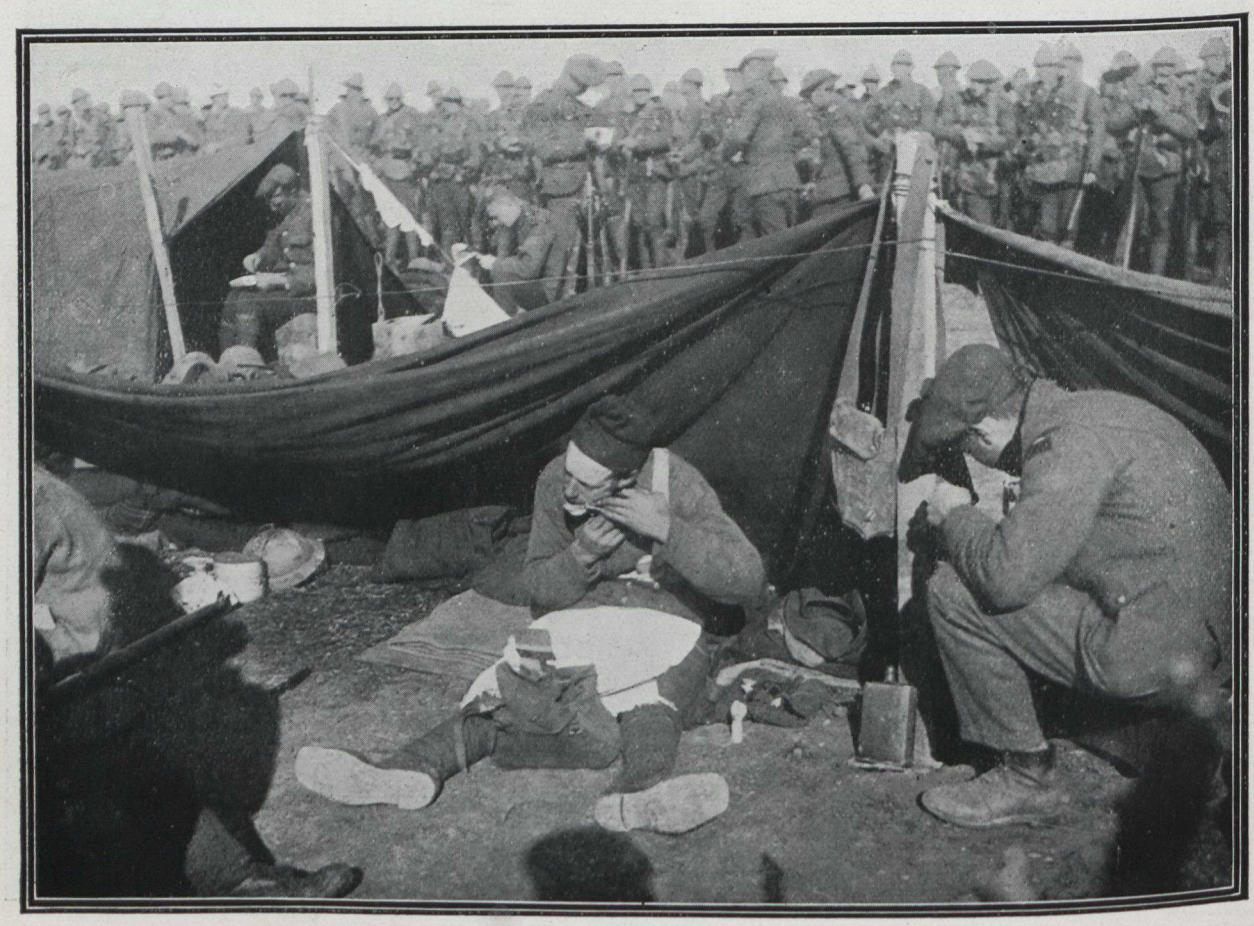
ARRIVING AT THE CLEARING STATION FROM THE FRONT

THE PRINCESS CHRISTIAN HOSPITAL TRAIN

Canadian Official Photographs



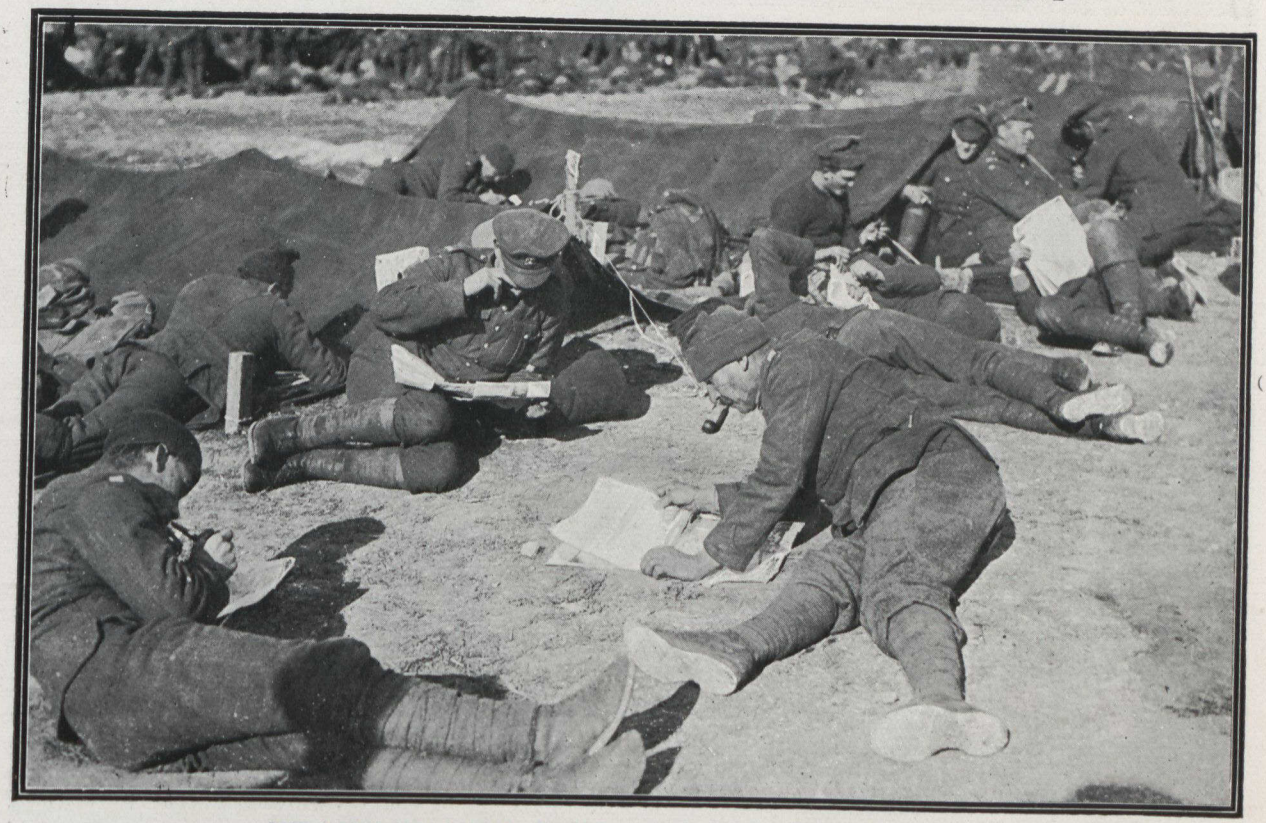
CANADIANS AT REST BEHIND THE LINES ON THE SOMME



AN EARLY MORNING SHAVE

Canadian Official Photographs

MAIL FROM CANADA ARRIVING AT THE FRONT



READING THE NEWSPAPERS FROM HOME

Canadian Official Photographs

BRINGING IN A WOUNDED CANADIAN THROUGH THE MUD

A GROUP OF DEPRESSED-LOOKING GERMAN PRISONERS

Canadian Official Photographs

"Anything I can do?" the soldier asked.

"That's real good of you. This *lady* wants you to take a note to some guys she knows who are not far off, and bring back an answer. If they won't give you an answer, or if she's changed her mind, just collect a policeman and bring him here."

The girl looked up at him sharply. Her hard flashy beauty was distorted with an ugly terror—terror made the uglier by a shrewdness which still seemed to lurk in the background, ready for action should the opportunity present itself.

She gripped his arm.

"You wouldn't give me in charge?"

"You've only got to sit back and watch me, if you doubt it."

"But I haven't any note-paper."

"I thought of that. I've brought an envelope too. No, don't say it; I've got a fountain-pen as well. I've even got some blotting-paper."

"There's no need to send a note," she said. She bent under the table, and when she straightened herself she had the money in her hand.

"You shouldn't try to skin a poor orphan, or lead him astray," was the last thing he said to her. "If you'd got any brains, instead of a handful of greed under your hat, you'd know that the poor orphan has to do one of two things in his friendless position in this world: he has to get wise to it, or quit."

"Now," he said to Barbara, when they were outside, "when do we lasso a parson?"

By Dudley Hardy

A MISUNDERSTOOD MEASURE

Mrs. Gummidge: "Ay, it looks as if they mean to make you old 'uns join up, George. What else be Parliment going to stop Old Masters leaving the country for, I'd like to know?"

"You still want me, after I thought that about you?"

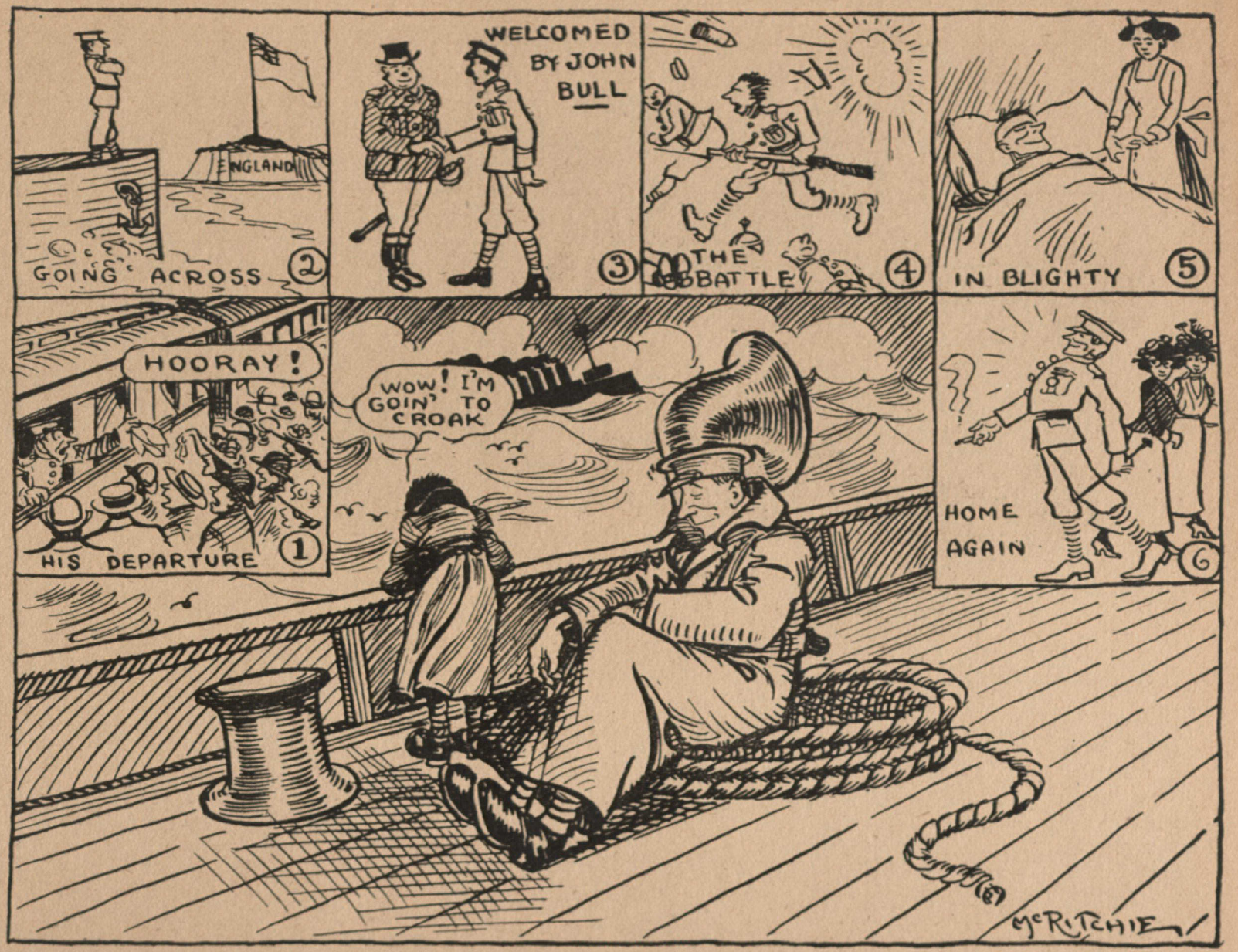
"Dear, I came 'Home' months ago, and found it full of strangers too worried and busy to think of me. Would I turn my home down because she began to care about me?"

"I don't quite follow, Tom."

"Why, a man's mate is his home, if she'll go with him. Can you face the seas, and Canada beyond them, for the sake of me?"

"Why should an English girl be afraid of the seas or of Canada now?"

[THE END.]



By Gunner McRitchie, C.E.F.

THE DREAM THAT DOESN'T ALWAYS COME TRUE

UPON DISCOVERING "CHLORINE" IN THE MORNING COCOA

[*Note.*—The closest watch is maintained by the Army medical authorities over the water supply which Tommy uses in France. All water before it is used is treated with more or less copious quantities of chloride of lime (which Tommy invariably calls "Chlorine"). This adds anything but a pleasant flavour to the beverages and foods into the preparation of which the "doped" water enters. Chloride of lime is also used extensively in camps, in trenches, and on the battlefield, for purposes that will be readily apparent. Many are the supplications which reach the Battalion "M.O."—medical officer—urging him to omit "Chlorine" from the cooking water, but, invariably, he is adamantine.]

THOU art no maiden fair to see,
Chlorine;
Thou art no dame of high degree,
Chlorine!
And yet, and yet, who canst forget
Chlorine?

By day I see thee at my feet,
Chlorine!
Were I at thine, 'twould be more meet,
Chlorine!
You come, you go, like driven snow,
Chlorine!

At meals I have my tea with thee,
Chlorine!
Dost think I could forget? Ah, me!
Chlorine!
With soup, with fish, with ev'ry dish—
Chlorine!

Yet, while I'm faithful thus to thee,
Chlorine!
Another claims thy constancy,
Chlorine!
You love, I know, our fell M.O.,
Chlorine!
Thou art his strength whate'er betide,
Chlorine!
Long since he claimed thee for his bride,
Chlorine!
Thou'lt at his side in death abide,
Chlorine!

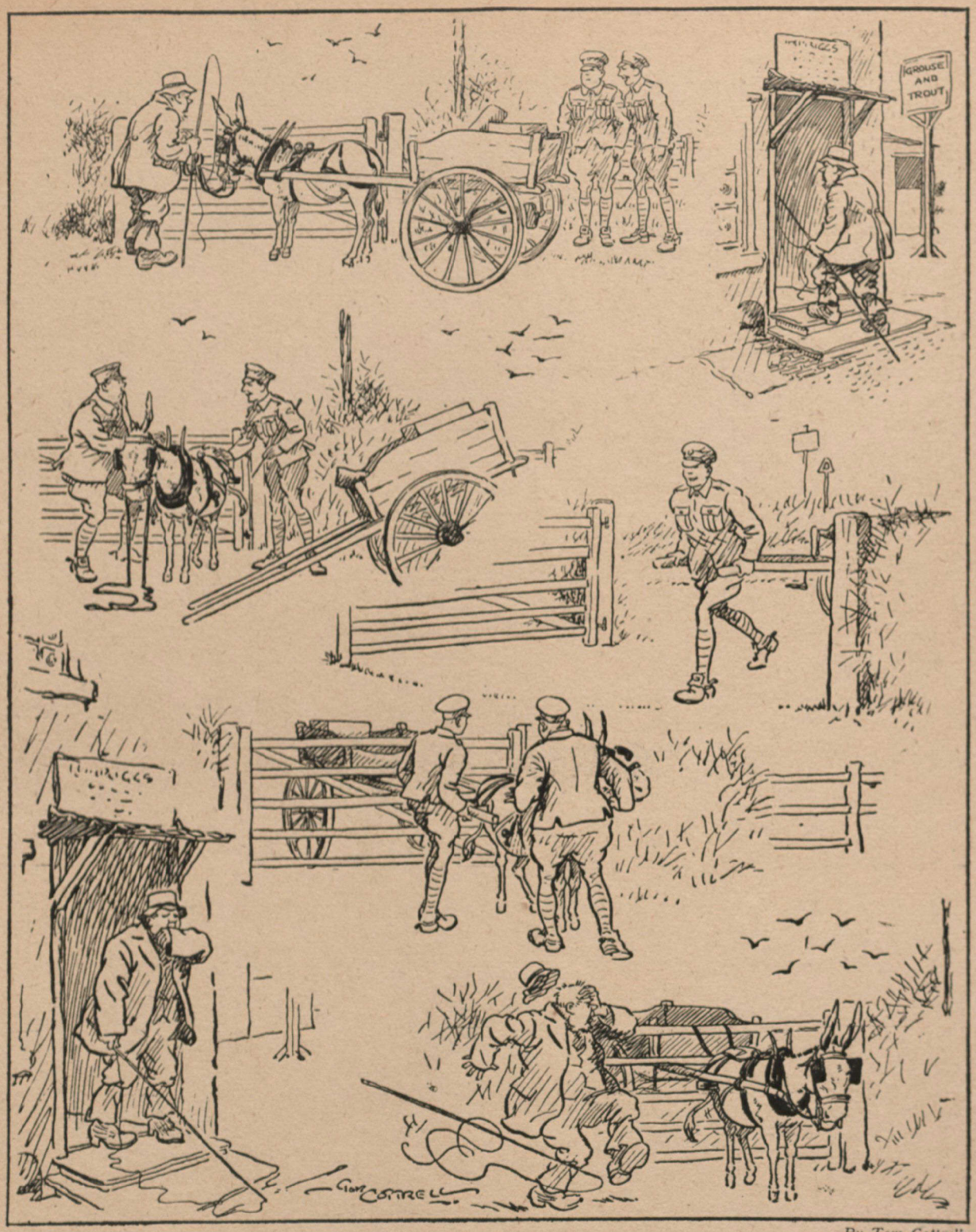
Ah, wanton! when this war is o'er,
Chlorine!
I pray I'll never see thee more,
Chlorine!
That thou may'st grace some other place,
Chlorine!

C. L. ARMSTRONG.

France, 1916.

By J. Hassall, R.I.

City Barber: "Little bay rum, sir?"
Canuck (on leave): "How about leaving out the 'bay'?"



By Tom Cottrell

ANOTHER CANDIDATE FOR THE BLUE RIBBON

By Frederick Garnett

Dooley (in captured German trench): "Can you read that, Jim?"
Jim (late Champion Cornet Player): "Nope, but I think I could play it!"

IN BAILLEUL (March 17, 1916)

BAILLEUL is old and not beautiful. Its streets are narrow and its squares are treeless. One can imagine it as being exceedingly stuffy and commonplace in times of peace. When approached from the north it lures one with an irregular and romantic silhouette which promises vague delights—the adventures, the relaxations, the frivolity, and comforts of a city. Alas! these things are not realised here. This is not a city. Yet Bailleul has been in close touch with romance and history for hundreds of years. Centuries ago it was laid siege to by an English Army. I cannot be more definite in this matter of the siege, as the only books near enough to hand for immediate reference are a Field Service Pocket Book and an English-French Dictionary.

Once upon a time the Three Musketeers rode through Bailleul, clattering over the pavé at a rate that no conscientious A.P.M. would permit nowadays. The old town continues to stand dull and treeless in the midst of history and romance.

On the afternoon of March 17, 1916, in the square across which the converted Hôtel de Ville faces an unconverted and musty hostelry, a French General was ceremoniously received by a Canadian General of equal rank, a French guard of honour was met by a Canadian guard of honour of equal strength, French and Canadian brass bands performed,

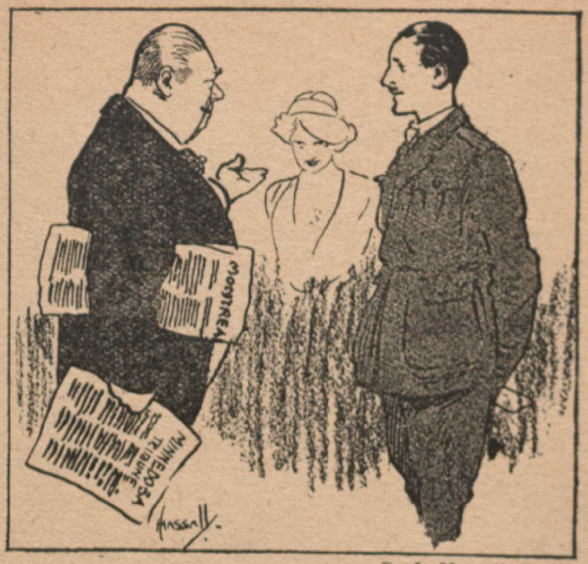
and the efforts of French trumpets were seconded by the best endeavours of Canadian pipes and drums. French civilians and English and Canadian soldiers crowded the sides of the square and surveyed the scene from the windows of houses, shops, and estaminets. The fathers of the town stood grouped in one corner, arrayed like Solomon in all his mourning. From some of the commanding windows particularly pretty girls looked forth.

The cause of all this ceremonious, martial, and affectionate display stood in single rank in the middle of the square with their backs to the Headquarters of the Canadian Corps and their faces to the musty hotel and one wing of the French guard of honour. They were Canadian officers and men who were to receive French orders and medals from the French General, in recognition of distinguished services and heroic deeds.

The exact sequence of events is not very clear in my mind. General D'Oissel inspected the Canadian guard of honour, accompanied by General Sir Edwin Alderson and a mixed staff. Then General Alderson inspected the French guard of honour, pausing frequently to question the wearers of decorations. The French band played "The Marseillaise," and all the spectators cheered. The French colours advanced, carried by a lieutenant and guarded by a colour-party with fixed bayonets, and took up a position facing the centre of the rank of Canadians to be decorated. It was just then, I think, that the French trumpets did some fine work.

On the right of the line stood the officers who were to become Officers and Chevaliers of the Legion of Honour—two brigadier-generals, a lieutenant-colonel, a major, and several captains. One by one they were addressed by the French General and struck on both shoulders with the sword. Then each was decorated and kissed on both cheeks. The Médaille Militaire and the Croix de Guerre were next pinned on, and all the officer-recipients received the salute of brotherhood on both cheeks.

Glory is not won here without risk of death. We were sharply reminded of this fact during the presentation of the Crosses of the Legion of Honour, when the General Officer commanding the First Canadian Division stepped forward and received the Cross so valiantly won and so dearly paid for by Captain George Richardson, late of the Second Canadian Infantry Battalion.



By J. Hassall, R.I.

Mr. Miggs (sternly): "Weren't you kissing my daughter when I disturbed you?"

Reggie: "Yes, sir. Have you any apology to make?"

In the meantime a British aeroplane circled high above the crowded square, on guard in the soft grey sky.

The Canadian band, hidden somewhere in the neck of a little side street behind a flank of our guard of honour, struck up "O, Canada!" I know nothing of the musical value of this composition; but it always stirs in me the tenderest emotions. I have heard it many times, and in many places, since my last sight of Canada; and here, in the old French town, I was more deeply moved than ever by the familiar strains. Picture it—and if you are a Canadian by adoption, by service, or by many generations of citizenship, you will understand. The spring sky had dulled, since noon, to a soft grey. In the centre of the square were the French and Canadian generals, the Canadians whose breasts had been so recently decorated, and the French colours. On two sides of the square were the

smoke-blue, steel-capped ranks of the French soldiery, and on two sides the khaki ranks of the Canadians, and around all the French women and children and British fighting men; French sisters in their great white head-dresses; the faces of men and women at the crowded windows aglow with pride and friendliness, and over all and through all, thrilling the mild Flemish afternoon and hundreds of valiant Canadian hearts, the music of our Canadian Anthem:

"O, Canada! we stand on guard for thee!"

The ceremony ended soon after this. The guards of honour, the bands, the trumpeters and the pipers marched away. The generals, the heroes, the officers and the crowds dispersed, and as I moved towards the nearest tea-room with one of the winners of glory, the thought came to me that it was in the old, dead days, when France and England used to fight one another on land and sea, that the phrase "our friend the enemy" was created. It is a phrase that shall never again be used by Frenchmen or by Englishmen, for now and for ever our friends are our friends, and our enemies are our enemies.

The ceremony is passed, but the spirit of it lives on.

Behind Canada's battle-front in France, within sound of Canada's guns, we had received honour and love at the hands of France. The cub of the old lion had been crowned, with the old lion looking proudly on.

Canada had lived a great day!

T. G. R.

By A. Chantrey Corbould

Wounded Canadian: "As I was being carried away in the ammunition wagon——"
Visitor: "Surely you mean the ambulance wagon?"
Wounded Canadian: "No, I don't! I was so blamed full of bullets they put me in the ammunition wagon!"

THE REFUGEE

By H. SMALLEY SARSON

THE cobbled road, with rustling poplars lined,
Stretches before me, reaches back behind
Where fields, dyke-bordered, lie dusty and bare,
Shimmering and dancing in the glare.
Breaking the silence of the noonday heat,
A piteous shuffling of weary feet,
An infant's cry, a child that's lost and calls,
A sob as some poor tired cripple falls;
I watch, the tide of sorrow onward runs
To the accompaniment of distant guns.

An old man white with age, a year-old bride,
Her younger sister trembling at her side;
A mother with her family of four
Staring dry-eyed, trudging on before
Her boy, who walks as going to the grave,
Pushing a cart with all that they could save,
Sticks and a chair, a jug, a crust of bread,
The only things they rescued from the dead;
Such are the sights that make my heart recoil,
Blocking the roads that lead from Belgian soil.

They never smile, these peasants passing by,
They do not laugh or chatter as they fly
And leave their homes in the invaders' hand,
Whilst they beg succour from an alien land.
Sometimes a wife, with red and swollen eyes,
Scarce noticing her baby's piteous cries,
Will sob her tale of sorrow, but no smile
Will greet you as they flee mile after mile;
For, ever with the hapless traveller runs
The distant muttering of giant guns.

A farmer's cart, its heavy swaying load
Threatening to fall upon the cobbled road,
Passes; the child perched high upon the top
Cries to the jaded steed if it should stop;
The farmer and his wife, a dog or so,
Follow; though they know not where they go.
And then a girl, alone, clutched to her breast
Her few possessions; onward she hurries lest
She, too, should perish; I try to calm her fears.
This is her tale of misery and tears:

In happiness they lived, life was a game
Six months ago, and then the Germans came.
Her father and her brothers faced the foe,
She had not seen them since and did not know
If they were living or if they were dead;
Her mother and her three young sisters fled
To seek whatever comfort they could find,
Leaving all they loved and prized behind;
Yet one by one they died, and now bereft
Of all her family, she alone was left.

She told me of her home, the tiny farm
Nestling amongst the trees, rich with the charm
That only years of care and toil can bring;
How every morn the convent bells would ring
And wake them, to a day untinged with care:
Now, only blackened walls were standing there,
The crumbling bricks lay scattered all around,
A few charred rafters rotting on the ground,
A rusty plough, some broken garden tools,
Left by the lust of Kings, the greed of Fools.

She had a lover. Ah! her eyes grew dim,
Her lips, in anguish, showed her thoughts of him;
As children together often they would play,
Till growing passion chased their games away
And left them shy, scarce knowing what to do,
Longing yet finding not the way to woo.
Becoming bolder as the years passed,
She yielded her red lips to him at last
As his betrothed, his wife she would have been;
Then gruesome war thrust its sword between.

And so she goes—to join the crowd again,
The crowd of refugees that search in vain,
And I am left alone to ponder long
Upon their misery, upon their wrong.
I told her, "God will set your country free."
"God! There is no God," she answered me.
And so the more I think the more perplexed
My mind becomes, till lastly sorely vexed
I write the evidence for all to see:
The sorrows of a Belgian Refugee.

(*Written at Vlamertinghe and Poperinghe, April*, 1915).

By Fred Pegram

Irate Colonel: "Why didn't you stop when I waved my hand?"
Conductress: "I thought you were waving to *me*, sir!"

MONTRÉAL AU FRONT DE FRANCE

By RENÉ D'AVRIL

Beaux et forts, l'œil hardi, cambrant leur haute taille,
Affrontant les dangers, trop connus—la mitraille,
Les gaz, le froid, le chaud, la boue, et loin des leurs,
Ne pensant qu'au Pays dont flottent les couleurs,
Pays qui les rassemble en un même uniforme
Ils sont aux premiers rangs de cette lutte énorme :
Héros de bronze clair qu'envierait un sculpteur !

Ils ont quitté le seuil du logis enchanteur.
Plus de rires d'enfants, sous le ciel gris de France,
Mais l'attaque de nuit, l'implacable défense,
Et la Gloire qui passe en funèbre appareil.

Si vous les écoutez, leur langage est pareil
A celui qu'affinaient Racine et La Bruyère,
C'est un parc d'autrefois, doré par la lumière ;
Beaux mots des jours anciens, alignés noblement.

Ce langage de choix n'est pas un ornement,
C'est ainsi qu'ils parlaient à leur mère, à leurs frères. . . .
Leurs âmes n'étaient pas à notre âme étrangères,
Et leur double Patrie a le même Idéal.

. . . Ils sont du Canada, non loin de Montréal. . . .
Vaste image, émergeant des brouillards de la Somme :
O grands lacs, ô grands fleuves lents, grands champs de blé,
Pays où tout est grand, même le cœur de l'homme !

Paris, Hôpital de l'Écosse.

"THE DEAD WON'T HURT THE SPRING"

"Don't let's lose hope ; the trials of hope are many, but all beauty lives for ever. . . . The dead won't hurt the spring."—"The Times" Literary Supplement.

Whatever men may say, there is no end ;
Only a quiet sleep.
Through all the ages deep calls unto deep,
And ever spending Earth has still to spend.

Why, yesteryear the firstling snowdrops died,
The violets passed away ;
Yet the sweet essence spilt from flower and spray
Was lost not, nor cast heedlessly aside.

White flowers are drifting in the winds again,
And fragrant perfumes blow ;
Each Spring-tide has this miracle to show ;
A richer beauty fashioned from the slain.
The sleepers know not rain, nor snow, nor frost ;
I wonder if they keep
Beneath the willow in silent sleep
A dear remembrance of the Spring-tides lost ?

After the rain an early skylark sings
Outside my curtained room ;
So would I he should sing about your tomb
The radiant song that every Spring-tide brings.

Alfred Turner.

Printed by Cassell & Company, Limited, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C. 4