The . . .
Canadian
Scottish

"Seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne."

THE CANADIAN SCOTTISH

Stray Papers by a Private

WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY
BRIGADIER-GENERAL R. G. EDWARDS LECKIE, C.M.G.

ABERDEEN:
THE ROSEMOUNT PRESS
1915

Dedicated to the memory of the lads of the Canadian Scottish killed in action.

"They told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead,
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed.
I wept, as I remembered, how often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky."

The Canadian Scottish

COMPOSED OF

The 50th Gordon Highlanders of Canada (Victoria, B.C.)

The 79th Cameron Highlanders of Canada (Winnipeg)

The 91st Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders of Canada (Hamilton, Ont.)

The 72nd Seaforth Highlanders of Canada (Vancouver, B.C.)

J. EDWARDS LECKIE, D.S.O.,
Commanding Officer.

The Canadian Scottish

comprised of

The 50th Gordon Highlanders of Canada (Victoria, B.C.)

The 79th Cameron Highlanders of Canada (Winnipeg)

The 91st Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders of Canada (Hamilton, Ont.)

The 72nd Seaforth Highlanders of Canada (Vancouver, B.C.)

J. Edwards Leckie, D.S.O.,
Commanding Officer

PREFATORY NOTE.

Brigadier-General Leckie—to whom I owe more than he will ever probably understand—in his Introduction has explained the scope of this work.

These articles lay claim to nothing. They are just, as I said in the preface to the first issue, floatsam and jetsam. I have not even attempted to revise or correct. They are phases of life—phases that weave us into the warp and woof, written by one, if I may say so, who alas! is more of a spectator than an actor. But I do lay claim to this: they were written out of sheer love for my Battalion. They may seem to the general reader meaningless and in that I entirely agree, but to those fellows who know something of the shadow, I think they will mean more than that. I trust and hope that I am not foolish enough to suppose that these articles and observations refer only to the Canadian Scottish. We are not thus circumscribed. We are more catholic in our outlook. It is a phase that represents the whole of the Canadian Contingent, and indeed the whole of the British Expeditionary Force—that great example of pluck and rare endurance which thrills one who thinks. These brave fellows indeed lift high the banners of hope and cheerfulness.

But if this is a Christmas greeting from the lads in the trenches,

it might also be a message to those who are "keeping the gate." We are apt so often to exaggerate the soldier's share in the struggle and tempted so often to forget those who are in some degree the real sufferers. They endure outside the limelight.

I have to acknowledge my indebtedness to the various newspapers for their permission to reproduce my articles, *i.e.*, *The Aberdeen Free Press*, *The Winnipeg Free Press*, *The Spectator*, Hamilton, Ontario, and *The World*, Vancouver.

To the editor and proprietors of the London *Sunday Times* for permission to reproduce "Sursum," I am grateful. To Sir Owen Seaman and the proprietors of *Punch* for their willing permission to reproduce "The Younger Son," I am more than grateful. I wish I could lay claim to the authorship of both these verses. "The Younger Son" specially appeals to me. He is a type so often glibly classified by those who unfortunately are too often "at ease in Zion" as the "Ne'er-do-weel"—the "Remittance Man." That may be so, but when England's back is at the wall this "Ne'er-do-weel" shines as a saint and hero. I cannot get away from this fact that there are moments in all our lives of vehement receptivity; when in some miraculous way we see the vision.

Two other acknowledgments! It is exceedingly difficult to correct and watch proofs situated where I am at present, but they were left in safe hands. To Miss Hellenor Michie, M.A., for her care of the booklet as it passed through the press, I owe more than I can express. And I owe grateful thanks to The Rosemount Press for their promptness and efficiency.

One word more, and without fear of misunderstanding. To some of us this war has been a prolonged and colossal picnic, but, thank God, to the vast majority it has been the "Refiner's fire."

J. F. CADENHEAD.

FRANCE, *20th November*, 1915.

Sursum.

I saw his dread plume gleaming
As he rode down the line,
And cried like one a-dreaming,
"That man, and that, is mine!"

They did not fail or falter
Because his front so shone;
His horse's golden halter
With star-dust thick was sown.

They followed him like seigneurs,
Proud both of mien and mind—
Colonels and old campaigners,
And bits of lads new-joined.

A glittering way he showed them
Beyond the dim outpost,
And in his tents bestowed them—
White as the Holy Ghost.

And, by the clear watch-fires,
They talk with conquerors,
And have their hearts' desires,
And praise the honest wars.

And each of them in raiment
Of honour goeth drest,
And hath his fee and payment,
And glory on his breast. . .

Oh, woman, that sit'st weeping—
Close, like the stricken dove—
He is in goodly keeping,
The soldier thou did'st love.

X.

One word more and without fear of misunderstanding. To some of us this war has been a prolonged and colossal picnic, but, thank God, to the vast majority it has been the "Refiner's fire."

L. F. CADENHEAD, [illegible]

FRANCE, 20th December, 1915.

Sursum.

Past his dreadful glamour
As the rode [illegible] the [illegible]
And cried like [illegible],
"That man, and that, is mine!"

They did not fail or falter
Because his tremendous [illegible]
His horse's golden halter
With [illegible] was [illegible].

They followed him like sergeants,
Proud, both of men and guns—
Colonels and old campaigners,
And [illegible] of lads [illegible].

A glittering way he showed them
Beyond the dim outposts,
And in his tents bestowed them—
White as the Holy Ghost.

And, by the clear watch-fires,
They talk with conquerors,
And have their hearts' desires,
And praise the human wars.

And each of them in raiment
Of honour goeth drest,
And hath his fee and payment,
And glory on his breast.

Oh woman, that art weeping—
[illegible] like the stricken dove—
He is in goodly keeping,
The soldier thou didst love.

X

INTRODUCTION.

Private Cadenhead has asked me to write an introduction to his second edition of "The Canadian Scottish."

From the number of letters received, it was more than evident that the first issue was appreciated, and this second edition—larger in size and covering a wider range of subjects—will appeal alike to the Battalion and to those who follow with interest the doings of the Battalion. But this issue has also a wider object. It has been suggested, and indeed the suggestion came from Canada, that copies be made available in the four Canadian towns, Victoria, Winnipeg, Hamilton, and Vancouver—the homes of the Canadian Scottish. If that is made possible, the proceeds of the sale, after deducting the cost of publication, will go towards some fund likely to be of direct benefit to the Canadian Contingent. After consultation with the Canadian Red Cross, it has been agreed that the proceeds of the sale be left in the hands of the officers in charge of the various regiments, *i.e.*, the 50th Gordon Highlanders of Canada (Victoria, B.C.), the 79th Cameron Highlanders of Canada (Winnipeg), the 91st Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders of Canada (Hamilton, Ont.), and the 72nd Seaforth Highlanders of Canada (Vancouver, B.C.), and it will be left entirely to these officers to judge the cause they consider the most worthy. Personally, my feeling is, the whole proceeds should be handed over to the Canadian Red Cross. The good work that is being done by this band of tireless workers under Colonel Hodgetts, Commissioner to the Overseas Contingent, requires no eulogy from

me. It is too well known. But I want it to be understood that the officers are in no way hampered in the disbursements, so long as the money is devoted to some cause directly benefiting those who are prepared to sacrifice all.

I should like to say one word more. Although rather late in the day, I wish this preface to be regarded as a farewell message as Commanding Officer of the Canadian Scottish. Looking back, I have nothing but praise for the loyalty and sense of honour of the 16th Battalion. It was that loyalty and rare courage that brought us through many a perilous crisis. But what I enjoyed, I wish others to enjoy—loyalty to the Commanding Officer, loyalty to the Company Officers—which incidentally means loyalty to fellow-comrades. In such loyalty lies the whole secret of the success or failure of a Battalion. There are times, I know, when we are apt almost to weary in well-doing. The monotony of life, the drudgery, and the weary days and nights of siege warfare are more than exacting—but it is all service—service for the "honour of civilization," as Kipling so happily puts it. And if I were to speak to the men of the Battalion personally I would say this: never forget that your Battalion has traditions to uphold, and never forget those of your comrades who are maimed; and when you are tempted to chafe under the yoke, never forget those who have laid down their lives in order that the British Empire might enjoy a full and lasting liberty.

R. G. EDWARDS LECKIE,

Brigadier-General, 3rd Canadian Infantry Brigade,
France.

From Canada to Salisbury Plain.

"What of the faith and fire within us
Men who march away
Ere the barn-cocks say
Night is growing gray,
To hazards whence no tears can win us;
What of the faith and fire within us
Men who march away?"

—*Thomas Hardy.*

Of late we have heard much regarding the loyalty of the Colonies. A great deal has been clap-trap—a great deal has been the outcome of ignorance and not of knowledge. It is not my intention to enter into any controversy as regards the loyalty of Canada to the Motherland—that would neither be timely nor politic. My object is to give some idea of what Canada has done and is prepared to do in these evil days. But in passing I would draw attention to two incidents, and for reasons sufficiently obvious—the rejection of the Navy Bill by the Senate, and the voting of close on 60,000,000 dollars for war purposes immediately England became involved in this great European conflict. These two incidents speak for themselves. When it came to the real test politics were brushed aside, and we listened to speeches from both sides of the House which left no doubt that Canada would show to the enemies of Britain true imperial co-operation. As I say, these incidents need not be enlarged upon. They serve as a preface.

Like most places, whether in England, Australia, or Africa, the whole of the Canadian cities were ablaze with excitement when England declared war on Germany. Recruiting stations were thronged

with old and young, some older, I fear, than they were willing to admit, but each and every one imbued with the one idea—to render to England what help he could. Canada at all costs must stand under the majesty of the British flag.

I enlisted in the 72nd Seaforth Highlanders of Canada at Vancouver. We mobilised on 10th August, and were temporarily housed in the skating rink. Here the work of equipping one's self for the fighting line began in real earnest.

Space forbids to dwell at any length on my experience in Vancouver; suffice it to say we were well cared for and kept hard at work, but as the days wore on we became more and more impatient—impatient to get nearer to the Front. At last the order came to prepare for the journey to Quebec. And here let me say something in passing as regards the distances in Canada. From Vancouver to Quebec takes just exactly six days and six nights, and I mention this to bring home to you the difficulties Canada had to encounter in the way of mobilisation.

But I will have occasion to refer to this later on. Before leaving Vancouver each volunteer was supplied with a full rig-out—warm underclothing, socks, boots, overcoat, hair brush, razor, sweater, gloves, etc.

We left Vancouver on Saturday amid wild enthusiasm. We reached Valcartier, our camping ground, on the following Friday. If the send-off was enthusiastic in Vancouver, it was no less so all along the route. No one can over-rate this enthusiasm, and for long years to come residents of the many towns and villages will remember the scene when the Canadian Highlanders passed on their way to the Front. We received every consideration at the hands of the C.P.R. They fed us well and provided mattresses and pillows for the long journey. As I say, we reached our camping destination six days after leaving Vancouver. It were impossible to conceive a place better suited for mobilisation than Valcartier. It is within easy reach of Quebec, yet sufficiently far from the madding crowd. Here we got our first taste of life under canvas. It would take far too long to give

anything like a detailed description of the training; it was similar to that of Vancouver, with the addition of musketry drill; every other day we were marched to the rifle range—which, by the way, for size is almost the largest and finest in the world. But I cannot proceed without referring to the camping ground itself, and the colossal task of preparation. Within something like two weeks after the mobilisation order, over 32,000 men were gathered together from all quarters of Canada in this plain. The sanitary conditions were ideal; there was an ample water supply, and the best of facilities for cooking purposes. I leave it to the imagination to picture what the camp was like—a veritable town with close on 35,000 inhabitants—one long main street, lit by electricity, and as far as the eye can reach one long, unbroken line of tents—canteens or stores galore, where you may buy almost anything from tobacco to a needle. If you were in need of facilities for writing or reading, there were two large marquees provided by the Y.M.C.A.—and here a word of praise is due. Those in charge of this institution were most assiduous for the welfare and comfort of the men. They not only provided facilities for writing and reading, but they endeavoured to relieve the monotony of camp life by concerts and other healthy recreations.

But to the voyage. Valcartier, of course, to those of us who journeyed from British Columbia, was only a half-way house. We were there to matriculate, so to speak. And so again we got restless, we were eager for the Front; the firing-line was what we were all clamouring for. One more step in the journey, and we embarked on the troopship "Andian," bound for Europe. What our destination was we knew not—indeed, we knew absolutely nothing until planked down on Salisbury Plain. Of the voyage, there is little to tell—physical drill and muster parade in the forenoon, lectures in the afternoon. It might, for the men, have been an ordinary third-class journey from Canada to England, unless perchance you looked abroad and saw something like 30 vessels in close proximity, carefully guarded—had the Old Country for them? In this connection I can imagine the impressions of those who had been born and brought up in Canada

and who saw the shores of England for the first time. What welcome had the Old Country for them? In this connection I can imagine nothing more appropriate than the welcome Lord Rosebery gave to the Colonial press delegates some five years ago. "After all, I may speak to you for hours, and I can only sum up what I have to say in the two simple words with which I began, 'Welcome Home.' Welcome home to the home of your language, your liberties, and your race. Welcome home to the source of your Parliaments, of your free institutions, and of this immeasurable Empire. Welcome home to the supreme head of all these dominions, your King. Welcome home to this and to anything besides that we in all brotherhood and affection can offer you."

Salisbury Plain I feel quite unable to describe; it would require the pen of a Thomas Hardy to do it justice, but there is one thing I should like to record *en passant*, namely, our first introduction to Salisbury Plain. We left Plymouth in the evening, and arrived at a wayside station about 3 in the morning—one of these cold, raw, English mornings. We were in full marching order. At this wayside station we were told the distance was only something like four miles. It turned out to be nearer fourteen, and to me it seemed about forty. For the first time I disagreed with Robert Louis Stevenson in his "El Dorado," that "to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive." Weird, indeed, was that journey—pitch dark, a few isolated houses by the way, and here and there a blind raised to learn the meaning of so much tramping. Again and again the lines of that little classic, which will never insult any Greek Anthology, "A Shropshire Lad," would recur:—

> The street sounds to the soldiers' tread,
> And out we troop to see:
> A single redcoat turns his head,
> He turns and looks at me.
>
> My man, from sky to sky's so far,
> We never crossed before;
> Such leagues apart the world's ends are,
> We're like to meet no more.

What thoughts at heart have you and I
We cannot stop to tell;
But dead or living, drunk, or dry,
Soldier, I wish you well.

At seven-thirty we reached our camp at Salisbury Plain, pretty much "all in." Here we have settled down to rigorous training. There is much I could add to this description—the kindness and consideration of our officers—the fine stamp of men one is thrown in contact with—the *esprit de corps*—all this, as you will readily understand, goes to oil the wheels of strict military discipline. Of the men—there is scarcely a public school that is not represented, Eton, Harrow, Loretto, Fettes, and the best of the public schools of Canada. Of the physique of the men, is it not a significant fact that only 5 per cent. were rejected as medically unfit—and that unfitness was deficient eyesight? Of course, I am not foolish enough to suppose or to affirm that everything goes smoothly. Just as in every other walk of life, there are the ups and the downs. You meet, as you do in every regiment, the born critic and objector—and nothing in God's earth was ever accomplished by him. You meet those who air their grievances in the public press, sneaking under anonymity—to them even the Archangel Gabriel would give offence. But enough.

After all, what does all this mean? Is it to end when Germany is crushed, or is it to be the beginning of fuller national greatness—of closer unity? If that is so, then this war may be a blessing in disguise. There are worse things than war—national lethargy, national decadence. Closer imperial unity—that, among other things, is what we are striving for. This should be the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, and what is more likely to bring about this consummation than this great and terrible crisis? The late Joseph Chamberlain, trying to impress the fact that the day of small nations and small ideas had passed away, and the day of Empires begun, urged us to think imperially, for the sense of greatness keeps a nation great. And so we from Canada, if in God's providence we are spared to return, will, I trust, do something towards the cementing

of the Dominion to the Motherland, and this from no sentimental point of view, but in the conviction that it is absolutely essential to national greatness. The Dominion of Canada has given, and will give, of her best. Surely not all in vain!

Christmas on Salisbury Plain.

The Canadian Scottish have spent Christmas Day in camp on Salisbury Plain, and it may not be inappropriate to give some idea of what the day was like. Never, perhaps, has there been such a terrible Christmas, certainly not in the history of this country, unless we go back to the Coronation of William the Conqueror in the year 1066. But I do not wish to dwell on the misery and sorrow, and other evils that war brings in its train. At a time like this we would fain strike a note more cheerful. Let those who were anxious as to our Christmas in camp disabuse their minds of everything but one fact—it was a day full of fun and good humour—a day of happiness.

By the way, let me mention that many were absent from camp on Christmas Day. Each man was granted a week's leave on full pay, with a free railway ticket to any part of the Kingdom. The leave was divided into three parts, the week before Christmas, Christmas week, and New Year week.

Christmas Day with the Canadian Scottish may be said to have commenced with a voluntary church parade at midnight, on Christmas Eve, for the celebration of Holy Communion. This service, of course, is too sacred to dwell upon; but there was one thing that did strike home, and that was the singing of the well-known Christmas hymn:—

> Hark! the herald angels sing
> Glory to the new-born King,
> Peace on earth and mercy mild.

"Peace on earth"—with Europe an armed camp! The words seemed almost a mockery. But enough! Reveille was sounded at 7.30, instead of the usual hour, and some wag in our hut—for we all live

in huts now—ushered in the day with a tune on the gramophone. Curse his memory! Then the scurry to get breakfast over, for it takes some time for everyone to be shaved and washed so as to look his best at battalion parade. This parade, by the way, was called in order to convey to the men certain messages—a happy Christmas to one and all from our Colonel, and numerous friends in Canada. But perhaps the most important of all that the Colonel had to tell us was the announcement that we leave for France at an early date. It was almost with difficulty the men refrained from cheering. It was a most welcome announcement, for truth to tell, we are all heartily sick of Salisbury Plain, with its ceaseless rain and mud; besides, it is bringing us nearer to the trenches, and it was to get to them that we left Canada. When Colonel Leckie wished us many happy returns of the day, there was just a slight touch of pathos in his voice as he said that at a crisis like this we could not all hope to see another. Of course not; but that carries no terrors.

After parade, a rush is made for the hut to await the Christmas mail—greetings and gifts from loved ones in Canada, and in the Old Country. What a weird collection these gifts are! Christmas cakes, socks, mince pies, sweaters, woollen caps, butter-scotch, mits, tobacco. And then there is the general share-up of the cakes and sweets, for each one shares with another. The forenoon passes swiftly and with some anticipation, for, tell it not in Gath, we are getting away from the ordinary Mulligan dinner. Let me say what Mulligan really is—it is a sort of a cross between Irish stew and heaven knows what; and after five solid months there is a touch of sameness about it. However, on the day of all days, a visit to the kitchen reveals the fact that a beanfeast is in store. Turkey, roast beef, plum pudding, all the usual Christmas fare is in preparation. There is no general fag, and each and everyone takes his share in the cleaning of the hut and the peeling of the potatoes. A word of special praise is due to the cook. There is little rest for him, and his duties are of the most arduous. Rain or shine, he must be at his post, and so one's sympathy goes out. By the way, who was it

that said, "Sympathy is a thing to be encouraged apart from humane considerations, because it supplies us with the materials for wisdom"?

Whether it be our last Christmas or not, no pains are being spared to make it one of the happiest. War and all its attendant horrors—who cares?

Who lives if England dies? Who dies if England lives?

I sometimes think that too much is made of the soldier's endurance and sacrifice, and I am fortified in that belief after five months' training with the Canadian Contingent. Really, after all, there is little to complain of. Of course, hardships have to be endured, but then we made up our minds to endure, or at least we should have. True, we have at times disagreeable work, we have to wade through mud ankle deep, the food becomes monotonous, and there are the usual irritating concerns just as there are in every walk of life. But aren't these trivial compared with what the real sufferers have to endure? We have clothing and shelter, food and pocket money, congenial companionship; and what more need a man ask? When we complain, do we ever pause to think of the countless thousands who have to endure without the applause of the multitude? War or no war, ends have to be met, the dishes have to be washed, and the socks must be darned. Reduced incomes, anxiety as to the safety of the bread-winner—these are the hardships that have every claim on the bowels of our compassion.

But I am tempted to wander. It is just close on dinner time—and, by the way, did I mention the decoration of our hut? There were busy hands the day before Christmas, and the appearance of the hut was transformed: holly, mistletoe; in the centre the Canadian and Scottish flags—fit emblems. Instead of eating on the floor, we arrange one long table and decorate it as best we can. True, we have no tablecloth, but it is wonderful what a few newspapers will do. Everything is in full swing when we are paid a surprise visit by the Colonel. He drinks the health of the company, and wishes one and all the best of days. It is just the right touch, and we feel proud.

But what of the toast list? It might be the toast list for a Lord Mayor's banquet. Our King, the Army, the Navy, our commerce, absent friends, our brothers in the trenches, and even the toast of our enemies. Never have I enjoyed such a time, and it would be difficult to realise what our mission in England is. The shadow of this appalling catastrophe is never thought of. It is Christmas, and each and everyone throws himself into the spirit of the great day.

But how quickly the afternoon flies; already it is 5 o'clock, and I have accepted an invitation to dine with another company. There it is even more enjoyable, if that be possible. The table simply groans. What boots it if you eat your turkey with your pocket knife, and the Christmas cake is cut with a bayonet? The spirit of cheerfulness is abroad. There are amusing reminiscences of experiences as Volunteers, some of them scarcely for ears polite; songs, recitations, and last, but not least, a dance. Never have I seen the sailor's hornpipe and Highland schottische danced with such vim. I wish one could have taken all these young, able-bodied fellows who still sit at home, and have shown them this gathering—I daresay it was just of a piece with the numerous other gatherings among those who are ready to lay down their lives for their country—it might have inspired them with some enthusiasm. I sometimes wonder how they will appear when arraigned at the bar of posterity. Time and again I think of these lines of Housman's:—

> Far I hear the bugle blow
> To call me where I would not go;
> And the guns begin the song—
> Soldier, fly, or stay for long.
>
> Comrade, if to turn and fly
> Made a soldier never die,
> Fly I would, for who would not?
> 'Tis sure no pleasure to be shot.
>
> But since the man who runs away
> Lives to die another day,
> And cowards' funerals, when they come,
> Are not wept so well at home,

Therefore, though the best is bad,
Stand and do the best, my lad;
Stand and fight, and see your slain,
And take the bullet in your brain.

But enough. I have seen Christmas Day in Scotland, England, France, Switzerland, Egypt, South Africa, and Canada, but never have I enjoyed a Christmas like the Christmas spent with the Canadian Scottish on Salisbury Plain. The cheerfulness and pluck of these fellows gathered from all quarters of the great Dominion may be regarded as the best augury for the work they will accomplish in the trenches. "They may be dear to friends and food for powder," but they are metal! But I listen. The bugle. Lights out.

The night at Thy command comes;
I will sleep, and will not question more.

The Night Watches.*

This article is written in order to record an impression of "Listening Post," but before I proceed, let me just for a moment try to give something of an idea of what front-trench life is like. Let me say at the outset that for the present the Battalion is fortunate in this respect; for some time back we have been occupying trenches that are, comparatively speaking, luxurious—if one could apply such a term to the subterranean passages we must watch and ward for five or six days at a stretch. Compared with some of the trenches the Battalion has passed through, they are comfortable and sanitary, and if you could see them as I saw them some days ago for the first time, you would come to the conclusion that life here is not so very bad after all. But don't think for a moment I am going to give you the dimensions of the trenches or a description of the dug-outs, for in the first place it would never pass censorship, and in the second, it would probably bore you to distraction Besides it has been described to death. We have been in billets now for some time and the order has come from headquarters that we must give relief to another battalion. Except in the orderly room there is little packing to be done. You soon learn to dispense with all superfluous luggage. Do several tramps of twelve to fifteen miles in full marching order (roughly,

---

**A certain pathos attaches itself to this article. The Sergeant who companioned and piloted me through "Listening Post" himself fell a victim at the hands of a sniper. Sergeant Thompson's death was a great grief to the Battalion. He was a general favourite--always cheery and bright—never cast down; the day was not long enough for him. The manner of his death was after the manner of his life—nothing but thought for others.*

you carry from 60 to 70 lbs.), and it will surprise you how little you can get on with—the proverbial toothbrush. At —— the Battalion moves off. The tramp is fairly long, and to some trying, for the burden is heavy. On all sides the reapers are busy, for harvest is in full swing; and this, by the way, reminds you that it is already autumn and there is much to be done. But we won't think of that! Rather let us throw ourselves into the spirit of the march—endless laughter and singing; away in front you can hear the refrain of the "Maple Leaf," again it is the "Banks of Loch Lomond." Never cast down, onward, those brave fellows march—spreading gladness. But we are nearing the firing-line and we must march in absolute silence, and in like manner the relief is made. Only the sound of stray shots, or, perhaps, the whirr of a belated aeroplane breaks the silence. All commands are given in a whisper. It is weird! If it is your first experience in the fore-front of the trenches your curiosity knows no bounds. You are sorely tempted to take just one peep at the German lines, but if you are wise and prudent you will bear in mind the very sad record of first-day curiosity. Let me tell this story, and I can vouch for its authenticity. A youth only in his teens—fresh, curious, impetuous, took what we call a peep. He was fired at, for the enemy are tireless in their vigil; they missed, and he signalled back a miss. He did not live to signal another. But this is all too sad; if you are curious you will find many safe outlets for your curiosity. On one side of you is the fire trench, on the other your dug-out, the shelter from shell fire, and the abode of innumerable rats and lice—another phase of the struggle for existence. There is nothing of beauty about the trenches, for they are the work of man's hands. But if you glance overhead you will see on the banks countless poppies—a weird place, you may say, to find them. But little they heed the din of battle. They seem almost to look down in pity, reminding us that we may be after all nature's laughing-stock. Strange, isn't it, in this place, to meet or see things other than those that spell death, and cruelty, and maiming? It is the intolerable darkness of it all! Some-one said the other day, "This is no time for the pealing laughter of

Browning or Stevenson." Perhaps that is so, but of this I am sure, most of us hold firmly to the faith of both.

But it is already late in the afternoon and the men are preparing the evening meal. Some are cooking eggs, others are frying steaks, and nearly all are adding some little delicacy to the ordinary issue. These little extras, of course, are procured in the villages we pass through. Whether it is that the men have now accustomed themselves to their surroundings I don't know, but each and everyone seems to make the best of it. They are the picture of health, and the only indication of months of trench life is the war-worn appearance of their clothing. "By Jove," I said to one fellow, "if they give you leave, you will have to do a little mending." "Man," he said, "if they would only give me leave for 'Old Blighty,' I would go home in my shirt." It was really about all that he had. But a whole article could be written on the adaptability of the men. Here is one who less than a year ago was "lording" it in far-off Canada. He never knew what rigid discipline meant. He never knew what was meant by "pigging it"—always "spick and span," with everything that money could command. To-day he knows what it is to obey, and to obey with cheerfulness; he knows how to rough it, and to rough it smiling. Which of the two men would you rather meet? And here again is a youth almost too young to realise the gravity of the issues he is fighting for. Perhaps that is well! Full of fun and *bonhomie*, he has never a dull moment, and with a twinkle in his eye he sings the chorus of a doggerel, but rather amusing catch song:—

> "Take me over the sea
> Where the Allemands cannot get me,
> Oh my! I don't want to die,
> I want to go home."

A little further on and you come across one obviously beyond the prescribed age; an overwhelming sense of duty brought him there, and an overwhelming sense of duty strengthens and supports him. I chance to know something about this man. Sometimes he finds the burden almost too much, but that burden will never be laid down until

victory is achieved, unless, perchance, it is laid down before the Deliverer. My GOD—that is the spirit—it was that spirit that won Agincourt—it was that spirit that drove back the Armada—and that same spirit, still manifest, will make the oppressor lick the dust. But night is on us and they are about to mount the guard. It is not exactly the night Henley describes in that glorious piece of verse:—

> "Night with her train of stars
> And her great gift of sleep."

But to the object of this article—"The Night Watches," or in other words, my experience of "Listening Post." I think the Psalmist must have known something of what it meant when he wrote, "My soul waiteth for the Lord, more than they that watch for the morning." Like the night guard, it is mounted without formality, and we go in pairs. It is imperative if you are new to the work that you be accompanied by someone having experience. One man at a given place would be sufficient, but it would be utterly unsafe to send a novice out alone. The tension is exceedingly great, but you take confidence in companionship. You are marched off in absolute stillness; not a whisper, no smoking! You are gravely warned to avoid noise of any kind or description. Through a sort of tunnel you pass from the safety of the trenches to the open—no man's land, as someone puts it. About halfway to the listening post a flare goes up from the enemy's lines—a whisper from the sergeant, "crouch"—and in a half-crouching attitude you reach the listeners you were out to relieve. Your orders are plain and emphatic; you are given a certain area to watch—you are to watch for any movement that might reveal spies, listen for the slightest sound that might betoken the presence of the enemy. On suspicion of either you must signal. For an hour—for that is about the most you can stand at a stretch—you keep vigil. The thought of imminent danger never seems to trouble you; the whiz of a stray bullet over your head you take as a matter of course. On my first watch the moon had not risen, but there was one continual series of flares lighting up everything around. The scene was weird

almost beyond description. The tall trees silhouetted against the sky stood out in great clearness, and in imagination you could discern countless eyes watching you. Although the night was chilly the mosquitoes were active. There was never a quiet moment—rat-tat-tat of machine guns, crack of snipers, dull thud of a coal-box or "Jack Johnson," and the usual aimless desultory rifle-fire made night hideous. But the watch ends, and you creep back to the safety of the trenches and the companionship of your fellow-comrades. "What report have you to make?" One reports that enemy working parties can be seen on our immediate front as if strengthening their wire entanglements, another reports the tinkle of bells as if the enemy were fixing them to barbed wire—and I—I have no report to make! True, during the last ten minutes I seemed to be pregnant with observations—the tall grass seemed to be alive with Germans, the wind seemed to carry whisperings, and the noise and singing of the mosquitoes seemed like the tramp of armed men; had it not been for my fellow-watcher I should never have ceased sounding alarm. But in the shelter and safety of the trench these phantoms vanished; it was the strain, for the work requires great nerve—not courage, for few of us lack that—but nerve to see and hear things as they really are. It is not given to everyone.

Once back to your dug-out you can rest after a manner until the peep of day. Then comes the order—"Stand to." Slowly the sun rises with its promise of another day. To many it will bring gladness, to many sorrow, for assuredly before it sets there will be death and maiming. It seems to look down upon us with infinite compassion. "Poor, weak, frail, erring human beings, boasting yourselves in your civilization and culture, how little you understand!" On this glorious August morning all nature seems to leap for joy; the mountains skip like rams, and the little hills like lambs. Truly we are nature's laughing-stock.

With the Transport.

I wonder how many of my readers realise the enormous amount of work and responsibility that rests on a Battalion Transport—the enormous responsibility of supplying over 1,000 men with the necessaries of life, when roads are shelled and roads are closed—when every sort of device has to be employed to ensure delivery? Think what it means: they are responsible for the delivery of ammunition, water, food, medical equipment—in short, the men in the trenches are absolutely at the mercy of the Transport. If you grasp these facts, then you will have some admiration for the Transport. Only on two successive occasions during the past twelve months have the men fallen short of the necessaries of life. That was during the great battle of Ypres, when it became a sheer impossibility for a fatigue party to leave the trenches. In spite of grave peril, and in the teeth of persistent shelling, the rations were brought up as far as the Transport could come; only, as I say, the risk of trying to convey them from that point to the men was too great—it would have been suicide to have made any such attempt. The roads, I am told, were utterly impassible in places—torn by shells, strewn with dead horses and broken-up waggons; the situation for the Transport at times was desperate, and it was only courage and determination that enabled Captain Marshall and his men to reach the troops. During these evil days you had to be ready of resource; you had to make headway somehow—through ploughed fields, no matter what—it was just one eternal scout for ways that promised less danger. At Ypres and Festubert, the only safety lay in pressing forward at full gallop, and often the journey was made two or three times a day.

Paradoxical as it may sound, the only safe place was the trench. All honour, I say, to the men in the front line who undergo dangers, and risks, and discomforts, but there are those outside the firing-line who deserve their meed of praise, and none more than the Battalion Transport. Rain or shine, food, ammunition and water must be supplied, and sometimes it seems as if they were being taken to the very gates of hell. In the face of perils unprecedented the Transport presses forward with a cheerful devotion and a staunch courage beyond all praise.

The forenoon is busy for the commissariat—all supplies are checked and divided: it is a process of division and sub-division. The rations are divided for companies, and handed to the cooks for further division and distribution. Every man is allotted his portion; bread, bacon, meat or tin rations, tea, sugar, cheese, jam—on special occasions little extras such as fruit, and at stated intervals tobacco, cigarettes, and matches. If the men are wise and prudent, they augment this by purchasing at the various villages we pass through, eggs, pickles, tinned fruits, and the hundred and one little things which just make all the difference in the monotony. Not that there is anything to complain of so far as food is concerned; there is always plenty of it, it is well cooked—indeed, if we think of other campaigns within living memory we may be said to live in comparative luxury. Ask those who went through the South African War what discomforts are. We never know what it is to be on short rations; in the quickest possible manner the wounded and sick are cared for. It may seem absurd to compare the South African War with this gigantic struggle, for after all it was what Carlyle would have called a chimney smoking, but nevertheless they did endure hardships—the nature of the struggle was different—they were far from their base—there were not the facilities nor devices for the care of the wounded—the wide and rambling nature of the country told against speedy treatment. To-day it is what you might call motor-car warfare—field soup-kitchens. Imagine—to give but one example of modern warfare—imagine being able to read your letters and Old Country newspapers in the thick of

the firing-line, only a day late! But this is rambling, and I want to take you for a trip with the Transport. It is already getting dark, and everything is packed and ready for the journey. Compared, of course, with what they went through at Ypres and Festubert, the journey is uneventful. For the first mile or so there is little to record. The first time you realise there is danger is when you pass through field upon field of rich crops which you know will never be garnered. The flares from the enemy's lines seem to come nearer, and the whiz of stray bullets gives warning. "By Jove, that was a near shave," you hear someone shout, but we reach our destination in safety. The supplies are unloaded, and the fatigue party carry them to the safety of the trenches. The same dangers confront you on the homeward journey, but there is the feeling of satisfaction that you have accomplished what you set out for. A tame trip compared with Ypres or Festubert, but important, nevertheless!

The way back was round the village of ——, much stricken and battered. For weeks it had been bombarded, and the Cathedral with its beautiful façade is now an utter ruin. The destruction was made complete by fire, and all that stands to-day is the four walls and the altar rails. By dodging the police I was able to go through this village by daylight, and by dodging the Transport and running the risk of orderly-room, I viewed it by moonlight. Do you remember the words of Sir Walter Scott on Melrose Abbey?—

> "If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright
> Go visit it by the pale moonlight."

It would repay you to see this deserted village at night; by moonlight the sense of utter loneliness and destruction becomes more acute—it was worth my risk. Doors ajar, empty hearths, broken windows, gables knocked in revealing smashed furniture, beds with the bedclothes still on them, everything testifies to hurried flight. At the far end of the village a few country-folk still cling to the place, but in daylight the only living things to be seen in what was once a thriving, busy little town, are a cat, and a boy playing a hoop. But what

of the Cathedral? Less than a year ago it was thronged with worshippers, for it served as a tabernacle for miles around. Thoughts crowd themselves upon you, and the absolute silence haunts you —the silence that is almost a voice. But the destruction is even more complete and more horrible in the surrounding cemetery. The very thing that nations, civilized and uncivilized, hold dear—the sacred dead—are held in brutal disregard by the Huns. It is without parallel. Smashed to atoms, these monuments to the dead seem to cry aloud for vengeance, and long after the war has been brought to its inevitable end, they will stand—a most terrible indictment. The enemy has violated the most elementary instincts which distinguish civilized men from the savages—one is almost tempted to say, from the brute beast. Oh! if one could only take these "peace at any price" cranks and show them some of the revolting sights I have witnessed, they might realise something of the saying, "I came not to bring peace but a sword." At the judgment seat of humanity Germany is condemned as a state outside the pale. It seems impossible to understand that brutal type of mind, and it seems more impossible to try to follow the sophistries by which it salves its conscience.

But this will not take me back to the Transport. The day's work is over—the horses are unyoked, and the men go to rest, satisfied in the fact that if the morrow brings fighting, the men will not fight on empty bellies.

An Impression after the Victory.

Let me pass to the night of April 22, when the order was given to "stand to arms." It will be fresh in the memories of all who read the official report issued from the War Office, how two battalions, the 10th and the 16th, were ordered to attack the enemy occupying trenches south of a wood about three miles east of stricken Ypres; how imminent the danger was, that the enemy might break through the Allied lines; and how, at great sacrifice, a comparative handful of Canadians put the enemy to flight, thus saving one of the most delicate situations in the great battle of Ypres. I say this is all fresh in the public mind, and it is needless to enlarge on the wide and far-reaching results; suffice it to say that, had the enemy succeeded, many weary months of constant vigil would have been in vain. But I should like to pay a word of tribute to the nameless heroes of the Canadian Scottish.

One is apt, of course, with grief fresh upon us, to dwell too much on the pathetic side, and to miss altogether the lesson that this human sacrifice conveys. It is not so very long ago that Canada was accused of want of loyalty to the Motherland. There was a certain amount of truth in the accusation, and feeling was fanned undoubtedly by the rejection of the Navy Bill. What happened next? When England declared war on Germany, the voices of party strife were hushed: England was at war—Canada was at war, and millions of dollars were voted for war purposes without a division. Men in all

walks of life volunteered for service, and these were rushed in almost record time from all parts of the Dominion to the concentration camp in Eastern Canada. It only required the supreme test. What part then will this sacrifice of blood play in the knitting of the Dominion to the Homeland? With nations just as with individuals, when all goes well we are apt to drift. It is only when we share the burden of a great sorrow that we draw closer each to the other. The charge on the night of April 22 will do more for closer unity, devotion, and loyalty, than all the speeches ever penned or delivered. Canadian and English are now blood brothers. The roll of honour is heavy, but the fruits of sacrifice will be rich.

On the Monday after the fateful 22nd, I was taken with numerous others from the Base to reinforce the Battalion. And here was an ordeal. You were afraid almost to ask who were spared. Never shall I forget the look on the faces of the men who in providence came out unscathed. It was a look of distress mingled with pride—distress for their fallen comrades, pride when they remembered what they had accomplished. After the charge I spent five days and five nights in the support trenches, and there one had ample opportunity of seeing what manner of men the Canadian Scottish are. You would naturally think that, after what they had endured, nothing could save them from nervous collapse. Nothing of the kind! Over all is the spirit of cheerfulness and pluck which never deserts them. As one fellow said to me, "This is no time for the pulling of long faces." The loss of their comrades and the memory of that never-to-be-forgotten night only stimulates to further effort. The tales of heroism to which I have listened, would fill a column—the wounded helping the wounded and dying—officers mortally wounded buoying up the men to victory. To Colonel Leckie and that gallant band of officers under his command great tribute is due. When the time comes for deeds to be recorded, their courage and bravery will be read with glowing satisfaction throughout the Empire. The fact that eighteen officers were either killed or wounded out of one battalion will bring home the magnitude of the struggle. But it was victory, and although

we mourn for those who have fallen asleep, we do not mourn as those who have no hope. The Dominion who sent them will send others like unto them. It was just the Canadian Scottish gift to the Empire.

Grateful praise is due also to Dr. Gillies and his staff for the untiring care of the wounded. Between three and four hundred received first-aid at their hands that night—an almost impossible task. The quickness with which the wounded were dispatched to the various hospitals reflects honour on those responsible for the ambulance work.

We deplore the sacrifice; but is it after all to be deplored? What is our life compared with the great heritage of freedom we shall leave to generations unborn? To the youngest of us it is only "as a watch in the night." In this terrible crisis there can be only one attitude—self-abandonment. Then will war and its horrors appear in an altered guise.

And if, perchance, this article should be read by those who are still living in inglorious ease while their fellow-countrymen are fighting like Paladins and dying like heroes, let us trust it may move them to activity. The very existence of their country is at stake while they stay at home. Can't they see the vision? While I write this I have no copy of Henley's poems by me, but these lines, which I perhaps quote incorrectly, sometimes haunt me:—

> "What is that voice of strange command
> That's calling you and calling me,
> Calling, until you cannot stay,
> Over the hills and far away?"

Before this war is over every man eligible for the fight will have to abandon his own petty concerns—he must gird himself. Ultimate triumph will assuredly come, but it will only be brought about by unbounded zeal and the hard path of sacrifice.

And so, if I have in any way paid tribute to the Canadian Scottish, it is done in humility, admiration, and reverence, and to the memory of those brave fellows who have gone before us in the battle.

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
    And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be ;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
    And the hunter home from the hill.

Major Markham: an Appreciation.

How often the words of Burke come back to one at a time like this—"What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue." Life here is just one series of surprises and shocks. In the morning you commune with a man; in the evening you commit him to the dust. I am not going to attempt anything of a biography of the late Major Markham—that, I dare say, has been done, and done long ere now. I would rather try to record a brief impression of a gallant officer who fell in a glorious cause. It is almost the irony of fate that he was cut off on the eve of honours. He was gazetted to the rank of Major in the 72nd Seaforth Highlanders of Canada; almost simultaneously he was appointed brigade signalling officer; and then—"killed": *sic transit gloria mundi.*

Thursday to me was a day full of incidents. I had to return to ——, and I consulted Major Markham as to safety. I remember his words: "Don't go in daylight—join the staff when they come out at night." However, I started earlier, with his party.

He left brigade headquarters for the firing-line about four in the afternoon. There was persistent shelling the whole of that day at ——, and the road leading to battalion headquarters was closed. Consequently the only access to the front line was through the communication trench. I walked down that trench with him on my way to headquarters. From there he went to ——. Accompanied by Captain Gibson, a promising young officer, he quietly reconnoitred. All at once three high explosives fired in quick succession caught both, and in less than the twinkling of an eye they were hurled into eternity.

The end was merciful, there was no suffering; this may be some consolation to those who are left to mourn.

Born in New Brunswick, the late Captain Markham saw active service in South Africa. He was one of the original Seaforths who left Vancouver just over a year ago—one of the few officers who came out of Ypres unscathed. The nature of my work brought me often into contact with Major Markham, and if I were to sum up his character it would be in one word—loving-kindness. There was nothing of false pride about him; he was never over-conscious of his stripes. No one ever approached him and was sent empty away. To the meanest private he was considerate and attentive, and among some of us at least, whenever we wanted a special favour, it was a common saying, "Oh, let us go to Markham."

His was a large charity, but although he would often stretch a point when another officer would not, he was always stern and unbending to those who in any way shirked their work. Among his own men—the Signal Section—he was beloved, and that, after all, is the true test of an officer. Assiduous as to their comfort, always giving encouragement, never rebuking without cause, he went about his work "both hands full of gifts," quietly and unostentatiously.

Of the esteem he was held in by his brother officers, I am not in a position to speak—perhaps the crowd of officers around the open grave is the best testimony.

The body was conveyed on the Friday to the Transport lines, and there it lay all night. With the best material at their hand the Pioneers prepared a coffin, and this, covered with the Union Jack, rested in a motor ambulance. On Saturday, 21st August, at 10 o'clock, a start was made for the military cemetery at Armentières, a distance of about five miles. Headed by the band, we walked in solemn procession, the pipes playing "The Flowers of the Forest." The morning was cloudy and promised rain. It began with a drizzle, but developed into a regular downpour. When we were close to the cemetery the clouds lifted, however, and the last rites were said in just a little glimmer of sunshine.

Although less than a year old, this military cemetery is already much peopled. This, it seems to say, is the price you must pay for liberty. Endless rows upon rows of graves—so and so, aged 25—so and so, aged 23—the flower of France and Britain cut off in the days of strength. A spirit of rebellion seems to get hold of you until you convince yourself that there must be an immortality as ageless as that of the Spartan heroes of Thermopylæ.

If I knew Major Markham aright, I think, perhaps, he would have preferred to rest in some isolated spot, among the boys of the Canadian Scottish, who, like him, gave their all.

A pause was made at the entrance to the cemetery, and again the pipe band played a lament. A firing party was resting on arms reversed, and came to the "present" as the cortege passed onward. Then could be heard faintly the opening words of the burial service, "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

At the side of the grave stood General Alderson and Brigadier-General Leckie. Major Peck took the place of Colonel J. Leckie, who was ill, and gathered around stood staff officers, officers, non-commissioned officers and men, each and all paying tribute and respect to a fallen comrade.

The burial service was conducted by Canon Scott; with reverence and dignity he read the lessons as only a lover of poetry can read them, and there were few who had not a lump in their throat as he read the words of the great message to the Corinthians—that message of hope in perplexity—that message of assurance of something beyond —"Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory."

Then came the Benediction. Over the grave three volleys were fired, and between them came the weird wail from the pipes of the "Point of War," then—"Lochaber No More" and the "Last Post."

We marched away in silence, leaving behind all that was mortal, in the sure and certain hope.

Life Outside the Trenches.

It must not be supposed that life in this terrible struggle is all "greatly dark." There is much, if you have the open eye, that compensates for the deadly work in the trenches, much that compensates for weary days of vigil. Of course, we are apt after an engagement, when those with whom we have shared the good and ill, have been cut off in the midst of their days, to rush into print and perhaps exaggerate its magnitude, forgetting altogether the other side. But for the other side—the lighter side—life would be well-nigh intolerable. It might be timely, therefore, if we gave some space to the life of the men outside the trenches. To dwell too much on the pathetic is unhealthy; to fail to record the brighter moments would be to give a false impression. It is the intention of this article therefore to give some idea of how our soldiers live in a country at our door, so to speak, and yet as different from our own in national habits and characteristics as it is in language. I am not foolish enough to suppose that this description is characteristic only of the Canadian Scottish. The same spirit permeates the whole of the British Expeditionary Force. It is this spirit of cheerfulness and of "playing the game" that will bring Germany lower than her knees. There is much truth in the saying that Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton.

We have heard much and read much of life in the trenches. What is life like for the private in France or Belgium outside of the trenches? As a rule the men have alternately six days' work in the firing-line, and six days' rest, a welcome and much-needed rest, for the

work is exacting, and when they march out they are pretty much like the bunch of faded lilies described by a writer of fame—" not dead, but infinitely weary." For the rest period they are, as a rule, removed far back from the firing-line and housed in billets. And let me say this—it must not be supposed that rest means inactivity, for trench life is sedentary and the men must be kept in form; consequently there are parades, usually of four hours per day, for physical exercise, company drill, route marches, or bathing parade. But the most welcome parade of all, and the one that gives the least trouble to the Orderly Sergeants, is the pay parade. All are on time. We are now supplied with bank-books, and at stated intervals we draw about two francs a day. The balance accumulates.

A billeting party is sent out the day before relief; their business is to commandeer three or four farms, as the case may be, in close proximity, sufficient for the Battalion, having sleeping accommodation for the men, accommodation for the transport, and a house to be utilised as an orderly room, officers' mess, etc. To the uninitiated the word "billet" may sound as if the men were lodged in houses with comfortable beds, clean linen, and all the usual comforts of ordinary civilized life. Disabuse your mind of that! You have a choice of three resting-places. You may find a lodging for the night in a manger or a barn; you may erect your own bivouac, or last and best of all, you may sleep in the open with the heavens as a canopy. Once get accustomed to sleep in the open, and you will never seek the shelter of a roof. All you require is a waterproof sheet and perhaps a couple of blankets, or better still, a sleeping sack. At first you find it hard to sleep after daybreak; the sun and the birds—for they give glory to God at an early hour—are disturbing factors; the whole of nature seems to call for activity; but you soon accustom yourself to your new surroundings and sleep until the sound of reveille. Here you get away from the plague of rats and the fœtid atmosphere of crowded barn life. I wonder how many have read that charming description Robert Louis Stevenson gives of a tour in northern France. I think it is called "A night among the pines." I would

recommend every soldier to read it, especially if he has yet to realise the charm of sleeping out of doors.

We are usually billeted where water is easy of access, and in these stifling June days—for the heat now is very great—the morning tub is one of our greatest luxuries. You must remember that in the trenches you never take your clothes off and there is little or no opportunity for shaving. You will readily understand, therefore, what the morning dip and the general brush up mean for the men. Then there is the washing of clothes, the darning of socks, and the sewing and mending—for all this must be seen to during relief. You must also guard against vermin.

Meals are served just as they are served in camp, only you can add many little extras and delicacies. Eggs are plentiful, although expensive, and if you ingratiate yourself with the lady of the farm kitchen she will give you every facility for cooking. I have invariably found her helpful and kind. May I say one word here on some of the abodes we have passed through in France and Belgium? In northern France especially the first duty of the builder seems to be to lay out the "midden" and then erect the dwelling-house and "steading" around it. On one side of the dwelling-house will be found the stable or cowshed, on the other the hen-house or pigstye. At first it comes to you as something of a shock, and you are forced to the conclusion that, to judge from the stench, the people must be immune from disease. Many of the houses are clean and neat, others are the quintessence of filth. I remember one particular place where we were afraid almost to boil an egg. But all are kindly disposed and full of the milk of human kindness.

Let me give this instance. I was stationed at one place in Flanders, and, as usual, slept out of doors. One evening it rained hard, and it promised more rain for the night. Where to find a shelter was a puzzle, for there was no barn or outhouse near. But an old couple who looked after my cooking would insist that I should sleep under the shelter of their roof. It turned out that I was to sleep in a spare bed at the foot of theirs, for there were only two rooms—

a kitchen and a bedroom. The situation was more than embarrassing, but nothing short of obedience would satisfy. Whether it was the stifling atmosphere or the strange feeling of rest on a mattress, or whether it was the nocturnal disturbances—for the old man snored loudly—I don't know, but I never slept a wink. I was never so thankful to see the day break. I got up quietly, lit a pipe, and watched the sun rise, meditating the while on the kaleidoscopic nature of things human. I offered them a small consideration for their trouble. But no! "Pourvu que vous venez pour sauver notre France, nous ne pouvons tarder de faire tout notre possible pour les soldats anglais."

Here they look on things from another standpoint than that of the Old Country. One thing also will strike the stranger at the gate—the tireless industry of the women. There is nothing of the sluggard about them. They are up early and down late. They till the field; they are in every sense of the words hewers of wood and drawers of water. You ask the reason, and with a shrug they reply—"Pendant que l'homme est à la guerre, les femmes travaillent aux champs." All are out after what they call souvenirs—badges, buttons, wrist watches, puttees, anything, and I remember having difficulty in persuading one old lady that if I parted with my kilt I might have difficulty in satisfying the police. On the walls of every house and in every room of the house is the image of the Crucified Christ and the Virgin and Child. At almost all the cross-roads there is a small brick erection known in France as a *maison à prier* or *sainte chapelle.* Inside is a miniature altar lit up at night by an array of candles. This is designed for the benefit of wayfarers and sojourners. The French, in this part at least, are nothing if not devout, and it is a frequent sight to see peasants bow the knee in front of this sacred edifice, paying homage and telling their beads. But these are the homes of those far removed from the ravages of the Germans. A striking contrast presents itself if you chance to pay a visit to some of the battered homes, or what were once homes, around the firing-line. Their appearance beggars description. I remember one farm-house close to Ypres where there was all the

evidence of hurried flight. The floors were littered with all kind of debris, broken pictures, underclothing, pots and pans, and lying alongside, almost as if in mockery, was a smashed image of the " Man of Sorrows." Sights like these wring your heart and bring to remembrance what causes we are fighting for.

But I must get back. If we chance to be billeted within easy reach of a town, a certain percentage per day are granted leave in order to purchase comforts they may stand in need of. You rarely find in villages what you are in search of, unless it be an *estaminet*. In the villages we have passed through almost every second house is an *estaminet*, *i.e.*, in plain words, a public-house. You wonder how they can possibly exist in times of peace. Here the men congregate for an hour or so of an evening—for they are very human—to discuss over a glass of beer the latest war news or speculate as to the next move, for at present we are a sort of travelling circus. But let there be no searchings of heart! The beer, if it can be called by that name, resembles pretty much what we used to describe in the north of Scotland as " spruce beer " or " penny ale." The wines are of the very lightest—a sort of syrup—and there is not the faintest chance of inebriation. Coffee is always on tap, and for a slight consideration they will cook for you the evening meal. There is no attempt to hamper the men in their enjoyments—in short, everything is done to make the respite comfortable and free, as far as possible, from the usual irksome concerns of everyday life in camp or the nerve-racking work of the trenches. Colonel Leckie is assiduous in this. That the men enjoy the rest is more than obvious. They are ready of resource, and the time flies only too quickly. As I write this they are in the thick of aquatic sports in the —— canal. To-morrow, however, to the trenches and the difficult path of sacrifice.

Where we are stationed now there are some glorious walks. All nature seems to leap for joy, and the crops give promise of a rich harvest. Only one thing jars—the distant roar of the cannon. If you are philosophically inclined you may ponder on the biting irony of it all. Over yonder scientific murder is being perpetrated—for you

can call it nothing else. It is a war of the mechanician and the chemist. Here it may well be said that " every prospect pleases and only man is vile." And if in the course of your walk, also, you come across, as you are sure to, the resting-place of some fallen hero marked only by a simple wooden cross, you just bow in reverence and think of the great cloud of witnesses. Yet all are cheery. Stevenson's " Celestial Surgeon " can probably best describe what the men of the Canadian Scottish strive to be :—

If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness ;
If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning face ;
If beam from happy human eyes
Have moved me not ; if morning skies,
Books and my food, and summer rain
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain:—
Lord, Thy most pointed pleasure take
And stab my spirit broad awake ;
Or, Lord, if too obdurate I,
Choose thou, before that spirit die,
A piercing pain, a killing sin,
And to my dead heart run them in !

"The Younger Son."

The younger son he's earned his bread in ways both hard and easy,
From Parramatta to the Pole, from Yukon to Zambesi;
For young blood is roving blood, and a far road's best,
And when you're tired of roving there'll be time enough to rest!

And it's "Hello" and "How d'ye do?" "Who'd have thought of meeting you?
Thought you were in Turkestan, or China or Peru!"—
It's a long trail in peace-time where the roving Britons stray,
But in war-time, in war-time, it's just across the way!

He's left the bronchos to be bust by who in thunder chooses;
He's left the pots to wash themselves in Canada's cabooses;
He's left the mine and logging camp, the peavy, pick and plough,
For young blood is fighting blood, and England needs him now.

And it's "Hello" and "How d'ye do?" "How's the world been using you?
What's the news of Calgary, Quebec, and Cariboo?"
It's a long trail in peace-time where the roving Britons stray,
But in war time, in war time, it's just across the way!

He's travelled far by many a trail, he's rambled here and yonder,
No road too rough for him to tread, no land too wide to wander,
For young blood is roving blood, and the spring of life is best,
And when all the fighting's done, lad, there's time enough to rest.

And it's good-bye, tried and true, here's a long farewell to you
(Rolling stone from Mexico, Shanghai, or Timbuctoo!)
Young blood is roving blood, but the last sleep is best,
When the fighting all is done, lad, and it's time to rest!