

IMPRESSIONS

of

WAR

By **FRANK CARREL**



THE AUTHOR.—On Deck of Ship.

IMPRESSIONS OF WAR

BY

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AROUND THE WORLD CRUISE", ETC., ETC.*



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IMPRESSIONS
OF WAR

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FOREWORD

THESE ARTICLES, written from day to day, for the columns of the QUEBEC DAILY TELEGRAPH, were commenced when the war was still at its height, but, happily, the great struggle had been victoriously concluded before the final chapter was written. It was not my intention, when I wrote the initial articles, to have prolonged the story to the length it has actually attained; but all I have written still conveys, but in meagre fashion, the tremendous impression made upon me by my visit to England and France last summer; if, however, my description of the experiences of the Canadian Newspaper Mission, as I felt them, give, in even a slight manner, a more adequate understanding in this country of the efforts made by Britain and France in the Great War, it will not have been in vain. The attempt of Lord Beaverbrook,—at that time British Minister of Information,—to convey to Canada a more vivid comprehension of the undertakings of Britain and France, has not been, I believe, a futile one.

It is now my greatest hope that this forward step will be continued in other matters than that of war. The lack of greater understanding between Great Britain, France and Canada is due to nothing more than a want of know-

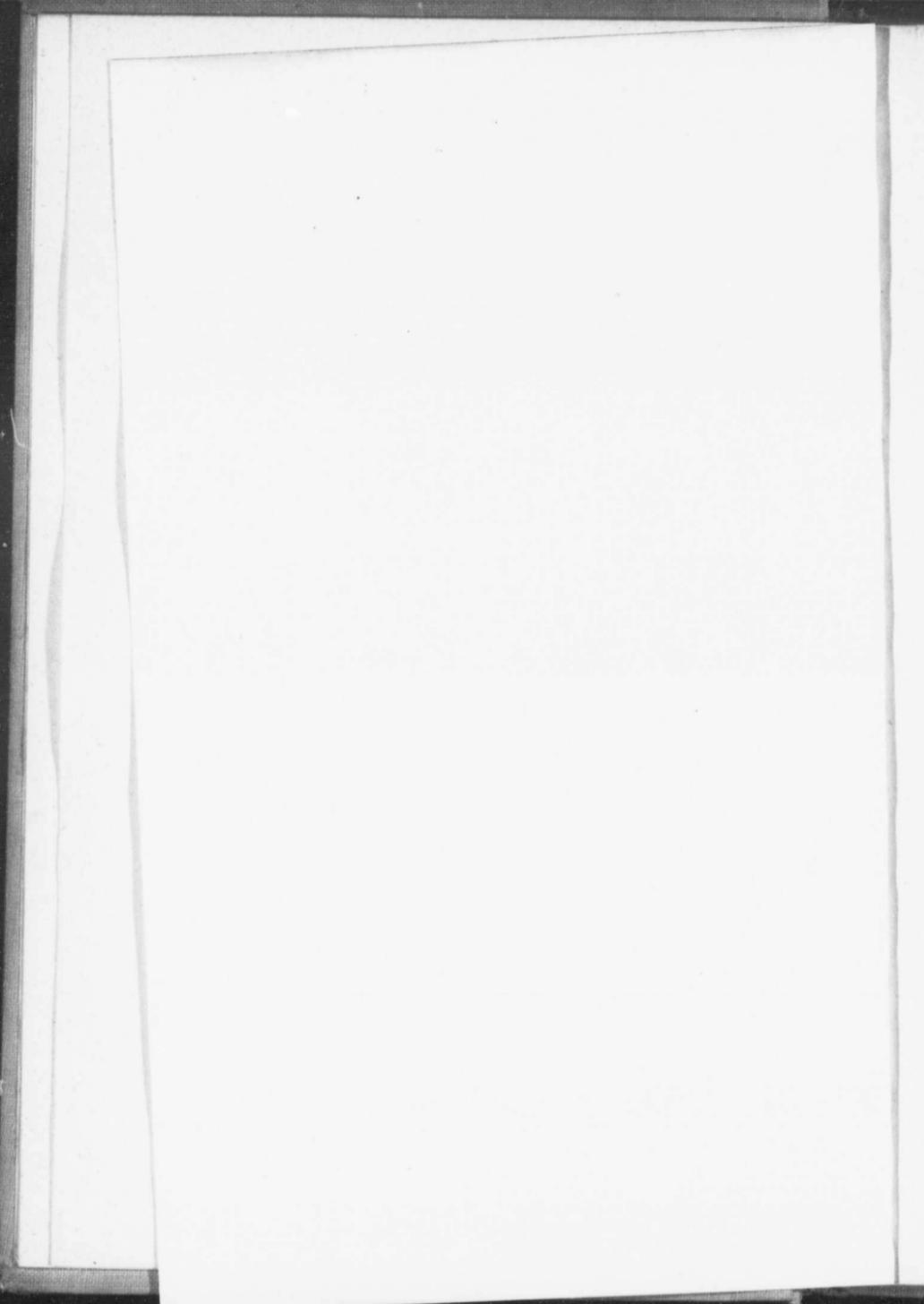
FOREWORD

ledge of one another. The war has helped in a great measure to accomplish the express purposes of a large number of thinkers, writers, and statesmen, but a closer union must be made through trade and commerce. We must endeavor to succeed in bringing about the same friendly relation between the foregoing countries and the Dominions, as exists between Canada and the United States, and then we shall all become a very large contented family. The work of our Press, in this direction, must go on until this object is accomplished.

FRANK CARREL



CANADIAN OVERSEAS NEWSPAPER PARTY.



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IMPRESSIONS OF WAR

I

INTRODUCTORY

The delegation of Canadian editors, who last summer were invited as the guests of the British Government to visit Great Britain and France, have returned home from a thrilling journey of over two months, escaping the dangers of enemy submarine, airplane, cannon and rifle shot and shell; and we are now able to review in detail the marvellous experiences which have been ours.

We have been in the front trenches and even in "no man's land" as well as up in the air in the most modern aircraft, and, throughout it all, we experienced little fear, rather a great and absolute confidence in the Army and Navy, which made us realize that our lives were but slightly jeopardized while travelling over the war-scarred fields of France and Belgium.

We met and talked with the King of England, the President of the great French Republic, and with such distinguished statesmen as Lloyd George, that daring and popular Premier of Great Britain, and Clemenceau, the greatest Premier France has ever possessed. General Sackwell West, England's military diplomat at Versailles, Sir Douglas Haig, Commander of the English forces in France, the leading French and English journalists, as well as the most prominent members of the English Cabinet, also talked with us, and from one and all, eulogy and admiration of Canada's part in this war, was the chief topic of conversation. The valor and courage of our troops on the field of battle, and our successive victories and objective gains have added such lustre and glory to our nation that Canadians from henceforth must feel a great pride in this world-wide admiration, an admiration such as has never been showered upon her in all the past pages of her history. The continued success of our boys beside the most famous and renowned soldiers of the world

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has been hailed with joy by all Canadians, and we must not forget, in all their sacrifices, that they were ever inspired by an abiding conviction of the sacredness of their cause and the inevitability of its final victory.

Our journey through the battle zone and through the leading hospitals and munition works in Great Britain and France, widened our knowledge on many points in connection with Britain's part in this titanic struggle, various phases of which will be dealt with in the following pages. Suffice it to say that there were no young men to be seen in any parts of Great Britain or France. They had made the last supreme sacrifice or were doing, in the trenches, their duty to their country and their fellowmen. There were no idle young women. Every young girl from sixteen years and up was carrying on in some war capacity and filling almost every conceivable position filled by men. In many instances they were superceding men in efficiency and output, which has made the labor problem more complex after the war, but you may take it for granted that the women of Great Britain and France will be considered in a very different aspect in the future from the pre-war days, but this is another subject that we will discuss later.

In one factory we visited, where 17,000 artisans are employed, there were 12,000 women. They work with a smile and oftentimes indulge in singing songs. No one grouched or complained in the Little Isles or in France. There was a hope and a confidence everywhere. It was a glorious trait in the natures of these two races and makes you admire their fortitude under all adverse circumstances and during the trying sacrifices of war.

Of France we must say the same, though there is greater reason in this country for tears and sorrow. It makes you realize the awfulness of German frightfulness. The devastated and ruined villages and cities, the fields churned and ploughed up by shell fire, the terrible destruction of everything for miles and miles, the mourning families, and, what is perhaps the saddest picture of all, the wanton destruction of those magnificent cathedrals and churches. They have been proved to be the leading targets for the German guns. We wondered if their destruction was premeditated to aid in the propaganda in America that God was punishing France. If so, can anyone believe that God would have entrusted that punishment to the hands of a human monster like the Kaiser, who swept away every Christian idea?

We have slept in the forts of Verdun, sixty feet below the surface of the ground, with the German shells dropping upon us day and night; we have sat upon the roof of the citadel at midnight and watched the enemy lines shelled with thousands upon thousands of heavy and light shells until one would think that

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no human being could possibly exist in the area in which they are falling. The next morning on our way northward we passed hundreds of French guns and artillery divisions, ambulance waggons and thousands of men returning from the half hour raid that we had witnessed from the roof of one of the most battered and shattered old fortresses in all the Western front.

We walked through the front line trenches with steel helmets and gas masks under a broiling sun; we motored over one thousand miles through the battle grounds,—through Amiens, Ypres, Arras, Doullens, and many other of the devastated and destroyed towns; we were raided several nights by the Hun airplanes, and have seen our own fellowmen holding the front lines with an indomitable courage and determination that no Germans could surpass; and this is the record of the Canadians over there.

In chapters to follow I will endeavor to picture some of the month's journey to the battle front and to convey some of the vivid impressions received of the glorious spirit animating our soldiers and those of our allies.

II

THE DEPARTURE

One could hardly start out on a voyage to the battle front under more distinguished auspices than those of the British and French Governments. It was not so difficult to accept, as to refuse such a call. Anyone with any serious thought of the great world war and the consequences, could not well decline to see the actual land over which the great struggle was being staged with such fearful human sacrifices. To see the terrible carnage, and the trails it made across the earth, was not a pleasant experience to contemplate, but to behold the strength and spirit of united nations engaged in a world war to retain the freedom and liberty of human beings; to see the fight and struggle for that noble purpose; to witness the morale of fighting armies with but one cause, one aim and one desire, standing shoulder to shoulder, against the massed hordes of a crazed militaristic power, was sufficient to make a voyage, on such invitation, one of more than individual decision. It was imperative that every newspaperman with an opportunity to go, should make every effort and sacrifice to accept. German press propaganda has long run riot with our American public, and it was time that it should be headed off, and there was no better means of doing this than through the very medium employed with such success by the enemies of the peace of mankind.

Seeing is believing; and this was the primary object of the Minister of Information of the British Government in inviting twenty Canadian newspapermen to go to England and France, and see for themselves, what Great Britain was doing in her efforts to win the war. We accepted the invitation; asking that no time should be lost in arranging for our departure. Word came on June 24th and on the 26th we received order to embark on the morning of the 27th, from an Atlantic seaport

That was all the information vouchsafed us but it was quite sufficient. Our passports and customs regulations were made easy for us, but they would have probably caused much loss of time under different auspices. The numerous questions one has to answer and the numerous things one has to prove before one can take an Atlantic liner, on a voyage for the other side, are some-

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what perplexing, but everyone of them is necessary to insure safety.

Surrounding the piers of America's greatest docks were barbed wire fences, with various entrances guarded by military sentries. Here one had to say why one desired entrance to the guarded district, but when entering the freight shed one had to pass the scrutinizing examination of passports and a comparison of the photograph thereon. Then you arrived at the ship's side and here your baggage was thoroughly gone over, to see that you have no time explosives or German contraband. This over, you had to appear before a ship's observation examination, were assigned to your cabin, and answered another series of questions. All the while you are being scrutinized by a well trained private clothes detective whom you would possibly think was a passenger like yourself. On the ship you had to give up your ticket to the steward and all the preliminaries of getting aboard were over and you then might consider yourself a prisoner of the ship until it reached the dock of disembarkation on the shores of Great Britain, Europe or Timbucto. Ours was Liverpool. No letters or any communication whatever is permitted to be sent ashore.

Scenes on the various piers in the vicinity of our embarkation pier were very similar. There were thousands of soldiers and officers waiting to embark. The huge sheds more resembled armories than ship's piers. Red Cross workers, men and women, passing through the long deep lines of boys in khaki, served hot coffee, buns, and cigarettes. We had the privilege to walk around the vessels, and docks, and saw many thousands of soldiers and Y. M. C. A. men, all with the same object and desire, to help and aid the defeat of the murderers overrunning Europe. They were going to fight them before they had become so strong that they would invade America. They were going to France to fight to save the honor of their wives, their sisters and their children. It was a glorious morning to contemplate the brave courageous battalions with such excellent discipline, waiting to do their part. They were the most serious lot of soldiers that ever donned khaki. They were in this war because it was every man's duty to help to defeat the unchristian and murderously cultured Hun.

When darkness overtook the busy life on the ship there were more than two thousand soldiers fast asleep on one of twelve transports awaiting passage on the morrow. All night the wires and Marconigraph, were transmitting messages directing the safest route of that vast army of Americans, hurrying to the assistance of their Allies, with a might and morale that was glorious to witness. We were on a ship with over two thousand of these warriors and we felt that though they may not hav

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the training of the old time military men, they had the physique, the determination and a full understanding of what was expected of them. There was not a man in the lines who did not have some one behind anxious that he should do his duty to his country, his family, and his flag.

A long shrill whistle to warn the passing river craft that we were leaving our moorings, was all there was to indicate that we were quietly backing out of our berth. There was no crowd of spectators, friends or relatives to see us off. Tug boats helped to straighten us up, and thus we were off to sea. When we met the pilot boat we slowed up and joined a flotilla of about ten other steamers. This was all the excitement of the departure of over two thousand American soldiers belonging to several medical units, and seventy-five members of the Y. M. C. A. triangle club, going to join the French army and the Allies in Mesopotamia, all on one ship, in a convoy of many others.

In addition to the military forces on board were some sixty-six passengers besides our little party of Canadian newspapermen on their way to the battle front.

Among the other passengers were Gipsy Smith, the great American Evangelist, Dr. Parker, the Rhodes Scholarship Commissioner, Mrs. Skeffington and Miss Connolly, two women who endeavored to arouse the American people to sympathize with the Sinn Feiners, with such poor success that they were glad to take ship for home. It is said that they were compelled to go through the most rigid examination by the Customs authorities and Intelligence Service officers, before leaving the docks. Uncle Sam did not want to take any chances on their carrying any messages to the enemy, owing to their unsympathetic attitude in America's great struggle to defeat the Kaiser. In fact, the general impression made upon us in the United States was that the Great Republic wanted nothing to do with anyone not entirely with it in the great battle being fought.

III

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

The transport, while directly in charge of the captain in all emergency cases, was in the matter of discipline among the soldiers and passengers under the orders of the officer in command, who was, of course, in full accord with the skipper. The latter had all his time occupied with his staff of officers on the bridge deck, on the look-out for submarines, and to guard against collisions. Sentries were posted on all decks of the ship. It required one hundred and fifty men to perform this duty, which will give one an idea of similar work on ships carrying six and seven thousand soldiers. From the start all on board had to wear life belts. They were not the kind one has been accustomed to see formerly on ships, but comfortable vests with high collars, and were not at all cumbersome; in fact, in cold weather, they supplied warmth.

Then there were boat drills at the summons of the military bugle, the call of which we soon learned to obey. Every one had to practice making haste to his boat and there await the captain's orders. As there were nearly three thousand persons on board, this precautionary measure was a very significant one in the event of a mishap or meeting with an enemy submarine. Then we had to avoid throwing anything, even a match, or a piece of paper overboard, or, in other words, give the Germans a trace or clue to follow us up, if by any chance they did not see us go by.

At night the ship was as comfortable and well lighted up as ever, but every opening was hermetically sealed and there were no lights visible from the outside.

Everyone was ordered off the decks at eight o'clock by the military guards, and, outside of the lack of ventilation, the conditions were not at all uncomfortable. When we joined the other transports and freight ships, filled with many thousands of fighting men, and loaded with munitions, we were lined up in processional order before starting on our voyage across the mighty deep with all the lurking dangers of the enemy to guard against.

Two hydroplanes and an aluminum dirigible hovered overhead with expert aviators searching into the waters beneath for the sight of a submarine, as well as to lend any other assistance

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that might be required. We formed in regular order about a half a mile apart. The American cruisers and torpedo boat destroyers whose hulls were all camouflaged with the most grotesque designs of painting, which might if it were not for the war, be termed a new school of marine impressionist art. Flanking us on both sides were a similar fleet of submarine chasers. The sea was smooth and the water perfect for our start. Flag signals were run up from a fully armed transport, which was evidently the flagship of the fleet (She was sunk by a submarine on her return trip off the coast of Ireland). It was a signal, are you ready? An affirmative answer was given, then up went the orders to go ahead and we all started at the speed of the slowest boat in the procession. This was about 10.00 o'clock. All the day we held our position in the two lines never deviating perceptibly. Our first call to duty was that same day when we were ordered to don our life preservers and go to our respective life boats which had already been allotted to us.

There for over an hour we stood on deck by the various boats, endeavoring to accustom ourselves to wearing the life belts and locating the position of the boat we were to enter in the event of an accident.

The soldiers were addressed by the commanding officer in various sections of the ship. They were told that they came over to fight the Huns in the defence of their country, their families and humanity. They would be of little use in this object if they allowed the enemy to destroy them on the way. Therefore it was up to the honor of every man to see that the instructions and orders issued from time to time were rigidly obeyed. Every man was placed upon his honor to do this. Then followed a number of don'ts which included, don't throw anything even a match overboard, and don't take more than your allotted space on the deck, in the event of an emergency call.

The speeches were always more or less patriotic in many of the references to the worthy mission of the Americans in this war and one heard the commanding officer frequently talking of marching to Berlin, or going to the aid of the Allies, who, he said, had been fighting America's battles for three long years, which showed the fine mental attitude of the officers and men in this great struggle. Another boat drill in the afternoon completed all the work of the soldiers and passengers for the day. There was no afternoon tea; only three meals per diem, with limited menus.

In the evenings no one was allowed out on deck. We had not been warned and the first night went out with lighted cigars. To a form that looked like a soldier we asked if smoking was permitted on deck, to which we received the reply, "No, neither

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are you," which subtle remark caused us to make a hurried retreat.

During a fog the ship's siren blew a number of toots which in turn were responded to by all the other ships, and this exchange of compliments helped to keep the procession in proper line.

The first night out we lost our little submarine chasers and torpedo boat destroyers. They had gone back to port. It was just as well as we could not contemplate the idea of these craft pitching and tossing about on the briny deep for a very long duration, without getting on our nerves, which were already perturbed by seeing the other ships dip their noses into the sea and splash tons of water into the air. Even then it was not by any means rough, only an occasional heavy swell came along and gave our boys in khaki Neptune's baptism.

Occasionally at night we lost one of our cruiser escorts, which generally turned up the next day. We were also joined by one or two tramp ships, whose captains thought it safer to join us than to travel alone. The danger of a submarine attacking a convoy was remote. She had little chance in fog or rough weather, while in mid-ocean only a large submarine was likely to bet. Then she could only do her most destructive work in a calm sea. Otherwise, she would roll about too much, and be too clumsy to achieve assured marksmanship. To appear among a number of armed vessels, like our convoy, would be as dangerous for her as for us. Once she is under the fire of a battery of guns, aimed and fired by expert British gunners, she would not have one chance in a hundred of remaining on top. Should she creep up in the night or dawn, she would probably have her best opportunity to strike a fatal blow, but as I said before, her chances would be small on a rough sea in mid-ocean. The greatest danger was close to the British and Irish shores and there we were escorted by a fleet of torpedo boat destroyers. We were supplied with a daily Marconigraph news service from the American shore the first half of our voyage, which news was headed with the baseball returns.

The Y. M. C. A. contingent conducted primary and advanced classes in French, which were instructed by a professor of a Michigan University.

IV

IN THE GULF STREAM

With port holes and doors closed and two thousand four hundred human beings fast asleep between decks, the atmosphere was not conducive to refreshing rests, with the result that the first blast of the bugle call at 7.00 a.m. was always welcome. The sight of our convoy was magnificent. In the full blaze of a bright sun and a clear sky, the coloring of the ships gleamed brightly, all the more conspicuous for the camouflage, as I said before, we ran at the rate of the slowest vessel, and that was a well-known St. Lawrence River passenger ship which had been transformed into an armed transport and was supposed to be one of our protectors in the event of a submarine attack. I crossed the ocean in her, on her maiden voyage about twelve years ago, but to-day, for some reason or other, she was showing her age in her speed and this was tying us down to slower progress than we might have run. I was told that her engines were not as good as they used to be and this was not surprising, considering the great record she has earned in this war. Her sister ship has made the supreme sacrifice and is now resting peacefully at the bottom of the ocean.

We saw a school of porpoises and a few flying fish, but we missed the old sea gulls. They found out that it does not pay to follow the wake of ships, since the appearance of the submarine, as there is no food thrown out for their sustenance. We sighted a three-masted sailing ship and were filled with admiration for the captain and crew, who were taking more than the ordinary chance in sailing the seas alone, as the Huns sought them as soon as any other craft that was likely to carry produce to the Allies.

We celebrated Dominion Day in the dining saloon with two most interesting addresses, by Dr. Parker and Gipsy Smith. Both were full of enthusiasm for victory and the future peace of the world to be guarded by the Anglo-Saxon race.

Col. F. Floake, in command of the troops on board, made a very touching speech on the entry of the United States in the big conflict. He modestly admitted that it was time the United States went to the assistance of the boys, who had been incessantly

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fighting for them for over three years. After serving in the militia twenty years ago he had returned to civilian life, but when his country went to war he put on his uniform and was now in it to the end. The United States was in this war for the protection of her homes and her loved ones. His state (Ohio) which was the strongest for peace and had been instrumental in electing President Wilson on his peace programme, had sent the largest number of volunteers at the beginning of the war showing the changed sentiment of the people.

With the sun shining in its full splendor, the sea a peaceful calm, and everything pointing to a superb day on the broad Atlantic, the news flashed across the thousand miles of expanse from the main-land and informed us that another dastardly crime had been committed by Germany, namely the sinking of the hospital ship "Llandoverly Castle" with a loss of two hundred and sixty-four lives. This news made all the boys on board eager to avenge the murder, and have an opportunity of balancing accounts with the degenerate perpetrators of the outrage.

The perfect day filled everyone with a confidence that nothing would happen to mar the onward course of this fleet of ships, carrying its precious army of soldiers to the field of France to battle for the rights of freedom and civilization.

As we emerged from the Gulf stream, the temperature rose and the more refreshing condition had a magical effect upon the boys in khaki, who became more lively in their games and play. Athletic pursuits were universally indulged in to the great enjoyment of the audience, and in looking at them we could not but observe the unselfish traits in their characters. They divided their boxes of raisins or biscuits among their companions with true soldier comradeship. They were together in all things, whether fighting or eating. They were a great, big democratic family with but one heart and one desire. Berlin was their destination.

My cabin steward was on the ill-fated Empress of Ireland which sunk in the Lower St. Lawrence, near Father Point, some years ago. Even the sinking of this ship and his narrow escape from meeting a watery grave was not sufficient to keep him from again risking his life in these dangerous times. We also learned that the Chief Steward of the ill-fated ship, named Gettes, well known in Quebec, was on the Malitti, which was sailing with us on our starboard side.

Muggy weather and a fair sea ushered in the Fourth of July. There was no change in the usual run of things during the morning. At noon the American cruisers in accord with old time custom of the navy, fired a salute of twenty-one guns. We thought that this would be dispensed with under the extreme conditions of our voyage, but we presume the submarine could see

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us probably as far as the sound would carry. The cruiser was about one and a half miles away and it took about five seconds for the sound of the cannons roar to reach us. In the afternoon there was a programme of athletic sports.

The auxiliary cruiser disappeared one night. This does not mean that she went out of existence only that she trailed behind to such an extent that she had to leave our sea-going family group. We do not think that any of the captains worried about it, as they believed that she would not turn up again before the voyage was over. The Americans finished their natal day with a concert in the dining saloon. There were no patriotic speeches, as military orders do not permit such digression from the daily discipline routine.

As days went by we met and heard of more passengers among the small list of civilians on board. Among them were two little girls, of six and ten years of age. Their father were fighting with the Canadian army in France and their mother had just died. Under the care of an aunt, they were proceeding to relatives in Glasgow, who were to care for them until their father returned from the war, and by their appearance, they were sadly lacking the tender protection of a mother. The officers and men paid them affectionate attention, no doubt in the reflection of thoughts of dear ones left at home.

There was a wounded English aviator who was pale and limp in his walking. He would probably never assume his normal figure again because his hip was affected. He was still suffering physical pain. Notwithstanding his condition, he had just married a bright little girl who would cheer him to good health again, if this was within human power. Their marriage was a romance. It was said on board that one minister refused to marry them because she was under age. She looked a mere child, about fifteen or sixteen years of age, but had a most radiant attractive oval face with pretty curls down one side of her forehead, so it was not surprising that her sunshine disposition found quick affinity in the person of a brave young man who had done his bit at the front, and was recuperating in America.

We had a young lady, the daughter of one of England's late famous war correspondents and journalists. She had returned from a tour of Canada and the United States, lecturing upon German atrocities in Belgium, where she had passed some time during the opening days of the war.

There was another young lady who only later appeared on deck. She was said to be a Canadian nurse, returning to the front, after spending a furlough, at her home, suffering from shell shock. We did not believe it!

An Englishman, his wife, and two children, were returning

IN THE GULF STREAM

from Moscow, Russia. He was engaged as an engineer, by the British Government, in a munition factory there. He was almost forty-six days on the journey. His opinion of the state of Russia, when he left, was very depressing.

We visited the soldiers quarters one afternoon. They were occupying that part of the ship allotted to the steerage under normal sailings. In the dining saloon we saw seven hundred men at supper. The arrangements were so well organized that a menu of soup, meat vegetables, and a sweet, was served to the entire number inside of six minutes. During the night over four hundred men sleep in this saloon by hanging hammocks in all directions. During the hot nights, in the early part of our voyage there was great suffering from the intense heat of the lower decks and the congested state of the men in their sleeping quarters, but one heard very little, if any, complaint.

LAND IN SIGHT

An impromptu dance in the music room ushered us into the English or Irish danger zone, and extra precautions were taken to train the men for any emergency, by keeping half of them on deck at one time. Passengers talked of submarines in a most matter of fact way, as though they were all around us and we were immune to their assault. Many of us thought that it would be a sorry day for the submarine that dared to come within range of our guns. Many of the privates on board were sons of millionaires who would give up all their wealth to march into Berlin.

Nearing Ireland's greenish shores, everybody was anxious to catch a glimpse of the submarine destroyers which were expected to join and escort us safely through the danger zone which we had entered. They arrived about nine o'clock in the morning and circled our flotilla. Life on these destroyers must be anything but pleasant, and broken arms and legs must be of frequent occurrence. We all had great confidence in their protection and the fact that we were nearing land. They met us over five hundred miles from shore.

After exchanging greetings with the whole fleet, they took up their positions surrounding us, and started their vigilant search for "Fritz," as the sailors called the submarine. This consisted of dodging in a zigzag fashion all around us and hugging some of the important ships more closely than others. The ship's carpenter had to look after the fresh water supply in and out of port. This was a most important post and one that had to be very carefully looked after. The water was stored in a number of tanks, painted with lime cement coating, which gives the water a soft sweet flavor. Everyone particularly noticed this during the voyage. The quantity of water taken on board in America and through a pipe connected with the water main was run into the tank for five days and two nights, in all seventeen hundred and fifty tons. As there were two hundred and fifty gallons to the ton, that would be equal to four hundred and forty-seven thousand, five hundred gallons which is almost half a million. The ship averaged a consumption of sixteen thousand gallons a

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day, a little less than six and a half gallons per person for every one on board.

Our ship had been carrying soldiers across the Atlantic for over three years without a mishap. She had only had one close call from a torpedo, which incident gave the first officer, the hero of the day, a promotion to captaincy. He espied a ripple of a torpedo on the water coming straight for her amidships, and instantly caught the helm and jammed it to port as far as it would go, turning the ship around in time to escape being hit, the live torpedo passing under the stern below the rudder of the ship, and exploding a few yards away without doing any damage. The alertness of the officer saved the vessel from being struck. The captain is a well-known mariner, of great judgment and navigating ability. Such men should be rewarded by the Allied governments now that this great struggle is over.

At noon the American cruiser dipped her flag and bade us adieu and good luck, and then turned in the direction of the west, to America again, to continue her protection for other convoys which would be following ours. Many of the passengers slept with their clothes on that night, as it was said to be one of the most dangerous of the whole voyage, we supposedly being in a nest of submarines.

That there is no danger when the "little fellows" are around was the way the stewards and crew felt on board the ship, the "little fellows" referring to the submarine destroyers. Such was the implicit faith of the crew in Britain's defence arrangements against the submarine.

We had sighted land. Ireland was on one side and Scotland on the other. We were going into the North Sea. We had never changed our formation and we were entering England's harbor of safety in exactly the same position in which we had left America, except that when we reached the Clyde a few of our ships left us to go up that river with their valuable cargoes. There were a large number of mine sweepers to be seen in all directions from the time we passed the Narrows until we reached the Mersey.

As we passed Paddy's milestone at the entrance of the Clyde River, we met another convoy of twelve ships leaving the river and heading for sea, with the same protection that we had.

As we left, the spectacle was a grand one, and showed one and all of the thirty thousand American soldiers what contempt the British people had for the German submarine, not one of which had even stuck up his periscope to look at us.

Paddy's milestone is known on the geography as Ailsacraig, and has a granite quarry from which the stones used in the granite curling stones are hewn. We skirted along the shores of Scotland and England, then the Isle of Man, and arrived at the mouth of

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the Mersey. At Liverpool we were met by Generals Sims and McCrac, and Majors Whitmore and Chausse and Messrs. Martin and Baird of the Canadian Pacific Steamship Co. After breakfast we left for London. We enjoyed on the way the panorama of beautiful landscape through which we passed. To many of the party it was their first glimpse of English scenery and therefore doubly interesting. The crops were far in advance of our own, and of course, conspicuous throughout were the pretty hedges and vine-covered farm houses.

VI

ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND

In London we were met by Lord Burnham, proprietor of the London Telegraph, and President of the Empire Press Club,—Senator Smeaton White, of the Montreal Gazette, Colonels Brown and McBain, and a number of other Canadians who had heard of our coming.

We had hardly arrived at our hotel when we were supplied with a programme of coming events, and this filled up almost every hour of the day during our whole stay in London. It seemed to us that nearly all the leading statesmen of England and even some of our own representatives over there, including Dr. Pelletier, the able representative of the province of Quebec, in London, wanted us to attend some function, whereby we would imbibe the sentiment of the people, which is, by the way, the custom of practically all the English and European people, in their desire to disseminate and exchange views on all the big subjects of the day.

From our arrival in Liverpool we felt that there was a great desire on the part of the people of England, and even of France, to do something for us and give us every opportunity of seeing Great Britain's very best efforts to win the war, and in doing this, the most hospitable means were employed to make our work as light and as comfortable as possible.

At the start, it may be well to say, in answer to some of the Canadian critics, who have but poorly resented the fact that they were not among the invited, by discourteously referring to the object of the mission, that nowhere in England, or France, were the Canadian journalists more heartily welcomed and made to feel that their brothers in arms were delighted to meet and show them the work that they were doing, than in the Canadian camps, the executive offices of Canada's army, and in the field with the fighting forces on the Western front. Although the invitation of the Canadian journalists, came through the Minister of Information, Lord Beaverbrook, a Canadian by birth, representing the British Government, the occasion was taken advantage of by our own Canadians who had given up all in Canada to help the Allies in obtaining victory. It was, therefore, a great pleasure to find that one's mission to England and France,

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had been heralded ahead of us, and that we were to be received with open arms not only by the people of Great Britain, but by our own fellow countrymen as well.

How did we find London? The streets were crowded, traffic was heavy and there were vehicle jams just as of old, but it was due to the novice and inexperienced drivers, a scarcity of taxis and such petty draw-backs, although nothing to what we thought while living in Canada. It is true that life was not as lively as it used to be. The streets were filled with soldiers and sailors and large numbers gave visible evidence of having done their bit with a little worse luck than the other fellow, but they had a smile and a seemingly contented disposition as though they were not at all displeased, because they were not like other men or because they were not as they were before the war. They were filled with the proud feeling that they had done their duty to their country and their fellow men and I do not know but this is as much happiness as one wants in this world. The fact that they were minus an arm or leg made no difference to them, for they had taken part in helping to save England and the whole world from the slave shackles of a demented war nation.

We were not long in London before we were afforded our first experience of the rationing system. We all had to sign a registration card which permitted us to have a limited supply of sugar, butter and other food stuffs which fluctuate from day to day. We were individually hitched up to the forty million population of the British Isles to follow the dictation of the food controller. There was no invitation and kindly persuasion. You simply had to obey orders and everyone believed that whatever those orders were, they were for the best.

The hotel menus were within the regulation to the letter, yet they were quite satisfying and contained sufficient nutritious food to exist upon. The prices were probably the most unpleasant part of the meal, as they had gone up about fifty per cent. No one complained. And there is no doubt that the nation as a whole will benefit physically from the lower standard of dieting.

The city was constantly thronged with returned soldiers and visitors, who came from all parts to transact business at the capital city. Naturally, the theatres were crowded at night, this being one of the great distractions and entertainments provided for the soldiers. Even the professional artists and their following, seemed to think that their part in this war was in the entertainment of the boys when they were home on furlough, and if I may be allowed to judge, we saw as good plays, and reviews, in London, during the time we were there, as on any

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other occasion, notwithstanding the fact, that there was no man actor in any of the theatres who had not done his bit, or was physically able to go to the front. This very fact seemed to have stimulated the best stage talent to greater individual and collective effort with the result that plays, reviews, operas, dramas and spectacular productions, were of a very high standard and proved great attractions for the public.

The theatres started at about seven-thirty and finished up at ten thirty, which permitted everyone to be home before midnight. The streets, while supposed to be in total darkness, had sufficient glimmers of light from the street lamps to enable one to circulate in them without much difficulty. Even the taxis got around during the night in a wonderfully clever way which did not make being out at night, in London, an altogether unpleasant situation. Taxis, it is true, were difficult to obtain, especially for long distances, for the reason that they were only allowed a limited amount of petrol and they had to make the best of it. To go a long distance one had to raise, or double the tariff. There were few amusements that did not break up before midnight.

Almost every conceivable work performed by men before the war, was being carried on by women. They were driving busses, collecting fares, running taxis, washing windows, driving ambulances, acting as post-men, doing police duty, running elevators and following every position in the hotels, in all parts of London, and Great Britain and France, and what is most remarkable, about this feature of the war, and England's fight to win it, is the fact that these very women, working ten to twelve hours a day were never without a smile on all occasions when opportunity offered, in the fulfillment of their duties.

Among the first entertainments we attended was the opening ceremonial of the exhibition of naval photos in colors at the Princes Gallery, Piccadilly. The event was opened by Sir Eric Geddes, as Lord of the Admiralty. The pictures were magnificent and illustrated the life of the navy, with all its allegorical history and the dangers through submarine warfare and otherwise, of the gallant jack-tar, whether he was a sea-man of the merchant marine, or an able bodied blue jacket. The exhibition was one of the most original shown in London, and was part of the propaganda movement carried on by the Minister of Information.

VII

LLOYD GEORGE

Among the first public events we attended in London, was the banquet given by Lord Beaverbrook to welcome the representatives of the Canadian Press. It was the first really large gathering of the big men of England and the members from Canada, among whom might be mentioned the following:—The Right Honorable Sir Robert Borden, G.C.M.G., the Honorable C. C. Ballantyne, the Right Honorable Andrew Bonar Law, M.P.; the Right Honorable W. H. Long, M.P.; Major-General the Honorable S. C. Mewburn, the Honorable T. N. Norris, Sir Gilbert Parker, Bart., Colonel Pelletier, Sir William Peterson, Sir George Riddell, Bart., Brigadier-General J. G. Ross, C.M.G.; Sir Thomas Skinner, Bart., the Honorable J. W. Turner, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Richard Turner, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., V.C., D.S.O.; Brigadier-General P. E. Thacker, C.B., C.M.G.; the Honorable Sir George Perley, K.C.M.G.; Donald McMaster, Esq., K.C.M.G.; the Honorable A. Meighen, the Honorable W. Martin, Major-General A. D. McRae, C.B.; Brigadier-General F. S. Meighen, C.M.G.; Sir Roderick Jones, K.B.E.; the Right Honorable Sir Charles Hanson, Bart., M.P., Lord Mayor of London; Major-General G. B. Hughes, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.; Brigadier-General D. M. Hogarth, C.M.G., D.S.O.; Sir John Gibson, K.C.M.G.; Sir Hamar Greenwood, Bart., M.P.; Right Reverend Bishop Fallon, Arnold Bennett, Esq., the Lord Burnham, Colonel J. H. Almond, C. M.G. Colonel W. Grant Morden, M. P.

We had the honor of sitting on the right of David Lloyd George, a man who has had detractors but who has been acknowledged by them to be the only man in England who could have swung the pendulum of action and effort in the government of Great Britain during the tempestuous years of war. Sitting next to this man and hearing him discuss the important questions of the day was one of the most delightful experiences of our visit to England.

Of what did David Lloyd George talk? It would be indiscreet to divulge a conversation with the Prime Minister of Great Britain, but we shall not be committing any breach of etiquette in giving our readers a few impressions of this brilliant statesman. He is a most agreeable and delightful conversationalist. His facial expression and gestures, as he gradually warms to his subject

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hold one's undivided attention. His flow of language is like that of many educated Englishmen in its simplicity and purity, there being no slang or waste of words, but extraordinary originality of phrases, which, upon being questioned on this point, he ascribed to his thorough knowledge of Bible hyperbole and his Celtic origin.

We discussed the session of the House of Commons and the speech of the afternoon by Sir George Cave, commenting that if we had not known on what side of politics Sir George stood, we should never have been able to judge from the two hours' oration that we heard him deliver in a simple, quiet, unostentatious delivery, which is also another trait of English oratory. A reference to Dr. Jowett, the great Fifth Avenue preacher, of New York, with whom the Prime Minister was well acquainted, and whom he had asked to return from America, brought about a conversation on great preachers of the past such as Talmage Spurgeon and Beecher, and in recalling them Lloyd George deplored that we had no such men to-day, although admitting the great worth and value of Dr. Jowett. The importance that the Premier seemed to place upon the influence of such public men shed a new light upon the character of this statesman, and showed that he had a very comprehensive knowledge of the persuasive power of forceful and brilliant men in the pulpit or upon the platform.

He spoke of the statesmen of the past which included a eulogy of John Bright, and also discussed the newspapers of both countries and his visit to Canada and Quebec, and when we asked him "when he thought the war would end?" he looked up with a smile and said: "Did you ever climb a mountain? Well that is the way I feel about the war," the inference being that every time you imagine you have reached the top a higher peak looms up before you.

The Prime Minister had just left the Commander of the British Forces before arriving at the banquet, and he had told him that he was very much satisfied with the condition of everything at the front. This no doubt referred to the preparations for the expected big offensive which has since been realized with such huge success.

To meet such a man as David Lloyd George if only for a few hours was one of the most delightful experiences of our visit to England.

In the morning we were taken to see the Food Controller who had expressed a desire to meet us, which resulted in an appointment with Mr. Clynes when we heard a most interesting address on the food situation.

He said that the food situation was never better, and that the

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United Kingdom appreciated the manner in which both Canada and the United States had aided in bringing about this condition. He also intimated that the rationing system would be necessary for some time after the war to arrange the abnormal supply and demand of the population.

While on this subject it might be said that the shortage of butter and sugar were the greatest sacrifices that one had to make when living in hotels; meat one did not miss, as there were so many delicious dishes which take the place of it. The real hardships have to be endured by the families who find it difficult to live within their incomes, owing to the increased cost of food. For instance, salmon and lobster which one would think would be plentiful, coming from the rivers of the north and the surrounding sea, were selling at one dollar to one dollar and twenty-five cents per pound, and there was very little fish or meat that could be had at anything like reasonable prices.

It was wonderful to see the spirit of the people through it all; one never heard a grouch but there was always a smile.

We called upon one family who had had a son missing at the front for several months. He was in the Flying Corps and had left his formation when attacked by eight enemy planes and was never seen again. Word had been received from the Record Office at Vienna that he had been killed on the date when he was last seen. He had arrived on German territory dead in his machine, having been shot while in the air. His mother was so relieved that he had not been taken prisoner, as his health was not of the best and he, no doubt, would have had to go through much suffering in captivity. That was all. The women of England are heroic in their grief and will not show it. The mothers have made this sacrifice of their dear ones in the cause of liberty without any outward signs of what they must be suffering. It is a splendid spirit and is characteristic of the British women.

VIII

LORD BEAVERBROOK

We motored through the outskirts of London, passing miles of evenly trimmed hedges, some hiding from view those magnificent residences that have made the homes of England famous the world over. There were gardens with flowers in profusion and the most gorgeous colorings imaginable. War or no war these gardens will continue as long as England is England, for the love of flowers and gardens will survive as long as Englishmen live.

About thirty miles out of London we turned into a beautifully wooded avenue which was the entrance to Lord Beaverbrook's English home. This distinguished Canadian has accomplished much splendid work for his country, and it was due to him as Minister of Information, that we were granted the privilege of visiting the front and seeing it as only a few will ever have the opportunity of doing. Lord Beaverbrook has done and is doing much to help in shaping the destinies of the Empire. His great success is due to his indomitable energy and perseverance in carrying out those things which he sets out to do. He is a deep thinker with keen analytical judgment. Once he has formulated his ideas he has the force and determination to see them materialized, in spite of any obstacles. Nothing blocks his way once he has started on the road to accomplishment. This is Lord Beaverbrook's great quality outside of possessing a charming social character, which makes him very popular with all those with whom he comes in contact.

Perhaps this side of his life is better illustrated in his first courteous act to the representatives of the Canadian Press, who arrived at their hotel in London at about five o'clock one afternoon. An hour later the Minister of Information appeared in the rotunda, in a business suit, soft collar and hat, and gave every one of the Canadians a hearty handshake and welcome. He was not too big a man to carry out this kindly act of courtesy, though we all knew he was one of the busiest men in Great Britain.

It may also be interesting to know that Lord Beaverbrook has won the reputation, since the beginning of the war, of doing things when all other sources and channels have been exhausted.

It may further be said that if Canadian records of this war are complete and up-to-date, and our archives filled with treasures

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of the war, in the shape of trophies, Canadians owe him a deep tribute of appreciation, for it was due to him that we have such a fine exhibition as that which is now going the rounds of the United States, and Canada, making thousands of dollars for the Red Cross, and which will be an everlasting heritage for generations to come. It is also well known, without giving away secrets, that it was due to Lord Beaverbrook's astute perception that the present great administrative men of England were drawn together for the government of the country, during a terrible crisis, and at a time when some of them, it was said, were not on political speaking terms with one another. To Lord Beaverbrook such small wounds were nothing to heal, when England wanted every man to do his duty. But it was his task, and he did it with a master stroke that helped England and the Empire. And that is one of the reasons why he is a big man in a big Empire, and a force in the arrangement of its affairs.

Englishmen will also be indebted to Lord Beaverbrook for inaugurating and successfully launching the publicity, or propaganda policy, which resulted in the creation of a new portfolio in the cabinet, known as that of Minister of Information. Now, to anyone who knows the character of the English people, this new venture could not have been promoted by them, as they have their own conservative ideas on matters of this kind, which would have prevented them from seeing eye to eye on the subject with a Canadian or American. That it happens to be one of our own countrymen, who foresaw one of the weak spots in the war and immediately undertook to remove it, makes us realize how it all helps to bring about a closer family tie in Empire-building, and, as we have used this term on several occasions, it may be as well to say that it does not mean that any one part of the Empire, will rule or dominate the whole unless it is for the benefit and good of all the dominions.

There is one sure and incontestable fact in the future development of the world, and this is that those countries, in the most advanced development of their natural resources, will have the easiest row to hoe, and if our Canadian statesman will only watch their step, as they say, we will be the gainers in any co-operative move that will aid us in disposing of these resources at the highest market value under the best economical advantages. Some people have an erroneous idea of Imperialism. They are still laboring under the delusion that existed half a century or a century ago, but which now would be dissipated from their minds were they to travel and meet the leaders of nations, and learn that the very views and conceptions of such men are in accord with their own. Imperialism, to-day means to many of us nothing more than unity of commerce and better social under-

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standing. What, then, would be a greater means to that end, than a better knowledge and understanding among the Allies who are fighting, so that a greater and stronger peace may be assured to all the nations of the world! This was in Lord Beaverbrook's mind in his publicity campaign, which went much beyond the real meaning of the word. To carry his ideas out he naturally had to contend with the old English traditions which made Englishmen believe that Great Britain was old enough for the world to know of its great achievement in war, commerce, literature, art and liberty of her people, to such an extent that it was not necessary to advertise. Quite true, but the time had arrived when all the progressive countries, in the race for existence were advertising and none more so than Germany, the would-be enslavers of the world. As a Canadian, Lord Beaverbrook belonged to a young country with no lengthy history behind it for all the world to know what she had done. If one were to judge of the scanty knowledge of Canada by Englishmen before the South African war, one had not far to go from the American borders to find out how little the world knew about our wonderful country. Hence our great enthusiasm and ambition to tell the world what we have and what we were doing. It was not quite the same with Lord Beaverbrook's new work in England. He saw that England was not receiving a square deal in the face of the advertising agencies which were about, and this prompted him to take action in the very direction he has so successfully followed, and which has already brought in such excellent returns. By opening up the channels for all allied nations to see the efforts of Great Britain to win the war, he rendered the English people one of the greatest services that could be offered to them from an "outsider," as he has been termed by some of his political opponents, some of whom would have been quite satisfied to see England continue in the old rut which had prevented her from seeing the machinations and intrigues of German spies and missionaries in their country, for many years before the war.

Since the formation of the new portfolio, the United States Canada and all the other countries of the world will have an opportunity, just as the newspapermen of these countries have had, of seeing what Great Britain has done in this war and whether the lying statements of her traducers, emanating from Germany, were false or true. Publicity of this kind is the only weapon for this insidious kind of warfare, and Lord Beaverbrook's energetic campaign has already brought forth fruit, far in advance of expectations, if one can judge by one instance only, namely the changed attitude of the American people, and press, who will be the first to point out the real facts for the digestion of their public.

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F. A. Mackenzie, a Quebecker representing several Canadian newspapers, in London, discussing this subject said:—"The idea marks the end of the old British idea of propaganda which was to print dull pamphlets and circulate them indiscriminately through the country to the people, thinking that if they were not read they should be."

The bringing over of newspapermen from all parts of the world, was only a portion of the publicity work, the cinematograph lantern slides, photographs, lectures, etc., also figure in this propaganda policy of spreading the truth, to counteract the calumnies that were constantly circulated by our enemies. If the Information Department had never been started we would have had little faith in being able to combat Germany after fighting her with the sword. For we believe that the Hun thinks as little of the intelligence of the average ally, even now, as he did before the war, and their idea is to use their propaganda organization upon the clergy and press to appeal to the Allies to forgive and forget, and place the blame for all that has happened on the Kaiser and the Hohenzollern family. Fortunately, a complete record of this war will not be forgotten in the archives of the Minister of Information, and unless Germany is made to suffer as France, Belgium and other countries have suffered, in order that she may be able to realize the extent of her atrocities upon civilization, there should be no forgiveness and no forgetting what she has done. She must be made to suffer for her sins as a degenerate outcast nation for centuries to come, and it is such work as that which Lord Beaverbrook has accomplished in England, which will help the Allies to remember the fiendish deeds by actual photographs, the strongest evidence of all, should German propaganda succeed in making us forget what has happened during the last four years.

There is another feature of the department, and although I am not speaking with any concrete facts or figures before me to prove my assertions, I know I am very nearly right when I say that Lord Beaverbrook is raising an enormous income out of the photographs and moving pictures of the war, which his department controls, so that instead of the department being a charge upon the country he has turned it into a very profitable money-making one. New war films are put on every week by almost every theatre in existence, which will give one a fair idea of the enormous revenue that must be produced from this source alone.

IX

OUR BOYS IN CAMP

We spent a whole day visiting Canadian military camps within a short distance of London. We went to Bramshott where we saw a large contingent of French-Canadians from Quebec and the vicinity, and several other Canadian battalions in course of training for the front. Here we were informed that the Quebec Province recruits were making a splendid showing and were equal to any sent over from Canada. We had an opportunity of realizing the truth of this compliment, when viewing one thousand two hundred of them going through physical exercises as we arrived. A splendid exhibition of drill exercises were also put on for us, which was excellently executed. There was something inspiring in seeing our fellow countrymen so far away from home taking such an interest in preparing themselves for service in France, with a soul and a heart in the cause, quite equal to that of all the other allies in the battle for freedom.

From Bramshott we motored to Witley. Here we met General Garnet Hughes, son of Sir Sam Hughes, former Minister of Militia, who received us, and showed immense pride in his fifteen thousand men in training.

The camp covered about ten square miles and was one of the best Canadian camps in England.

It was in this camp area (Frensham Pond) that the Canadian draftees had to undergo four week's training in physical exercises, regimental history, squad drill without arms, and discipline, before they were taken on the strength of the several Reserve Units. This was their initial course after arriving in England from Valcartier or any of the other Canadian training camps. After this instruction the men underwent individual training in more military tactics, including the putting on and wearing of the gas mask, which was required on the field and in action. This took an additional five weeks and then they were ready for their collective training. This constituted about the same instruction but in platoon, company and battalion order, instead of individually, and this was kept up for another three weeks, making about fourteen weeks in all which the draftee had to consume on his arrival in England, before he was qualified as a first class fighting man ready for the front.

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It is often asked why this work was not all carried on in Canada, but it has been tried and found wanting. The very best answer is to ask the questioner why English beer, and Scotch whiskey are not made in Canada instead of in the British Isles. Probably if the war had been in America we could reverse the tables and give the British some finishing touches that could not be obtained in England, because we would know so much better than they would, the exact mode of warfare that would be necessary and how to go about it.

At noon, with ninety other guests we sat down to lunch and were given the same menu as that which was being served to the entire Canadian forces in England on that day. The system of rationing the Canadians had then become a science, and no troops were better fed or looked after in that respect. Every week a printed form, with the menus of the three meals for every day and with full instructions how each dish was to be cooked, was sent to every battalion. The quantity of ingredients required for each man in order to provide these menus, was also printed on this form, so that the Adjutant of the battalion could very quickly estimate his ration requirements to fill up his requisition forms. This system has resulted in a great saving of labor and waste, and at the same time has provided the men with better meals than have ever been served to soldiers before. By it every man in the Canadian forces in England received the same amount of food, with the result that every battalion was competing with the other to see how much they could save on their monthly allowances; this was given back to them in coin or credit which they utilized for the benefit of the battalion funds. Some of the savings of the battalions reached very large amounts. I was informed that the Canadians through this system had brought down the cost of feeding their men to a lower rate than that of any other army in England. This change from the old time army waste was brought about by the large number of practical business men which Canada has sent overseas, men who have been managers or superintendents of large concerns and who know efficiency well.

The following are the menus which were served to all the Canadian forces on the day we were in camp, and they will give one a very fair idea of how our boys were being catered to in England and France:—

Monday, July 15th

Breakfast—Rolled oats, mutton croquettes, mashed potatoes, bread, butter, and coffee.

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Dinner—Beefsteak pudding, haricot beans, potatoes, ground pudding, and bread.

Supper—Macaroni cheese, jam turnovers, bread, butter and tea.

Late Supper—Pea soup and bread.

In these camps we felt very much at home when meeting so many old friends, and it did us good to see our boys in such fine form and condition, and in such high spirits. Sir Edward Kemp, Minister of Militia in England, with Lieutenant-General Sir Richard Turner, K.C.B., Colonel W. J. Lamb and Colonel Lorne Drum, were among the guests present.

After luncheon we saw a very realistic sham battle of barrage, cannon and rifle fire, trench raiding and bombing, which gave us an excellent idea of what we might yet experience in its true form in France.

We also saw a wood assault by Colonel Charles McLean's Battalion which was again a different sort of warfare, but quite as exciting. Several thousand men took part in these sham battles and they all seemed to carry out their parts as though it were a real affair. It also entertained us to see the whole camp turn out to witness what we thought would be an ordinary show, but to judge by the remarks and interest in the battles, in which every individual effort was applauded, this war drama, which was put on about once a week, was evidently looked upon as one of the features of Witley Camp.

We visited Colonel Lorne A. Drum's segregation hospital, and inspected the whole medical machinery in operation, which has been productive of such excellent results. This camp has the record of having the very lowest percentage of sickness of any camp in England. Then we had an artillery exhibition which included all the exercises of an artillery squad in action. I may say that in every camp we visited, much time was devoted to physical exercises.

The most interesting feature of the afternoon, from a monetary standpoint, and one that will be of great interest to all Canadians who have to pay a war tax, was our inspection of the Canadian Salvage Department of Witley Camp. This is another new branch of military organization which has come into force in this war. It was only one year old and yet it had saved the Canadian Government, in this Camp alone, some \$83,925.00.

We think the subject of sufficient interest to justify our publishing the details of the salvage, which will give an idea of

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the large saving of almost everything handled in camp and the number of pounds or quantity, collected or sold:—

Commodity.	Pounds or No. Collected.	Approximate Value.		
		£	s.	d
Marrow bones.....	58728	628	16	0
Ordinary bones.....	264777	2364	0	0
White dripping.....	106430	3515	0	0
Brown dripping.....	11671	364	0	0
Cracklings.....	34912	248	17	0
Trap grease.....	2506	22	0	0
Tea leaves.....	9935	124	3	9
Rabbits feet.....	7210	12	16	0
Bottles (No.).....	16266	33	17	9
Fish boxes, large (No.).....	2624	656	0	0
Smoked fish boxes (No.).....	989	24	14	6
Tea cases (No.).....	410	51	5	0
Leather clippings.....	14272	3	15	0
Rabbit crates (No.).....	3662	91	11	0
Horse hair.....	4721	42	0	0
Jars (No.).....	2574	5	7	3
Head.....	1782	20	13	0
Iron, mixed.....	69151	30	19	0
Waste paper (controlled price). 110730	110730	275	0	0
Rags, mixed.....	27583	740	0	0
Rope.....	240	3	0	0
Rubber.....	360	3	10	0
Sacks, various (No.).....	28087	1053	5	3
Canvas sacking.....	8114	96	5	0
Rabbit skins (No.).....	68890	1722	9	0
Tin.....	61665	275	0	0
Wire.....	9287	8	0	0
Meat wrappers.....	29178	520	0	0
Swill disposals.....		2500	0	0
Manure disposals.....		1349	12	6
<hr/>				
Total value of salvage for Witley Camp.....		£16,785	17	0
or.....		\$83,925		

Before the Salvage Department started operations, most of these commodities were treated as refuse, but the value of waste product was realized, and instructions were issued to have the different articles conserved, with the result that they were collected and disposed of, to be used in some other form as war material. Prior to the war all this material was discarded as "junk."

OUR BOYS IN CAMP

The great lesson to be derived from this salvage of everything around the camp is two-fold. First of all, it keeps the camp in a clean sanitary condition, and secondly, it teaches thrift to the men that will be profitable to them after the war. Soldiering has not been conducive to any saving habits, but the Salvage Department has altered all this and it will be the men themselves who will in turn derive the most benefit.

In conversation with one of the officers of the camp, I was told that: "The department work has been so thorough, that while incinerators have been built in every camp there is now no use for them, because there is a profitable market for everything except dirt, and you can't burn dirt."

X

WITH THE FORESTERS

Close by Witley Camp there is a small officer's club with a sheltered garden and tennis court where we were entertained for tea, after which we bade our Witley friends adieu and left for Sunningdale to dine with Brigadier-General Alex. MacDougall, C.B.

When we arrived at this camp which is situated on the picturesque grounds of Windsor Castle, there was waiting for us in full parade order, a complete forestry company. This constituted about eighty horses, two hundred men, lorries, water carts, steam engines, automobiles and motorcycles, the two latter machines being driven by women.

Everything came from Canada, which was an additional pleasure. To see a few thousand soldiers on a church parade in our home towns might seem a big military spectacle, but there we were seeing as many more thousands than we had ever seen in Canada, all in the finest form and spirits, ready for the fray when their turn would come, that it made us realize and admire more than ever Canada's efforts in this war.

What especially impressed us when meeting so many Canadians in khaki in one day, was the fact that we had not met a man in any of the camps who had been there any length of time who was not longing to get over to France.

There is monotony in camp life which, after a time, begins to pall in England, while in France there is a constant expectancy and certainty of something doing. Afterwards comes the excitement of action, and also there is a feeling within every man that English camp life is not a healthy or lofty career for a military man who has left his country to do his bit, which makes him anxious to leave camp as soon as possible and get over to France.

As we saw the long line of magnificent looking horses in the Forestry Company, paired in color and weight, they made us feel that they were proud of their part in the war, and anxious to do their duty. We are sure that those dumb animals have some such instinct. When the order came for "eyes left," as the company passed us while we stood beside the Commanding Officer, we even imagined we saw the horses looking our way.

WITH THE FORESTERS

Certainly, we admired every one of them, and it was gratifying to hear that the men who took charge of those horses had a great affection and consideration for them.

Afterwards we saw a large saw-mill in full operation, though it was after six o'clock. Among the men working at one dollar and twenty-five cents a day were a large number of French-Canadians, from the Province of Quebec, whom we were informed by the Commanding Officer made excellent soldiers and were the most expert mill hands in the Corps, both in England and France.

As we drew near to the officers' mess room, we saw a number of automobiles driven by women chauffeurs in military attire, and we were told that at this camp, the headquarters of the Forestry Corps in England, the women looked after the automobiles for all the motoring of the executive officers. They had their own buildings, their own officers, and were under the same strict military discipline as was established for the men.

There were schools in England where women joining this branch of women's work received a course that equipped them not only to take care of the ordinary road accidents of a car, such as tire troubles, but to be able to keep the machinery in excellent condition during the service of the car. In this camp there were about twenty-five women engaged in this work. They were given the same grade and promotion for service as the men, except in the higher ranks.

We have often been told that one must hear the bag-pipes among the crags and mountains of Scotland to really appreciate the music of them. Perhaps so, but before we sat down to dinner with General MacDougall and staff, in a pretty wooded nook in the picturesque grounds surrounding Windsor Castle, we had the experience of appreciating the bag-pipes even though we were some distance away from Scotland. As we were standing on the broad verandah of the headquarters mess hut, the strains of the bag pipes could be heard far off in the distance, through a thick grove overspreading the sloping ground, through which ran a winding road leading down to where we were listening. The music grew more distinct and we recognized the Scotch airs of the band of pipers as it appeared through the foliage in the dusk of evening. The air was clear and still. On came the pipers and the melody grew louder and more distinct every moment as the band came nearer to our gathering, with the drummers flaying the gutted spheres with as much spirit as the pipers. The band played as we marched into dinner, which was one of the most entertaining and fraternal of any we attended, for we were with our own comrades, our own friends, and our own boys. There was a feeling of the warmest fellowship in the atmosphere that

IMPRESSIONS OF WAR

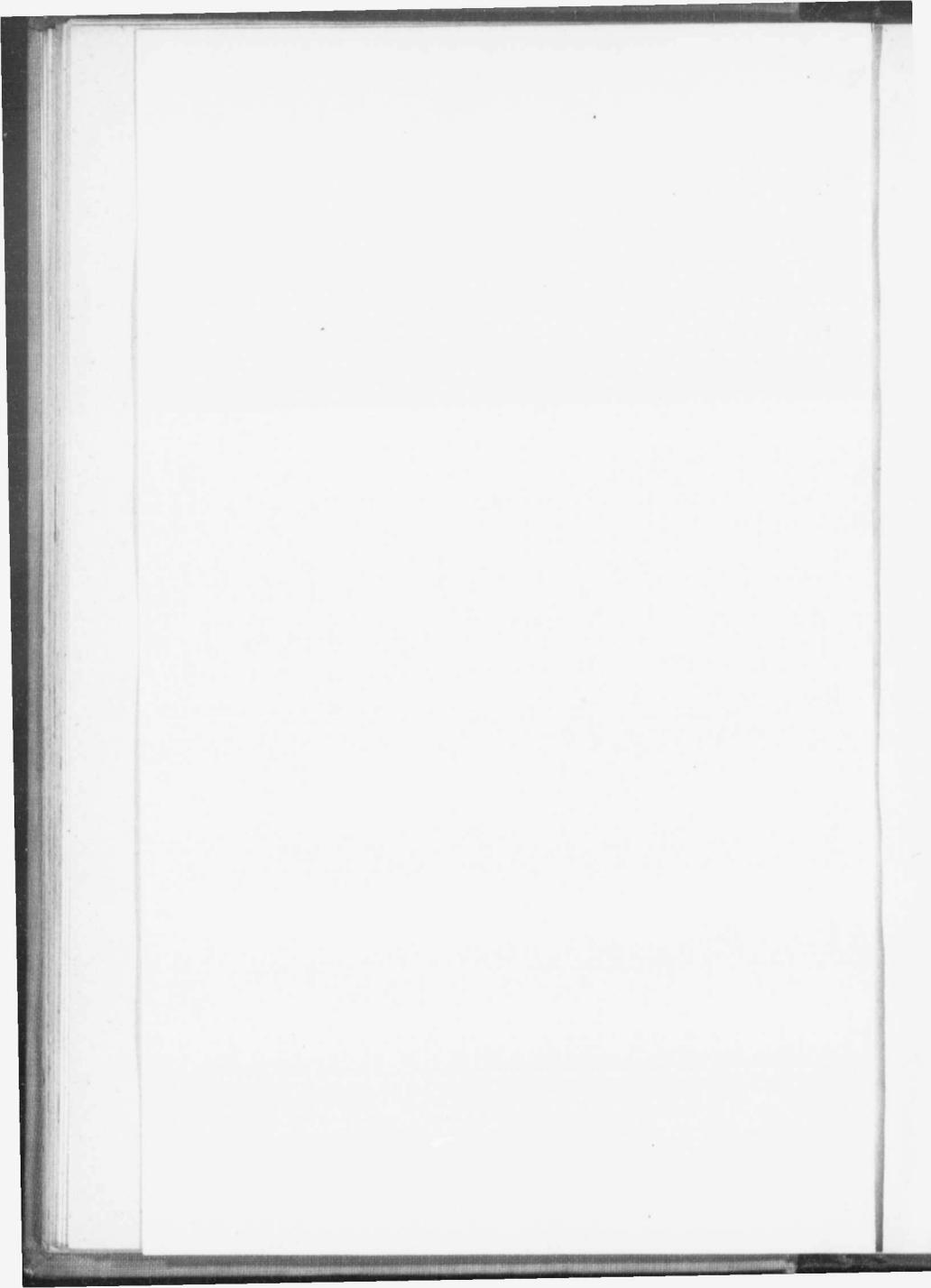
night, and from all we have heard of the O. C., this excellent community spirit existed throughout the Forestry Corps. Someone said, "With Alex. MacDougall at the head could you expect anything else?" There is probably no more popular officer or one that has done more to aid in this war than General Alexander MacDougall. Leaving a lucrative position, comfortable home, and many friends behind in the early days of the war, he went over in command of the first Forestry Battalion, and from that day he has never failed to do his part in providing lumber for the Allied armies to save tonnage, which has been one of the main reasons why so much food could be shipped to England and France, as well as to the great American army.

"Alex." MacDougall as he is so popularly known has been one of the men of action, over there. There was nothing his corps could not do. He has a "do-or-die" character about him which he seemed to have instilled into his battalion and company commanders. The operations of the forestry corps were considerably increased after the arrival of the first battalion in England and now, in addition to cutting down timber and manufacturing it as required by the armies, the foresters were engaged in the construction of buildings such as aerodromes, huts, in fact almost any kind of wooden buildings. They were doing everything but actually fighting, and this they sometimes have had to do with axes and shovels when necessity called for it. By this, it does not mean that the foresters escaped all casualties. They suffered with all the other forces who worked behind the lines. None were immune, as one may be inclined to think, from enemy shells and bombs.

War has made men visualize life as they have never done before, and General MacDougall is one of these men. In conversation with him, on his many experiences and narrow escapes, in France, while on inspection tours, he made the remark that the war had made him believe that there was something else in life than fulfilling business duties and occupations at home. He had never really experienced the same sense of contentment, that he enjoyed since his participation in this world struggle for the benefit of mankind and the liberty of civilization, a feeling that was so broad and elevating in its latitude that it left him with a deep feeling of gratitude that it was within his power to be able to join the Canadian Overseas Forces. To such men as these one can imagine the great relief and joy that victory has brought, even greater than to those at home, for it is their just reward for their sacrifices and long services in bringing it about.



DOING THEIR BIT.—English Women Working in Tanneries.



XI

WOMEN'S WORK

We have already made many references in our articles to the noble work of the women of England and France in this war and their devotedness to the cause of aiding our fighting men by taking their places. As we said before, they filled every conceivable position of the sterner sex in order to keep the factories going, and carry on the business of the country, while their husbands, brothers and fathers were at the front. There was scarcely any branch of man's work they could not do, and do well.

At the beginning of the war they were the first to offer their services for hospital work, and those interested in the subject know of the heroic efforts made by them in Belgium, Serbia, Bulgaria, France and every other land where they could help. Their sacrifices with the retreating Serbian armies, and among the disease-stricken population of that country, are probably too well-known here in Canada, through the many books that have been published, and lectures which have been delivered on the subject, to bear repetition, but we may say that their work did not stop with those wonderful heroic exploits. The whole female population of France and Great Britain was transferred into a great army of workers, and were to be seen in every industrial trade and occupation in their respective countries. Naturally there were some women around restaurants and places of amusement who were doing nothing. They were few and of course conspicuous in contrast to the many who were working with such devotion and sacrifice.

So much evidence was to be seen of the real worth and patriotism of the women of England and France in all the mammoth industrial organizations, including aircraft and shipbuilding, and all kinds of agricultural pursuits, that one wondered if there were any kind of manual occupation that they had not mastered, in order to relieve men who were wanted.

You might see them at work everywhere at home, and at the front. There was no part or place where there was any labor to be done that they were not ready to do it, and to such an extent, that we were informed by the managers and superintendents of the factories in which they were engaged, that their efficiency was far ahead of that of the men.

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In Calais, in one of the largest boot and shoe repair factories of the world, where several thousand employees were turning discarded soldiers boots into new ones, by salvaging the best in the old, more than half the employees were women, and their output in some of the hardest operations of the work was greater than that of the men in the same departments. They seemed to make a greater effort than the men; this will be one of the problems to solve in the future.

But in driving huge ambulance lorries close to the front lines was where the young women showed courage and ability only second to the nursing sisters, who were caring for the sick and wounded. Canada had then sent nearly three thousand nursing sisters to Great Britain and France, and many more were required, to take the places of those who had been working since the opening of the war, and were going home for a well deserved rest and holiday. The field of operation was also growing larger so that many more Canadian nurses were required.

At Boulogne quite early one morning, while visiting one of the many hospitals near by, I saw a woman of middle age, polishing a Ford ambulance, which I thought was about as bright as it could possibly be. I asked her if she understood the mechanism of the car.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "I had the machine down yesterday, to clean it, and put it all up again, and it is running quite well."

As we walked away, one of the hospital officials said, "She is a great woman! She reports for duty every morning with the car at six a.m. and works all through the day. She is quite wealthy, and is now working for twenty dollars a month and rations."

I was also informed that many women were serving their country in a similar manner, and in addition, patrolling the streets of Boulogne, night and day, when there was an air raid, in order to be on hand in the event of a hit. They took up regular stations in the city so that all districts would have immediate help in conveying the injured to the hospitals, if necessity demanded it. This was heroism difficult to surpass. Boulogne had been extremely unfortunate in air raids and there were many houses destroyed in it.

We expected one during the several nights we were there, but it followed on our departure, and killed over forty people, also wrecking one of the hotels near where we were staying.

There is also a humorous side to women's work which may shed a light upon their future position in the commercial world. During the last few days of our stay in London, there was a strike of the women bus drivers. They were performing the same work as the men, but receiving less money; hence the

WOMEN'S WORK

strike. Now this seems to be one of the great difficulties that will have to be settled in the future. From all we heard, the women were doing superior work to the men, at less pay. The question naturally arises, is this fair? If the women can perform the same work as men, should they not receive the same wages?

But the most serious problem of the women engaged in men's work, is that of family life. Will the women return to their homes and take care of their families as mothers should do, or will their newly acquired freedom and capacity for earning good salaries unfit them for it?

Those who know English women and their practical outlook on life and sense of duty, will put aside all such unnecessary questions. As a result of the war many women will not have the chance of marriage. For those, their present experience will fit them to live a happy and dignified life, and those who do marry will have benefitted by their self-sacrifice and experience and will make the finer wives and mothers for it. They will come to the rescue of mankind, in the British Empire, with the same noble sentiment they have given such evidence of in this war.

We cannot leave this subject without a word of admiration for the women's uniforms. They are in every organization well fitting, very neat, workmanlike and in excellent taste and style and give the women in war work, an equal footing with the men.

Among the various women's military organizations were the following:—

W.A.A.C.—Women's Auxiliary Army Corps, who aided the army in clerical and almost any services that could be filled by women to relieve man power.

W.R.N.S.—Women's Royal Naval Service, which performed the same duties as the "Waacs", for the Navy.

W.R.A.F.S.—This organization was attached to the R.A.F., for assistance in the same way as the "Waacs" and "Wrns" for the Army and Navy.

Women's Legion and Women's Volunteer Reserve, supplied motor chauffeurs.

In addition to the above, there were the Land Army which includes all those women engaged in agriculture, Women Police, Women Window Service, Women Conductors, etc., etc.

In connection with hospital work in which women played so important a part, a reference must be made to the Endell Street Hospital in London, which was entirely staffed by women, including doctors, surgeons, etc., although it was filled with men patients.

XII

WAR AND AIRCRAFT

We have seen air battles, aerodromes and the very latest airplanes and dirigibles under construction. More than that we have flown over London and England in the very latest type. We visited one of the largest manufacturing plants in the country. Their output was over fifty machines per week, but we found that the construction was considerably hampered, much as it has been in the United States, by demonstrating, building and experimenting with new inventions. There should have been a special school for this purpose and the thousands of expert workers at these manufacturing plants should not have been interrupted in their practical work.

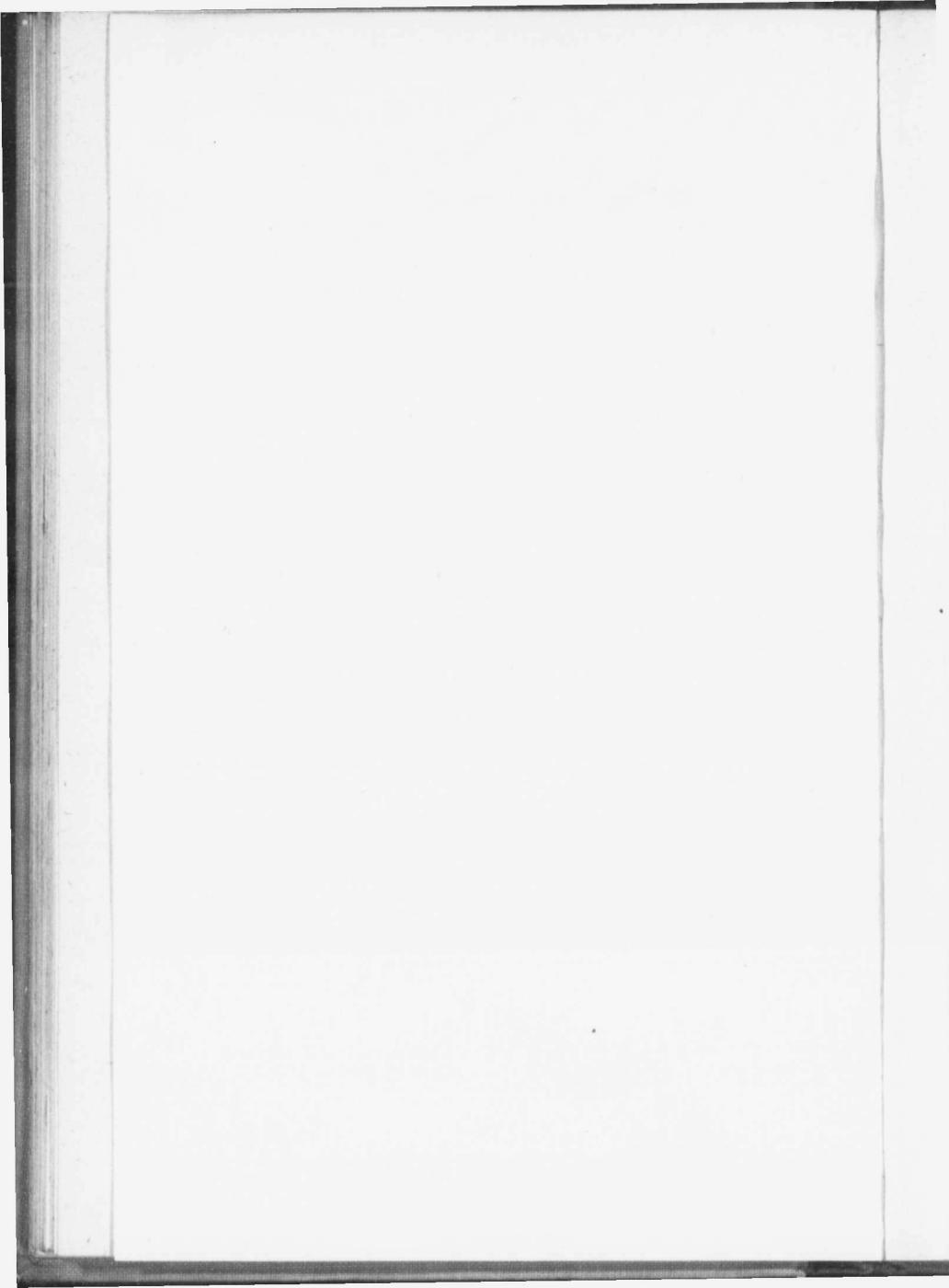
I have sat in a shack alone, by a window with the lights out, while Hun planes were hovering overhead looking for an advantageous spot upon which to drop their bombs, and the intense strain on one's nerves during the minutes that it is buzzing and circling around, is impossible to endure with any feeling of comfort. It is a nervous strain, difficult to overcome and is not one of fear but of extreme impatience. You are waiting for the explosion of the shell which perhaps never comes. While a soldier with the longest service at the front, has no fear of shells or bombs, he does become impatient when a Hun plane hovers in the darkness overhead loaded with bombs to drop somewhere.

What was my experience in going up in an aeroplane?

Well, the only time I felt at all nervous was when I listened to the officer commanding the aerodrome, making us a speech that sounded like a death warrant. He told us that we were risking our lives upon our own responsibility, and while every possible precaution would be taken, accidents sometimes happened. However, they would take all necessary care that nothing should occur within their power. The only difference between the death sentence and our lecture was that we did not put on the black cap and have our hands tied. We walked with a steady step and nonchalant air to the huge plane standing on the ground. The engines were being tested and the big propellers were starting to race. There were two on our plane, which was known as a Handley-Page, a very large one, of which there were more of even



THE FIRST CANADIAN PRESS PARTY TO TAKE AN AIR FLIGHT IN A HANDLEY-PAGE AEROPLANE—Reading Left to Right: Hon. Frank Carrel, Quebec Telegraph; W. R. McCurdy, Halifax Herald; M. R. Jennings, Edmonton Journal; Aviator; and Fernand Rinfret, Montreal Le Canada.



WAR AND AIRCRAFT

a larger size in course of construction. We had to dodge the propellers to get under the car and climb up through a small aperture into a delicately constructed box about four by three feet, so frail in appearance that one would think that three men, the number of our party, would be a sufficiently big weight to crash through the flooring, which was built of light wooden stays and canvas, with thin wiring holding the eight corners together. The pilot and assistant sat ten feet away, in front, and still further ahead, in the very nose of the machine sat Mr. Bob Jennings, Editor of the Edmonton Journal. While the pilot and the latter were goggled and wore heavy leather caps, we three in the car, built to carry a few tons of bombs, went up with no protection, we even had to discard our hats, owing to the wind created by our high speed.

Our friends looked mournfully after us, the photographer took a last snap, the engines increased their speed and deafening roar, and we began to move slowly along the ground. Then the machines went a little faster and we gave two or three short jumps on the ground, like a chicken being chased, and then we took to the air, and an upward ascent. We went up and up in a pleasant sort of elevating motion, until we had reached a considerable distance from the ground. When we were one or two thousand feet in the air, we started to spiral skywards, and in doing this the machine with its long extending wings canted over to balance itself, as one would do on a bicycle, and then we thought for a few moments we were going to be thrown out of the machine. We crouched a little and caught the frail sides of the car in order to stay in it as long as possible, if we were to spill over, but we righted ourselves again and continued on the level for a little while, and then spiraled again and again, as we kept climbing upwards until we overcame our fear of toppling overboard. From that moment everything was plain smooth sailing and we began to feel like birds looking down upon London, viewing the sinuous Thames which looked like a thread of silver meandering through the maze of brown buildings beneath. We were only up four or five thousand feet so we could distinguish some of the larger buildings of London and the tall steeples of St. Paul and the Tower of London below. Even Westminster was visible in indistinct lines. It was a glorious day for such a flight, and we enjoyed every moment of the thrilling sensation. It is small wonder that our boys were infatuated with it. We wanted to go up a few days afterwards and loop the loop and do a few other aerial acrobatic feats, but the weather would not permit it.

Lord Weir, the Minister of Aircraft, recently said, "For the average man, no subject vital to the war holds an interest com-

IMPRESSIONS OF WAR

parable to that of air fighting. It has been at once the greatest novelty of the war, the greatest horror, and the most gallant effort. The enormous air losses which have been inflicted upon the enemy have taught him the lesson that he cannot hope to cope with us, man for man, machine for machine.'

That is why the enemy never attacked unless he had three or four to our one, which showed our superiority, daring, and mechanical ability, and the Huns realization of it.

Major General Sir David Watson was among those at the front who took up flying. He became interested in it, as a hobby in his spare time, and occasionally liked to have a spin in the air, by way of diversion from his military work. One day he went to an aerodrome to have a flight. There were no machines or pilots about, but while waiting, a machine, whose pilot was having some slight machine trouble, landed within a few feet of him. To his great surprise the aviator happened to be Lieut. Kinnear, a Quebecker, who has won great distinction and recognition, including the Military Cross for effective and courageous work in the air service. We had the pleasure of meeting this air hero in Boulogne. He has seen several years of service in the Royal Air Force. There are many Quebecers in the Flying Corps, among whom may be mentioned: Major Scott, Lieut. Lanctot, Lieutenants: Bert Kinnear, (on leave, Military Cross and Flying Medal); Harold Fellows, (missing); Pierre Hamel, (killed); Harold Cooper, Gerald Monaghan, Henry Soucy, G. Bussieres, P. Cantin, G. McNaughton, Earl Scott, Jean Lanctot, F. C. Falkenberg, Rene Boisvert, Herbie Laurie, Herbie Joynt, J. Laroche, F. McAllister, (killed); Robert Cassidy, Charles White, Arthur White, George Hill, Wm. J. Powers, Herbie Wright, D. Pennington; Francois Belley, (killed); G. Lemoine, Fred. Brown, (Captain), Charles Binet, H. Hutchison, Henry Montmigny, J. Moore, T. Moore, George Vandry, Robert Smith, (Montreal, but resided in Quebec when joined); Stewart McLeod, (Royal Naval Air Force, enlisted from Quebec); F. X. Marois, E. Duchesnay, D. Goulet, A. Gosselin, F. Dorion, L. Gagne, Carl Bender, Alex. Dinan, J. C. Carbonneau, J. Brown, Robert Cream, (on the reserve); George Garneau, (Captain); Fred Black, and Louis Carrier.

XIII

LONDON

The Strand, Oxford street, and Piccadilly mean much if not everything to the big city; they are the barometers of the life of London. They were crowded as ever, the stores were filled with goods and customers, but there were no young men to be seen anywhere.

When you did meet one he had a ribbon of valor on his breast or a button of exemption in his lapel. Men in khaki and naval uniform were to be seen everywhere in large numbers, and many of them showing signs of having taken a hand in the conflict. Hotels were running with a shortage of help but were giving fairly good service and but for a few delays no one really suffered.

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The theatres were crowded, and the long rows outside the gallery entrances were as popular as ever. The shows were good. We saw Chu Chin Chow at His Majesty's one evening. The large theatre was packed to the doors, although this play had been running for nearly two years. It was a magnificent performance with extraordinary spectacular scenes and acts, gorgeous costumes, pretty girls and music.

* * * * *

The Defence of the Realm Act, nicknamed "Dora", was one of the most rigidly enforced pieces of legislation that Great Britain had enacted for many years. No one ever thought of taking exception to it, or disobeying it. It was one of the measures that all seemed to conform to with a sense that it was for the best. Boyd Cable has written an excellent book entitled, "Doing Their Bit," which was among the literary publications which were presented to the members of our party before leaving England. This book is a story written by Cable for the boys at the front. It is an excellent description of what the industrial workers are doing at home to keep the hearth fires burning and the factories running, in order to supply those at the front with munitions of war.

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The Government of England virtually took charge of every industrial, railway and shipping company and used all to the best advantage for the defence of the Empire. If it was necessary to

IMPRESSIONS OF WAR

commandeer a sewing machine factory, as we saw during our tour, and order the owners to make fuses instead of sewing machines, this was done, and there was no other course to be followed by the company than to obey the Government's instructions. Payment for all the losses and the use of the machinery was settled for at cost, plus a reasonable interest. Hundreds and thousands of factories, small and large, were thus converted into war work within twenty-four hours. Of course, the very best judgment was used in the transformation in order not to waste any time or labor, and this work was handled by the leading engineers of the country, who did it with great skill and economy. When it was considered possible that people could do without furniture as they had to do, furniture factories were transformed into munition works, and so on throughout the country. As we travelled and saw large signs of the great manufacturing industries of that country, we were constantly told, that within the walls, the entire force and machinery were working night and day on some article required for the war. The adjustment of manufacture was responsible for the scarcity of ordinary household commodities such as sewing machines, furniture, tinware, in fact almost everything that was in daily use by the people, and naturally made a shortage in these articles, and therefore caused a rise in price. To give a better example, we found that antique furniture, which one might suppose would be among the cheap articles of purchase owing to the war, was selling at higher figures than ever before.

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Building operations were also controlled and curtailed by the Defence of the Realm Act. During our stay in London we had an opportunity of witnessing the strict manner in which this law was enforced. A friend of ours living on a large estate near London, undertook to erect a couple of cottages for the housing of returned soldiers, without first obtaining a permit. Within a few days after the work was begun, he was ordered to appear before one of the Government Commissioners and explain why carpenters were at work on his estate, and before he was exonerated, this explanation had to be placed before a commission and a report made upon it. In the meantime the work was stopped until further orders. It was much this way all over the Islands and some very severe sentences and fines were imposed for the violation of this Act.

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Fruit was very scarce. It was said that it was all commandeered to make jam for the soldiers. Peaches and even apples sold at twenty-five to fifty cents each, while cream was invisible. The greatest surprise in food supplies during our visit

LONDON

to France and England was the abundance of bacon, ham and pork. They were supplied at almost every meal, without the use of a ration card. This change in the diet of the English people only came into force about the time we arrived, and was caused by an over supply of pork.

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There was a great change in the railroad train service in England, but nowhere was it more noticeable than in London, the centre of all things. Where English people had an opportunity in pre-war days of catching a train almost every half hour to any of the principal villages or towns, within a radius of fifty to one hundred miles of the city, they were then compelled to wait for hours, and to travel on a slow train stopping at every station to get to their destination. Before the war it was oftentimes more convenient for travellers to go to London and out again, to reach some place that was half the distance as the crow flies, because the local train service was so slow and irregular that it paid them to make the detour into London and out again even though it was the longest route. One would think that the alteration in the train service would affect travel,—as it was intended that it should by the Government,—but this did not happen to be the case. The manager of the London and Brighton Railroad told our informant that the trains on his system were cut down forty per cent, but the travel had increased sixty per cent. This will give one a fair idea of the crowded state of the trains, notwithstanding the fact that the fares had been nearly doubled.

XIV

THE ENGLISH

We were in London during the holiday season and there was very little diminution of the number of the people going out of the city for one, two or three weeks in the country. One might have to wait for hours in a station before one could obtain accommodation on a train. It seemed to us that a long walk in the country would have been preferable to this inconvenience but it is difficult to change the customs of the English. They live on traditions and in some cases one would think they had not changed their way of doing things since the days of Caesar. In making this statement we have to admit that sometimes their slower method of procedure is more thorough and preferable to our speed. It is the happy medium that is wanted in both countries.

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This brings to our recollection the city mail service. It is infinitely preferable to our own slow process of collection and delivery. We thought the war would have interrupted it, but to our surprise we found that it was as good as ever. We mailed a letter in the morning and had a reply by six p.m. The only difference we noticed was the absence of the post men, who had all been replaced by girls of sixteen years of age who carried on the service without interruption.

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While we American and Canadian people were using flags and stars to denote the number of each household who had gone to the front and also those who had made the supreme sacrifice, the English people had a different custom of honoring their boys at the front. It consisted of a small altar on the sidewalk, or on the lawn in the middle of the street, or if the street was too long in the middle of the block, and here a list of the boys in that section who were fighting or who had died, was daily kept fresh with flowers that were brought there by the families of those who were doing their duty, or it may be that each family took care of this little altar of remembrance each day. In any case they were to be seen in almost all of the streets of London.

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One of the most noticeable changes in the city and perhaps

THE ENGLISH

all over the British Isles, was the absence of silk hats, frock coat and stiff collars. We were not in London very long before we discovered the reason for the adoption of the soft collar. There was a shortage of starch or whatever other ingredients are used to stiffen them, and it was not very long before we were wearing soft collars. Probably this change was accountable for the disappearance of the silk hat and frock coat, which were very little seen in the streets or at any of the functions. Even bowler hats were worn with morning coats, which seemed a remarkable innovation in the Englishman's dress, but the war had made many changes and this was one of them.

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There is perhaps some exaggeration abroad as to the air-craft damage in London. In the course of our stay there of nearly two weeks, we only saw some panes of glass broken in a few houses in one of the suburban districts. This does not infer that there has been no harm done, but the reports that the Coliseum and a part of the Strand had been damaged are incorrect. It is true that the offices of John Bull were considerably wrecked and some injury done to the roof of Covent Garden; a small hospital building was destroyed and a little piece of Cleopatra's Needle on the Thames Embankment was taken off, but the damage was very slight on the whole in the city. With the air-plane defences the enemy had little chance of doing much harm in London itself. The greatest loss was in some of the outlying districts where one bomb would smash up a whole row of workmen's houses, or go through a tenement house where many families were living under one roof. The searchlights which played over London at night looking for the unwelcome visitors, were responsible for much diminution of damage, however.

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The Palace Theatre, one of the largest in London, was given up to a free night's entertainment for military and naval men and women on Sundays. The very best vaudeville talent took part in the programme, while some distinguished personage made an informal address. This had been organized on behalf of the boys on furlough and the night we were there, it was specially arranged for the benefit of the American soldiers and their friends in khaki. The theatre was packed to the roof and it was a most inspiring sight. Nothing is too good for the boys was the way the people felt in the organization of such attractions. The National Sporting Association had weekly ring events for the boys, in the same way, a few of the leading sportsmen of the club paying for all expenses.

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We were shown through the well known banking institution of Cox & Co. by Mr. Cox himself. For many years, one hundred and fifty to be exact, this firm has been paymaster, so to speak, of the British Army. Before the war they employed a staff of about two hundred, but then because of the extra work this had increased to over three thousand three hundred. The monthly payments amounted to twenty million dollars. As this money was paid out in small amounts one can obtain a fair idea of the labor attached to its execution.

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We sat in the House of Commons one afternoon and listened to a lengthy speech by Sir George Cave, upon a measure to make further changes in the Alien Law. His speech was somewhat monotonous being without life or emotion, while such a subject would have fired a Canadian Minister handling the same speech. This is where we differ with the English statesman. They deliver themselves more like a man convincing another in a quiet conversational argument. It may take in England but it would fall flat in Canada. Following Sir George Cave came Sir Henry Dalziel, pacifist, whom we were unable to listen to owing to his inaudible voice.

OFF TO SCOTLAND

We left England one night at ten o'clock for Edinburgh. Our accommodation on the train was probably the best that was being offered to travellers during the war. It was the most comfortable night journey I have ever enjoyed either in America or Europe. We were each allotted a small compartment brilliantly lighted with electricity, including a reading lamp at the top of the bed, plenty of fresh air, a very comfortable mattress and springs, with everything necessary in the way of furnishings, and all immaculately clean. We travelled rapidly and easily with perfectly controlled brakes; there was no sudden stopping and quick starting, such as one may experience any night between Montreal and New York, no matter which line of travel one patronizes. We ran so smoothly and so quietly that every one enjoyed a delightful night's rest. At seven o'clock next morning a refreshing cup of tea and two biscuits were brought to my room. There is only one place that I can remember where I appreciated tea to the same extent as I did on this railroad train, and that was in India, where a cup of tea served to you at three or four in the morning, is the most delightful beverage of all drinks in the world.

We had heard much of Scotch scenery, but we will never forget the first impressions we obtained of the panorama from the car window of our state room. If we had not known where we were, we would have realized at once, from the many pictures and descriptions we had already seen and heard of this northern part of Great Britain. The solidity of the houses, the stone fences, the ruggedness of the country, and the hardy race, made one comprehend the success of the Scotchman in Canada: there are no other people of the British Isles who have faced the hardships and trials of the early pioneers more courageously than the first Scotch settlers who came to Canada.

As we rolled into Edinburgh we passed a large round engine house of the railway, from the door of which we were greeted by a group of Scotch lassies, who dressed in machinists' blue overalls, were at work cleaning up the engines and getting them ready for their daily runs. There was not a man among them. In the station our baggage was handled by women porters; women clerks

IMPRESSIONS OF WAR

behind the counter registered us and assigned us to rooms; women waiters attended to our wants in the dining room; in fact the entire hotel, a very large one, was almost entirely run by Scotch women. The only conspicuous male figure we saw anywhere around, was the corpulent door porter, whose age was over that of military service. He wore a uniform that carried more gold braid and buttons than will ever be seen on a Major-General. Of course, he was the man of all information around the hotel. If you started to look for anything, as in a Canadian or American hotel, you were invariably sent to the porter at the door; he even supplied the stamps for your letters, accepted your telegrams and acted as directory for the city. We made our headquarters at this hotel for two days.

We had been told on many occasions that Edinburgh looked like Quebec, which is no reflection on Quebec, for Edinburgh proved to be one of the most picturesque and charming cities we visited. Like London the streets were alive with khaki-clad men, many of them Canadians visiting Scotland for the first time while on furlough, and it may be said that nowhere did they receive a heartier welcome. At the large railroad station, night and day, there was a long table spread with scones, sandwiches, hot tea, coffee and chocolate, and there the boys arriving and departing were served by the finest young women of Edinburgh. This generous custom prevailed at almost all the large stations through which we passed. A soldier was never without some such kindly attention wherever he went.

The city of Edinburgh is built upon a series of ridges, separated by hollows and valleys, which in days gone by, were filled with lochs or morasses. Buildings are perched up on the hills. This is probably why it resembles the Ancient Capital.

Its literary fame established by such men of letters as Sir Walter Scott, Sir Wm. Hamilton, Thomas Carlyle, Bobby Burns, R. L. Stevenson, David Hume, Thomas Chalmers and many others, have caused it to be known as the "Modern Athens." It is also the home of learning, many universities, colleges and schools being there, and prides itself upon having one of the leading newspapers of Great Britain, the "Scotsman."

The short skirts, heavy woollen stockings and thick-soled low shoes of the women, were the most usual style of street costume, and were different to anything of the kind we had seen before. A high-heeled thin soled shoe was not to be seen. These women denoted a sturdy race, whose men were proving the valor of their forefathers of the hills of Scotland on the battlefields of France, and no men ever went to the aid of the land of the "fleur de lys" with greater enthusiasm than did the descendants of Bonnie Prince Charlie.



VISITING EDINBURGH CASTLE—With a Veteran Cicerone.



OFF TO SCOTLAND

From Princes street, looking across the valley now filled with railroad tracks, and by the steep brown rugged hillsides of one of the volcanic eruptions of this land, one sees the famous Edinburgh Castle crowning the summit. It was once the home of James V, and Mary Queen of Scots, and it was there that James VI was born, and like all other historical buildings it was the scene of great splendor and gaiety, crimes and murders in the olden days, all of which the guide describes. He also takes great interest in pointing to the spots where some of the worst assassinations were committed, including that of Rizzio, one of the lovers of Mary Queen of Scots.

Holyrood Abbey, the Palace and St. Giles Cathedral were visited, but nowhere did we see such a beautiful monument as the Gothic pile surrounding the statue of Scotland's dearest and most popular novelist and poet, Sir Walter Scott.

In the evening we were entertained to a banquet in the City Hall by the Mayor and Council. The municipal building is a fine edifice and much importance and interest is taken in the civic administration, which has been responsible for the successful local government, and an incentive to the citizens of this Scotch city to take so much pride in it.

In the City Hall was a most interesting and educational museum, which could be organized equally as well in Quebec if only our citizens possessed more civic pride and would take an interest in essential public matters. It would assist the education of our young people in the history of the past, and would be of enormous benefit to them in the future.

XVI

THE GRAND FLEET

On the morning when we left our hotel in a gas balloon drag, a common conveyance to save gasoline, for a drive of eleven miles, to see a portion of the British Fleet, we were all filled with intense excitement in anticipation of the day's programme.

The weather was misty but not unpleasantly so, and there was an exhilarating freshness in the air which seemed to make the flowers in the gardens look more beautiful and fragrant than ever. Stone fences surrounded farms and residences with smaller grounds; the level roads were like billiard tables, and everywhere were masses of luxuriant foliage. The same heavy sombre architecture which impressed us on our first glimpse of Scotland never varied all the way to the loch in which rested that wonderful fleet, which has guarded the oceans of the world, not only during this war, but for many years before.

We boarded a small steamer and for a time a heavy down-pour of rain obscured our view of the loch and the ships in it, which by the way were protected from submarine attack by three steel nets stretched across the entrance. But the rain was of short duration, and by the time we had moved a considerable distance from the shore, the clouds broke, the mist disappeared, and the sun endeavored to shed a few rays upon the blue water, and there before us for a distance of seventeen miles stretched a line of super-dreadnoughts in war-like attire and ready for anything. We cannot mention the number of ships we saw, but we may say that we steamed alongside of this procession of first class dreadnoughts for several hours, and yet we realized that what we saw was only a part of the British Fleet. Heading this line of the greatest and most modern fighting ships afloat, not one of which was manned by less than a thousand British bluejackets, and most of them built since the beginning of the war, were several American battleships equally formidable looking and ready at a moment's notice to dash out and meet the enemy fleet, if the latter could only muster sufficient courage to leave the Kiel Canal.

Most of the ships we saw were of the latest type of fighting dreadnoughts, and they all had the most modern armament. There can certainly be no question as to whether Great Britain

THE GRAND FLEET

has kept her fleet up to modern requirements. England does not intend to give up her position as ruler of the seas without a struggle.

Great as was the sight of this long line of mammoth dreadnoughts, stretching for miles and miles, it but represented one type of ship in the British Navy.

There were, besides this armada of modern warships, hundreds of others, including battleships, cruisers, submarine destroyers, submarines, mine sweepers, drifters and many other types of ships that have been constructed since the beginning of the war to meet exigencies that have resulted from the present mode of warfare, but we are not entitled to discuss the different types that we saw. The air-plane and dirigible are now acknowledged to be another very important branch of the service, and in this direction, the British Navy is well supplied with every conceivable kind of airship. Probably the most interesting of all, and quite as surprising to us as our ride in the tanks and our flight in an airplane, was our visit to one of the modern submarines. The discomforts of a submarine have been pictured in a manner which causes one to have much commiseration for the crews who have to man them, but probably these were descriptions of the early types of these under-sea boats. The modern submarines, which almost rival some of our smaller ocean steamships in size, are furnished with all necessities, and outside of the danger with which a descent is more or less attended, they may be said to be very comfortable. Like most other modern inventions whether of the air or under the sea, there is always a percentage of danger, but this is decreased more and more once the experimental stage is passed. All such inventions are unavoidably responsible for some loss of life, but it is only through this, that care, skill, and caution join hands in minimizing the danger. The modern submarine is a marvellous and most wonderful piece of marine architecture, comprising as it does a most intricate system of machinery from bow to stern, in control of a crew of over fifty men, each with a mechanical or electrical training in some one branch of the mechanical body that keeps the ship afloat, or causes her to dive under the water, at the touch of the lever. It is absolutely impossible to describe the intricacy of the mechanism of one of the large undersea submarines, further than to say, that to the uninitiated, they appear to be about as perfect as it is possible to produce. The confidence of the officers and men left no doubt in the minds of casual observers like ourselves but that they had a very high opinion of the qualities and capabilities of the modern submarine, and they were as anxious as were the crews of the big dreadnoughts, to balance accounts with the enemy, if opportunity permitted.

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Throughout the day we spent with the British Navy, we were all impressed with the spirit and morale of the officers and crews. You could judge of their confidence when they replied to our question:—"How will you show up with the German navy?" by saying, "We'll show you, if they'll only give us a chance."

We asked the officers a great many questions, and all the replies were full of confidence in the termination of this war, and the end of the German fleet if it ever showed itself outside of its waters. To show how the training and drilling of the Navy was carried on, it was said, that in the event of a battle, it was believed that the crews of almost any one of the ships could work blindfolded without any effort. We were shown an example of the dexterity of the gun crew in handling one of the largest guns in the British Navy. A crew of a few men loaded this monster weighing almost one hundred tons, raised it ten or fifteen feet, put it at any angle required by the officers on the bridge and discharged it, in less than one-third of a minute. This is only one of the many feats that are performed on the dreadnoughts, and such efficiency and speed can only be obtained after long years of practice and training.

XVII

THE BRITISH NAVY

As to the report no doubt spread by German propaganda, that the British Fleet spent most of its time lurking in harbors, it may be mentioned that, during one month, the mileage steamed by the battleship cruisers and destroyers, in home waters alone, exceeded one million miles, and the mileage of the auxiliary patrol forces in the same waters, exceeded seven millions of miles. Relative to its services, it may be borne in mind that Great Britain had seven thousand seven hundred miles of coast line to defend, while there were only two hundred and ninety miles of German coast on the North Sea.

It has often been asked why the British Fleet did not attack the German fleet at their bases? Discretion being the better part of valor, was the reason for their not doing so. It has always been a principle of the British Navy rather to wait patiently outside the harbors, as Admiral Nelson did on many occasions, for fleets to come out and meet him and have a fair fight in the open. But since the days of Nelson, the genius of man has invented wireless telegraphy, aerial observation, and many other devices, which enhance the danger to a fleet making an offensive upon the enemy within a harbor protected by land defences. On the other hand Great Britain has always maintained her supremacy of the water trade routes of the world, and as long as she is able to do this, as she did during the entire war, she takes unto herself a greater victory than sinking the German navy. To deliberately sacrifice thousands of our brave naval men, if only for the object of killing a similar number of Germans and sinking a part of their fleet would not have changed the present war situation, but, on the other hand, would have been a loss of many good men in a useless cause.

We wonder if there are many people who stop to think of the vast auxiliary fleet that Great Britain had to construct at the beginning of the war, to cope with the submarine menace. I can give you a slight idea on the subject. At the beginning of the war the navy could not boast of twenty mine sweepers, whereas to-day she has nearly five thousand. If you consider for a moment the number of men required to man this auxiliary fleet, and the difficulty in obtaining material for its construction, you

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will have some idea of one of the problems that had to be over come by the Admiralty, who had to enlarge a branch of the fleet which was entirely inadequate, beside Germany's preparedness. As I review some of these verified statistics, for they are all taken from the War Cabinet Report of 1917, I am astonished that the German Navy never made a vicious attack upon our fleet at the outbreak of the war. We can draw a sigh of relief that it did not, for while we were prepared, the latter had an enormous advantage over us, as far as these boats were concerned.

Since the convoying of ships was instituted, the loss by submarines was reduced to 0.82 p.c., while the sinking of submarines in home waters increased from forty to fifty per cent in 1917, to sixty and seventy per cent.

While the latter figures are not official they may be relied upon as being very nearly correct.

The net reduction in tonnage for submarine warfare fell short by thirty per cent. of the estimation made by the British Naval authorities, and was about half of what the Germans claimed through their exaggerated official reports of their sinkings.

Now let us look at the German losses. At the commencement of hostilities, Germany had 915 merchant ships abroad, of which only one hundred and fifty-eight arrived home safely. The remainder were captured by the Allies, sunk, or remained in neutral ports. The German Mercantile Marine amounted to five million tons of shipping. Nearly half of that was sunk or captured by the Allies, while the bulk of the rest was lying out of commission in neutral harbors.

As a manner of judging the efficiency of the British Navy in patrol work, it might be mentioned, in the blockade of the entrance on the North Sea, it had to take care of over six hundred miles of ocean waters between Scotland and Iceland and Greenland. Here it waited in calm and stormy weather with patient vigil, night and day, warning and examining every ship that passed by, under all these trying conditions. At the beginning of the blockade, some two hundred and fifty-six out of fourteen hundred ships got by without examination, but later it was exceptional if even one ship could pass the gauntlet or chain of seafaring sentries.

We have already referred to the air forces attached to the Navy, but probably the following details will be of interest. At the beginning of the war the Royal Naval Air Service possessed a personnel of under eight hundred men, in 1917 the number had increased to forty-six thousand, and in 1918 had reached probably sixty thousand or more. Their material in 1915 consisted of seven non-rigid airships, considerably less than one hundred efficient sea-

THE BRITISH NAVY

planes and aeroplanes and no kite balloons. In 1917 there were some one hundred and seventy-six air-planes and kite balloons and over twenty-five hundred seaplanes, airplanes and a great number of motor boats, and subsidiary appliances of all kinds.

The aircraft, watching for submarines around the coast of Great Britain, flew over thirty-five thousand miles per week. This force also participated in the fighting on the Western front, where they had over six hundred enemy airplanes to their credit, and also in Macedonia, Palestine, East Africa, etc.

The displacement and tonnage of the Royal Navy has been almost doubled since 1914, while the strength of the personnel, which was one hundred and forty-five thousand, has been increased to nearly half a million.

The output in construction of warships has increased three to four times the average output of the few years preceding the war.

The foregoing statistics of the British Navy will be interesting as they will help in understanding the magnitude of the Grand Fleet, part of which we saw during our tour throughout Great Britain. It will also explain why the trade routes of the world are still open for all ships under any flag or nationality, as long as they are not of enemy ownership, or carrying contraband freight. This is a part of the value and effectiveness of the fleet as I have endeavored to describe it to you.

My own personal appreciation of the British Fleet and Merchant Marine is found in the fact that during the war, notwithstanding all the threats of Germany's destruction of our war and merchant ships, through her submarine offensive, I received packages and letters every week from Great Britain and Europe, and I have yet to discover the loss of one or the other, which I think is a record worthy of grateful and public acknowledgement.

XVIII

MORE ABOUT THE FLEET

Great Britain, (England, Wales, and Scotland), with a population of 42,000,000, had well over 6,000,000 men under arms, or nearly a third of her male population of all ages; for there are nearly a million and a half more females than males in Great Britain. (Ireland is omitted). The missing males who were in Canada and the other overseas Dominions, provided the highest proportion of recruits in their respective oversea homes.

To equal Great Britain in soldiers and sailors, in proportion to population, Canada, with 8,000,000 people (and an excess of more than 400,000 males over females) would have had well over a million under arms.

In round numbers Great Britain raised twice as many soldiers, sailors, and airmen, in proportion to population as did the white populations of the oversea Dominions.

If the United States, with 100,000,000 people had had the same number of men under arms, in proportion to population, as Great Britain, they would have had over 14,000,000.

It must also be remembered that Great Britain supplied the main technical base, besides manning the greatest Navy the world has ever seen, and the greatest of all Mercantile Marines.

The following figures have been officially tabulated in the "War Cabinet Report" of 1917, and may be quoted as completely verified for the first three years of the war. During that time the British Mercantile Marine transported under the protection of the British Navy more than thirteen millions of people, over two millions of horses and mules, half a million vehicles, twenty-five million tons of explosives, and over fifty million tons of coal. The total loss of life at sea was only 3500, and of these 800 were not due to the enemy, and of the remainder 542 occurred in hospital ships sunk in defiance of all the laws of war. Therefore the chances of safety from all possible risks at sea was thirty-seven hundred to one; the chances against being killed by the enemy were nearly five thousand to one; while the chances of being killed by the enemy, if not on board of hospital ships, were well over six thousand to one: and all this in the midst of the most ruthless war the sea has ever witnessed.

MORE ABOUT THE FLEET

The hub of the whole wheel of the war, whether by land or sea or air, and in whatever quarter of the globe, was the Grand Fleet; for without it all the different ports of the Allied World could never have come into effective touch with each other, nor have remained in effective touch. It should also be remembered that as early as 1904, that is to say, ten years before the war broke out, the British Admiralty foresaw the necessity of naval concentration in the North Sea against the German menace, and provided for it by "Admiralty Memorandum, Cd. 2335—Distribution and Mobilization of the Fleet. 6 December, 1904."

A Bluebook that every one really interested in the war should study carefully is "The War Cabinet Report for 1917," a book which can be ordered from His Majesty's Stationery Office in London, through any bookseller, for one shilling, and a book which shows, better than any other in the world, how the whole Empire met the crisis that shook the foundations of the world.

What battle sea-craft would prove most important in a naval engagement to-day? There is constant controversy on this subject among the old sea dogs, but from what we hear we believe the most popular class of fighting ship changes its colors like a chameleon. At one period, before the submarine's entrance into the discussion, the battleship with heavy armor was considered the most formidable. Then the cruiser came on the scene with great speed to get in and out of scraps, and she usurped first honors. Now that super-dreadnoughts are coming along with speed, armor plating, and armament, they may take the front line in deciding the fate of a battle. In any case the Allies may rest assured that Great Britain has not been sleeping in naval architecture since the opening of the war and no one was given better opportunities of making this observation, than the members of the Canadian Press delegation, on their recent trip to the front.

A super dreadnought to-day costs in the vicinity of fifteen million dollars with over seventy five thousand horse power engines. When you stop to figure this enormous power, which is perhaps ten times the entire electrical force used in supplying light, heat and power, in the city of Quebec, one may judge of the enormous cost in keeping up the British Navy during war times. A torpedo of the submarine costs \$10,000, while the crew of a large dreadnought number over twelve hundred, and her decks measure eight hundred feet in length.

If the grand fleet were stretched out in single line it would extend for nearly eighty miles. The commanders of many of the ships are young men in the vicinity of twenty-five to thirty years of age. This is caused by the large number of new ships that have been added to the fleet since the beginning of the war. It must also be remembered that these officers start in on their

IMPRESSIONS OF WAR

naval careers at a very youthful age so that a man of twenty-five years may possibly have spent ten or twelve of them in the navy, working his way up the ladder from a midshipman.

The destroyers and the submarines of the navy are constantly in service either protecting convoys and ships, or doing reconnaissance work in chasing the Huns. In this work, much patience is required and many tales are told of long vigils under the water, near enemy stations or, life buoys, before they have bagged their game. In one instance a British submarine did such sentinel work nearly four weeks, and on the twenty-sixth day, it sent a German submarine to the bottom. Oftentimes, expeditions of over one hundred of these small craft are used in some daring exploit against the enemy, the account of which never reaches the public. In one of these land raids by sea, they destroyed three great Zeppelin sheds, and the Zeppelins within them. The navy have no means of propaganda, but it is to-day receiving more attention in this war than ever before, and there is not the least doubt that in writing the naval chapters of the history of this war, the navy and merchant marine, will hold a higher position in the estimation of the world than ever before.

I wondered, as I looked upon this huge assemblage of super-dreadnoughts, which was only part of the grand fleet, if anyone in Canada doubted that if it were not for this fleet there would be universal depression from the Atlantic to the Pacific. What would we do with our surplus crops; who would buy or eat them? Not only would business "go to pot," but it would not pay the farmers to carry their stock to the cities, for there would be no market for them. Our country is an agricultural one, principally dependent upon Europe and other congested countries for a market. The road to that market is over three thousand miles of ocean, protected and patrolled by this formidable navy which kept the channel open during four long years without an interruption and yet, there are men in our country who have been preaching and converting the people to a belief that, "we owe nothing to that fleet." Millions of soldiers were ferried across with an insignificant loss of life, in comparison to the dangers of the passage. Let us give three rousing cheers for the Navy and the merchant marine who did it all!

XIX

ON THE CLYDE

After visiting the British Fleet, we went to Glasgow to see the efforts of Great Britain in the construction of ships on the Clyde. Now if any one has an idea that the Clyde, known throughout the world as one of the greatest shipbuilding centres, is as great in size as its name implies, the impression is a delusion. The Clyde is barely the size of the St. Charles River. At one time not so many years ago, and in the memory of many of the citizens of Glasgow, one could cross it by wading. To-day it is much wider than it was in those days, but it has assumed deeper proportions through the artificial means of dredging, which was carried out through the great enterprise and courage of the citizens of Glasgow. In referring to this civic undertaking it might be well to point out to our readers that Glasgow held no natural opportunities for the shipping trade, let alone a bee-hive of ship construction. It was nothing more than the absolute, dogged determination of the business men of Glasgow to dredge the Clyde, a river that would be called a stream in Canada, and build huge docks, and divert not only the shipping of the world to its harbor, but carry on a shipbuilding industry that has rendered it famous. All has transpired in a very short period in the life of Glasgow, and in her shipping and ship construction on the Clyde. Quebec could well take a leaf out of the enterprise of the citizens of this city, in their united efforts to make Glasgow a city of half a million population.

We spent a whole day on the Clyde, passing twenty-seven miles of shipyards, working at full capacity, turning out warships and merchant vessels of every conceivable class for the defeat of the Central Powers. We stopped and visited the extensive plants of the Fairfields, Beardmores, John Brown and other firms. There are over one hundred and fifty thousand artisans employed in these yards, a large number of whom are women; in fact women are doing almost all the light work around the yards. It might be added that we saw here the largest warships in the world.

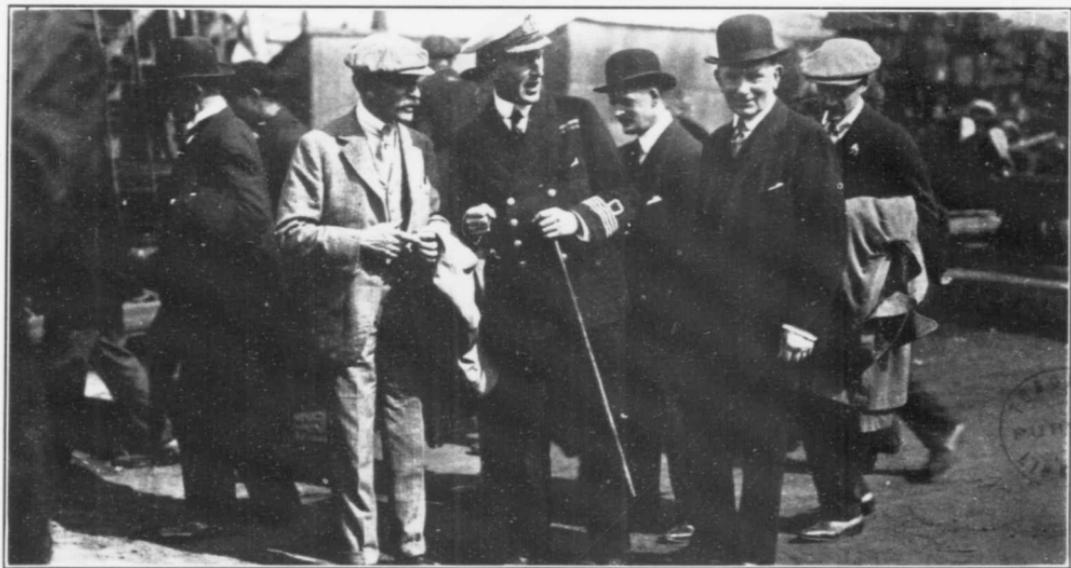
In one of the shipbuilding plants we found a very large portion transformed into aircraft construction, which was very similar to that which I have already described, except that

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the employees were almost all female. Many diminutive airplanes are made in this plant. They are carried on the decks of warships, and can climb ten thousand feet in three to five minutes. We also motored a few miles from the Clyde, and saw a huge new aerodrome in which the Government was constructing the largest dirigible airship ever made in Great Britain. This was the new forms Nos. 34. It was to have a crew of twenty-two, and would be used solely to do scouting work for the fleet. It was to cost over a million and a quarter, and would remain in the air from three to seven days. Most of the construction work was being performed by women, who climbed about the huge skeleton frame sixty to seventy feet in the air with as great an agility and alacrity as any steel frame worker I have ever seen. We spoke to several of the superintendents of these large shipyards on the subject of Canadian shipbuilding, and we were delighted to hear that they too look forward to ship construction in Canada in a very promising way. They have, however, misapprehensions relative to the Government's disposition to encourage English shipbuilding firms with all their past experience in this line, and they are afraid the ship construction in Canada may not receive the proper encouragement that it deserves. To call a spade a spade, we believe that they are of the opinion that there will be too much politics in Canada's policy of shipbuilding. One of the representatives of one of the largest firms on the Clyde stated to me that, when he visited Canada some years ago, with the object of locating a shipbuilding plant there, he selected Quebec, but that his decision was not accepted through press or political influence, and he believed that there had been some regret that his decision was not adopted at the time.

American standardization of ship construction is arousing the attention of the English builders, and it is more than probable that they will have to adopt it, in the course of time, to retain the building of freightships.

Glasgow on the Clyde, is just forty-two and a half miles from Edinburgh. It disputes with Liverpool, the second place among the cities of the British Empire, for size and population. On the north bank of the river the city is built upon a number of small hills but on the south side it is almost flat. In 1723 it was described by Defoe as the most beautiful little city in Britain. But now it is a dense mass of narrow streets, so narrow that many of the features of the fine architectural buildings are lost, but others, such as the Municipal Buildings, the Art Gallery, the University, and St. Mungo's Cathedral, have beautiful open spaces around them and are seen to their full advantage. The new Municipal Buildings, officially called the City Chambers is a very handsome structure built in the style of the Italian



LORD GRAHAM—Director Fairfield Shipbuilding Company—Emphatically Explaining Things to the Author.

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ON THE CLYDE

Renaissance, and was erected in 1883-1889. Since 1893, Glasgow has had its own Lord Lieutenant, and licensing appeal courts. The town council supplies gas, water, hydraulic power, electric light and power, maintains a telephone exchange, and works the street tramways. It is noted for its able administration and its enterprise.

The Union opened to Glasgow, American trade, and the shipping grew from 1,182 tons in 1692, to 60,000 in 1771. Before the war, the tonnage registered at the port was one and three-quarter millions, and the annual imports and exports exceeded twenty-five million sterling. Glasgow has constructed its own docks; it has not had the advantage of government aid. It was in this city that Watt conceived the idea of the steam engine, and on the Forth and Clyde Canal that the first steam boat was run in 1801. In 1840 it was from here Messrs. Burns sent "Sirius," the first Cunarder, across the Atlantic. Glasgow can boast of one of the finest Art galleries in Great Britain. It is situated at Kelvingrove, and many generous patrons of art have given and bequeathed very valuable collections. Turner, Valasquez, Millet, Corot, and many other artists are all represented by beautiful specimens.

Glasgow possesses four large public libraries, and also a series of sixteen branch libraries. Andrew Carnegie, contributed one hundred thousand pounds to the latter project, to commemorate the fifty-second anniversary of having sailed away from the city to New York. In most cases, collections of valuable books, and a large sum for endowment, have been bequeathed by wealthy citizens, who realized the advantage of wide reading and education to the masses of the people.

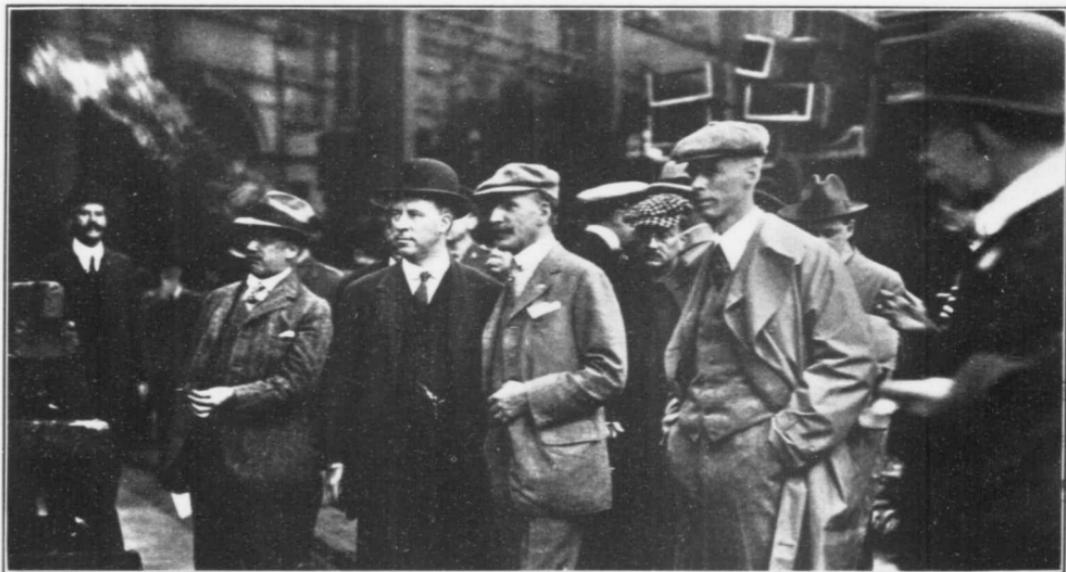
The fish market has many times been enlarged, and now covers an area of over five thousand square feet. The space is divided into stands, which are let at the rate of a little over a dollar a square foot, per annum. During 1883, the first year for which statistics are available, 213,621 packages of fish passed through the market, while last year the number had increased to 1,272,493.

The dry docks of Glasgow form another illustration of the great enterprise of the pertinacious Scotchmen, and many millions of pounds were invested in their construction. Unless the city built these dry docks, it would have been useless to have made any effort to start shipbuilding. We were told that the money was borrowed for this public work and that the board under whose control it is managed, have succeeded in being able to make these docks pay current expenses, and the interest as well. When Quebecers consider this fact, in comparison with the gift which has been given them by the Dominion Government, in

IMPRESSIONS OF WAR

the construction of the seven million dollar dry dock in their harbor, they may appreciate their good luck, and consider the little use they have made of it; for no one can thank the enterprise of Quebec capitalists, or business men, for promoting the shipbuilding industry that is now going on near the docks in question, nor any other shipbuilding industry within the city limits. It is to be hoped that it is not far distant, when this example of the business pluck of the citizens of other cities, not only in the old country, but in our own as well, will some day strike our local business men so forcibly, that there will be a revolution in the commercial mentality of our city, and they will make it what it should be,—the leading manufacturing and shipbuilding city of Canada. We believe that we will yet see it attain a pinnacle of fame for commerce and enterprise, but it has to undergo several refining processes before this can be achieved. As we have said before it will be necessary for our civic authorities to travel, and endeavor to enlighten themselves on the civic progress, pride and interest of the citizens of other cities, in order to be prepared to instil the same commercial ambition into our own people.

The second day in Glasgow was given up to the visiting of several very large munition works, principally filled with women and girls, and a drive to the famous Loch Lomond.



SHOWN ABOUT BY MR. CAMPBELL—General Manager of the Fairfield Shipbuilding Company—Viewing the Hull of what will be One of the Largest Ships in the World.

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GREटना

Carlisle, a city of sixty thousand, held interest for us because it was within ten miles of Greटना factory, one of the largest and most important munition works in the British Empire, where millions of tons of cordite were turned out with the aid of eighteen thousand employees, twelve thousand of whom were women.

This was not alone accountable for the interest we had in this old historic city, with its battered citadel, and ancient cathedral with venerable windows of many centuries, and narrow, crooked streets; it was near one of the most romantic spots in the British Isles,—Greटना Green, which is neither a village nor a town. It could only boast of an old blacksmith shop, with a few straggling houses in its vicinity. The blacksmith shop is at a turn of the road on the border between England and Scotland, where the laws of the former were so strict and the latter so convenient, in the olden days, that it naturally attracted many runaway couples, with their indignant parents or relatives, in hot pursuit. The marriage ceremony could be performed by any person who would enforce the signing of a form by the contracting parties, who agreed to become man and wife, and to live accordingly under the state laws governing such procedure.

We saw the old blacksmith shop, the bellows and anvil, the chair where many distinguished brides and grooms had sat, and bought a book containing numberless tales of romantic marriages that had been sealed with the signature of the old blacksmith, or, one of the neighboring priests, whose principal interest in life seemed to be in exacting the highest remuneration possible from the principals, for uniting them in marriage.

Among the old documents found here was a copy of the marriage form, which ran something like this:—

“What’s yer name?”

“Whaur dae ye come frae?”

These particulars of the prospective bridegroom and bride being supplied, he next asked:

“Are ye a single man?”

“Are ye a single woman?”

IMPRESSIONS OF WAR

Being answered in the affirmative, the momentous questions were next propounded:

"Dae ye take this woman tae be yer lawfu' wedded wife?"

"Dae ye take this man tae be yer lawfu' wedded husband?"

Of course they did—"then join hands." (a ring was optional).

"Then," said the priest or the blacksmith, it was immaterial which, the blacksmith having the preference, being constantly at his job, "ye've declared yersel's tae be husband and wife in presence o' thae witnesses, and ye're noo lawfu' spouses according to the laws of Scotland."

The Gretna factory was one of the most talked of institutions of its kind in England, and had every reason to be so, because it had only come into existence since the war began. It is a factory and modern town covering an area nine and a half miles in length, by one to one and a half in width.

The land was chosen as a site for the factory because it was undulating, and the hillocks and ravines made such advantageous sites for the more dangerous buildings, which had to be erected separately, for the manufacture of gun cotton, cordite, etc. It was also chosen for its isolation from towns or thickly populated districts, the nearest city being Carlisle.

It is not necessary to elaborate upon the making of cordite. The process is carried on in enclosed machinery, in many buildings, separated long distances from one another, but I do want to say something about the up-to-date system of organization that exists for the welfare of the employees of the factory. It was as near one hundred per cent efficiency on the communistic principle, as anything I had ever seen, and it has had a wonderfully healthy effect upon the entire personnel of the four-year-old town.

The methods of housing, catering, religion, recreation, amusements, civic administration are all worthy of description.

There were eighty-five hostels, with a total accommodation for two thousand six hundred munition workers, and one hundred and thirty-four bungalows, providing accommodation for approximately thirteen hundred more artisans. In addition, there were four hundred wooden cottages and two hundred and eighty-five brick houses sheltering as many families.

Forty-eight of the single female staff were housed in two brick hostels, and the factory police were quartered in four camps, and the women police in three hostels.

There were a central kitchen for the factory mess rooms, from which all meals, numbering over fourteen thousand daily, were cooked, and also stores from which hostels and quarters were provisioned. A bakery turned out thirteen thousand pounds of bread, besides cakes every day.



THE MEN BEHIND THE GUNS.—Women doing duty on the London Fire Brigade.

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GRETNA

A staff club had been established for the convenience of the Central Office Staff and visitors. It had a number of bed rooms and reception rooms. We enjoyed an excellent luncheon in this cosy home-like place, which had a public tea and coffee room, controlled and run by the catering department.

There was little waste anywhere within the limits of the town, all scraps and unsaleable food from hostels and mess rooms being used to feed four hundred and fifty pigs.

The shopping facilities for householders and others, were met by the provision of a number of co-operative shops which included the following:—drapery, bread, grocery (2), furniture and hardware, news agent and tobacconist, hair dresser (2), green grocer (2), haberdasher (2), butcher (2), boot and shoe (2), chemist (2), milliners and ladies' outfitter, tailor and clothier (2).

A laundry dealt with over six thousand articles daily. There were a fire brigade, consisting of three motor fire engines and one steam fire engine, manned by a fire master and thirty-six firemen, with an auxiliary brigade of forty-eight assisting volunteers.

The medical services were conducted by a staff of superintendent doctor, with two male and three women doctors for attendance on the workers. The hospitals had beds for eighteen cases, and an out-patient's department for male workers, under the supervision of a matron and staff of four nurses. There was also an isolation hospital of ten beds.

The public health department controlled all infectious diseases and surgical dental work with sanitation officers. A special disinfection station and infectious disease motor ambulance were also attached to the work of this branch, which, through its excellent precautionary measures, kept the town in a very healthy condition.

There were two equipped modern schools, with a total accommodation of one hundred and fifty, with a staff of fifteen teachers. There was an average attendance of over five hundred pupils. Education was free and compulsory.

To afford recreation and amusement for the workers and their families, there were two cinema houses, with accommodation for eleven thousand persons, and two institutes providing club rooms for men and women workers, and two halls seating eleven hundred, and six hundred and fifty respectively, for general entertainments, concerts, dances, etc. There were also a number of recreation rooms for women workers. All the foregoing were controlled by the department through the social and athletic association.

The Y. M. C. A. had built an institute, in which they kept two resident workers, while the Scottish Girls Friendly Society

IMPRESSIONS OF WAR

and the Girls Friendly Society, had each a representation working among the girls.

The established and united free churches jointly, Scottish and Scottish Episcopalians, and the Roman Catholics, had each their separate churches, while the Wesleyans, Methodists, Congregationalists, and Plymouth Brethren, had regular services in their buildings, and the Salvation Army had erected a hall in which they also carried on their religious work.

They were two post offices and four banking companies. There were no spirituous liquors sold within the area, but there were three canteens within the township proper, yet outside the factory limits, at which light beer only was served for consumption on the premises. These canteens were controlled by a committee nominated by the department and managed by the Central Control Board.

There were two railroads within the township. There were eleven trains on the various main line railroads bringing five thousand one hundred and thirty-nine workers. There were almost three thousand nine hundred in the township to be transported to their work, so that a total number of nine thousand, nine hundred and thirty operatives were distributed to the various points on the factory in twenty-seven trains, each twenty-four hours.

The entire organization and control of this town was under the town manager's department, which had made an enormous success of its administration.

In visiting Gretna factory, I was greatly impressed not alone with the excellent order of the streets and civic government, but by the enormous quantity of machinery that had been installed for the various operations necessary in the making of cordite, which had to be done in a short space of time, in order to make the factory an essential factor in the war.

The orders going through this institution varied from day to day, and sometimes to such an extent that it was necessary to enlarge some of the machinery in certain branches of manufacture by tons of new machinery, as the case in question might demand. In such instances all available help was employed night and day, to fulfill the necessary requirements for the execution of the order. These fluctuations depended entirely upon the nature of the warfare at the front, but, however they arrived at Gretna, it all meant that this large industry was growing in size and output every month of the war.

TEMPERANCE QUESTION

Among the many things that the world will benefit by from this war, is temperance, as applied to the liquor traffic. This is a question that has embraced the greatest thought, and the most drastic legislation of the warring nations. It has made governments think wisely and act more quickly than they have ever done before, which goes to show that the legislatures must have been cognizant of the evil and the danger resulting from the free circulation of intoxicating spirits. The war has also been responsible for the masses accepting the strict measures that were enforced against the abuse of the liquor traffic, by their complete obedience and submission to the legislation. Whether the public will be satisfied to continue the drastic measures that have been imposed during the war, will remain to be seen, but everyone has to admit that there is, in Great Britain and Europe to-day, much less drinking and a great improvement in society from the effects of the legislation. Statistics prove this in every direction. There are less deaths from drunkenness, insanity, suicide, etc., by over fifty per cent in many of the restricted districts.

Many years ago, in a discussion on the liquor question with the late Mr. Brosnan, Controller of Revenue for the Province of Quebec, I learned from him of a system of Government control for the manufacture and sale of intoxicating spirits, and at that time I realized that it was the only solution for its suppression and limitation. I would believe in prohibition if it prohibited, but I have seen so many evil effects of prohibition in dry states, that I cannot be converted to this legislation without better evidence. I do know that in some parts of the United States and Canada the prohibition laws are more drastic and better executed than they are in others, and I believe that the results of the former are satisfactory in comparison to the condition before prohibition was enforced. But this does not remove from my mind the belief that there is still great harm being done to the health of body and mind by the increased use of drugs and poisonous mixtures that find their way to the public through unlawful ways and means, by what are known as moon-shiners, private stills, and "blind pigs."

IMPRESSIONS OF WAR

Another great objection to the present movement of the temperance people is their great desire to take something away from the masses without making an effort to supply something else to take its place. Fighting with the sword in Europe, and shackling the people at home, will not produce a solid government of the people, for the people and by the people, but will rather aid and strengthen socialism in taking possession of the government of the country and making laws that will meet with more popularity among the masses than the classes.

The English Government have not deprived the people of their social "pubs," but they have restricted the quantity that must be drunk, and in this way they have made a good beginning, which should in time, sow the seed for a better understanding between the two parties fighting over this question. We believe that they should have more of the "getting-together spirit" than has ever existed before. We also think that the dealers in spirituous liquors are themselves to blame for most of the present temperance legislation, but it would have been an impossible task to have changed the situation without the war.

During our visit to Carlisle we had an opportunity of learning of the most unique solution of the liquor traffic of which I have yet heard, and I believe that it will not be long, before it has spread throughout the British Empire and America. It is nothing more than state control of the entire liquor traffic, but instead of taking something away from the people, in restricting the hours of the sale of liquor, a commission have provided a very much better system of which we will give some details.

The war was the direct cause of the new State Purchase and Direct Control Board being formed to extend operations further than the National Central Board, for the reason that conditions at Carlisle were different from other places. Here was a city of fifty thousand population, invaded by ten to twelve thousand navvies, migrating from everywhere, with no homes and large wages, employed in the construction of the National munition factory, at Gretna, ten miles distant. The nights and week-ends were made hideous with fighting and disorder, which was beyond the control of the small police force. Something had to be done to stop these Bedlam scenes, rivalling the Inferno itself, in this old, and proud historic city.

What was done? A meeting of citizens was held, the Government was asked to nominate a board with powers to buy all breweries, hotels and public houses in the area surrounding Carlisle, and Gretna Green, and impose their own restrictions relative to the sale of spirits, in conjunction with the laws already in force by the Government, in connection with the Defence of the Realm Act. This request was granted, and in the latter part of 1915

TEMPERANCE QUESTION

they began to acquire, (not by expropriation), all these institutions, having to deal with as many as three or four parties for each purchase, owing to the system prevalent in England, whereby one man buys a license, sells it to a brewer, who in turn lets it out to a tenant. All three had to be settled with. Then there was the landlord of the property, and probably another of the ground. Nevertheless, the work was speedily carried on by temporary purchase deeds, subject to the ratification of the Defence of the Realm Losses Royal Commission.

Once in possession of the property, this Commission closed two breweries out of four, and forty four out of one hundred and twenty licensed premises, and cancelled all grocer's licenses. It removed all liquor advertising signs, both interior and exterior, from the buildings in those places which it decided to continue, and completely renovated them into cosy, comfortable places, with kitchen, dining, reading and recreation rooms specially adapted to cater to the wants of all classes in the city. In the poorer districts, the kitchens were used for outside service as well. We visited one of each of the three classes of these modern public houses and hotels, and have never seen anything that has so impressed us as being the happy medium and real solution of the much debated liquor question. It is so practical and sensible in its operation, that it cannot but appeal to the very class who have been against prohibition. The managers of these establishments, were, in the majority of cases, their old proprietors, with this change, they were now paid a salary of seventy-five per cent. of the gross profit on all food sold, and twenty-five per cent. on all aerated waters that was sold on the premises. Thus, they had no inducement, as of old, to make patrons spend their last cent on intoxicating drinks, by inviting them to "have one on the house," if the crowd were not warming up to a state of buying several rounds at the counter.

The treating habit has gone forever in England, and it is a good thing. It was always a foolish idea of fellowship, for it took away, in the majority of cases, all a man's sense of good companionship, as we know. In Great Britain, laws are not made to be broken, as they are in Canada, so that the "no treating" habit is in force, and no one attempts to evade it.

In all those old reconstructed public houses and taverns we found a list of edibles which could be obtained in them at extremely reasonable prices, possibly fifty per cent below those of the average restaurant, served by uniformed waitresses, and everything in a sanitary and cleanly state.

The apportioning of spirits and beer was made daily instead of by the week, as existed in Great Britain, with the result that it was not all drunk in one day. Owing to the large number

IMPRESSIONS OF WAR

of workmen in the city, from the nearby munition works, Saturdays and Sundays were dry days.

The consequence of all this is apparent in two ways. First of all, the prohibition people have not taken away from the people their liberties of having a drink, but they have supplied them with such super-advantages as they never had before, to enjoy saloon life with club comforts, something so much ahead of the old unhealthy, unsanitary pest houses, that the very men who have wasted their lives, money and time in them, are the greatest converts, not only to temperance, but to the fact that those who are doing it for them are not selfishly attempting to wipe out the evil with a vote for a dry state law, and then return to their comfortable homes and expect the Government to do the rest.

Here in Carlisle, we believe they have discovered the right method of handling the abuse of drink, with all its attendant crimes, by elevating the nobler side of man, in appealing to his better nature, rather than locking up or shackling him with obnoxious laws that are never obeyed, or carried out, because of their humiliating influences.

The decline of drink in Carlisle, is beyond all expectations, but what is of far greater significance, is the fact that the masses, with whom prohibition is probably more unpopular than with the classes, who could find means of providing themselves with what is forbidden in their comfortable homes and clubs, are today, the strongest supporters of the new order of things.

Their old "pubs" are gone, but they have something ten times more entertaining and comfortable, than they ever realized could be their lot. And, crowning this most satisfactory climax, is still another gratifying feature. The new system produces sufficient profits to pay the interest on the money borrowed from the Government to buy out the liquor interests, with a surplus besides, with which in a very short time will be large enough to refund to the Government the capital borrowed, and then there will be a reduction in the prices of food and refreshments.

Here, then, is the basis of a real scheme for bringing the liquor and prohibition interest together to arrive at something approaching the State Purchase and Direct Control Board, of Carlisle.

THE Y. M. C. A.

Owing to what is now termed a "misunderstanding" between the chaplains and the Y.M.C.A., resulting in a rather extreme motion passed by a Hamilton body of returned soldiers, I made it a point to inquire from the French, English and Canadian officers, with whom I came in contact, concerning anything that may have been said against the work of the Y.M.C.A. I may say that I only heard one complaint, and that came from the medical officer in charge of one of the Boulogne hospitals. He said, "I have only one complaint to make against the Y.M.C.A.! They promised to build a hut in this hospital area and they have not, as yet, fulfilled their promise."

There is no doubt that at the beginning of the Y.M.C.A. work at the front and elsewhere, there were many mistakes and errors committed by inexperienced men, who, in the rush of things, had to be engaged. To a great extent this trouble was eradicated, and later the Y.M.C.A., with their well organized and excellently trained staffs, carried on a work, that received full praise from men and officers alike, who were the best judges in the matter.

A description of the work furnished me by Major James H. Wallace, acting Chief Supervisor of the Canadian Y.M.C.A. will be an enlightenment to some, as to the excellent service and administration that is rendered to our boys and their friends, at the front.

The Canadian Y. M. C. A. became a recognized unit of the O. M. F. C. In this it was unique amongst Y.M.C.A. organizations carrying on military work, as the other National Y.M.C.A.'s—British, American, French, New Zealand, and Australian—working with their armies in the field, were carrying on as civilian organizations.

As a part of the military machine, it had many facilities for carrying out its programme for the troops, especially in France, which other Y. M. C. A.'s did not have.

The Canadian Y.M.C.A., in its military work, thus combined in a most fortunate way, the advantages of being an official military unit and a voluntary organization.

IMPRESSIONS OF WAR

Lieut. Gen. Sir Arthur Currie, G.O.C., Canadian Corps has said:

"One of the most important factors in winning a fight is the morale of the troops, and it is in helping to raise and maintain the morale at a high level, that you have done so much. Canadians have the well merited reputation of being good soldiers, and that is because their morale is good. This is only possible because they are well looked after, and that is where the Y. M. C. A. steps in and renders invaluable assistance by providing them with happiness and comfort. The men forget the sights of war and seem to get a fresh start through your programmes, your concerts, your sports and your canteens. Your literature, music and concerts, afford them the greatest possible pleasure and relaxation, your sports keep them happy and fit, and your canteens provide them with things they cannot get elsewhere at such reasonable rates. You are a wonderful help to us, in beating the Bosche. It is not necessary for me to say this. It is apparent to all the corps."

THE Y. M. C. A. HUT THE "CLUB" OF THE SOLDIER

The more settled conditions in the great Training Camps and the other Canadian Military formations in Great Britain, made the "Hut" the normal centre of Y. M. C. A. activity. It became the favourite club of the enlisted man. To it he went when off duty for refreshment, recreation and entertainment. Special facilities were provided for letter writing and everything possible was done to encourage the men to write to their people at home. The value of this in steadying them morally is hard to over-estimate.

Another invaluable touch with home was provided by the volunteer service of women, both Canadian and English, in the canteens. Free concerts, cinema shows and lectures were provided in large numbers.

ATHLETICS

The policy of the Y.M.C.A. in its Athletic programme was not to organize Y. M. C. A. Leagues or meets, but rather to place its organization and personnel at the disposal of the various local sports committees. Trained athletic directors were placed by the Association in all the training camps, and these officers carried on their programme in co-operation with the physical training officers in the camps. The association also provided free of charge, large quantities of athletic equipment.

HOSPITALS

In the large convalescent hospitals, where the men were recov-

THE Y. M. C. A.

ering from wounds and sickness, there was special opportunity for the Association programme. Huts were erected in all the Canadian Convalescent Hospitals, and at the special request of the officers commanding, institutions were operated in three of the Primary Hospitals, although these were not generally regarded as coming within the field of the Association's activities.

SEGREGATION CAMPS

The drafts from Canada went directly on landing, to one of the Segregation Camps, where they were strictly confined to camp for twenty-eight days. Fresh from Canada, amidst new surroundings, they were in special need of friendly help, such as the Association provided. In the principal camp the equipment consisted of twelve large marquees, and a varied programme was carried on, including the explanation of the Association's Leave Scheme, as at the end of the period of segregation each man was granted six days leave.

FORESTRY CORPS.

In thirty-four of the camps of the Canadian Forestry Corps in England and Scotland, a programme was carried on similar to that in the larger camps. As a number of these camps were isolated, this work was all the more appreciated by the men, as it was almost their sole source of recreation.

The following table of the activities during May shows the extent of this work:

	No	Attendance.
Concerts.....	81	14,420
Cinema Shows...	26	4,470
Lectures	26	2,713
Bible Classes.....	18	158
Religious Meetings.....	81	5,754
Sing Songs.....	19	14,758

While the chief attention of the Association was given to meeting the needs of the "Other Ranks," experience has shown that it performed a useful service for officers even, with their great resources for entertainment and recreation. This demand was met by the establishment of Officers' Clubs.

Such clubs were opened at Seaford and Bramshott, and at Witley, as social and recreational centres for the officers in the camps.

One of the latest extensions of Association work was the attachment of a Y.M.C.A. officer to each of the ten conducting staffs, who were in charge of bringing over the new drafts, and of taking back to Canada the men who were to be discharged. The

IMPRESSIONS OF WAR

voyage gave the officers many opportunities to be of service, both to the new and to the returning men. They were also responsible for the sports and entertainment.

ACTIVITIES FOR SIX MONTHS, ENDING JUNE 30th, 1918 FOR GREAT BRITAIN.

The extent of the Association activities may be judged from the table given below. This does not include Athletic events.

	Number.	Attendance
Concerts.....	1830	817,356
Religious Services.....	864	160,544
Bible Classes.....	617	19,016
Lectures.....	849	185,156
Goodnight Services.....	1534	85,808
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	5694	1,267,880

These figures do not include London Area.

CANADIAN CORPS—MOBILE ORGANIZATION NECESSARY IN THE FIELD

Conditions in the field were such that the need for Y.M.C.A. service was much more urgent, while the difficulties in carrying it on were vastly increased. In Great Britain, although the personnel were constantly changing, the camps were comparatively permanent, while in France the Canadian troops were continually moving from one area to another, in accordance with the military situation. This necessitated a much more mobile organization. For instance, in the summer of 1916 the Y.M.C.A. was operating 36 centres in the Ypres salient. Then orders came from the Corps to move to the Somme. These 36 centres had to be turned over to the British Y.M.C.A., or closed. In the area occupied by the Canadian Corps on the Somme the British Y. M. C. A. did not have any huts, so that a completely new plant had to be set up. This consisted of thirty-three centres, and was made up of marquees, public halls, barns, and dug-outs. In two months the corps moved north again in the Lens area, where there were two British Y. M. C. A. huts. In two months the Canadian Y. M. C. A. had fifty centres in operation. During the period that the corps had been in this area, thirty large 20x100 foot huts had been erected. Owing to the constant movement within the area some of these huts, which were of portable construction, had been moved several times. In addition to the huts, a very large number of marquees, local buildings, dug-outs, and some army huts had been used.

THE Y. M. C. A.

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY CENTRES OPENED IN ONE YEAR.

During the year 1917, 250 centres were opened, with an average of fifty-five operating continuously, and 65 per cent were in advanced positions where civilian stores did not exist.

CANTEEN OPERATIONS

The service rendered by the Y. M. C. A. canteens in France was very much greater than in Great Britain. The nearer to the front line the soldier was, the greater was his need for the extra comfort provided by cigarettes, chocolate, tinned fruits, and other small luxuries. His problem was where to obtain them;—in the back areas there were civilian stores, but often their prices were exorbitant and their stock was not particularly suited to the Canadian soldiers' taste. In the shelled areas there were no stores at all. This is where the Y.M.C.A. canteen stepped in and provided the Canadian soldier with the supplies that he liked best, and at reasonable prices.

FIVE PER CENT OF SALES IN Y.M.C.A. CANTEENS IS GIVEN TO REGIMENTAL FUNDS TO BE USED FOR BENEFIT OF THE MEN

As regimental Funds depended very largely upon the profits derived from the operations of regimental canteens, the Y. M. C. A. distributed each month to the units of the corps on the basis of their ration strength, five per cent of the sales of the Y.M.C.A. canteens in order that these necessary funds might not suffer from the great development of the Y.M.C.A. canteen service. Five per cent was the wholesale discount allowed to regimental canteens by the E. F. C., which was the organization through which these canteens secured their supplies.

This money was given by the Y.M.C.A. on the understanding that it should be used for the purpose of extra rations and comforts for the troops—a service which the Y.M.C.A. was not itself in a position to perform.

The average amount received by an Infantry Battalion was \$125 per month. The total granted in the six months ending June 30th, was \$72,843 90.

CANTEENS UP WITH GUNS AND BEYOND

An attempt was made to locate these canteens so that all the men in the corps area would have a canteen within a reasonable distance, but special attention was given to placing them at strategic points in the forward zone. During the last winter, twenty were

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carried on up with the guns and beyond, one being within 200 yards of the front line. In several cases Y.M.C.A. canteens have been closed by orders of commanding officers, as being in a too dangerous position. These forward canteens had always the first call on the supplies available at the main stores.

FREE HOT AND COLD DRINKS

Since January, 1917, the policy of the Y.M.C.A. was to provide hot drinks at all its centres free of charge. This service was particularly developed in the forward areas, and was greatly appreciated. During the summer, lemonade and other cold drinks were also provided free, in so far as the supply of material allowed.

Approximately 700,000 cups of tea, coffee, and cocoa were given away per month under normal conditions.

When heavy fighting was in progress, chocolate, biscuits, hot and cold drinks, matches, and cigarettes are given free to fighting men, working parties, walking wounded, and stretcher bearers. This work was first developed on a systematic scale during the Battle of Sanctuary Wood in 1916. It was further extended during the Somme offensive, and increased in extent during each of the major battles after that time, as shown by the following table of the value of goods given away during the three periods of major operations, participated in by the Canadian Corps during 1917:—

Vimy Ridge.....	\$10,000
Hill 70.....	18,000
Passchendaele.....	20,000

FREE CINEMAS FOR 125,000 MEN PER MONTH

All Canadian Y. M. C. A. Cinema Shows in France, were free of charge to the troops during the last eighteen months. On an average, fourteen shows were carried on, and double headers were run practically every day.

The Cinema was one of the best means of entertaining. In the amusement of watching the adventures of "Charlie Chaplin," the soldier forgot entirely that there was such a thing as the war.

Over 125,000 men were thus entertained monthly by the Y.M.C.A. Cinemas.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES AND BIBLE CLASSES

During the six months ending June 30th, 639 religious services were held, with an attendance of 130,888, 273 Bible classes, with an attendance of 11,670 were conducted, and 655 short Good-night Services with an attendance of 27,758.

THE Y. M. C. A.

ATHLETICS

The Y. M. C. A. performed two functions in relation to athletics, the promotion by its officers of athletic activities, and the free provision of athletic equipment. The former were carried on through Corps divisional and brigade committees, the Y.M. C.A. officers for athletics acting as executive secretaries.

Sports of all sort were encouraged in the different units and brigades, divisional and corps meets were organized. The men who were actually engaged in games were numbered by the tens of thousands.

It is safe to say that hundreds of men never before had such an opportunity for the playing of games as they had in the Canadian Corps.

Not only were extensive athletic equipments provided at all the Y.M.C.A. centres where it was possible to carry on athletics, but outfits were loaned to units who were not conveniently located with respect to these supplies. The following table of quantities available in March 1918, will give some idea of the extent of this service:—

Baseball—500 complete sets, 12,000 extra balls, 1500 bats; Indoor baseball—6,000 balls; 3,000 bats. Lacrosse—60 complete sets; Cricket—60 complete sets. Footballs, 1,000. Basketball—24 complete sets. Volley Ball—24 complete sets. Boxing—1,000 pairs of gloves. Wrestling—24 mat covers. Badminton—65 complete sets. Field Hockey—26 complete sets. Tennis—130 complete sets; 10,000 balls extra, 1918. Athletics—15,000 knickers, white; 15,000 jerseys, divisional colors; 15,000 rubber soled shoes.

SIX MONTHS ACTIVITIES—JANUARY-JUNE, 1918

The table of activities given below shows that in six months almost two million men attended some activity promoted by the Association. This does not include the constant daily use of the huts by thousands of men for reading, writing and indoor games, refreshments, etc.

Free Concerts.....	1195	539,621
Free Cinemas.....	1652	697,192
Religious Services.....	639	130,888
Bible Classes.....	243	11,679
Good-night Services.....	655	27,758
Athletics.....	6892	406,853
Educational Lectures.....	498	104,693
Educational Classes, including those held by University of Vimy Ridge.....	612	13,798
Total events.....	12386	1,932,482

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PARIS LEAVE

The Y. M. C. A. co-operated with the military authorities in safeguarding and helping the men on leave in Paris. A hut was located at the Barracks where all soldiers on leave must report immediately on arriving. Leave trains were met by Y. M. C. A. escorts, meals were served regularly, and special hot suppers were supplied for men arriving on the late trains. Concerts and musical programmes were arranged each day, and an orchestra played for lunch and dinner. A large number of men were taken on sight-seeing tours, and arrangements were made for theatre parties and other entertainments.

The Hotel d'Jena with 300 rooms, was rented, in order to provide accommodation for men on leave.

INCOME, EXPENDITURE, Y.M.C.A., FRANCE, FOR SIX MONTHS, ENDING JUNE 30th, 1918

The statement of income and expenditure of the Y.M.C.A. in France for the first six months of 1918, shows the extent of operations. The fact that this statement was ready by July is a tribute to the efficiency of the Accounting Department, which had to carry on under the handicap incident to active service conditions.

Income—France

The statement of income and expenditure of the Y. M. C. A. gross profits on canteen operations.....	\$396,438.15
Subscriptions (pro rata proportion of the year's budget and received in field).....	257,083.65
Exch.....	3,726.82
Total.....	\$657,248.62
Excess expenditure over income for period.....	17,215.34

EXPENDITURE

	\$674,463.96
Canteen operating expenses.....	\$ 46,507.91
Cash to units.....	72,843.90
Free Drinks.....	50,231.50
Huts, marquees, etc.....	197,236.08
Writing Material.....	17,278.64
Books, magazines, religious and educational.....	37,537.43
Concerts, Pianos, Gramophones and Cinemas.....	69,129.26
Athletics.....	105,811.61
Paris Work.....	24,847.49
Sundry items.....	53,040.14
Total.....	\$674,463.96

THE Y. M. C. A.

FINANCIAL POLICY

The sources of revenue for Y.M.C.A. activities were two-fold, viz., public subscriptions, and profits from canteen operations. The regularly published statements show that part of the canteen profits and subscriptions were used temporarily for working capital for the canteen business, as a large amount of stock had to be carried.

CONCLUSION

The purpose throughout was to serve in every possible way the men who were fighting the battle for liberty, and to develop for them the Christian ideal of complete manhood. That the efforts of the Y. M. C. A. helped to maintain the high morale in which Canadian soldiers were justly famous, is shown by the letters of appreciation from the officers and other ranks, which were constantly received. These efforts will be found to have been equally effective in preparing the men for better citizenship.

PRICES OF CANTEEN GOODS

These prices were fixed in accordance with the schedule of the Army canteens committee (authority:—War Office Letter No. 103, Gen. No. 1485, Q.M.G., (Canteens).

Prices in France were in many cases lower than in England, as supplies for the army were imported into France free of duty. Most goods were sold as cheaply in the fighting zone as in Canada. The following items taken from the price lists show in general the scale of prices:

	Gt. Britain.	France.	Canada.
	s. d.	frs. ctms.	\$. cts.
Biscuits —			
2 oz. packets.....	2	20	4
1 pound.....		2.00	40
Cigarettes —			
Player's 10'2.....	5½	25	11
Tuckett's, T. & B., 10'2...	5½	25	11
Kenilworth 20's.....	1.4	80	33
Cigars —			
Marguerites.....	—	50	10
Tuckett's Panatellas.....	—	75	15
Tobaccos —			
Chairman, 1 oz.....	11½	65	23
Imperial Mixture, † lb....	—	1.25	25
Chocolate :—			
Robertson's.....	2.½	25	—

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Tinned Fruit:			
Cherries, 2's.....	—	1.50	—
Peaches.....	—	1.25	—
Jam—			
Strawberry, 1lb.....	1.2	1.50	30
Milk—			
Unsweetened St. Charles..	—	1.35	24
Pork and Beans—			
Simcoe.....	1.6	1.60	32
Salmon—			
Sockeye.....	1.2	1.50	30

Money was exchanged at army rates.

XXIII

HANDLING OF CASUALTIES

The Canadian hospitals in England were divided into—

(a) General or primary hospitals, which received convoys of wounded and sick men on arrival from France, or cases of sickness of a fairly serious nature from Canadian Units in the British Isles.

(b) Special hospitals to which men suffering from certain disabilities were despatched. The Granville Canadian Special Hospital, Buxton, specialized in orthopedic cases. The Canadian Special Hospital, Lenham, took only tubercular cases and the Witley and Etchinghill Hospitals took only nervous cases.

(c) Convalescent hospitals. These hospitals carried on further medical treatment as required, and in addition, gave physical training and special gymnastics for the convalescence of the patients.

Canadian casualties arrived in hospitals in the British Isles from two main sources:

(a.) Overseas casualties, being men who on account of wounds or sickness were evacuated from the base camps or from hospitals of the expeditionary forces overseas.

(b) Local casualties, being men admitted to hospital from reserve units, regimental depots, and other formations of the C. M. F. of C., in the British Isles.

Overseas casualties usually arrived at one of the ports of England in a hospital ship convoy, and were directed to hospitals in England by the British medical authorities who were in close touch with the Canadian Medical Service regarding accommodation in the various Canadian hospitals in England. The majority of Canadian casualties from overseas were sent to Canadian hospitals, but quite a number were despatched to Imperial hospitals in the British Isles, every effort being made by the Imperial authorities to segregate such men in hospitals near the London area.

Overseas casualties were in practically every instance despatched to one of the general or primary hospitals, and they were accompanied by their medical documents from overseas, so that immediately on arrival in England, their medical treat-

IMPRESSIONS OF WAR

ment could be carried on without interruption, as all records of previous treatment were contained in these medical documents. Local casualties were admitted direct to the hospital from the various units, and were also accompanied by medical services during their entire stay in hospital.

The length of the stay in primary hospitals varied and depended entirely on the seriousness of the wounds or sickness, and as soon as the medical service considered the soldier fit for convalescent training he was transferred to one of the Canadian convalescent hospitals, and his convalescent training commenced and any further medical treatment required was continued. At the convalescent hospitals men were graded according to their physical condition and disabilities, and received graduated physical training and hardening under the close supervision of the medical services. Men requiring it also received special remedial treatment, or special physical training, designed to assist in the overcoming of the special disabilities from which they were suffering. As a man became stronger and more physically fit, his training proportionately became more severe, and the whole training of those who were likely to recover at the convalescent hospital was with the view of their ultimately becoming fit to return to the firing line, and this object was constantly before the instructors and medical service. When a man reached a stage at the convalescent hospital when the medical service could determine what his probable category would be, and he was sufficiently hardened, he was brought before a board composed of medical officers at the hospital which examined him, and placed him either in a permanent medical category, or in category "D.i." (which was of a temporary nature only) and he was then dispatched to the Command Depot affiliated with his regiment, unless considered fit for training at a reserve unit.

At the Command Depot further graduated physical training and hardening, as well as remedial treatment, was continued, and the training gradually increased with the object of bringing the soldier to the physical condition where he can carry on a full day's training, as was done in the reserve battalions. He also received a brush-up course in musketry and other training.

Men of low category were also sent to the command depot for hardening, with the object of improving their physical condition, bringing the soldier under discipline, and also to make him more fit for employment in England, or on the lines of communication in France.

It will be seen that, from the time the soldier became a casualty, his case was constantly under the supervision of the medical service until such time as he eventually proceeded from the Command Depot, marked as fit for general service with harden-

HANDLING OF CASUALTIES

ing, and each successive stage was closely watched, and it is surprising the small percentage of men who broke down under the convalescent and command depot training.

Having followed the casualty, who was likely to become fit again for the firing line, back to his reserve unit, there were the other men who would not be fit for the firing line. Such men were placed under one or other of the following headings:

1. Fit for category "B,"—meaning fit for employment with railway, forestry, C.A.S.C., or other units authorized to employ men of low category.

2. Category "E"—for discharge.

3. To be invalided to Canada for further medical treatment.

Men classed in category "B" were sent from the convalescent hospital to a command depot, where they received a course of hardening. When considered fit they were brought before the travelling board on non-effectives, who considered their physical condition, civil occupation and qualifications, and allocated them for employment, or, if not fit, for return to Canada through the Discharge Depot at Buxton.

Men placed in category "E" were sent direct to Canadian Discharge Depot, Buxton,, and from there to Canada, where they received their discharge.

Men recommended for invaliding to Canada were transferred as hospital patients to the Kirkdale Military Hospital, Liverpool, and from there were sent to Canada on a hospital ship.

The office of the hospital representative of the Adjutant-General was peculiar to the Canadian forces, and it is thought that a short explanation of the duties of this office will be of interest.

On patients in hospital becoming ready for discharge from hospital nominal rolls, such men were sent to the hospital representative, who was responsible for making all arrangements for dispatching them to the correct reserve battalions, regimental depots, or other formations, depending on their categories.

Overseas casualties all received sick furlough on discharge from the hospital, and the hospital representatives issued what is known as a route letter, one copy of which accompanied the man, another being sent to the unit on the strength of which he was carried, and a copy of the Record Office in London. This route letter constituted the man's authority for being on leave, and also advised the units interested, when and where a man would report, so that there was no danger of his being lost, even temporarily.

Local casualties did not receive sick furlough on discharge from hospital.

In addition, the Hospital representatives saw that the man was properly clothed, supplied with his military pass, food

IMPRESSIONS OF WAR

cards, that he had received an advance of pay from the hospital paymaster, and forwarded his documents to his unit as required.

A careful check was kept by the hospital representatives of every man who passed through their hands, and this record showed the man's overseas unit, his reserve unit, where his leave was spent, and the unit to which he reported on expiry of same, so that if the question came up at any time this information was always available.

The hospital representatives were also notified when men are boarded for invaliding to Canada, and in such cases made arrangements for the man's last pay certificate and documents to go forward to the Kirkdale Hospital, Liverpool, so that there would be no delay on his arrival there.

XXIV

OUR DISCHARGE DEPOT

Arriving at Buxton, with a party in charge of an Officer from the Reserve Depot, a man was met at the Station by the Orderly Sergeant of the Canadian Discharge Depot. This N. C. O. checked up the men by a nominal roll, and marched them to the Depot. Here the officer in charge of the party handed over all documents concerning the men under his charge, to the adjutant.

Entering the depot, the man was first paraded to the dining hall, where a meal was served, despite the fact that he was given the unexpended portion of the day's rations when leaving his reserve unit. When the meal was finished, the man was given a few preliminary instructions. He was told the time of parades for the morrow, warned as to what was expected of him regarding behaviour whilst at the Depot, and warned against smoking in his billet. Immediately followed a parade to the Quartermaster's stores, where his kit was handed to the quartermaster for inspection.

Following the parade to the quartermaster's stores, the man was taken to the medical officer, who examined him for infectious diseases. Here he was also inspected for his physical fitness, and if unable to carry on the light duties of the Depot, he was given a red card excusing him from parades and all duties. If he found it a hardship to go up and down stairs, he was sent to the cripples room on the ground floor.

These preliminaries over, the officer in charge of the receiving company conducted the man to his billet for the night.

Arising at reveille, the man washed, dressed, and made up his bed in the regulation manner, and helped to tidy up the room before proceeding to breakfast. His first parade was at 8.15 a.m. for registration.

At the registration parade the man found he had to go through a regulation cross-examination. At the first table he gave the clerk his number, name, address and where he enlisted in Canada, also where he wished to go for his discharge or furlough. This information enabled the Orderly room staff to compile index cards and Part II. Orders, showing to what company the man would be posted whilst in the depot. The pay office representative

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was at the same table, compiling cards to enable the pay office to keep track of the man's "Last Pay Certificate." Passing to a second table, the man gave information for the filling out of his "Procedure of Discharge." At a third table, a clerk from the Post Office obtained the necessary information for forwarding mail. At a fourth table another representative of the orderly room obtained information for index cards, and at a fifth table the man received his "Identification Ticket." This ticket recorded his name, number, and military district. It was a protection to the man, as its use prevented any man going into the dining hall more than once, and cheating others of their fair portion of rations.

Following registration parade, the man was then paraded to the Dental Officer, who examined his teeth for any necessary work, and for trench mouth.

At 10.30 a.m. another parade: this was for the purpose of being addressed by the Commanding officer.

Dismissed from the parade, the man proceeded to the quartermaster's stores, where his kitbag, which was deposited there on the previous evening, was opened by him and checked with his D.O.S. 2, and he was advised as to how he might obtain any necessary issues, or obtain repairs. Should he challenge any entry on his D.O.S., 2, his complaint was immediately sent to the "Q" Inspection Department of the Area he had come from, and his statement was investigated. Every man left the Discharge Depot for Canada, fully supplied with clothing allowed by regulations.

This inspection over he went for his mid-day meal, and then waited for the 1.30 p.m. parade. On this parade, he passed out of the hands of the receiving company. He was handed over to the company controlling his military district in Canada.

"A" Company Mil. Districts 1, 2, 3 and 4.

"B" Company Mil. Districts 5, 6, 7, 10 and furlough men and

"C" Company Mil. Districts 11, 12, and 13.

On being posted to a company, the man was conducted to his billet, re-issued with blankets, palliasses and bed or bed boards, and made himself at home until such time as he proceeded to Canada.

Now, being a regular member of a company, the man was under the company for discipline and duty. His duties consisted of light fatigues, guards and picquets. It might be a cook-house fatigue, a dining hall fatigue, sweeping corridors, or cleaning up the grounds. His guards and picquets were light patrol work, guarding billets and stores, patrolling floors, fire and light picquets.

After the man's arrival he was entitled to draw pay on being four days in the depot, and every fourteen days thereafter, during the period he was detained. Special concessions were made to

OUR DISCHARGE DEPOT

him, should he need them, by advancing him larger amounts of money, for the purpose of settling his financial affairs, also to defray the cost of passages for the return of his dependents to Canada, on these advanced being authorized by the Paymaster General. On receipt of the "Last Pay Certificate" he was paraded to the pay office for the purpose of signing it; but before doing so, his account was explained and if he were satisfied that it was correct he signed to that effect. Should he dispute the accuracy of his "Last Pay Certificate," his complaint was investigated by the paymaster, and every endeavour was made to have the matter settled as expeditiously as possible, in order that the man might sail at the earliest possible opportunity. No man was allowed to proceed to Canada who disputed his account until he was satisfied and signed his "Last Pay Certificate" to that effect.

On completion of this document, and providing all his other documents were in the hands of the Discharge Department, the man was ready for sailing.

At last all arrangements having been completed, the man was paraded and warned that he was on the sailing list. After having answered his name on parade, he was given instructions as to the date of sailing, parade time, etc. The man then proceeded to the medical officer, where he was examined for scabies, vermin, trench mouth, and other diseases. Should he have vermin, he was immediately cleaned up; but if found to be suffering with any of the other diseases he was struck off the sailing. Passing the medical examination, he gave his name and number to the embarkation officer. He was then handed a Berthing Card, showing him the deck, section, room and berth number. Finally he was asked if he had signed his "Last Pay Certificate and Complaint Sheet." This complaint sheet was a statement by the man that he was satisfied with his treatment whilst at the depot, and if not, it afforded him an opportunity of making his complaint or recording any suggestion which he might consider necessary and of advantage.

At 4.30 a.m. the following morning reveille sounded. The morning of departure had come at last. After ablutions and dressing, the man packed his kitbag, helped roll up bed blankets in bundles of ten, and tidy up his room, breakfasted and then fell in according to military district. Answering his name when called from the nominal roll of the sailing, he took his place all ready to march to the station.

Before the parade moved off, it was inspected by the commanding officer, and a few words of advice were given by him, as to their conduct on the boat and on their arrival in Canada.

This is what happened to the many thousand Canadian soldiers

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who returned from overseas, through illness, wounds or other reasons.

But our treatment was not quite the same as that of the man in khaki. We were met on arrival at the station, late at night, by Colonel Hanson, O. C., of the Depot, and staff of officers, and escorted to the Dept Headquarters where we were installed in one of the many hotel buildings of this charming city. Buxton sits upon a mountain, in the midst of picturesque scenery and famous springs with celebrated waters and baths for the treatment of visitors. We were comfortably housed in the Discharge Depot, occupying officer's quarters.

Before retiring, the fire call was sounded about midnight, a precautionary measure practiced once a week. The stairways were instantly filled with a thousand men, half dressed, and many of them lame and limping, but fully cognizant of their positions, with their respective companies on the parade grounds surrounding the building. Here they formed up in true military order, and awaited the command of their officers.

We shall never forget the scene in the darkness when the order was given to "dismiss." As if by magic, there seemed to be a thousand matches struck and as many cigarettes lighted up; the air was filled with smoke. This was about the only consolation the men had for being so unceremoniously aroused from their slumbers. As they passed us many of them recognized some of their home town journalists in our party, and there were many happy meetings as a result.

GRANDVILLE HOSPITAL

The next day, (Sunday), we visited Grandville Special Hospital in charge of an old Quebecker, Colonel J. T. Clark, with Major Turner, also of this city, and brother of Brigadier-General, Sir Richard Turner, acting as senior surgeon.

The hospital occupied several large hotel buildings situated in the centre of the city. It contained fourteen hundred and forty beds, one hundred of which were for officer patients. The work was conducted in eleven different buildings, the largest of which were the Hydro and the Palace Hotels. The staff consisted of thirty-six officers, eighty-six nursing sisters and two hundred N. C. O's. and men. Practically all the patients treated at the Grandville Hospital were Canadians. Army Council Instructions provided that the following classes of patients should be sent to this hospital for treatment:—

1st.—All wounds involving joints, with consequent limitation of movement and deformity.

2nd.—All paralysis of limbs due to the severing or injuring of nerves.

3rd.—All cases of non-union and mal-union of bones.

4th.—All orthopaedic cases.

5th.—All serious nervous disorders arising from shell-shock, neurasthenia, neuritis and neuralgia.

6th.—All cases of amputation where stumps required to be prepared for the fitting of artificial limbs.

To treat these conditions the following Departments were operated:—

1st.—The Operating Department for nerve sutures, tendon transplantations, reamputations, the scraping away of diseased and dead bone for the curing of sinews, bone grating, bone setting, tendon repairs, and all other orthopaedic operations.

2nd.—A Treating Department for massage, manipulation of joints, active and passive movements, radiant heat, Eau Courante Baths, Faradic, Galvanic, Sinusoidal Electricity. Thirty Masseuses and five Masseurs were employed in this Department under a specially trained Orthopaedic Surgeon.

3rd.—An Orthopaedic Gymnasium where were installed all

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the most modern appliances for remedial exercises. Six specially trained instructors were employed in this department, under a skilled Orthopaedic surgeon.

4th.—An Arts and Crafts Department, which included a machine shop, a tin-smithing shop, a peg leg shop, a fret-work and woodcarving shop, a paint shop, an electrical shop, a carpenter and joiner's shop, a saddler's and shoemaker's shop for orthopaedic boots and leather work for splints and orthopaedic fixtures, a sign writing shop, a tailor's shop and a printing shop. In these shops were employed twenty-seven instructors, skilled in their special work, and suitable patients were detailed by the Medical Examining Board to work in the shops from 2 to 3 hours a day.

5th.—An X-Ray Department, with all modern apparatus, including a plant for making lantern slides of all the most important cases.

6th.—The Boarding Department, where patients were placed in their proper categories. About 50 p.c. of the patients were returned to Convalescent Hospitals and the various regimental depots for further service, and the remainder were invalided to Canada.

We visited all the various departments, and saw the excellent results of the treatment of the patients. We saw the technical education which the soldiers received while undergoing treatment or awaiting an artificial arm or leg. In the print shop we found printers from Toronto and the West, who had done their bit during many long months at the front, and were brushing up their knowledge of the trade, at the case, and in the press room before returning to Canada.

Colonel Clarke, who showed us through the whole institution, informed us that the physical improvement of patients, whose minds were occupied in some light work, was very much more rapid than of those who were unemployed.

With the Discharge Depot and this large hospital in Buxton, it was not surprising to hear that this city was very much Canadianized. Among other old Quebecers we met there was Dr. Rankin, who was in charge of the Canadian Convalescent Hospital in Matlock Bath, about twenty miles away. This hospital accommodated over two hundred officers. Dr. Rankin was formerly house physician of the Jeffery Hale Hospital, of Quebec.

We called at a nurses' home in order to talk with a number of inmates, who were resting after their terrible experiences in the Etaples hospital, which was bombed by the Germans. Here we found Miss Casault, another Quebecer, who was taking the place of the matron, absent for the day. Miss Casault was

GRANDVILLE HOSPITAL

matron of the Canadian Red Cross Special Hospital, also situated in Buxton.

After church service, which was attended by the greater part of the soldiers, the men were drawn up in the square in front of the Anglican Church and a most interesting ceremony was performed. Six Canadian heroes were decorated with ribbons and medals for distinguished and courageous action at the front. The entire scene was a most impressive one.

The ceremony over, the soldiers marched back to their respective hospitals and quarters, being led by two bands, one being entirely composed of French Canadians, and belonging to the 10th Reserve. Both bands rendered a concert in front of the Discharge Depot, and then together they played the National Anthem and O Canada.

After luncheon our party left for London, having completed our northern tour.

MANCHESTER DOCKS

On our way from Glasgow to Carlisle, we had to go through Manchester, and the Dock Commissioners of that city would not hear of our doing so, without stopping off to see their wonderful docks. It was a very happy thought, as it was a matter of great interest to us, for there is nothing more vital to Canada's future, than the rapid completion and modern equipment of our Atlantic and Pacific coast ports, if we are to take our place in the future expansion of world trade and commerce.

We remained in Manchester only a few hours, but sufficiently long to drive through the city and over a large portion of the extensive docks, and to obtain a fair idea of the stupendous work of another courageous English city. They have spent millions upon millions of dollars in the building of a canal, from the sea to their limits, in order to keep pace with the progress of the Empire, and arrest the rapid decline that was overtaking the city, because of the competition with other cities which were expanding and progressing through shipping advantages.

The construction of the Manchester deep water way from the sea, a distance of thirty-five miles, has given Manchester a world-wide reputation, and has also made her one of the first ports of the kingdom. The work is unique in character, and deserves all the praise bestowed on it by distinguished visitors from all parts of the globe.

No dock is provided with better accommodation and appliances, and few ports have such complete and modern equipment, nor has any port a better reputation among ship owners and traders, for quick work and despatch in every department.

The magnificent provision offered at the Manchester docks for all description of ships, and the modern methods adopted for the rapid loading of steamers, and the distribution of cargoes of every description, can only be realized by a personal inspection of the docks. Figures as to the total of the imports and exports cannot be cited, but it may be stated that in the year 1913 over five and a half million tons of traffic passed over the canal in ocean going steamers. The accommodation has since been extended, including a new grain elevator, with a capacity for forty thousand tons of grain, additional dock and sheds, railway sidings, cranes and other facilities.

MANCHESTER DOCKS

The opening of the port of Manchester came at an opportune time. It offset the excessive freight charges which threatened to stifle local commercial and industrial undertakings. With the opening of the canal, prosperity was speedily restored. By the introduction of an element of competition, the port of Manchester almost immediately revolutionized transit charges, forcing competitive routes to meet its rates, to compete with the economy offered.

The history of the city of Manchester in connection with the building of the Manchester Canal, is one that should provide another object lesson to the citizens of Quebec, with regard to the equipment of their port for the enlargement of our shipping trade. Nothing, however, will be effective here, until Quebecers make up their minds to remove politics from commercial undertakings, and instead, to endeavor to pull in with the trade expansion efforts of the leading organizations and citizens of other progressive towns. Quebec has advantages so far ahead of Glasgow, Manchester or even any of our Canadian cities, that it is beyond understanding why its trade is not advancing by greater strides. One only has to look at the enormous business that is being transacted by a few progressive firms to realize what could be done in this city. There are opportunities for many more such firms, in order to make Quebec a greater purchasing centre, and to do this, our wholesale houses and manufacturing firms must spread out in all directions. Quebec's excellent railway and steamship terminals make her one of the very best distributing points in Canada to-day. It is also centrally located to cater to the whole Province of Quebec, which is rapidly increasing in population and from which this city should derive such benefit that it should be a city of two hundred thousand instead of one hundred thousand population.

XXVII

WOOLWICH ARSENAL

About ten miles out of London, in an easterly direction, we reached Woolwich, where is situated the Royal Arsenal, founded in the time of Henry VII. Here we were shown over the immense works which comprised laboratories where ammunition of all kinds was manufactured; gun and torpedo factories, gun-carriage and ordnance store departments.

Before the war the Arsenal extended over barely a mile, and employed between fifteen and twenty thousand hands, whereas now it covered an area of over three and a half miles and employed over one hundred and twenty thousand people, whom we saw busily engaged making all kinds of shells and guns. Fifty thousand of the workers were women, many of these from well-to-do families, all anxious to do their utmost to aid the fighting men at the front.

Their workshops, and the comforts and considerations paid them, were very creditable. Clean, airy work rooms, with the large dining and recreation halls, made the arsenal not altogether a laboring institution. The women were earning from five to twenty-five dollars per week, for eight hours, with time and a half for extra work. Their happy smile, as we passed through the various plants, was one of the pleasant incidents of the visit. We were shown the forgings of small and large guns, and of the latter we will speak. We saw a row of many of these monsters ready for the dreadnoughts. They were two hundred and forty feet long, fifteen inches in diameter and cost thirty thousand dollars each. The shells which they fired, and which would cause some commotion where they landed, cost fifteen hundred dollars. They could project these shells over twenty miles.

These huge monsters of destruction were not manufactured in one piece as many suppose. A tube, the length of the gun was made and around it was coiled two or three hundred miles of wire; then heavy casings were put on in jointed parts. The guns were good for one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five shots, after which they required to be returned to the arsenal for new linings.

We discussed with a major who was escorting us around the

WOOLWICH ARSENAL

works, the Huns' long range gun which was then throwing shells over Paris. He exhibited no great interest in it, and said it was quite simple to manufacture but that its inaccuracy and short life made it useless for the purpose of effective warfare.

Bombing a city of large area like Paris, and killing many innocent people, was not war in his mind, but murder. In making hits in Paris the Huns had some success, but it counted for little in the gaining of the objective, or, obtaining anything towards winning the war. On the contrary, it helped recruiting and the cementing of the Allies to renewed effort to punish the perpetrators. What was of much more importance to the Allies was the making of essential instruments of war, rather than the waste of time and money on long range guns, which could not be put to any useful purpose, on the field of battle. It was interesting to hear these views from an authority. In going through several of the largest buildings, we had to remove all matches, tobacco and cigarettes, knives, scissors and pins as precautionary measures against a possible chance of accidental ignition with the inflammable material being handled in them. We were also supplied with rubber footwear as the floors were kept immaculately clean and free from dust and dirt.

The Woolwich Canteen was run on very efficient lines by women, many of whom were voluntary workers, and were distinguishable by their purple dresses. These women worked in shifts both day and night, and courageously went in and out of the buildings where the most dangerous explosives were handled. One voluntary worker of our acquaintance, the wife of a surgeon, motored herself twelve miles into Charing Cross, taking a midnight train from there to Woolwich, where she worked six hours, then returning to her home, which she reached at eight a.m.

THE TANKDROME.

We did not see the workshops where the tanks were made, but we were shown the tankdrome which must have been a very important part of this industry, if we are to judge by the precautionary measures taken, before we could go inside of it. At the entrance we were met by several naval officers who requested us to sign a register, after which we were given a permit which was collected when we went out, a necessary forethought to prevent the entrance of undesirables.

Passing through a large building where a number of mechanics were employed, we reached a field much ploughed up and made to look like a battle ground, with ditches, shell craters, trenches and trunks of trees lying around in all directions, mounds and sharp declivities. Here were several tanks awaiting us and

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over this rough surface almost in the midst of London, we had our first experience of riding in these wonderful modern machines of war. We travelled in them at the rate of eight to ten miles an hour, over every conceivable obstacle in sight. Sometimes our caterpillar vehicle assumed an upright or slanting position almost toppling over, but it never did. But to those inside, the experience is not nearly as unpleasant as it would seem to a onlooker. These tanks really are larger than they appear to be. And this is why the dips, inclines, and the other grotesque positions which they take in crawling over the ground give one the impression, that those who have to travel in them have a very rough time of it. This was not our experience. We sat comfortably and securely throughout our ten or fifteen minutes on the edge of the engine, and only on one or two occasions, and then perhaps it was not necessary, did we hold on to keep our balance. Their length makes their precipitation into a cavity or up a hillock, a slow one, which in a measure removes the danger of being suddenly thrown about, as would perhaps happen if they were of smaller dimensions. A most marvellous thing to us, in connection with these tanks, was the perfection of the machinery, and the endless traction belt which propels and turns it around in its own length. We were shown "Little Willie," which was the first tank made. It is a baby in comparison to the more modern one which carries over a platoon of soldiers. This latter is among one of the most recent innovations in tank construction. The "Little Willie" was christened in order to preserve its construction in secrecy. It was not until "the Little Willie" appeared upon the battlefield that the Germans first saw the new and original instrument of war.

Like the air-plane, tank construction has shown the Germans that they had not the monopoly of ideas and brains in modern inventions. While the tanks in the battlefield demonstrated their ability to cover over ten miles an hour, the infantry could only average about two miles, which will give one an idea of their superiority in conveying guns, men and ammunition in an offensive movement.

The average tank weighs thirty-three tons, and is propelled by one hundred and fifty horse power engines. They were also used in conveying six inch guns up to the front. These guns were lifted on to the back of the machines in less than two minutes, and dropped on the field of battle in a few seconds. They are believed to be one of the most formidable instruments of war for the protection of men in offensive actions.

OLDEST HOSPITAL

One afternoon our party visited Cliveden, and saw the oldest of the Canadian Red Cross Hospitals in England. It is situated on the grounds of Major Waldorf Astor, whose wife took a deep interest in all that was going on there. The hospital had ten hundred and forty beds, but with extensions was able to accommodate several hundred more patients. When we were there it was taking care of nine hundred and thirty-eight wounded soldiers.

Mrs. Astor, who showed us through the different wards, was acquainted with most of the patients. We were told a story about the interest she took in all that was going on, and sometimes even in the worst surgical cases. On one occasion she heard of a soldier who had gone through sixteen operations and objected to the seventeenth, preferring, as he said, "to be put in his box at once," rather than continue the sufferings that followed each operation. Mrs. Astor encouraged him to undergo another one, with the promise of a gold watch, when he would be well enough to carry it. It is said that this little incident so interested the unfortunate hero that it braced him up and encouraged him to undergo the last operation and win the prize. The very thought that there was some one there who was sufficiently interested in his pulling through, gave him a new desire to live.

We were also told that Major Astor, notwithstanding his wealth, was an ardent worker, with socialist ideas, and had a great aspiration to bring about a happier understanding between labor and capital. He had as a disinterested person, probed the subject, in both a practical and theoretical manner, and after a personal interview with the leaders of labor and capital, at his home, on two occasions, he formulated theories of his own, for the happy solution of capital and labor problems and these he imparted to the representatives of both parties at another meeting at his residence. It is said that his ideas had many features that were acceptable to both sides, and might be great factors in the future settlement of questions in which these two interests were involved.

In the early period of the war, when troops were at Salisbury Plains, arrangements had to be made by which they and those expected from overseas, would be comfortably housed and

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thoroughly looked after, if in need of hospital care. Numerous public buildings were available, but the Canadian Red Cross Society were able to secure this delightful site through the kindness and generosity of Major Waldorf Astor, M.P., and Mrs. Astor, who not only gave the original building, then a large racquet court, but gave over magnificent lawns, drives and golf courses, in order that suitable buildings might be erected.

This then, was the first General Hospital for the reception of Canadian patients, and it was for a long time the only hospital for which the Canadian Red Cross became solely responsible.

That their responsibility was made so easy to bear, was due to the wonderful generosity and kindness of the women of Canada. It really was their own project and its growth speaks wonders for the persistent care and attention which they always bestowed upon it. There has probably been no Canadian Hospital more visited by Canadians and Imperials than this institution, not alone because of its reputation among the public at large, but owing to its close proximity to London.

It is situated on the Thames, eight miles from Windsor, and on that beautiful rise known as the "Clivedon Ridge," the most picturesque part of the Thames Valley.

The institution formed in reality a small town itself, having its own lighting and heating plant; its own general stores, carpenter shop, electric and sanitary engineering, barber, boot shops, repair shops of all kinds. cinematograph theatre, billiard rooms, ice cream and soda fountain, and cafe, church, recreation grounds for baseball, cricket, tennis and bowling; newspaper; its own wharf, and river boats; its own fire brigade, police force, garage, magistrate and municipal officials. In fact, it had all to make up a thriving community.

Adjacent to it and on the same grounds is the magnificent residence of Major and Mrs. Waldorf Astor known as "Cliveden," while at the other end lives Lord Desborough.

The idea of a hospital at Cliveden was first broached on August 1st, 1914, when Major Astor wrote to the War Office, offering in the event of war, which seemed inevitable, to prepare a hospital in the Tennis Court at Cliveden. This offer was referred by the War Office to the British Red Cross Society, with whom negotiations were conducted during the following few months. The second definite step was taken on November 11th, when the Director-General of the Army Medical Services asked the Medical Services of the Canadian Contingent, then on Salisbury Plain, to take over the proposed Hospital at Cliveden.

In April, 1915, the hospital received the first patients from the Canadian Division in France. These men were wounded or gassed in the second battle of Ypres.

OLDEST HOSPITAL

This hospital was the Central Hospital in this particular area, and had auxiliary hospitals situated at Slough, Maidenhead, High Wycombe and Stoke Pogis.

When the hospital was small, patients who died were buried in Taplow Churchyard, but the beautiful Italian Garden among the trees overlooking the Thames, was felt to offer a more suitable spot. Accordingly, an oval space one hundred feet in length was consecrated in December, 1916, by the Bishop of Buckinghamshire in the presence of the Duchess of Connaught. To this hallowed garden the twenty-five bodies were removed from Taplow Churchyard. For this cemetery Bertram MacKenna, the sculptor, was designing a bronze Triumphant Victory.

There is probably no more beautiful cemetery in the world. An Italian garden, nestling high up on the bank of that part of the Thames known as the Cliveden Beach, and overlooking the old world village of Cookham in Berkshire, built at enormous expense, and surrounded by beautiful examples of Italian marble work it was given by Major and Mrs. Astor as a resting place to those Canadians who died in this hospital. The munificence of the Astor gift needs to be seen to be realized.

Though this area in Buckinghamshire is one of great historic interest, Cliveden itself is especially so. The first historical reference to Cliveden is that the Manor of Taplow was, before 1066, held by the Earl Godwin. At the time of the Norman Conquest, William, as was his custom, parcelled out all the desirable portions of England, and to his Brother Odo, he gave this township of Taplow. The next evidence of Royal Bounty appears nearly five centuries later, when Queen Mary in 1557, leased it to a favourite page of the Royal Household.

Cliveden was secluded from the scene of the war, and the wounded "Tommy" looking out through the trees over the wonderful panorama of "river-sundered landscape clothed with corn," was impressed most with the sweet serenity and utter peacefulness of the view, not a house shattered, not a tree torn, not a field marred.

But in times past Cliveden has been near the firing lines for in the meadows across the river a battle was fought between the Royalists and Roundheads. The sole relic of this battle is one lone cannon ball, the intact condition of which suggests its having been a "dud."

The medical and surgical work carried on at this hospital had a very high reputation among medical officers of our allies. The medical research committee established a research laboratory, and magnificently equipped it for special investigations, such as "gas poisoning," and from this laboratory came much of the original work along these lines.

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The hospital took in convoys direct from France, and has had as patients, Imperials, Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders and Americans.

The number of medical officers was forty-three, nursing sisters eighty-nine, and personnel, two hundred and fifty-six. Q.M.A.A.C, fifty-five, and attached (transport and engineers), sixty.



XXIX

A RUSSIAN RETROSPECT

In the face of what has occurred in Russia and Canada's participation in a military effort to restore peace there, the following notes taken from my diary under date of July 6th, will prove of interest to those who are following the course of events in that country. The notes are of a lecture delivered by an Englishman who resided for a number of years in Russia and who was a passenger with us on our recent voyage to the war zone:

"To-night we listened to a most interesting talk on Russia, the speaker being a young Englishman named Howell, who had spent the last ten years in Moscow, representing a large English manufacturing company.

He left Moscow with his wife and two children on the 27th of February, and after a month reached Vladivostock, suffering terrible privations in food supplies for the first half of the distance, until reaching Siberia. From there on, things were more satisfactory, though the little compartment they occupied had no heat and only a candle light.

His description of Russia and its internal anarchist rule may better be judged by some of his experiences. His staff of men demanded a year's salary in advance, but he settled with three months. Russia, before the revolution, was a delightful country to live in. The people were most hospitable, and living was extremely cheap, owing to the fertile nature of the soil. Maximum crops were obtained with the minimum of labor. But now towns and villages were printing worthless paper money. There was plenty of it, but no food or clothing to purchase with it, even if it had an intrinsic value. Boots were selling at as high a price as three hundred to five hundred roubles per pair, which at the decreased valuation of the rouble, would amount to from forty-five to seventy dollars per pair. No master's life was safe after five o'clock or dusk, in any of the cities or towns. Every man of position slept with a loaded revolver under his pillow, murders and disorders being rampant everywhere. The peasants had buried their food-stuffs. They would not sell them, because they could not obtain anything

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with the paper currency with which they would have been paid. They wanted agricultural implements and clothing, and there were none in the country. The belief that all will be well, under any trying circumstances is, unfortunately, a trait in the character of the Russian peasant. Nothing matters to him, it is all the will of God, that things should be as they are. Ninety-eight per cent. are illiterate.

The German prisoners were at liberty, but would not be requisitioned for the German army in the West. Most of them had joined the Bolsheviki, who had taught the Russian soldiers to believe that they were as good as their generals. That was why they killed so many Generals and officers. The game was so successful, and the soldiers had such a good time after the revolution, looting everything, and stealing all they could lay their hands on, that it contaminated the German prisoners, and the Germans were afraid to bring them back to mingle with their military slaves. This is why they were parading around and growing into the greatest desperadoes in the country, under the cover of the Bolsheviki. To travel in Russia one has to don a pretty well worn out military uniform and let one's beard grow for a couple of weeks. Then there was an opportunity of getting through. The Moscow street railway, which was one of the best paying investments in Russia, is now bankrupt, because the soldiers who had thrown down their arms and quit fighting the Germans, enjoyed the pleasure of riding and filling up the cars for joy rides, without paying any fares. They simply enjoyed holding up pedestrians and relieving them of anything of value that they happened to fancy. But there will be an end to that sort of living and the people are fast turning against the Bolsheviki and the Germans. When opportunity offers, they will probably massacre the latter. Unfortunately, the Bolsheviki desperadoes, a set of cowards, still have possession of the munitions of war in Petrograd, and other large centres, which for the time will give them some power, and authority, but the country is so helplessly bankrupt that they will not be able to move very far. The people in the big cities are starving by the thousands, and children are dying as soon as they are born, as there is no nourishment for them. Milk cannot be obtained in Moscow or Petrograd, as the peasants will not bring supplies into the city, owing to the currency being of no value.

"What is the solution of the whole situation?" I asked.

"There is only one solution," said Mr. Howell, and on this point he was most emphatic. "The Allies have to send a large supply of agricultural implements and clothing to the Russian people, with an Allied army of about one hundred and fifty thousand soldiers, to prevent the destruction of property. In such

A RUSSIAN RETROSPECT

an event, the cowardly Bolsheviki will scamper to refuge, and the only place he can go is Germany, or the population will most assuredly massacre them all, without mercy or compassion, for the hardships and sufferings they are now experiencing.

The Russians are simple children, and believed all the fairy stories that were told them by German propoganda, but deep down in their hearts, they are admirers of the French, English and American people. A little kindness now, would go a long way to stabilize their Government and help them, and in the opinion of Mr. Howell, armed intervention by Japan alone, would be the worst thing that could happen.

The Russians are a white race, and it would be an insult to them to be overcome by an Asiatic race. They would never forgive the Allies for it. Most of the trouble in Russia is caused by the wrong men being selected for commissions. If the Allies would appoint a commission of foreigners, men who have been living in Russia for years, and who know the customs, habits, and idiosyncrasies of the people, much more good would be done by their mission.

Answering a question as to the working of the prohibition of vodka, Mr. Howell said that it was not working at all. The peasants were now making it themselves. "There was only one way to stop the abuse of this evil," he said, "and that was by educating the people, and explaining the harm it produced. There was much in Mr. Howell's conclusions that could be beneficial in other parts of the world."

A QUEBEC M. P. P.

Having the opportunity of going to London, or remaining over in Shorncliffe, I preferred the latter, in order that we would have the pleasure of meeting General Smart, commanding the Shorncliffe Canadian Encampment, and many other Canadian friends on duty in this old English military centre.

It was years ago since I had walked along the coast between Sandgate and Dover and visited these historic grounds. Across a deep ravine in which the town of Folkestone rests, one could see the towering white chalk cliffs, known as the Downs, where Caesar once bivouacked his army of warriors covered in armor plate that must have shone and glistened in the sunshine, probably on just such a day as we were favored with on our visit to Shorncliffe.

We were doubly pleased to see this camp in charge of a member of the Legislative Assembly, of the Province of Quebec, and a man who was among the first to answer his country's call for overseas service.

General Smart, M.L.A., presided at the banquet that was tendered to us by the Canadian Club, which was almost entirely a Canadian military organization and the evening was made essentially Canadian by the singing of the Maple Leaf Forever, O Canada and many other airs of the Dominion which were rendered by an excellent band. Speeches full of patriotic sentiment and love of Canada flowed in abundance at the festive board, but like all such functions it had to be brought to an early finish owing to the Defence of the Realms Act.

We walked up to the promenade after the dinner and enjoyed watching the searchlights throwing their powerful rays across the channel for many miles, in their efforts to show up enemy craft.

The next morning we spent with General Smart and staff in visiting the principal areas of the Depot, and in watching the men and horses going through all manner of drill and physical exercises.

While Bramshott, Witley and other camps are used for training the infantry and artillery, Shorncliffe is the training place for the cavalry, Canadian Army Medical and Army Service Corps.

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Although the troops in the area only numbered ten thousand, at the time we were there, General Smart had over forty thousand men under his command previously.

It is not necessary to go into the details of the work carried on here under most efficient instructors, both in the cavalry and all other units, as its results are borne out on the battle field. Lieutenant Harvey, one of the officers in charge of a squadron that was drilling that morning, carried the V.C., M.C., and the Croix de Guerre insignias upon his breast. He was going back to France again, it is to be hoped with a promotion.

The reserve Canadian Regiment consisted of four squadrons reinforcing the 4th Canadian Regiment on the field as follows:

A Squadron reinforced from Toronto, R.C.D.

B Squadron reinforced from Calgary, L.S.H.

C Squadron reinforced from Winnipeg, F.G.H.

D. Squadron reinforced from any Depot, C.L.H.

In addition to the above there was one squadron of the Royal North West Mounted Police, reinforced from western Canada.

There were fourteen hundred men in camp of which six hundred and fifty were R.N.W.M.P., one hundred of which were proceeding overseas to form a fourth squadron for the C. L. H.; the others were for reinforcing the Canadian Cavalry Brigade.

The medical units were in the midst of field work training. The wounded were picked up by the stretcher bearers and carried into the first dressing station, sometimes through gas fumes which necessitated quick action in donning masks and covering patients as well. The wounded were carried by relays of stretcher bearers, as it has been found the safest way of saving the men.

In the earlier stages of the war extra stretcher bearers went forward to offer aid, especially when carrying men through mud knee-deep, but they offered such targets for the enemy, that it was decided to carry on the work in relays, the spare men taking cover in shell holes, dugouts, or trenches, when not actually employed. The wounded receive first aid on the field from a medical man or an attendant, then they are brought to the first dressing station where they receive further attention and are forwarded on to a base hospital, where they are again more thoroughly examined, labelled and sent on to a clearing station. Here they are operated upon and retained until sufficiently convalescent to be removed further from the battle line, and then over to England and Canada, or if their cases are hopeless they die within the roar of the guns, gallant and heroic deaths in the service of their country.

The A.M.C. Division has two main functions, firstly that of a reserve unit with an organization similar to that of the infantry battalions, which prepares the C.A.M.C. personnel for service in

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the field and in hospitals, secondly, that of a training school, which carries on five courses, as under:—

1.—An officers training course in which all officers taken on the strength of the A.M.C. undergo a six week's course, in which they are not only taught to do things themselves, but also to teach others to do them, as also the necessity for rigid discipline.

2.—This is a course in which selected men are trained as N.C.O.'s.

3.—General training of private soldiers which has subdivisions, i.e. (a) Training of category; (a) men for overseas service; (b) Training of category (b) men for services in England.

4.—Instructors' courses in physical training where instructors are trained before proceeding to Shorncliffe, Aldershot and other schools.

5.—Officers training in anti-gas measures. All ranks receive training in this very important branch but, as instructions and methods change from time to time, all officers are given a five and a half days course immediately prior to their departure overseas, so that they reach the front with the latest training fresh in their minds.

An average of about nine hundred pass through this depot every month.

We visited the kitchen conducted by the "Waaacs," the mess rooms, bakery, butcher shop, store house, salvage and other departments in connection with the upkeep of such a large camp, and found all in splendid running order. In the butcher shop we were surprised to find New Zealand and Argentina meat, instead of our own home product. The butcher informed us that the former held the frost for a longer period than the Canadian, which means that our meat is not frozen as well as that coming from more distant places. There were also a large quantity of Australian rabbits, the skins of which bring eighteen cents each.

The men in camp had realized fifteen thousand dollars from the tilling of one hundred and thirty-two acres of land, a little agricultural effort that was very energetically fostered by the O.C.

General Smart has a wonderful record for the orderly conduct of his men which he obtained in a very common sense manner. Finding that the military policing of the city of Folkestone, was taking too many men he reduced the number to a corporal's guard, by appealing to them in a frank, honest manner, to assist him in the reduction in the large number of military police in the city, which was a reflection upon Canada, and by placing them upon their honor to individually help to keep order and make a good name for themselves. The suggestion was responded to gallantly. There was not a man arrested in Folkestone for intoxication during last Christmas, and only forty cases of intem-

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perance brought to the attention of the Magistrate during the month of March, notwithstanding there were twenty thousand troops in camp, which completely eclipsed any former record of sobriety and order in the annals of this old military town. General Smart permitted a light beer to be served in the canteens and encouraged the men to remain in camp at night by providing them with comfortable club quarters, numerous games and reading matter.

"The Canadian soldiers in Folkestone bear an exemplary character," said General Smart. "In the three years I have been here, the Mayor informed me, there had not been one case against any of my men, for an offense against women, an unprecedented record."

Within the area, and situated on the bluff of the Sussex Downs, as the cliff in this vicinity is known, was number XII Canadian General Hospital. It was an active treatment institution, with eleven hundred beds, and had cared for 30,226 patients since its opening in May, 1915. The Queen's Canadian Military Hospital at Beachboro, was subsidiary to it, the same personnel attending to both.

This hospital, in addition to looking after the general classes of patients admitted, also acted as a centre to which the medical officers of the various units send their patients for special treatment.

There was also an X-Ray branch and a pathological laboratory used as a training school for C.A.M.C's, officers and other ranks.

There was a raid in this camp area in May, 1917, eighteen soldiers being killed and fifty-five wounded, but such enemy attacks had become a thing of the past.

There was also a W.A.A.C. camp in Folkestone with over a thousand "Waacs" in training, and from which the various Canadian units were being reinforced.

FIELD COMFORTS

In the early days of the war, I remember seeing two distinguished-looking women mixing with the officers and men of the first contingent, which was hurriedly making preparations for embarkation. These two women were the Misses Plummer and Arnoldi, of Toronto. I remember asking what they were doing in Quebec and at Valcartier Camp, so constantly on the alert, and always engaged in some service for the benefit of the soldiers. I was told that they had come to Quebec to see if there were any little comforts they could supply to the men going overseas, which might not be included in their ordinary military kit, or, if they could be of service to any of the members of that first contingent who had no friends or relatives, and supply them with the small things that make a soldier think that there is kindness of heart and charity in this world.

They came and found much to do, and they did it in a manner that entitled them to the many eulogies they received from the commanding officers of the different battalions.

Someone said, "Why don't you women follow the men overseas, and keep up your good work there?"

The women immediately fell in with the suggestion, and said, "If any one can obtain us permission, we will go at once."

The ships were leaving, and some of them already filled, were lying at anchor in the St. Lawrence river, opposite Quebec, waiting for others, which were moored at the Louise Docks.

There was not much time for action, but the officer who made the suggestion was equal to the occasion and inside of a few hours, by using long distance telephone, he had the desired permission, and within the next forty-eight hours or so, as quickly as these young ladies could go to Toronto, pack up, and bid their friends good-bye, they were back in Quebec, on the ship, and sailing down the St. Lawrence, with the first contingent of 33,000 Canadian volunteers. Since that eventful day, they have never abandoned their mission, known throughout the whole Canadian army for the good it has done.

The first efforts of these women, prompted only by a desire to help the boys going overseas, developed into the Canadian

FIELD COMFORTS

Field Comforts Commission (thanks to Sir Sam Hughes) which we found in several large buildings in the area of Shorncliffe.

This Commission was appointed by the Department of Militia to take charge of the distribution and forwarding of gifts to the overseas military forces of Canada.

The work is carried on by six officers: Miss Plummer, Captain, the Misses J. L. Arnoldi, Toronto; Leonore McManus, Winnipeg; M. T. Finn, Edmonton, M. R. Gordon and S. E. Spence, Lieutenants. Ten N.C.O.'s and men are attached for duty, and many Canadian women living in Folkestone or Sandgate are voluntary workers. Among those who have rendered incessant services in this direction, is Mrs. Smart, the indefatigable wife of the Commanding Officer of the camp.

The Commission has office buildings in the Royal Engineers Barracks and the use of two hutments which serve for the unpacking and stores and the packing and shipping departments respectively.

The staff, quarters, and transport necessary for the work of the Commission are provided by the military authorities, and all contributions of money, unless designated for special purposes, are devoted to purchasing comforts for general distribution. Supplies are regularly received from Canada, including large shipments of tobacco.

The Commission is a bonded warehouse for the receipt of dutiable goods.

In addition to general distribution, the Commission is the only organization which undertakes to forward addressed cases or parcels from Canada to Canadian units and individual soldiers.

During 1917, 10,416 cases and boxes, more than 83,000 parcels were forwarded by the Commission to the troops in France.

The term Field Comforts now applied to comforts for soldiers in the field originated with the Commission.

Miss Plummer and Miss Arnoldi, who were appointed to this work in September, 1914, came to England with the first Canadian Contingent and were at Salisbury Plains until March 1915, when they were moved to Ashford for some weeks and then to Shorncliffe where the Commission now has quarters. The remaining four officers were appointed in 1916.

Many hundreds of individual contributors send gifts for the Canadians, as well as more than one thousand women's societies representing eight hundred and fifty-one towns in Canada who have direct correspondence with the Commission and send comforts regularly.

Supplies were forwarded from Canada through the Department of Militia, and Consignments were addressed to Captain

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Mary Plummer, Canadian Field Comforts Commission, care Lt.-Colonel W. J. Stewart, A.D. of S. & T., Montreal, or care Lt.-Colonel C. D. Spittal, Officer in care Water Transport, St. John, N.B.

From January 1st to June 30th, 1918, 3,883 cases of comforts have been received from Canada which came duty free, as gifts for the Canadian Forces.

The financial year ends on June 30th, and Messrs. Price, Waterhouse & Co. audit the accounts. The receipts for the year were \$11,909,010. We were told that money was urgently needed to carry on the work and particularly to meet special requests at the Front. Cheque drafts or money orders were to be made payable to the Canadian Field Comfort Commission.

The work of the Commission came under four headings:—

Distribution.—A general distribution of Field Comforts to all the Canadians at the front.

Forwarding.—Packages to designated units or individuals in the Canadian Forces. The forwarding work, especially the care record and delivery of thousands of small parcels, was very heavy. From January 1st to June 30th, 1918, 30,357 personal boxes and parcels were received from Canada and 28,989 were despatched. There is always a balance on hand owing to addresses which frequently need correction. Parcels sent in this way went free from sender to soldier.

Special comforts were sent in response to requests from the front, and every endeavor was made to send what was needed. Copies of recent letters are attached and the following list show the variety of supplies asked for during one month. About 10 p.c. of the requests come from N. C. O.'s or men for small parcels, the balance are from officers for their men.

For supply of general comforts for unit.....	7
" supply of socks for unit.....	7
" comforts for dressing station.....	1
" Primus stove for dressing station.....	1
" tobacco and cigarettes for unit.....	10
" books for unit.....	5
" games for recreation room.....	2
" cards for unit.....	5
" gramophones for unit.....	4
" gramophone records for unit.....	5
" gramophone spring and case for unit.....	1
" writing material for unit.....	2
" baseball outfit for unit.....	2
" baseball bats, balls and gloves.....	4
" baseball uniforms for teams.....	2
" football uniforms for teams.....	2

FIELD COMFORTS

For football boots for teams.....	3
" footballs.....	9
" cricket outfit.....	1
" indoor baseball sets for unit.....	2
" tennis balls, 3; boxing gloves, 2; Badminton bird, 1, for unit.....	6
" mouth organs, 3; banjo, 2; violin, 1; band instruments, 1 for unit.....	7
" mess kit, 1; cook's aprons, 1; polish, 1; cheese-cloth, 1; pudding cloth, 1; flag, (for burials), 1; kneeling cushions (for Chaplains) 1.....	7
" parcels of comforts for individual soldiers.....	34
" running shoes for individual soldiers.....	6
" sweaters for individual soldiers.....	5
" shaving kit, 1; pen, 1; chess, 1; for individual soldiers....	3
Total.....	150

One hundred and thirty-eight of these requests had been answered and the remaining twelve articles were to be sent as soon as the supplies asked for could be obtained.

Supplies were purchased locally and despatched to the front as ordered by friends in Canada for their own men. Last Xmas 8,000 parcels were packed and addressed to Canadians at the front in the name of their home circle or town, besides many cases of supplies ordered for special units.

The Commission have sent a small Xmas gift each year of the war to all the Canadians at the front to ensure that every man should have at least this small remembrance from home.

Last year the O. C. of every unit was asked for the names of his men who were known to receive few parcels; 5,159 were returned and an extra parcel of comforts was addressed to each of these. Many of the men wrote that this was the very first parcel received by them since going to the Front.

From January 1st to June 30th, 1918, the following number of pieces were despatched to the Front or delivered to Canadians in Camp here:—By post (11 lbs. or under), 5,053; by rail (55 lbs. or under), 6,408; by delivery, 1,843. An advice note was sent of every box or bale despatched. At least 70 p.c. of the total shipments are voluntarily acknowledged which, in view of the difficulty of routine work at the Front, is considered very satisfactory, especially as many forwarded pieces are acknowledged direct to the sender in Canada.

ODDS AND ENDS

In London the monument bases were barricaded with sand bags as a protection against air raids, while Archies and observation balloon stations were to be found in many of the parks.

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A friend informed me that when he went out to spend a week-end with his relatives he sent his ration card ahead of him so as to allow his host to buy sufficient food for his arrival.

* * * * *

The civilian allowance of food was one pound of meat per week, one half pound of sugar, five ounces of so-called butter, or margarine, and a small proportion of cheese, jam, tea and matches.

* * * * *

Great Britain had given nearly eight million men between the ages of eighteen and fifty for service in the army, the navy, and other war forces, while five million women were engaged in industrial war work.

* * * * *

A gold coin is about as rare a sight as cream in Great Britain. We never saw one during all the time we were there. This is a radical change from pre-war days, when they were almost as plentiful as silver or copper. Now the currency is all in paper; ten shilling and one pound notes being the most popular form in circulation. I cannot understand why there is not more counterfeiting of the latter unless they have some special mark that I did not notice upon them; otherwise they appeared to be an ordinary piece of printed paper.

* * * * *

Among others well known in the Ancient Capital, who rendered the Canadian Press party courteous services were the C. P. R. officials, in New York, on the C. P. R. steamship going over, in Liverpool and London. Foremost among them were Mr. J. Richard Clancy with his able deputy, Mr Brennan, and Mr. William Webber, of New York, Wm. Baird, Passenger Manager, and Captain Foster, Superintendent of C. P. R. Steamship Lines, of Liverpool, and Captain H. Parry, of the SS. Metagama. Lunches

ODDS AND ENDS

were served by this company on the train between Liverpool and London, and officials were ever present to render any slight service that might be required.

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While civilians were only allowed a pound of meat per week the soldiers were permitted to have four pounds and eight ounces. Tea, oils, and fats could not be bought except by purchasers registered at their own grocers and the portions obtainable seemed very small. In Carlisle, a city of sixty thousand, on endeavoring to buy some matches I failed after visiting several stores. I found out afterwards that only those who were known in the stores could obtain them, and being a stranger they could not serve me. At first I thought that there were no matches in town as one store-keeper informed me that he did not think I could buy them anywhere in the city, but he never ventured to give me the reason.

* * * * *

To show how strictly the Defence of the Realm Act, which absolutely prohibits any special work being done without a permit, is being enforced, at one of the large hotels in London, I was given a keyless room. I applied at the office several times for a key but to no effect, until finally I said, "Why can you not make me a key instead of spending days in looking for the one that belongs to the room?"

"I am sorry, sir, we are not allowed, to have one made," said the young lady clerk.

At the time I thought the incident was rather inexplicable, but I was afterwards convinced that it was quite in order, as it came under the heading of special job work and had nothing to do with the general existence of life in a hotel.

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There is a Canadian institution in London that deserves special mention for its war work. It is the Montreal Bank and its several staffs of the different branches in that city. More particularly do we refer to that one on Waterloo Place, in charge of a Quebecer, Mr. Dudley Oliver. This gentleman has been indefatigable in rendering every assistance, not alone in a financial way, but in many other directions, including the location of Canadians, reported missing, for the benefit of distant relatives. With the connections of this bank in France, this has been made possible and it is no wonder we found Mr. Oliver absent from the Bank, on a well deserved vacation of two weeks, the first he had had for a long time. We also found Mr. Smith, of Quebec, in charge of the Trafalgar branch, no less important and no less obliging to the Canadians.

IMPRESSIONS OF WAR

Mr. Rinfret, editor of *Le Canada* brings home a good story on the good feeling that existed between the Quebec conscripts and the volunteers. He says:—

"The attitude of the Quebec conscripts—and let me tell you frankly they are the best looking chaps of the Bramshott Camp—can be summarized by this remark of one of them. 'I was not in favor of conscription; but now that they have brought me here I will show them that I am just as good as any of them.'"

The relationship between conscripts and volunteers seemed excellent and any allusion to their respective standing came only in a jocular way. A conscript was heard one day complaining about his soup being cold.

"No wonder," said the volunteer cook, "that soup has been waiting for you for two years and a half." To which the conscript replied: "While you were cooking the soup, I was raising the bread." But their friendly jesting does not go further.

* * * * *

There is very little drinking in the motherland because there is very little to drink, and the little is so diluted and dispensed in such small portions that they can only be considered as thimblefuls. The government restrictions only permit of the distribution of a few bottles of whiskey and beer per week to each public house or bar. Some of the proprietors sell the whole weeks' supply in one or two days and then close up business for the balance of the week. Other "pub" proprietors dilute the few bottles into many more with a little aqua pura, and are said to be making fortunes. With the drinks reduced in size, and the prices increased one hundred per cent, there is little or no drunkenness to be seen anywhere, which should be a stinging rebuke to the people who have returned to Canada and made charges to the contrary. Bar rooms are closed from twelve noon to two-thirty each afternoon and from six to eight-thirty in the evenings. A Portsmouth public house proprietor displayed the following notice on Tuesday. "No beer! No spirits No nothing. Open again on Friday"

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We were entertained to numerous luncheons and dinners while in Great Britain and among our many hosts were, Lloyd George, Premier of Great Britain, Bonar Law, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Beaverbrook, Minister of Information, Winston Churchill, The Lord Mayor of London, Lord Northcliffe, publisher of the Times, Lord Burnham, proprietor of the Daily Telegraph, Sir Edward Kemp, Canadian Minister in London, Sir George Perley, the Canadian Commissioner, The Canadian and Canada Clubs, the Mayors of Glasgow and Edinburgh, The Harbor Commissioners of Manchester, and many others.

ODDS AND ENDS

Now with a great shortage of certain foods, including sugar, butter and meat prevailing in Great Britain and France, the following menus will give our readers an idea of the courses prepared, under the Food Restrictions Act, for such functions.

Sunday, July 7th, 1918—R. M. S. "Metagama."

Breakfast—Oatmeal porridge, fresh milk or syrup-grilled mackerel, fines herbes, fried and turned eggs to order, grilled York ham, broiled Cambridge sausage, rolls, tea, and coffee.

Luncheon—Mutton broth, ox tail, jardiniere, baked jacket potatoes.

Buffet—Roast mutton, rice pudding, cheese and coffee.

Dinner—Consomme Julienne, boiled cod, parsley sauce, ribs and sirloin of beef, horseradish, dressed cabbage, boiled potatoes plum pudding, brandy sauce; dessert: cheese and coffee.

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Dinner at the Mansion House, London, July 11th.—Clear turtle soup salmon souche, devilled whitebait tomato farcie, ham, peas, fruit jellies, croutes Ivanhoe, and dessert.

* * * * *

Dinner given by Lord Beaverbrook, Savoy Hotel, London, 12th July.—Melon, ox tail soup, filets of sole, braised York ham, champagne sauce, mashed peas, green asparagus, iced chocolate soufflé, savoury.

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Empire Press Union Luncheon, July 16th, 1918—Melon, oeufs pochés tourangelle, tronçon de truites saumonées Melba, pommes vapeur, jambon braisé au champagne, gros pois, fonds d'artichauts princesse, cabinet pudding, and café.

* * * * *

Paris, 23rd July.—Potage Parisien: truites-saumonnées, sauce mousseline, pommes à l'Anglaise, noix de veau braisée bourgeoise, petits pois à la paysanne, Genoise omandine, fruits, café.

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Cercle Interallie, Paris, July 26th.—Melon de caneloup, homard à la Parisienne, sauce tartare, poularde en cocotte moutarde, petits pois à l'Anglais, corbeilles de fruits.

* * * * *

Café de Paris.—Dinner tendered to Province of Quebec representatives by Mr. Langlois.—Melon, croute au pot, Turbot sa. Hollandaise, pommes vapeur, côtes de veau chezsoi, pêches Melba.

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IMPRESSIONS OF WAR

Canada Club and Canadian Association, Luncheon, Savoy Hotel, August 1st, 1918—Saumon braise Melba, Jambon d'York au champagne, gros pois frais, pommes Dauphine, soufflé glace chocolat et café.

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City of Edinburgh Dinner, City Chambers, Edinburgh, August 5th—Hotch potch, tay salmon mayonnaise sauce, scotch haggis, trifle a l'Italienne, and coffee.

* * * * *
Luncheon in Printing House Square, London, August 16th—Melon, salmon mayonnaise, new potatoes, fried fillets, soles, tomato sauce, eggs a la Bretonne, maraschino jellies, rice imperatrice, dessert coffee.

XXXIII

OFF TO FRANCE

While we were engaged in visiting hospitals, aerodromes and camps in England, news arrived of the great Allied offensive and for a time it was whispered that we would not be permitted to go to the front. Everyone would be too occupied to escort us around. This was a shock and disappointment to our anticipations and we put in a strong plea to be allowed to go and realize our most ardent desires. Then came the order to prepare for France, and everyone's spirits rose.

We took our departure from London at Charing Cross Station, known the world over to travellers. A girl porter carried our baggage and women checkers examined our tickets as we passed through the iron fence to the railway tracks, where we found our train waiting for us. It was an officers' special, judging from the many military men who were being seen off by their wives and sweethearts. It was a sad scene, sadder because of the brave cheerfulness displayed. They were all going back to fight the Bosche, some of them would not come back again, but they were in good spirits, though realizing what might be their fate, and much preferring to make the supreme sacrifice, rather than remain to see England overrun with the barbarous Huns. As we looked upon the smiling faces of the women, without a tear, but with no doubt full hearts, we could not help thinking that these men were going to fight for women who were well worth fighting for, as we had reason to know the part they were playing in this world battle for the freedom of all races.

We crossed the channel in a boat on which I had crossed many times before, but never with such a crowd. There were several thousand officers, nursing sisters and men, and a few civilians. Two others of these channel steamers carrying as many more accompanied us. On the three boats we conveyed over ten thousand passengers. They were not very much larger than the largest Government vessel plying down the St. Lawrence. There were not sufficient chairs, or seats, to accommodate all, and passengers sat on any object that offered opportunity. We saw Colonels and famous war correspondents sitting on the deck, with their legs stretched out, while many others stood the whole

IMPRESSIONS OF WAR

distance. Two submarine destroyers and two Silver Queens, a class of dirigible that look like huge whales in the air, accompanied us on either side, and sometimes in front. The latter has a propeller power attached to the car underneath the balloon which keeps the car and several observers afloat in the air, and gives it momentum and a faster speed than the channel steamers.

This air guard was the most active kind of craft around us. She dipped down to within a few hundred feet of us, crossed our bow and stern, not for the pleasure of seeing how near she could come to us, but in order to obtain a closer view into the depths of the sea, and what was in it. Oftentimes they have in this manner discovered a lurking submarine; then there is a quick signal sent over to the submarine destroyers, a few loud explosions from the depth bombs, and the surface of the water is flooded with an oily scum. Something has happened to the submarine! It will never come to the top again.

A few such incidents have caused the Hun submarine fleet to think twice before tackling one of the flying channel steamers, which speed along at the rate of thirty to thirty-five miles an hour.

Nothing of any great importance happened despite that terrible crowd! What if anything should happen? Well, millions have been transported in this way and the loss of life has been very slight so far.

We noticed a very large number of fishing smacks on every side with full set sails, out for deep sea food for the Allies, in the face of submarine attack. There was no trade or occupation in all the British Isles, that had ceased operations on account of the German submarine warfare. Every boat was taking its chance and the great number to be seen must be as great a source of disappointment to the enemy, as it was gratifying to us.

We were met by another Silver Queen and escorted to a French port. Here the scene was changed. It was all war; the long wharf was filled with all descriptions of men in khaki, French, English, Canadian, and American. On shore there were long lines of ambulances ready for immediate action. They were there because this was one of the places for the transportation of the wounded to Blighty. Within a short distance of the town were several very large Canadian hospitals, one of these, the oldest in France, was conducted by a McGill Medical Unit. The ambulances were idle when we arrived, and the hospitals were to a great extent free of patients, but they rapidly filled up whenever there was any fighting on. Twelve days later, when we returned to this port, almost all the beds were filled.

We had reached Boulogne from Folkestone, after a one and a

OFF TO FRANCE

half hour sail, without any undue excitement. A reminiscence of the past is that this is the very spot where Napoleon assembled an army of two hundred thousand soldiers to invade England in 1804. A handsome column now marks the place where the famous army camped. The object of this military gathering, over one hundred years ago, was abandoned on Nelson's great victory at Trafalgar, which gave Great Britain command of the seas. How things have changed in a hundred years! Here we were, a small armada of over ten thousand British, Canadians, Americans and many other Overseas Dominions, going over to help the descendants of that army of two hundred thousand, who stood on the cliffs of the north coast of France, all ready to attack and take possession of the British Isles.

Unlike London and other cities in England, Boulogne, owing to its close proximity to the enemy,—about an hour and a half by aeroplane,—was in darkness at night.

We found the civilian population of France was better fed than the British people, but their armies were not as well nourished as our own. The French bread is whiter, and there is a more liberal supply of butter, which is often carried to London in tin boxes by the men on their way home for a holiday.

We were informed that cigars in France are more than a luxury, in fact they are outside the pale for any but millionaires, which probably accounts for the very appreciative letter I received from the Governor of the Citadel of Verdun, with whom I left my case filled with Corona-Coronas.

One of our party made the statement that a fifteen cent cigar in America would cost five francs or one dollar, in France. If so, my dozen Coronas, would be worth about three dollars each. I think this story carries some exaggeration, although there is no doubt that cigars were extremely scarce and of very poor quality for the price. They were considered a luxury and the Government believed that they could very well be dispensed with during war time.

Within a few hours of our arrival we were behind the town, receiving a long lecture on the wearing of the gas mask. We sat in a small shack in the military area while a sergeant minutely described every part of the mask, its use and the vital importance of speed in putting it on. No man was permitted to go to the front if he could not adjust his gas mask in six seconds. A lecture on the various poisonous gases that have been introduced by the enemy, and their deadly effect, was also delivered to us by one of the officers, and then we were ordered to put on the mask. The first sensation one has is that of suffocation, and none of us kept it on more than a few seconds. The

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second experiment was not quite so unpleasant. We then kept it on for a few minutes, gradually learning to breathe and to feel more comfortable. Inside the canvass bag which covers the head, with an elastic band tightly fastening it around the neck, are two large glass eye holes, with a pair of pincers holding the nostrils tightly closed and a rubber mouthpiece that has to be held between the teeth, to prevent the wearer becoming excited and closing his mouth and thereby cutting off all means of breathing.

After we had mastered sufficient courage and confidence in ourselves, which is the principal thing in wearing this mask, we were taken to a hermetically sealed building charged with a light vapor gas through which we had to pass to see that the masks developed no leakage. The gas was not of a very dangerous mixture, but if there were any imperfections in the headgear, it would cause a burning sensation and watering of the eyes of the wearer. If there was ever a time during our tour when suggestion seemed to make an impression upon us, it was after this test, when most of us thought we had an imperfect mask; but such was not the case; it was only imagination. Then the real test of the most dangerous of all gasses was made, and we successfully passed through it, receiving the sanction of the British Government to go to the front, fully prepared for any unexpected gas assault. For the next day or two we practiced wearing our masks until we were quite efficient in their speedy application and use, with none of the discomforts which had followed our first experiment.

In the course of the lecture on the various gasses which the Germans had used during the war, we were told of an incident where an artillery battery wore their masks for twenty-two consecutive hours, without drinking or eating during all that time.

A year ago in the city of Quebec, a prominent judge told me that he had received a letter from his son in which he referred to the liberality of the French people towards the Canadians, as compared with the high prices demanded in England.

Judging by our first night's experience of this French town, a great change has come over at least the hotel-keepers and cabmen. The proprietor of a very modest hotel, charged me ten dollars for supper, night's lodging and breakfast, with short rations included, and a single horse cabman tried to insist on my paying him five dollars for a half hour's ride. I paid the former his price, but compromised for three dollars with the latter. Now I am not carping at the many occasions that we met with overcharges, but I want to correct any wrong impression that overcharging has been practiced in one country, and not in another.

OFF TO FRANCE

War made this habit common in all towns where soldiers were congregated, and it is not to be wondered at, for a large number of our boys, as we have stated before, had little regard for money when they came out of the trenches on furlough, and frequently encouraged, by their great liberality, the merchants, cabmen and hotel-keepers to ask the most outrageous prices. But this does not mean that they always obtained them.

XXXIV

FRANCE IN WAR

We left Boulogne in eight automobiles early one morning for a thousand mile motor tour of the most important centres of the western battle front. The cars were old timers, which had seen better days and much rough usage, but even in their sun-dried and battered condition, with the appearance of having weathered many engagements their engines were "game" and full of the same grit that the men were made of, and in the long run, in all kinds of weather, and over every description of roads, we never had a serious breakdown, which spoke volumes for the military chauffeurs who handled them. While we were supposed to run within twenty to twenty-five miles an hour, we rarely did less than forty to fifty, and sometimes over that. Here, again, we were warned of the danger in exceeding the rate prescribed by the officers in charge, but, in this case, necessity knew no law, and our eagerness to get to places, sometimes overruled the very best of regulations. We motored to Calais, over fine macadamized roads, part of the way along the coast, then through undulating prosperous farming country. Most of the crops were harvested, and those which were left, were being taken in by women, children, and sometimes old men, but more often the latter were left to take care of the homes. There were no young men to be seen anywhere. The fields were filled with pretty colored poppies which seemed to be at their zenith in coloring and quantity. This flower has been immortalized by the late Colonel John McCrae, of Guelph, Ontario.

A very noticeable feature of the drive was the great number of automobiles containing officers of all nationalities, in circulation on the highways, and the scarcity of civilian vehicles.

We passed through little villages so quiet and lifeless in appearance, with shutters up on more than half the stores, that one might have thought that it was Sunday, or that some great personage in the neighborhood was dead. There were few houses in which there were not one or two missing members; perhaps a father or son or two brothers. They answered their country's call and died a glorious death in the defence of the liberty and freedom so dear to all Frenchmen.

FRANCE IN WAR

There was a sadness about the whole country and in the villages. We waved our hands to the children and they waved theirs back again, but the older women, with care worn wrinkles, showed signs of anxious days and nights in silent waiting for news from the front. There were no light-hearted smiles, as of old; all expressions were pensive and pathetic.

"Nous sommes des Canadiens" brought a quick change in their sombre demeanor and pale faces, which at least showed that they were glad to see us.

"You and the Americans will save us," said one old woman, and an old man, about seventy-five years of age, nodded his head in assent, and added, "The English with the French have died together; the two countries have given their best blood to save France and Belgium, but to-day we are overjoyed to see Canadians and Americans, to avenge the loss of our brave men." The one streak of sunshine, that had cast its rays across France and through these gloomy villages, was the arrival of the Americans and Canadians, to aid their brothers in arms.

Throughout France our boys had made a wonderful impression. Canada was little known until our army joined in the battle line, and started to smash the German defence, never slackening, and always going forward with a dash and spirit that surprised the old French inhabitants, as they heard the news of Vimy Ridge, Ypres, Courcellette, Hill 60 and many other victorious combats, which restored a confidence in the French people, that the Germans would not break through.

"Les Canadiens," were household words in all parts of France, and more particularly so in the district through which we were motoring, for the valor and courage of our men was told in the villages, time and again, by the hardy poilus, when home with their families on furlough.

For the first twenty miles of the drive we passed a continuous succession of training camps, airdromes, hospitals, corrals, store houses, long lines of transports, numbering in all over five hundred, Nissen huts, soldiers drilling in camps, and marching on the roads, making the whole locality look like a large military camp.

Then we came upon a gang of German prisoners, the first we had seen, at work on road construction. The majority of them were young men of about twenty-five to thirty years of age,—morose and forbidding looking. They were paid eight cents a day, with an extra four cents from their own Government, but the former was only given to them in "tokens," good at the canteens or, redeemable at the end of the war in cash. The work was voluntary on their part, but few if any ever objected to it.

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The prisoners were sullen and even defiant in appearance, and seemed to give us a contemptuous look as we passed by. One officer said that they oftentimes felt like "hitting them in the face, and regretting that they were ever taken alive," they had such little appreciation for anything that was done for them. Especially was this true of the manner in which the Tommies gave them cigarettes, and many other favors, for which they never expressed any gratitude. The German prisoner made a good workman, if kept on the same job every day, but he was a poor all-round man. His was identical with his military training, in that respect.

We also came upon a crowd of Chinese road workmen. We were told a story which throws some light upon their character. Their camp was bombed one night and a number of their fellowmen were killed. They felt so unnerved over the affair that they retaliated by bombing a German corral with hand grenades, and killed a score of prisoners. To them it made no difference, if they killed the Germans in custody or anywhere else. At the court martial one of them said, "German man bombee me, I bombee him." His sense of revenge was justifiable to his way of thinking.

Many of the Chinese were averse to fighting with the sword, and would admit cowardice on this point, but in the saving of patients of bombed hospitals, or burning buildings, they had been known to give up their lives. They also worked in the danger zone without any fear, but a large portion of them were conscientious objectors.

CALAIS AS IT IS

As we entered Calais we saw destruction in every direction and in some places there were not even standing walls, the dastardly work had been accomplished so well. Evidently the Huns had considered this a favourite city for bombing, but notwithstanding the many signs of their numerous visits, there was plenty of life visible in the street, in fact, more than we had expected. There was no perceptible effort to repair any of the damage, so that what we saw the result of over four years of bombing, and taking this into consideration, together with the proximity of Calais to the German lines, perhaps, after all, the destruction was not so great. Many of the streets were filled with parading soldiers, and bands, evidently just on their way to the front.

We trundled over cobble-stoned streets, and stopped in a narrow back thoroughfare to report our arrival to the military authorities, and inform them what we were going to do.

Then we started sight-seeing. We first went through a huge British machine and ordnance repair shop, where everything mechanical, even to the minute arrangement of watches, compasses, and other such articles, was examined and put in order by the most expert workmen. Everything from a timepiece to the largest cannon that could be repaired, was brought here from the battlefield, put in order, and sent back again. Many hundreds of German prisoners were engaged in this work at eight cents per day.

We next visited a salvage factory, employing some eight hundred girls. Here everything in clothing that was salvaged from the armies, was either being remade or transformed into other articles. Tent canvas was used for making clothes or horse-feeding pails. Water bottles were covered with stray pieces of khaki rescued from clothes, and many other uses were made of every article brought into this factory. The cost of the reclaimed goods was very little but effect a high saving to the army.

In many of the work rooms girls were singing pretty French peasant songs. The manager informed us that he encouraged this custom as it helped to keep the artisans in good humor and

IMPRESSIONS OF WAR

made the time pass more pleasantly for them. We found the girls and women in this factory very much more cheerful than those in the villages. Here they were like the English working girls, who never seemed to lose the art of smiling. There were also some very old women among them, especially one of whom we inquired the age. With the sly glance of one who might have been a gay coquette in her youth, she replied, "I would be ashamed to tell my age on any other occasion than this; I am seventy-six years of age, but not too old to serve my country when she is in trouble". She had several sons in the army, and one interred in a cemetery behind the firing lines.

We next visited the largest boot and shoe repair factory in the world, employing over three thousand hands. Here all the salvaged footwear of the British and overseas armies was converted into new goods. Where the uppers of a rescued pair of boots were intact, soles were added, and vice versa. In this way some thirty thousand pairs of boots were redeemed every week, and preparations were being made when we were there, to double this output. German prisoners, Chinese coolies, and young French girls, who made splendid workers and did more than the ordinary men, were employed here.

We went through a bakery installed in an old German paper mill, which was turning out two hundred thousand loaves of bread a day. This was sufficient to feed five hundred thousand men. The bakery, which was under an Australian Colonel, used principally Canadian flour. The most modern machinery was in operation for making dough, and huge ovens were employed to bake the bread. Every precaution was taken, by the installation of auxiliary plants, to guard against Hun air raids.

We visited several hospital ships lying at the quays, in readiness for service, with every modern scientific contrivance for the comfort of the wounded, in their transportat'on across the Channel. Elevators, swinging hammocks, running hot and cold water, operating rooms, as well as wards for contagious diseases, which might break out on the passage, were provided for. The ships were more fully equipped for patients' comfort than are our land hospitals.

We lunched at the great Terminus Hotel, which I had visited in former days, when it was crowded with a cosmopolitan lot of travellers, principally bent on pleasure. What a contrast! It was altogether changed. Only our party of twenty-five sat down to the specially prepared menu, and outside of the head waiter and a few untrained attendants, we were alone. And yet, the old head waiter, who was much too old to fight, was requisitioned for the occasion. There he was, immaculately dressed, assuming control of everything, as of old, opening the light red

CALAIS AS IT IS

and white wines and serving them himself, a head waiter's privilege in France, while his uninitiated help struggled through in serving the different courses. The maitre d'hotel, as he no doubt was, in the good old days before the war, was extremely pleased to find a namesake of his in our party in the person of Mr. Robillard, editor of La Patrie, a man in size and appearance much resembling General Joffre, a nickname we often gave him. A warm friendship sprang up between the two and to offer our confrere some distinctive honor he instructed one of his waiters to exhibit a beautiful broiled fish to the guests surrounding the table at which Mr. Robillard sat, and then place it in front of his namesake to serve. But the untrained waiter was not quick enough for the hungry guests, and they all began to help themselves instead of only admiring the beauty of the fish, and there was none left for his namesake, who came last instead of first. We leave our readers to picture the temper of the old man who made a quick exit for the kitchen, triumphantly returning with a well filled salver on his upturned hand, which he served himself to Mr. Robillard, in France's most finished manner.

WITH OUR BOYS

We motored again for several hours, viewing the same cheerless farms and villages, meeting squads of soldiers and seeing all kinds of encampments. At five o'clock we stopped at Fruges, a small French village, where on a little vacant corner lot, under Nisson huts, we found the Headquarters Staff of the 2nd Division of the American Army. Among those who received us were General Reid and Staff, General Lewis, Major General commanding the third division of the 2nd corps, General Hartz in command of the American Engineers, and American representative at British Headquarters, and Colonel Symons, chief of staff of the 2nd American Corps.

Our reception there was like home, and I believe it did us all good to meet under such circumstances. There were Canada and the United States fraternizing in the most happy manner, over three thousand miles away from America, within the battle area of France. The band played many of the patriotic airs of both countries, and for an hour hardly any of us remembered the seriousness of our mission, and why we were all there. There was more joy at the meeting than thoughts of war, and perhaps this little incident will help some of those who have not been near the battlefield, to realize what it meant to the fighting men, to be able to forget for a while the horrors of war in the companionship of good fellows.

A short time afterwards we were zigzagging through a village crowded with soldiers and lorries, and bearing the appearance of a town moving somewhere. Many of the inhabitants had departed, though there were quite a number left, but the commotion was not caused by the villagers. They were as peaceful as ever, perhaps more so, for they just looked on at everything that was passing by, including ourselves, in a state of passive curiosity. We were in St. Pol, a rail head behind the lines, and this was the cause of all the activity of street traffic.

From there up to the lines, life assumed a new aspect. Roads were alive day and night, and no one seemed to sleep. The booming of the distant cannon, the buzzing of the aeroplanes, and the thousands of soldiers in all directions, made us realize that

WITH OUR BOYS

we were within the battle zone in real earnest. This was our first sight of actual war preparations behind the fighting lines. We stopped for a few minutes to make some tire repairs, and watched squads of soldiers who were coming and going. The former were returning from the trenches for a rest, and the latter were going to take their places. They moved up and down all the time. Those arriving were probably in the trenches the night before, and those going would be in them the same night. In this way, they kept filling up the ranks from the reserves.

We told a group of soldiers smoking nearby, of some big victory that we had heard of that day, and they seemed to know the battalions that were engaged in it for they made the following descriptive reply. "Nothing out of hell can hold those devils back once they get half a chance to fight."

Our information was evidently not unexpected, though to us it meant one of the biggest victories in the early part of the Soissons-Rheims offensive. The Canadians seemed to be peeved because they were not given a chance of getting into it, a wish that materialized shortly after our visit.

St. Pol was badly bombed, and many buildings were in ruins, but the military population was overcrowding it to such an extent, that it did not have the deserted atmosphere of Calais, and some of the French villages we had motored through that day.

We passed through this town and out again, getting a few miles nearer to the battle roar and our four Canadian Divisions, with whom we were to spend three days.

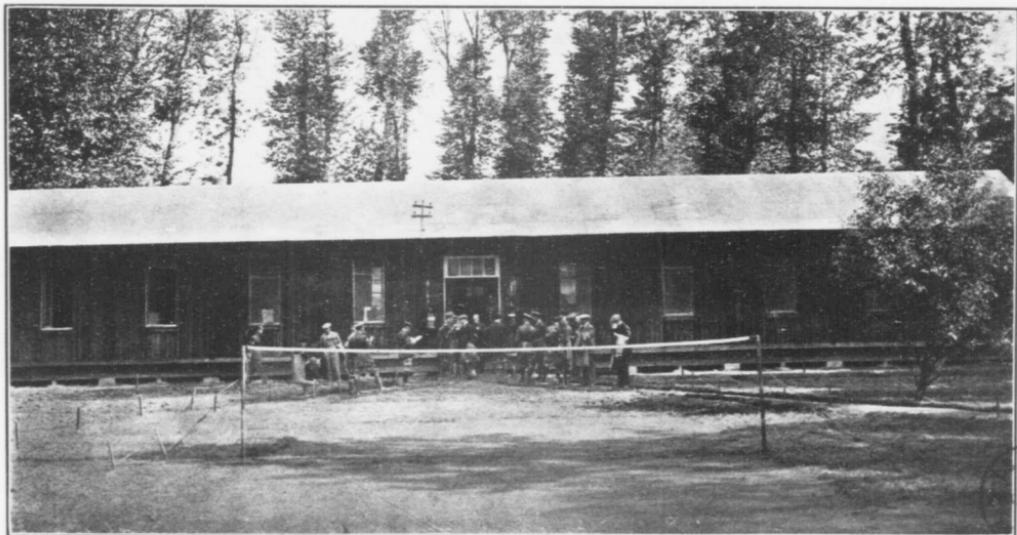
Then we entered another small village which was a maze, with streets running at right angles and curves, and then converging into a square in the centre. The plan of this little village would make a good puzzle.

A village church over one hundred years old was one of the sights of interest, and somewhere thereabouts we bivouacked in a few wooden shacks known as the Saskatoon Rest Camp. It was a convenient point from which to radiate to all the divisions. Officers were present to escort us to the respective Divisional Headquarters, to dinner. Mine was with the Second Division in command of General Burstall, of Quebec. We had to drive several miles and pass through many villages, but all the way the roar of cannon and aerial activity, the observation balloons of the enemy as well as our own, were to be seen in several directions. Each side was watching every movement of the other behind the lines, with the observers on the qui vive, ready to signal any extraordinary movement visible. The work of the balloon observers was said to be exceedingly strenuous, and only the very best sailors could remain in them for any length of time. They were

IMPRESSIONS OF WAR

also subject to aerial attack on every possible occasion that the enemy felt inclined to take a shot at them. In the event of their balloon being struck, the observer's only chance was to jump from the car with a parachute, a not altogether pleasant experience to contemplate, while in a small basket that is pitching and tossing about, in a worse manner than any ship upon a stormy sea.

While passing through one of the villages, we were hailed by a passing Intelligence Officer on a bicycle. We found that he was none other than Lieutenant Ghewy, a former Telegraph reporter, and one of the first to offer his services for overseas. I was glad to see him, though regretting the shortness of the meeting. He looked the picture of good health and was doing fine work with the Canadians at the front.



THE SASKATOON REST CAMP—Behind Canadian Lines at Aubigny, Where We Spent Three Nights.



XXXVII*

THE SECOND DIVISION

Arriving at the 2nd Divisional Headquarters, located in an old chateau, we found that General Burstall had been called away to London, but we had the delightful pleasure of meeting the second in command, Major Herbert McGreevy, who was as jovial as of old. The chateau was beautifully situated upon a knoll of ground, and commanded a magnificent view of the surrounding country. Here we were still nearer the enemy, and of course, the cannonading was louder than ever, but this was not the most unpleasant thing about the war that night. The weather was perfect for sky raiders. The stillness of the air on the moonlight nights is the airman's delight. Well, we were here to see the worst, and nothing mattered, as they said at the front—but the finish of the Hun. The shadows of dusk were falling upon us when we sat around the old fashioned oak table, with a window opening out into the arbored grounds, that might have been once a well-kept garden of flowers, in a peaceful French peasant district, when a terrific smash nearby startled us a little. It was followed by several others, and then the terrific enfilading sound of machine guns rattling together, with the louder din and reports of the Archies, made us realize that the enemy was not far away. He kept up an incessant bombardment all evening, but we were going through our initial course of war experience, and took it for granted that it was all in the game.

Before leaving our hosts, I had another very pleasant experience. We were being shown over the staff area, and accidentally I came across one of my very dear friends in the person of Colonel Murphy, who was at one time stationed at Quebec, where he still has a host of acquaintances. Here was my old friend as genial as ever, in command of the C.A.M. unit of the 2nd Division, having served through many battles since the beginning of the world conflict, and being of the lucky ones who escaped without a wound. How enthusiastic he was on the duty of every man to be at the front in Flanders, or anywhere else where he could help to drive the detested Germans into their own country. He had an only son in the ranks, and an only daughter, a nurse in England, and he himself was in the thick of

IMPRESSIONS OF WAR

the fighting, wherever his duty called him. This is a record, at least, of one Irishman, of which Canada may well be proud.

Colonel Murphy was always a good raconteur, and he told many amusing stories among which was one of a man who had already won three wound stripes and was in a dressing station having a badly lacerated finger dressed. The Colonel suggested that he would soon have another stripe added to his sleeve, with the object of encouraging him, to which he replied: "Colonel, that wound is not worth the sixpence I have to pay for the stripe; wait until I get something worth while." He was French Canadian from the Province of Quebec.

We could have remained in camp longer than a few hours, it was all so interesting, being especially made so by the very indifference of the officers and men to danger, and our own lack of fear, but Major McGreevy bade us return to our quarters before the moon rose, as our car might be a target for the Hun airmen. We escaped, but I regret to say that a bomb dropped on our course upon a transport encampment, by the roadside, and killed thirteen men, and wounded fourteen of whom several died later.

I arrived at our camp, and found that I was the first to reach home. I sat by the side of my bed, and attempted to jot down some of my experiences, when there were several crashes nearby. I recognized them as enemy bombs, and instantly put out the lights and sat in darkness, and listened to the buzzing of the German aeroplanes as they hovered or circled immediately above. There I waited patiently, not breathlessly or afraid, but just impatiently, for the machine that seemed to be a few hundred feet above, but might have been much higher, to drop its death dealing explosives. They dropped, and again they were near enough to startle me. Our Archies and machine guns were making a terrible fusillade, and before long I heard the engine throbbing of our own machines and knew that I was out of danger, so turned on the light and continued work. We had a number of these visits during the night which prevented us from having a perfect rest, even in this rest camp, especially on such a perfect moonlight night. The visits of these enemy planes are terrifying to say the least, and I was glad that our airmen had started to bomb some of the large German cities to acquaint the German people exactly what it means to be raided at night.

On our way to the rest camp, a distance of several miles, the sky at times was brilliantly lighted up with strings of colored lights. Streamers of searchlights were then thrown upon a flat open area for a minute or two, and then everything was darkness. Again the signal, and again the searchlights shone out. The colored lights were signals from our aviators returning from enemy

THE SECOND DIVISION

air raids, and seeking their aerodromes in the darkness. These lights and the flashes of cannon in all directions, made a show as brilliant as a big pyrotechnical display, only of vaster proportions than is customary in peace times.

Searchlights were constantly playing powerful rays into the heavens, looking for enemy visitors. Sometimes Hun planes were discovered; then signals by strings of colored lights would shoot up into the air, and all searchlights were concentrated upon one spot endeavoring to locate the invader. In the meantime, the Archies and machine guns were watching from somewhere in the immediate vicinity, to let loose upon the invader on his first appearance in the clouds above.

OUR CANADIAN HEROES

Everywhere the Canadians were anxiously waiting to get into the big offensive, which had already been on for several weeks and was daily recording magnificent victories for the Allies between Rheims and Soissons. Some even went so far as to say that the Canadians were being left out of it, but from what has happened since it will be seen that they were being held back for a purpose.

General Foch, with great military foresight, was keeping some of his best troops in reserve for a later offensive, at the moment when the Germans thought he had spent his best effort. Among those selected were the Canadians. These troops held in reserve were known as "shock troops."

The night we dined at the Headquarters of the Second Division with Major McGreevy, representing General Sir Henry Burstall, who had been summoned to London, we found that their Division had received orders to be prepared to move, the objective to follow, in further instructions. We had occasion, and quite naturally too, to have closer heart-to-heart talks with our own men at the front than with any others, and found that the bombing of our hospitals and the sinking of our hospital ships, seemed to be the breaking point with them towards the Huns; all their dastardly and cowardly warfare seemed to sink into insignificance beside these wholesale murders. Was it any wonder that these men, who had gone over three to six thousand miles, to uphold freedom, liberty and civilization, could now remain indifferent under such circumstances?

The health of the Canadian troops was excellent. It could not have been better. There was no illness of any serious nature in any of the divisions, and the percentage of sickness among our men was less than that of all the other armies of the western line. One might even go further and say that the percentage of illness in the Canadian army was lower than that of any other army that has ever gone to war. So much was this the case that General A. E. Ross, C.B., K.C.M.G., was offered a very prominent position in the Imperial forces, in order to bring them up to the same efficient standard as that of the Canadians, for which he was more or less responsible; but our Canadian

OUR CANADIAN HEROES

Government would not part with him, though it is said, that it would have been a great compliment to Canada, if they had.

The next morning we were escorted to Vimy Hill by General Currie and staff, consisting of the head men of all the branches of the service of the Canadian Corps. On the way we saw long lines of lorries carrying shells towards the front, and passed many munition dumps which grew more numerous as we approached the first reserve lines. Behind one of these dumps, close to the beginning of a narrow gauge railway, which ran all over the Ridge and right into the front lines, General Currie called a halt and we listened to each one of the officers as they told us of the work of their respective arms of the Canadian Corps, which work we will deal with in chapters to follow. We then embarked on the best chair cars of the railway, and started for the crest of the ridge. It was a glorious day, in fact the weather during our whole visit with the Canadians was exceptionally fine.

The noise of the booming of the cannon was constantly becoming closer and closer. Aeroplanes were dodging one another in the sky above. Occasionally puffs of white smoke, (called "woolly bears" by our soldiers) denoted the enemy intruders. The anchored observation balloons were swinging around on their chained fastenings as our little engine puffed and snorted in its efforts to haul its train of passengers, the first large press party it had ever carried.

It was over this railway and many other such railways behind the Canadian lines that munitions and food supplies were taken up to the front trenches at night time. During the day they were almost in idleness. This railway was the work of the Canadian Railway Construction Battalions who rendered such great aid to the Army Transport Service in this war.

As we journeyed along, we saw women and children herding cattle and cultivating the soil, in the very midst of constant danger, but they were quite oblivious to it all. They stopped to look at us, but it is doubtful if they would have troubled to notice an aerial fight, or have been much disturbed if a shell had churned up the ground near them, unless it had destroyed some of their crop. We asked an officer if many of these brave peasants were killed? "Oh yes," he replied, "they take the same chance as we do, but they are a brave lot, and have a great admiration and confidence in the Canadians."

He further told us that when they heard that the Canadians were to be removed from that sector, none of them would sow any seed, and refused to till the soil until they were assured by the French Government that 'les Canadiens' would remain there.

We stopped at the village of Maroeuil to inspect the salvage

IMPRESSIONS OF WAR

yard, which fed the large plants we had visited at Calais. From there all the boots, clothing, tin cans, and every other scrap metal were neatly packed together and shipped behind the lines to the main railway.

We passed the ruined and destroyed villages of Etruin, and St. Eloi, and bordered on several cemeteries including Ecouvriers where many Canadians are buried, and where their names are inscribed upon little plain crosses, which will immortalize this spot and the heroes interred, for all ages to come. This ground, sacred to so many of Canada's bravest men, is under the shadow of Mount St. Eloi, upon the crest of which are the ruins of that famous Cathedral standing there as a monument to Hun destruction in 1870. and again in this struggle, though there was little to destroy but standing walls and the two towers.

In the village of St. Eloi, in a shell shattered cluster of houses, beneath the Ridge upon which these old Cathedral ruins were silhouetted against the sky, was a large building used as a billet in which fifty-three men and officers had been killed by the explosion of a shell, which had ripped it out in the middle, as though it had been cut completely in two.

We began to rise slowly up the slope of Vimy Ridge, one of the costliest and most difficult objectives in the war. It was bought with the most precious Canadian blood, and will forever be one of the eternal monuments to thousands of youthful heroes who avenged the cruelties and murders of the European race of madmen. The waste of shell-torn terrain, with havoc and destruction in every village, and the neatly arranged cemetery of little crosses that stood at the head of every grave of these gallant sons of Canada, was a sad picture, but it raised a great feeling of pride within us, that we belonged to that same nation of men who were so brave and courageous, and who had sacrificed their lives for us. How could we now give evidence of our appreciation of the good fight, the everlasting one, and the supreme sacrifice they had made for us? It probed the deepest recesses of our thoughts. Would we return to our country and endeavour to appreciate it, and demonstrate that feeling in striving to help and aid our fellowmen to live better lives and make a greater nation of our country?

VIMY RIDGE

We left the little railway, and walked over a historic corduroy road that led to the ridge, over which thousands of troops and wounded had passed for months and years, and underneath which was an underground tunnel, with a small railway to be used when it was impossible to travel in the open on the roadway. At that time when there was no special activity in military operations in that sector, it was in idleness and disintegrating under weather conditions. It had become an old venerated battle ground, for the enemy had been driven off the ridge, and was being held in check, a mile or two westward, from which nothing but the cannon roar was heard, on that beautiful afternoon.

We reached the summit of Vimy Ridge, and after enjoying a luncheon in the open air, we stood on the edge of one of those terrible mine craters, which was the result of the Canadian's victorious assault, and capture of the Ridge, in the face of "a terrific offensive," as General Currie put it when at the request of the Canadian journalists, he described the battle in detail, in which he had taken such a prominent part, and in which over two thousand men were killed and four thousand wounded.

General Currie graphically depicted every aspect of the battle of Vimy Ridge, the long weary months at the base of the hill, subjected to the constant fire of the enemy, who held an advantageous position, and could well deal out signal blows from their situation and observation.

The losses of the French and English, and particularly the former, in the attempt to capture the ridge, which commanded a vantage point in the district of Lens and other coal centres within the enemy's lines, were excessive. Over one hundred thousand French graves signify the sacrifice that France made at this one point of the western front. Over the bodies of these heroes stands the insignia of this noble army, a plain little cross: with the name of the buried Poilu, within a circle and these words follow: "They are fallen, silently in the shock of battle, like a wall. May their glorious spirits guide us."

General Morrison, a veteran Ottawa newspaperman, who had been at the front with the artillery almost since the opening of

IMPRESSIONS OF WAR

the war, with General Currie, described the disposition and action of the artillery, and General Brutenell, that of the machine guns, in the battle.

Towards the end of General Currie's intensely interesting story of one of Canada's immortal victories in the war, on the very ground itself, he read us a communique, which had just been brought to him by a courier, announcing the great success of the French and English armies, in the first days of the offensive between Rheims and Soissons. It announced the capture of seventeen thousand prisoners by the French, and a gain of seven miles of enemy territory. We began to see the opening of the better days for the Allies, which have since followed.

Near the crest of the Ridge, Captain Hudson and a small staff had one hundred and eighty acres of soil under cultivation and looked after by the men during their spare time. The results were marvellous, and they were able to supply the army in the vicinity with fresh vegetables during all the summer months.

It also proves that the battle grounds of Europe are not going to be rendered useless for agriculture.

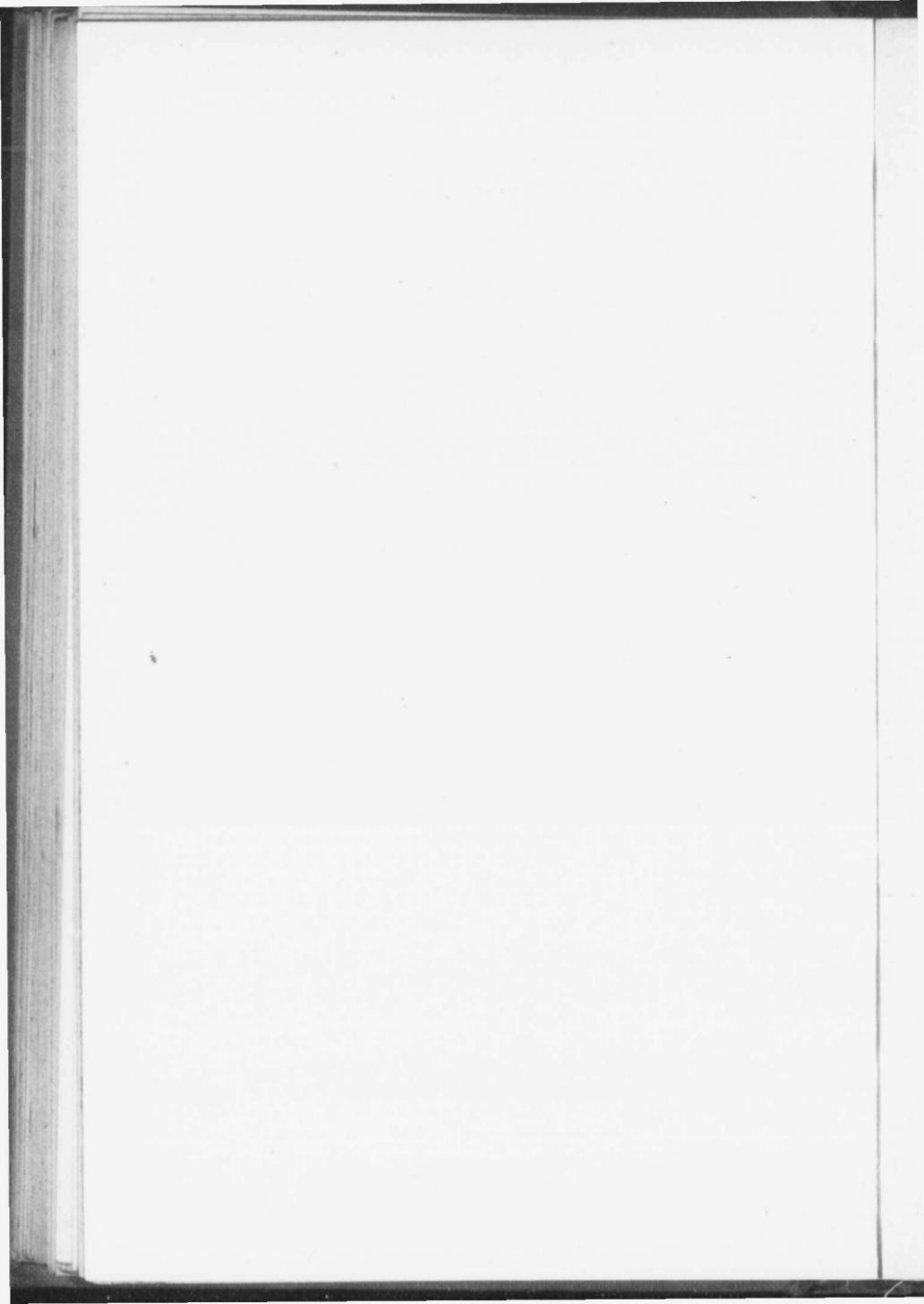
From the Ridge we obtained a splendid view of the surrounding country and the valley of Souchez, Neuville St. Vaast, a mere skeleton town, without a living soul in it, its three thousand population having been killed or driven out by the enemy's fire and destruction. Piles of ruins were pointed out to us as being all that was left to mark the spot where a village once flourished. In a year or two even these ruins will be covered, and all trace of their existence will probably be lost forever. This will be the sad fate of hundreds of villages in France and Belgium. In the distance one could see Lens, and the great electric light works, and further on Douai, and other villages in the possession of the Germans.

On the way down from Vimy Ridge we visited some of the underground dugouts which at times had been occupied by both the enemy and the Allies. Many of them were from fifty to sixty feet down in the ground, at which depth, only, was it possible to feel safe in such days of warfare, at short range, for they showed us where at places the enemy was only a few feet away, and where the lines were changed almost every night, through raiding parties. The whole area was covered in shell holes, dugouts, trenches, wire entanglements and other defences. It was all one interminable upheaval looking as though it had been upset by an earthquake.

We regained our little train, and then the autos, and started for General Currie's headquarters, where we were to have tea with a distinguished gathering of military men of all the Divisions. We had not gone very far before shells began to drop exceedingly near to some of our motor cars, and two exploded within a few



LUNCHING IN THE OPEN ON VIMY RIDGE—Brigadier General Morrison Describing the Artillery Offensive to the Author.



VIMY RIDGE

hundred feet of that in which was General Currie. We stopped at the Red Cross dressing station in the village of St. Catherines, a village that was pretty well battered by shell fire. The day had been excessively hot, and we had been wearing our steel helmets most of the time, which did not increase our comfort. The hospital was in the gloomy cellars of a brewery. Here we found another Quebecker, Lieut.-Col. George J. Boyce, in charge with a staff of attendants as busy as bees, looking after the wounded who were being brought in on stretchers, even during our short visit.

It was wonderful to see how well equipped was this little hospital for taking care of the wounded. Heat being a very desirable aid in relieving the wounded, there was one room specially heated for patients, as well as hot air beds, bath and shower rooms. Everything about the place was in excellent order, even the dungeon wards which had to be artificially lighted and aired. Colonel Boyce was in splendid health and making a great name for himself by his energetic and successful task, right in the midst of the enemy's fire. We also inspected one of the advance stations of the Red Cross Society. It was filled with every conceivable article required by the soldiers in the battle line. We saw packages of goods from every part of Canada, which were all used in filling orders coming in from the field and first dressing stations.

SIR ARTHUR CURRIE

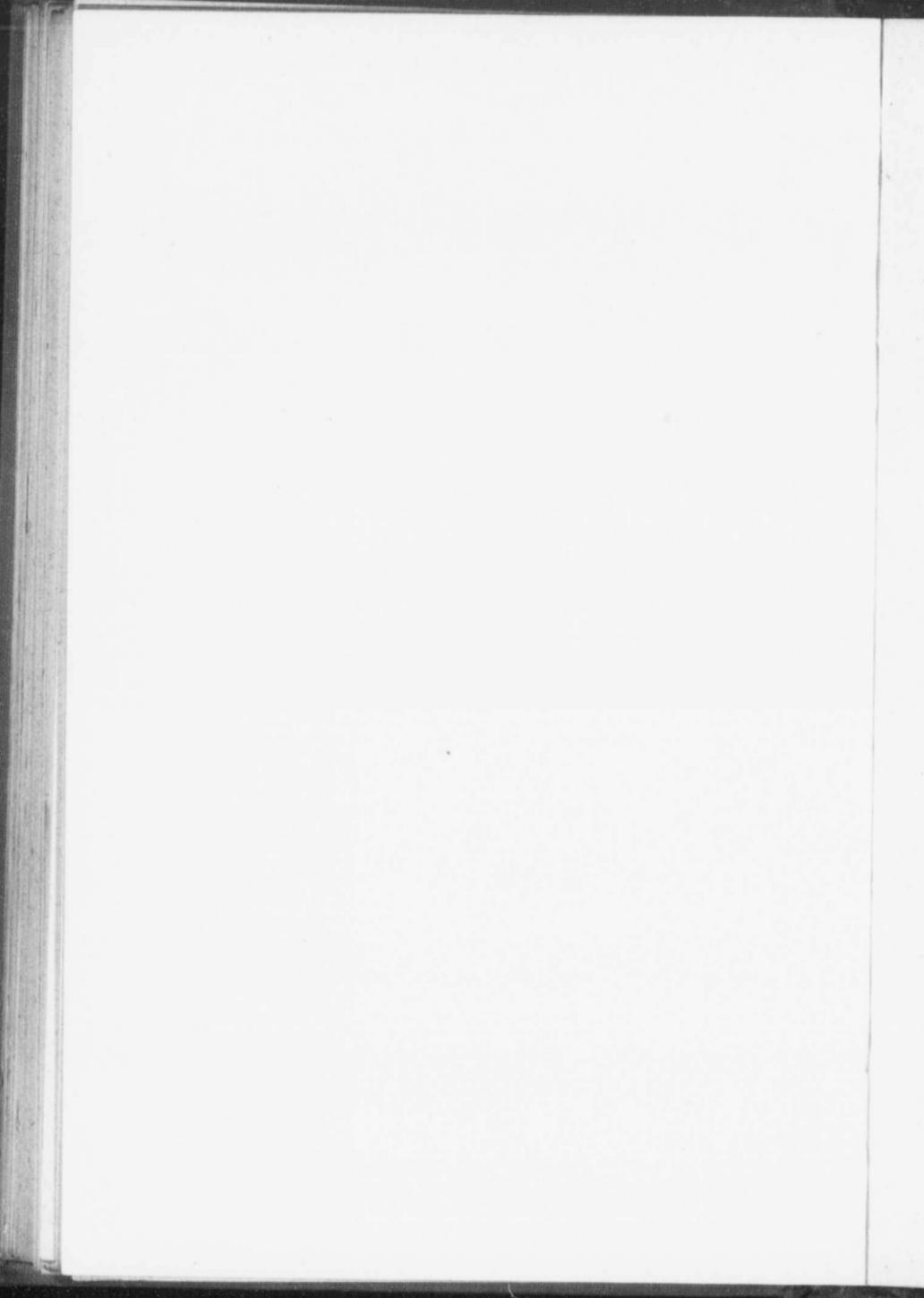
We reached the headquarters of Canada's Chief of Corps, a chateau, in D'Asins, where I had the pleasure of meeting many old acquaintances, as well as General Sir Henry Horne, commanding the British First Army, of which the Canadians formed a part. Among those whom I met there was Percy Turcot, who was attached to General Currie's staff. There in the grounds surrounding the chateau I met Colonel John A. Cooper, former editor of the Canadian Magazine and Courier, and Major H. T. Hughes, formerly of Quebec.

I also received a letter from Major Frank W. Stanton regretting his inability to be present, and inviting us to visit his station but unfortunately, time would not permit. Then we went on to Camblain L'Abbe, where we attended an operatic performance in the Irving Theatre, entitled Camouflage, which was produced by the Maple Leaf Company of the 4th Division. The theatre, which was built by the Y. M. C. A. was filled with about three thousand soldiers. We were given a box, and I must admit that I have never seen such an excellent and original performance given by amateurs. The female role of characters were so well taken, that it was impossible for us to believe that they were impersonated by men. Even the costumes were of a high order, while the orchestra left nothing to be desired. Altogether it was difficult to imagine that the entertainment was not the work of professionals. One of the organizers pointed the men out to us, and it was really amusing to know the origin of the cast. The leading man was a wholesale grocer in the West, and "the leading woman," held some other position which was in no way allied with the stage, while none of them had ever been on the stage before. They afforded the whole Canadian Corps much entertainment between battles. When in London, the success of this company had led the military authorities there to suggest that they be brought over to France, for the benefit of the soldiers who had not the opportunity of seeing them. All their songs, jokes and plays were original and were typical of military life.

On our way to this theatre, we saw a soldier jump on the running board of an automobile ahead of us. He was the son of



ON THE CREST OF VIMY RIDGE—In the Hearing of the Cannon's Distant Booming—While Listening to Major General Sir Arthur Currie, describing Canada's Greatest Victory in the World War.



SIR ARTHUR CURRIE

one of our party, Mr. W. R. McCurdie, the editor of the Halifax Chronicle. He had seen his father passing in the preceding motor car too late to attract his attention. When the theatre was reached there was a very happy reunion between father and son, who had both been endeavoring to meet one another for the past twenty-four hours.

That night we dined with General Currie, and found him a man of extraordinary character. Only forty-two years of age, he had the entire respect and esteem of every officer and man in the whole Canadian Corps. There was no more popular man at the front. He took a great interest in all that was going on in Canada and frequently looked into the future, which impressed one more than anything else. He has a high standard of political ideals, and is independent and free in expression on all subjects. He is big and independent enough to criticize the things that are harmful to the unity of the country. Many believe that he has great political aspirations, not for the sake of being in politics, but for the object of helping to make Canada a great country, worthy of taking her place in the future development and progress of the world. The war had so broadened his mind, that he wants to inculcate a new ideal of life, learned by living with men of all nationalities and creeds, yet fighting for one common purpose, into the thought of his country. General Currie seemed anxious to refute the rumour that the Canadians have borne the brunt of the battle, which was believed to have been German propoganda, circulated in the hope of dismembering the Empire.

I think the following address to his army, before the day of battle, gives a finer idea of the Canadian Corps commander than anything further we can say about him. Here it is:—

A NOBLE CHARGE BEFORE BATTLE

"In an endeavour to reach an immediate decision the enemy has gathered all his forces and struck a mighty blow at the British Army. Overwhelmed by sheer weight of number, the British in the line between the Scarpe and the Oise have fallen back, fighting hard, steady and undismayed.

Measures have been taken successfully to meet this German onslaught. The French have gathered a powerful Army, commanded by a most able and trusted leader, and this Army is now moving swiftly to our help. Fresh British Divisions are being thrown in. The Canadians are soon to be engaged. Our Motor Machine Gun Brigade has already played a most gallant part, and once again covered itself with glory.

Looking back with pride on the unbroken record of your

IMPRESSIONS OF WAR

glorious achievements, asking you to realize that to-day the fate of the British Empire hangs in the balance, I place my trust in the Canadian Corps, knowing that where Canadians are engaged there can be no giving way.

Under the order of your devoted officers, in the coming battle you will advance or fall where you stand facing the enemy.

To those who fall I say, 'You will not die, but step into immortality. Your mother will not lament your fate, but will be proud to have borne such sons. Your names will be revered for ever and ever by your grateful country, and God will take you unto Himself.'

Canadians, in this fateful hour, I command you and I trust you to fight as you have ever fought, with all your strength, with all your determination, with all your tranquil courage. On many a hard-fought field of battle you have overcome the enemy. With God's help you shall achieve victory once more."

A. W. CURRIE,

Lieut.-General,
Commanding Canadian Corps.

27th March, 1918.



MONUMENT TO CANADIANS—On Vimy Ridge.



SIR DAVID WATSON

During a whole day I had the very great pleasure of meeting and seeing my old-time newspaper rival, Sir David Watson, General of a Division. It had been arranged that we should spend the day together. We left the rest camp quite early and arrived at the Headquarters of the 4th Division, which were not housed in any chateau or luxurious French residence, but just in a mere wooden shack. It might have been a contractors shed in America, erected near some big works until the job was finished, and then perhaps torn down and carried away for firewood. Around it were all the unmistakable signs of some great military centre, for there were sentinels on duty, a tall flag staff from which the British ensign was floating in the breeze, but in the corner of that flag, was the Dominion Coat of Arms, which did make a little difference to us all, for we were proud of being Canadians, during those three days with our boys at the front.

The scene around this simple residence of my old political rival was an animated one. The first to receive us was Lieut.-Colonel Edouard Panet, staff captain, who came to greet and escort us into the shack, where we met Captain Garneau, son of Sir George Garneau, and other members of the Headquarters Staff. Then in walked the General himself. We both made a quick movement toward one another, and Sir David said: "Well, Frank, who would have thought that we would have met under these circumstances?" as his face broke into a broad smile.

"Well," I replied, 'we may have had more pleasant meetings, but none so intensely interesting"—to which he added, "and no politics to separate us."

From that moment, early in the day, until as late as we were permitted to remain with the General, we were never separated, and when we finally did take our departure, I began to think of all the things I had forgotten to say to him, and wondered if he had forgotten anything he wanted to tell me. Strange how often we find ourselves in such a position. On this occasion the passing events were probably sufficient to engross one's full attention. Then there was the time lost in dodging shells that were coming for us, and those we thought were coming as well, but passed

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overhead and landed probably several miles away. It did seem ridiculous to dodge a hundred pound shell about two miles above our head, but if you think it is only a few feet away, you have the same sensation as if it were coming on top of you.

In entering the General's car, a very luxurious limousine, that had once been the property of a world famous actress of Paris, until it was commandeered by the Government, we were shown a small round hole, in the pane of glass in the rear of the car, through which a piece of shrapnel had entered the day before. Then we were shown the harmless looking little piece of metal that might have cut short our visit that day, if it had hit the car near where the General was sitting.

"Oh that's nothing over here," said Sir David, "you will see worse than that before I get through with you."

So we did! He took us through twelve miles of front line trenches, first in those of the English, and then in those of his own Division, to show us the difference between the two. We saw more war and battle grounds and how our boys "get there," in that one day than we saw anywhere else.

First of all he showed us the carrier pigeons, and explained their great service in this war. He remarked that they were the most satisfactory messengers, and had saved many a situation when all other means of carrying messages through the firing lines were interrupted. Many stories are told of the wonderful feats performed by these birds. So faithful to duty were they that they have been known to arrive and deliver their messages, and then drop dead of exhaustion, or of wounds received on the way. They could fly through heavy artillery barrage and gas clouds, and were of incredible use in offensives in sending back word to the reserves of the progress that was being made by the attacking lines. Only one pigeon was used for flights of ten to twenty miles, but beyond that up to one hundred miles several were despatched with the same message to insure its safe receipt. Pigeons were constantly kept in the front line trenches, and oftentimes became great pets of the men. In the battle of the Somme in 1915 over four thousand five hundred messages were safely carried by these birds.

Recently a pigeon was liberated from one of two British seaplanes in the North Sea. Flying through an aerial battle, the pigeon was wounded in the leg by a bullet, but it arrived at its destination in an exhausted condition, its feathers stained with blood. The message it carried was the one word "Attacked."

According to the aviator's report received subsequently, two British machines were opposed by six German planes. The Germans, however, made off before there was any chance of more equal flight. The sturdy pigeon which recovered from its



A FAMILIAR SIGHT IN THE FRONT LINE TRENCHES—Night Sentinels Resting During the Day.



SIR DAVID WATSON

wounds, became the pet of the flying station, and was "pensioned off."

Another pigeon, at the cost of its life, saved the lives of six British airmen who were adrift in the North Sea. After delivering their message, an appeal for help, the pigeon dropped dead from exhaustion. The wrecked airmen, when succored from their perilous position, were on the point of meeting a similar fate, for they had no food and very little water.

We had to leave the limousine for a small trail which led for a mile or so to the trenches. There was also another reason. A few odd shells were beginning to drop around us which made it anything but pleasant to carry on a conversation about friends at home or anything else, in a closed car where you didn't have a chance to drop on the ground and escape the shrapnel. Danger was somewhat remote at this point, as it took quite an expensive shell to carry that far and the Germans were not at all liberal in those days. They only kept up constant fire for appearance sake, but we realized that the Canadians were sending over about five shells to each one that the Germans let us have. A novice walking along the trail we were on was apt to suffer from nervousness caused by our own guns. They were ambushed in the least suspected places, all camouflaged, and our gunners seemed to find a delight in firing them off, just when we were within a few feet of them. The report of a cannon on the 24th of May, or any other festive occasion at home, is no counterpart of the real thing on the battlefield and vice versa.

Things were intensely interesting that morning with the General who was walking his usual pace which is known throughout the entire Canadian Corps as being the fastest of any of the military officers. He said, "dip when you see me doing it, as I won't have time to tell you." This referred to the arrival of an enemy shell. Well, it was not very long afterwards until one did come pretty near us, so near that we dropped, but we found that it was only a false alarm. Finally the General arrived at the opening of the front trenches, and disappeared from view. Then for several hours with steel helmets on, we rapidly followed our leader in the trenches, and along them for several miles, popping our heads up at several observation platforms, to see if the Germans would fire at us, or if we could see them. We never got a peep at them, but they must have seen us, for we received a first baptism of shell fire in real earnest, and too near for any tea table talk, and this time it was not child's play. It was the real thing, and it landed near enough to the trench to scatter a quantity of earth over our heads. The second time it happened we did not mind so much, but it gave us a very fair idea of Hun marksmanship from personal experience and observation.

XLII.

IN THE TRENCHES

The day was excessively hot and the trenches quite dry, so that we had no occasion to see them in their worst state, but from their appearance and the rack flooring in them, we imagined that they were not as bad as in the early days, when men had to plough through rivers of mud and slush, oftentimes up to their waists. There were few men in the advance trenches except an odd one, here and there on guard. Most of them were sleeping, mending clothes, or looking for those pesky things that sometimes prevented them from sleeping, and by the way we had occasion to give them a very careful scrutiny, so that we would know them again by sight if we met under more intimate circumstances. They were not as lively a variety as their home prototypes. They say they have saved many a life in the trenches by keeping the men awake and alert, while on guard when they were suffering from the execrable strain of night duty, with the treacherous Huns a few feet away.

We descended seventy-five feet into the ground, into signal posts, used for refuge shelters during gas attacks, which had saved the lives of many thousands of Canadian soldiers. These deep caverns were located every quarter of a mile or closer. The trenches were all built in right angles connecting with others in the rear, to resort to in the event of a sudden successful assault. The trenches were also stacked on the sides with a stockade of branches and wire fencing to keep them as dry as possible in wet weather.

The dugouts or rest caves, where the boys guarding the lines ate, slept and read, when they were off duty, and where they spent the greater part of the day, as it was the night time when they had to be particularly on the alert, were built into the wall of the trench about two feet from the ground, and dug into the side about five feet wide and two feet high. They resembled a baker's oven. The occupants had to crouch in them as they were barely high enough to sit in with any comfort, and when they wanted to sleep they had to curl up. They had little cloth curtains which they dropped to keep out the flies which were very tiresome on a hot day. There was a solemn and extraordinary

IN THE TRENCHES

quietude about the trenches even though the guns were roaring in the distance, probably a mile or two away. I must admit that holding the front line trenches seemed to me one of the most lonely duties and I can realize the feeling of relief that the boys must have experienced on terminating their twenty-four or forty-eight hour watch, on the banks of the trenches by No Man's Land. We had all we wanted in one day. There was nothing enviable in it, and sometimes it must have been worse than all of we had seen in France or Belgium. At noon we stopped at some crude shelters that looked like a temporary encampment in what appeared to be the ruins of a building, with a light covering over top. A table was spread, and a Colonel and a few officers were putting the finishing touches to their toilet before sitting down. Their hair was brushed as neatly as if they were attending a luncheon at home. Their attire was in similar order. The dining-table was in a lean-to to the leeward of the enemy lines, probably less than a quarter of a mile away. We sat on a few boxes, and enjoyed a fifteen minute visit at the headquarters of the Colonel and staff, whose battalion was holding the front trench lines. They were no more protected from enemy shell fire, and they were taking the same chances and living with as little cover as men in the open. And yet one could hardly notice any difference in their reception of us or in their conversation. They joked and made amusing allusions to passing events just like what one might hear in a group thousands of miles away from the battlefield. It was all wonderful to us, and marvellously represented the spirit and morale of the Canadian troops on the border of No Man's Land.

All was desolation in the vicinity of those headquarters, as it was in every other part of the areas through which we walked that morning, but there it was of a different nature. The place had been once a thriving village, and while one could not see any signs of it, the site of the church and the Town Hall were pointed out to us. They were represented by two slight elevations in the flattened land surrounding the battalion headquarters.

We continued further along the front line trenches, and then turned at right angles and went westward for about a mile or two, towards the brigade headquarters where we were to lunch. On the way we met a noted character of the Canadian Corps in the person of an Indian from Edmonton, named Northwest, who had to his record the death of over one hundred Germans whom he had sniped from his position on No Man's Land. The General said he was very glad we had met him, as he considered him one of his very best sharpshooters, and he was very proud of his work. The Indian had been rewarded with the D. S. O. decoration, but the General said he was shortly to receive added recognition.

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Since that time despatches recorded the death of an Indian named Northwest, from Edmonton, so there can be little doubt that the poor fellow has left for a happier hunting ground, leaving behind him a meritorious record for valor and courage in the Canadian army. The day we met him he was taking a new man, another Indian, out to No Man's Land, to give him his first lesson in his original system of sniping, which had brought him such success. Northwest, like all Indians, had infinite patience. He would sit in a hollow, camouflaged with trees and brushwood, for days to get his man, but never wasted a cartridge in a random shot. He placed two men, one to the right and the other to the left and the three would keep a long vigil at a given point, watching for an enemy head, and learning to know the exact time it would appear and at what moment to fire the fatal shot.

We arrived at the headquarters of the Brigade, situated in one of the reserve trenches upon a ridge overlooking the front lines of the German territory beyond. While the limited apartments of General Hayter of the 10th Brigade were dug into the sides of the trenches, the roofing was nothing but a light metal one, offering not an iota of protection in the event of a direct hit from a shell. Here we lunched with a ravenous appetite, after our long walk that morning. The meal over, we saw some effective artillery work that was probably among the most exciting minutes of our day. We were taken to an outlook post which contained several long range glasses from which, through an oblong narrow slit in the wall facing the Germans, we could see for many miles. It was the intention of the officer in charge to give us some idea of the accuracy of artillery shooting. Our attention was directed to a rise in the ground less than a mile away. This was the site of the church of the village of Oppy, not a vestige of which could be seen in the view. It was decided to hit that spot. Instructions were phoned to the artillery some two or three miles in the rear, and just as the order was given to fire, the officer on the lookout, sitting on a high bench with me, cancelled the order and drew the attention of the Commanding Officer to the roadway, probably another half mile beyond. There we saw two Germans meet, and stop to talk to one another, and then two others walking towards them. The officer said he had been watching that point for several days and had a charge ready for it, meaning that he had played the guns upon it until he had the proper instructions to give the gunners in order to direct a shell that would hit the exact spot, believing that there must be some reason for Germans to stop and talk to one another at that same place. When the four had joined together, two others were seen coming in another direction, and it was taken

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for granted that they too would stop. The excitement of those few minutes in the outpost was the greatest I experienced at the front. When the six Bosches had grouped together, the signal to fire was given to one of the long range guns some two miles in our rear. We heard the order to shoot; the officer stated it would take six seconds before we would hear the shell whizzing over head and a few more seconds before we would see the explosion. The shot went direct to the spot, there was a huge explosion and that was all. Nothing more was seen and probably it is just as well, as the fragments of six Germans strewn over the ground would not have been a pleasant sight. The artillery then gave us another exhibition of accurate shooting, though not as exciting as the former incident.

XLIII.

BEHIND THE LINES

We left the trenches late in the afternoon, in a heavy down-pour, to visit the sound range apparatus developed by Colonel MacNaughton, of the Corps Staff, who, while not an inventor, was responsible for perfecting and developing the system. The sound range apparatus is a series of technical sound recorders, which define the range and position of any German gun by sound, a system which was of immense value to the artillery in cleaning up Germany's troublesome batteries.

We then drove over to the 4th Divisional Transport Corps, commanded by Major Robertson and Captain Holden, of Montreal. The duty of this military branch of the 4th Division was to take food supplies and ammunition from the rail head to the distributing depots behind the front lines. A great deal of this work had been curtailed by the building of narrow gauge railways, but there was still considerably more to do, and particularly was it necessary to have the Transport Corps in readiness, in the event of any severe fighting. There were also many parts of the advanced forces where the railway did not connect, and which had to be supplied with the necessities of war, by horses and lorries.

On our arrival at this Transport Corps, a parade of the entire force of four hundred and fifty men and four hundred horses was taking place. The horses were in the pink of condition, and a credit to Canada. This branch, like all other units of the Canadian army, moved with the Division. They had their travelling kitchens, staff of cooks, mess waiters, in fact everything in detail, to feed the men and horses while en route when ordered to change territory. We inspected some of the travelling kitchens, showing signs of having been in the firing zone, by their damaged state, and it was amusing to see the nicks that were made in each one, representing the number of times that it had been hit by shrapnel or bullet. One of these kitchens had three nicks to its credit, a fact that made the chef feel quite proud over its escape from further destruction. There were many brave deeds accomplished by these men in the transport of supplies to the front, which will never come to light. Transport work was carried on at night, in all kinds of weather, over good and bad roads and

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sometimes the ploughed battlefield, facing not only the dangers of stray shells and shrapnel, but all accidents in the course of transport. We were told of one story where a team fell into a large shell hole, filled with water, resulting in the drowning of the horses and one of the men, who became entangled in the harness of the animals, and was anchored under the water. On another occasion a team was shelled, and one of the horses was killed. The sergeant, after taking out the wounded men, went back, taking every risk of being wounded himself, as the incident happened in the face of a withering enemy fire, in order to relieve and save the remaining horse. He succeeded in bringing him out, but unfortunately, the poor animal died of exhaustion when he reached camp.

In the course of a conversation with the Commanding Officer he stated that in three years, they had only missed one day, in supplying the distributing points with provisions and ammunition, and this was due to an accident on the railway, and not to any fault of the Corps.

We started to drive through Arras, but we were stopped before we had gone far, by the information that the enemy was shelling the town and only an hour previously nine men had been killed in its streets. We had already visited part of Arras and found that it had similarly suffered like many other towns on the western front by enemy destruction. It was a city of thirty thousand population, but as we looked upon its ruins, there was not a soul in the town excepting a few soldiers here and there, on sentry duty. Arras was one of the most beautiful small cities of France, and her citizens were proud of her architectural and ancient history, which made it a sight-seeing city for tourists and travellers.

We motored to Ablain-St. Nazaire cemetery near Villiers-au-Bois, where a large number of Canadians are buried. It was late in the day, and the sun was going down in a clear sky. It was a perfect afternoon as we walked through the cemetery with its many thousands of uniform crosses standing in regularity, like a large army on parade. We took off our hats as we went through the pathways denoting the rows of crosses, upon which we recognized the names of many heroes whom we had known in days gone by, and to whom we offered our deepest respect for the glorious sacrifice that they had made in this war. There was perhaps no other occasion when we were so deeply impressed, as we were in this cemetery. Even the General could not refrain from showing his emotion as he said, "Many of my faithful boys are buried here." Among them was Jaspar B. Andrews, son of the late Mr. F. H. Andrews, of Quebec, who, with a large number

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of other Canadians, paid the price of the victorious capture of Vimy Ridge, one of our most notable triumphs.

We passed through the two Serrins, (Petit and Grand), and Gouay villages, and then on to Ablain-St. Nazaire, where we had a magnificent view of the Notre Dame de Lorette Ridge on our left, and Vimy Ridge in the distance. On the way we stopped to witness a pathetic sight, but only one of the many traces of German fiendishness. It was a small house on the roadway, badly destroyed by shell fire or explosion, opposite which, stood a small tablet over a lonely grave of a woman who had been cruelly shot because she would not divulge information.

After reading the inscription on the tablet, and feeling incensed at the foul perpetrators, I was informed that in a neighboring monastery, every one of the nuns and all the other female inmates had been outraged, while a number of boys with their hands cut off at the wrists, were found dead in a nearby village, when the English captured it. No inhuman crime seemed to be outside the pale of thought of the German brutes.

The statue of Notre Dame de Lorette, which once stood upon the top of the Notre Dame de Lorette Ridge, was much venerated by the people of France, and thousands came to this spot to offer prayers. It was on the top of this mount, and on its slopes that over one hundred thousand Frenchmen gave up their lives in 1915, after thirteen days of fighting of extreme severity.

During the fighting Major General Watson's Division came upon the shrine, broken and smashed by the Germans. He gathered the pieces together and placed them upon the original foundation, after the enemy had been driven across Vimy Ridge and back eastwards.

We then went through Souchey and the valley by the same name, having a magnificent view of the northern part of Vimy Ridge, where the 4th Division dug itself in, before finally capturing the Ridge and the pimple, the last stand of the Bosche, including also the capture of Hill 145.

We saw the dugout where the General had spent many long and tedious months during the very worst season of the year, and to all appearances it was nothing more than what one might call a farm vegetable cellar, on the side of the hill. We then motored along the Arras-Bethune Road, which is about ten miles in length, and before the war was a beautiful drive, the whole distance being shaded with uniform lines of magnificent tall trees. It was a sad picture of desolation. There was not a tree standing, nothing but the stumps, and no vestige of anything else was to be seen as far as the eye could see on either side. Were it not for the heavy macadamized stone foundation of the road, which had been

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cleared and repaired by the Canadians, one would not have known that this was one of the main thoroughfares of this pretty French district, before the war.

After partaking of dinner with the General and his staff, we were entertained to an exceptional evening of original song and music by Mr. Nat. Ayer, who was attached to the Staff. We did not know of the reputation of this talented artist until we returned to London, and found that he was the composer and author of the two most popular comic operas that were being produced in that city, entitled, "Yes Uncle," and "Byng Boys." They were the two leading attractions in the Imperial city.

We left the General that evening with regret, and at the same time, a memory filled with the most pleasant recollections of the day. Also we took his very best wishes and remembrances for all his friends in the Ancient Capital.

LEAVING THE CANADIANS

Bright and early we took our departure from the Canadians with whom we had been so delighted to fraternize, if only for a few days. It was a meeting that will always remain with us as one of the greatest happenings of our lives. There were many of our friends and acquaintances, some of whom we will never see again, standing as a bulwark between homes, civilization and freedom, and savagery and slavery, and yet, through it all, smiling and happy, satisfied that they were going to complete their objective, and save this old world, for all generations to come, from the curse of Kaiserism and fiendish autoocracy which has had no equal since the beginning of time.

General Currie and staff came down from Headquarters to see us off. This little incident, and the fact that he recognized every one of us by name, and had for all a kindly word of recognition and friendship, made us realize more and more, what a great big man he was, not only in physique, but in disposition and character.

We all left our temporary quarters, in the midst of our Canadian boys, with the highest estimation of the greatest man in Canada's forces, at the front. How well our opinions have been borne out by what has happened since that visit.

After visiting the Canadian front, we had seen the whole process of organization of our Army:—The enlistment for first training at Valcartier Camp, the transportation over the ocean to England, their training quarters there, shipment across the Channel to the Reserve training camps in France, and then right into the front lines and trenches, together with all the wonderful transformation of a business man, clerk or a working man into a full-fledged warrior, equal to any fighting man among the many millions, and far superior to the forty year trained German. We could not help but marvel at this accomplishment. And who would not? Here was an organization virtually under one control or head, with thousands of units stretching across over six thousand miles or more of land and water, working like clock work, and all brought about inside of five years. This was possible only because those who got into this war included men of great

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executive ability, from the leading manufactories and business houses of Canada. They followed no precedent, but adopted business methods in their military operations and movements. Where anything was required, and it could not be obtained at once, the Canadians simply went to work and originated something to fit in its place. When it came to night raids, the Germans were kept wondering what was going to happen next. This is probably why it was said that the strongest and best trained Hun divisions were always facing the Canadians, and why the military authorities sometimes kept the Canadians moving about in order to keep the Germans guessing where they were. In this kind of strategy the Huns were outclassed. Their forty years of military preparations had taught them nothing of the wily ways of those Canadians. Some day a book on the tricks and manoeuvres of our boys in the front trenches will make interesting reading. In addition to covering themselves with glory on the Western battlefields the Canadians have other attributes to their credit.

(1) "They were the first to construct light railways behind the firing line, and to use this means of transportation in conveying troops, munitions and supplies to the trenches, as well as in carrying wounded to the rear."

(2) They were the first to lay down plank roads in order to carry heavy trucks and guns through the quagmires of Flanders and France.

(3) They were the first to substitute temporary, lightly constructed waggon roads, for the permanent highways in favor with the other Allies. In the case of rapid advances, waggon roads had to be laid down quickly in order to bring up guns and supplies with a minimum of delay.

(4) They were the first to originate trench raids for the purpose of breaking the enemy's morale, and obtaining necessary information regarding the opposing enemy forces.

(5) They were the first to organize machine gun batteries.

(6) They were the first to use machine guns in indirect fire—that is to say against invisible objects.

(7) They were the first to combat the disease known as trench-feet, with any considerable success.

(8) They invented the alkali bath to neutralize the poisonous effects of mustard gas.

(9) They were the first of all the Allied armies to establish a dental corps, and as a result of this the dental health of the Canadian Army was of the highest character.

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(10) They were the first to introduce a de-lousing plant to rid soldiers' clothing of insects.

The Canadian Army Intelligence Department proved a model for others, and some of the Canadian Intelligence officers reorganized the Intelligence Departments of the Armies on the western and Italian fronts.

Canadians introduced a watch repair department, so that the tens of thousands of wrist watches worn by the officers and men, did not have to be sent to England for repair.

They introduced wholesale timbering methods in the forests of England and France.

* * * * *

At Vimy Ridge on the Arras-Lens Road is a plain but dignified stone memorial to the fallen heroes in its victorious battles. The inscription reads: "Erected to the memory of the officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the Canadian Corps Artillery, who fell during the Vimy operations, April, 1917. Canadian Field Artillery, Royal Field Artillery, Canadian Garrison Artillery, Royal Garrison Artillery, South African Heavy Artillery."

No doubt many other such testimonials to our dead heroes, will follow throughout France and Belgium, to commemorate the gallant deeds of our fellowmen sleeping in the soil upon which they nobly made the supreme sacrifice, that the living world should live in peace.

Once in taking a village, a British battalion came upon a cat that was crucified to the door of a house, (a very popular pastime among the Germans). The poor animal being still alive, several of the Tommies went to its rescue and pulled out the nails that were fastening the animal's paws to the door, and which at the same time set off a bomb that blew them all to a thousand fragments. That was just what the Germans expected. They knew that the sufferings of the poor cat would appeal to the British, and they laid a trap which our men fell into. Needless to say those who were left in that battalion did not forget the loss of their comrades for many days, and this debt was well balanced.

While in London we were driven around in a military car, the chauffeur of which was the son of a millionaire contractor in Edmonton. He had only recently come out of the hospital, and was still suffering from gas attack with a nasty cough. Instead of sending him back to the trenches, he was put to work as a chauffeur. The young man, and seven other comrades, were gassed and made prisoners by the Germans while defending a large shell hole. When he came to, he was lying under the bodies of two of his dead comrades, and he guessed that the Germans thought he was dead also. The Germans held the shell hole all day and

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during that time his other pals who were alive, were lying stretched in the bottom of the shell hole, praying and beseeching their captors for water, but the Germans only laughed at them. Later in the day the Allies counter attacked and took the ground back, but before the Germans left, they bayoneted everyone of the eight Canadians with the result that only two escaped alive. As his body was covered they only put the bayonet through his thigh, as they took no chances even on dead men and ran the cold steel through them as well, in order that there would be no chance of their reviving. He was, however, sufficiently conscious to see his pal finish the Germans who did it all, with several others, before they were rescued and cared for. These are some of the terrible crimes that our men will never forget for all time to come.

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After motoring for several hours, we arrived at the Headquarters of Sir Douglas Haig, Commander in Chief of the British Forces in France. He occupied a Chateau of unpretentious appearance, though prettily situated among foliage and gardens. We were courteously received without any ceremonial preliminaries, although in the presence of one of the greatest Military Authorities of the War. He was alone with his Secretary, in a large room, probably the dining room, in the rear of the house, with the walls hung with maps, and the room filled with desks and tables, covered with all descriptions of plans and drawings. In a short speech he welcomed us, spoke of the splendid services of the Canadians, who, he said, were equal to the best of the Allied Forces, and referred to the unpreparedness of England at the beginning of the War, but with the help of her Dominions, she had organized a spontaneous army to meet the invading foe. He said very few people, even in England, had any idea of the work going on in France. "We went into this War with right on our side," said Sir Douglas Haig, "which was half the battle, even though we were poorly prepared."

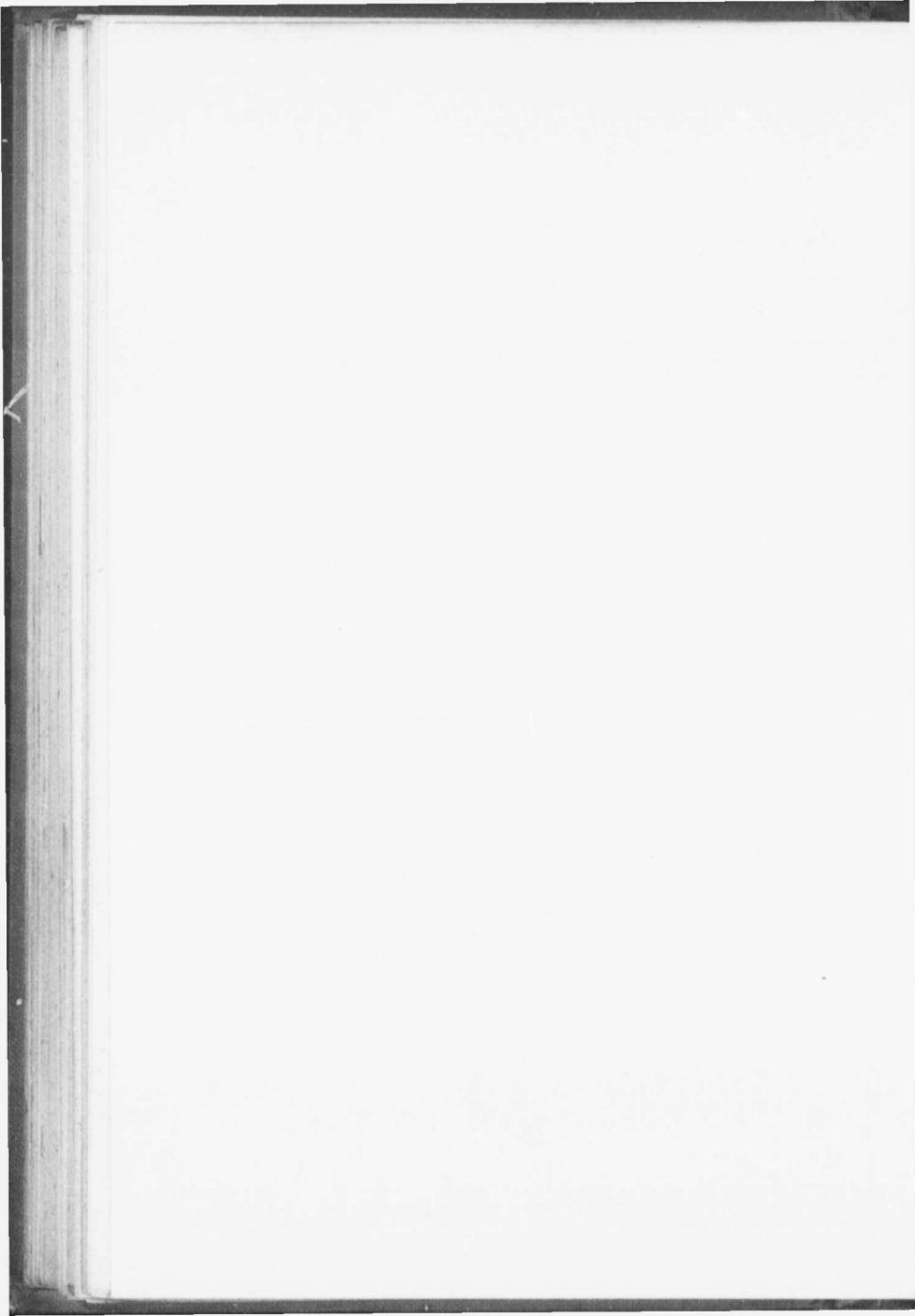
While he spoke hopefully of the future, someone asked when he thought the War would end. He replied with a smile, "I never prophesy."

Then someone asked to be shown on the map, which filled one whole side of the wall of the room, what part of the Western line the Canadians were holding? At once the Field Marshal stepped up to the map and pointed to a few inches on a line which bridged many feet. We have an idea that the General realized our thoughts at the time, and must have enjoyed the situation, as he saw our changed expressions, when we learned the few miles for which we were responsible, for up to that time we were to be forgiven for believing that the Canadians were holding most of the Western Front, if we were to measure it by our feelings and impressions gained by our three days' visit with them.

Sir Douglas came to the front door, where we were all photographed together, and where we bade him good-bye and good luck.



BIDDING FAREWELL TO SIR DOUGLAS HAIG.



VIVE LES CANADIENS

After making our final adieux, R. L. Richardson, M.P., and Editor of the Winnipeg Tribune, said "I am glad to shake the hand of the saviour of the human race," to which the Commander replied, "Oh, no, you are that."

By the above short terse expressions, one may judge of the diplomatic character of England's greatest military man in France.

Sir Douglas is of medium height, with broad shoulders and heavy set head. His face is stern and immobile. He seemed to feel the great responsibility of his task, and from all appearance, carried his responsibilities with the strong inward conviction which comes of long military training. He is a typical soldier of the old school, but without the coldness and hauteur of a Kitchener. Sir Douglas is more a man of the world, with a keen understanding of the people in it.

We were held up for our passports by French sentries on the roadway outside the entrance to the British Headquarters, and then realized we were within the French lines, as we continued on towards Paris Plage, crossing the Somme, and passing on the way Etaples, where, only a few weeks previously, German bombs had been dropped on a Canadian hospital, and had killed a number of our nursing sisters and several patients. We met and talked with several of the survivors at Buxton, some weeks afterwards, where they were resting from their terrible experience on that fateful night of murder.

We inspected a Canadian Railway Construction Corps building a standard gauged railway, parallel to a French line, to relieve congestion. A huge Canadian steam shovel was taking a prominent part in the work. Then we motored into Paris Plage, a French summer seaside resort, altogether deserted except for the Canadian soldiers. The town was much the same as other such places, with a long row of fine residences, restaurants and hotels, facing a beautiful sandy beach. The Forestry Corps Headquarters were there, and with Brigadier-General Jack Stewart (since appointed Director General of Construction in the British Army, with supreme control over all railways, docks, etc., in France) in command, we enjoyed an appetizing lunch in a small restaurant facing the Ocean. Among the numerous Officers present was Colonel Jones of Kingston, whose jovial disposition made him specially noticeable. To my motor car companion, Mr. W. R. Givens, of the Kingston Standard, with whom he was carrying on a conversation, he said that he was going back and had an impression he would be killed, and in a laughing way left some message with him for a friend at home. At that time it was generally known among us that a big allied offensive was imminent. Poor Jones was in it, and it was his last fight, as

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news of his death was received a few days later. No doubt he had some presentiment of his fate.

After luncheon we resumed our journey through French villages and farming lands similar to what we had seen in other parts of France, with the same signs of war activity and village passiveness. It was Sunday, and women and children, principally dressed in mourning black, were going or coming from Church.

We motored through Naimport, Abbeville, Neufchatel, and many other villages. It was the most delightful, interesting and picturesque drive of all our tour in France. Many of the villages, and the manner in which the peasants tilled the soil at a distance from their homes, put me in mind of Quebec. We stopped at one of the villages and talked to the people. One of our party stood in front of a youth who was terribly excited over our arrival, and waving his hands in the air said, "Vive La France," to which the little fellow as quickly replied, "Vive Les Canadiens," having by some means discovered our nationality.

THE YPRES SALIENT

Again, and for the last time, we left Boulogne in the morning for a motor drive to the Ypres salient, which was about forty miles away, as the crow flies. Nowhere had we met so much war traffic as we did on that excursion. The procession was endless and of every variety and nationality. It was war! war! war! We could not get away from it, even though we were passing through a beautiful country of landscapes and husbandry.

We stopped at the British Canadian Headquarters to obtain permits to enter the fighting zone, and then proceeded on through St. Omer, Hazebrouck and Cassel, the latter an attractive summer resort. We stopped in the square of this town which was unscathed by shell or bomb, and but for the large number of soldiers in it one would never think it was in the vicinity of the very worst sector of the Western battle ground.

It was about noon on a bright clear Sunday that we made this halt, and walked to the Casino, and the park, which was on a lofty promontory in the centre of the city, obtaining a magnificent view of the surrounding panorama. Ten miles away was Mount Kemmel, and beneath its towering height was Ypres, that ill-fated city, where so many Canadians paid the supreme sacrifice. Mount Kemmel was then in possession of the Germans, and it was one of the greatest vantage points in the whole area. As we stood on Mount Cassel several Scotch battalions marched by in the picturesque streets beneath us, keeping step to the lively strains of the bagpipes. They were returning from church service, and made an inspiring sight.

We next motored through the deserted and ruined towns of Steenvoord and Popperinghe. The roads approaching Ypres for miles were camouflaged with nets and branches.

We lunched with Colonel Cornwall, the father and builder of the Peace River Railway, who was in command of a construction battalion which was doing excellent work in the devastated region, where almost every village for miles around were but heaps of ashes and ruins. There were several large military camps thereabouts, and it was interesting to see little clusters of shacks that had sprung up on the roadways, principally occupied

IMPRESSIONS OF WAR

by foreigners, with their families, who braved all dangers of the enemy fire for the sake of carrying on their trade. After lunch with the railway constructors, we motored a mile or two to a small gauge railway.

We were refused permission by the British authorities to visit Ypres, because the risk was too great. The Germans possessed Kemmel Hill, which gave them an exceptional advantage in being able to command an observation of all the low lying land for many miles around, including the ruins of Ypres. So good was this advantage that guns were turned on any moving body of men seen walking within a mile or two of the piles of stone, brick and mortar that once was the beautiful city.

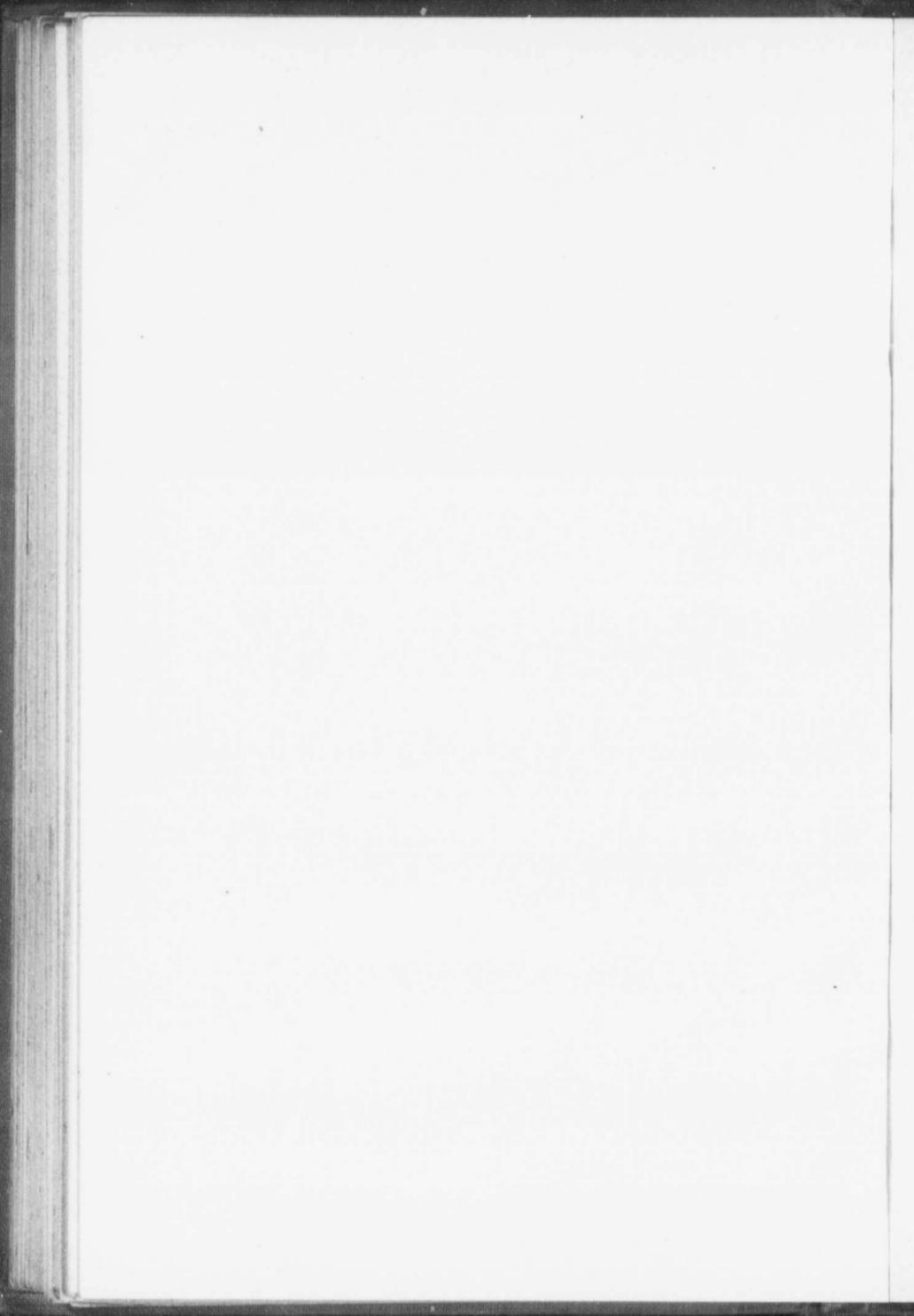
We left the Canadian Railway Corps encampment where we had partaken of lunch, several miles in the rear of the front lines, with several warnings not to go too near the Ypres ruins as they were in a salient with enemy guns and airplanes watching, them every minute of the day, from Kemmel Hill, as well as from many stationary observation balloons. We left our autos and boarded a train of two flat cars and a miniature engine on a narrow gauge railway, and headed for Ypres, or some point near it. We were under shell-fire all the way, but no one seemed to mind it as long as the shells did not actually fall on us. We realized that the sentinels on Kemmel Hill had seen us, but men in the war game said that they did not think so, as the day was dull and cloudy. Nevertheless, we could see the hill in all its towering form, and felt assured that the German gunners would not waste ammunition trying to see how near they could come to us, if they did not have some one prodding them on to get a "direct hit" on a few Canadian journalists who were visiting their area, in company with some of their hated rivals in arms.

I am not quite sure who it was, and if I knew, I doubt if I would give him away, but some one in authority asked if we were game to enter the city on the little train, minimizing the risk by saying that one could only be killed once, and that there was no more glorious place to immortalize one's self, particularly if we had left any creditors behind. There was not a dissenting voice, and the little train headed for the devastated ruins. Of course since we entered the danger zone that morning we had twice consecrated our lives to our country in the event of a "direct hit," a popular reference to good enemy artillery gunship. So by the middle of the afternoon, we had become callous.

On the outskirts of the city, or what remains of it, we left the flat cars and entered Ypres. As we did so, we realized that we were being followed by an inquisitive airplane, several thousand feet above the ground. Our companion, a colonel of one of the railway construction battalions, informed us that it was of the



STANDING AT THE MAIN ENTRANCE OF THE GUILD CLOTH HALL, AT YPRES.



THE YPRES SALIENT

Hun persuasion, and no doubt would report our presence thereabouts, and there might be something doing. There was, in almost shorter time than it takes to relate it. Overhead appeared four of the same kind of machines; and then we were told to separate, and crouch against a wall, and remain quiet until our boys made short work of the unwelcome visitors. Though it was difficult to find a standing wall large enough to cover a man of ordinary size, we took shelter and waited. Bing! bing! bang! There were our boys, and then the excitement to an with intense interest, for we were witnessing a real air battle over our heads, probably brought about by our presence in Ypres. Thousands of quick-firing shots were exchanged, and the Archies discharged a regular serenade of explosives, that left little puffs of black smoke in the vicinity of the enemy planes, but as far as we could see no one was injured and we realized for the first time how difficult it is to hit a moving plane. The contest lasted about ten minutes, when the visitors made for home, with our airmen at their tails; but none was brought to the ground, which we were hoping for. One of the Germans afforded us a very pretty dive into a cloud in his hurry to scurry away. When they had gone; we resumed our inspection of the lonely town, with nothing but the shells whizzing overhead to break the monotony. We had thought Verdun was as sad a sight of German destructiveness as it was possible to witness, but Ypres had it beaten off the map. There are a few buildings and walls left standing in Verdun, but hardly one in Ypres. We had been told that the enemy rained shells over it so frequently that it was impossible to find a blade of grass growing in it. This we verified by a personal search. The magnificent old cloth hall was a sad spectacle for visitors. It was just a mass of old stone and brick. There were a few tottering walls left, but they could find no room or space to fall in, as they were so braced by the barricades of other parts of the building, that they will be compelled to remain that way until they start to remove the debris.

And yet, in this sad scene of Hun culture there was something to laugh at. It was a large sign, the only one of the kind in the whole town, which read: "Eat less and save shipping," placed there by some Tommy who had a keen sense of humour.

We reached a gate piled high with sand bags and a rather large-sized guard. We passed through a small opening to see what was on the other side, when one of the sentries informed us that we were taking great risks as the Germans were only a few feet away. Later on the enemy airplanes came around again with a few more friends and, made quite a formidable appearance in the sky above, but this time we did not take cover. We had wonderful confidence in our airmen as they had done so well

IMPRESSIONS OF WAR

the first time they had come to our aid, so we walked in the middle of the wide main street, dug up in all directions with heavy shells which dig down into the bowels of the earth for twenty and thirty feet, resembling much the crater of a volcano. We had become so interested in the air fight that two of us got separated from the rest of the party, and we found ourselves alone in this deserted town.

Just at that moment up jumped two or three soldiers from a cellar retreat, some seventy-five feet away. We thought of souvenirs. Everything had been so smashed to pieces in the city, that we had been unable to pick up anything that was worth bringing home. Here was our chance.

"Say, boys, have you any souvenirs of Ypres?" we called out to them, as they gazed at us in an astonished and curious way.

"Well, if you fools remain standing any longer in that spot you will get all the souvenirs of Ypres you want. You had better move on."

Then we realized that we had been told always to keep moving, as the Germans had the range of every square yard of ground in and around Ypres, and we moved on, without souvenirs.

We boarded our train without any mishap, but we had not gone very far when our engine developed trouble, and we had to take shelter in one of the near-by dugouts, and phone for another. Then we decided to walk along the track, a distance of about two or more miles to where our autos were sheltered under trees. All along the way we were shelled, but the whole show only afforded intense interest, as the enemy had a range that dropped the explosives about fifty or a hundred feet from the track, with the exception of one which landed plump on the rails and ploughed them up for thirty feet. We did think that some of the several hundred shells that were falling around came exceptionally near at times, and we were not sorry to get outside this gruelling fire, that was no doubt directed at us, by the observers on Kemmel Hill, which cost the Huns a terrible sacrifice to gain, and which fell later into the possession of the Allies with little or no loss of life.

XLVII.

A NIGHT RAID

It was dark when we entered Rouen, and it was only by the tramway track that we were made aware of being in the city, for everything else was in complete darkness. We had considerable difficulty in reaching the Hotel de la Poste, about nine o'clock. Entering a shuttered door, we were greeted by Major Arthur Hill, of Quebec, who was attached to the Forestry Corps, about forty-five miles away.

We were begrimed with dust, and our faces looked like those of coal heavers, but the pleasant sight of a cozy lounge, filled with Canadian soldiers and a sharpened appetite after our lengthy motor ride of over one hundred and twenty-five miles, made us relish a supper of omelettes, for which this hotel is justly famous.

Shortly after midnight the firemen rushed through the streets, warning the citizens of the presence of enemy air raiders. The electric lights went out just as I was half way up the last of the four flights of stairs I had to climb to get to my room. Half-dressed maids were flying about the passages, placing little spirit lamps in the halls, and then making a quick descent to the rotunda. Permanent guests followed, but few of the members of our party ever moved from their rooms, or awoke from their slumber. I descended to the ground floor because there had been a mistake in my room key, and there found a gathering of guests and help, all wearing a rather doleful appearance. I enquired what all the excitement was about, and was told that the Germans were bombing the town. I went out into the street to see the commotion. The people were rushing out of the buildings and making for the cellars. It was a fine, clear moonlight night, and away up in the sky was a huge sausage dirigible balloon, which, I was informed, was a friendly one searching for enemy planes. I remained out-doors for over half an hour, watching the sky for the approach of the Bosche, but they never succeeded in breaking through the barrage, which we heard in the distance, on the outskirts of the city, making a fearful uproar. Then I heard the firemen sound the alarm that the danger was over, and everybody went back to rest again. Such was my first experience

IMPRESSIONS OF WAR

of a city night raid. The majority of our party never knew what had happened until the next morning, while others thought that something had gone wrong with the electric lighting system, and quietly helped themselves to the spirit lamps in the passageways, to light them to bed.

Next morning we visited the old Cathedral of Rouen, and the immortal spot near the market, where Joan of Arc was burned at the stake. Then we drove through some very narrow streets, having a good view of the long lines of people standing in front of the bread stores, waiting for their turn to be served with their allowance cards. Otherwise, Rouen, one of the most interesting cities of France, was much the same as usual. The tram cars were being run entirely by women.

This city was the Clearing Record Depot for the Canadian Army, which department was in charge of Colonel Lorne Hamilton, formerly of Quebec, who, unfortunately was in London when we were there. A record of every soldier going to the Front had to be filed there, a copy of which accompanied him through all the different stations and places which he might pass until he returned home.

We had barely reached the outskirts of the city when we met a long procession of ambulances, probably several hundred, loaded with wounded going back from the Rheims-Soissons offensive, which had started a few days previously. Even the maimed Tommies were full of good spirits, and responded to our salutations in recognition of their valor.

Then for hours we passed camps of Hindu Cavalry, Canadians, Australians and English. They were all under canvas, along the roadway, interspersed with hospitals.

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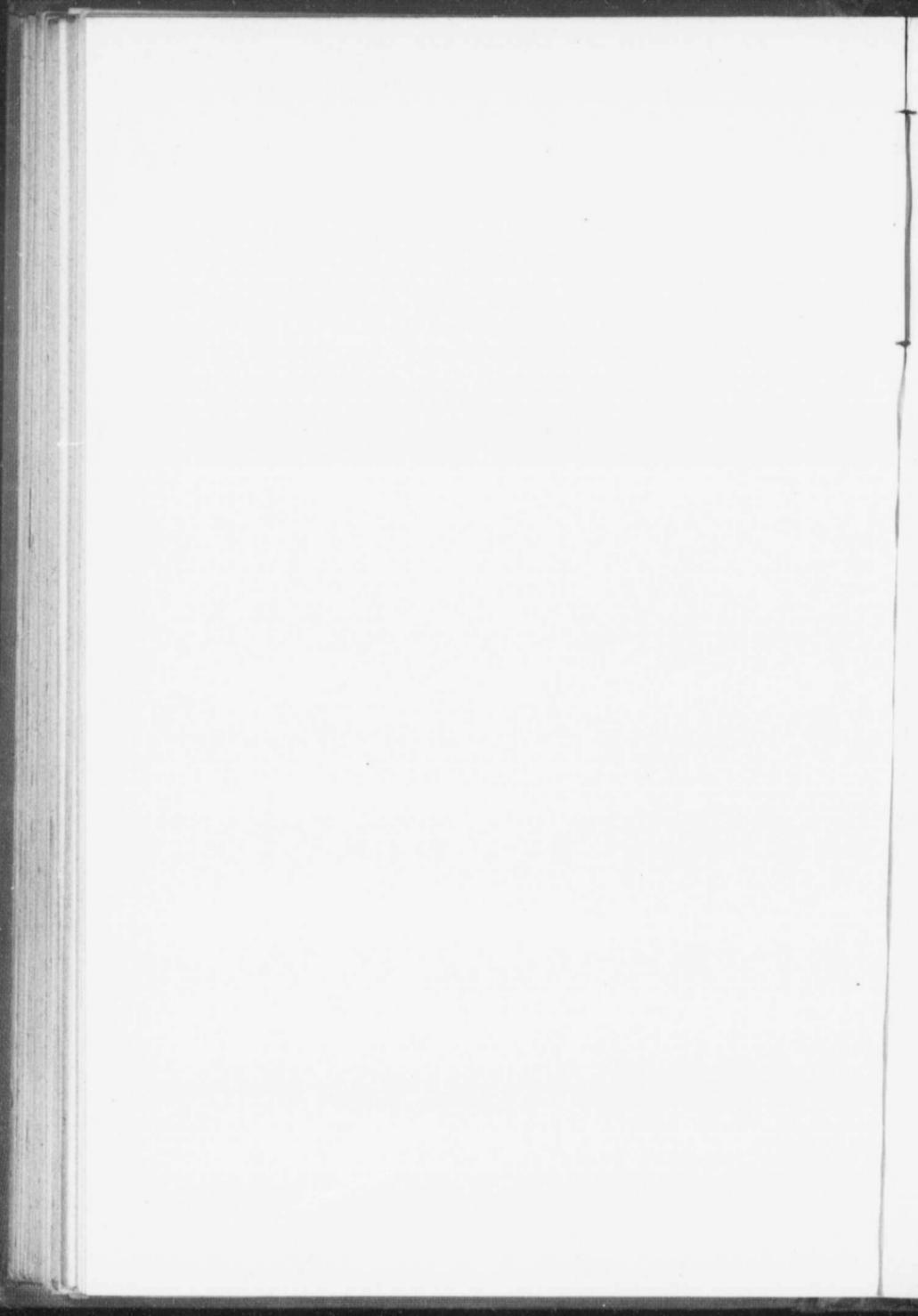
Who would have ever thought that the War would be responsible for transporting a whole saw-mill and crew of lumbermen, (sometimes called "shantymen"), from Canada to France, as part of the Military forces necessary to defeat the Germans? Yet that is what took place, and in the Conches Forest we found our Forestry Corps engaged in cutting down the fine oak trees from a twenty thousand acre hunting preservation owned by Mr. Roederer, the world widely known Champagne manufacturer.

The Canadians were assisted in their work by Hun prisoners, who worked in the same sullen manner, without a smile on their faces, as we had seen in other places in France. "They never smile," said one of the officers, "they only grunt."

To give one an idea of the timber which was cut by the Foresters, it may be said that their lumber production in France, England and Scotland amounted to two or three times the output of the Ottawa Valley . District No. 2, which we were visiting



TAKING LEAVE OF LORD LOVAT—Who Controlled British Forestry Operations in France, at Couches Forest.



A NIGHT RAID

could fill twenty-five Canadian cars a day. There were three to six districts, and after inspection of the lumbering operations, the cutting down of trees close to the ground, and the saving of every branch and twig for firewood, a law of the country, we sat down to a lumberman's luncheon, in an impromptu shack, which had been specially prepared for us.

Among the officers we met here were Colonel J. B. White, D.S.O., Director of Timber Operations, Lord Lovett, head of the British Forestry operations in France, Colonel Donnelly, Assistant Director of Forestry operations who was formerly a member of the staff of the Merchants' Bank in Quebec some years ago.

After luncheon we inspected a large mill which was sawing up the logs in true old Canadian fashion, and then started for Paris. As we drew near the French Capital, we passed many trains of broken down motor trucks, which were being used as trailers behind steam cars, thus showing how thrift enters into every branch of the Army.

We arrived at the outskirts of Paris about six o'clock in the evening, passed under the St. Germain Gate, crossed the Seine, down the Avenue Bois de Boulogne, under the Arc de Triomphe, through the Champs Elysees, then along Rue de Rivoli, passing the Tuileries on the right, and to the Hotel Meurice, which was to be our headquarters while in the French Capital.

XLVIII.

A DEPRESSED PARIS

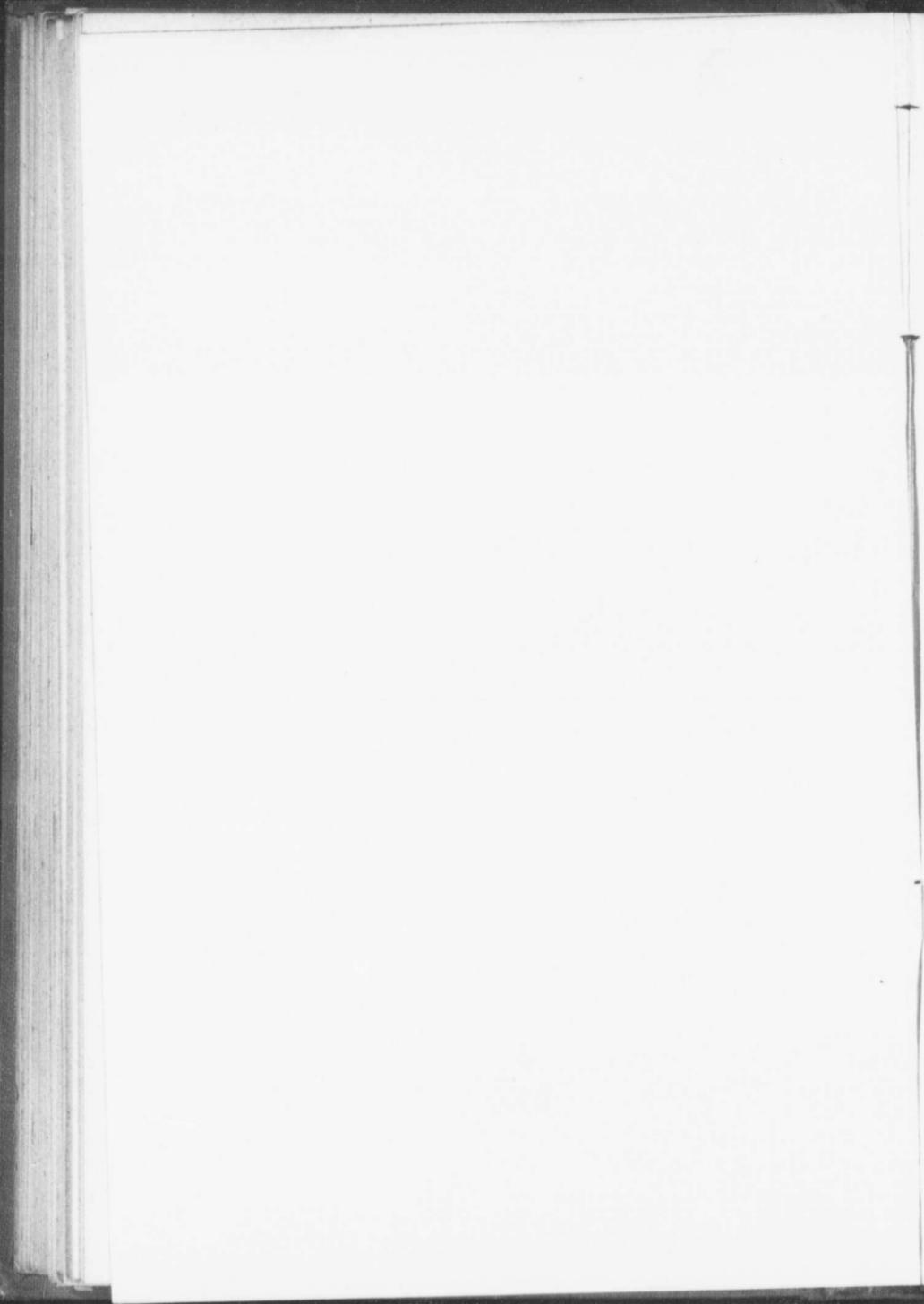
To one who had visited Paris before the war, there was a marked change in its life. Along the Champs Elysees, once the favorite driveway of the most beautiful equipages in the world, nothing was now to be seen but a collection of old taxis, and a lot of other miscellaneous vehicles. All the large buildings, once fashionable hotels, museums, art galleries, theatres, cabarets, all were closed. The monuments were banked up with sand bags, half the stores were closed, few people were on the streets, and around the Hotel Meurice everything looked mournful and quiet.

It certainly was not the Paris of old. Inside the Hotel everything was dull, gloomy and lonely. There was no life among the help that was there. The service was poor, and there seemed to be a heaviness everywhere. Paris was sad in heart, and in appearance. There was none of the old time life in the section in which we were staying. The Hotel Continental, the Bristol and the Place Vendome, were all wrapped in the same solemnity. The War certainly had made a difference to this gay city of olden days. At night everything was in absolute darkness; it was difficult to obtain a taxi; the restaurants closed sharp at nine-thirty, and everyone had to leave. There were a few open theatres, The Comedie Francaise, Cafe Chantants, and even opera, but they were principally attended by the visiting soldiers, and not the Parisiens. In one of the vaudeville houses, out of an audience of two thousand, there were not ten per cent French people, and those who were there, were mainly women to meet the strangers. The Opera and Comedie Francaise were running with mediocre casts.

A million people had left Paris. One might think that half the population had gone away. Every other store was closed—the men were at the front. The old Grand Hotel was dismal and dreary looking. I walked through it at eleven o'clock in the morning, and never met a soul excepting one man who was behind the counter. Formerly this ground floor was filled at any hour, night or day. The hotel was a great rendez-vous, on account of its central position. Many of the other leading hotels were closed, or turned into hospitals and offices for Government war work. Altogether, Paris was bitterly suffering.



CANADA'S REPRESENTATIVE HON. PHILIPPE ROY—Receiving the Press Party in his Official Office in Paris.



A DEPRESSED PARIS

We did not see any damage from the long range guns, and we never had time to search out the spots in the city where its shells had struck. On the corner of the Place Vendome, opposite the Hotel Bristol, stood a building which was a kodak shop which has been there for many years. It was greatly damaged by an aeroplane bomb, which had blown out everything but the walls. Several lives were lost in the explosion. This was all we saw in our several days' stay in Paris.

On this visit we only remained the night, leaving next morning after a hard roll and a cup of coffee without sugar, by train for Bar-le-Duc, en route to Verdun.

Count Montebello, who was in charge of our party on this tour, with Captain Renny, a Canadian, was a direct descendant of the Marechal Lannes, who was made Duke of Montebello, and who died in the wars of Napoleon and was buried in the Pantheon. He married the granddaughter of Prince Cambaceres, Chancellor of the Empire and advisor to Napoleon III.

Our train was crowded with officers on their way back to the trenches, after a well-earned furlough. We passed train after train of wounded, many of them Americans. It was a heart-rending scene, to see so many of them, and made one realize more and more the awfulness of the terrific struggle. The French officers were a fine lot, immaculately dressed and very polite. As the train was crowded, we gave up our seats in turns to many of the poor fellows, who had been standing for hours or sitting on their bags. Their gratefulness was very marked, and we joined in conversation with many of them, but we could get none of them to say a word about the offensive. They were not suspicious,—only good soldiers. Most of them were decorated, and many of them had been fighting since the start of hostilities. They looked like a determined lot of men who did not talk about what they were doing or going to do, but who did it. They just went at it as though it were the dearest thing in life, and no doubt it was.

We arrived at Bar-le-Duc in the afternoon, with a large number of soldiers and nursing sisters. This city was considerably destroyed. In places two and three houses were completely demolished, and in one spot where two streets intersected, the four corners were in ruins. It seemed as if the Germans had dropped some of their largest shells on the city. There were a number of concrete cellars in the public squares to shelter the inhabitants during the raids.

XLIX.

BAR-LE-DUC

Bar-le-Duc was about fifteen miles in a direct line from the German lines, and a great railway distributing point with its main station partially destroyed.

Although a small town, it has given some great citizens to France, M. Poincare, President of the French Republic, being one of its natives, a fact which is enough to assure Bar-le-Duc's fame. In the past it has contributed to the army fifty generals and two marshals of France. It is related that in 1870 Prince Friedrich Karl was being taken over the local museum by the Mayor of Bar-le-Duc. The Prince in his official capacity pointed to the portrait of one of these marshals and asked his name. It was a name unpleasant to all German ears, but the Mayor unflinchingly looking the invader in the face, replied, "Ouding, Governor of Berlin."

The Americans travelling with us, and those we saw at several of the way stations and in trains, were all heading for the St. Mihiel salient, where they were concentrating for that most successful drive, which was to follow a few days later, when they drove the Germans out of the salient from whence they had shelled us on our visit to Verdun. At Vitry le Francois we saw an American Camp, with a number of brand new Red Cross cars which must have been brought over from America, or built in France.

We were conveyed to Verdun, some forty-five miles away, in splendid French limousine cars, with able-bodied poilus as chauffeurs, all in handsome blue uniforms and shining steel helmets. The drive was an exceptionally pretty one through a mountainous section with fertile valleys. Over this country road had passed the armies that were no more. They had gone to block the on-coming Huns, who had sworn to break through the one possible gap on the border, between France and Germany which would have given them a clear road to Paris. As at the Marne, it was imperative that the Germans must not pass, (On ne passe pas), and thank God, the French held the position that saved the situation, though it looked at times, in fact for days and weeks and even months, as though the on-rushing hordes would

BAR-LE-DUC

prove too numerous for the little French band of heroes. Over this road had passed over half a million of men, of which one hundred thousand would never return. Light of heart, and realising their duty to the land of their birth, they willingly gave up their lives to save France and the world from Hun domination.

We were on that sacred way, now bereft of all that military atmosphere of the days when those stalwarts marched and motored to the Verdun Forts, where two hundred thousand Germans were slaughtered in their drive to get through. How they must have fought, and how they must have defended this strategic bend in the Western line of attack and defence! Only those who have seen and heard the tale from the very defenders themselves, as we did, will ever retain a vivid impression of one of the fiercest battles of the whole war. "It was not war" as one of the officers stated, "it was Hell pure and simple." To every man who died at Verdun, may his name live to become illustrious, not only in the annals of France, but in those of the world, for there men fought, not for themselves, for their end was death, but for humanity and the salvation and safety of the weaker peoples.

Half way over this historic road, which will become famous in years to come, we stopped and paid our compliments to General Hirsch, Commander of the Second French Army. In one of a few small, unpretentious wooden shacks, we entered and met the General, with but one or two Staff Officers, and there witnessed a most touching scene, that at once shows the character of Frenchmen of Alsacian birth. This distinguished though modest-looking man, standing erect and soldier like, wore the same saddened expression as many of those other military authorities whom we had met, and who were carrying the burden of responsibilities of the war, and yet he addressed us in the most courteous manner, with tears in his eyes, as he referred to the land of his birth in the toils of their enemy, and the long suffering years through which they had borne their sorrow and humiliation as slaves to Germany, but now, and then his eyes seemed to glisten and his expression brighten, and with clenched hands he showed his intense feelings, but never in tone or inflection of voice. He was restraining his passions, which were getting the better of him, and in that showed that he was a great General. He was more, he was human. Not at any time in all our tour did our hearts go out to anyone as they did to this man. Suddenly he stopped, as quickly and abruptly as he might have done, if making an ordinary speech. He was quick to realize that for a few moments he had forgotten himself, and he was endeavoring to regain his lost composure. His words affected every one of us, and they found a responsive

IMPRESSIONS OF WAR

cord in one of our French-Canadian companions, Mr. Robillard, Editor of *La Patrie*, of Montreal, who had a son with the Canadian Army. He seemed to have been deeply moved, for he made a very inspiring reply to the General, referring to the manner in which Canada had come to the aid of France, and assuring him that she would remain with her until Alsace and Lorraine were restored to their Motherland, and until her people were free once more. The General was touched with the reply, and suddenly advanced and embraced Mr. Robillard in characteristic French fashion, by kissing him on both cheeks and shaking his hands several times. None of us will ever forget that scene, which, in a great measure depicts the Frenchman's love for his country, and his great desire for the freedom of Alsace and Lorraine from the German yoke.

L.

VERDUN

Verdun was situated on the apex of a salient similar to Ypres, with German guns bombarding it from three sides.

Stretching off eastwards a few miles beyond which for twenty-five miles, lay the broad plain of the Woevre, relatively flat and marshy, with here and there forests and small ponds and lakes. Still further eastward, were the cities of Briey and Metz. Both could be seen from the top of the Douaumont fort, when the Germans allowed us to stand in the open and view the wide expanse of land occupied by them. The chimneys of the Briey smelting works and iron mines, from which Germany derived the larger part of the ores used in manufacturing her big guns, could be plainly seen.

On the ridge, now the heights of the Meuse, the enemy was solidly entrenched, bitterly nursing his many defeated attempts to push through the Verdun fortifications.

Here we found the two combatants facing one another with the famous Meuse river winding its course in between, the banks of which at times must have been soaked in blood, and which then were but a ploughed and churned cemetery for the hundreds of thousands of soldiers that fell in battle.

Since our visit to Verdun, the Americans have driven the Germans out of this sector, to such an extent that the French soldiers living in that and the other forts nearby, will not be so constantly harassed by shell fire as they were when we were there, and possibly before long, we will hear of the Germans being driven across this broad plain of Woevre and over the Moselle, some thirty miles away, relieving the brave poilus from the long siege and bombardment, which they have been undergoing for the past four years.

We arrived at the Verdun fortifications at six o'clock, passing through a heavy stone gateway and descending into a moat leading to the entrance of the Citadel. We were received by Colonel Dehay, the Governor, a grey headed man of sixty years, very active and energetic, who had been in command of a large section of the Verdun area through all the severe fighting of the past few years. There was something thrilling in our presence

IMPRESSIONS OF WAR

in this war centre, probably the greatest of all the titanic struggle, and no doubt the scene of the fiercest efforts of Germany and France. Within a radius of a few miles from where we were, over two hundred thousand Germans and one hundred thousand Frenchmen fell, and lay buried. Nor had the battle ceased its carnage of human destruction then, for every day and night the hillsides belched forth with cannon thunder and red hot shells, counting its victims in odd numbers, but it was but child's play to the past sieges which these heroic Frenchmen had undergone.

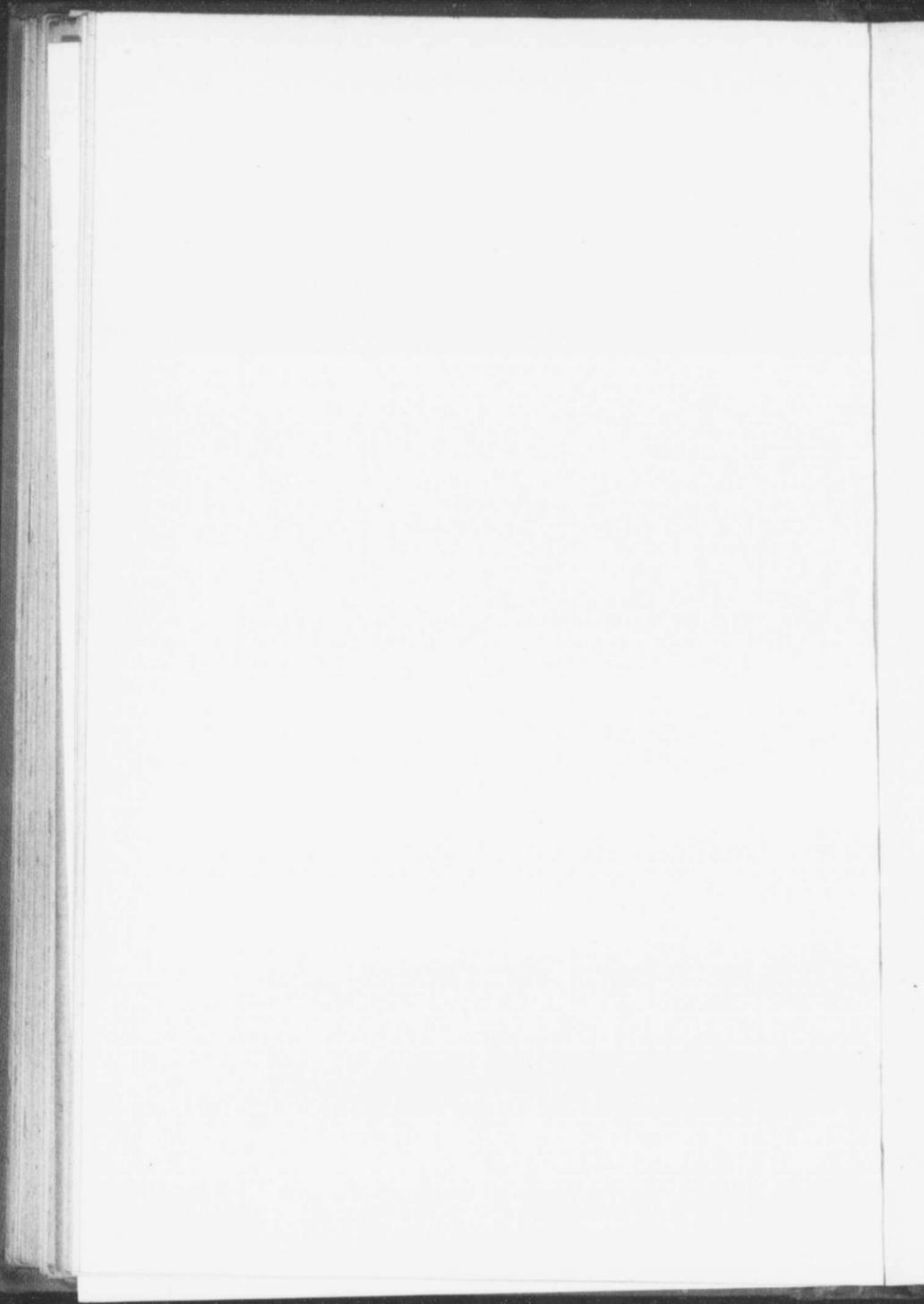
We were taken into the dungeons of the Citadel, built into the side of a hill some sixty feet below the surface of the ground, and escorted to our rooms for the two nights we were to be guests of the Government of France.

There were over seven miles of subterranean passages or galleries in this Citadel, with five miles of narrow gauge railway. From the main tunnels there were many subways, in one of which we were allotted sleeping quarters, with the Commanding Officer and his Staff. Our rooms were about seven by five feet, separated from one another by light wooden partitions, with a piece of carpet for a door. Our bunks were about two feet wide, with a couple of coarse woolen blankets, and no sheets or pillows. A small tin basin, a jug of water, a slop pail and a low seated wicker chair, much like those we find in the farm houses of Quebec, completed the furniture of the room. Though the air was depressing, and many of our party found it difficult to sleep the first night, I required no efforts to lead me into the land of dreams, even in that dungeon chamber beneath the most historic battlefield in all Europe.

This wonderful stronghold was virtually a small village in itself, for it was equipped with every public utility from an electric lighting station to a water works, with a source flowing through many hundreds of feet of pipe leading down to an artesian well. The citadel is over two hundred and fifty years old, having been designed by Vauban, Louis XIV's great engineer. It contained a bakery, hospital, chapels for Roman Catholics, Protestants and Jews, recreation rooms, telephone, telegraph and wireless systems, in fact, everything was there to comfortably house fifteen thousand soldiers and feed many more thousands for a long siege. There was a store, or canteen, that has had daily sales amounting to over seven thousand dollars, when the town and surrounding forts were manned to full capacity. While in the canteen we had the pleasure of purchasing the first little medals that have been struck to commemorate the invincible French Army, who held the Verdun Pass against the gigantic plans of the Germans to get through. "On ne passe pas" is the inscription on the copper



INTERIOR OF THE RUINED BISHOP'S PALACE—At Verdun.



VERDUN

piece which I prize very highly, and the little French document which accompanies the medal bears the autograph of the Commandant of the Citadel.

"To our Chiefs, to our Officers, to our Soldiers, to all," reads the printed document, "Heroes, known and unknown, living and dead, who have triumphed over the avalanche of barbarians, and who have immortalized their names throughout the world, and through future generations, the City of Verdun, inviolate and rising proudly above her ruins, dedicates this medal in token of her gratitude."

That night we sat down to a very modest meal in one of the subterranean galleries, with veteran waiters, who had gone through the siege and were minus a limb, or suffering from some other disability that prevented them from military service. My waiter had only one leg, but I did not notice his deformity until the morning of my departure.

Though the air seemed close and depressing, we were told that there was very little illness among the men who had to live in those underground quarters, and on the whole they looked exceptionally healthy. However, life in this underground Citadel was not half as bad as in the surrounding forts, where men had little opportunity of going out doors without being peppered by shells from the enemy, which surrounded them on several sides. The Citadel had greater protection, although a considerable number of its upper works had been battered down, and many of the nearby heavy stone buildings were in ruins, but the better part of the Citadel was intact, with the exception of part of the roof, which had been carried away by one of the heavy shells, which will almost penetrate any sort of defences, excepting those doubly protected, such as we found over the heavy fort guns.

ON NE PASSE PAS !

We were under military discipline, and all had to respond to the early morning bugle call, though there were a number of our party who were awake long before its strains echoed through the heavy brick walls of our tunnel dormitory.

Breakfast over, we started on a great day of sight-seeing, which was as varied, exciting and historically interesting as any of our days in shell-torn France. Our first glimpse of the Verdun area, or hills, for the whole district is undulating, with the Meuse winding its course between the Citadel and the ruins of the town, filled us with thoughts of the days when its waters were dyed with the blood of those combatants who fought for possession of its banks. It is only the size of the St. Charles River, but what a historic significance it has been given in this immortal spot of the western line!

On leaving the shelter of the heavy protecting walls of the Citadel, we found ourselves in full view of the distant forts, and the awful devastation of a shell-beaten battleground, that far eclipsed anything that one could attempt to describe. It was one endless series of pit holes, and small wire entanglements, tons of broken and unexploded shells, and all descriptions of military clothing and accoutrements half decayed, lying mixed up with churned brown soil. Skulls and bones were strewn upon the ground as though dropped out of the Heavens in some tornado or cyclone, and the whole appearance of the land as far as the eye could see in every direction, signified the wake of war, bloody war in all its worst phases, for there was no time for men to cover up the traces of what had occurred over these hills and in these valleys. There was not a tree or shrub, excepting one weed with a large coarse looking leaf, which the Commandant saw me examining and said, "That is the first green vegetation we have seen around here for three years, and it only came up this spring." I was later informed that botanists have not been able to trace its origin. In surveying this devastated land, one must consider that before the war most of the land was clothed with the most luxuriant gardens, farm lands and forests.



LISTENING TO THE GOVERNOR, GENERAL DEHAY—Describing the Defense of Verdun, Under the Shelter of the Five Encircling Forts.



ON NE PASSE PAS

A short distance from the Citadel brought us to the town, or ruins of Verdun, a former Cathedral city of twenty thousand population, but then without a house that was not shelled to complete destruction. If the sight of that beautiful little city in the Valley of the Meuse, with its pretty and artistic opera house facing its banks, now a heap of stone, brick and mortar, saddened our hearts, what were our feelings upon seeing the ruins of the magnificent Cathedral, Bishopric and Monastery of Verdun? At the time we reached these ruins we had become accustomed to

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Hun devastation in all its worst forms, but not until we cast our vision over the havoc of these historic piles, did we thoroughly realize the hatred and horror that must exist in the breasts of Frenchmen towards the enemy. They have seen these works of past ages crushed out of recognition, and beyond restoration. Everything was smashed, the ceiling fallen in, the walls, the Altar, the monuments, and the mural tablets were completely destroyed. The destruction was so great that it beggars description. A huge pile of books, probably the library, hardened and cemented together by the rains and snow that had come through the roof, lay in a heap upon a corner of the Bishopric. It probably represented a theological library of many years' collection. There was not a book that was intact. All were destroyed. Of the many rich and beautiful coloured windows in the Cathedral, one could not pick up a piece larger than a few inches square. We do not know why it is, but the despoiling of a church seems to leave a deeper impression upon one than the destruction of an ordinary building, and yet Germany seemed to make it a point to pay more attention to this diabolical work than to any other destructive plans that she put into force while overrunning this country. In the diocese of Arras, according to a statement made in New York by the Bishop, over 300 churches were destroyed, for which there was no military necessity.

The Cathedral and Bishopric were situated on a steep elevation overlooking the city and the river Meuse. It commanded a magnificent panoramic view of what must have been a very charming piece of pastoral scenery of wood and garden landscape. It had become but a vast waste of barren devastation with heaps of ruins of villages and towns.

After viewing the ruins of Verdun we returned to the citadel for lunch and then motored to Fort Souville and Douaumont. There were six forts in all surrounding the citadel and town of Verdun, of which these two were the most impregnable and important. While Fort Souville withheld the long attack of the Germans, Fort Douaumont was captured and held by them for over eight months. Fort Souville was commanded by Captain

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Houillard, who held it through all the months through which it withstood the avalanche of shells which deluged it day and night. Only some of the upper works were destroyed but it was never possible to penetrate the underground galleries. This fort, like Douaumont and others, was built into the ground some sixty or seventy feet, with miles of tunnels and galleries, much resembling those of the citadel, but holding a higher elevation and commanding a better sight for return fire. They were also equipped with some of the most modern long range guns, and no doubt, the Germans did not have it all their own way in effective artillery results. We were all interested in these guns. They are almost impregnable from assault and destruction. While visiting these forts we found large gangs of men engaged in building tunnels, passages and galleries some sixty feet below the existing tunnels, which was a precautionary measure the French were taking in the event of the German heavy shells being able to break through their upper parapets, or roofing. In each of these forts there were about eight hundred men, living almost constantly within doors, as it was impossible to be seen outside the fort without attracting enemy fire. Our party had several narrow escapes from such bombardment, which resulted in nothing more than the tearing of several suits of clothes against barbed wires, in our haste to get inside the fort, when the shells began to drop within fifty feet of us. Some of our party received skin wounds, necessitating their immediate attention in the fort hospital, to prevent blood poisoning. On this point the military took every precaution.



OUR PARTY IN A ZIZ-ZAGGING TRENCH—Leading to Fort Douamont, at Verdun.



LII.

UNDERGROUND LIFE

I have known miners who have spent all their lives in coal mines, and by the way it was in one of the deepest coal mines of Charleroi, some years ago, that I asked a boy of fifteen years of age, working in one of the pits, if he would not prefer some other life or occupation? To my surprise he replied in the negative, saying that his father and mother had worked in mines all their lives, and he wanted to do the same.

Notwithstanding this evidence of preference for underground life, we had a deeper sense of sympathy for those soldiers in the Verdun forts, than we had for any we saw at the front. The depressing atmosphere, and the crowded state of their dormitories, instruction and mess rooms, without a ray of sunshine or daylight, made their existence so much more desolate.

Colonel Dehay was extremely considerate for his men, and always addressed them in such terms as, "bon jour mes enfants" or "au revoir mes enfants", and the men always saluted him as, "mon Colonel".

We raised a regular hornet's nest at Fort Douaumont. Such a large number of visitors as our party made, had never been seen in this vicinity by the balloon observers, with the result that we were reported to the German lines, and a salvo of shells dropped upon and around the fort. Sometimes the enemy bombarded a fort, the citadel or the ruined city, for several hours, and the report of our presence afforded them such an occasion, with the result that the colonel would not take us out of the fort through the usual exit, but through a long subterranean passage, a mile or two in length. While the experience to some of us was a difficult one, it was novel and gave us an idea of some of the hardships the garrison had to endure.

The underground tunnel descended for several hundred feet, the walls were slimy, cold and damp; an occasional electric lamp dimly lit up the narrow passage, which, almost the whole way, was not high enough to allow one to walk upright. Most of the time we had to make our way in a stooping position. Where it was steepest it was not an easy matter to keep our balance, and several of us without warning took a slide on the slippery stone

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flooring, finding much difficulty in regaining our equilibrium. Nevertheless by this subterfuge we escaped immediate detection by the Huns, who were evidently waiting to celebrate our exciting departure.

After issuing from this tunnel, we followed a long line of very deep trenches, in which we saw the remains of clothing, and even bones of human beings protruding from the sides where they had been buried in the great upheaval of the more active warfare in this section. When we ascended from the trenches, the Colonel warned us to be on the alert, as "anything might happen" and, "to take to the motor cars without a moment's delay." The order was promptly obeyed, and nothing happened. We motored to Le Mort Homme (Dead Man's Hill), where we obtained a splendid view of the Meuse valley. Here Colonel Dehay's battalion had held the ground through the many long sieges, of which fact the old man was very proud. It was his pet spot around Verdun, and as we stood in full view of the enemy, entrenched on the hills across the Meuse River and valley, about a mile away, we wondered why they never shelled us, as we formed an excellent target, standing upon a bluff in the open, under no protection. It was one of the most ticklish moments of our experiences.

The Colonel gave us a vivid picture of the many battle scenes enacted in the valley beneath, but the thoughts of those bursting shells that came so near us at Fort Douamont, when we last endeavored to see where the Germans were entrenched, caused our nerve to evaporate, and we lost much of our desire to form part of an attentive audience listening to how the Colonel and his men held the ridge and won the day.

The dinner that night took the form of a farewell banquet. All the officers of the local forts were present, as well as Countess Yolande de Baye in her Red Cross uniform, with a companion. This French woman had converted her Chateau into a Red Cross hospital a few miles away, and during all the siege of Verdun, she and her staff had done heroic work in the fighting lines. She maintained a moving picture outfit and an orchestra of ten pieces, with which she travelled about entertaining the French soldiers, as well as her patients.

From the first of September, 1914, Yolande de Baye devoted all her energies to the French wounded. In August, 1917, she was herself badly wounded at Dugny, near Verdun. They tried to take her away, but having charge of an ambulance she refused to leave. During three months she had to keep to her bed, but she continued to direct and control her Ambulance Corps. She was given the Croix de Guerre in 1915. She was again decorated in 1916, and in 1918 was given the Royal Red Cross. She told us that after the war she was coming to visit Canada.



HOW WE ENTERED ONE OF THE FORTS AT VERDUN—Defended by 800 Poilus.



UNDERGROUND LIFE

After dinner and a number of patriotic and complimentary speeches, we were entertained to the "movies" in one of the long galleries, fitted up like a theatre, in which were gathered almost all the citadel garrison, numbering some eight hundred men. For several hours we saw an excellent programme of the very latest pictures of the war series, in which the British and Canadians were loudly acclaimed, followed by the ridiculous in which Charlie Chaplin played the fool, and then the romantic love films, which seemed to arouse great interest among the poilus. But the most marvellous attraction was the orchestra, which we afterwards found out was composed of some of the very best French musicians, all of whom had done service, and though incapacitated from any further military action, remained with the army, to entertain those who were still in the game.

While our heads were in a whirl of excitement with all we had seen since coming to this important part of the western fighting line, we were quietly informed that there was to be a night raid on the enemy at 12.40 A.M. The padre had let the secret out, but it was not considered much of an event as the commander stated that it was not worth taking the risk to see it.

In fact he advised retirement, and he did not do it with any ulterior idea of keeping us out of danger, but he did not think that it was worth the trouble. Notwithstanding, a few of us followed the padre up a winding path, past several sentries, to the crest of the citadel. There was not a breath of wind to disturb the tranquility of the air that night. The usual cannonading, which we were accustomed to, was not in action. Away in the distance the occasional booming of heavy guns could be heard. There was exceptional stillness in the atmosphere. Everything seemed at rest, except the last stray airmen who were dropping strings of colored lights, in searching for their aerodromes. It would have been a wonderful night, and much to be enjoyed, if we had not been cognizant of the appalling combat that was raging along the whole western line, where two great armies were facing and watching one another, ready for death grips.

We sat upon the ground and held our watches, 12.10, 12.20, 12.30, 12.35, and then we began to think that the Colonel of the fort was probably right, and that we were losing our night's sleep, but the padre said "Wait, you will see". Then 12.40, arrived, and what an uproar! The heavens opened up in a myriad of colored lights, separately and in strings. Rockets made pretty arches, and burst in the sky with signals that were well understood by the respective armies. Thousands of heavy charges were let loose amidst curtains of flame. There was no intermission; miles of artillery were engaged in the uproar. Before the din of cannon thunder had broken upon the silence of that

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beautiful evening for many minutes, there was a display of more colored lights, beyond our lines. It was the enemy sending up distress signals to its artillery in the rear, but before the gunners could be awakened and train their guns upon our lines, we had discharged many tons of explosives into their territory.

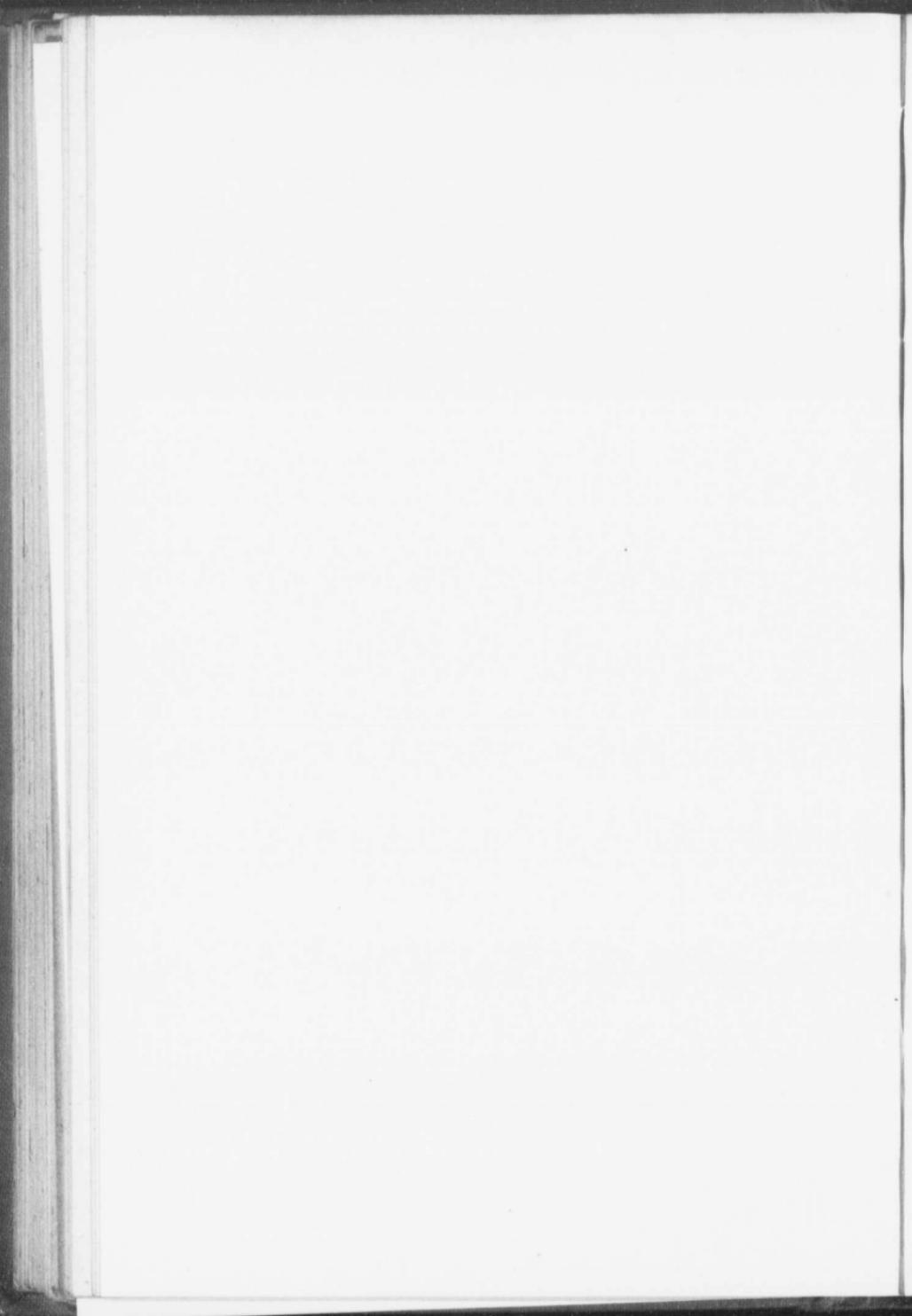
Our bombardment stopped as quickly and suddenly as it had commenced, though the enemy artillery kept up an intermittent fire for a considerable time afterwards, and when we left the roof of the citadel about 1.30 A.M., the night artillery duel was over, and no one will know the toll of that awful avalanche of shells. The damage was all on the other side we hope. Though two hundred thousand dollars worth of ammunition was spent in a short half hour, not a line was mentioned in the newspapers about it the next day, nor did the governor of the citadel think it was "worth losing an hour's sleep over."

Next morning as we travelled from Verdun to Bar-le-Duc, on our way home we passed hundreds of French guns and ambulance waggons returning from the night's raid. They were probably moving to another section of the line for a similar show the same evening. The gunners were quite jolly and happy-looking, and there were no wounded in the ambulances.



LEAVING THE TRENCH—Leading Up to One of the Verdun Forts.

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POINCARRE-CLEMENCEAU

From Bar-le-Duc we went by train to Paris, finding the cars as crowded with officers as on our previous journey.

The next day we were tendered a luncheon at the Cercle Inter-Allies at 23 Faubourg St. Honore, the residence of Baron Henri de Rothschild, who donated it for the use of all officers during the period of the war. The Baron retained a portion of it for his residence when in Paris.

Here we sat down with a distinguished party of French writers and journalists, among whom were Arthur Meyer, the doyen of French journalists, and editor of *Le Gallois*, the foremost Royalist organ in France; M. Franklin, a typical Frenchman, the representative of the Havas agency and a great-grandson of Benjamin Franklin, of the American Revolution; Mr. Bruere, of Reuters News Agency; Leon Bailley, of *L'Intransigeant*; Paul Dupuy, of the *Petit Parisien*; Henri Simond; Captain Tardieu, High Commissioner of France to U.S.A.; Paul Gregoire; Sergt. Basset; De Caix de St. Aymour; S. Lucas; G. Bienaime, and Saverwein.

I had the pleasure of sitting between Brigadier General Sackville-West, chairman of the Allied Military War Council sitting at Versailles in France, and Mr. Alfred Capus, editor of *Le Figaro*, a renowned playwright. At this luncheon we also had the pleasure of meeting Major Washington Stevens, and Colonel Dr. Casgrain, brother of the late Honourable Thos. Chase Casgrain.

After luncheon we drove out to St. Cloud hospital and were shown through this excellently conducted institution by Dr. Casgrain who was in charge at the time. It is delightfully situated on the famous race track.

We also motored out to the Laval hospital conducted by Lieutenant Colonel Beauchamp. Among others of the staff was our well known citizen Dr. Myrand, who, during the first years of the war did such good service in Salonika, also Dr. Decarie, brother of Honourable Mr. Decarie, Provincial Secretary of the Province of Quebec.

This hospital was first established in December 1916, at

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Troyes, but was taken over by the Red Cross Society, and moved to Joinville-le-Pont in June, 1918. At that time they had only five hundred and twenty beds, but this number increased to over one thousand.

The municipal authorities of Joinville were so pleased with the establishment of the Laval hospital in their midst that they changed the name of the main street, upon which it bordered and christened it, L'Avenue des Canadiens.

Our one day in Paris was so fully taken up with engagements that we had very little time to see the damage that was done either by long range guns or air raids, but one of our party wrote the following particulars of his observation:—

"I visited the ancient church of St. Gervais, which was struck by a long range shell while mass was being said last Good Friday. Two of the arches were carried away, and a great number of women and children were killed in the nave below. Their life blood still stains the pavement. Some of the Sacred pictures hanging on the pillars were punctured by flying debris. Another shell pierced the crypt of the Madeleine Church. The shock knocked a statue from the back of the edifice. A third long distance shell caused considerable loss of life at a maternity hospital. Aerial bombs have been dropped on the pavilion of the Ritz Hotel and upon some houses in the Rue St. Antoine."

* * * * *

During the day we had the very great honour of being received by the President, and Premier, of the French Republic.

Raymond Poincare, President of France was born in 1850 at Bar-le-Duc. After passing his school days there, he proceeded to Paris, where he studied and afterwards practised law. His political career has been remarkable for great honesty of purpose; popularity holds out no temptation for him. In 1887 he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies, and in 1893 became Minister of Public Instruction in the first Dupuy Cabinet; in the second Dupuy Cabinet of 1894 he was Minister of Finance, but again became Minister of Public Instruction in the Ribot Cabinet of 1895. In 1903 he was leader of the Moderate Republicans, and in 1903 became a member of the Senate.

We were escorted to the Elysee and introduced to the President by Lord Derby, the British Ambassador to France.

Poincare is a man below middle height. He was simply dressed in black as are most Frenchmen. He has clear intelligent blue eyes but with an intensely sad expression, in fact he had none of the smiling manner one still sees among the strong men of the day. Rather he appeared almost overwhelmed by the sacrifice and sorrow of France. He first interested himself

POINCARRE-CLEMENCEAU

in all we had done and seen, and then proceeded to tell us of his own tour to the front, from whence he had just returned. He told us how the Germans had stolen everything available which he said was only typical of the German character and method. He eulogised the splendid assistance of Britain, and as he was speaking to Canadians he especially praised their share in the Great Struggle. He shook hands with each one of us, and we took our leave, realizing the honour we had received in meeting the President of the French Republic, who, report has it, is less accessible than the King of England.

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Georges Clemenceau, the Premier of the French Cabinet, was born in 1841, and by a strange coincidence on July 14th, the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille, and the date of the National Fete of the French Republic. He represents in a striking fashion the democratic principles of the French Revolution. Upon taking up the reins of government he declared that his policy might be summed up in one sentence "Get on with the war."

"The Revolution, the whole Revolution and nothing but the Revolution" is to him a confession of faith and a religion. Once he asked the Cabinet to prohibit the representation of Victorien Sardou's play *Thermidor*, because it showed up the excesses of the Terrorists in 1793. It was not that he justified the excesses, but in his opinion it is to the Revolution that we owe contemporary France, and that to represent the Revolution in its moments of anger is only to defame it.

Nearly all his life he has been insistent on carrying out a thoroughly Republican programme, refusing always to align himself with the Conservative element, while on the other hand, unlike many "Radicals" he never showed any inclination to come to any agreement with the Socialists.

When Georges Clemenceau was in his twentieth year the Second Empire was still in existence. An ardent republican, he saw nothing for him to do in this reign, so he set sail for the United States, where he learned English and married an American wife. The fall of the Empire and the war of 1870 brought him back to France, and he was in Paris at the time of the Commune, and had a command in the Garde Nationale, but he was not a Communist.

Here the political principles that have guided Clemenceau for nearly forty years may be set forth. For a long time he was considered solely as a destructive force, and as one who could do nothing but criticise; but this is a great mistake. It would seem that since his entrance into Parliamentary life Clemenceau has been guided by two principles. On the one hand he was an uncompromising Radical, and on the other he had the conviction

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that France would be the victim sooner or later of a fresh aggression on the part of Germany. He was anti-German, not as the Germans believe out of a desire for revenge and to get Alsace Lorraine back again, but because being profoundly democratic, he was persuaded that the ideals of the two countries, France liberal, and Germany imbued with imperialistic, autocratic and Divine Right convictions, would inevitably lead to the shock of arms. Under those circumstances he saw no help other than that of England.

It was this opinion that always made him hostile to all policy of Colonial expansion on the part of France, fearing that the growth of overseas possessions might lead to friction with England, which nearly did happen at Fashoda. He and Delcasse have always known how to settle any question which divided the two great liberal powers of France and England, with the help, and, it is believed, on the initiative of King Edward.

His impressiveness, his eloquence,—an eloquence abrupt and biting—his “mots” which are generally cruel and have never spared anybody,—all these have made him a great many enemies but he has a will, which is used in the service of a splendid patriotism that must be acknowledged even by those who hate him most. The Clemenceau Cabinet was a necessity to France.

We were ushered into his bureau without any ceremony, and he received us with a charming smile, shaking hands with each in turn. He started to address us in French, congratulating us on the splendid exploits of our Canadian Armies. Then he stopped and said, “I see that most of you gentlemen are English-speaking,” and while he disclaimed all knowledge of English, by saying laughingly he only spoke American, he proceeded in English to give us a well-turned little speech. He told us a story showing what the Germans think of some of their own kind. His daughter, he said, was a nursing sister at one of the base hospitals, and was at the bedside of a German officer, one night when they were being bombed. On being told what was happening, he cried “Oh the pigs, the pigs.”

Besides his multifarious duties as Premier, he manages to write many articles for his paper “L'Homme Libre.” On the occasion of his interview his table was massed with papers, and he appeared to be engaged in writing. We eventually left this Grand Old Man, each one of us with the fervent prayer that Providence would give him health and strength, and that he would be spared to see a happy issue to all the terrible sacrifices and struggles which were besetting his beloved France.

THE CANADIAN CAVALRY

We left Paris in motor cars for Hangest, where we saw the Canadian cavalry in charge of General Patterson. A full review of the two thousand horsemen was put on for us, and it is doubtful if I have ever witnessed anything so exciting in cavalry exercises.

The units of this Brigade were the Royal Canadian Dragoons, Lord Strathcona's Horse, Fort Garry Horse, Royal Canadian Horse Artillery, Machine Gun Squadron, 7th Canadian Cavalry Field Ambulance, and Mobile Veterinary Section. All these units formed part of the 1st Canadian Contingent which sailed from Canada in September, 1914. In December of the same year the Canadian Cavalry Brigade was formed in England under the Command of Brig.-Gen'l J. E. B. Seely. The Brigade as then constituted, was sent to France on foot after the second battle of Ypres, and served nine months as Infantry in the trenches. It did some particularly good work, notably at Festubert. In February 1916, the Brigade was again reconstituted as cavalry, the Fort Garry Horse taking the place of King Edward's Horse which returned to the Imperial service. Under these conditions it was used in various capacities throughout the summer of 1916, being constantly in the line and doing very useful work in the construction of roads, railways, trenches and so forth, in order to enable the infantry operations to be carried on.

During the winter of 1916, the horses of the Brigade were left in the back area with a few men to look after them, and the remainder went forward dismounted, taking their turn in the trenches with various formations. Conditions were most difficult owing to the weather and the lack of water, the enemy having poisoned all wells and ponds as they retired.

In this fighting, which was the first open fighting for over two years, it was proved that enemy infantry with machine guns, which would hold to the last against infantry attack, were badly frightened and surrendered readily when attacked by cavalry. Prisoners all expressed the utmost fear of the horse and sword combined. Many congratulatory messages were

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received, and the Brigade made its first step towards establishing its high reputation as a fighting force, and its valor and bravery were rewarded by two hundred and fifty-seven decorations, three members receiving the Victoria Cross, fourteen the Distinguished Service Order, and forty-one the Military Cross.

We lunched with the Cavalry staff, and then motored on to Doullen, passing through Amiens. This abandoned town of one hundred thousand population presented a saddened picture. No one who has not seen one of these large cities almost completely wrecked by shell fire, can imagine the desolation and ruin that follows an enemy bombardment, such as Amiens suffered. We hurried through the main streets, for it was not safe to remain too long in them with the Germans possessing their range. If seen in them we would be instantly subjected to more of the cruel assaults which had destroyed almost every house, though the fine old Cathedral had not suffered as much damage as a large majority of the other buildings. Some districts of the city were levelled to the ground. One old citizen, probably seventy years of age, was sitting on the back of a cart loaded with a lot of furniture which he was taking away. He was the only civilian we saw in all that big city. What a sad home-coming for what is left of that population, now free to return to their native town.

HUN HEINOUSNESS

We stopped at Doullens, another grief-stricken spot of the western battle line. It was here that the Hun assassins sought and obtained an armistice at Corpus Christi, which they celebrated by bombing the Canadian hospital there, killing over thirty doctors, nurses and attendants.

We walked over the ruins of the building which contained the operating room, in which a serious operation was being performed when the whole building was lifted from its foundations, and everyone in the room and the other apartments above, were ushered into eternity. How can this world ever forget such barbarous acts? We met a number of the heroic nurses who went through the terrible ordeal on that fateful night.

But I prefer to give the version of the story as it was delivered to us by Colonel Reason, of London, Ontario, who was in charge of the hospital during the terrible experience of the night of the bombing. It is as follows:—

"In all Catholic Europe the 29th of May holds a very important place in the calendar, it being the day when the feast of Corpus Christi is celebrated. Even in the war the fete has been carried on. In Cologne on that day, great preparations had been made for the event, but over all was the dread people had of being bombed by the Allied airmen. Through the German ambassador the Pope was approached to request the Allies to refrain from bombing Cologne, while the celebration was in progress. Accordingly at the request of the Vatican, the Allies refrained from dropping bombs, and the people of Cologne performed their devotions free from the fear of bombing, which only those who are familiar with know what a dread it inspires.

In almost any other country one would look for some expression of gratitude, but from sad experience we have learned that the Hun is devoid of all that tends towards honour, let alone gratitude. That very night, without any excuse whatsoever, he dropped bombs on No. 3 Canadian Stationary Hospital, destroying a large part of the main building, and causing the death of Officers, Nursing Sisters, Orderlies and Stretcher Bearers, as well as the patients for whom they were working.

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No. 3 Canadian Stationary Hospital occupies a very unique site. It is situated in an old citadel or fortress which dates back to the 15th century, perhaps even to a much earlier date. As a fortress it is no longer of value, but from its peculiar formation it has been a beacon to all aviators since the beginning of the war, and friend and foe steered their course by it. Our enemy was well aware, not only that it was a hospital, but what unit was operating it. On the outbreak of war the French used it as a hospital. When they left the British occupied it for the same purpose, and they in turn were succeeded by No. 3 Canadian Stationary Hospital.

Night after night the German aeroplanes had been over on their way to drop bombs in the back areas, and it was nothing unusual for those in the Hospital to drop off to sleep to the noise of the "Archies" shelling their nocturnal visitors.

The 29th of May was no exception. Shortly after midnight the German planes appeared, and received a warm reception. About 12.15 one came over the Hospital, dropped a flare, which was immediately followed by bombs which struck the main building on the spot on which a Red Cross showed up very prominently. The building was crushed, and the occupants of its three floors were all killed or badly wounded. The night was clear and bright, and there was no chance of the enemy missing his mark. In the operating room, Capt. E. E. Meek, of Regina, Sask., was at work operating on a British officer. Working with him as his anaesthetist was Lieut. Sage, U.S.A., M.O.R.C., of Philadelphia, also Nursing Sisters E. L. Pringle and A. McPherson, both of Vancouver, as well as the Orderlies and Stretcher Bearers. All met their death instantaneously when the bomb fell. In the ward above were a number of officer patients. They and Nursing Sister D. M. Y. Baldwin, of London, Ontario, were all victims. On the third floor the Sergeants were domiciled. All were casualties. Sergeant Major C. H. Ward, M.S.M., of London, Ontario, and four sergeants were killed, the remainder being wounded.

To add to the horror, fire broke out, and threatened to add to the number of victims. The work of rescue was carried on apace, and regardless of the fact that the enemy was still circling around overhead. When the March battle period started, the nurses had on all occasions displayed the utmost devotion to duty. Now in the time of peril, they were still the same brave women, staying at their posts till every patient had been evacuated from the wards. Even though wounded, two of them stuck to their posts. The officers and men were also to the fore, and displayed the same courage and disregard for personal safety which their combatant comrades had done at Vimy,



STANDING ON THE RUINS OF DOULLEN'S HOSPITAL—Which was Bombarded on Corpus Christi Night Resulting in the Death of Over 30 Patients, Doctors and Nuns.



HUN HEINOUSNESS

Paschendale, and Ypres. By this time the flames were mounting as high as the buildings left standing, and the huge Red Crosses were illuminated very clearly. While the work of rescue was in progress the Hun returned and dropped more bombs, fortunately not doing any further damage. He still continued hovering overhead, but finally as daylight approached, he made his way back to report another piece of frightfulness.

No time to telephone to the town, nor was it necessary. Hardly was the work of rescue gotten well in hand than the Town Major appeared on the scene with large numbers of British soldiers, and said that more were following. Immediately after him, two companies of French infantry arrived, and gave very timely help.

With their assistance the work of rescue continued. As many of the dead bodies as possible were recovered from the ruins, and the work of combating the fire, which was rapidly spreading, proceeded very quickly. That no lives were lost from the fire is a splendid tribute to the way all officers, nursing sisters, N. C. Co's and men worked. Without regard for personal safety, they performed their duty, and by their courage showed they were worthy of their confreres who claim the great Dominion as their home.

By the time daylight was well advanced, the fire was under control. By morning the rescued had been placed in comfortable wards, and breakfast had been served as usual. At 7 a.m. a muster parade was held. This was indeed one of the most trying hours. Faces were missing which but a night before were full of life and happiness. As each name was called, one could almost hear a sigh of relief as each one answered "Here, Sir".

On the thirty-first the funeral was held. The hospital closed for twenty-four hours. Owing to the Hun's shelling from long range, the cemetery which was formerly used was no longer available. Several large shells had fallen in the cemetery, making great craters, and converting what was previously a well kept cemetery into a mass of wreckage and holes. In the new cemetery which had been opened, we buried the remains of those who through many months had laboured with us. Side by side lay the patients, who were fellow victims with them. The day of the funeral was clear and bright. From Headquarters of the British formations, representatives attended. Canadian Headquarters not only sent representatives, but very kindly sent a bugle band to sound the Last Post. The service was most impressive, and will long be remembered by those who took part in it. Bishop Fallon, of London, Ontario, visited us that afternoon, and very

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kindly assisted us in the service. His address was most inspiring. At the conclusion of the service the Last Post was sounded.

In the quiet little cemetery in France our friends lie. Their graves are marked by simple crosses, the wood kindly given by the Canadian Forestry Corps. Each cross is marked with a maple leaf cut out in metal, and stamped with the name and particulars of the deceased. The graves are well kept, and are decorated with many flowers. For those we are deeply indebted to the French civilians, who so kindly stripped their gardens that the graves of their friends from the Hospital might be fittingly adorned.

On return from the funeral it was felt by all that the best plan was to continue as before. Accordingly an emergency operating room with four tables was made ready, and was in operation early the next morning. Work in the Operating Room and X-Ray section went on rapidly, and the operating room which we use to-day was in commission two days afterwards. With the exception of the twenty-four hours for which the Hospital was closed for the funeral, we have allowed the bombing to make no difference in our work. We still continue to receive all those who come to our gates. Each one receives the attention he requires.

The work done in the Resuscitation ward, where blood transfusion and other means of fanning into flames the little spark of life which is so often on the point of being extinguished, is a source of great pleasure to all. The results are most encouraging, and many a soldier lad whose condition on admission was apparently hopeless, has been sent on the ambulance train to Blighty with a smile on his face. The chest ward, where those who have received severe wounds to the lungs, is also producing magnificent results, and the same may be said of any ward, either Medical or Surgical, in the Hospital. The Bacteriological department has also done splendid work.

Though the Doullens hospital was known as a stationary hospital, it had a record for being the greatest casualty clearing station of the British front. During the spring German offensive against Amiens, this institution was greatly over taxed.

With accommodation for about one thousand patients, it frequently had to take care of over two thousand, and at times had as many as three thousand under its roof. Over forty-five thousand casualties passed through this hospital in April and May.

It took care of German prisoners, as well as the sick and wounded of the Allied armies. In a basement ward we saw about thirty prisoners, who had just been brought in and were comfortably lying on mattresses upon the floor. None of them

HUN HEINOUSNESS

seemed to be suffering very seriously, as they were reading, looking at picture books or smoking cigarettes. Several of our party endeavoured to engross them in conversation, but without success. They asked if they were being well taken care of, to which they looked up without any appearance of understanding. After the party had left the ward I re-entered alone and found several of the prisoners laughing among themselves. I went up to one of them and said, "You know you are lying when you say you cannot speak English," to which he quickly replied "Of course I can, but I can also keep silent if I want to." His consideration to converse with me was due to a button of the Quebec Automobile Club, which I had on my lapel, and which he mistook for that of the Elk Society, of which he must have been a member. When I left three of them were talking in English. They were no doubt Germans who had been in America, and had returned home to fight for the Fatherland. Their silence was nothing more than obstinacy and a way of expressing their hatred for their captors, who were giving them the very best treatment in a hospital, which only a few weeks previously they had bombed, killing not only Canadians, but Americans as well.

In our tour through this hospital, we were exceedingly interested in the department devoted specially to the resuscitation of the men who were brought in apparently dead or beyond hope of recovery, and also that of saving the wounded by a transfusion of blood from the veins of voluntary donors. We saw a resuscitated case in the latter section, and also saw a volunteer, who had given over a pint of his blood to save his fellowman. We spoke to the patient who seemed quite bright, but who, the doctors said, would not have lived two hours longer if he had not received the extra supply of blood. We also spoke to the man who saved his life, and asked how he felt after losing so much blood? He said that he had a slight weakness, but nothing to complain of, and would be alright in a few days. Colonel Reason informed us that there was no difficulty in obtaining volunteers, either among the attendants or patients. The abstraction of blood from a patient is a complicated matter inasmuch as all bloods will not diffuse, and samples have to be examined and reported upon, before the transfusion is made. Sometimes a number of tests have to be made before they can find a subject whose blood will be of the proper kind required.

After being entertained to tea by the staff and Nursing Sisters, we left for Boulogne arriving there quite late in the evening.

RED CROSS IN FRANCE

THE following particulars of the organization of the Canadian Red Cross in Paris will probably be of great interest to Quebecers, and especially to those women of our city who have given so much time and untiring energy to the work here.

The Paris Depot of the Canadian Red Cross Society was in August 1915, inaugurated by Lt.-Colonel Blaycock, then Asst. Commissioner in France, the Hon. Philippe Roy, Commissioner General in France for Canada receiving the first small shipment of 800 cases.

In November, two months later, Mr. R. M. Hardie, was asked to take over the management, as it was clearly seen that it was growing rapidly, and would require undivided attention.

The Depot was established principally to serve French Hospitals, (Service de Sante), while the Canadian Red Cross associated itself with several similar "War Help" organizations, grouped in one large Central Depot known as the "Entrepot des Dons." This Central Depot, while in no way curtailing its independence of action, augmented its usefulness by bringing it into daily contact with the French Military Government, who officially, through a central Bureau in the Entrepot, made constant application for such supplies as were carried in stock.

Orders, or "Demandes" as they were officially termed, whether direct or through the Service de Sante, were filled the day—often the hour—of receipt, rushed to the station by the lorries of the Service de Sante, and reached the General Hospital, Field Ambulance, or Casualty Clearing Station within the shortest possible time human energy could compel.

Nearly three thousand French hospitals, Field Ambulances, etc., etc., were being served. These hospitals were located in all parts of France, with the French Armies in the Orient (Salonique) Africa, and Italy.

The Paris Depot carried the essential things, medical supplies and garments, rather than "articles de luxe." Canadian pyjamas, made by Canadian women from the Atlantic to the Pacific, were perhaps, the most popular article issued. During the warm weather, convalescents from the hospitals, wore them as convalescent suits.

RED CROSS IN FRANCE

It must be understood, that this service to the French Hospitals was quite apart from the splendid service rendered since the very commencement of the War, to Canadian hospitals in France, which were served by direct lorry delivery from the Society's principal Depot at Boulogne, where the executive Assistant Commissioner in France, Captain David Law, had his headquarters.

A Canadian ambulance convoy of five cars was attached, driven by B.R.C.S., V.A.D. drivers. They met all trains on 'phone call, and conducted the wounded to the different hospitals in Paris and environs. Needless to say, these girls had no regular hours, but like firemen slept always with one eye open, ready to promptly answer emergency calls.

These five ambulances were donations to the Red Cross by different institutions, viz: The Grand Trunk Railway Employees, Toronto, The Sunshine Circle, Toronto, The Toronto Public Library Board, John Green & Co., Toronto, etc.

They made five thousand two hundred and twenty miles in one month, and carried nine hundred and thirty-eight patients, besides many hospital supplies.

The Canadian Red Cross was extremely generous to the French people. Large grants were given to the French Red Cross and other similar societies, and often as many as three thousand cases of supplies a month were handed over to the small French hospitals behind the lines. In addition to this the splendid new hospital at Joinville le Lont, south of Paris, which was formally handed over to the French Service de Sante by the Canadian Prime Minister, Sir Robert Borden, during his visit to France, was probably the most scientifically laid out and fully equipped modern hospital in France. It was commanded, administered and staffed by Canadian medical men from "Laval University".

CANADA'S CHAPLAINS

In an interview with Colonel Canon Almond, C.M.G., Director of Chaplain Service for the Canadian Forces, and an old Quebecer, I obtained the following information relative to the work.

There were three hundred and eighty-six chaplains, of whom one hundred and sixty-nine were Roman Catholic, and two hundred and seventeen were Protestant, as follows:—Church of England, one hundred and seven; Presbyterian, sixty-one; Methodist thirty-four, and Baptist, fifteen.

While the general direction of the Chaplains was in the hands of Colonel Almond, the Roman Catholic interests were practically

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left to Lieut.-Col. Workman, and the plan worked admirably, the utmost harmony and spirit of helpfulness prevailing. The number of chaplains in the services worked out at about one for every thousand men, while in England every battalion had its own chaplain, also its own recreation rooms, billiards, games, writing tables, etc., operated for the O.C., on behalf of the battalion. The Y.M.C.A. had similar features in their huts, operating canteens, recreation rooms, concerts, etc., supplementary to those of the chaplains, and accomplished equally good work. There was plenty to do for both organizations. In nine out of ten cases the Y.M.C.A. asked for the services of the chaplains at their religious meetings.

The Chaplains went over the top with the men, as will be judged by the following list of decorations: C.M.G. five, C.B.E. one, D.S.O. two, O.B.E. one, M.C. twenty-two, M.M. two, and D.C.M. one.

Two Chaplains roamed through the streets of London to help the soldiers wherever they could.

Two others have made the supreme sacrifice, one dying of wounds and the other being drowned through a ship being torpedoed.

CANADIAN ARMY PAY CORPS

The Canadian Army Pay Corps attended to the financial needs of our forces overseas, and was composed of 287 officers, 1,611 men and 301 civilian officials, of whom 148 officers and 119 men were serving in France.

The personnel varied according to the strength of our forces, which fluctuated owing to discharges and casualties on one hand, and reinforcements on the other.

The Paymaster-General and his staff were responsible for the disbursing of funds for the pay of our Overseas Forces and their allowances. Also it was they who forwarded the cheques for separation allowances, and assigned pay to dependents of our men in England.

They also made the payments of allowances pay, and traveling expenses of the nursing sisters. The Headquarters in London was the centralizing point for all correspondence and financial matters between Canada and Great Britain, and Great Britain and France,—and the dealing with all arrangements affecting the members of the forces and their dependents overseas.

The pay of the Canadian forces amounted to nine million dollars a month, and the Army Pay Corps had to look after thirty thousand separate accounts. They distributed four million dollars in cash to the men, and three million seven hundred and

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fifty thousand dollars to assignees and dependents. The remaining one million one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars was accounted for by men not claiming their pay,—an undrawn balance of three million dollars bearing interest at five per cent. had accumulated.

The offices were open, and a staff working day and night in order to attend to any wounded men arriving and wanting their pay.

Among the Pay Office Personnel seventy-two per cent of the officers had seen service in France; of the balance only one hundred and twenty-eight were fit for active service, and out of these forty-eight had been overseas, and twenty-five wounded and raised in category since they recovered.

ADIEU TO FRANCE

Before leaving Boulogne, we had occasion to visit the local fish market of that city which was conducted entirely by French women. The building was large and airy, and built in such a manner that it could be washed out with a hose every day after it was used. The French people always were great fish eaters, but the war made them eat more from necessity rather than choice, and in consequence, the price had risen very considerably as compared to pre-war days. There was also a shortage in the fishing fleet through submarine destruction, and naval and military enlistment.

There was no regular hour for the departure of channel boats. You might be told they were to leave at ten in the morning, and at that hour you would find that they were not going until some time in the afternoon. This was a precautionary measure against information reaching the enemy. We had been informed that our boat was to leave at nine, but it did not do so until about noon. Our return passage to England was similar in almost every respect to our former crossing from Folkstone to Boulogne. Our two channel boats were crowded. Every available foot of deck space was occupied, there being seven or eight thousand officers, men and nursing sisters returning home on furlough. The men carried their rifles and full marching accoutrements. This was necessary in order that they might be of service in any emergency during their stay at home. We also had our air escorts as well as the mosquito boats, as the submarine chasers were called. Midway in the channel an enemy mine was sighted directly ahead of our course. Word was flashed from the submarine chaser to our Captain, and in less time than it takes to tell, we had taken a sharp turn which listed us over, and caused all on board to wonder at the sudden change in our course. Then we saw the submarine chaser fire one or two shots into the sea, and there followed a huge explosion with a terrific report. There was no excitement whatever on the ship, the incident being taken as a matter of course. "It is only a mine" was repeated from one to the other among the passengers, making one think that it was of daily occurrence; as a matter of fact, it was rather

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the exception than the rule. But to those thousands of returned men who had probably been in the midst of gun fire for days, weeks and months, the explosion of a mere mine in the channel had little significance, and made very little impression upon them.

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On my arrival in Folkestone, I thought it advisable to jot down some of my most vivid recollections of the battlefields of France, before other occurrences dissipated them.

What were the most impressive sights we saw? They were the ruins and destruction of Verdun with its land for miles around an arid waste, without a standing tree or building, and Ypres completely demolished, with barely a stone or brick lying one upon another. Its low lying swampy lands were nothing but an area filled with shell holes, some so large that it is almost impossible to believe that they were the result of shell bursts. Some of them were thirty to forty feet deep and one hundred feet in diameter. The devastation of these two towns, or what is left of them, will illustrate the Hun's idea of civilization. There are no words strong enough to condemn him, not for today, but for all time to come. We were shown the beautiful towns wantonly destroyed and the graves of murdered women and children, so that we could go back to our homes and endeavor to enlighten our people by telling of what we saw. Before we had gone far into the danger zone we had seen sufficient to fill books, but it is difficult to find words fitting to express our feelings over it all. The reader has to allow his imagination to run riot and then he will be far from realizing the actual condition of the terrible destruction that has been wrought by the Germans over a large part of France and Belgium.

Considering all the dangers and risks we experienced, we have to congratulate ourselves that we all escaped without accident. We were bombarded by air-planes at night, thereby learning to detect a Hun airplane from one of our own. We went through the front trenches in the midst of many shells, which for hours passed over our heads in exchange for some of our own, which we returned with more than double interest. On two or three occasions they fell extremely near but we had learned the ducking art as quickly as the more experienced officers leading the way.

We saw aerial battles, and we were spotted by the enemy in the air, while going through the deserted streets of Ypres, with such precision, that we were entertained to a constant bombardment while walking homewards. One of the shells—which would have done for us, as one of the soldiers remarked,

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if we had been passing there at the time,—dropped ahead upon a miniature railway track. We motored over a thousand miles, at speeds varying from forty to fifty-five miles an hour. At first, we were nervous because we had heard our chauffeurs being instructed not to run the cars more than twenty to twenty-five miles an hour, as they were very old and had seen so much service, that it was not considered safe to go any faster. There is, however, one redeeming feature of motoring in an official car, and that is that the chauffeurs are the most expert drivers that can be found anywhere. This will be a good guarantee to motor car owners in this country of a supply of excellently trained chauffeurs, well able to handle and take care of cars.

Here let me say that there are no words that can ever describe the courage and universal determination of a few million men, to hold to their guns, until the arch enemy of civilization is beaten, and on his knees. Our men are doing a great job at the front with the true courage of all free men and an indomitable determination that Germany will never live to rule the Anglo-Saxon or any other race, which idea is indelibly impressed upon their minds and strengthens their unity of purpose. This conspicuous character is seen everywhere throughout the Canadian Army organization and the boys at the front. When I asked a General who was walking by my side, while the shells were overhead, and the "whizz bangs" dropping close by, when he thought the war would end, he replied, "Inside of a year." Another, one of the greatest authorities in France, said, "We have now got to the turning point, and we have got the enemy running downhill." That was the feeling in France from north to south. (How true were these phrases.)

What were the conditions of the men behind the lines? Well I would say that if both sides could have ceased firing thousands of shells of every description for a day, and if you did not see any of the devastated villages, and there are many completely razed and now covered with grass, you would not have known that there was a war going on. I have seen men playing baseball and football with the shells passing overhead, and by the cheering of the spectators, the game was much more interesting than the war.

We felt relieved that we were walking away from the dangerous sector, but the soldiers did not seem to think of the risk. Again, I doubt if you could have found a man in all that vast number of heroes, who would sit down and talk seriously with you, if you wanted to talk about the war. One thing is certain, it would not be long before he would have you laughing over a joke he would make, which would upset all your calculations of obtaining impressions of the war from the man in the fighting line.

LVIII.

WITH THEIR MAJESTIES

The outstanding event after our return to London was an audience with His Majesty the King, who was accompanied by the Queen, and Princess Mary. The meeting took place in Buckingham Palace. We were informed that it would be quite informal and that no special attire was necessary. It was to be a democratic audience in every sense of the word.

We arrived at the Palace a little before three in the afternoon and were received by His Majesty's Household Staff which included men of advanced years and service in the Navy and Army, judging from the ribbons on their breasts. They were very genial in their general conversation while we waited in the large reception rooms, looking out into the Palace gardens. When the appointed time came the doors leading into another chamber were opened and we were led into the presence of Their Majesties and Princess Mary, where we were introduced individually and had a most interesting conversation with the Royal Family. His Majesty was very anxious to hear of all we had seen at the front and evinced great interest in listening to one of the oldest members of our party, Mr. Stewart, editor of the Chatham World, who is seventy-five years of age, discussing his ascent in an aeroplane at the front, because his age prevented him from going with the party to the trenches, owing to the difficulty he would have in putting on his gas mask, only having the use of one arm.

When His Majesty asked him if he had been in France he replied, "Yes, your Majesty, and over it as well," qualifying his statement, which he seemed to think would not be quite understood by the King, with a detailed account of how it happened that he paid a visit over No Man's Land, and looked upon the German battle front.

There were four of us in the first relay of journalists to meet Their Majesties, who made it a point to speak to each one of us of our respective provinces, and in the French tongue to the French-Canadian members among our party, a delicate and pretty compliment that was much appreciated. With me they talked of Quebec, the Tercentenary and the occasion of their several visits to the Ancient Capital. Altogether the audience lasted over an hour

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and the journalists were very pleased with the frankness of the conversation and the genuine interest that Their Majesties took in our doings at the front and the splendid part that the Canadians and Americans were taking in this war.

We were divided up into sections, so that the conversation was of interest to all and at the same time gave His Majesty an opportunity to recall incidents in our respective provinces during his several visits.

IMPERIALISM

With the King is usually associated the conception of Imperialism, but it might be just as well to say here that Imperialism does not mean the centralization of the power of the Empire. That would never work, and we would go much further than the "Winnipeg Free Press," which claims that eighty per cent. of the population of Canada would be against it, and say that the same percentage of sentiment would be against it in all the Dominions as well. Imperialism must mean getting together to help one another in the very best possible manner, in order that the trade and commerce of all the Dominions will reap a corresponding benefit. Our best practice of Imperialism would be to make every effort to increase our export trade or we shall soon find our neighbors in complete possession of it.

For years there will be an enormous trade carried on in the replenishing of the exhausted stock of imported goods in Great Britain, and the other European countries. If we do not take some interest in fighting for our share, we shall be left out in the cold. This, we understand, was part of Sir Robert Borden's mission to England. What measure of success he attained, the people of Canada will know in time.

One of the foremost men to fill space in the English press during our visit was the Hon. Mr. Hughes, Premier of Australia. He made speeches by the hour, and gave interviews ad libitum on any and every subject, with versatility and authority. He was therefore eagerly sought after by the representatives of the newspapers, who considered what he had to say as being good reading for the people. So it was. It had the patriotic and socialist flavor that catches on with the masses, but when he had exhausted all he had to say on general matters, he had to keep up the pace set by himself, and that is where he got into hot water. He began to advise the English people how to run things and what to do. He turned over from a political leader in a country with the public behind as a lever to control him, to an advisory guest in a very much larger and more cosmopolitan country than Australia, and began to theorize, and when we left

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the shores of England, the honorable gentleman was not quite as popular as he was on his arrival on English soil.

From one of the Australian journalists we learned that Hon. Mr. Hughes is one of the brainiest self-taught men in that Dominion, also one of the greatest opportunists. He leads and coerces where he can, but retires under rebellion and revolution. He is a fluent and sometimes humorous orator.

Here is a clever paragraph from one of his speeches in London:—"The more you look at this terrific problem, the more difficult, indeed appalling, it appears. It frightens you, you want to forget all about it, but believe that somehow you can still muddle through. At the back of your mind you know that this problem is not of that kind. It cannot be side-stepped. It is like death, it has to be faced, and when you do face it and look at it from every point of view, national, imperial, individual, labor and capital—you are forced to the conclusion that there is no way to bear the burdens imposed by the war except by resort to means which will enable us individually to produce very much more. This can be done by organization and in no other way."

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL

We motored from Folkestone to London, a distance of about sixty miles, through the beautiful county of Kent. About half way we stopped at the historic old Cathedral of Canterbury, built some eight hundred years ago, upon the site of many eventful religious ceremonies and tragedies. At Canterbury, St. Augustin, a Roman monk, sowed the first seeds of Christianity in the British Isles, and later, some seven hundred years ago, Thomas A. Becket, the great archbishop, was murdered there. He was assassinated by four knights who had overheard their King in an off-hand way remark that he wished he were "rid of that pestilent fellow." The murder created much excitement among the ignorant people of the times, and they soon made a martyr of him. They had a golden shrine set up to him in the Cathedral, at which devoted worshippers from all parts of the Islands made annual pilgrimages, to offer prayers and deposit treasures. The Government took exception to the universal adoration of this High Priest, and in order to counteract it they brought several charges against him, some fifty years after the murder, summoning him to appear in court. The faith in him was so great that many of his devoted adherents believed that he would appear at the investigation, to acquit himself of the charges that had been hurled at him by the King. So credulous were the people that the Government appointed a counsel to be present for his defense.

The King desired to end the worship of this idolized Archbishop, and these means were taken to prove definitely that he was not the saint they believed him to be. When the trial took place, he never appeared, which so enraged the people that they smashed the shrine, burned the bones of the dead prelate, and scattered the ashes to the four winds. Thus ended the veneration of a priest, who figured as one of the most interesting characters in the religious history of England. The spot where Becket was murdered, was pointed out to us, as well as his statue which has since been erected. Edward, the Black Prince, is also buried in this great sanctuary, in a magnificent tomb. We did not see it, as it was covered with sandbags to protect it against air raid destruction.

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL

The sun was pouring its rays through the beautiful stained-glass windows on the ancient walls and flooring, as we walked through the venerable cathedral, under its lofty Gothic roof, and amid its dignified columns and pillars, up to the choir where service was being sung with full surpliced choristers. The singing and chanting of the psalms and hymns, in that sacred edifice, formed a beautiful and harmonious whole.

CANADIAN DENTAL CORPS

Dentistry only made its appearance in the Canadian army a short time before 1914. Nevertheless, the Canadians led all the other allied nations in this branch of the service. When we look back over the history of the soldiers of the past, we wonder why dentistry was not so much in vogue at that time. In the olden days, before we became so civilized and modern in our habits, dentistry was not so essential to man's immunity from toothache and other troubles. The men of the past generations lived more simple lives, and this was in strong evidence in the examination of the teeth of soldiers coming from the city and country. The condition of the teeth of the latter was far ahead of the former. This is probably why in the olden days all those modern troubles were of a negligible character, but as the world circled on our food changed, and we drew further away from nature in its preparation.

A soldier might suffer a pain almost anywhere but in the mouth, and he would find his trouble was provided for by a medical officer, but if it were toothache he simply had to nurse it or go to a local dentist where he would have to assume all responsibility, and pay the bills.

Canada some years ago foresaw the necessity of adding a Dental Corps to its military force, for which it has received the highest praise for the efficiency of its work, particularly from the British Army.

As a result of this, the Canadian soldier had better all-round health, and was more fit than any other soldier at the front. A good set of teeth insures proper and natural mastication. Canada greatly improved her Dental services since the beginning of the war, which caused the other allied nations to follow her example. While we were in England, it was learned that over one and a half million operations had been recorded in the Canadian army alone. The value of these operations at the fee paid to British dentists for the Tommies, as laid down by the British War Office, would amount to over two million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

While all the hospitals in England and many in France, were

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equipped with a Dental Clinic, we saw a very excellent one in the hospital at Epsom, where there were six chairs and everyone of them occupied. Not only did the Tommy appreciate this treatment which he received on entering the army, but he learned to take care of his teeth ever afterwards, as was evidenced at Epsom, where the convalescents resting up or recuperating, were taking the opportunity to have their teeth "looked over" by the staff of dentists there for that purpose.

During the two or three months of the arrival in England of the C.A.D.C. Clinic they performed thirty-five thousand six hundred and eighty-one operations, whereas, during the last three months of 1917, this number had increased to half a million.

In addition to work in the field, at the training area and in hospitals, there was a Clinic who dealt especially with injuries to the jaw. Fractures were set, jaws readjusted, and lost teeth substituted, so that the soldier could once more enjoy a hearty meal. These operations were said to be almost supernatural, and aroused the greatest joy within the patient, who had probably lost all hope of regaining his normal appearance before entering the hospital.

The C.A.D.C. also included in their work original research, and oral pathology. The former was to keep the scientific end of the Corps abreast of the times, in respect to any advances in bacteriological questions and every important part of dentistry. The latter was to apply the latest methods and medicines for combatting pyorrhea alveolaris and infectious stomatitis, commonly known as "trench mouth."

Canadian dentists rendered valuable aid in this branch of the Canadian army, which won the highest encomiums of the Imperial forces. No better evidence could be offered than the following statement made by the President of the British Dental Association at the Mansion House, London, England, last June:—

"The Canadian Army is the only army in the whole of the world that attempts to send its soldiers to the front dentally fit. Hefty men who are taken from Canada, the strong healthy Canadians, need two hundred and fifty dentists and five hundred other men to render them dentally fit! Our own army has about five hundred to six hundred men to deal with three or four times the number of the Canadian Army. Sometimes when one thinks about this matter, and thinks how dentists are taken for combatants, when they might be kept for treatment of teeth in the army, one feels that something must be wrong. It seems as if a dentist would be very much better employed in rendering his fellow men fit, and in that way you would get a much larger number of men in the fighting line, than if you took a few score dentists into the line."

FORESTRY CORPS

There were more than sixty companies in the Canadian Forestry Corps scattered throughout France and England. Each one of the Corps was capable of performing any description of work, which might consist of building huts, aerodromes, making railway ties, tent poles, axe handles, in fact, any wooden thing required by the army.

Towards the end of March, 1917, a Directorate of Timber Operations in France, was organized to take over the work of the Canadian Forestry Corps, operating for the British and French Armies in French forests.

The demands of the Armies for timber were ever increasing, and the quantity of shipping tonnage available to handle that timber was decreasing rather than increasing.

Since that date the production of the Canadian Forestry Corps in France steadily increased, and, from a total of eleven thousand five hundred tons in March, 1917, made up of five thousand five hundred tons of sawn material, three thousand five hundred tons of round, and two thousand five hundred tons of fuel, it steadily grew until in May of this year it had almost reached a total of one hundred and fifty thousand tons, made up of ninety thousand tons of sawn lumber, ten thousand tons of round lumber, and fifty thousand tons of fuel. During this same period the strength of the Corps increased; rising from a total of slightly over two thousand in March, 1917, to a total of just under thirteen thousand five hundred at the end of May, 1918.

When the work was taken over by the Directorate, there were approximately seven mills being operated by ten Canadian Companies, which number increased to fifty-one saw mills and two re-saw plants being operated by fifty-eight companies, in addition to which two other companies were specially employed on aerodrome construction work with the Independent Force R.A.F. Another interesting fact illustrating the growth of the Corps is, that the production for the first six months of the present year, was practically fifty per cent in excess of the production for the whole twelve months of 1917.

During the first six months of this year over one hundred and

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eighty-three million feet of sawn product were produced, and, if approximate comparative values were given to the quantities of sawn lumber, round timber, and fuel produced, the value of the sawn timber is almost eighty-five per cent of the total value of the products of the Corps.

The main sources of supply of standing timber for this sleeper production were the oak forests of Normandy and Central France, and the immense pine areas of the "Landes" south of Bordeaux. This latter area comprises over two million acres of almost flat sand lands, which have been planted with Maritime pine since the end of the eighteenth century. One of the main sources mentioned previously, was the large fir and spruce forests in the mountains of the east of France, in the Department of the Vosges, Doubs and Jura, which were being largely operated by the Canadian Forestry Corps for the French Army. The forests in the former of these departments are mainly located in mountainous country, presenting many difficulties from a lumberman's point of view, and in one case the timber had to be lowered by cable to the mill from a slope of over forty-five degrees.

In most of the operations of the Corps, the logs were transported from the stump to the mill by railroad, since climatic and natural conditions did not permit of adopting the usual Eastern Canada methods of winter hauling over snow or ice roads, and floating by river or lake from the forest to the mill. About ninety miles of railroad are now in use, including short spurs of standard gauge, and long stretches of one metre, three-foot and two-foot gauge track. The cars which are operated by these narrow gauge railroads have been mainly built by the Corps and various means of traction are employed, including steam locomotion, petrol tractors and horses.

Among the concluding letters to this series, which will follow, we are indebted to the respective corps for much of the data and statistics which are included in them.

LXII.

QUARTERMASTER GENERAL

Briefly the duties of the Quartermaster-General, commonly known as "Q" mark, were as follows:—

(a) The responsibility to provide all classes of equipment and supplies, including armaments, clothing, food, horses, vehicles, stationery, etc.

(b) The provision and maintenance of the necessary accommodation for the housing of troops, hospital patients and administrative departments.

(c) The provision of the required Ocean and Rail Transport.

(d) The administration of the Canadian Army Service Corps, Canadian Ordnance Corps, Canadian Veterinary Corps, Canadian Postal Corps, and the various operating Sub-Departments in England.

(e) The responsibility as to the correctness of prices paid.

(f) The maintenance of records to account for purchases and subsequent distribution.

(g) The training and provision of reinforcing troops and new units required by the Canadian Army Service Corps, Canadian Veterinary Corps, and the Canadian Postal Corps in France, and England.

In England the Quartermaster-General was directly responsible to the Canadian public to secure one hundred cents value for every dollar expended through the Department, and to maintain records to account for all receipts and issues with that in view; also to conduct operations with a minimum number of personnel and to employ low category men where possible, giving preference to Overseas casualties.

The base Training Depots were maintained in England for the technical training of Mechanical Transport drivers and mechanics, Horse Transport drivers, bakers, butchers, issuers, veterinary and ordnance personnel, both officers and other ranks. The training was in charge of experts familiar with conditions in the Field.

The personnel of the staffs of the four services were reduced in 1918 by over fifty per cent.

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The average cost of feeding our troops in England for 1917 was slightly over twenty cents per day per man. This figure represents the actual cost of food stuffs paid for from Canadian funds.

The Troops were fed on a system developed in its very entirety by Canadians.

The system not only proved successful from a financial standpoint, saving as it did one million fourteen thousand one hundred and fifteen dollars in 1917, as compared to what our cost would have been had the Imperial system been continued, but also proved infinitely superior and more satisfactory to our men.

The system also enabled us to reclaim all duties included in the prices of food commodities used; thus Canadians made no contribution to the Imperial Exchequer by way of payment of excise duties in England.

As the result of the strict supervision and control exercised over accounting units, the cost in this respect was cut in two. It then cost on an average approximately twenty-five cents per day to maintain a man in England and equip him for Overseas, as compared to fifty cents per day sixteen months before.

With a view to enabling our personnel to secure their tobacco requirements without payment of duty, this Department was organized. As a result, our men in England received three times as much tobacco for one dollar as was the cost formerly. In addition, the tobacco was imported from Canada, and a market thus found for a Canadian product.

In arriving at the selling cost, provision was made for the cost of operation, so that in so far as the Canadian public were concerned the operation of this Department did not cost them one dollar.

The Clothing Repayment Department was organized in order to enable our Officers requiring uniforms, new outfits, etc., to escape the excessive charges they were called upon to pay to the civilian dealers, five per cent on cost was added which was sufficient to cover the cost of operations.

Our Transport system in England was conducted on a purely business basis. The Mechanical or Horse Transport was detailed as was most economical.

Including the C.A.S.C. two thousand six hundred and forty-six horses were on our strength in England on August 1st, 1917. On August first, 1918, we had one thousand seven hundred and twenty horses in England, a difference of nine hundred and twenty-six horses. It cost about seventy-five cents per day (outside of personnel required) to feed a horse, so that the reduction in the number of animals represented an actual daily saving of six hundred and forty-four dollars and fifty cents or two

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hundred and fifty-three thousand four hundred and ninety-two dollars and fifty cents per year.

Changes inaugurated by the Overseas Minister placed the responsibility for all purchases with a Purchasing Committee.

Likewise the Auditing and Accounting was transferred to a Civilian Department, thus giving the Ministry an Independent check on the operations and expenditures.

The chief duty of this unit was to supply clothing and equipment to the Canadian forces, and to provide skilled artificers and the necessary ordnance workshops for the repair of rifles and field artillery, also equipment for all Canadian hospitals, beds, bedding, utensils, etc.

The safeguarding of Canadian war trophies was part of the responsibility of the officer commanding this unit.

In accordance with regulations and orders issued by the Commander-in-Chief in France, all captured trophies were labelled with the name of the unit making the capture, shipped to the Base, and eventually to the War Trophies Ordnance Depot at Croydon. Claims were submitted by the units concerned for these trophies to the War Office for approval. All trophies were carefully examined at Croydon, and any which were useful to the service either against the enemy or for instructional purposes were handed over for each use. Canadian trophies found to be of no use to the service were from time to time handed over to the Canadian authorities, and in accordance with instructions from the Militia Department at Ottawa, were shipped to the Controller of War Trophies, in care of the Quartermaster-General, Ottawa. All distribution of Trophies, therefore, was made in Canada.

In order to protect Canadian interests, Sir Edward Kemp, Overseas Minister appointed Col. K. C. Folger, Director of Ordnance Services, as the Canadian representative on the War Office Trophies Committee, and also on the Committee of the Imperial War Museum.

Two shipments of trophies have already been made to Canada and another large shipment is in course of preparation, which will be despatched at the earliest possible moment.

CANADIAN SALVAGE DEPARTMENT

After stores had become worn out or unfit for further military service, they were handed over to the Canadian Salvage Department. The duties of this department were primarily to prevent waste, and to dispose of all discarded articles at the highest market value.

These articles consisted of every class of material, and included food by-products, swill, old metal, rags, waste paper,

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extending even to the collection of fats and grease skimmed from the water in which dishes were washed. Every class of material had an intrinsic value, and the highest price was obtained by everything being collected, sorted and properly classified.

The transactions of this department from the first of June, 1917, to the thirtieth of April, 1918, resulted in sales to the extent of two hundred and five thousand dollars. The value of equipment reclaimed and returned to stores was thirty-seven thousand dollars.

These figures represent monies which, but for the operations and activities of the Salvage Department, would have become a net loss to the Canadian public.

CANADIAN VETERINARY DEPARTMENT

The duties of this Department were:—

(1) To find the necessary animals in accordance with War Establishment.

(2) To supervise the care and feeding of these animals.

(3) To treat all sick and injured animals suffering from minor complaints.

In addition to the above, there was a Veterinary Base Hospital at Le Havre, which was established at the request of the War Office that the Canadians should maintain a Veterinary Hospital in France, capable of training eight per cent of the animals with the Canadian Forces in the field.

Owing to the activities of this department, the Canadian wastage of horses was less in proportion than that of the Imperial Army.

CANADIAN POST SERVICES

The Canadian Postal Services were distributed throughout the Canadian Forces both in England and in France, and they were responsible for the correct delivery of all mail matter arriving for units. All mail, either posted in the British Isles, or arriving from Canada for the Canadian troops in France, was dealt with by the Canadian Postal Corps in England, being sorted and put in separate bags for each unit in the field, and despatched to France daily. On arrival there it was received by the Canadian Postal Services in France, and distributed to the various units.

For the year ending April thirtieth, 1918, the number of letters and parcels forwarded to France amounted to a total of six hundred and fifteen thousand bags, which were distributed to cover five hundred and fifty-three separate units. Of these there were over three hundred thousand registered items.

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During the same year, the approximate number of parcels forwarded to France was over three million six hundred and fifty thousand.

One of the principal features of the operations of the Postal Services was the re-direction of mail, which represented at least twenty-five per cent of the total mail received. As an illustration of this, in the last year over one hundred and twenty-five thousand registered letters had to be re-directed. The total number of parcels received from the different areas in England and re-directed, in addition to those forwarded from the London Base to France, was approximately six million five hundred thousand.

To handle all this mail the Canadian Postal Services in England employed seven officers and one hundred and fifty-two other ranks. This included a staff of four officers and seventy-four other ranks required in London to handle the mail from France.

ACCOMMODATION

The responsibility for securing satisfactory accommodation for troops, hospital patients and administrative departments of the Overseas Military Forces of Canada rested with the Quartermaster-General.

Since 1917 the Quartermaster-General was able by means of exchanges, termination of leases, etc., to release seventeen hospital and administrative buildings, for which Canadian funds were liable, and to secure from the Imperial authorities a like amount of accommodation without charge to the Canadian public.

Hutted and canvas accommodation for troops, held on charge to Canadian formations, necessarily fluctuated according to the number of troops in the British Isles. At that we had a total of ninety-two thousand hutted and canvas accommodation, which was divided into seven camps.

We had on charge twenty-three Primary Special and Convalescent Hospitals, with a total bed capacity of nineteen thousand one hundred and nineteen. Of the above over seven thousand beds were in Canadian Convalescent Hospitals which confined themselves solely to Canadians.

ENGINEERING SERVICES

The Engineer Field Formations were the combatant sections of the Engineer Corps, which co-operated with the fighting units in field operations.

Engineering services, however, were administered by the Quartermaster-General, and comprised such army services as dealt with the performance of work connected with all expenditure of

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army funds for the provision of permanent defence schemes, military buildings, etc.

The actual conduct of the Engineer services divides itself into three heads:—

1. Maintenance of existing works and buildings.
2. Erection of such new work, alterations and improvements as might be sanctioned.
6. The current working of various services, such as army telegraphs, pumping, electric power and lighting plants.

OCEAN AND RAIL TRANSPORT

Prior to August first, 1917, the Adjutant-General's Department made the arrangements with the steamship companies for the required accommodation for returning Canadian military and civilian personnel. The berthing arrangements were made by the Imperial Embarkation staff at the port of embarkation.

It has been the responsibility of the Quartermaster-General since August 1st, 1917, to make all the arrangements regarding accommodation, berthing, embarkation, etc., for military personnel, and subsequently the ocean transport arrangements, costs, etc., for the returning civilians.

The system employed in accounting for the supplies furnished in covering the maintenance of troops in England made it possible to determine monthly the cost of feeding the troops and patients in hospitals, also the operating expenses of mechanical transport.

The following figures give some idea of the magnitude of the expenditures, also the saving effected, compared with similar Imperial services, and the economy brought about by the close supervision of the administration of the various "Q" services under direction.

The supplies required in the feeding of Canada troops in England for the year 1917, represented an expenditure of one million six hundred and eleven thousand eight hundred and fourteen pounds, averaging a cost of fourteen pence per day per man, as against the Imperial cost of sixteen and one-half pence per man per day, representing an expenditure of one million eight hundred and twenty thousand one hundred and ninety-six pounds, a difference of two hundred and eight thousand three hundred and eighty-two pounds, showing economy of one million fourteen thousand one hundred and fifteen dollars and seventy-three cents, and a further saving of two hundred and eighty-one thousand nine hundred and thirty-seven dollars on the same basis for five months of 1918.

The constant check maintained on transport services made it

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possible to reduce the number of vehicles in operation, and at the same time increase the mileage procured from equipment in operation, and the following figures represent the consolidated returns from the monthly reports:—

The total petrol used during the year 1917 was three hundred thousand five hundred and nine gallons or an average of petrol of thirty-one thousand four hundred and sixty-five gallons per month. The average amount of petrol used monthly for five months of 1918, was eighteen thousand one hundred and seventy-five, a saving per month of thirteen thousand two hundred and ninety gallons, representing a value of seven thousand two hundred dollars per month, eighty-six thousand four hundred dollars per year.

"Q" WORK IN THE LINE

This work dealt with all questions of supply and equipment, housing, ammunition supply, supply of food and forage, water supply, fuel supply, housing of troops, billeting, tents, traffic control, baths, trophies of war, claims against Government, Courts of Enquiry, provision of horses, veterinary services, hire of land, salvage, stores, clothing and equipment and transport.

The above duties included feeding, clothing, and housing a population of one hundred thousand to one hundred and twenty thousand. All arrangements had to be made days in advance, as supplies were packed at the base four days before consumed by troops. Supplies were delivered at standard-gauge railhead by the army, and taken by corps in lorries, or by narrow gauge railway to "refilling points"; thence by horse transport to units, and man-handled on to front line.

There were three "echelons" of transport. The mechanical transport, controlled by corps, which drew supplies, ammunition and stores from the railhead, and delivered them to divisions. The divisional train and the divisional ammunition column, which drew by horse-waggons the supplies and ammunition respectively from the corps, and delivered to units. The "first line transport" of units, which was under the control of the units themselves, and carried all transport duties within the units.

Packed at base on, say "A" day, in sections numbered for each formation. Strength varied, as notified daily by senior Supply Officer of divisions. Railway train arrived at railhead on morning of "C" day. Supplies unloaded by mechanical transport coy., by lorries (or sometimes light railway or horse-waggons) to re-filling points—(4 per division). Supplies divided up by men of divisional train on the re-filling points. Waggons of divisional train loaded up at re-filling points in afternoon of "C" day, with supplies for units, and remained in their own park over night. On

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morning of "D" day, the train waggons delivered these supplies to the Quartermaster of the unit (at the unit's horse lines or permanent camp). Divided up by Quartermaster's staffs to various messes, companies, etc., and actually consumed by men on "E" day.

Ammunition was sent up by the army as required and handed over to corps either at railhead or at army dumps, where there was always a reserve. Corps delivered to divisions at "Ammunition re-filling Points" and maintained corps dumps where any surplus was stored as a reserve. Almost all corps ammunition was handled by light railway, in normal times, thus saving mechanical transport. Divisions un-boxed the ammunition at re-filling points, and sent it forward by the horse-waggons of the divisional ammunition columns, which were fitted to carry it in individual compartments. Rifle ammunition for the infantry was handled in the same way but was comparatively small, by weight, as compared to gun ammunition.

Owing to scarcity of water in many localities and congestion of men, it has been necessary to provide central baths and central laundries. There are baths in every locality where troops are billeted. Each man's reserve change of underwear is kept by the division at the baths. When a man bathes, he is given a complete change of clean underwear and towels, and his clothes are disinfected and vermin-killed in specially constructed disinfectors. Soiled clothing is then sent away under corps arrangements by railway, to central laundries and clean clothing received.

CORPS ARTILLERY

The Canadian Corps Artillery is at present organized in five and one-half divisions containing 44 batteries of Field Artillery, 3 brigades of heavy artillery, 10 anti-aircraft guns and 4 brigades of trench mortars. The guns and personnel are as follows:—

	Guns	Personnel
Field.....	264	14,453
Heavy.....	84	4,386
Total.....	348	18,839

Artillery in support of Canadian corps varied from time to time, according to the operations undertaken. At that time it had fifteen brigades of field and six brigades heavy, making a total of three hundred and sixty field guns and one hundred and seventy heavies, the addition being Imperial batteries.

During the Vimy engagement the artillery strength was six

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heavy, with a personnel of forty-five thousand seven hundred and sixty men, while at Passchendaele five hundred and eighty-seven guns, and at Hill 70, four hundred and sixty-six guns were in action.

The distribution consisted of 6-inch and 9.45 inch trench mortars near the front line, throwing 52 pound and 150 pound bombs a distance of from twelve hundred to twenty-four hundred yards respectively.

Anti-aircraft battery—five sections of ten guns each, 13-pounder, mounted on motor lorries.

Field guns—about three thousand to three thousand five hundred yards from the front line for rolling barrages and S.O.S.

Heavy and siege—from 60-pounder to 9.2 for harassing fire, demolition, counter battery work and gas shelling. Ranges from ten thousand to fourteen thousand yards. Fuses, delay and instantaneous.

A normal barrage consisted of an 18-pounder shrapnel gun to every twenty yards of front, lifted one hundred yards every three minutes, rate of fire, three rounds per minute from zero.

4.5 howitzer firing 35 pound shell H.E. with jumping barrage three hundred yards in front of shrapnel barrage.

6-inch how., shell 100 pounds, about four hundred yards, in front, taking on strong points, machine guns and C.T.'s

8-inch and 9.2-inch howitzers firing 200 pound and 286 pound shells respectively, five hundred to seven hundred yards in front, taking on road and trench junctions, tramways, headquarters, C. P.'s and strong points.

60-pounders shrapnel sweeping roads and approaches in rear.

Concluding with protective barrage by 18-pounders, and general strafing of hinterland by heavier calibres.

S.O.S. means putting down a curtain of fire on No Man's Land and enemy front line trenches by 18-pounders, with general strafing of enemy support trenches and C. T.'s on signal of enemy attack. At Vimy the barrage was five miles long and two and one half miles in depth.

O. P.'S AND COMMUNICATIONS

O. P.'s are the eyes of the Artillery and practically of the corps. Manned by an officer and telephonists with wires to batteries, brigades, divisions and corps headquarters. Aeroplanes signal by wireless targets of opportunity.

Ammunition expended during 30 days at Passchendaele 2,000,000 shells; loaded on cars would make a train $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles long.

LXIII.

ARMY SERVICE CORPS

The chief duties of this Unit were the provision of food supplies and forage, in accordance with the authorized scale, and all duties in connection with the accounting for their receipt, issue and custody, the provision, operation and maintenance of Horse and Mechanical Transport, the supply for all Canadian Areas and Hospitals of Barrack equipment, the training of all personnel required for duty in this branch of the service.

As indicating the reduction in personnel employed, it may be stated that in July 1917, there were in the Canadian Army Service Corps in England one hundred and ninety-one Officers, four thousand three hundred and forty other Ranks, supplying eighty-five thousand five hundred and ninety-seven Troops.

In July, 1918, there were one hundred and thirty-one officers and two thousand four hundred and nine other Ranks, supplying eighty-four thousand three hundred and fifty-two Troops.

At the same time Motor Cars were reduced from ninety-two to fifty-one, lorries from one hundred and sixteen to sixty-seven, and the consumption of petrol reduced from twenty-nine thousand and forty-two gallons to seventeen thousand three hundred and forty-four gallons.

The number of horses in the Canadian Army Service Corps was reduced from seven hundred and fifty-two to four hundred and thirty-two, and ambulances from one hundred and twenty-eight to seventy-five.

The heavy reduction effected in the transport employed was largely attributable to the policy of dealing with Training Areas in England on a purely business basis, rather than as before from the view point of Military organizations equipped to take the Field. In the latter case, sufficient vehicles must be employed to carry the very limited maximum loads, as laid down in regulations, which, whilst absolutely necessary in France in order that the vehicles might traverse fields and ditches, was far from practical where the roads were of the best, and two or three times the maximum permitted in France could be hauled with a case. Wagons were accordingly re-modelled, and in place of the regulation boxes, large boxes and hay racks were substituted,

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as time and material would permit. This arrangement naturally not only reduced the number of horses required, but also the personnel employed in driving and taking care of them. In view of the scarcity of petrol, considerable work was undertaken by Horse Transport than was formerly the case.

When the First Canadian Contingent arrived in England, the system obtaining in Canada was temporarily continued. The Imperial System was then adopted. This entitled the issue in stated quantities per man per day of meat, flour, tea, sugar and salt. To this was added an allowance of five and one-half pence per man per day, which each Quartermaster was permitted to spend as was considered advisable; thus the satisfaction of our Troops depended largely on the capacity of the Unit Quartermaster who frequently was handicapped by the absence of adequate markets in which to make his purchases.

To meet this situation the Canadian Forces developed and introduced a rationing system peculiar to themselves. A Department was created with a dietetic expert at its head to prepare and issue diet sheets to our different area units. These diet sheets, in addition to laying down the dishes to be served for each meal, included instructions to the unit cook with regard to the preparation of the meal, quantities to be used, etc. Each troop area included on their establishment an inspector of catering whose duty it was to instruct cooks, and to ensure that the regulations regarding rations were being adhered to.

The change to this system proved not only an unqualified success insofar as the satisfaction of our men was concerned, but also effected a very material saving as compared to the cost if the previous system had been adhered to. During twelve months the average cost of feeding each Canadian soldier per day was 28.815c. The actual saving to the Canadian Government by the issue of the varied ration instead of the Imperial ration for the year ending 1917 amounted to one million fourteen thousand one hundred and fifteen dollars and seventy-three cents.

It is worthy of note that the Australians followed our example and adopted the varied ration system. The New Zealanders and certain of the Imperial commands were adopting somewhat similar systems.

In order to ensure uniformity of system in connection with varied rations, and also to provide properly trained cooks as demanded from France, a school of cookery was established in London in June, 1917.

Men were sent from the various units to attend the courses, and during the past year nine hundred and seventy-seven students—a large proportion of whom went to France—obtained certificates.

ARMY SERVICE CORPS

Food supplies were secured from three different sources:—

(a) Standard commodities, that is, flour, meat, tea, sugar and salt, which were issued at actual cost by Imperial depots.

(b) Fish which was procured from Canada.

(c) Commodities other than the above, from the Navy and Army Canteen Board,—an organization which was under War Office control.

Canada obtained a rebate on our proportion of the annual profits of the Organization, in the relation of the number of our Troops in England. In addition, we had a senior officer attached to the Headquarters of the Board, whose duty it was to satisfy himself that the administration of the organization was conducted on economic lines, and that the prices charged were fair and just from a Canadian standpoint. Considering the abnormal conditions, and the primary necessity of ensuring availability of supply, the arrangements would appear to be eminently satisfactory from a Canadian viewpoint. In the final analysis this is borne out by the actual cost of feeding our troops during the past year as quoted above.

Early in 1916 it was decided that the meat ration authorized by Imperial regulations was sufficient to permit of its elimination one day per week and the substitution of fish. Arrangements were accordingly made with the Canadian authorities, with the result that our troops in England were continuously furnished with Canadian fish on one day per week.

LXIV.

CANADA'S RESERVES

Owing to discussion in Canada relative to the number of reserves held in England, the following statement as to the number on the fifth of August 1918 will prove interesting.

It was difficult for Canadians to comprehend the reason why so many men were going overseas when there was such a dearth of farm hands in the West, and food was so scarce among our Allies, in Great Britain and Europe. Silence on the part of the Government, and particularly the War Office, did not tend to decrease this feeling among a large portion of our people. Now that the war is over, one can realize the benefits that were gained by it. The Canadian Divisions were not only constantly reinforced, during the fighting which brought the downfall of Germany, but our battalions were constantly two hundred over strength. This, like many other misunderstandings, has cleared itself up to-day in the glorious and well deserved victory that has redounded to the Allies.

The following is the statement:—

Arm.	Immediately available (less under orders) "A1"	Available in one month "A2-3"	Available in two months "A2-3"	Available in three months "A2-3"	Available after three months "A2-3"	Total in sight
Infantry.....	3,516	5,813	6,953	7,196	3,562	27,040
Cavalry.....	253	94	135	691	211	1,384
Artillery.....	1,466	2,271	1,316	390	5,443
Engineers.....	387	189	479	280	3,874	5,209
M. Gunners.....	958	144	144	186	700	2,132
Cyclists.....	107	28	63	198
Total.....	6,580	8,618	9,055	8,806	8,347	41,406
C. A. S. C.—Weeks of training not applicable. At present in the C. A. S. C. Depot—373.....						373
C. A. M. C.—Weeks of training not applicable. At present in C. A. M. C. Depot—730.....						730

CANADA'S RESERVES

Railway—As received from Allocation Board. At present in Railway Depot—1,437.....	1,437
Forestry—As received from Allocation Board. At present in Forestry Depot—1,250.....	1,250
Grand total.....	*45,196

*Includes 7,353 "A3" men. One third of this number is shown in each of the columns representing numbers becoming available in one, two and three months (in case of C. A. S. C., C. A. M. C., Railway and Forestry in "total" column), which is an estimate of the numbers likely to become available in these periods.

A statement printed below shows the disposition of other ranks in the British Isles, the number of reinforcements available and estimated as becoming available is shown as 50,858. This is made up as follows:

Becoming available as above.....	45,196
Actually under orders.....	1,392
Proportion of "D" men estimated as becoming "A1" and not included in 45,196 above.....	3,720
Permanent cadres who can be made available when re- quired.....	550

Disposition of "Other Ranks" in Britain

Arrivals, August 8, 1918, not included in above.....	3,212
En route from Canada and becoming available in varying periods up to four months.....	15,000
*Reinforcements available and estimated as becoming avail- able.....	50,858
**Balance of "A3" and "D" men unlikely to become "A1" Low category men in transit awaiting documents and in- spection by Allocation Board.....	2,206
Casualties in Hospital.....	15,263
Operating units—Forestry.....	7,893
C. A. S. C.....	2,136
C. A. M. C.....	3,929
Ordnance.....	759
Dental.....	298
C. A. P. C.....	1,415
Military Police.....	175
Postal Corps.....	153
Training schools.....	1,303
Record office.....	643
Command and discharge depots.....	1,062

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Boys, other than in operating units.....	1,710
Permanent cadre and regimental employ of reserve units, reserve depots and regimental depots.....	6,631
At Buxton, awaiting return to Canada.....	1,372
Employed with Y.M.C.A. and other philanthropic institu- tions.....	276
Headquarters units, various areas.....	1,164
On command to Imperial units (R.A.F., etc.) not yet struck off strength.....	1,634
On furlough to Canada.....	562
Awaiting commissions.....	1,990
Tank battalion.....	730
Total.....	105,477

*Numbers of "A3" and "D" included in "Reinforcements becoming available" viz., 11,623, are based on past statistical records, and also included in the total are 1,376 "B" category men held as reinforcements for C.A.S.C., C.A.M.C., Forestry and Railway.

**Balance of "A3" and "D" men shown above, viz., 2,206, are percentage of men being hardened in reserve units and command depots, who are likely to break down under training and go into a lower category, where they would become available as reinforcements for Forestry, Labor and similar units.

Included in the first item are the following units which have been recently authorized and are being organized:

3 heavy batteries (60-pounder).....	852
2 field batteries (18-pounder).....	382
1 regiment R.N.W.M.P.....	497
1 squadron, Canadian Light Horse.....	137

WAR RECORDS OFFICE

The Canadians have justly taken credit for many innovations in organization and system established in this war. Perhaps if they had been a military nation for many decades, following old-fashioned and traditional avenues, they would have tended to drop into a rut that made speed difficult when it was most required.

Then I think that were it not for Lord Beaverbrook being a new and enthusiastic member of the War Cabinet, Canada would not have been able to feel so proud of her War Records Office, established by him before he became Minister of Information. Without going into all the details of the great organization, which was working day and night recording every incident of the part Canada has played in this great war, it may be taken as most satisfactory, that nothing has been missed, for the system employed was so thorough and sound that this would have been almost impossible. The history of every battalion from its inception in Canada, to its return home has been as closely and minutely recorded as in a diary, and its actions and movements registered accurately. In addition to this there were all kinds of mediums for verifying such daily records, and all personal diaries of soldiers who have taken their final sleep, and those taken from enemy prisoners, eye-witnesses, artists and historical chroniclers, were collected and kept. Nothing has been neglected that could make the War Records Office as complete in detail as any other branch of the service of Lord Beaverbrook.

We visited the office which occupied several large buildings, and saw a numerous staff, gathering, assorting and fying documents that kept pouring in from all sources, in such systematic manner that they were readily found when wanted. This office will form one of the most interesting branches of the Canadian archives. Not only will it include a written description of the many battles and engagements in which Canada participated, but it will contain a large collection of sketches, paintings, photographs and drawings of the principal battles and activities of our troops.

Photographs and motion picture films are legion of almost all the movements of our army. Nothing has been forgotten,

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and there will be no greater attraction in Ottawa, now that the war is over, than an inspection of this huge collection of documents. Among the battlefield relics is the last testament of a wounded Canadian soldier written in his own blood. It is gratifying to know that among those that have taken part in assisting in this work are Colonel Wood, of Quebec, and Colonel Doughty, Dominion archivist, who for a long time resided in this city.

Out of this great undertaking of promoting the Canadian Records Office, many other valuable side issues have originated and developed, all of which will be of extraordinary value to our country. There is the Ministry of Information with its staff of lecturers, writers, and artists carrying on a great missionary propaganda work in America and Canada, and, in fact, every place where German intrigue was at work, influencing the people against the efforts of Great Britain and France to win this war. In the short space of one year, the Germans found it almost impossible to carry on their diabolical circulation of rumors, canards and insidious underhand reports, calculated to poison the minds of certain ignorant elements of the population against both these countries. To-day the truth is spread broadcast, and in its light the seed of discord and misrepresentation dies a natural death.

The editorial section controlled the publication of all books and pamphlets dealing with Canada in the war, and was under the direction of Captain Theodore E. Roberts, who controlled a staff of well-known Canadian journalists. Books on the brave deeds of many of our corps, accounts of battles, and much miscellaneous matter of vital interest has been published from time to time. "Canada in Flanders," "The Canadian Daily Record," an illustrated paper for the troops, an annual "Canada in Khaki" have materialized, and last but not least, there is the "Canadian Record" which has made its appearance in Ottawa under the able editorship of M. C. Nichols.

It would be remiss on our part if we closed this chapter without acclaiming Lord Beaverbrook in all this new work. His first position was that of Canadian Record Officer at the front, writing a classic work of the first year's actions of our troops, after which he created and controlled the Canadian War Records Office, and then was nominated Minister of Information, which Cabinet position he held until his recent retirement through illness. He has made his new department a very profitable one for the British Government, as he received an immense revenue from the sale of his photographs, moving picture films and publications. This, it seems to me, was about as great an innovation and success as anything else he accomplished in his rapid advancement in Great Britain.

MACHINE GUN CORPS

The growth and ever increasing importance of the Machine Gun Services in the Canadian Corps necessitated the creation of the Canadian Machine Gun Corps.

The formation of that corps was approved by Order-in-Council in April, 1917, but the organization did not really become effective until the beginning of 1918.

The following figures will illustrate the growth of the Canadian Machine Gun Corps in the last 6 months before our visit:—

	1st January 1918	1st July 1918.		
Total number of officers and				
other ranks	221	3590	413	8304

In principle the machine gun battalions remained with their respective divisions, and participated in all battles, whether defensive or offensive.

The Motor Machine Gun Brigades, under control of the corps, were employed to reinforce quickly any part of the front, defensively or offensively, and their great mobility was a precious asset.

During active operations the machine gun resources of the Canadian Corps were generally pooled, and came under the tactical command of the G.O.C., Canadian Machine Gun Corps.

Owing to their very great fire power the machine guns were the backbone of the defensive, and their extensive employment allowed the lines to be held lightly with infantry, thus reducing the losses through casualties and other causes of attrition.

In the offensive the machine guns were generally divided in two categories:—

(a) The machine guns moving forward with the assault, to consolidate and defend the ground captured.

(b) The machine guns employed in batteries, to support the advance of the infantry by indirect overhead fire, in the case of co-ordinated barrages in attacks with a limited objective, or in semi-mobile warfare to support by fire power, either direct or indirect the advance of the infantry.

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The machine guns were an intermediate weapon with tactics of their own; they were the connecting link between the infantry and the artillery.

In all cases their employment was subordinated to the operations of the infantry, and carefully co-ordinated with all other branches of the service, and more especially with the artillery.

Owing to the nature of their employment, the attrition in the units of the Canadian Machine Gun Corps, was high (approximately ten per cent per month); hence a comparatively large number of reinforcements were kept in France at the Canadian Machine Gun Corps Reinforcement Depot.

The heavy casualties, and the very high technical training required of the Canadian machine gunners, required special and constant efforts in the direction of training, and the Canadian Corps had a special machine gun school.

The object of the school was to standardize and improve the technical training, and gradually raise the standard and efficiency of the Machine Gun Corps. Selected officers and N.C.O.'s were chosen for refresher courses with the object of returning to their units to act as instructors during the normal training carried out by machine gun battalions and brigades.

Besides technical training in machine gun work, all students were put through a course of physical and infantry drill. Various lectures on the different branches of the service were also given.

ENGINEERS SERVICE

With the Canadians, the corps was a fighting unit. This is due to the fact that the Canadian Corps was composed of four permanent divisions, whereas in other corps the divisions were constantly changing.

The work of the corps naturally fell into four main departments under General Staff, Artillery "A. & Q." and Engineers. The work of each department was closely involved with that of other departments, and it is due to the splendid co-ordination and co-operation of all these departments that such good results were obtained.

Under the Chief Engineer were defences, roads, tramways, water supply, mining and tunnelling, bridging and the supply and manufacture of the necessary engineer stores, and accommodation for troops and horses.

The general policy of defence to be followed was laid down by the General Staff, and the defences were constructed by, and under the supervision of the Engineers. This included wiring, construction of trenches, deep dugouts, machine gun emplacements, infantry subways, infantry and mule tracks, roads, battalion, brigade and divisional headquarters.

The artillery were particularly affected in the question of the provision of materials for the construction of gun emplacements and dugouts for the protection of the personnel, camouflage and the provision and maintenance of tramways and roads to facilitate the movement of their guns, and the maintenance of their ammunition supply.

The main question was the provision of the necessary facilities to provide for the existence of what was practically a "moving city" with a population varying from one hundred and five thousand to one hundred and sixty thousand people and from twenty-five thousand to sixty thousand horses,—the whole or part of which moved on short notice. This involved the provision and erection of the necessary hutting for headquarters, officers and men, and in winter, standings and shelters for horses,—the necessary sanitary arrangements, such as ablution tables, latrines, incinerators, etc.—the provision of water for man and beast—and

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the hundred and one things which were required for the maintenance of a very attenuated "city" of this size in the field. Arrangements had also to be made for the reception of the necessary supplies, rations and forage, ammunition, etc., provided by "Q." This involved arrangements for railway sidings, "in" and "out" roads to them, and the development and maintenance of well-defined traffic routes to enable the heavy traffic to move without interruption. Supplies and ammunition were cleared to dumps and re-filling points from which they were distributed. At these dumps and refilling points facilities had to be provided for means of access, footings cover from weather, and protection from damage by bombs and shell fire.

In addition to the defences of the sectors actually held, defences in rear must be provided in case of an enforced retirement. In case of an advance, the provision of the necessary materials and defences to enable the troops to hold the ground they had gained.

In addition to the provision and maintenance of the necessary roads to enable the movement of traffic of the corps, the construction of forward roads, mule tracks, infantry tracks, etc., to enable the corps to advance must be undertaken. As this was in the forward area, it generally had to be carried out at night and under great difficulties. In the case of an enforced retirement, provision for the demolition of roads and bridges must also be made.

All the construction, maintenance and operation of teamways in the forward area were carried out under the chief engineer. The line of demarkation between the army organization of light railways and corps tramways were roughly the points to which the army light railways could safely deliver in bulk by steam in daylight. All in front of this was carried out by the Corps Tramways, which took over the cars at the transfer sidings and delivered in detail forward. The Tramways Companies of this corps were operating and maintaining about seventy-five miles of line in the forward area, and handled the delivery of all ammunition to the guns as well as trench munitions and supplies to the forward area. They also carried working parties up, and attended to brigade reliefs, evacuation of wounded to dressing stations, etc., etc. In the corps area about one hundred and fifty trains a day were operated forward and an approximate daily tonnage of about two thousand tons was carried into the forward area, practically all of which would otherwise have to go in by horse transport, pack animals or be carried in by hand.

In addition to providing the water supply necessary for drinking, cooking and washing for the men, and water for the horses, arrangements had also to be made to take care of a sudden

ENGINEERS SERVICE

advance into a new area of the large number of men and horses involved,—an area in which little was known of the facilities for water supply. An important feature of the question of the water supply for horses was that they must all be watered three times a day, and the strain came on at approximately the same hours.

The arranging of offensive or defensive mining required working out in great detail. The tunnelling was carried out to provide shell-proof cover in dugouts for the headquarters, the personnel of all units in the forward area, and subways to facilitate the passage of men in the forward area through a zone which was subject to heavy barrage.

Provision must be made for the construction of necessary bridges to facilitate traffic in the areas occupied, for duplicates of bridges likely to be destroyed, and for any bridges required in an advance. Careful arrangements must be made for the destruction of all bridges in a retirement.

It was impossible to purchase any stores or materials locally as the country had been stripped, and the French reserved to themselves anything which was left. In consequence the requirements of the corps as regards engineer stores had to be foreseen, estimated and asked for six weeks ahead, and obtained through regular army channels from outside sources. Engineer stores included cement, corrugated iron, felt roofing, steel joists and rails, posts and wire for entanglements, steel shelters, wire netting, expanded metal, hurdles, canvas and frames for rivetting, trench boards, bricks, baths, stoves, iron-mongery, timber of all sizes, electrical stores, mining and tunnelling stores, water pipes, and fittings, pumps, etc., etc.

The activities of the Canadian Engineers within the corps also included the provision and administration of Signal Services,—a vast and intricate system of wireless, telegraph and telephone communication carried out by the Canadian Engineers under the A. D. Signals.

In addition an Anti-Aircraft Searchlight Company operated searchlights at night to assist in the protection of the corps against hostile aircraft.

To enable all of this work to be carried out the organization was roughly as follows:—

With each division there was an Engineer Brigade, consisting of three battalions of slightly over 1000 men each. Each engineer battalion was divided into a headquarters and four companies. Three of the companies were organized for general engineering work, and the fourth for tunneling and mining work. Attached to each engineer brigade was a Bridging Transport Section, which carried sufficient bridging equipment to enable two hundred and twenty-five feet of medium bridge to be constructed.

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With the corps there were five army troops companies for general engineering work, two tramways companies for construction, maintenance and operation of tramways, one anti-aircraft searchlight company, which operated in conjunction with the anti-aircraft guns at night and one "P.B." Company which was employed in corps workshops. This company was made up of returned casualties of low categories.

The corps workshops were operated by the P. B. Company and one or more army troops companies as required. They standardized the designs of manufactured trench and other stores and issued to divisions on demand,—delivery usually being made by tramways. They also manufactured sectional huts, sign-boards, mining frames, revetting frames, horse-troughs, targets, infantry and artillery bridges, etc.

Should the program of work required to be carried out on the corps front in a given time be more than could be undertaken by the Canadian Engineer Units, Tunnelling or Army troop companies, or Royal Engineers, were usually attached to the corps as required, to assist in carrying out the program.

LXVIII.

REINFORCEMENTS

The principal part of the work of "A" branch during operations was the supply of reinforcements.

All Canadian reinforcements were carried on the strength of a formation known as the "Canadian corps reinforcement camp". The majority actually lived in the camp area, although in certain cases they were attached to units in the corps area.

The Assistant Adjutant-General, Canadian base, was responsible for keeping record of the strength of all units, and under normal conditions he ordered the Commanding Officer of the Reinforcement Camp to despatch personnel to units as required by the information received by him.

The supply of reinforcements divided naturally into two portions:

1. The recording of casualties;
2. The replacement of casualties.

was opened for every infantry and machine gun unit in the corps the opening entry showing the original strength of the unit.

In these units, casualties were very heavy, and it was not possible for the officers responsible for reporting them to do more than give an approximate figure.

When an important action commenced, and as soon as any casualties occurred in an infantry unit, the adjutant telegraphed or sent a message to Brigade Headquarters, where it was sent on to the division and corps.

At the same time a copy of the message was sent to the Assistant Adjutant-General at the Canadian base, who at once issued orders to the Canadian corps reinforcement camp to make good the losses.

If the division was still in action it might not be possible to do this at once, but the order could be acted on as soon as the division was in a position to receive the new personnel.

Meantime, a record of all the casualties and the strength of the unit from time to time was kept in the casualty ledger in "A" branch, so that the number of reinforcements which would be required after the operation would be known, and arrange-

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ments made to receive them, and further so that the corps commander might be aware at any moment of the strength of the units under his command.

In the case of other units such as artillery or signals, actual casualties could, as a rule, be ascertained and were reported once daily, through similar channels.

During ordinary operations, casualties in machine gun, signal and artillery units were, as above noted, replaced on orders from the A.A.G. at the Canadian base, but during a battle, when it was necessary to 'speed up', the control of all the reinforcements for these units was taken over by "A" branch which issued orders for the replacement of losses simultaneously, with the arrival of the wires advising of casualties.

Briefly, however, all reinforcements were normally kept either at the Canadian corps reinforcement camp, or in the case, for instance, of artillery, in the neighbourhood of their units although away from shell fire.

When an operation was in prospect, which was at some distance from the reinforcement camp, "A" branch was responsible for arranging, so soon as a division came out of the line, that its infantry reinforcements were ready to meet it.

A depot had to be established at the nearest railhead to the scene of the battle, and these infantry reinforcements with sufficient reinforcements for machine gun units had to be collected there ready to take the places of those who fell. So far as possible the infantry reinforcements reached this advanced depot at the same time as the division left the line, but the machine gunners had to be there beforehand, and go up to their units as the casualties occurred.

The reinforcements for other arms were attached to different units, and taken to the locality of the operations under special arrangements made by them, so that they were ready to replace casualties from the commencement of the fighting as soon as ordered to take their places in the line.

In connection with all this, arrangements had to be made for the billeting and feeding of the reinforcements, and for their employment, while awaiting to be sent to their units.

Although this was not a direct responsibility of the "A" branch of the corps, yet, with a view of doing all possible to ensure that the flow of reinforcements from England to the reinforcement camps was maintained, estimates must, so far as possible, be made of the casualties likely to be incurred during a battle, and any information possible given to the headquarters overseas military forces of Canada, to guide them in calculating how many reinforcements would be needed.

REINFORCEMENTS

Experience has shown that such forecasts could be made with a degree of accuracy which made them of actual value, and they were also useful in determining the number of infantrymen who should be held at the advanced depots.

The great aim was to keep every unit, except the infantry, engaged in combat, filled up to strength during all the operations, and to be ready to fill the gaps in the infantry the moment they left the battlefield.

ARTICLE LXIX

INTELLIGENCE

Before considering details of the actual composition, functions, and methods of procedure of the corps intelligence organization and what part it played in the corps generally, it is necessary to have a clear general understanding of the nature of the work for which the organization has been authorized.

It may help by picturing and considering the corps as a football team with the corps commander the captain, and each unit a player, responsible to the corps commander for marking and fighting his opposite number. For instance, a front line battalion was concerned with its opposite number—the enemy front line battalion. Field artillery, trench mortars, machine guns were affiliated with the front line battalion to help it fight, worry, and kill the enemy's troops in the forward trench area.

The counter battery office had the duty of marking for the corps commander the enemy's artillery battery positions.

In this game, corps intelligence was tactical fighting intelligence concerned with the enemy corps opposite and was responsible for each unit having a knowledge as complete as possible of their enemy opposite number; that is to say:—

Disposition of the enemy's troops; location of the enemy's battalion, regiment and division headquarters; routes of approach for the enemy infantry and transport; location of the enemy's battery positions with their routes of ammunition supply; the enemy's successive lines of defence; and the enemy's detailed defences, machine gun emplacements, trench mortars, observation posts, etc.

For this each unit in the corps has an intelligence organization the duties and responsibilities in each case being to supply information for the direction of our aggressive and fighting blows.

These compositions and functions of the intelligence organization of the units in general terms were, as follows:—

Each battalion had two officers, one an intelligence officer, who is in charge of the intelligence section, and the other a scout officer, assistant to the intelligence officer; 2 N. C. O.s (a scout sergeant and corporal) 16 scouts (8 especially trained

INTELLIGENCE

in observation) and 8 snipers, the company and platoon having their own respective company and platoon scouts and snipers. To understand their functions, the following questions a battalion commander might ask himself when going into the line, will outline the part the intelligence section plays in the battalion organization:

1. Are the front line platoons patrolling, sniping and aggressive?

2. Are their energies, aggressiveness and efforts being controlled and directed against well selected objectives and targets, making use of all the battalion sources of intelligence as well as its own source of intelligence?

3. Are my Lewis guns and Stokes trench mortars active, and are their targets selected only after careful study and co-ordination of battalion sources of intelligence?

4. Do the platoon and company commanders and the battalion intelligence section know how the Germans, my battalion is marking, hold their outpost line and the dispositions of the enemy's companies with their routes of approach to the front? Do they know the position of the enemy's O. P. trench mortars and machine gun emplacements which are controlling the enemy strokes against us?

5. Have I obtained from the battalion I relieved all known information collected to date of the enemy, and am I sure that the lives of any of our raising parties will not be lost owing to carelessness in taking over information of the position, of the enemy machine guns, trench mortars or posts?

6. Are the battalion observers alert and keen and seeing every possible observed movement in the enemy's lines, new work and trench mortars or machine guns active, and is there close co-operation between my battalion's "eyes" and the field batteries and trench mortars' F. O. O.'s covering battalion frontage?

7. Is the battalion, in short, "on its toes", feeling the very pulse of the German unit we are marking, and are each of my aggressive strokes directed with reason and to the very best knowledge of the co-ordinated information sources of intelligence?

Gunnery and intelligence went hand in hand. One is to shoot and the other is to find the target to shoot at, which latter was the function of the artillery intelligence. The forward observing officers of the batteries were the artillery "eyes", together with the balloon and aeroplane, and the target selected to be shot at was obtained from the sources of intelligence at the artillery disposal.

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The corps counter battery officer, to locate enemy's batteries, had observation flash spotting stations which take intersections of flashes of the enemy batteries, when active, also sound ranging instruments which work similarly to the flash-spotting stations in as far as the sound stations calculate by machinery mathematically the position of the enemy's battery action. Then, in the air, the counter battery officer had the aeroplane and the balloon watching for flashes of the enemy's guns—the information from all these sources was co-ordinated and confirmed by aeroplane photographs. In addition to these, photos showed the enemy's tram railway system by which he fed his batteries with ammunition, and these, together, with prisoners' statements and captured documents, helped to make a complete story for the counter battery officer of his opposite number.

Anti-aircraft, involving fighting the enemy's aeroplanes, watches, and plots on a chart showing the flight of each enemy plane observed, as well as the enemy's aerial activity generally, when studied, was an interesting and valuable source of intelligence.

With listening sets to overhear the enemy's conversations and his forward trench communications, and with intercepting stations to intercept his wireless messages, a complete study was made of the enemy's communications.

Corps observation posts, manned by corps observers, were distributed over the corps front, and were responsible for the general observation of the enemy's movement opposite the corps, and at the end of each day, their reports were co-ordinated with the reports from the artillery and infantry observation posts, and the officer in charge of the corps observers, was responsible for appreciating at the end of the day, what the various "eyes" had seen. If abnormal movement was noticed in a certain enemy divisional sector and there was reason to believe a relief is in progress, night harassing fire was accordingly distributed.

Intelligence corps officers were officers who spoke German fluently and had a thorough knowledge of the German army organization. The interrogation of prisoners and the translation of captured documents was their principal work. Each divisional staff had an intelligence corps officer attached, and corps headquarters had two intelligence officers attached. To assist them in this work, in active operations, each Brigade had two German-speaking N. C. O.s.

In conclusion, the general sources of intelligence outlined above, with a number of other sources, such as prisoners, documents, secret service, etc., were co-ordinated in order to be so organized and alert as to feel the actual pulse of the enemy opposite.

INTELLIGENCE

The effort in the making of a 9.2 inch shell at home, shipping it overseas, bringing it up the line of communication, and placing it in the gun, was finally spent and directed by intelligence, and intelligence, by spending such ammunition, has had a great responsibility.

MEDICAL SERVICES

The Deputy Director of Medical Services directed the service as a whole. He was assisted by a Deputy Adjutant Director, who directed the services of a division.

In the Canadian corps were five sanitary sections, each consisting of one officer and twenty-seven other ranks. Each sanitary section looked after a sanitary area.

Attached to the D.D.M.S. corps was the motor ambulance convoy. The M.A.C. evacuated wounded from the field ambulance main dressing stations to the casualty clearing stations.

The medical officers of the units comprising corps troops, i. e. heavy artillery, motor transport, and other non-divisional units were directly under the administration of the D.D.M.S., Canadian corps, which numbered over twenty thousand.

The A.D.M.S. of a division administered the three field ambulances of the division.

Each field ambulance was commanded by a lieutenant-colonel, and had two majors, six captains, a dental officer, and a quartermaster. On the establishment of a field ambulance were two hundred and thirty-eight other ranks, seven motor ambulances, three horse ambulance waggons and forty-five horses in addition to general service waggons, limbers and water carts.

The field ambulance was to treat slightly wounded and slightly sick, and to evacuate and transport sick and wounded.

Each field ambulance had a dental officer attached, who attended to the dental work of the troops in the neighborhood.

Each battalion of infantry, and brigade of artillery, besides divisional train and divisional ammunition column, had a medical officer attached from the C.A.M.C.

The regimental medical officer was in command of the medical detail of the unit. The medical detail consisted of sixteen regimental stretcher bearers, five water details, and two C.A.M.C. orderlies (one sergeant, one corporal).

The regimental stretcher bearers belonged to the battalion, and were attached to the medical officer for duty. They rendered first aid to the wounded, and carried wounded men to the regimental aid post. This establishment of stretcher bearers was

MEDICAL SERVICES

sufficient in ordinary times, but in active hostilities had been found to be too few. On these occasions special parties of stretcher bearers were detailed from other formations.

The water details duty was to see that the water supply of the unit was pure. They accompanied the water carts going to and coming from the refilling points, and saw that all water was chlorinated, and that it was tested from time to time to see that the proper amount of chlorine was being added.

The wounded were brought to the regimental aid posts by the regimental stretcher bearers. From the regimental aid posts they were carried back to the advanced dressing station by the stretcher squads of the field ambulances.

From the advanced dressing station the wounded were taken back by the ambulance cars and waggons of the field ambulances, to the main dressing station. From the main dressing station they were taken to the casualty clearing station by the motor ambulance convoy.

From the casualty clearing station cases were sent to the base by railway ambulance train.

The sick in infantry and artillery paraded to the regimental medical officer, who sent those who were not fit to remain on duty, to the nearest field ambulance.

From the field ambulance, cases of serious illness were sent to the casualty clearing stations.

Cases of slight illness were sent to the corps rest station, or in some cases when such existed to divisional rest stations.

The corps rest stations were capable of accommodating up to six hundred sick. There was a special ward for officers. Only cases of slight sickness were treated here. The extra equipment of the rest stations and the officers' ward was provided by the Canadian Red Cross.

Cases of skin diseases were sent to the corps rest station, where there were special facilities for bathing, and for the sterilization of clothes and blankets, and cases of the eye, ear, nose, and throat were placed under a specialist in the treatment of those diseases.

The Canadian corps dental laboratory was situated at a central place in the corps area. There was a special clinique for officers, and a clinique for other ranks. Here all impressions for dentures were sent from the dental officers in the field ambulances, and the dentures made. By this arrangement a man could be fitted with a new denture within a week.

A dental officer was situated at each field ambulance to attend to the dental work in the Brigade.

The Canadian Red Cross provided all extra comforts and

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equipment not provided by Ordnance. This comprised special heating apparatus, fruit, games, tobacco, etc., etc.

All members of the medical services were concerned in, and had responsibility in matters pertaining to the prevention of disease.

This responsibility began with the regimental medical officers, who kept up a daily observation and inspection.

This comprised:—

1. Quality, sufficiency and preparation of food.
2. Purity of water.
3. Hygienic condition of trenches, billets and dugouts.
4. Hygienic condition of the men, clothing, blankets, etc.
5. Inoculation and vaccination of troops.
6. The isolation and disinfection of cases and contacts of infectious disease.
7. Location, sufficiency and condition of latrines.
8. The proper disposal of excreta, manure, garbage, etc.

THE LAST POST

The duty of clearing the battlefield and giving respectful burial to our dead was also carried out under the general supervision of "A" branch, and perhaps more care has been given to the provision of an organization for this purpose by the Canadian corps than by any other. As is generally known, all burials in France were carried out under the Department of Graves Registration and Enquiries, but in the Canadian corps this was supplemented by a purely Canadian organization.

Whenever the corps was to make an attack or to carry out operations in a new area, "A" branch was responsible for obtaining the location of all authorized cemeteries, and the best means of reaching them, and advising all units who might be taking part.

The Canadian corps had a properly organized burial office, and each division had a similar organization, on a smaller scale. As soon as any officer or man was killed, the remains were, whenever possible, despatched by light railway, to one of the authorized cemeteries maintained by the Department of Graves Registration and Enquiries, where a service was held by the unit chaplain. If the situation was such that this could not be done, as in the case of heavy fighting, new cemeteries were prepared in the forward area, and the interment carried out there.

In a few cases it was necessary to carry out isolated burials, as for example during the very heavy shelling at Passchendaele when parties moving about would have attracted the attention of the German gunners. In either case a report was sent by the officer who conducted the burial to the Canadian corps burial officer, and the effects of the officer or soldier were also forwarded to him and despatched to the base, from where they were sent to the relatives.

After the Passchendaele battles a large party was left behind under the corps burial officer to continue the Canadian burials, as it had not been found satisfactory for this work to be left to other incoming units.

There were, of course, casualties among these parties; the work was unceasing, not pleasant, and attended with risk for all

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concerned. One officer was killed while at duty, and other ranks were killed and wounded.

The Canadian Record Office was thus placed in a position to give authentic information regarding graves at the earliest possible moment, and it has frequently been found that more satisfactory information was available at the Canadian corps, where a complete system of records is now maintained, than elsewhere.

Records are kept not only of all actual burials carried out by the Canadian corps, but, as far as possible, of the locations of all Canadian graves, many of which, having no satisfactory record, were visited and checked in the Ypres area. Provision was made for the burial of remains not only of British and Canadian, but also of French soldiers.

Difficulty has been found occasionally owing to shortage of crosses, and it has been necessary to supply a large number from our own resources. To give one example, practically all the crosses for the French soldiers buried by the Canadian corps were furnished by the Canadian Engineers, as were also very many of the memorials erected after the Vimy operations.

With regard to the number of interments which have taken place, it may be stated that after the Vimy operations there were three thousand five hundred and seventy-two interments carried out and recorded, that is to say that many of those whom units reported as missing were afterwards found and buried. After the Passchendaele battles, in spite of the almost insuperable difficulties there were over nineteen hundred Canadian burials, and nearly six hundred others.

It is hoped that all may clearly understand how near this matter was to the heart of everyone in the corps, and how much affection was shown and labor expended in securing burial for the fallen, and care for their graves.

LAST DAYS IN LONDON

The last few days in London were extremely busy ones. The Australian newspapermen had arrived, and the Americans were coming. We were well aware that our confreres from both of these countries would receive as lavish hospitality from the big men of England and France, and as much honor as had been showered upon us. There did not seem to be anything left for us to see which would impress us with greater conviction of the efforts of Great Britain and France in the war. We had an absolute freedom, that left everyone of us with unlimited liberty to write and say what we thought of all we had seen and heard, with, of course, the consideration of ordinary censorship which existed at home, as well as in Great Britain and France.

THE LAST POST

No door was closed to us, but rather were we encouraged to be curious in our search for knowledge. For this frank and honest treatment we have to record our appreciation, for it helped to remove any impression that might have existed at the start that we were being influenced towards Imperialism for a purpose. All we have to say is that we have never travelled in all our lives with a more independent or democratic party of journalists than this same Canadian company, who all seemed to have a distinct opinion of their own, and it would take more than the Governments of Great Britain and France to change their Canadian viewpoint, but no such attempt was ever thought of. As I recall the meeting, and the reception at the headquarters of the 2nd American Army, I do not know of any incident of a more friendly or brotherly meeting except within the lines of our own Canadian boys.

CONCLUSION

As stated in my "Foreword," it was not my intention to write these impressions of the Canadian editors' tour to Great Britain and France, during the last year of the struggle, at such length, nor had I contemplated putting them into book form. However, before the last pages go to press, there are a few notes which have been omitted, which I must include, before the final word is written.

In Scotland, while visiting Edinburgh, where we were so hospitably received and entertained by the Mayor and Council, we were informed that Scotland is sometimes inclined to think of the freedom of Canadians. During our visit in that city, one of the aldermen referred to the fact that they had to ask permission in London to take us through a castle in Glasgow, and if that permission had not arrived we would not have been able to see this interesting sight while there. The matter was quite trivial, but it seemed to grate upon the Scotchman to a serious degree, although I think that this incident is a relic of a traditional past, which might easily be obliterated if the Scotch people really wanted it done away with.

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In France one Sunday morning when passing through a typical French village, we rested for a few minutes to have a photo taken of the group in front of the old City Hall. There were few villagers or soldiers around, and yet one of the latter, a Canadian, whose attention was drawn to the presence of the visitors by their civilian dress, said to himself, "They are not English, French or American, who can they be?" On closer inspection he came to the conclusion that they had the appearance of his own fellow countrymen, before he perceived that they came from his native city, Quebec. It was no other than Lieut. Gerard Garneau, who was taking a special course in a training camp nearby, and who had entered the village to attend mass that morning. It is needless to say how much pleasure was felt by all in this happy incident.

* * *

CONCLUSION

We had the distinguished honor of meeting many celebrated figures in English political life. On one occasion we lunched at 11 Downing Street, not a castle or a palace, but described by one of our party as "a rather shabby old red brick terrace." Yet it was the official residence of the British Prime Minister. Here we peeped into the room where the British Cabinet declared war against Germany, where for several centuries the momentous questions of British Government had been waged, debated and solved. Mr. Bonar Law, Chancellor of the Exchequer, is a Canadian born citizen and he said on this visit, that in the event of a question between Canada and Great Britain, "my heart would be with my own native land." It was in this house, unpretentious in appearance, where Pitt and his Cabinet deliberated and finally decided to send Wolfe and his army to Canada; where Lord North committed the fatal error of starting war with the Americans; and where all other great events of British history affecting the whole world have been settled for the past two hundred years.

* * *

We enjoyed an hour with Mr. Winston Churchill, who while suffering severe criticism for his connection with the Antwerp and Gallipoli episodes, will never be forgotten for the manner in which he had the British Navy in readiness when war broke out—with every magazine of every ship of the fleet filled to its capacity, in absolute readiness for any description of action, a clever precaution that withheld the German Navy from daring to meet it in battle. Winston Churchill, like many of the other great men we met, spoke of Britain's unpreparedness for war and her innocence in connection with its outbreak.

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It was at the opening of a naval picture exhibition in the Princess Gallery that we met and heard Sir Eric Geddes, now First Lord of the Admiralty. At the Mansion House we also saw Lord Jellicoe, well known in Quebec, having visited this city during the Tercentenary; and in his own residence on the Firth of Forth, we met Lord Burney, Commander-in-Chief of the British Fleet in Scotland.

* * *

When one contemplated the many thousands of miles we motored and covered by train and ship in England and Scotland, France and Belgium, the numerous appointments and engagements we had to make at all hours of the day and evening, a work entailing incalculable detail and form, which had to be arranged by British diplomacy, influence, telegraph, cable and courier, all of which was performed with characteristic precision

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and punctuality, during our four weeks' tour, it is not surprising that we could not close this chapter without a word of great appreciation to our conductors. These men were indefatigable in their zealously to leave no stone unturned to show us everything pertaining to Britain's and France's efforts to win this war, taking the same risks as we did, and seeing that we were enabled to observe the battle front from all its most interesting and dangerous angles,—except only that of a real battle. These conductors and organizers, representatives of the British Minister of Information, were General McRae of Vancouver; General Sims, Major Montague, Major Parkinson, Major Anand, Major Whitmore, Captain Robertson, M. E. Nichols, of Canada, and Geoffrey Butler, of New York, in addition to the other railway and steamship officials whom we have already mentioned.

* * *

We returned to Canada on the SS. Aquitania, one of the largest ships afloat. To me it seemed larger than usual for I was but one of four hundred passengers on a ship fitted up to accommodate over seven thousand. This was the number she carried on her outward passage from New York. The vessel was stripped of its interior furnishings and was ten times more gloomy and foreboding than the smaller ship, the Metagama, upon which we had gone over. Our passengers were as miscellaneous a mixture as any war group one might meet in London. There were officers of every rank and station, Canadian and American nurses of every order and class. Y.M.C.A. and Red Cross officials, Government lecturers and diplomats. All were the guests of the British Government. There were a party of Russian officials en route to Siberia. The magnificently furnished saloons, music rooms, and dining halls were turned into mess rooms, armories and officers' quarters. We took our meals in the second cabin dining salon. A convoy of submarine chasers accompanied us out of the Mersey and into the sea for a short distance, but our speed was so great that we were soon left to our own devices without any escort. Notwithstanding the fact that we took a zig-zag course, we reached New York in less than six days, without meeting with any of the enemy subs, or having any extraordinary incident to mar a smooth voyage. In New York our little band of Canadian newspapermen, who had seen the great world battle front and the stupendous efforts of England and France to win the war, separated for their respective homes, in all parts of Canada, from Halifax to Vancouver. It was the end of a most thrilling, exciting, and interesting journey overseas.

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