

# Private Warwick

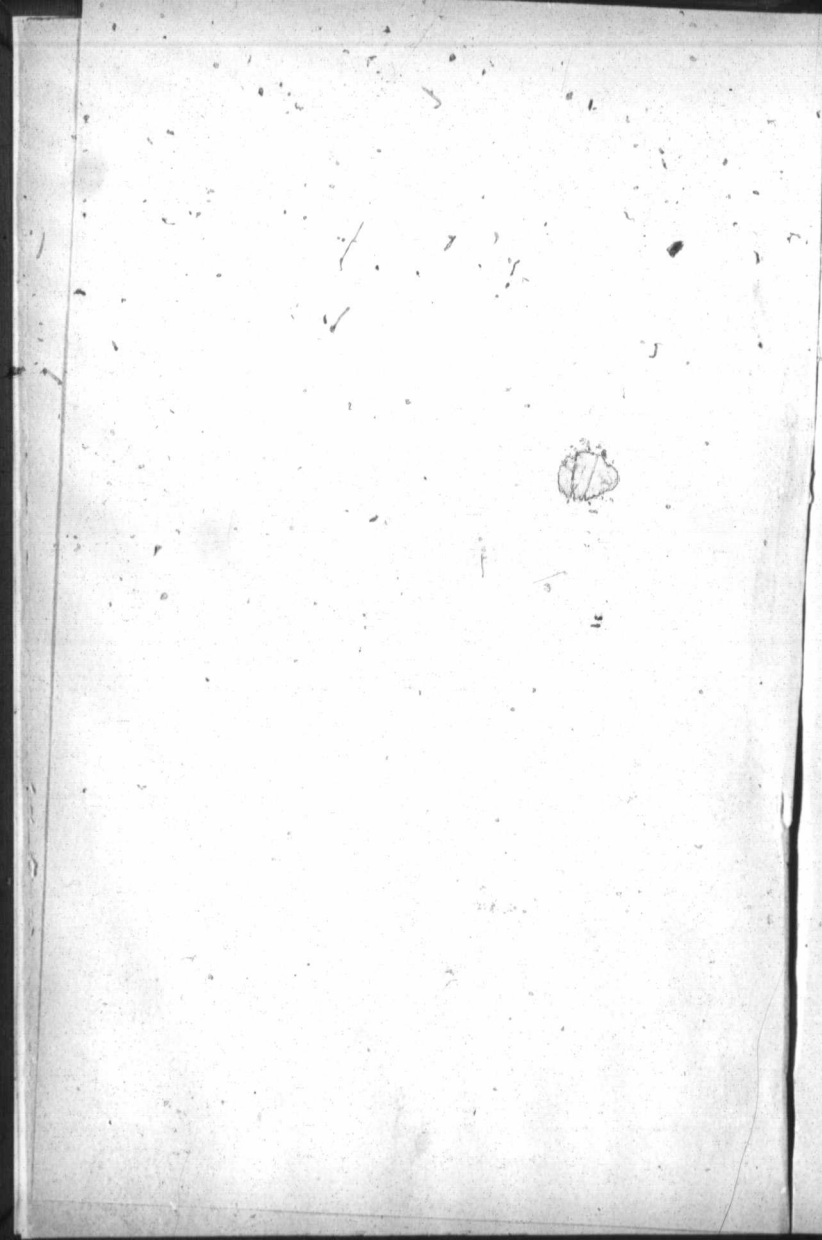
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Musings of  
A Canuck in Khaki

Harry M. Wodson





# PRIVATE WARWICK

Musings of a Canuck in Khaki

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HARRY M. WODSON

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Dedicated to the Mothers, Wives and Sweethearts  
of Canada, who have given their loved ones  
to fight for Freedom.

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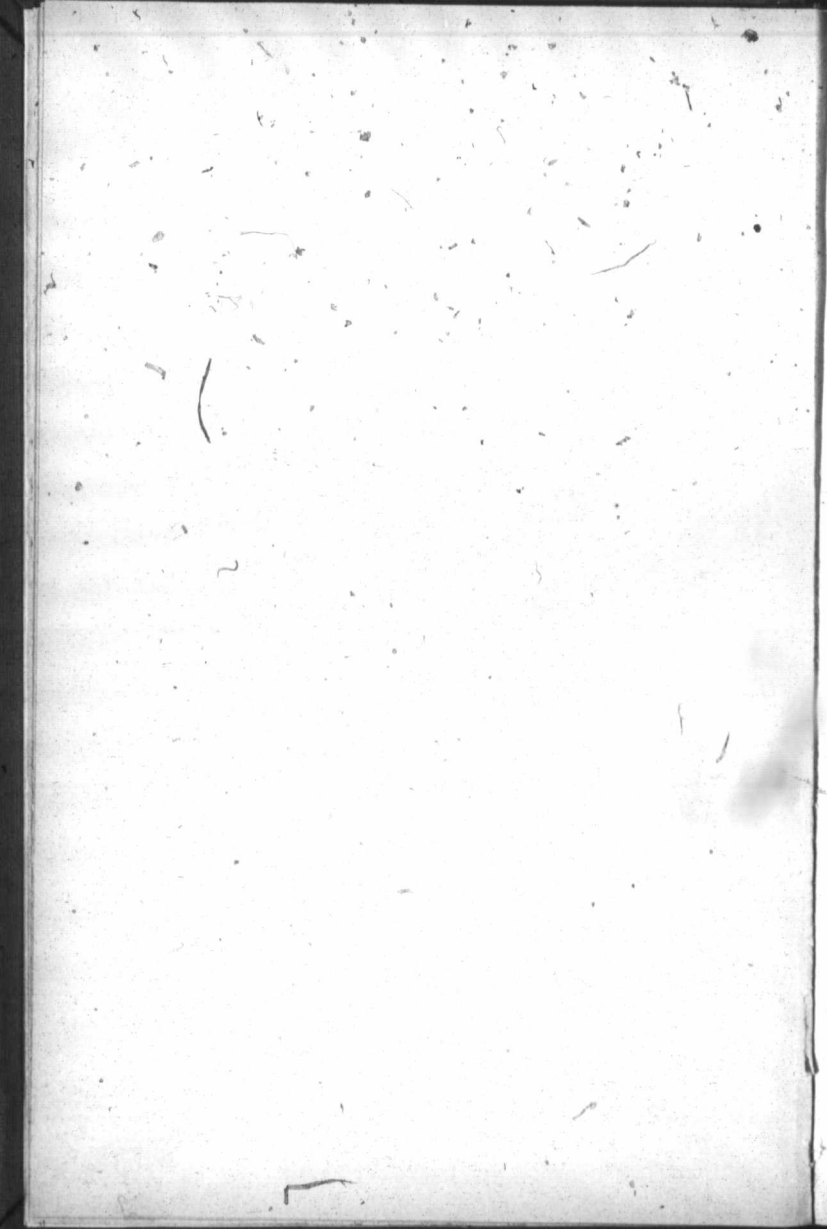
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## PREFACE.

THIS LITTLE BOOK was inspired by two young men who responded to the call of Duty. One of them fills a soldier's grave in France; the other is preparing to go into action. The name on the title page is fictitious, although the author believes there are many Private Warwicks bringing glory to Canada. Furthermore, the main object of the volume is not to furnish the reader with descriptions of the monotonous life at Shorncliffe Camp, but to record, in diary form, the musings of a young Canadian whose sense of honor, and red blood, led him to a recruiting station.

The counterpart of Private Warwick's mother may be found in ten thousand homes in Canada, and her splendid spirit is a living fire in the heart of every woman who has given to the Empire that which she loves best.

—H. M. W.



## A LETTER FROM HOME.

### SHORNCLIFFE CAMP, ENGLAND.

IT IS GOOD to be in dear old England, to smell the dewy freshness that comes up from the straits below this hill, and to know that you have ten hours before reveille. It is equally satisfactory to know that Channel watch-dogs are prowling up and down, torpedo boats and torpedo destroyers poking their ugly black noses into the darkness in search of submarines and lurking mines. Overhead floats the "Silver Queen," the periscope hunter of the air. Other flying craft, like monster birds of prey, circle, dip and skim, while Britain's merchant ships steam out to sea, proudly flying the Union Jack, and the tantalizing sign, "Business as Usual." Suddenly a signal is given, and the water prowlers slip their leashes to concentrate at the danger zone. Around and about them are the white hospital ships, the coastal boats, the transports and fishing craft. Here and there a neutral ship, screaming its nationality in flaming colors,

glides peacefully on its way. Yonder are the white cliffs of Boulogne, from whose heights battle-broken Tommies look wistfully across to dear old Blighty, so near and yet so far. Intermittently the British fleet cannonades the German trenches on the Belgium coast.

I'm dead fagged to-night, after a day on the ranges at Hythe, where we were put through gruelling firing exercises. We were cheated out of our sleep last night by a false Zeppelin alarm, that transformed Caesar's Camp from a peaceful tented city, into a cauldron of excitement. Every man dashed to his post for orders, that came in husky whispers, and every eye was trained heavenward for a glimpse of the midnight marauder that didn't come. After an hour shivering in the chilly night mists of the Kentish coast, we crept back to our tents and the comforting cigarette.

"Why can't the bloomin' Kaiser send 'is blawsted sausages nearer meal time, when we might get a chawnce to put a fork into 'em," growled an English Canuck, as he tossed aside his fag end and rolled into his blankets.

Hail to the Union Jack! A letter from Maple Creek, Canada. Uncle Steve must be bubbling over. What's this? "A nice mess you've made of your life. It's time enough for Canadians to think about

going to war when German guns are banging at our coasts."

Which would be four days after the British Navy had been sent to the bottom of the North Sea—Greenwich time. However, Uncle thinks otherwise. Let's see what comes next?

"If you thought so little about Winnipeg banking, why didn't you come through and give me a hand this year? It's all very well putting on fine airs and talking about your King and country needing you, but you've got the wrong country in your head. *The country that needs you is Canada.* If you've got blood to shed, shed it for the country that gives you a home. I'm just as loyal to the King of England as you are, and would fight and die for him *if I lived in England.* There are millions of men of fighting age in the old land who have not yet volunteered. Every man Jack of them could get into khaki to-morrow, and the work of the British Isles would be carried on as usual. But what a plight Canada is going to be in if her young, able-bodied men leave her shores for the glory of fighting for a King and country most of them have never seen! Have we farmers to wait for help until the babies of to-day are big enough to milk cows. (Whew!)

"Don't run away with the idea that I think that Great Britain should have kept her hands off Ger-



many. So far as Great Britain is concerned, this is as righteous a war as has ever been fought under the folds of the Union Jack. What I say is that Britain has enough men of her own to give Germany all the pounding she needs, and that Canada hasn't half enough men to till the land of which she boasts. You, and young men like you, are not *needed* in Europe. If England had been *short* of men, your uncle would have been the first to visit Winnipeg and *kick* you out of the bank and into a suit of khaki.

"When I read your letter to your mother, she began to cry and say, 'Thank God!' *I cursed you for your short-sightedness.* Wonder how we'll get in next year's crops,—if there's any crops to get in.

"I've got thirty-six head of cattle to feed this winter, and the hired man went crazy yesterday, packed up, and said he was going off to fight for his King and country,—*as if thirty-six head of cattle ain't Empire enough for any man.*"

If I thought the old grouch meant half he said, I should tell the Mater to leave his farm, and consign him and his cattle to blazes. One Armand Lavergne in Canada is enough. An Armand Lavergne, plus an uncle like that, is a surfeit. Like a lot of other people, *he doesn't realize that when Great Britain is at war, Canada is at war.*

I felt a bit that way myself, until I saw a married

man in khaki, going down the street *with a wife and four children round him*. He was a Canadian, his wife was born in that country, and his kiddies had never smelt anything but Winnipeg air. When I asked him why he had enlisted, he said the Empire was in danger, and that he *considered himself as much a British subject as Mr. Asquith*. His wife chipped in with the remark that the dull-wittedness of certain young men was *no excuse for a married man to neglect his duty*. Had there been a manhole on the sidewalk, I should have considered it the proper thing for me to drop into it. It takes a woman to stick the bayonet into your vitals, and to give the steel an artistic twist. *Women of that type breed fighting men*.

I'm a bit sorry I didn't help the old man out this year. Certain skirts held me back. But what is a young man to do under the circumstances? Should we not feel grateful that Canada is free from the ravages of war? If we don't send men to fight in France and Flanders, *the time will come when we shall have to fight the enemy on the banks of the St. Lawrence*. Surely we owe Great Britain a debt of gratitude for the ceaseless vigilance of the Navy, towards the upkeep of which we have not contributed a red cent. Great Britain has done more on the seas in this war than Germany has done on land, opinions

of Sir George Eulas Foster notwithstanding. I must call in the boys to hear this letter. Being good Canadians, any excuse is ample for a public meeting.

The success of the British Navy ought to give us the greatest satisfaction. But, no matter what the fluctuating fortunes of war may be, don't let us have any despondency or gloom. The Empire has men and resources. We are bound to win. If we are to keep the freedom we enjoy, *we must fight*. German rule means serfdom. I fancy I see a splay-footed burgomaster coming down my uncle's concession line to remind him that the tax on the air he breathes is overdue, and that unless he settles in a hurry, his team will be seized, *or his daughter taken as collateral*.

Poor uncle! I don't question his loyalty, but his outlook has shrunk like a woollen shirt. That's because he's been thinking crops and stock until *the only world he knows is his hundred acres*. When he dies, it will break his heart if he doesn't find thirty-six head of cattle in heaven, waiting to be watered. I must write and tell him to stretch out his neck: there's a human being, like himself, hobbling down the road on crutches. He's back from the war, with shattered nerves and broken limbs, *and he's been fighting for Steve Monmouth, Farmer, Maple Creek, Ontario*.

## JUGGINS RECEIVES A BLOW.

THE BIGGEST thing in the daily life at Shorncliffe, is the arrival of the mail bags. We are just a lot of kids, after all, and our daily prayer is, "Lord, give us news from Canada." I hope that will sink in. A post-card, bearing the words, "Good luck, old chap," has been known to transform the greatest groucher in the tent into a creature of sublime resignation and contentment. There's Pte. Juggins, as an example. For a whole week he was the last to get up, and the first to go to bed, and throughout the livelong day he snarled, snapped, cursed, and found fault with everything. If he were asked to do something, he would tell the man who asked, to go below, and if he were ordered to do it, he'd swear at the captain and be sent to the clink. Then a letter came from home. Since then, the question on every man's lips has been, "Has anybody here seen Juggins?" Juggins the snarler, the snapper, the curser, the chronic fault finder, has surely disappeared. In his place we have a bustling, smiling, whistling comrade, whose only object in life is to do what he is told and oblige the fellow under the next blanket. I watched Juggins after that letter arrived. He hurried off to a quiet spot, sat down, turned the letter over a dozen times

before he broke the seal, then plodded, with painful slowness, through the four pages. Juggins is not a scholar, and that letter was a big proposition. At first sitting, he went through it six times. Later in the day he nudged me as I passed and pulled out the missive. "Got a letter from Toronto," said he, proudly. "From the girl?" I queried. "Somebody in the Y.M.C.A.," was the reply. And it turned out that the letter had come from a young man he had never seen or heard of, but who had just written a few lines to cheer him up, and to tell him that the people of Canada were proud and grateful. It had made him a new man, and the best part of it is, he'll never know who sent word from Shorncliffe about a private named Juggins, who had nobody to send him letters.

I have had a taste of nearly every department, including fireman, policeman, cook-and-bottle-washer, and must say there's no life in the world like the life of a soldier. On saying something to this effect to Sergt. O'—— the other day, he said, "Be gorra, that's roight; and there's no hell like the hell we're goin' to give the Germans." This is no mean tribute to the worth of the experience we are having at Shorncliffe. It has produced a perennial happiness in the bosom of the Sergeant, and made him keen to serve the Empire. The wreath of literary fame, the laurel

of the statesman, are worthless compared with the pure, bright crown of the humblest Tommy Atkins. Leaders of thought may say what they like about this being a war of institutions, and that the workingmen of England countenance it for that reason, but it seems to me that if you ask the average Tommy Atkins why he is ready to fight and die, he'll bluntly answer that a swaggering, tyrannical, unscrupulous monarch has set out to crush the vitals of every nation that refuses to bend its knee, that he outrages women, breaks treaties, slaughters inoffensive citizens, murders children, by sea and by land, defies the laws of manly warfare, ruthlessly destroys God's houses, makes lands desolate, and must be fought to the death. It is because the soul of the worker has been outraged that you find the workman in this war side by side with the capitalist and the aristocrat.

Poor Juggins! The devil got into some of the fellows last night, and they did the prettiest thing they could think of—captured his treasured letter. A court-martial was held, and Pte. Juggins asked to explain why he hadn't complained about anything of late; why he seemed so happy, and why he had developed a sudden antipathy to the guard-room. To all of which he replied that the letter from the stranger in Toronto had sort of cheered him up. On being ordered to produce the communication, Juggins

put up a fight, was promptly downed, the missive torn from his pocket, and read amid the derisive laughter of his tormenters. Corporal G—— then placed a curse upon the letter:

“Thou disturber of the peace; thou perfidious creator of happiness. Thou camest into this company and put sunshine where there had been clouds, contentment where there had been dissatisfaction, geniality where there had been scowls and curses, activity where there had been inertia. Thou hast deprived us of that from which we drew our inspiration, and gathered ambition to succeed at wearying tasks. When tempted to snarl, we looked at Juggins; when urged to neglect our duty, we looked at Juggins; when enticed to resist the powers, we looked at Juggins. Begone! thou accursed thing.”

The fortitude with which Juggins took his punishment baffled his torturers, but he told me afterwards that he had “learned the letter off by heart.”

## "TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF THAT FLAG!"

THE HUMAN family is divided into two classes, the practical and the emotional. I'm supposed to be practical; the girl I left behind me tingles with emotionalism. If she went in for religion, she'd very likely spend the best part of her time before a stained glass window, and use a perfume that reminded her of vaults. Like Niobe, the little girl is inclined to cry without minding where the dewdrops fall on a fellow's coat. I could have wrung out one of my lapels the night she heard I had enlisted, and she collapsed in church the following Sunday when the parson brightened up his sermon with the anecdote of the Spartan mother bidding her son farewell before he went to war, telling him to be sure to come back with his shield or upon it. The dear girl told me afterwards that she could almost see yours truly being carried into Westminster Abbey *upon* my shield. An imagination like that would be useful *via* Sayville.

When I attempted to describe her to Corpl. J——, he laughed and said he couldn't get a tear out of his devoted one if he stuck her full of pins. On bidding him good-bye, she told him to be sure to bring back lots of souvenirs, but that if he wasn't coming back himself, not to forget the souvenirs. I presume a



girl like that would not omit to mention something about pre-paid express charges. My own jewel is a Fanny, and I've noticed that the clan is effervescent, inclined to be erratic, but never heartless. There was a little pouting, however, when she learned that I was going as a private. Flattered me by remarking how well I should look in an officer's uniform, and said something about asking her father to write General French, with a view to having me put somewhere where I could distinguish myself. When I begged leave to remark that that sort of thing was invariably the prelude to being killed, she decided she'd like to see me appointed to carry messages from Kitchener's inner office to Kitchener's outer office,—not a step further. I could not fail to see that a mere private in the family was going to hurt, so I made a speech about the British Empire, the Germanic doctrine that might is right, the cry of humanity for the suppression of forces that ignore solemn contracts, destroy Houses of God, murder helpless old men and innocent children, defy every law governing warfare, and last, but not least, commit outrages upon women, and wound up my illuminating remarks with that old Biblical crackerjack, "I could not love thee dear, so much, loved I not honor more." Now I come to think of it, perhaps that isn't in the Bible. It ought to be there, anyway.

It was at this stage of the farewell scene that I got my coat lapel soaked in brine. She saw me at once in the dazzling role of knight in shining armor, riding into the lists to break lances with Sir Wilhelm, and to win my lady's smiles. I was no longer a plain, Canadian "Tommy" who, like tens of thousands of other "Tommies," thought the time ripe to take a crack at the head of the modern Attila. Oh, but she's a dear! An angel in black velvet, her head crowned with golden curls, her eyes dancing with mischief, her cheeks tinted with the delicious pink of fading sunset, her lips like luscious cherries, and we are to have a church wedding. She made me write that down, lest I forget it when passing through furnaces similar to those of St. Julien and Festubert.

The bank staff at Winnipeg surprised me with a wrist watch ere I left, and the manager ended a surprisingly brilliant speech by saying that the only good word he could say about Germany was that its banking system was a trifle in advance of our own. As most of us had never taken more than a perfunctory interest in our work, nobody attempted to argue the point. After it was all over, and we had sung "God Save the King," with the assistance of a number of small boys in the doorway, the caretaker, an old Englishman, pulled me to one side, and in a husky voice said, "I'm so glad you're goin', sir. My two

lads 'ave both been killed at the Front, and I like to feel that you're sort of a third. A month ago, I got word that in the last Zeppelin raid upon old London, my only daughter's two little ones was killed by a bomb, an' 'er 'usband in the trenches at the time. Gawd bless the Canadians for goin' to 'elp old England."

Here the poor old chap broke down, and I couldn't do anything but squeeze his hand and make a bolt for the door.

What red-blooded Canuck could hear that speech and keep his legs out of khaki? An old fellow like that would be a real drawing card at a recruiting meeting, but instead of men of his type, they lumber up the platforms with pompous politicians who reel off a lot of wearying platitudes, fearful that their glory might fade if they remain too long out of the limelight,—which it most likely would. The greatest recruiting speech I ever heard was made by a returned captain. Limping to the front of the platform, he said exactly sixty words, the last of which were: "The bloody hands of Germany are on the flag. It is for us to say 'Take your hands off that flag, or by God! we'll blow them off!'"

There's real ginger in that.

## UNCLE'S LOYALTY ON TRIAL.

A DRAFT OF five hundred Canadians have left camp for the trenches, every man in the pink of condition, and bubbling over with joy. We swarmed out in thousands and played them to the station. Our cheers would have split the heavens, had there not been a good old fog blowing up from the English Channel. They knew what they were going to, and so did the fellows they left behind, but for all that, there wasn't a man amongst us who didn't wish to heaven it was his turn. Camp life is too slow for a man with fighting blood in his veins. Our daily prayer is for orders to board the transports at Folkstone. If war is "hell," then we want to go there as quickly as possible, because out of that hell, the heaven of an enduring peace will emerge. Every Canadian in khaki *feels* that; every British Tommy *knows* that he is fighting for a peace that those who come after him will enjoy.

I talked with a middle-aged English Tommy to-day. In private life he is a scavenger. I have christened him "The Scavenger with a Soul." To him it is an honor to be permitted to level a rifle at body-and-soul-destroying Prussianism. "I never thought," said he, "that the likes of me would ever

'ave a chawnce to march alongside of Lords and Earls an' Dooks, all of us engid in fightin' for Freedom, jest like so many bruvvers, each of us doin' 'is bit, each of us glad of the other's company. My life ain't bin wasted arter all. Gawd knows I done little enough for my country up ter now."

Can you beat that for magnificent patriotism? It should bring a blush of shame to the cheeks of Canadian patriots who are making fortunes out of the nation's agony, and selling painted horses for remounts. It may be that after the war, this old Tommy's grandchildren will ask him what he did in "The Great War," and I can hear his answer: "Mebbe I killed some Germans. Mebbe I didn't. Whether I did or I didn't, don't make much difference. Mebbe it pleased Gawd to keep me at the 'umble task of carryin' swill, 'an cleanin' out the soldiers' cook 'ouse, but whatever I did, I did it with all my 'eart an' soul, 'an to the glory of the British Hempire. Gawd knows I never shirked."

A letter from Maple Creek, Ontario! The Mater's handwriting! Let's see what she says:

MAPLE CREEK, ONT.

"MY DEAR BOY,—It was natural that you should wish to wear the King's uniform and march away to the music of the drums. Your grandfather gave his life for England in the Crimean war. I have often

told you the story of his heroism, and you played with his medals long before you understood the tragedy behind the ribboned toys. You are my only son, but your going MAKES ME PROUD AND HAPPY,—proud to feel that in your heart the fires of patriotism burn, happy to know that your sword will be unsheathed in a *righteous cause*. You have lived for some purpose, in that you are going to fight for others. The young man who does not hear the call, is like the heath in the desert, neither yielding fruit, nor seeing when good cometh; a stunted, dwarfish shrub.

"I shall try to be brave. You have gladdened my soul, and made me feel a *younger woman*. Your uncle grumbles a great deal about so many young men leaving Canada, but I do not think he means to be disloyal. *He puts the farm first*. The *necessity* is not yet plain. He was very angry the day we got the news. It was raining, and he shut himself up in the barn, where he sharpened saws all day. I have often noticed that when farmers are in the dumps, they find great comfort in filing rusty old saws.

"Mr. Shucks came over that evening, and your uncle and he sat far into the night discussing the war. I could hear them from my bedroom. Everything seemed to be wrong. They agreed on most points, but fell out when mention was made of Canada's

share in the war, your uncle holding out that the time was not ripe for Canadians to do more than *prepare for invasion*. Mr. Shucks had begun a very heated condemnation of somebody or other, responsible for preventing a contribution of battleships to the British navy, when I fell asleep.

"I have knitted many pairs of socks, and there are other things I wish you to have. The women of Maple Creek are working hard for the Red Cross, and as far as I have heard, their husbands do not complain. We country people may not be doing things on a grand scale, but *we are doing our utmost*, and our hearts are quite as warm as those of our sisters in the cities. We don't have finely decorated automobiles on collecting days, but all the buggies are in use. I think it would be a good thing if some of the big guns who make stirring speeches in Toronto, would visit us occasionally, and tell us that *rural Ontario is doing nobly*.

"The women surprised me the other day by electing me president of the Institute, and insisted on hearing a speech. It was a great honor, but I don't think the speech was a success, although the *Teamsville Times* printed all I said, and a great deal I didn't say. *Newspapers are so generous at times*. Your uncle gave me a most *affectionate kiss* that night. I hope

he is coming round. Men are either *very impetuous*, or *very slow*. Your uncle is not at all impetuous.

"I have given your engagement to Fanny a great deal of thought, and at one time felt like advising you to get married before you left. But under the circumstances, better remain as you are. *The future is all unknown*, and Fanny's father is very well off. The child is extremely young and not at all staid. I know she loves you, and there is no human affection which 'passeth the love of women,'—although some of us have *queer ways of showing it*.

"God bless you, dear boy, for giving me the *honor of being the mother of a young Canadian patriot*. Conduct yourself as a soldier of the King of Kings. Remember the lessons learned at my knee. Wars come and go, Kingdoms rise and wane, but the great truth that Christ died for men, lives for ever.

"I look forward to your next letter.

Your loving Mother."

P.S.—I enclose a letter I received from Fanny, after you left.

"MY DEAR MRS. WARWICK,—Richard's gone! Thirty thousand people turned out last night to bid the Company good-bye. A million could not have cheered louder. *Winnipeggers know how to cheer*. Dad and I stood an hour at the station before we



heard the bands, and when Richard passed, we had to dash into the road to reach him. At the depot, the confusion was terrible. Everybody wanted to shake hands with the boys. Fathers and mothers and sisters and brothers and sweethearts and wives, and all sorts of relatives, crowded round, some crying, some laughing, and some singing war songs. I felt *terrible* when the great bell clanged and Richard gave me the last kiss. Poor Dad! His face was very white. Some students were singing 'The Soldier's Farewell'—

How can I bear to leave thee,  
 One parting kiss I give thee,  
 And then whate'er befalls me,  
 I go where honor calls me,  
 Farewell, farewell, my own true love.

Ne'er more may I behold thee,  
 Or to this heart enfold thee:  
 With spear and pennon glancing,  
 I see the foe advancing,  
 Farewell, farewell, my own true love.

"Our real good-bye was said the night before. We had a little tea party,—just Richard, Dad and I. How I wished dear Mamma had been there! Richard talked as if it were the happiest thing in the world

to be going to war, and this call to arms the very thing he had been praying for all his life. He laughed when he saw a tear stealing down my cheek, and said he didn't like salt water in his tea.

"Thoughtful old Dad left us for an hour,— saying he had an important engagement, which, if not kept, would *probably mean financial ruin*. I can't tell you what was said when we were alone,— that is if anything were said. Dad came in after he had saved his firm from ruin, and thought the room much too dark to talk in. Before he left, I gave Richard some beautiful verses, but Dad said afterwards that he'd bet me that Richard would see the tobacco and cigarettes he had given him more often than my verses.

"I wish I were as brave as you, Mrs. Warwick. What if the Germans torpedo the transport? I shall not rest until I see the boat named in the arrivals. Oh, dear! How sick at heart this awful war is making the women of the world. What a beast the Kaiser is. I do hope the Allies will punish him worse than Napoleon was punished. It is the broken-hearted women of the world who should decide what his penalty is to be. *He is a demon*, and terrible as the war is, I hope there will be no peace until that fiend is shrieking for mercy at the hands of the men who will settle his fate. He set out to destroy the

world's liberties, and when the time comes, he must be destroyed. *That is how Dad puts it.* I heard him telling the verger at church last Sunday, while we waited for a shower to cease. Dad thinks the verger is inclined to be too kind to his enemies before they are beaten. Dad told him we must conquer 'the poor dear Germans' first, and then look for their good qualities,—if they happen to have any.

"I am so glad you have a maid, and more than glad that she is English. We Canadians don't appreciate the spirit that lies beneath the little peculiarities with which we find so much fault. Dad said that, and he knows. Just think of the tens of thousands of Englishmen who have never worn anything but silk hats, *marching bravely to the trenches in a pair of putties and a cap.* I never saw so many silk hats in my life until Dad took me to England, the year Mamma died. This war must have ruined the silk hat industry. I suppose the manufacturers are now making ammunition, unless they have gone to join their customers in France.

"Richard spoke of the trouble you are having with his Uncle, but seemed to think it would all come right in the end. At lunch, to-day, Dad told me of a young farmer who had at first been dead against sending Canadians to fight in this war, but who turned completely round after the *Lusitania* outrage; left his

farm in his father's hands, and went himself, telling his friends he had had *lots of experience in killing pigs*, and the rector is always preaching about men who have changed their minds and gone. He told Dad that his *own son had a leaky heart*. The family doctor had said so. I can't tell you all the remarks Dad made about leaky hearts. Still, a real leaky heart must be very serious. *Leaks are so hard to stop*. We had plumbers in our house a whole week last winter, all through a tiny leak in the bathroom.

"Good-bye, dear Mrs. Warwick. I shall read your letters over and over again when I need cheering up."

*Good-night! This is where Private Warwick takes a stroll by his lonesome.*

## CHURCH vs. STATE.

I'VE JUST come in from the wash-tub, in which suddy receptacle I cleansed one khaki shirt, one suit of body flannels, five pairs of socks, and two silk handkerchiefs, *used to clean my rifle*. There was some delay in starting the task, occasioned by my getting out of turn, but how was I to know that the gap in the waiting list was made by a man who had stepped out of the ranks to settle up with some other fellow who had got out of turn? Life is not without its surprises. Mine took the form of an unpremeditated dip into a tub of liquid which tasted even worse than it looked. However, as everybody seemed satisfied, I thought it advisable to assimilate some of the mirth, a task I found easier than digesting what I got out of the tub. And now that everything is on the line, I have time to wade into a letter just to hand from an old Toronto friend of mine. By way of preface, I may explain that Jasper K——— is taking theological training at Toronto, and judging from this letter, he has the ecclesiastic malady *without intermission*. He tells me it is becoming harder and harder to view this war from an *academic standpoint*. Between lectures, he saunters in the college grounds, endeavoring to *feel* (I suppose he means sniff) "the

sweet influence of scholastic theology," when he is suddenly "hurled from a pinnacle of soulful placidity into abyssmal distraction by a screeching newsboy announcing that the British have taken fifty miles of German trenches, and captured ten thousand prisoners, or something equally thrilling." But, here is the balance of his epistle:

"Why bawl it into the ears of reverend young men to whom the Festival of the Purification is of greater moment? It should be made an indictable offence for newsvendors to announce war specials, when within ear-shot of a theological college, except in strict conformity with the Gregorian and syllabic method. The boys should not be permitted to use the same chant for laudatory and supplicatory, jubilant and penitential announcements. I should like to take a test case before Police Magistrate Denison.

"The news of your enlistment gave me great joy. My soul *throbbed* with delight, but was immediately transformed into a *seething cauldron of misery* when I reflected that your going would mean a greater distance between us. You know that *I love you with all the urgency of my being*. I owe everything to your inspiration and example. You are my prince soul. If any glory comes to me in the path I have chosen, *it belongs to you*. If glory comes to you, as I feel it surely will, *it belongs to the land that bore you*,

whose you are, and to whom God gave you. My spirit will know no rest till it finds you again. Were this not so, I should be unworthy the bestowal of so rich and rare a nature, so swift and generous a spirit. It is an impelling and compelling personal devotion that urges me to speak thus.

"I worshipped at St. Alban's Cathedral on Sunday last, and was gratified to note that the Bishop of Toronto wore scarlet wristbands. The service was unusually impressive, and when the original second verse of the National Anthem was sung, the efforts of the organist to render it as a prayer, were frustrated by a militant-spirited congregation, strongly augmented by several pews of men in khaki. It was really *a noisy appeal to God to squash Germany, forthwith*. The clergy must watch more closely the spirit of their people in war-time, else the pews will be emptied, save for a few dear old souls praying for *the conversion of the Kaiser*. I do not mean that our churches should become munition factories, although it would be a real charity to give some of the clergy a share of the profits being made on certain contracts.

"Again I am thrust into a *purgatory of despair* when I return to the subject of your going, and in a blinding mist of tears, I ask God to give me strength to bear manfully the cross your heroism lays

upon my trembling shoulders. Would that it were possible for me to march with you behind the imperishable flag of Old England, but *the Church hath need of me.*

"The music of a recruiting band pierces these crumbling walls; I look from my window and see hundreds of men striding boldly forward, 'for King and Country'; I see the slackers, the undecided, wavering as the troops swing past, wondering, no doubt, whether 'tis in truth a noble thing to fight for one's country, and I turn again to my books, and *the struggle that is going on within my own soul.*

"Students are leaving us every day. The Provost is loud in praise of the tremendous response that Churchmen in Toronto have made. Trinity's ranks are being thinned to an alarming extent. *Some of us must remain.* I dare not think how it will end.

"JASPER."

Poor Jasper! Ecclesiasticism is so sticky, he proposes to wait until German shells have shattered his church, leaving him amid the ruins, a pathetic figure, clothed in a majestic calm,— and *a cassock equipped with the orthodox number of buttons.* Noble Clericus! A wounded servant of the Church, "faithful unto death." It makes me weep to think of it. Let him remember that age-crusted churches, defenceless women, and helpless children are fine prey for Teu-



tonic marauders, and that *the holy office of priest cannot charm away the lance of a drunken Uhlan*. Thank God, the Church is militant in more than in name. Churchmen are answering the call because the Church is at war with the forces of evil. The Christian soldiers who have been going onward since Baring-Gould gave them their shibboleth, are still marching with magnificent courage.

Hooray! for the teeming thousands of Churchmen who have donned the whole armor of Christ, plus a suit of khaki and a rifle, and have gone forth to let the enemy see that *the gates of Germany's hell can never 'gainst that church prevail*. Unlike Jasper, they do not prefer the aroma of vaulted aisles to the scent of battle. I must write and tell him to put away his Calendar of Feasts and Fasts, and stuff his legs into khaki breeches. This is the year of our Lord, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Fifteen, and the British Empire is at war with the enemy of Freedom. Let the din of battle be his church bell, and *the smell of gunpowder his incense*.

## ENGLISH HOSPITALITY.

JUST SPENT a week-end with strangers, and tasted the sweets of English hospitality. It was like being in heaven. A big touring car came into camp on Saturday morning, and fifteen minutes later, six of the *Lord's Elect* were being whizzed into Kent, the "Garden of England." The chauffeur was an elderly gentleman who had been footman in the family for a *hundred years*. It must have broken the heart of the dear old man to start chauffing at his time of life, but the old men of England are performing extraordinary stunts these days. Wartime is a great rejuvenator. One of the chaps addressed our driver as "my lord," but got called down by a look that suggested certain movements in bayonet drill. After that, the Earl of Gasolene got nothing but plain "Sir." I could see that he *pitied the poor colonials who couldn't distinguish between a humble "Jeames" and an ermined member of Burke's Peerage, Limited.*

Well, we got there, and our arrival brought an end to the estrangement between ourselves and the frosted driver. The house was a rambling old man-

sion, standing in a semi-circle of British oaks, some of whose brothers may have helped to build Nelson's fleet, and a dear old, white whiskered gentleman met us at the door. You'd have thought we were his sons, so warm was his welcome. "So glad to see you, boys. God bless the Canadians," said he, grasping each of us by the hand. Pte. Chatty had been appointed spokesman during the preliminaries, and led us through the process of introduction with the nerve of a New York drummer. Incidentally, we learned that our host's name was Melville, but it wasn't until we were hob-nobbing over a light lunch of cold chicken, cheese and home-brewed beer, that we learned that our genial entertainer was a knight of the realm. A "Yes, Sir John," slipped out of the Pickwickian old fellow who carried in the ale. Everybody round the place seemed to be *between the ages of sixty and a hundred*. I can't begin to imagine what the snow-shovelling crew will look like when winter comes.

Ah! but I shall never forget the hospitality of that week-end! In addition to Sir John, there were two old ladies and a convalescent captain in the house party. It would take a lot of that sort of life to weary me. Every corner of the grand old place was open for inspection and entertainment. We saw oil paintings of ancestors who had cracked heads for

their monarchs, and of beautiful ladies who had stayed at home and cried while the battles were on. We also saw horses and dogs that were too well-bred to recognize us. In the evening a car-load of happy, healthy, dancing youngsters poured in, and from that moment, the noble old house rang with peals of laughter. All sorts of English games were played, and one of the ladies, *something over eighty*, and dressed in black silk and real lace, thrilled us with her harp. Pte. Binks, who worked in Eaton's silks department before he heard the call, informed us afterwards that the silk in that old lady's dress must have cost at least two guineas a yard. Usually, we want to argue with Binks, but on the subject of silks, he *appears to know a thing or two*.

While the romps were in progress, Sir John would beckon one of us out, and slipping an affectionate arm into a rough, khaki-covered member, lead his willing captive into the black oak library, where there were chairs that made you want to go to sleep, and refreshment that made you keep awake. The whole plan seemed to be to satisfy body and soul.

The children left at ten o'clock, and we were taken into the dining-room for a light supper. After that cards till midnight. Then the ladies bade us good-night, and the Pickwickian appeared with candles. Sir John accompanied us to our rooms,

poked the fire in the open grate, expressed the hope that we would sleep well, shook hands as if he loved us, then left, but returned immediately to point out the bell rope, *in case we should need anything during the night*. God bless the old gentleman for his loving kindness to the Canadian boys whose last thoughts that night, as they lay watching the fire's shadows play hide-and-seek on the panelled ceilings, were of loved ones in dear old Canada.

"Your shaving water, sir."

I woke with a start, and saw *another old man*, one I had not met on the previous evening, softly raising the venetian blind, his every movement suggestive of anxiety to avoid disturbing me. I sat up, rubbed my eyes, and said "Good morning!" It seemed to startle him, *Perhaps I was too familiar, too Colonial*. Giving me a rapid, nervous glance, he returned the greeting in the softest voice I think I ever heard, and hurried from the room. Clearly, I had outraged a convention by wishing a *servant* "Good morning."

Sir John was at the foot of the stairs when we descended, looking as rosy as a Canadian snow apple. He shook hands all round, hoped we had slept well, and enjoyed pleasant dreams. Breakfast was quite ready. The ladies, the youngest of whom was Lady Melville, were grouped near a bay window,

overlooking a rockery, as we entered, but turned immediately to greet us with warm smiles and affectionate enquiries. We were all very jolly at the table. The frolics of the night before had broken down the barriers of reserve, everything was *sans ceremonie*, and we chatted over the rashers and coffee as if we had known each other all our lives. I could see that our deportment gave our hosts no concern, *even if we were only Colonials*. After breakfast, Sir John showed us through the stables for the second time, and the aristocratic dogs handed us condescending paws. There's no doubt that if we had stayed there three months, those dogs would have grown quite friendly.

We were driven to the old parish church by the Earl of Gasolene, and given places in Sir John's cushioned pew, the ladies insisting upon sitting behind us. It was rather a *tight squeeze* for seven of us to get into that pew, Sir John being a trifle on the portly side, although standing only five feet six in his boots, and there wasn't a man in the firing party who stood less than six feet in his socks. I can't say what the congregation thought that line-up looked like. Perhaps it didn't matter a great deal what they thought. *English peasants are not encouraged to make their views obtrusive*, supposing that they have any. Stained glass, armorial bearings, and tablets to the

departed, gave us the impression that the Church's one foundation in that corner of the vineyard was the Squire and his ancestors. And the elderly, comfortable-looking vicar, by addressing himself entirely to the pews we occupied, confirmed this suspicion. I forget what the sermon was about, my mind speculating on the chances against the old organist waking up in time to play the approaching "Awmens." The tension was relieved, however, by a thin cane, apparently in the hand of the invisible organ blower, being suddenly thrust through the curtain that surrounded the organist, and poked gently into the side of the sleeper. An audible yawn testified to *the soul's awakening*.

A delicious smell of English roast beef greeted us on our return from church, and a plain, but satisfying dinner, prepared us for an afternoon of sanctified rest. At five o'clock, tea was served in the conservatory, and when the great clock in the hall struck the hour of six, a loud "honk!" reminded us it was time to return to camp.

Sir John and the ladies accompanied us to the door, shaking hands over and over again, and saying all sorts of nice things that made it hard for us to get out our thanks, and just as the wheels of the car began to crunch, the dear little old Lady Melville stepped out, her eyes brimming with tears, and taking

my hand in her velvet fingers, breathed a sweet "God bless you, dear Canadians, for coming to fight for England," that will live with me while memory lasts.



## THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

A LETTER from Fanny!

I wonder what the dear little girl would say if she knew I had also received one from a maiden I danced with at Winnipeg, last winter? Agnes writes as if it were a duty, *such as going to church when you feel like staying in bed*. I wonder how many other fellows are receiving this sort of comfort from the dancing Dorcas. I shall tell her there is a lonely chap in camp, a handsome, soulful buzzard, with a Ouida moustache and a taste for poetry, who never gets a letter from one month's end to another, and that were she to enrol him as a pupil at her correspondence school for soldiers, she would fire him to win the V. C. And I shall tell her that the name of the soulful one is Juggins. It may result in the mating of two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat with a Waltham movement. Which reminds me that it may turn out that I have been instrumental in bringing about a *ghastly tragedy* in the life and times of a certain Pte. Isaacs, a seed of Abraham, for whom I indited a letter only an hour ago. The Jew is a nice boy, but not deeply in love with the girl to whom I wrote in his name. "Don't make it too sweet. I like her, but I don't

want to marry her," were the instructions, oft repeated. But Satan entered into me, *just as the chaplain prophesied last Sunday*, and what I read over to the chilly lover was not exactly according to copy. I find some comfort in the thought that the letter may give the girl a great deal of pleasure, and *cannot possibly increase the tortures being suffered by Pte. Isaacs.*

But let's see what the sweetest girl in the world has to say:

"My Darling Richard,—Your letter gave me a new lease of life. A modern girl doesn't want a knight in shining armor. Armor must have been very uncomfortable to make love in. Dad got into armor to attend a Hallowe'en party, two years ago, and I shall never forget the things he said while trying to get out of it. Besides, I don't think girls would like men to settle their jealousies by cracking each others heads. Fighting is so vulgar. If two men love the same girl, nowadays, and fall out over it, they usually try to ruin each other on the stock market. *It is more gentlemanly than sticking spikes into one another.*

"What a dear your mother is! She writes such sweet letters, and pretends to regard your going as a most ordinary thing, *but I know it hurts inside.* I may seem very silly to you, at times, but I quite understand your Mother's feelings. She is very brave.

Women are brave under trying circumstances, but not always in the same way. Some of us are quite heroic. *Then we faint.* Others meet danger or trouble with calm resignation. Your mother faces the tumult, not only with calm resignation, but with the determination of *one who knows that right is right and must be fought for.* Dad put it that way. He is so calm, and nearly always right.

"Dad brought Lieut. ——— to tea, yesterday. Secretly, I detested the sight of him. He talked as if he were the hero of a hundred fights, and continually referred to 'my men.' I reminded him, very quietly, that you could have had a commission, but that you *preferred to earn it.* The coxcomb! I suppose *your* lieutenant will be swaggering at someone's tea table, and talking largely about 'his men,' *one of whom will be Private Warwick.* There's an awful lot of snobbery in the army, isn't there, Richard? Lieut. ——— talked as if it were impossible for a man to be a successful officer without being a drinker and a blackguard. The way he put it was that *an officer must drink,* and that discipline could not be maintained without a volley of oaths. He seemed quite put out when I told him I knew several officers who are strict temperance men, and *well enough educated to express all their feelings in dictionary English.* Stroking his sprouting moustache,

he said he was quite sure that the choice language of some young ladies was strong enough to hurt a man's feelings. I rather think he meant this for me.

"Wasn't Edith Cavell a dear? I know a lady in charge of a girls' school, who reminds me so much of Miss Cavell. I'm sure that if she had to face those murderous Germans, *she would be quite as brave*. She's Scotch. Oh, dear! our sex is doing so well in this war, and I am only knitting my first pair of socks. But they are for you, dear, and that *makes the work doubly sweet*.

"Wasn't it good of the bank staff to give you a wrist-watch? I felt that I could *hug* the poor old caretaker whose boys had died in battle. This war is making everybody like everybody else. The rec-tor told us last Sunday of two old men walking along a road in Scotland, one an aristocratic old Colonel; the other, the village cobbler. *The Colonel was leaning on the cobbler's arm*. Both had lost their sons. Oh, dear! what a lovely place this world will be if the war is going to wipe out all the *nasty differences between the rich and the poor, the well-bred and the unrefined*. Dad and Lieut. ——— talked on that subject yesterday, and his serene highness called Dad's prophesy that a triumphant democracy would emerge from this war, '*a calamitous prospect*.'

"I am really going to stop crying. Your Mother says I must *work*. She underlined the word with a terribly heavy stroke. So, from now on, it will be every minute of the day for the soldiers.

"I am sending you a beautiful letter I received from your Mother. Please return it."

Thank God, all lieutenants are not of that fellow's type. Our own is a corker for work, but a *gentleman by instinct*. The boys would go through a swamp of mud for his entertainment, if they thought the sight would make his afternoon tea taste any better. He's a T.T., as strict as Ben Spence of the Dominion Alliance, but the thirst he has for the afternoon beverage, would make Cornelia Carlyle writhe with envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. But we like him, monocle and all. He knows how to curse, but doesn't; he could play the cad, but prefers the gentleman, and he could go to bed drunk every night, but remains sober. *Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.*

Dear little Fanny! I'm glad the tears are going to stop. Girls shouldn't write to their soldier boys on tear-stained note paper. *Women's tears make the strongest of us flinch from duty.* Show me the man who goes to the trenches with "weepy" letters in his pockets, and I shall look upon a soldier *whose nerves are all in.*

In lonely loveliness she grew  
A shape all music, light and love,  
With startling looks so eloquent of  
The spirit burning into view.

Her brow—fit home for daintiest dreams—  
With such a dawn of light was crowned,  
And reeling ringlets rippled round  
Like sunny sheaves of golden beams.

Now for the Mater's letter to Fanny:

"My dear Fanny,—My boy has been to say good-bye. How fine he looked in the King's uniform. Just the same brave, happy-hearted Richard, but *very straight*. I saw him coming down the road and watched his approach with a throbbing heart. He is all that binds me to this earth, but *mother love is selfish*, and I try to feel that I make this surrender without reserve. It is hard, and I sometimes grow faint, but this is a just war, and *the sword of God is in Great Britain's hand*. The battle is for freedom, and God is the God of freedom. Of what worth are a mother's sacrifices in the rearing of her sons, if they do not make men noble and brave, *and ready to make sacrifices for others*? If my son should fall in battle, Christ's words will comfort me: 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.'

"Richard's leave was very short, and I was afraid his uncle might say something to upset the parting, but the time passed very pleasantly. Richard told us all sorts of comical things, and promised his uncle to see Sir Sam Hughes about an honorary colonelcy for all Canadian farmers who were *cheerfully giving up their sons and nephews*. This led his uncle to say that it wouldn't take a great deal of cloth to put them all in khaki uniforms. I turned this off by remarking that the hard work on the farm had perhaps taken the minds of many farmers off the world outside, *but that at heart, I believed there were no more loyal men in the Empire than those who had made Canada one of the world's greatest granaries*.

"Woman-like, I cried after he had gone. Thank God for those tears. I have felt so much better. Richard's Uncle felt the parting more than he cared to show, and went silently about his work for many days. He has grown gentler in his replies to me, and to-night read me something about a Zeppelin raid on England. Afterwards, he wished he had arranged a send-off for Richard, saying that the boys and girls might have had a dance in the barn, with cake and ices afterwards. *He thought it would have helped recruiting*.

"Our minister called next day and made me quite angry. He talked most mournfully about what he

called 'the fate of so many fine young men.' I told him that the Empire was engaged in a just war, that the honor of the Empire was now in the keeping of the young men who had gone to fight, and that we women felt it was *in very good hands*. So many imagine that the chief end of young men is to earn large salaries, hang pearl necklaces round girls' necks, and scatter a little money *in the name of charity*. I asked the minister if he thought it was that for which the mothers of the Empire had reared their sons. He replied, rather unkindly, I thought, that *so it seemed in this part of the Empire*. And this, my dear, in the face of the ready response of our finest young men. I am sure the Church has better consolation than that for the mothers of Canada who have given their sons, and the wives who so bravely tell their bread-winners to go.

"Can you persuade your father to let you come to me for a little while? The change will do you good. I do not know that I could stand the music of military bands, the daily parades, and the farewell scenes on the streets. The country is so quiet and sweet at this time of the year. *Bring your work*."

"Since our hired man left for the Front, Richard's Uncle has given me a girl to help with the house-work. She comes from the east-end of London. Her name is Matilda. Poor child! She is only



eighteen, but is very old-fashioned, and has seen a great deal of the *seamy side of life*. Her quaint comments are very refreshing. I asked her if any members of her family were fighting, and her reply took my breath away: 'Lor bless you, mum,' she said, 'I 'ave six bruvvers an' a farver, orl doin' their bit. Muvver died when I was a nipper. You people in Canada don't 'ardly know as there's a war agoin' on. Everything's just the sime 'ere. Look at the boss there (R.'s uncle), 'e seems to think the war's up in 'eaven, or somewhat about as far off.'

"I rebuked her for this remark, but she chattered on, telling me that two of her brothers were recovering from wounds, and her father from gas poisoning, but that they all *looked forward to getting back into the trenches*. Such Spartan spirit, my dear! *What a little I am doing in giving my one son*. After all, it is not the educated, or the rich, who are shedding most blood in this war, nor is it what we call the *better classes* who are showing the highest spirit of patriotism."

*The final test is coming, Mater. The signals are out for the trenches.*

## BINKS RECEIVES AN OFFER.

DEAR PRIVATE BINKS,—There is nothing in the wide, wide world that appeals to a girl so much as a brave soldier boy,—especially when he happens to be tall and handsome. Her heart tells her that because he is brave, he is going to fight for her. I have only seen you twice, but I have made enquiries about you, and find that you are all that you appear to be. The fact that you are one of the gallant Canadian boys who have come to help dear old England in her hour of need, adds a great deal of charm to the situation. My heart has gone out to you. Already, I feel that we are one. I cannot tell you how much I love you, but if you care to call on me, to-morrow evening, I may be able to convince you that I am sincere.

Yours till death,

CYNTHIA B————

The above letter threw Binks into a terrible state of excitement, and after taking a couple of us into his confidence, he decided to pay the young lady a visit,—under guard. Binks has a *virgin heart*. I suggested that he appoint a *deputation* to wait upon the fair one, and to receive from her a verbal declara-

tion of love. Given in the presence of two witnesses, this would enable our comrade to sue for breach of promise, in case things didn't turn out according to specifications, and you never know what is going to happen next when a maiden's heart is overflowing with affection. But Binks wouldn't hear of anything so cold and calculating. He would go himself, chaperoned by Privates Warwick and Hobbs. Hobbs, by the way, is a law student, and claims to have had a lot of experience in handling delicate matters, and this appeared to him to be about as fragile a piece of business as any he had ever been mixed up in. He quoted the case of X. vs. Q., in an attempt to show that in the event of a male being the complainant, a jury of *married men* could not be depended upon for a verdict against the fair defendant; that in the case cited, the lady was ugly, had a woden leg, wore false hair, artificial teeth, and suffered from emotional insanity. Notwithstanding these impediments, the jury of soured benedicts gave for the defendant, with costs. In the case of A. vs. Z., the plaintiff, a sickly young man, claimed that he had spent several hundreds of dollars trying to fit himself for the office of husband to the defendant, an amazonian lady, who, in a burst of affection, had begged him to marry her. After a session of pills and bliss, the plaintiff was cast aside as unworthy

of the lady's love. In this case, the judge, an old bachelor, charged strongly against the male plaintiff, calling him an anæmic nincompoop, a blood-sucking parasite, and ordering the jury to bring in a verdict for the lady.

Binks insisted upon seeing the girl himself, and when the next day's machine gunning was over, he started in to prepare his person. Several helped. When the job was over, Binks emerged into the open, looking like a cigar store Indian in khaki. Hobbs thought we should send the girl a note, saying we were coming, but Binks scouted the suggestion. If she were true, she would be ready to receive the entire army. Thus it came about that at seven o'clock in the evening, we gave three gentle taps at the fair one's front door, a somewhat superfluous performance in view of the noise Binks' heart was making at the time. After the curtains at the window had settled to rest, the door was timidly opened by a quaint little damsel who looked like a *weasel in petticoats*. She might have been eighteen years of age, but *looked like eighty*. I could see that Binks was threatened with heart failure. Was this carnivorous little creature the damsel who had laid her heart at the feet of a soldier of the King?

"Is Miss Cynthia B—— at home?" I asked. Binks was now dying by inches.

"Please step inside. She ain't quite ready," was the piping response.

This made Binks cheer up. His fair worshipper was still in embryo. Hobbs looked suspicious. I could see that, lawyer-like, he was calculating the chances Binks would have of collecting damages, in case of a breach of covenant. And when we were shown into a little parlor, green with age, and smelling of mould, Hobbs was still at it. After an agonizing wait, the weasel returned and asked which of us was Private Binks. By this time, Hobbs was reeking with suspicion, and before Binks could reply, had told the weasel to inform her mistress that three gentlemen from Shorncliffe Camp had called to see her. His design failed. Back came the request for Private Binks. In an instant Hobbs and I were alone, our carefully laid plans frustrated. There was nothing to do but wait for the return of Binks, although both of us realized that the damage, if damage there was to be, would be wrought before we could step in to save our comrade. Still, there was some consolation in the thought that perhaps, after all, the girl was sincere, and that the affection she had lavished upon Binks might be returned. Mumbling our speculations in undertones, we disciplined our inclination to feel uneasy, when Binks

and his admirer suddenly appeared in the doorway.

Poor Binks!

She must have been forty-five. Refined, no doubt, and exceedingly pleasant. Hobbs showed symptoms of apoplexy. I staggered to my feet, went through the process of introduction, dragged Hobbs to the rail of social duty, then flopped back. Cynthia was quite calm, and relieved the situation by acting as spokesman.

"You are Private Binks' friends, he tells me, and understand exactly why he called. I assure you I am quite in earnest, and if Private Binks should alter his attitude toward me, the marriage could be arranged before he leaves for France. I am lonely. That is all. This may seem unusual. My sincerity saves it from being distressing."

Binks found his voice, became gallant, vowed that he had never loved anybody in his life,—didn't even understand what love meant, but that if ever he wanted someone to take an interest in him, he would come to Cynthia. Not to be outdone by Binks, Hobbs proceeded to dwell upon the very palpable fact that England was being denuded of young men, and that under the very extraordinary circumstances, a girl might be forgiven for breaking a somewhat decayed convention. I followed with a hope that the lady would meet with someone more worthy of

her affection than Binks, who, I assured her, was not the saint he appeared to be. After this, the weasel showed us out.

Poor Cynthia!

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### INVALIDED.

He limps along the city street,  
Men pass him with a pitying glance,  
He is not there, but on the sweet  
And troubled plains of France.

Once more he marches with the guns,  
Reading the way by merry signs,  
His Regent street through trenches runs,  
His Strand among the pines.

For there his comrades jest and fight,  
And others sleep in that fair land;  
They call him back in dreams of night,  
To join their dwindling band.

He may not go; on him must lie  
The doom, through peaceful years to live,  
To have a sword he cannot ply,  
A life he cannot give.

—*Edward Shillito, in London Mail.*

## SENT TO THE GUARD ROOM.

CANADIAN NEWSPAPERS have come to hand at last. Rumors were afloat to the effect that no more would be permitted to circulate in the camp, because they contained so much news of military importance, a piece of fiction worthy of Leacock. A church calendar would be more dangerous. But it is good to see the dear old sheets again, and to learn that invalided soldiers are being looked after. Unfortunately, the next column tells the story of a farmer who sold a thirty-year-old horse for a remount. *A noble thing to do for King and Country!* Like a truly benevolent patriot, this man must have been filled with public spirit. Never does humanity appear adorned with so bright a crown of glory, as when distinguished audiences that the young men are not coming forward benevolence, *united with humble piety*, enters into the character. *Time will bestow the incense of praise upon the man who would send a soldier to his death upon a horse, long since marked for the tannery.* This farmer, no doubt, began life with a conviction that everyone ought to devote a fair portion of his worldly substance for the benefit of others, but waited until Great Britain was at war with Germany



before putting his blessed theory into practice. He should end it with a conviction in a criminal court.

I see that elderly gentlemen continue to strut and fume upon public platforms in Canada, telling their as they should, and prating about how quickly *they* would have responded, had *they* been twenty years younger. These men are of the class whose smug contentment was responsible for Great Britain's unpreparedness when the gong sounded. They would have shone brighter had they done their own duty in times of peace, instead of pointing out the duty of other people in times of war. *My own opinion is that Canadians are doing very well.* According to the "*Times*," Kitchener thinks the same thing, although his Lordship and I haven't exchanged a word on the subject. Quebec is a little slow, but then intelligence was ever one or two minutes late in that province, thanks to the activities of the Bourrassas and Lavergnes, whose gospels of nationalism regulate the hands of the Quebec clocks. It's a trifle aggravating to look round this camp and think how many good Canadians will spill their blood that traitors of that type may enjoy the boon of free speech.

Here, I am reminded that I have just served a season in the guard room for the sake of free speech. *Hot-headed captains don't always see eye to eye with hot-headed privates.* It was all over a bit of swank.

Capt. X., of the Imperial Army, took our Lieutenant to task before the whole company, and Private W. told him *it wasn't fair play*. On being ordered to shut up, Private W. proceeded to talk himself into the guard room, where he brightened up his surroundings by imagining it was Lent, and that he was *mortifying the flesh by going without cream in his tea*. On being released from captivity, I found that I had been canonized, and that orders were being taken to put me in a stained-glass church window, that all the beautiful ladies who worshipped there might contemplate the figure of the man who had been martyred in the name of Free Speech. The prospect was so horrible, I promptly swore that if Capt. X. ever felt like it, he could take our beloved lieutenant across his knee and spank him.

## VISIT TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The Kaiser is a murderer,  
The Kaiser is a thief,  
The Kaiser stole some Belgian hares,  
And now wants English beef.

LITERARY CRITICS would see no poetry in the above. They would say that it lacks the diffusive splendor, the highly-wrought imagery, the voluptuous tone, the rich general spirit of poetry, but if they heard a thousand lusty-lunged Canadians singing the rhyme to relieve their feelings on a route march, they might admit, that though it lacked poetic beauty, it had irresistible and compelling virtues. A camp poet wrote it with a red-hot pen, and the thing promptly burned itself into the heart of every man who had crossed the ocean to fight for the Empire. A few years ago, most of us were at Sunday School, singing "We are but little children weak." To-day, we are men, fired with an unconquerable determination to *kill and slay the ravishers of little nations*, and are asking God to bless our arms, because we know that we *fight for the right*. The nation that sank the *Lusitania* would sink the Ark of God. That nation must be placed in bondage,—after it is whipped so

soundly that it squeals for mercy. *Pacifists, please note.*

General Q—— came over to see us to-day. He's the first really important British General I've seen, and if I impressed him half as much as he impressed me, we should get along very well together, if ever we met, which I don't think is at all likely. There's an atmosphere about British Generals that *savors of the infinite*. Some of them are really *palaces of the Eternal*, and make the rest of mankind feel like porch-lamps in need of trimming. The majesty of a British General has neither length nor breadth, nor height nor depth. It is illimitable. Aware of this, Colonel Dick G—— implored us, on his bended knees, to avoid being familiar with him during the General's visit.

"You're not gong to get snobby, are you, Dick?" asked the inquisitive Private D——, as if disaster threatened his idol.

"Oh, nothing like that, my boy," replied the Colonel. "But, hang it all, what the devil will the General think if he gets a line on our free-and-easy discipline?"

This brought on the inevitable argument as to whether Canadian officers were not every whit as good as the Imperial stock, resulting, as on former occasions, in three cheers for the *dearly beloved Dick*.

The inspection was a brilliant affair, the men looking as only men can look in a sopping rain; the General's party looking as if they regarded the whole affair as a bally nuisance.

While counting blisters last night, I remarked to Sergt. O'——, what a fine thing it would be if we could get all the Empire's pacifists together and keep them at pack drill for six months. The only drawback the Sergeant saw in the idea was the lack of hospital accommodation. The Sergeant is inclined to be candid. One of the boys asked if he were not itching to get at the Germans. "I may be," answered he; "but I'm *scratchin'* to get afther the blitherin', peace-at-anny-price idiots who kept owld England unprepared for this war-r-r. If I had one shot left, and had to choose betwane a German and one av thim fellers, the Hun would go home to dinner."

The English people are laughing at the sorry figure that America is cutting in these times of frightfulness.

There's freedom at thy gates, and rest  
For earth's downtrodden and opprest,  
A shelter for the hunted head,  
For the starved laborer toil and bread.

Power at thy bounds  
Stops, and calls back his baffled hounds.

The lines are from the poem "America," by William Cullen Bryant, and must make great reading for citizens of the *land of the free*. The poet was not a prophet, else he might have said "Power at thy bounds laughs thee to scorn, urges thee to show thy teeth, murders thy sons and daughters, and sneers at thy boasted strength, to all of which, thy noble President sends a note of *gentle protest*." Thank God, there are tens of thousands of Americans who would return blow for blow, and reply to Germany's insults by mouth of cannon. I spent a day in London, last week, and while rambling through Westminster Abbey, I met an American, paying his first visit to the sepulchres of British kings. The majesty of the place softened our voices into whispers,

For in the silent grave no conversation,  
No joyful tread of friends, no voice of lovers,  
No careful father's counsel—nothing's heard,  
For nothing is, but all oblivion,  
Dust, and an endless darkness.

"A well-directed bomb might some day shatter all this," he said, nasally.

"But not *the spirit of the dead*, which has so long been the heritage of the British people," I reminded him.

"True," he went on. "The spirit breathed by these monuments will never die. Thank God for that."

He said this with so much earnestness, I told him I was a Canadian, and that this was my first visit to the old land.

"And so you've come to fight," he went on, eyeing my uniform, I imagined, with a little admiration.

"Canada is sending two-hundred-and-fifty thousand men to help John Bull," I hastened to add.

"And he deserves every ounce of brawn and gold you've got to give. He's an irascible old fellow, a trifle hard to get on with, *but the pure metal, through and through.* The human glory reflected here, is being re-earned on the fields of Flanders, and ten thousand Westminster Abbeys could not contain the tombs of Britain's heroes in this ghastly war."

Laying a hand upon my shoulder, he said, with a fervor befitting the awesome surroundings: "Thank God, every minute of the day, that you have British blood in your veins; that He has given you perception to see that *Great Britain is in the right*; that He has endowed you with courage to face, unflinchingly, dangers of which *most of these dead heroes knew little*; that He has given you the *privilege* to share in the world's greatest battle for freedom."

He left me then, and after wandering up and

down the vaulted aisles, I found a darkened corner,  
and dropping on my knees, *asked God to make me  
worthy of the trust.*



## FANNY SNUBS A SLACKER.

HURRAH FOR SATURDAY! The Sergeant of the Guard has just aroused the sleepy bugler, and the tormenting notes of the Reveille are giving the camp the jumps. Overhead, English larks are heralding the breaking of a golden day. Big things happen on Saturday. We crowd a day's work into a morning, and a week's entertainment into the rest of the day. After Roll Call, good old "Cook House" sounds, and mess orderlies scurry out with pails and empty stomachs, for the beloved beans, bacon and tea. Sweating cooks sling the grub out, and the orderlies rush back to their tents. No blessings are asked, and nothing is left. Breakfast over, taps are besieged for the morning wash, which runs from a lick-and-a-promise to an Hotel Cecil toilet. Fatigue parties fall in and are marched away by pompous Lance-Jacks to the alert and soldierly Sergt.-Major, who hands out the orders. The favorite fatigue is "Cook House," because there's always a bit of sugar for the bird.

At eight o'clock, the "Fall in" is sounded, and the men tumble out for parade, corporals running here and there, digging out the snails. Orders are given for the morning's routine, which includes range

practice, field tactics, bomb-throwing, machine gunning, and signalling.

The rolling countryside lends itself to military work. Marching is easy on the flinty roads, their equal being unknown in dear old Canada, and lovers of the beautiful find a feast in the neatly hedged farm lands. *Oh, for a stroll with Fanny!* Roads like these seem to have been *made for the feet of lovers*. I wonder what she's doing now. Ah! here's her last letter:

"You were very good to write such a long letter. I have read it a hundred times, and this evening put a brass jardiniere on my head to see what you would look like in one of the helmets they are using in the trenches. Dad said the effect was beautiful, but thought the coal scuttle would look more like the real thing. Miss F—— has received word that her brother was wounded last week, but the authorities don't appear to know, or won't say, how seriously. I think the military authorities are horrid, the way they keep the relatives of the men in ignorance. If they know that a man is wounded, surely they know whether he is likely to live or die. Perhaps they wish to keep it from the Germans. *The enemy appears to know such a lot of Britain's business.* It's all on account of their hateful spies. German waiters are a real danger to the country. I don't think any

loyal subject of the King would employ them. I know a girl who had a meal at a restaurant in Winnipeg where they employed a waiter who *looked like a German*. She had lobster salad, cream puffs, buttermilk, buckwheat cakes and molasses, and felt quite ill the next day. She was sure the waiter had done something to the food, but it turned out that he was one of our noble allies. Still it makes us very wary about having anything to do with people who *look like the enemy*. Dad says that Canada is filled with German spies, and that the system of registration is quite inadequate to cope with the danger. He says, 'scratch a German and you find a Hun.' And they are so conceited. Owen Wister says that when his daughter went to Germany, before the war broke out, the girls at the same school asked her if she were an Indian or a nigger, and when she answered that she was neither, but a good American, they laughed and told her that their books taught them that there were three classes of people in the States: Indians, niggers, and those living in the sphere of German influence, and they knew she was not of German origin.

"I was thinking to-night, what if England were to be defeated, and the impudent Kaiser go to reside at Buckingham Palace. Wouldn't it be awful! Ah, but in such an event, England would have a

*Hereward the Wake in Private Warwick.* I suggested this to Dad. He laughed and said that you would be a pretty hoary Hereward by the time the Kaiser reached Buckingham Palace. But you would never give in, would you, Richard? This is a fight to the death. I wish more young men were going from Canada. I have stopped speaking to the boys who ought to be in khaki. If every girl would take that stand, it would make a great difference to recruiting. I was positively rude to George R—— the other evening. He asked me if he might take me home from a meeting at the church. I told him, very sweetly, of course, that he was not appropriately dressed for that pleasure. He didn't quite catch my meaning, so I explained that I was very fond of khaki. I could see that it hurt. I detest cowards. George has no one to think of but himself. That seems to take all his time.

"I wish I were a boy. Dad says that if I were ten pounds heavier, he would put me into khaki and send me after you. I wonder if you'd know me. Women and girls are fighting in Russia. Why not in France, under the Union Jack? There are more Joans of Arc in the world than we imagine. See how the Suffragettes fought in England. I don't think I'd like to see the British navy in charge of a

woman, but Dad says that when women are *under proper discipline*, they are very capable.

"Mrs. D——, our charwoman, has two hulking sons who could go, but she thinks they are doing nobly at home. One of them, she told me the other day, was deeply interested in the Red Cross, and had given a dollar to the Fund. The other is *learning bugle calls*. Dad wonders if the musician has got any further than 'Come to the cook house door, boys.'

"We are hard at work. Every afternoon there is a gathering in somebody's drawing room to do something for the soldiers. Occasionally the Arch-deacon calls. We all love him. He is so unaffected, so good-natured, and is always singing the praises of *other people*. I hear that the meals served in his own home are prison-like in plainness. The other afternoon he cheered us by saying that the spirit of the men at the Front would never have been maintained, had the women of the Empire not thrown themselves so whole-heartedly into the labor of providing comforts. And his sermons are *thrilling*. There is a *fighting spirit* in them. Some of our clergy insist that as a people we have been *very wicked*, and that God has permitted this war as a sort of *chastener*. This makes us very mournful. Every Sunday in their churches is like Ash Wednesday,

when we groan our way through the Communion Service, and go home feeling like *criminals*. Dad says that sort of thing takes all the ginger out of a man.

"Are you getting all my letters? Did you receive the cake? If someone stole it, I hope he needed it more than Private Warwick. I also hope he ate it before it got hard. There is a letter in this mail for Private Juggins. He won't know it came from your little Fanny, but you must tell me the effect it had. Is he very nice looking? Good-bye, dearest. I do love you."

*I wonder if that wedding will ever come off.*

## A CURE FOR COLD FEET.

SHORNCLIFFE TRAINING has added three inches to my chest, and about six feet to the confidence I feel that we shall beat Germany. The fellow who cannot feel that confidence, is laid out flat after every heavy drill. I have made a psychological study of it. Two days ago, Pte. L——, in civilian life an emotionalist, collapsed after a route march which left most of us as fresh as daisies. I chatted with him in the hospital, and found that the casualty lists had got on his nerves. The nurse didn't know how long it would be before he'd be steady enough to get out again, but thought about a week. This morning there was nothing the matter with the patient. The nurse was amazed; the doctor laughed when I told him what had happened, and asked for the recipe. I gave him part of our conversation, which, as near as I can remember, was something like this:

"Oh, Warwick, this is an awful war. Look at the bloodshed, and all for what? Is there to be no end to it?"

"Not until the leaders of the people who have been schooled to bend their knees to the sword and the golden calf, have been forced to admit defeat,

not only of their arms, but of their doctrine of brute force."

"But why should nations that have not been influenced by such doctrines, concern themselves about what the Germans have been taught to believe?"

"*Because there is such a thing as right in the world, and wherever right meets wrong, there must be a clash of arms. It may be a new thing for Twentieth Century men to make sacrifices for principles, but it has been done before in this grand old world. You and I are enjoying the liberties of to-day because somebody before us thought it worth while to take his life in his hands and go out to fight for right. We have been reading history. Now we are making it. Are we as big as those who have gone before us? Or, are we greedy pigmies, content to take shelter behind the strong arms of men who are willing to die, that England, and all that England stands for, might live?*"

"I'm *just as good* a man as any one of the barons who stood over King John while he signed the Magna Charta."

"That's the way to talk. We are not going to fight because we prefer war to peace; but we are going to fight because *without this war there can be no peace*. Every bullet fired from a German rifle



is intended to injure the body of Liberty. If our bodies die, it is that *Liberty might live.*"

"That's done me good. I was beginning to feel all in."

"Listen to this. I found it in an English paper:

" 'Now is the time, by brothers,  
 To lift a battle song,  
 To shame the cowards in the fight,  
 The loiterers in the throng.  
 Now serried close our ranks must march,  
 Held high our hearts and free,  
 To fight the fight or die the death  
 For dearest liberty.  
 We want no laggards in the rear,  
 No waverers along,  
 For the race is to the swift  
 And the battle to the strong.' "

—*Helen F. Bantock.*

"As you go out, tell the nurse to bring me a good big dinner."

I wonder how recruiting is in Canada? Wherever we go in England, they ask us how many more are coming. Are the Winnipeg and Toronto pool rooms closed up? I see the sporting pages of the newspapers are still crowded with records of the prowess of chaps *who would look well in khaki.*

English sportsmen have flocked to the colors. How can a *true sportsman* hold back? His first demand is for fair-play. The whole attitude of Germany is the very antithesis of fair-play,—hence, the sportsman puts his legs into khaki, and goes out to lick somebody who doesn't play the game. A clean "sport" wouldn't think of dropping a dollar in the Red Cross girl's hand to buy comforts for *the other fellow whose sacrifice enables him to stay at home and go to the ball game*. That's not according to Hoyle.

You cheer the war of the football field, you root at the game of ball,  
But your sporting blood runs thin as milk when you hear your country's call.  
Are you so dull to your country's need, or are your hearts afraid,  
Or do you think that cheers will help when the game of war is played?

The game of war is a bloody game, with a heavy toll to pay,  
Are you content to sit in the stand and watch your fellows play?  
Are you content to clap your hands, while others bear the brunt,  
And thank your stars you've jobs at home instead of at the front?

Stand up and show your blood is that which runs in  
the lion's veins;  
Get into the game which calls for men with pluck  
and thews and brains,  
Lest your girls shall sneer and say, "Give us the men  
who are not afraid;  
Our hearts are with the khaki crowd, not the petti-  
coat brigade."

—C. Langton Clarke.

I clipped the above from the *Toronto Globe*. It's addressed to the "stay-at-homes."

My learned and ecclesiastical friend, Jasper K—, has been given a commission, and this after boasting that he "owed everything to my inspiration and example." An easy way out of a tight corner. I see nothing *heroic* in his conduct. This war is turning a searchlight upon all the bad places in our make-up. Men are beginning to see themselves as others see them, and the reflection promptly sends them to the colors. Whatever we may have been, we are going to fight *as men*. A cynic might say we are fighting for our neighbors, and are determined to give them no room to talk, but then there is no room for cynicism in these days of stern realities. Our neighbors are our brothers. To-day we fight *for* them, instead of *with* them.

A band is playing "O Canada." It's a sort of crucifixion to-night. Some nights it hurts more than others. Lucky officers whose wives are here, are strolling up and down the plateau talking about home. I wonder if I should have married Fanny before I left. But then, she wouldn't have been here to sit on the grassy slopes, her little chin resting on her hands, her eyes scanning the straits and trying to detect the particular trench where hubby would eventually take a mud bath. Or the little dear might be complaining to the O.C. that junior officers work as hard as the men, *which they don't*. Besides, the wedding would have been a nasty rush. Modern girls like time to get in all the "showers" before the sunshine of the glad day. *Fanny is ultra-modern*. Besides, there's always the risk of a brother officer falling in love with your pretty wife. Soldiers must have someone to love, and I saw Capt. X—— with a maiden at each side of him, when down in Shorncliffe last evening. *That's how you earn the reputation of being a "devil of a fellow."*

## A "KNUT" IN A BATHING MACHINE.

I HAVE MET an English "Knut." Canadians hear a great deal about the species, but rarely, if ever, meet the *real thing*. I spent Saturday afternoon at the seaside town of Folkestone, bathed in the sea, mooched on the promenade, skated at a roller rink, saw Charley Chaplin in a cinema, and listened to a band concert on the Lea. But it was on the sea-shore that I collided with the Knut. It happened thus: I hired what they call a bathing machine. Just why, I can't say, because there is *no machinery*, and you do your bathing in the sea. It is really a hut on wheels, the idea being that the bather shuts himself up and is drawn out to sea by an amphibious horse. The horse carries a postilion of uncertain age, with his trousers rolled up to his knees, the equestrian's business being to drive the nag by *fits and starts*, so that the occupant of the shack cannot possibly remove his clothes while in transit, unless he wishes to be pitched through the roof, or have his neck broken. The alternative is to cling to the shelf provided for seating purposes, with the tenacity with which you hang on to a seat in the car of a roller boller coaster. When the driver gets you into two feet of water, he gives the trace a fantastic twist,

releases his horse, and plodges back to the shore. It is then that you undress, open the door, trot down a flight of steps, and walk out to sea, breathing a fervent prayer that a billow won't roll along and carry your boudoir after you.

A number of these machines were lined up, to the right and left of mine, and on returning to dress, I made a dash for the one which *seemed familiar*. Pushing open the door, I went slap bang into the Knut. He had just come out of the water.

"I beg your pardon," said he, "but I fancy you've made a mistake."

A swift glance at the garments in the place enabled me to confess that I had, and prepare for a hasty retreat. He begged me to *be careful*. I might go from bad to worse. Mixed bathing would render my search for the missing machine perilous. But what was I to do?

"You'd better stay here until the man comes back for me," suggested the Knut, towelling himself with surprising vigor.

A meeting under such circumstances couldn't fail to put us on good terms, and we soon learned all about each other. He informed me he was a lieutenant on a week's leave from the trenches, and had come down to Folkestone to spend the week-end

with friends. On learning that I was a Canadian, he almost fell on my neck.

"By jove," he drawled; "it's awfully good of you fellows to come over and give us a bit of a lift. I was in Ottawa during the Grey *regime*, and met some jolly chaps. Do you Major S———?"

"Only by reputation," I answered, shivering.

"O, say, you are getting cold. Take some of my duds and cover your pins. This is a bally awkward predicament, to be sure. Awfully funny, don't-you-know. I shall laugh at this for a month. It's immense."

"Do you think we shall be here long?" I asked.

"Not more than fifteen minutes. I shall dress quickly, then signal the man. But probably the bally ass will take his own time to come out to us. By the way, Major S——— and I visited Toronto Exhibition the year I was in Canada, and had a glorious time. Do you know Toronto?"

"Slightly. I believe it has the reputation of being the most pro-British city in the Dominion. Recruiting has been most successful."

"Isn't that jolly? By the way, you don't happen to have a pin about you? Oh, of course not. Pardon me. I forgot. Really, this is an awful nuisance. Worse than life in the trenches. There, we have everything we need, save and except immunity from

shell fire. But that's a *mere trifle* when you get used to it. Not nearly so disturbing as a visitation of those abominable little creatures we have to sprinkle with powder. By the way, how many Canadians are coming over?"

"Quarter of a million,—perhaps more."

"How jolly! We shall all be like brothers after this *confounded mess* is cleaned up. I thought once that I should like to take up farming in Canada, but the prospect of giving up Gatti's, the Cri., and the Carlton, nearly killed me. I say, do you Canadians think that this war will last very long?"

"It seems idle to guess."

"There's one thing we can feel jolly sure about. Britain won't give up until those *beastly cads* are drubbed. Two of my ~~brothers~~ have been killed, and if I'm polished off, the pater will be the *last of the house*. Poor old Gov., he's feeling awfully bad about it. But, what's the use? The King calls, and we obey, as a matter of course. What rotters we should be if we didn't go."

"Pardon me, but what is that mark on your left arm?"

"Oh, that's nothing. I was going into the trenches one evening, six months ago, when a bally sniper winged me. Those fellows are rattling shots. I



wore a sling for eight weeks, then went back. See that left ear of mine?"

I didn't, because it wasn't there.

"Bit of shrapnel took it off as *clean as a whistle*. My hearing is perfectly sound. The disfigurement is a mere trifle, although I suppose I look a little lop sided. Now I'm ready. So sorry to have kept you waiting, old chap. Ah! I see the man through this knot hole. You don't happen to recall anything striking about your machine. But, he'll find it. These old fellows enjoy many liberties denied civilized beings. Hang on. We're off."

On reaching the sands, the Knut got out and explained. I also saw him hand the old salt a shilling. In ten minutes my clothes were brought, and the Knut and I bade each other good-bye. I couldn't forget the difference in our rank. Some day, I may renew the acquaintance. Whatever the idiosyncrasies of the Knut may have been, he took his punishment on the battlefield with the courage of a Spartan. The English dandy has been without his peer in this war. When the call came, he laid aside his affectation, and bravely mingled his blood with that of the hardy workman. Duty called, Picadilly became a memory. The hellish fires of the war have gutted many a noble house, leaving a seedless old man in charge of the ruins. Heirs and younger sons have

rushed to the colors,—eager to fight,—*willing to die.*  
Hats off to the English Knut.

They say that war is hell, the great accurst,  
The sin impossible to be forgiven;  
Yet I can look upon it at its worst,  
And still see blue in Heaven.

For when I note how nobly natures form  
Under the war's red ruin, I deem it true  
That He who made the earthquake and the storm  
Perchance made battles, too.

—*Lines found on the body of an English Soldier.*

## A CRY FOR REVENGE.

MAIL FROM Canada brings me all sorts of news. Uncle Steve has written to Sir Sam Hughes to know *if there's anything a middle-aged Ontario farmer can do* to help on the work of crushing the enemies of God and man; Jasper is praying that the war will be over before the time arrives for him to run a bayonet into the vitals of a German; Suffragettes are encouraging men to go to war *that they may take their jobs* (at least that is the way one of my pals puts it); fifty thousand German-Americans are preparing to make a dash over the Canadian border; the caretaker of Fanny's church has stopped talking about the "poor dear Germans," because one of them, a tenant of his, *went off without paying his rent*; unmitigated scoundrels have been detected in their attempts to rob the country in war-time; recruiting in Toronto takes severe relapses, *like a patient that is not zealously nursed*; the married women of Canada are thinking more about the boys at the Front than of their husbands; the Empire and Canadian Clubs are considering the question of refusing luncheon tickets to young men who might be in khaki; the Mater's Whitechapel maid has tyrannized Uncle Steve into swearing he'll not engage a hired man

under fifty years of age; the clergy have given up talking about the war, and are *preaching the Gospel again*; a maiden aunt of mine can't sleep at night because the Kaiser *prows about her room*; and church-goers are asking God to "confound the politics, frustrate the knavish tricks" of the Germanic devil and all his angels.

To all of which the *Sydney Bulletin* adds:

"The plumber boy to the war has gone,  
In the army ranks you'll find him;  
His soldering iron bravely shone,  
And his spirits of salts behind him.  
Dear was the plumber boy to all,  
Mean was he as a miser,  
Oh! let him not in the battle fall  
Until he has charged the Kaiser.

Shorncliffe is alive with French and Belgian refugees who insist on hailing Canadians as their deliverers. It's a trifle embarrassing to be called a Saviour when you haven't done anything more heroic than keep your military instructors from calling you a blithering idiot. We all desire to wear crowns of glory, but *we expect to feel the thorns of a soldier's life* before coronation. The poor refugees can't understand that, and appear to count it a privilege to touch

the hem of a Canadian's uniform. I imagine that *some of Sir Sam Hughes' speeches have been translated into their language.* In that case, all we can do is to live up to specifications.

I met a Belgian to-day, who spoke excellent English, and I asked him to tell me his story. Uhlans, drunk with stolen wine and the lust of battle, had entered his home, shot his wife before his eyes, *bound him to a buffet while they outraged his daughter,* and prodded him with their lances when he attempted to shut out the sight. After this, they fired his house and drove him into the streets. *There were no tears,* not even a voice quiver, during the recital, and I wondered why. He told me that he was kept alive by the *spirit of revenge*; that some day he hoped to vent his pent-up rage upon the enemy; that he could raise a force of ten thousand men whose feelings were as *bitter as his own.*

In the face of this, men and women talk about an early peace. How can there be peace while outraged Belgium and France are unavenged? Germany must first be scourged *with the whips of her own fashioning,* and the prayer of every Canadian Tommy is that he may take part in the flogging.

## A STRANGE DREAM.

"I'll go one," says Belgium,  
"I'll go two," says Russia,  
"I'll go three," says France,  
"If I only get the chance."  
"I'll go four," says Germany,  
"And wipe them off the map."  
    But they all dropped dead,  
    When John Bull said:  
"Be d——d, if I don't go nap."

—*Soldiers' Song.*

I DREAMED last night that I was walking in a part of England of which I have not even heard, and that I met an old, old man, bent in half, and leaning heavily upon a stick. His white hair flowed like a silver waterfall over his shoulders, and his beard trailed upon the ground. I spoke to him, but he was too deaf to hear. I shouted, but he only nodded and passed on. Walking briskly forward, I saw a cottage, partly in ruins, and seated at the door was an old woman, her chin touching her nose, her hands brown and gnarled. Hair covered her cheeks, and fell in shaggy bunches over two washed-out eyes, which seemed to see nothing. I spoke, but

got no answer. She, too, was deaf. I pressed on until I entered a village. At the door of the blacksmith's shop stood another old man, as white and as bent as the first I had met. He, too, made no reply when I spoke, (but turned slowly to the forge. On the floor of the shop lay a number of bayonets. I passed on. The silence of the street was death-like. Houses were in need of repair, and the roadway was a bed of moss. A dead dog lay in the gutter, his decaying carcass polluting the air. The entire village smelt like a morgue. Most of the houses were closed, their windows hidden behind heavy curtains of ivy.

I crossed to where stood the parish church. Every window was broken, a gaping wound in the spire exposed a bell, crusted in rust, and the door hung partly open, on one hinge. I entered. The holy place was chilly as a vault, and as creepy. Grass sprouted between the stone slabs of the aisles, and weeds climbed over the pulpit, and ran up the front of the organ. The Communion Table appeared to defy the ravages of time, but the cloth seemed to be no more than a spider's web. The place made me sick, and I ran. Near a turn in the road stood a cottage, bearing traces of human concern, and I knocked at the door, gently at first, lest it might crumble, but more boldly when I found it bore

the blows without a tremor. A groan, as if coming from a soul in fearful torment, reached my ears. I raised the latch and entered. A worm-eaten bedstead stood in the opposite corner, and an age-stained quilt moved as I crossed the room.

I shall never forget the face that looked at me from beneath the folds of that cover. I scarcely knew whether I gazed upon man or beast. Age had ravaged the features, as it had destroyed the church across the way. Hair grew in clumps from dirt-filled crevices, and lay over the face in tangled masses.

"Who are you, and where am I?" I asked in a loud voice. A strange sound came from the bed, and the hair over the mouth moved. The creature, whether man or woman I couldn't tell, was evidently trying to speak. I spoke again. This time the response was more distinct.

"England," was the word I heard.

"If I'm in England, who are you; what are you? Why is this village in decay? Why are the only people I meet, old, deaf and blind? Where are the others? Why is the only sign of life in the village, in the blacksmith's shop?"

I could not wait for answers. The atmosphere of the place was driving me mad. If this strange



mass of flesh and hair and bones did not answer quickly, I should commit some violent act.

My questions had been too rapid. The only answer was a shudder. I tried one at a time, but all to no purpose. The breathing ceased. I became alarmed. Had the excitement and noise destroyed life? Taking the cover of the bed in my hand, I drew it gently back, revealing the emaciated form of a woman. Horrors! And my voice had killed her, but not before her withered lips had whispered "England."

Reverently covering the dead, I ran from the house, not stopping until I reached the blacksmith's shop. The old man nodded as I entered, and motioned to the bayonets. Then, taking down a slate which hung by the forge, he scrawled the words, "All I can do. The end is near."

Sinking upon a log of wood, I buried my face in my hands and tried to think what it could all mean. Evidently the old man had mistaken me for someone he expected to call for the bayonets. Should I remain until the stranger came? What if the old man should die, as another being had died that day? Why was this old bayonet maker the only living soul in the village? Of what importance could his wretched services be? Looking up, I saw that he was watching me with intentness, his eye brighter

than before. Going over to where he sat, I took the slate and wrote:

"How is it that you are the only living person in this village?"

Writing his answer, he said:

"War."

"What war?"

"England and Germany."

"How long has it being going on?"

"Seventy-two years."

"Are there no young men in this country?"

"All dead."

"Who are fighting?"

"Their children."

"Who is carrying on the work at home, and providing ammunition and weapons?"

"The old folk, but the ranks are growing thin. Soon there'll be no war. That will be the end of all things. I've—I've ma-de my la-last bayonet. I'm g-g-going now."

He fell forward before I could save his body from striking the floor, and when I realized that I was the only living soul in that village of death, I fled.

*It was while I was running that I woke up.*

## WEDDING FOLLOWS A CHASE.

CYNTHIA HAS CAST a spell upon Binks. He believes he loves her. Every mail from Folkestone brings a letter, singed in the fires of a consuming affection. Some of us think that Binks will either go mad or *marry his tormenter*. The legal-minded Hobbs has quoted his last breach of promise case, and is hard at work on alimony and orders of protection. Last night I found him quoting a case wherein a *youthful husband* had been slowly poisoned by arsenic, administered by his *elderly wife*, after discovering that her love was unreturned. To-day, Binks was found in what was supposed to be a hostile country, frantically trying to extract a message from a fluttering washing on a distant clothes line. This evening we detected a restlessness which the suspicious Hobbs attributed to a scheme fomenting in Binks' mind. Everything points to something going to happen to Binks.

Later: Binks has disappeared, leaving the following message: "I have two days' leave. We are to be married in the morning. It's no use attempting to follow."

We presented the case to the O. C., and received his consent to *follow the madman*, by auto. At seven

o'clock we were at the door of Cynthia's house. The blinds were down, and the milk on the top step. Running up the steps, I knocked sharply on the door. A minute later, a blind was raised overhead, and Hobbs saw Cynthia's *curl papers*. A moment later the key turned in the lock, a chain was slipped back, and the weasel peered at us through a pair of blinking, sleepy eyes.

"Is Private Binks here?" I demanded. But the words had no sooner escaped my lips, than the very man himself bounded up the steps, and attempted to thrust me aside. In an instant Hobbs threw himself upon the would-be groom, and the three of us rolled down the steps. The chauffeur leapt from his car to give us a hand, and in a twinkling we had Binks under a seat and were speeding back to camp. For a time he struggled to regain his liberty, but finally succumbed to superior forces. When the car passed the sentry, he was sitting between Hobbs and I as if nothing had happened. We hauled him before the O. C., reported the rescue, and heard the leave of absence rescinded.

"You fellows are no friends of mine," said Binks, when the fog lifted.

"If your head wasn't like a mess orderly's pail, you would realize that we've saved you from a hor-

rible fate," replied Hobbs. "There was the case of Pell vs. Mell., heard before Justice ——."

"Oh, hang Pell vs. Mell! What business had you to interfere in a man's private affairs? If I wish to marry the *prettiest girl* in Folkestone, I have a perfect right to do so.

"The what?" we yelled together.

"I said it. The *prettiest girl* in Folkestone."

"Are you mad?" shouted Hobbs.

"No more than you are."

"She's nearing half a century; only part of her hair is her own; before you had been married six weeks, you would be fighting like cat and dog. How do you know she hasn't a cork leg? She may have a husband at the Front. What sickening skeleton may be hidden in her cupboard? Look at the grey eyebrows, the wrinkles, the scrawny hands. Might as well marry your grandmother, you blithering idiot."

"You'd have been the laughing stock of the camp," I chimed in.

"All of which goes to prove that neither of you knows what he is talking about. I wasn't going to marry the *old lady*. My affections are centred upon *her niece*."

"What! The weasel who let us in?" screamed Hobbs.

"You're stark, staring mad, Binks," I yelled.

"No I'm not. You haven't even seen the girl I'm to marry. As I have already intimated, she is the prettiest little maiden in Folkestone, and her aunt, *good old soul*, is going to make a settlement on yours truly that will turn you green. Don't think that the fool act you did this morning will interfere with our plans. The O. C. will get my version in time to clinch the affair with *eclat*. If you are decent, I'll invite you to the wedding."

Hobbs demanded documentary proof and got a ton of it,—photographs as well. Binks had turned the tables. *And a beautiful girl she was.*

The wedding was a quiet affair. Cynthia gave the bride away, but not without a tear, and the weasel prepared a wedding breakfast fit for the President of the United States. Hobbs expected the office of best man, but Binks told him there was too much guile in his heart and too many cases of Nix vs. Nix in his head. Anyway, a lawyer at a wedding was as ominous as an undertaker.

*Now Binks wishes there was no war.*

## OFF TO THE TRENCHES.

A HALF-YEAR of camp grind, has transformed a flabby bank clerk whose greatest concern was to have clean finger nails and well-creased pants, into a tough Tommy Atkins who can't keep his nails manicured, and whose pants wouldn't crease under a steam roller; and unless Henry Ford's doves hatch out a regenerated Germany before the end of next week, Private Warwick will be doing his bit in the trenches. Thank God for the prospect,—not of peace, anything but that at this stage, but for the opportunity to send a shot into a nation of power gluttons. I am *only one* of a hundred million British subjects who decline to be Germanized, either by force or example. If Germany is dreaming of a subjugated British Empire, we've got to wake her up, and *men and ammunition are the combination to do it*. We've got to admit to ourselves that however valuable our own lives may be, the life of the Empire is *still more precious*. Burning and butchering may go on for a night, but victory for righteousness cometh in the morning. It is the morning that we live and fight for.

I wrote the Mater that we expect to go to the trenches, and received the following reply:

"My Dear Boy,—I am very anxious, but confi-

dent. It seems strange to think of you as a fully-trained soldier. How few are the years since you were, at my side, singing,

I am a little soldier,  
And only five years old;  
I mean to fight for Jesus,  
And wear a crown of gold.'

"Now you are a soldier of your earthly King, and are going to fight for him. Well, you must *do your best*. There may not be a crown of gold for you in this world, but be sure there is a reward for you in the next; and *not for you alone*, but for every man who is willing to make the sacrifice. Try to think of yourself as one of many. It will make your task lighter.

"The news made me a little nervous, but I am getting over it. Your Uncle is greatly concerned. He is *quite changed*. It seems as if your place, temporarily, is to be taken by my brother. God is very good to me. Are you clever with your rifle? There has been such a dreadful *waste of ammunition*. Mr. Shucks was telling your Uncle the other day what a *good shot* you were when you went rabbit hunting as a boy. He was sure your hand had not lost its strength, nor your eye its steadiness. Your Uncle seemed proud to hear him speak so confidently.



"Don't allow your spirits to droop. I have read that there is a great deal of fun in the trenches. Take part. The danger will be constant, and very real, but face it with a *cheerful heart*. I am making up a box which I shall send to the address you give. Your Uncle insisted on all that tobacco. As you know, he doesn't smoke himself, but seems to think you should be puffing away every minute of the day. I think he changed his mind when he began to realize that other men were shedding their blood *for him*. He is *so* independent. He is giving away more than he can afford, but he thinks we at home should give *until it hurts*.

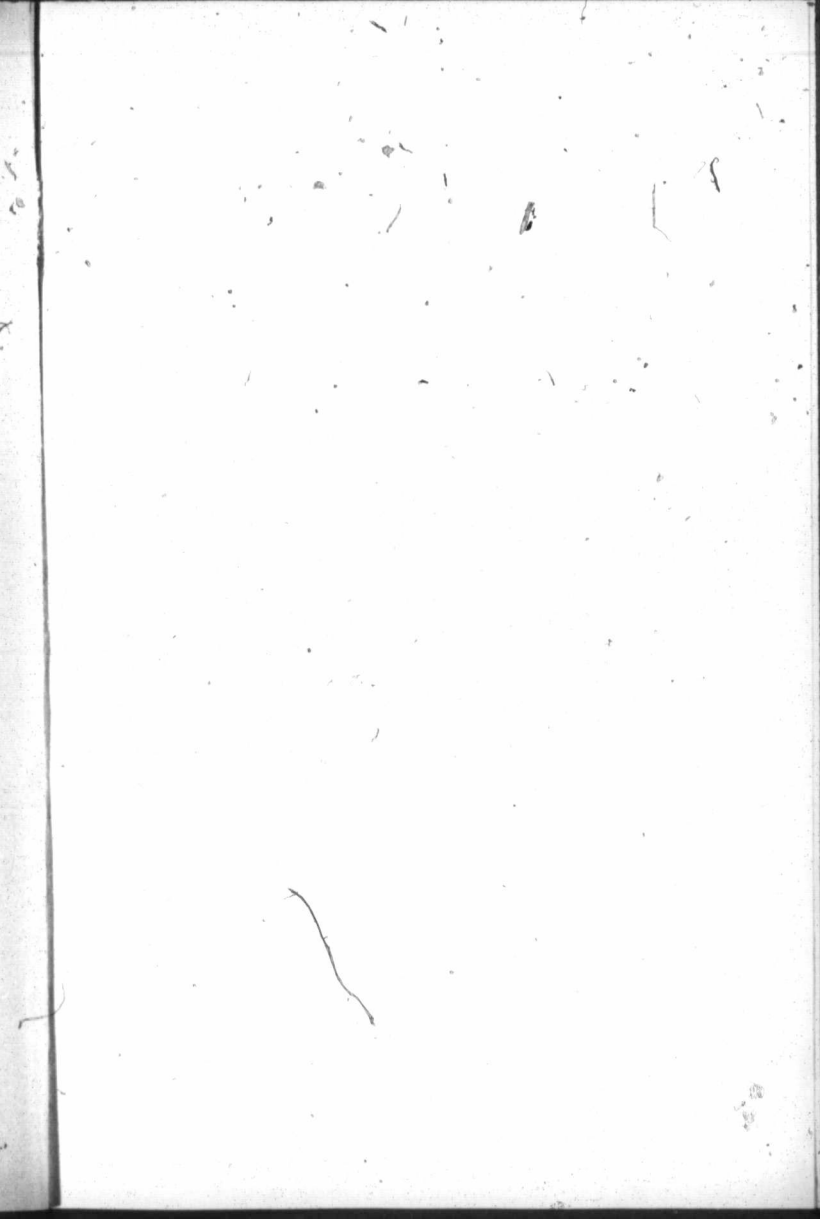
"Take great care of yourself in the trenches. I have heard they are very draughty. One boy near here has been sent home with rheumatism. Of course, he is as much a faithful soldier of the King as Sergt. O'Leary, but I don't think soldiers like to end their careers in that way.

"God bless you, dear boy, and send you back to me."

*Now for France and the trenches.*

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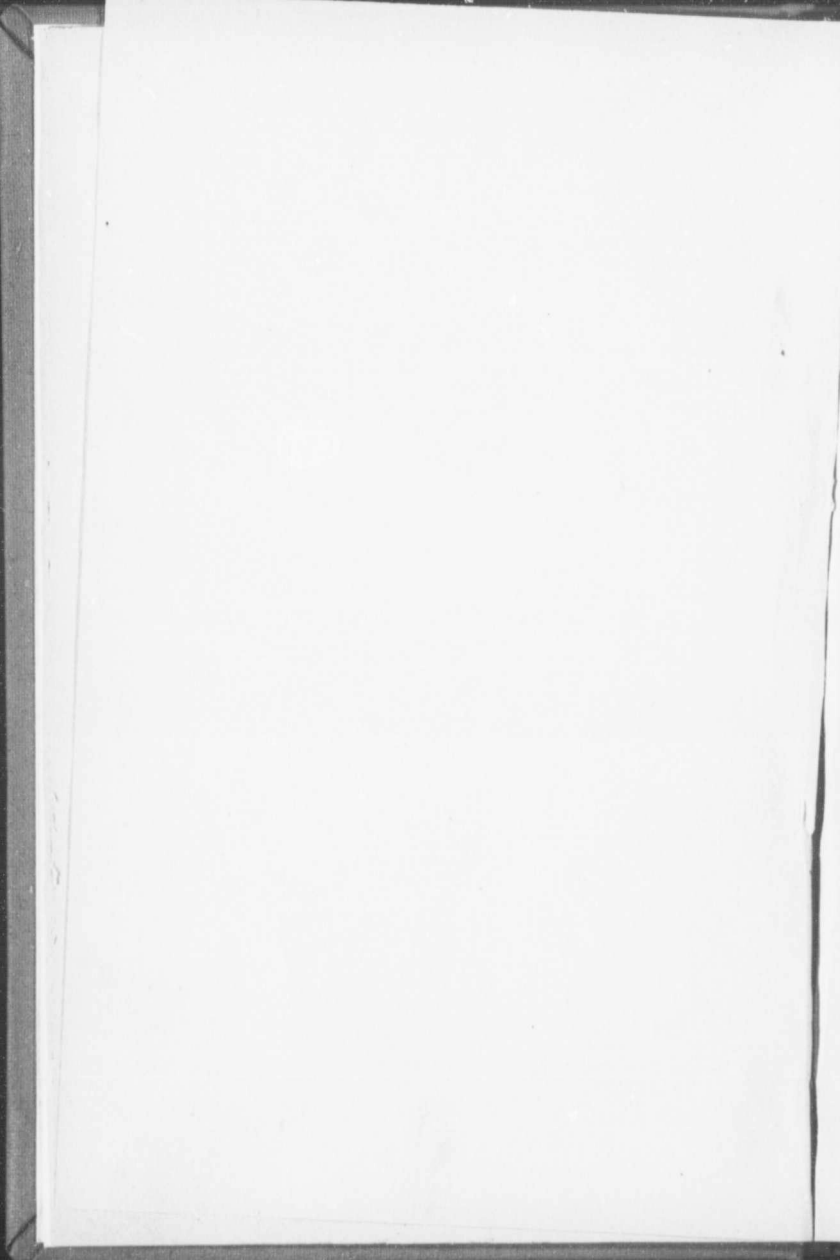
# Private Warwick

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Musings of  
A Canuck in Khaki

Harry M. Wodson



# PRIVATE WARWICK

Musings of a Canuck in Khaki

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HARRY M. WODSON

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Dedicated to the Mothers, Wives and Sweethearts  
of Canada, who have given their loved ones  
to fight for Freedom.

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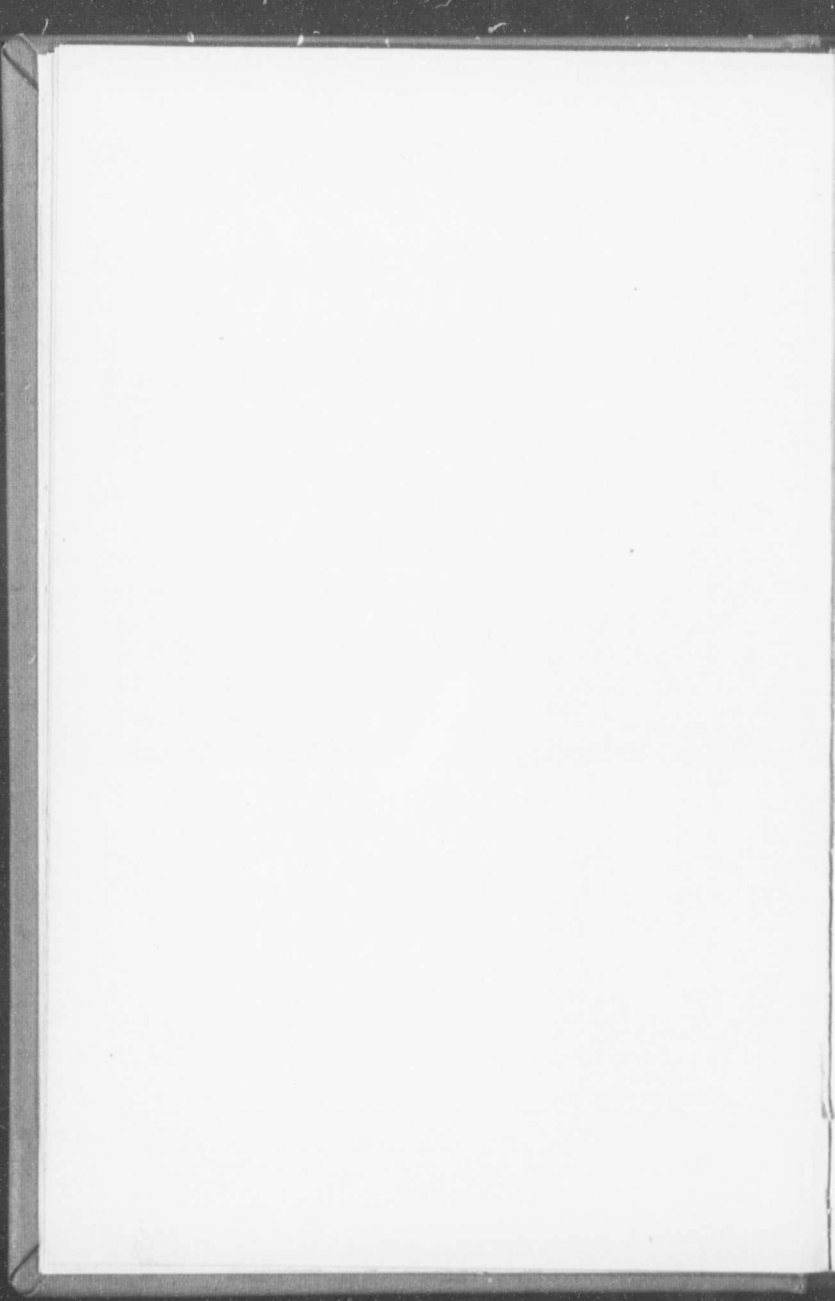
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1915

## PREFACE.

THIS LITTLE BOOK was inspired by two young men who responded to the call of Duty. One of them fills a soldier's grave in France; the other is preparing to go into action. The name on the title page is fictitious, although the author believes there are many Private Warwicks bringing glory to Canada. Furthermore, the main object of the volume is not to furnish the reader with descriptions of the monotonous life at Shorncliffe Camp, but to record, in diary form, the musings of a young Canadian whose sense of honor, and red blood, led him to a recruiting station.

The counterpart of Private Warwick's mother may be found in ten thousand homes in Canada, and her splendid spirit is a living fire in the heart of every woman who has given to the Empire that which she loves best.

—H. M. W.





## A LETTER FROM HOME.

SHORNCLIFFE CAMP, ENGLAND.

IT IS GOOD to be in dear old England, to smell the dewy freshness that comes up from the straits below this hill, and to know that you have ten hours before reveille. It is equally satisfactory to know that Channel watch-dogs are prowling up and down, torpedo boats and torpedo destroyers poking their ugly black noses into the darkness in search of submarines and lurking mines. Overhead floats the "Silver Queen," the periscope hunter of the air. Other flying craft, like monster birds of prey, circle, dip and skim, while Britain's merchant ships steam out to sea, proudly flying the Union Jack, and the tantalizing sign, "Business as Usual." Suddenly a signal is given, and the water prowlers slip their leashes to concentrate at the danger zone. Around and about them are the white hospital ships, the coastal boats, the transports and fishing craft. Here and there a neutral ship, screaming its nationality in flaming colors,

glides peacefully on its way. Yonder are the white cliffs of Boulogne, from whose heights battle-broken Tommies look wistfully across to dear old Blighty, so near and yet so far. Intermittently the British fleet cannonades the German trenches on the Belgium coast.

I'm dead fagged to-night, after a day on the ranges at Hythe, where we were put through gruelling firing exercises. We were cheated out of our sleep last night by a false Zeppelin alarm, that transformed Caesar's Camp from a peaceful tented city, into a cauldron of excitement. Every man dashed to his post for orders, that came in husky whispers, and every eye was trained heavenward for a glimpse of the midnight marauder that didn't come. After an hour shivering in the chilly night mists of the Kentish coast, we crept back to our tents and the comforting cigarette.

"Why can't the bloomin' Kaiser send 'is blawsted sausages nearer meal time, when we might get a chawnce to put a fork into 'em," growled an English Canuck, as he tossed aside his fag end and rolled into his blankets.

Hail to the Union Jack! A letter from Maple Creek, Canada. Uncle Steve must be bubbling over. What's this? "A nice mess you've made of your life. It's time enough for Canadians to think about

going to war when German guns are banging at our coasts."

Which would be four days after the British Navy had been sent to the bottom of the North Sea—Greenwich time. However, Uncle thinks otherwise. Let's see what comes next?

"If you thought so little about Winnipeg banking, why didn't you come through and give me a hand this year? It's all very well putting on fine airs and talking about your King and country needing you, but you've got the wrong country in your head. *The country that needs you is Canada.* If you've got blood to shed, shed it for the country that gives you a home. I'm just as loyal to the King of England as you are, and would fight and die for him *if I lived in England.* There are millions of men of fighting age in the old land who have not yet volunteered. Every man Jack of them could get into khaki to-morrow, and the work of the British Isles would be carried on as usual. But what a plight Canada is going to be in if her young, able-bodied men leave her shores for the glory of fighting for a King and country most of them have never seen! Have we farmers to wait for help until the babies of to-day are big enough to milk cows. (Whew!)

"Don't run away with the idea that I think that Great Britain should have kept her hands off Ger-

many. So far as Great Britain is concerned, this is as righteous a war as has ever been fought under the folds of the Union Jack. What I say is that Britain has enough men of her own to give Germany all the pounding she needs, and that Canada hasn't half enough men to till the land of which she boasts. You, and young men like you, are not *needed* in Europe. If England had been *short* of men, your uncle would have been the first to visit Winnipeg and *kick* you out of the bank and into a suit of khaki.

"When I read your letter to your mother, she began to cry and say, 'Thank God!' *I cursed you for your short-sightedness.* Wonder how we'll get in next year's crops,—if there's any crops to get in.

"I've got thirty-six head of cattle to feed this winter, and the hired man went crazy yesterday, packed up, and said he was going off to fight for his King and country,—*as if thirty-six head of cattle ain't Empire enough for any man.*"

If I thought the old grouch meant half he said, I should tell the Mater to leave his farm, and consign him and his cattle to blazes. One Armand Lavergne in Canada is enough. An Armand Lavergne, plus an uncle like that, is a surfeit. Like a lot of other people, *he doesn't realize that when Great Britain is at war, Canada is at war.*

I felt a bit that way myself, until I saw a married

man in khaki, going down the street *with a wife and four children round him*. He was a Canadian, his wife was born in that country, and his kiddies had never smelt anything but Winnipeg air. When I asked him why he had enlisted, he said the Empire was in danger, and that he *considered himself as much a British subject as Mr. Asquith*. His wife chipped in with the remark that the dull-wittedness of certain young men was *no excuse for a married man to neglect his duty*. Had there been a manhole on the sidewalk, I should have considered it the proper thing for me to drop into it. It takes a woman to stick the bayonet into your vitals, and to give the steel an artistic twist. *Women of that type breed fighting men.*

I'm a bit sorry I didn't help the old man out this year. Certain skirts held me back. But what is a young man to do under the circumstances? Should we not feel grateful that Canada is free from the ravages of war? If we don't send men to fight in France and Flanders, *the time will come when we shall have to fight the enemy on the banks of the St. Lawrence*. Surely we owe Great Britain a debt of gratitude for the ceaseless vigilance of the Navy, towards the upkeep of which we have not contributed a red cent. Great Britain has done more on the seas in this war than Germany has done on land, opinions

of Sir George Eulas Foster notwithstanding. I must call in the boys to hear this letter. Being good Canadians, any excuse is ample for a public meeting.

The success of the British Navy ought to give us the greatest satisfaction. But, no matter what the fluctuating fortunes of war may be, don't let us have any despondency or gloom. The Empire has men and resources. We are bound to win. If we are to keep the freedom we enjoy, *we must fight*. German rule means serfdom. I fancy I see a splay-footed burgomaster coming down my uncle's concession line to remind him that the tax on the air he breathes is overdue, and that unless he settles in a hurry, his team will be seized, *or his daughter taken as collateral*.

Poor uncle! I don't question his loyalty, but his outlook has shrunk like a woollen shirt. That's because he's been thinking crops and stock until *the only world he knows is his hundred acres*. When he dies, it will break his heart if he doesn't find thirty-six head of cattle in heaven, waiting to be watered. I must write and tell him to stretch out his neck: there's a human being, like himself, hobbling down the road on crutches. He's back from the war, with shattered nerves and broken limbs, *and he's been fighting for Steve Monmouth, Farmer, Maple Creek, Ontario*.

### JUGGINS RECEIVES A BLOW.

THE BIGGEST thing in the daily life at Shorncliffe, is the arrival of the mail bags. We are just a lot of kids, after all, and our daily prayer is, "Lord, give us news from Canada." I hope that will sink in. A post-card, bearing the words, "Good luck, old chap," has been known to transform the greatest groucher in the tent into a creature of sublime resignation and contentment. There's Pte. Juggins, as an example. For a whole week he was the last to get up, and the first to go to bed, and throughout the livelong day he snarled, snapped, cursed, and found fault with everything. If he were asked to do something, he would tell the man who asked, to go below, and if he were ordered to do it, he'd swear at the captain and be sent to the clink. Then a letter came from home. Since then, the question on every man's lips has been, "Has anybody here seen Juggins?" Juggins the snarler, the snapper, the curser, the chronic fault finder, has surely disappeared. In his place we have a bustling, smiling, whistling comrade, whose only object in life is to do what he is told and oblige the fellow under the next blanket. I watched Juggins after that letter arrived. He hurried off to a quiet spot, sat down, turned the letter over a dozen times

before he broke the seal, then plodded, with painful slowness, through the four pages. Juggins is not a scholar, and that letter was a big proposition. At first sitting, he went through it six times. Later in the day he nudged me as I passed and pulled out the missive. "Got a letter from Toronto," said he, proudly. "From the girl?" I queried. "Somebody in the Y.M.C.A.," was the reply. And it turned out that the letter had come from a young man he had never seen or heard of, but who had just written a few lines to cheer him up, and to tell him that the people of Canada were proud and grateful. It had made him a new man, and the best part of it is, he'll never know who sent word from Shorncliffe about a private named Juggins, who had nobody to send him letters.

I have had a taste of nearly every department, including fireman, policeman, cook-and-bottle-washer, and must say there's no life in the world like the life of a soldier. On saying something to this effect to Sergt. O'—— the other day, he said, "Be gorra, that's roight; and there's no hell like the hell we're goin' to give the Germans." This is no mean tribute to the worth of the experience we are having at Shorncliffe. It has produced a perennial happiness in the bosom of the Sergeant, and made him keen to serve the Empire. The wreath of literary fame, the laurel



of the statesman, are worthless compared with the pure, bright crown of the humblest Tommy Atkins. Leaders of thought may say what they like about this being a war of institutions, and that the workingmen of England countenance it for that reason, but it seems to me that if you ask the average Tommy Atkins why he is ready to fight and die, he'll bluntly answer that a swaggering, tyrannical, unscrupulous monarch has set out to crush the vitals of every nation that refuses to bend its knee, that he outrages women, breaks treaties, slaughters inoffensive citizens, murders children, by sea and by land, defies the laws of manly warfare, ruthlessly destroys God's houses, makes lands desolate, and must be fought to the death. It is because the soul of the worker has been outraged that you find the workman in this war side by side with the capitalist and the aristocrat.

Poor Juggins! The devil got into some of the fellows last night, and they did the prettiest thing they could think of—captured his treasured letter. A court-martial was held, and Pte. Juggins asked to explain why he hadn't complained about anything of late; why he seemed so happy, and why he had developed a sudden antipathy to the guard-room. To all of which he replied that the letter from the stranger in Toronto had sort of cheered him up. On being ordered to produce the communication, Juggins

put up a fight, was promptly downed, the missive torn from his pocket, and read amid the derisive laughter of his tormenters. Corporal G—— then placed a curse upon the letter:

“Thou disturber of the peace; thou perfidious creator of happiness. Thou camest into this company and put sunshine where there had been clouds, contentment where there had been dissatisfaction, geniality where there had been scowls and curses, activity where there had been inertia. Thou hast deprived us of that from which we drew our inspiration, and gathered ambition to succeed at wearying tasks. When tempted to snarl, we looked at Juggins; when urged to neglect our duty, we looked at Juggins; when enticed to resist the powers, we looked at Juggins. Begone! thou accursed thing.”

The fortitude with which Juggins took his punishment baffled his torturers, but he told me afterwards that he had “learned the letter off by heart.”

## "TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF THAT FLAG!"

THE HUMAN family is divided into two classes, the practical and the emotional. I'm supposed to be practical; the girl I left behind me tingles with emotionalism. If she went in for religion, she'd very likely spend the best part of her time before a stained glass window, and use a perfume that reminded her of vaults. Like Niobe, the little girl is inclined to cry without minding where the dewdrops fall on a fellow's coat. I could have wrung out one of my lapels the night she heard I had enlisted, and she collapsed in church the following Sunday when the parson brightened up his sermon with the anecdote of the Spartan mother bidding her son farewell before he went to war, telling him to be sure to come back with his shield or upon it. The dear girl told me afterwards that she could almost see yours truly being carried into Westminster Abbey *upon* my shield. An imagination like that would be useful *via* Sayville.

When I attempted to describe her to Corpl. J——, he laughed and said he couldn't get a tear out of his devoted one if he stuck her full of pins. On bidding him good-bye, she told him to be sure to bring back lots of souvenirs, but that if he wasn't coming back himself, not to forget the souvenirs. I presume a

girl like that would not omit to mention something about pre-paid express charges. My own jewel is a Fanny, and I've noticed that the clan is effervescent, inclined to be erratic, but never heartless. There was a little pouting, however, when she learned that I was going as a private. Flattered me by remarking how well I should look in an officer's uniform, and said something about asking her father to write General French, with a view to having me put somewhere where I could distinguish myself. When I begged leave to remark that that sort of thing was invariably the prelude to being killed, she decided she'd like to see me appointed to carry messages from Kitchener's inner office to Kitchener's outer office,—not a step further. I could not fail to see that a mere private in the family was going to hurt, so I made a speech about the British Empire, the Germanic doctrine that might is right, the cry of humanity for the suppression of forces that ignore solemn contracts, destroy Houses of God, murder helpless old men and innocent children, defy every law governing warfare, and last, but not least, commit outrages upon women, and wound up my illuminating remarks with that old Biblical crackerjack, "I could not love thee dear, so much, loved I not honor more." Now I come to think of it, perhaps that isn't in the Bible. It ought to be there, anyway.

It was at this stage of the farewell scene that I got my coat lapel soaked in brine. She saw me at once in the dazzling role of knight in shining armor, riding into the lists to break lances with Sir Wilhelm, and to win my lady's smiles. I was no longer a plain, Canadian "Tommy" who, like tens of thousands of other "Tommies," thought the time ripe to take a crack at the head of the modern Attila. Oh, but she's a dear! An angel in black velvet, her head crowned with golden curls, her eyes dancing with mischief, her cheeks tinted with the delicious pink of fading sunset, her lips like luscious cherries, and we are to have a church wedding. She made me write that down, lest I forget it when passing through furnaces similar to those of St. Julien and Festubert.

The bank staff at Winnipeg surprised me with a wrist watch ere I left, and the manager ended a surprisingly brilliant speech by saying that the only good word he could say about Germany was that its banking system was a trifle in advance of our own. As most of us had never taken more than a perfunctory interest in our work, nobody attempted to argue the point. After it was all over, and we had sung "God Save the King," with the assistance of a number of small boys in the doorway, the caretaker, an old Englishman, pulled me to one side, and in a husky voice said, "I'm so glad you're goin', sir. My two

lads 'ave both been killed at the Front, and I like to feel that you're sort of a third. A month ago, I got word that in the last Zeppelin raid upon old London, my only daughter's two little ones was killed by a bomb, an' 'er 'usband in the trenches at the time. Gawd bless the Canadians for goin' to 'elp old England."

Here the poor old chap broke down, and I couldn't do anything but squeeze his hand and make a bolt for the door.

What red-blooded Canuck could hear that speech and keep his legs out of khaki? An old fellow like that would be a real drawing card at a recruiting meeting, but instead of men of his type, they lumber up the platforms with pompous politicians who reel off a lot of wearying platitudes, fearful that their glory might fade if they remain too long out of the limelight,—which it most likely would. The greatest recruiting speech I ever heard was made by a returned captain. Limping to the front of the platform, he said exactly sixty words, the last of which were: "The bloody hands of Germany are on the flag. It is for us to say 'Take your hands off that flag, or by God! we'll blow them off!'"

There's real ginger in that.

## UNCLE'S LOYALTY ON TRIAL.

A DRAFT OF five hundred Canadians have left camp for the trenches, every man in the pink of condition, and bubbling over with joy. We swarmed out in thousands and played them to the station. Our cheers would have split the heavens, had there not been a good old fog blowing up from the English Channel. They knew what they were going to, and so did the fellows they left behind, but for all that, there wasn't a man amongst us who didn't wish to heaven it was his turn. Camp life is too slow for a man with fighting blood in his veins. Our daily prayer is for orders to board the transports at Folkstone. If war is "hell," then we want to go there as quickly as possible, because out of that hell, the heaven of an enduring peace will emerge. Every Canadian in khaki *feels* that; every British Tommy *knows* that he is fighting for a peace that those who come after him will enjoy.

I talked with a middle-aged English Tommy to-day. In private life he is a scavenger. I have christened him "The Scavenger with a Soul." To him it is an honor to be permitted to level a rifle at body-and-soul-destroying Prussianism. "I never thought," said he, "that the likes of me would ever

'ave a chawnce to march alongside of Lords and Earls an' Dooks, all of us engiged in fightin' for Freedom, jest like so many bruvvers, each of us doin' 'is bit, each of us glad of the other's company. My life ain't bin wasted arter all. Gawd knows I done little enough for my country up ter now."

Can you beat that for magnificent patriotism? It should bring a blush of shame to the cheeks of Canadian patriots who are making fortunes out of the nation's agony, and selling painted horses for remounts. It may be that after the war, this old Tommy's grandchildren will ask him what he did in "The Great War," and I can hear his answer: "Mebbe I killed some Germans. Mebbe I didn't. Whether I did or I didn't, don't make much difference. Mebbe it pleased Gawd to keep me at the 'umble task of carryng swill, 'an cleanin' out the soldiers' cook 'ouse, but whatever I did, I did it with all my 'eart an' soul, 'an to the glory of the British Hempire. Gawd knows I never shirked."

A letter from Maple Creek, Ontario! The Mater's handwriting! Let's see what she says:

MAPLE CREEK, ONT.

"MY DEAR BOY,—It was natural that you should wish to wear the King's uniform and march away to the music of the drums. Your grandfather gave his life for England in the Crimean war. I have often



told you the story of his heroism, and you played with his medals long before you understood the tragedy behind the ribboned toys. You are my only son, but your going MAKES ME PROUD AND HAPPY,—proud to feel that in your heart the fires of patriotism burn, happy to know that your sword will be un-sheathed in a *righteous cause*. You have lived for some purpose, in that you are going to fight for others. The young man who does not hear the call, is like the heath in the desert, neither yielding fruit, nor seeing when good cometh; a stunted, dwarfish shrub.

“I shall try to be brave. You have gladdened my soul, and made me feel a *younger woman*. Your uncle grumbles a great deal about so many young men leaving Canada, but I do not think he means to be disloyal. *He puts the farm first*. The *necessity* is not yet plain. He was very angry the day we got the news. It was raining, and he shut himself up in the barn, where he sharpened saws all day. I have often noticed that when farmers are in the dumps, they find great comfort in filing rusty old saws.

“Mr. Shucks came over that evening, and your uncle and he sat far into the night discussing the war. I could hear them from my bedroom. Everything seemed to be wrong. They agreed on most points, but fell out when mention was made of Canada’s

share in the war, your uncle holding out that the time was not ripe for Canadians to do more than *prepare for invasion*. Mr. Shucks had begun a very heated condemnation of somebody or other, responsible for preventing a contribution of battleships to the British navy, when I fell asleep.

"I have knitted many pairs of socks, and there are other things I wish you to have. The women of Maple Creek are working hard for the Red Cross, and as far as I have heard, their husbands do not complain. We country people may not be doing things on a grand scale, but *we are doing our utmost*, and our hearts are quite as warm as those of our sisters in the cities. We don't have finely decorated automobiles on collecting days, but all the buggies are in use. I think it would be a good thing if some of the big guns who make stirring speeches in Toronto, would visit us occasionally, and tell us that *rural Ontario is doing nobly*.

"The women surprised me the other day by electing me president of the Institute, and insisted on hearing a speech. It was a great honor, but I don't think the speech was a success, although the *Teamsville Times* printed all I said, and a great deal I didn't say. *Newspapers are so generous at times*. Your uncle gave me a most *affectionate kiss* that night. I hope

he is coming round. Men are either *very impetuous*, or *very slow*. Your uncle is not at all impetuous.

"I have given your engagement to Fanny a great deal of thought, and at one time felt like advising you to get married before you left. But under the circumstances, better remain as you are. *The future is all unknown*, and Fanny's father is very well off. The child is extremely young and not at all staid. I know she loves you, and there is no human affection which 'passeth the love of women,'—although some of us have *queer ways of showing it*.

"God bless you, dear boy, for giving me the *honor of being the mother of a young Canadian patriot*. Conduct yourself as a soldier of the King of Kings. Remember the lessons learned at my knee. Wars come and go, Kingdoms rise and wane, but the great truth that Christ died for men, lives for ever.

"I look forward to your next letter.

Your loving Mother."

P.S.—I enclose a letter I received from Fanny, after you left.

"MY DEAR MRS. WARWICK,—Richard's gone! Thirty thousand people turned out last night to bid the Company good-bye. A million could not have cheered louder. *Winnipeggers know how to cheer*. Dad and I stood an hour at the station before we

heard the bands, and when Richard passed, we had to dash into the road to reach him. At the depot, the confusion was terrible. Everybody wanted to shake hands with the boys. Fathers and mothers and sisters and brothers and sweethearts and wives, and all sorts of relatives, crowded round, some crying, some laughing, and some singing war songs. I felt *terrible* when the great bell clanged and Richard gave me the last kiss. Poor Dad! His face was very white. Some students were singing 'The Soldier's Farewell'—

How can I bear to leave thee,  
One parting kiss I give thee,  
And then what'er befalls me,  
I go where honor calls me,  
Farewell, farewell, my own true love.

Ne'er more may I behold thee,  
Or to this heart enfold thee:  
With spear and pennon glancing,  
I see the foe advancing,  
Farewell, farewell, my own true love.

"Our real good-bye was said the night before. We had a little tea party,—just Richard, Dad and I. How I wished dear Mamma had been there! Richard talked as if it were the happiest thing in the world

to be going to war, and this call to arms the very thing he had been praying for all his life. He laughed when he saw a tear stealing down my cheek, and said he didn't like salt water in his tea.

"Thoughtful old Dad left us for an hour,— saying he had an important engagement, which, if not kept, would *probably mean financial ruin*. I can't tell you what was said when we were alone,— that is if anything were said. Dad came in after he had saved his firm from ruin, and thought the room much too dark to talk in. Before he left, I gave Richard some beautiful verses, but Dad said afterwards that he'd bet me that Richard would see the tobacco and cigarettes he had given him more often than my verses.

"I wish I were as brave as you, Mrs. Warwick. What if the Germans torpedo the transport? I shall not rest until I see the boat named in the arrivals. Oh, dear! How sick at heart this awful war is making the women of the world. What a beast the Kaiser is. I do hope the Allies will punish him worse than Napoleon was punished. It is the broken-hearted women of the world who should decide what his penalty is to be. *He is a demon*, and terrible as the war is, I hope there will be no peace until that fiend is shrieking for mercy at the hands of the men who will settle his fate. He set out to destroy the

world's liberties, and when the time comes, he must be destroyed. *That is how Dad puts it.* I heard him telling the verger at church last Sunday, while we waited for a shower to cease. Dad thinks the verger is inclined to be too kind to his enemies before they are beaten. Dad told him we must conquer 'the poor dear Germans' first, and then look for their good qualities,—if they happen to have any.

"I am so glad you have a maid, and more than glad that she is English. We Canadians don't appreciate the spirit that lies beneath the little peculiarities with which we find so much fault. Dad said that, and he knows. Just think of the tens of thousands of Englishmen who have never worn anything but silk hats, *marching bravely to the trenches in a pair of putties and a cap.* I never saw so many silk hats in my life until Dad took me to England, the year Mamma died. This war must have ruined the silk hat industry. I suppose the manufacturers are now making ammunition, unless they have gone to join their customers in France.

"Richard spoke of the trouble you are having with his Uncle, but seemed to think it would all come right in the end. At lunch, to-day, Dad told me of a young farmer who had at first been dead against sending Canadians to fight in this war, but who turned completely round after the *Lusitania* outrage, left his

farm in his father's hands, and went himself, telling his friends he had had *lots of experience in killing pigs*, and the rector is always preaching about men who have changed their minds and gone. He told Dad that his *own son had a leaky heart*. The family doctor had said so. I can't tell you all the remarks Dad made about leaky hearts. Still, a real leaky heart must be very serious. *Leaks are so hard to stop*. We had plumbers in our house a whole week last winter, all through a tiny leak in the bathroom.

"Good-bye, dear Mrs. Warwick. I shall read your letters over and over again when I need cheering up."

*Good-night! This is where Private Warwick takes a stroll by his lonesome.*

## CHURCH vs. STATE.

I'VE JUST come in from the wash-tub, in which suddy receptacle I cleansed one khaki shirt, one suit of body flannels, five pairs of socks, and two silk handkerchiefs, *used to clean my rifle*. There was some delay in starting the task, occasioned by my getting out of turn, but how was I to know that the gap in the waiting list was made by a man who had stepped out of the ranks to settle up with some other fellow who had got out of turn? Life is not without its surprises. Mine took the form of an unpremeditated dip into a tub of liquid which tasted even worse than it looked. However, as everybody seemed satisfied, I thought it advisable to assimilate some of the mirth, a task I found easier than digesting what I got out of the tub. And now that everything is on the line, I have time to wade into a letter just to hand from an old Toronto friend of mine. By way of preface, I may explain that Jasper K—— is taking theological training at Toronto, and judging from this letter, he has the ecclesiastic malady *without intermission*. He tells me it is becoming harder and harder to view this war from an *academic standpoint*. Between lectures, he saunters in the college grounds, endeavoring to *feel* (I suppose he means sniff) "the



*sweet influence of scholastic theology,"* when he is suddenly "hurled from a pinnacle of soulful placidity into abyssmal distraction by a screeching newsboy announcing that the British have taken fifty miles of German trenches, and captured ten thousand prisoners, or something equally thrilling." But, here is the balance of his epistle:

"Why bawl it into the ears of reverend young men to whom the Festival of the Purification is of greater moment? It should be made an indictable offence for newsvendors to announce war specials, when within ear-shot of a theological college, except in strict conformity with the Gregorian and syllabic method. The boys should not be permitted to use the same chant for laudatory and supplicatory, jubilant and penitential announcements. I should like to take a test case before Police Magistrate Denison.

"The news of your enlistment gave me great joy. My soul *throbbed* with delight, but was immediately transformed into a *seething cauldron of misery* when I reflected that your going would mean a greater distance between us. You know that *I love you with all the urgency of my being*. I owe everything to your inspiration and example. You are my prince soul. If any glory comes to me in the path I have chosen, *it belongs to you*. If glory comes to you, as I feel it surely will, *it belongs to the land that bore you*,

whose you are, and to whom God gave you. My spirit will know no rest till it finds you again. Were this not so, I should be unworthy the bestowal of so rich and rare a nature, so swift and generous a spirit. It is an impelling and compelling personal devotion that urges me to speak thus.

"I worshipped at St. Alban's Cathedral on Sunday last, and was gratified to note that the Bishop of Toronto wore scarlet wristbands. The service was unusually impressive, and when the original second verse of the National Anthem was sung, the efforts of the organist to render it as a prayer, were frustrated by a militant-spirited congregation, strongly augmented by several pews of men in khaki. It was really *a noisy appeal to God to squash Germany, forthwith*. The clergy must watch more closely the spirit of their people in war-time, else the pews will be emptied, save for a few dear old souls praying for *the conversion of the Kaiser*. I do not mean that our churches should become munition factories, although it would be a real charity to give some of the clergy a share of the profits being made on certain contracts.

"Again I am thrust into a *purgatory of despair* when I return to the subject of your going, and in a blinding mist of tears, I ask God to give me strength to bear manfully the cross your heroism lays

upon my trembling shoulders. Would that it were possible for me to march with you behind the imperishable flag of Old England, but *the Church hath need of me.*

"The music of a recruiting band pierces these crumbling walls; I look from my window and see hundreds of men striding boldly forward, 'for King and Country'; I see the slackers, the undecided, wavering as the troops swing past, wondering, no doubt, whether 'tis in truth a noble thing to fight for one's country, and I turn again to my books, and *the struggle that is going on within my own soul.*

"Students are leaving us every day. The Provost is loud in praise of the tremendous response that Churchmen in Toronto have made. Trinity's ranks are being thinned to an alarming extent. *Some of us must remain.* I dare not think how it will end.

"JASPER."

Poor Jasper! Ecclesiasticism is so sticky, he proposes to wait until German shells have shattered his church, leaving him amid the ruins, a pathetic figure, clothed in a majestic calm,— and *a cassock equipped with the orthodox number of buttons.* Noble Clericus! A wounded servant of the Church, "faithful unto death." It makes me weep to think of it. Let him remember that age-crustured churches, defenceless women, and helpless children are fine prey for Teu-

tonic marauders, and that *the holy office of priest cannot charm away the lance of a drunken Uhlan*. Thank God, the Church is militant in more than in name. Churchmen are answering the call because the Church is at war with the forces of evil. The Christian soldiers who have been going onward since Baring-Gould gave them their shibboleth, are still marching with magnificent courage.

Hooray! for the teeming thousands of Churchmen who have donned the whole armor of Christ, plus a suit of khaki and a rifle, and have gone forth to let the enemy see that *the gates of Germany's hell can never 'gainst that church prevail*. Unlike Jasper, they do not prefer the aroma of vaulted aisles to the scent of battle. I must write and tell him to put away his Calendar of Feasts and Fasts, and stuff his legs into khaki breeches. This is the year of our Lord, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Fifteen, and the British Empire is at war with the enemy of Freedom. Let the din of battle be his church bell, and *the smell of gunpowder his incense*.

## ENGLISH HOSPITALITY.

JUST SPENT a week-end with strangers, and tasted the sweets of English hospitality. It was like being in heaven. A big touring car came into camp on Saturday morning, and fifteen minutes later, *six of the Lord's Elect* were being whizzed into Kent, the "Garden of England." The chauffeur was an elderly gentleman who had been footman in the family for a *hundred years*. It must have broken the heart of the dear old man to start chauffing at his time of life, but the old men of England are performing extraordinary stunts these days. Wartime is a great rejuvenator. One of the chaps addressed our driver as "my lord," but got called down by a look that suggested certain movements in bayonet drill. After that, the Earl of Gasolene got nothing but plain "Sir." I could see that he *pitied the poor colonials who couldn't distinguish between a humble "Jeames" and an ermined member of Burke's Peerage, Limited*.

Well, we got there, and our arrival brought an end to the estrangement between ourselves and the frosted driver. The house was a rambling old man-

sion, standing in a semi-circle of British oaks, some of whose brothers may have helped to build Nelson's fleet, and a dear old, white whiskered gentleman met us at the door. You'd have thought we were his sons, so warm was his welcome. "So glad to see you, boys. God bless the Canadians," said he, grasping each of us by the hand. Pte. Chatty had been appointed spokesman during the preliminaries, and led us through the process of introduction with the nerve of a New York drummer. Incidentally, we learned that our host's name was Melville, but it wasn't until we were hob-nobbing over a light lunch of cold chicken, cheese and home-brewed beer, that we learned that our genial entertainer was a knight of the realm. A "Yes, Sir John," slipped out of the Pickwickian old fellow who carried in the ale. Everybody round the place seemed to be *between the ages of sixty and a hundred*. I can't begin to imagine what the snow-shovelling crew will look like when winter comes.

Ah! but I shall never forget the hospitality of that week-end! In addition to Sir John, there were two old ladies and a convalescent captain in the house party. It would take a lot of that sort of life to weary me. Every corner of the grand old place was open for inspection and entertainment. We saw oil paintings of ancestors who had cracked heads for

their monarchs, and of beautiful ladies who had stayed at home and cried while the battles were on. We also saw horses and dogs that were too well-bred to recognize us. In the evening a car-load of happy, healthy, dancing youngsters poured in, and from that moment, the noble old house rang with peals of laughter. All sorts of English games were played, and one of the ladies, *something over eighty*, and dressed in black silk and real lace, thrilled us with her harp. Pte. Binks, who worked in Eaton's silks department before he heard the call, informed us afterwards that the silk in that old lady's dress must have cost at least two guineas a yard. Usually, we want to argue with Binks, but on the subject of silks, he *appears to know a thing or two*.

While the romps were in progress, Sir John would beckon one of us out, and slipping an affectionate arm into a rough, khaki-covered member, lead his willing captive into the black oak library, where there were chairs that made you want to go to sleep, and refreshment that made you keep awake. The whole plan seemed to be to satisfy body and soul.

The children left at ten o'clock, and we were taken into the dining-room for a light supper. After that cards till midnight. Then the ladies bade us good-night, and the Pickwickian appeared with candles. Sir John accompanied us to our rooms,

poked the fire in the open grate, expressed the hope that we would sleep well, shook hands as if he loved us, then left, but returned immediately to point out the bell rope, *in case we should need anything during the night*. God bless the old gentleman for his loving kindness to the Canadian boys whose last thoughts that night, as they lay watching the fire's shadows play hide-and-seek on the panelled ceilings, were of loved ones in dear old Canada.

"Your shaving water, sir."

I woke with a start, and saw *another old man*, one I had not met on the previous evening, softly raising the venetian blind, his every movement suggestive of anxiety to avoid disturbing me. I sat up, rubbed my eyes, and said "Good morning!" It seemed to startle him. *Perhaps I was too familiar, too Colonial*. Giving me a rapid, nervous glance, he returned the greeting in the softest voice I think I ever heard, and hurried from the room. Clearly, I had outraged a convention by wishing a *servant* "Good morning."

Sir John was at the foot of the stairs when we descended, looking as rosy as a Canadian snow apple. He shook hands all round, hoped we had slept well, and enjoyed pleasant dreams. Breakfast was quite ready. The ladies, the youngest of whom was Lady Melville, were grouped near a bay window,



overlooking a rockery, as we entered, but turned immediately to greet us with warm smiles and affectionate enquiries. We were all very jolly at the table. The frolics of the night before had broken down the barriers of reserve, everything was *sans ceremonie*, and we chatted over the rashers and coffee as if we had known each other all our lives. I could see that our deportment gave our hosts no concern, *even if we were only Colonials*. After breakfast, Sir John showed us through the stables for the second time, and the aristocratic dogs handed us condescending paws. There's no doubt that if we had stayed there three months, those dogs would have grown quite friendly.

We were driven to the old parish church by the Earl of Gasolene, and given places in Sir John's cushioned pew, the ladies insisting upon sitting behind us. It was rather a *tight squeeze* for seven of us to get into that pew, Sir John being a trifle on the portly side, although standing only five feet six in his boots, and there wasn't a man in the firing party who stood less than six feet in his socks. I can't say what the congregation thought that line-up looked like. Perhaps it didn't matter a great deal what they thought. *English peasants are not encouraged to make their views obtrusive*, supposing that they have any. Stained glass, armorial bearings, and tablets to the

departed, gave us the impression that the Church's one foundation in that corner of the vineyard was the Squire and his ancestors. And the elderly, comfortable-looking vicar, by addressing himself entirely to the pews we occupied, confirmed this suspicion. I forget what the sermon was about, my mind speculating on the chances against the old organist waking up in time to play the approaching "Awmen." The tension was relieved, however, by a thin cane, apparently in the hand of the invisible organ blower, being suddenly thrust through the curtain that surrounded the organist, and poked gently into the side of the sleeper. An audible yawn testified to *the soul's awakening*.

A delicious smell of English roast beef greeted us on our return from church, and a plain, but satisfying dinner, prepared us for an afternoon of sanctified rest. At five o'clock, tea was served in the conservatory, and when the great clock in the hall struck the hour of six, a loud "honk!" reminded us it was time to return to camp.

Sir John and the ladies accompanied us to the door, shaking hands over and over again, and saying all sorts of nice things that made it hard for us to get out our thanks, and just as the wheels of the car began to crunch, the dear little old Lady Melville stepped out, her eyes brimming with tears, and taking

my hand in her velvet fingers, breathed a sweet "God bless you, dear Canadians, for coming to fight for England," that will live with me while memory lasts.

## THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

A LETTER from Fanny!

I wonder what the dear little girl would say if she knew I had also received one from a maiden I danced with at Winnipeg, last winter? Agnes writes as if it were a duty, *such as going to church when you feel like staying in bed*. I wonder how many other fellows are receiving this sort of comfort from the dancing Dorcas. I shall tell her there is a lonely chap in camp, a handsome, soulful buzzard, with a Ouida moustache and a taste for poetry, who never gets a letter from one month's end to another, and that were she to enrol him as a pupil at her correspondence school for soldiers, she would fire him to win the V. C. And I shall tell her that the name of the soulful one is Juggins. It may result in the mating of two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat with a Waltham movement. Which reminds me that it may turn out that I have been instrumental in bringing about a *ghastly tragedy* in the life and times of a certain Pte. Isaacs, a seed of Abraham, for whom I indited a letter only an hour ago. The Jew is a nice boy, but not deeply in love with the girl to whom I wrote in his name. "Don't make it too sweet. I like her, but I don't

want to marry her," were the instructions, oft repeated. But Satan entered into me, *just as the chaplain prophesied last Sunday*, and what I read over to the chilly lover was not exactly according to copy. I find some comfort in the thought that the letter may give the girl a great deal of pleasure, and *cannot possibly increase the tortures being suffered by Pte. Isaacs.*

But let's see what the sweetest girl in the world has to say:

"My Darling Richard,—Your letter gave me a new lease of life. A modern girl doesn't want a knight in shining armor. Armor must have been very uncomfortable to make love in. Dad got into armor to attend a Hallowe'en party, two years ago, and I shall never forget the things he said while trying to get out of it. Besides, I don't think girls would like men to settle their jealousies by cracking each others heads. Fighting is so vulgar. If two men love the same girl, nowadays, and fall out over it, they usually try to ruin each other on the stock market. *It is more gentlemanly than sticking spikes into one another.*

"What a dear your mother is! She writes such sweet letters, and pretends to regard your going as a most ordinary thing, *but I know it hurts inside.* I may seem very silly to you, at times, but I quite understand your Mother's feelings. She is very brave.

Women are brave under trying circumstances, but not always in the same way. Some of us are quite heroic. *Then we faint.* Others meet danger or trouble with calm resignation. Your mother faces the tumult, not only with calm resignation, but with the determination of *one who knows that right is right and must be fought for.* Dad put it that way. He is so calm, and nearly always right.

"Dad brought Lieut. ——— to tea, yesterday. Secretly, I detested the sight of him. He talked as if he were the hero of a hundred fights, and continually referred to 'my men.' I reminded him, very quietly, that you could have had a commission, but that you *preferred to earn it.* The coxcomb! I suppose *your* lieutenant will be swaggering at someone's tea table, and talking largely about 'his men,' *one of whom will be Private Warwick.* There's an awful lot of snobbery in the army, isn't there, Richard? Lieut. ——— talked as if it were impossible for a man to be a successful officer without being a drinker and a blackguard. The way he put it was that *an officer must drink,* and that discipline could not be maintained without a volley of oaths. He seemed quite put out when I told him I knew several officers who are strict temperance men, and *well enough educated to express all their feelings in dictionary English.* Stroking his sprouting moustache,

he said he was quite sure that the choice language of some young ladies was strong enough to hurt a man's feelings. I rather think he meant this for me.

"Wasn't Edith Cavell a dear? I know a lady in charge of a girls' school, who reminds me so much of Miss Cavell. I'm sure that if she had to face those murderous Germans, *she would be quite as brave*. She's Scotch. Oh, dear! our sex is doing so well in this war, and I am only knitting my first pair of socks. But they are for you, dear, and that *makes the work doubly sweet*.

"Wasn't it good of the bank staff to give you a wrist-watch? I felt that I could *hug* the poor old caretaker whose boys had died in battle. This war is making everybody like everybody else. The rector told us last Sunday of two old men walking along a road in Scotland, one an aristocratic old Colonel; the other, the village cobbler. *The Colonel was leaning on the cobbler's arm*. Both had lost their sons. Oh, dear! what a lovely place this world will be if the war is going to wipe out all the *nasty differences between the rich and the poor, the well-bred and the unrefined*. Dad and Lieut. ——— talked on that subject yesterday, and his serene highness called Dad's prophesy that a triumphant democracy would emerge from this war, '*a calamitous prospect*.'

"I am really going to stop crying. Your Mother says I must *work*. She underlined the word with a terribly heavy stroke. So, from now on, it will be every minute of the day for the soldiers.

"I am sending you a beautiful letter I received from your Mother. Please return it."

Thank God, all lieutenants are not of that fellow's type. Our own is a corker for work, but a *gentleman by instinct*. The boys would go through a swamp of mud for his entertainment, if they thought the sight would make his afternoon tea taste any better. He's a T.T., as strict as Ben Spence of the Dominion Alliance, but the thirst he has for the afternoon beverage, would make Cornelia Carlyle writhe with envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. But we like him, monocle and all. He knows how to curse, but doesn't; he could play the cad, but prefers the gentleman, and he could go to bed drunk every night, but remains sober. *Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.*

Dear little Fanny! I'm glad the tears are going to stop. Girls shouldn't write to their soldier boys on tear-stained note paper. *Women's tears make the strongest of us flinch from duty.* Show me the man who goes to the trenches with "weepy" letters in his pockets, and I shall look upon a soldier *whose nerves are all in.*



In lonely loveliness she grew  
A shape all music, light and love,  
With startling looks so eloquent of  
The spirit burning into view.

Her brow—fit home for daintiest dreams—  
With such a dawn of light was crowned,  
And reeling ringlets rippled round  
Like sunny sheaves of golden beams.

Now for the Mater's letter to Fanny:

"My dear Fanny,—My boy has been to say good-bye. How fine he looked in the King's uniform. Just the same brave, happy-hearted Richard, but *very straight*. I saw him coming down the road and watched his approach with a throbbing heart. He is all that binds me to this earth, but *mother love is selfish*, and I try to feel that I make this surrender without reserve. It is hard, and I sometimes grow faint, but this is a just war, and *the sword of God is in Great Britain's hand*. The battle is for freedom, and God is the God of freedom. Of what worth are a mother's sacrifices in the rearing of her sons, if they do not make men noble and brave, and *ready to make sacrifices for others*? If my son should fall in battle, Christ's words will comfort me: 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.'

"Richard's leave was very short, and I was afraid his uncle might say something to upset the parting, but the time passed very pleasantly. Richard told us all sorts of comical things, and promised his uncle to see Sir Sam Hughes about an honorary colonelcy for all Canadian farmers who were *cheerfully giving up their sons and nephews*. This led his uncle to say that it wouldn't take a great deal of cloth to put them all in khaki uniforms. I turned this off by remarking that the hard work on the farm had perhaps taken the minds of many farmers off the world outside, *but that at heart, I believed there were no more loyal men in the Empire than those who had made Canada one of the world's greatest granaries*.

"Woman-like, I cried after he had gone. Thank God for those tears. I have felt so much better. Richard's Uncle felt the parting more than he cared to show, and went silently about his work for many days. He has grown gentler in his replies to me, and to-night read me something about a Zeppelin raid on England. Afterwards, he wished he had arranged a send-off for Richard, saying that the boys and girls might have had a dance in the barn, with cake and ices afterwards. *He thought it would have helped recruiting*.

"Our minister called next day and made me quite angry. He talked most mournfully about what he

called 'the fate of so many fine young men.' I told him that the Empire was engaged in a just war, that the honor of the Empire was now in the keeping of the young men who had gone to fight, and that we women felt it was *in very good hands*. So many imagine that the chief end of young men is to earn large salaries, hang pearl necklaces round girls' necks, and scatter a little money *in the name of charity*. I asked the minister if he thought it was that for which the mothers of the Empire had reared their sons. He replied, rather unkindly, I thought, that *so it seemed in this part of the Empire*. And this, my dear, in the face of the ready response of our finest young men. I am sure the Church has better consolation than that for the mothers of Canada who have given their sons, and the wives who so bravely tell their bread-winners to go.

"Can you persuade your father to let you come to me for a little while? The change will do you good. I do not know that I could stand the music of military bands, the daily parades, and the farewell scenes on the streets. The country is so quiet and sweet at this time of the year. *Bring your work*."

"Since our hired man left for the Front, Richard's Uncle has given me a girl to help with the housework. She comes from the east-end of London. Her name is Matilda. Poor child! She is only

eighteen, but is very old-fashioned, and has seen a great deal of the *seamy side of life*. Her quaint comments are very refreshing. I asked her if any members of her family were fighting, and her reply took my breath away: 'Lor bless you, mum,' she said, 'I 'ave six bruvvers an' a farver, orl doin' their bit. Muvver died when I was a nipper. You people in Canada don't 'ardly know as there's a war agoin' on. Everything's just the sime 'ere. Look at the boss there (R.'s uncle), 'e seems to think the war's up in 'eaven, or somewhat about as far off.'

"I rebuked her for this remark, but she chattered on, telling me that two of her brothers were recovering from wounds, and her father from gas poisoning, but that they all *looked forward to getting back into the trenches*. Such Spartan spirit, my dear! *What a little I am doing in giving my one son*. After all, it is not the educated, or the rich, who are shedding most blood in this war, nor is it what we call the *better classes* who are showing the highest spirit of patriotism."

*The final test is coming, Mater. The signals are out for the trenches.*

## BINKS RECEIVES AN OFFER.

DEAR PRIVATE BINKS,—There is nothing in the wide, wide world that appeals to a girl so much as a brave soldier boy,—especially when he happens to be tall and handsome. Her heart tells her that because he is brave, he is going to fight for her. I have only seen you twice, but I have made enquiries about you, and find that you are all that you appear to be. The fact that you are one of the gallant Canadian boys who have come to help dear old England in her hour of need, adds a great deal of charm to the situation. My heart has gone out to you. Already, I feel that we are one. I cannot tell you how much I love you, but if you care to call on me, to-morrow evening, I may be able to convince you that I am sincere.

Yours till death,

CYNTHIA B——

The above letter threw Binks into a terrible state of excitement, and after taking a couple of us into his confidence, he decided to pay the young lady a visit,—under guard. Binks has a *virgin heart*. I suggested that he appoint a *deputation* to wait upon the fair one, and to receive from her a verbal declara-

tion of love. Given in the presence of two witnesses, this would enable our comrade to sue for breach of promise, in case things didn't turn out according to specifications, and you never know what is going to happen next when a maiden's heart is overflowing with affection. But Binks wouldn't hear of anything so cold and calculating. He would go himself, chaperoned by Privates Warwick and Hobbs. Hobbs, by the way, is a law student, and claims to have had a lot of experience in handling delicate matters, and this appeared to him to be about as fragile a piece of business as any he had ever been mixed up in. He quoted the case of X. vs. Q., in an attempt to show that in the event of a male being the complainant, a jury of *married men* could not be depended upon for a verdict against the fair defendant; that in the case cited, the lady was ugly, had a woden leg, wore false hair, artificial teeth, and suffered from emotional insanity. Notwithstanding these impediments, the jury of soured benedicts gave for the defendant, with costs. In the case of A. vs. Z., the plaintiff, a sickly young man, claimed that he had spent several hundreds of dollars trying to fit himself for the office of husband to the defendant, an amazonian lady, who, in a burst of affection, had begged him to marry her. After a session of pills and bliss, the plaintiff was cast aside as unworthy

of the lady's love. In this case, the judge, an old bachelor, charged strongly against the male plaintiff, calling him an anæmic nincompoop, a blood-sucking parasite, and ordering the jury to bring in a verdict for the lady.

Binks insisted upon seeing the girl himself, and when the next day's machine gunning was over, he started in to prepare his person. Several helped. When the job was over, Binks emerged into the open, looking like a cigar store Indian in khaki. Hobbs thought we should send the girl a note, saying we were coming, but Binks scouted the suggestion. If she were true, she would be ready to receive the entire army. Thus it came about that at seven o'clock in the evening, we gave three gentle taps at the fair one's front door, a somewhat superfluous performance in view of the noise Binks' heart was making at the time. After the curtains at the window had settled to rest, the door was timidly opened by a quaint little damsel who looked like a *weasel in petticoats*. She might have been eighteen years of age, but *looked like eighty*. I could see that Binks was threatened with heart failure. Was this carnivorous little creature the damsel who had laid her heart at the feet of a soldier of the King?

"Is Miss Cynthia B—— at home?" I asked. Binks was now dying by inches.

"Please step inside. She ain't quite ready," was the piping response.

This made Binks cheer up. His fair worshipper was still in embryo. Hobbs looked suspicious. I could see that, lawyer-like, he was calculating the chances Binks would have of collecting damages, in case of a breach of covenant. And when we were shown into a little parlor, green with age, and smelling of mould, Hobbs was still at it. After an agonizing wait, the weasel returned and asked which of us was Private Binks. By this time, Hobbs was reeking with suspicion, and before Binks could reply, had told the weasel to inform her mistress that three gentlemen from Shorncliffe Camp had called to see her. His design failed. Back came the request for Private Binks. In an instant Hobbs and I were alone, our carefully laid plans frustrated. There was nothing to do but wait for the return of Binks, although both of us realized that the damage, if damage there was to be, would be wrought before we could step in to save our comrade. Still, there was some consolation in the thought that perhaps, after all, the girl was sincere, and that the affection she had lavished upon Binks might be returned. Mumbling our speculations in undertones, we disciplined our inclination to feel uneasy, when Binks



and his admirer suddenly appeared in the doorway.

Poor Binks!

She must have been forty-five. Refined, no doubt, and exceedingly pleasant. Hobbs showed symptoms of apoplexy. I staggered to my feet, went through the process of introduction, dragged Hobbs to the rail of social duty, then flopped back. Cynthia was quite calm, and relieved the situation by acting as spokesman.

"You are Private Binks' friends, he tells me, and understand exactly why he called. I assure you I am quite in earnest, and if Private Binks should alter his attitude toward me, the marriage could be arranged before he leaves for France. I am lonely. That is all. This may seem unusual. My sincerity saves it from being distressing."

Binks found his voice, became gallant, vowed that he had never loved anybody in his life,—didn't even understand what love meant, but that if ever he wanted someone to take an interest in him, he would come to Cynthia. Not to be outdone by Binks, Hobbs proceeded to dwell upon the very palpable fact that England was being denuded of young men, and that under the very extraordinary circumstances, a girl might be forgiven for breaking a somewhat decayed convention. I followed with a hope that the lady would meet with someone more worthy of

her affection than Binks, who, I assured her, was not the saint he appeared to be. After this, the weasel showed us out.

Poor Cynthia!

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INVALIDED.

He limps along the city street,  
Men pass him with a pitying glance,  
He is not there, but on the sweet  
And troubled plains of France.

Once more he marches with the guns,  
Reading the way by merry signs,  
His Regent street through trenches runs,  
His Strand among the pines.

For there his comrades jest and fight,  
And others sleep in that fair land;  
They call him back in dreams of night,  
To join their dwindling band.

He may not go; on him must lie  
The doom, through peaceful years to live,  
To have a sword he cannot ply,  
A life he cannot give.

—*Edward Shillito, in London Mail.*

## SENT TO THE GUARD ROOM.

CANADIAN NEWSPAPERS have come to hand at last. Rumors were afloat to the effect that no more would be permitted to circulate in the camp, because they contained so much news of military importance, a piece of fiction worthy of Leacock. A church calendar would be more dangerous. But it is good to see the dear old sheets again, and to learn that invalided soldiers are being looked after. Unfortunately, the next column tells the story of a farmer who sold a thirty-year-old horse for a remount. *A noble thing to do for King and Country!* Like a truly benevolent patriot, this man must have been filled with public spirit. Never does humanity appear adorned with so bright a crown of glory, as when distinguished audiences that the young men are not coming forward benevolence, *united with humble piety*, enters into the character. *Time will bestow the incense of praise upon the man who would send a soldier to his death upon a horse, long since marked for the tannery.* This farmer, no doubt, began life with a conviction that everyone ought to devote a fair portion of his worldly substance for the benefit of others, but waited until Great Britain was at war with Germany

before putting his blessed theory into practice. He should end it with a conviction in a criminal court.

I see that elderly gentlemen continue to strut and fume upon public platforms in Canada, telling their as they should, and prating about how quickly *they* would have responded, had *they* been twenty years younger. These men are of the class whose smug contentment was responsible for Great Britain's unpreparedness when the gong sounded. They would have shone brighter had they done their own duty in times of peace, instead of pointing out the duty of other people in times of war. *My own opinion is that Canadians are doing very well.* According to the "*Times*," Kitchener thinks the same thing, although his Lordship and I haven't exchanged a word on the subject. Quebec is a little slow, but then intelligence was ever one or two minutes late in that province, thanks to the activities of the Bourassas and Laverignes, whose gospels of nationalism regulate the hands of the Quebec clocks. It's a trifle aggravating to look round this camp and think how many good Canadians will spill their blood that traitors of that type may enjoy the boon of free speech.

Here, I am reminded that I have just served a season in the guard room for the sake of free speech. *Hot-headed captains don't always see eye to eye with hot-headed privates.* It was all over a bit of swank.

Capt. X., of the Imperial Army, took our Lieutenant to task before the whole company, and Private W. told him *it wasn't fair play*. On being ordered to shut up, Private W. proceeded to talk himself into the guard room, where he brightened up his surroundings by imagining it was Lent, and that he was *mortifying the flesh by going without cream in his tea*. On being released from captivity, I found that I had been canonized, and that orders were being taken to put me in a stained-glass church window, that all the beautiful ladies who worshipped there might contemplate the figure of the man who had been martyred in the name of Free Speech. The prospect was so horrible, I promptly swore that if Capt. X. ever felt like it, he could take our beloved lieutenant across his knee and spank him.

## VISIT TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The Kaiser is a murderer,  
The Kaiser is a thief,  
The Kaiser stole some Belgian hares,  
And now wants English beef.

LITERARY CRITICS would see no poetry in the above. They would say that it lacks the diffusive splendor, the highly-wrought imagery, the voluptuous tone, the rich general spirit of poetry, but if they heard a thousand lusty-lunged Canadians singing the rhyme to relieve their feelings on a route march, they might admit, that though it lacked poetic beauty, it had irresistible and compelling virtues. A camp poet wrote it with a red-hot pen, and the thing promptly burned itself into the heart of every man who had crossed the ocean to fight for the Empire. A few years ago, most of us were at Sunday School, singing "We are but little children weak." To-day, we are men, fired with an unconquerable determination to *kill and slay the ravishers of little nations*, and are asking God to bless our arms, because we know that we *fight for the right*. The nation that sank the *Lusitania* would sink the Ark of God. That nation must be placed in bondage,—after it is whipped so

soundly that it squeals for mercy. *Pacifists, please note.*

General Q—— came over to see us to-day. He's the first really important British General I've seen, and if I impressed him half as much as he impressed me, we should get along very well together, if ever we met, which I don't think is at all likely. There's an atmosphere about British Generals that *savors of the infinite*. Some of them are really *palaces of the Eternal*, and make the rest of mankind feel like porch-lamps in need of trimming. The majesty of a British General has neither length nor breadth, nor height nor depth. It is illimitable. Aware of this, Colonel Dick G—— implored us, on his bended knees, to avoid being familiar with him during the General's visit.

"You're not gong to get snobby, are you, Dick?" asked the inquisitive Private D——, as if disaster threatened his idol.

"Oh, nothing like that, my boy," replied the Colonel. "But, hang it all, what the devil will the General think if he gets a line on our free-and-easy discipline?"

This brought on the inevitable argument as to whether Canadian officers were not every whit as good as the Imperial stock, resulting, as on former occasions, in three cheers for the *dearly beloved Dick*.

The inspection was a brilliant affair, the men looking as only men can look in a sopping rain; the General's party looking as if they regarded the whole affair as a bally nuisance.

While counting blisters last night, I remarked to Sergt. O'——, what a fine thing it would be if we could get all the Empire's pacifists together and keep them at pack drill for six months. The only drawback the Sergeant saw in the idea was the lack of hospital accommodation. The Sergeant is inclined to be candid. One of the boys asked if he were not itching to get at the Germans. "I may be," answered he; "but I'm *scratchin'* to get afther the blitherin', peace-at-anny-price idiots who kept owld England unprepared for this war-r-r. If I had one shot left, and had to choose betwane a German and one av thim fellers, the Hun would go home to dinner."

The English people are laughing at the sorry figure that America is cutting in these times of frightfulness.

There's freedom at thy gates, and rest  
For earth's downtrodden and opprest,  
A shelter for the hunted head,  
For the starved laborer toil and bread.

Power at thy bounds  
Stops, and calls back his baffled hounds.



The lines are from the poem "America," by William Cullen Bryant, and must make great reading for citizens of the *land of the free*. The poet was not a prophet, else he might have said "Power at thy bounds laughs thee to scorn, urges thee to show thy teeth, murders thy sons and daughters, and sneers at thy boasted strength, to all of which, thy noble President sends a note of *gentle protest*." Thank God, there are tens of thousands of Americans who would return blow for blow, and reply to Germany's insults by mouth of cannon. I spent a day in London, last week, and while rambling through Westminster Abbey, I met an American, paying his first visit to the sepulchres of British kings. The majesty of the place softened our voices into whispers,

For in the silent grave no conversation,  
No joyful tread of friends, no voice of lovers,  
No careful father's counsel—nothing's heard,  
For nothing is, but all oblivion,  
Dust, and an endless darkness.

"A well-directed bomb might some day shatter all this," he said, nasally.

"But not *the spirit of the dead*, which has so long been the heritage of the British people," I reminded him.

"True," he went on. "The spirit breathed by these monuments will never die. Thank God for that."

He said this with so much earnestness, I told him I was a Canadian, and that this was my first visit to the old land.

"And so you've come to fight," he went on, eyeing my uniform, I imagined, with a little admiration.

"Canada is sending two-hundred-and-fifty thousand men to help John Bull," I hastened to add.

"And he deserves every ounce of brawn and gold you've got to give. He's an irascible old fellow, a trifle hard to get on with, *but the pure metal, through and through*. The human glory reflected here, is being re-earned on the fields of Flanders, and ten thousand Westminster Abbeys could not contain the tombs of Britain's heroes in this ghastly war."

Laying a hand upon my shoulder, he said, with a fervor befitting the awesome surroundings: "Thank God, every minute of the day, that you have British blood in your veins; that He has given you perception to see that *Great Britain is in the right*; that He has endowed you with courage to face, unflinchingly, dangers of which *most of these dead heroes knew little*; that He has given you the *privilege* to share in the world's greatest battle for freedom."

He left me then, and after wandering up and

down the vaulted aisles, I found a darkened corner,  
and dropping on my knees, *asked God to make me  
worthy of the trust.*



## FANNY SNUBS A SLACKER.

HURRAH FOR SATURDAY! The Sergeant of the Guard has just aroused the sleepy bugler, and the tormenting notes of the Reveille are giving the camp the jumps. Overhead, English larks are heralding the breaking of a golden day. Big things happen on Saturday. We crowd a day's work into a morning, and a week's entertainment into the rest of the day. After Roll Call, good old "Cook House" sounds, and mess orderlies scurry out with pails and empty stomachs, for the beloved beans, bacon and tea. Sweating cooks sling the grub out, and the orderlies rush back to their tents. No blessings are asked, and nothing is left. Breakfast over, taps are besieged for the morning wash, which runs from a lick-and-a-promise to an Hotel Cecil toilet. Fatigue parties fall in and are marched away by pompous Lance-Jacks to the alert and soldierly Sergt.-Major, who hands out the orders. The favorite fatigue is "Cook House," because there's always a bit of sugar for the bird.

At eight o'clock, the "Fall in" is sounded, and the men tumble out for parade, corporals running here and there, digging out the snails. Orders are given for the morning's routine, which includes range

practice, field tactics, bomb-throwing, machine gunning, and signalling.

The rolling countryside lends itself to military work. Marching is easy on the flinty roads, their equal being unknown in dear old Canada, and lovers of the beautiful find a feast in the neatly hedged farm lands. *Oh, for a stroll with Fanny!* Roads like these seem to have been *made for the feet of lovers*. I wonder what she's doing now. Ah! here's her last letter:

"You were very good to write such a long letter. I have read it a hundred times, and this evening put a brass jardiniere on my head to see what you would look like in one of the helmets they are using in the trenches. Dad said the effect was beautiful, but thought the coal scuttle would look more like the real thing. Miss F——— has received word that her brother was wounded last week, but the authorities don't appear to know, or won't say, how seriously. I think the military authorities are horrid, the way they keep the relatives of the men in ignorance. If they know that a man is wounded, surely they know whether he is likely to live or die. Perhaps they wish to keep it from the Germans. *The enemy appears to know such a lot of Britain's business.* It's all on account of their hateful spies. German waiters are a real danger to the country. I don't think any

loyal subject of the King would employ them. I know a girl who had a meal at a restaurant in Winnipeg where they employed a waiter who *looked like a German*. She had lobster salad, cream puffs, buttermilk, buckwheat cakes and molasses, and felt quite ill the next day. She was sure the waiter had done something to the food, but it turned out that he was one of our noble allies. Still it makes us very wary about having anything to do with people who *look like the enemy*. Dad says that Canada is filled with German spies, and that the system of registration is quite inadequate to cope with the danger. He says, 'scratch a German and you find a Hun.' And they are so conceited. Owen Wister says that when his daughter went to Germany, before the war broke out, the girls at the same school asked her if she were an Indian or a nigger, and when she answered that she was neither, but a good American, they laughed and told her that their books taught them that there were three classes of people in the States: Indians, niggers, and those living in the sphere of German influence, and they knew she was not of German origin.

"I was thinking to-night, what if England were to be defeated, and the impudent Kaiser go to reside at Buckingham Palace. Wouldn't it be awful! Ah, but in such an event, England would have a

*Hereward the Wake in Private Warwick.* I suggested this to Dad. He laughed and said that you would be a pretty hoary Hereward by the time the Kaiser reached Buckingham Palace. But you would never give in, would you, Richard? This is a fight to the death. I wish more young men were going from Canada. I have stopped speaking to the boys who ought to be in khaki. If every girl would take that stand, it would make a great difference to recruiting. I was positively rude to George R—— the other evening. He asked me if he might take me home from a meeting at the church. I told him, *very sweetly*, of course, that he was not appropriately dressed for that pleasure. He didn't quite catch my meaning, so I explained that I was *very fond of khaki*. I could see that it hurt. I detest cowards. George has no one to think of but himself. That seems to take all his time.

"I wish I were a boy. Dad says that if I were ten pounds heavier, he would put me into khaki and *send me after you*. I wonder if you'd know me. Women and girls are fighting in Russia. Why not in France, under the Union Jack? There are more Joans of Arc in the world than we imagine. See how the Suffragettes fought in England. I don't think I'd like to see the British navy in charge of a

woman, but Dad says that when women are *under proper discipline*, they are very capable.

"Mrs. D——, our charwoman, has two hulking sons who could go, but she thinks they are doing nobly at home. One of them, she told me the other day, was deeply interested in the Red Cross, and had given a dollar to the Fund. The other is *learning bugle calls*. Dad wonders if the musician has got any further than 'Come to the cook house door, boys.'

"We are hard at work. Every afternoon there is a gathering in somebody's drawing room to do something for the soldiers. Occasionally the Arch-deacon calls. We all love him. He is so unaffected, so good-natured, and is always singing the praises of *other people*. I hear that the meals served in his own home are prison-like in plainness. The other afternoon he cheered us by saying that the spirit of the men at the Front would never have been maintained, had the women of the Empire not thrown themselves so whole-heartedly into the labor of providing comforts. And his sermons are *thrilling*. There is a *fighting spirit* in them. Some of our clergy insist that as a people we have been *very wicked*, and that God has permitted this war as a sort of *chastener*. This makes us very mournful. Every Sunday in their churches is like Ash Wednesday,



when we groan our way through the Communion Service, and go home feeling like *criminals*. Dad says that sort of thing takes all the ginger out of a man.

"Are you getting all my letters? Did you receive the cake? If someone stole it, I hope he needed it more than Private Warwick. I also hope he ate it before it got hard. There is a letter in this mail for Private Juggins. He won't know it came from your little Fanny, but you must tell me the effect it had. Is he very nice looking? Good-bye, dearest. I do love you."

*I wonder if that wedding will ever come off.*

## A CURE FOR COLD FEET.

SHORNCLIFFE TRAINING has added three inches to my chest, and about six feet to the confidence I feel that we shall beat Germany. The fellow who cannot feel that confidence, is laid out flat after every heavy drill. I have made a psychological study of it. Two days ago, Pte. L——, in civilian life an emotionalist, collapsed after a route march which left most of us as fresh as daisies. I chatted with him in the hospital, and found that the casualty lists had got on his nerves. The nurse didn't know how long it would be before he'd be steady enough to get out again, but thought about a week. This morning there was nothing the matter with the patient. The nurse was amazed; the doctor laughed when I told him what had happened, and asked for the recipe. I gave him part of our conversation, which, as near as I can remember, was something like this:

"Oh, Warwick, this is an awful war. Look at the bloodshed, and all for what? Is there to be no end to it?"

"Not until the leaders of the people who have been schooled to bend their knees to the sword and the golden calf, have been forced to admit defeat,

not only of their arms, but of their doctrine of brute force."

"But why should nations that have not been influenced by such doctrines, concern themselves about what the Germans have been taught to believe?"

"*Because there is such a thing as right in the world, and wherever right meets wrong, there must be a clash of arms. It may be a new thing for Twentieth Century men to make sacrifices for principles, but it has been done before in this grand old world. You and I are enjoying the liberties of to-day because somebody before us thought it worth while to take his life in his hands and go out to fight for right. We have been reading history. Now we are making it. Are we as big as those who have gone before us? Or, are we greedy pigmies, content to take shelter behind the strong arms of men who are willing to die, that England, and all that England stands for, might live?*"

"I'm just as good a man as any one of the barons who stood over King John while he signed the Magna Charta."

"That's the way to talk. We are not going to fight because we prefer war to peace; but we are going to fight because *without this war there can be no peace.* Every bullet fired from a German rifle

is intended to injure the body of Liberty. If our bodies die, it is that *Liberty might live.*"

"That's done me good. I was beginning to feel all in."

"Listen to this. I found it in an English paper:

" 'Now is the time, by brothers,  
 To lift a battle song,  
 To shame the cowards in the fight,  
 The loiterers in the throng.  
 Now serried close our ranks must march,  
 Held high our hearts and free,  
 To fight the fight or die the death  
 For dearest liberty.  
 We want no laggards in the rear,  
 No waverers along,  
 For the race is to the swift  
 And the battle to the strong.' "

—*Helen F. Bantock.*

"As you go out, tell the nurse to bring me a good big dinner."

I wonder how recruiting is in Canada? Wherever we go in England, they ask us how many more are coming. Are the Winnipeg and Toronto pool rooms closed up? I see the sporting pages of the newspapers are still crowded with records of the prowess of chaps *who would look well in khalaki.*

English sportsmen have flocked to the colors. How can a *true sportsman* hold back? His first demand is for fair-play. The whole attitude of Germany is the very antithesis of fair-play,—hence, the sportsman puts his legs into khaki, and goes out to lick somebody who doesn't play the game. A clean "sport" wouldn't think of dropping a dollar in the Red Cross girl's hand to buy comforts for *the other fellow whose sacrifice enables him to stay at home and go to the ball game*. That's not according to Hoyle.

You cheer the war of the football field, you root at  
the game of ball,  
But your sporting blood runs thin as milk when you  
hear your country's call.  
Are you so dull to your country's need, or are your  
hearts afraid,  
Or do you think that cheers will help when the game  
of war is played?

The game of war is a bloody game, with a heavy toll  
to pay,  
Are you content to sit in the stand and watch your  
fellows play?  
Are you content to clap your hands, while others bear  
the brunt,  
And thank your stars you've jobs at home instead of  
at the front?

Stand up and show your blood is that which runs in  
the lion's veins;  
Get into the game which calls for men with pluck  
and thews and brains,  
Lest your girls shall sneer and say, "Give us the men  
who are not afraid;  
Our hearts are with the khaki crowd, not the petti-  
coat brigade."

—C. Langton Clarke.

I clipped the above from the *Toronto Globe*. It's addressed to the "stay-at-homes."

My learned and ecclesiastical friend, Jasper K—, has been given a commission, and this after boasting that he "owed everything to my inspiration and example." An easy way out of a tight corner. I see nothing *heroic* in his conduct. This war is turning a searchlight upon all the bad places in our make-up. Men are beginning to see themselves as others see them, and the reflection promptly sends them to the colors. Whatever we may have been, we are going to fight *as men*. A cynic might say we are fighting for our neighbors, and are determined to give them no room to talk, but then there is no room for cynicism in these days of stern realities. Our neighbors are our brothers. To-day we fight *for* them, instead of *with* them.

A band is playing "O Canada." It's a sort of crucifixion to-night. Some nights it hurts more than others. Lucky officers whose wives are here, are strolling up and down the plateau talking about home. I wonder if I should have married Fanny before I left. But then, she wouldn't have been here to sit on the grassy slopes, her little chin resting on her hands, her eyes scanning the straits and trying to detect the particular trench where hubby would eventually take a mud bath. Or the little dear might be complaining to the O.C. that junior officers work as hard as the men, *which they don't*. Besides, the wedding would have been a nasty rush. Modern girls like time to get in all the "showers" before the sunshine of the glad day. *Fanny is ultra-modern*. Besides, there's always the risk of a brother officer falling in love with your pretty wife. Soldiers must have someone to love, and I saw Capt. X—— with a maiden at each side of him, when down in Shorncliffe last evening. *That's how you earn the reputation of being a "devil of a fellow."*

## A "KNUT" IN A BATHING MACHINE.

I HAVE MET an English "Knut." Canadians hear a great deal about the species, but rarely, if ever, meet the *real thing*. I spent Saturday afternoon at the seaside town of Folkestone, bathed in the sea, mooched on the promenade, skated at a roller rink, saw Charley Chaplin in a cinema, and listened to a band concert on the Lea. But it was on the seashore that I collided with the Knut. It happened thus: I hired what they call a bathing machine. Just why, I can't say, because there is *no machinery*, and you do your bathing in the sea. It is really a hut on wheels, the idea being that the bather shuts himself up and is drawn out to sea by an amphibious horse. The horse carries a postilion of uncertain age, with his trousers rolled up to his knees, the equestrian's business being to drive the nag by *fits and starts*, so that the occupant of the shack cannot possibly remove his clothes while in transit, unless he wishes to be pitched through the roof, or have his neck broken. The alternative is to cling to the shelf provided for seating purposes, with the tenacity with which you hang on to a seat in the car of a roller boller coaster. When the driver gets you into two feet of water, he gives the trace a fantastic twist,



releases his horse, and plodges back to the shore. It is then that you undress, open the door, trot down a flight of steps, and walk out to sea, breathing a fervent prayer that a billow won't roll along and carry your boudoir after you.

A number of these machines were lined up, to the right and left of mine, and on returning to dress, I made a dash for the one which *seemed familiar*. Pushing open the door, I went slap bang into the Knut. He had just come out of the water.

"I beg your pardon," said he, "but I fancy you've made a mistake."

A swift glance at the garments in the place enabled me to confess that I had, and prepare for a hasty retreat. He begged me to *be careful*. I might go from bad to worse. Mixed bathing would render my search for the missing machine perilous. But what was I to do?

"You'd better stay here until the man comes back for me," suggested the Knut, towelling himself with surprising vigor.

A meeting under such circumstances couldn't fail to put us on good terms, and we soon learned all about each other. He informed me he was a lieutenant on a week's leave from the trenches, and had come down to Folkestone to spend the week-end

with friends. On learning that I was a Canadian, he almost fell on my neck.

"By jove," he drawled; "it's awfully good of you fellows to come over and give us a bit of a lift. I was in Ottawa during the Grey *regime*, and met some jolly chaps. Do you Major S———?"

"Only by reputation," I answered, shivering.

"O, say, you are getting cold. Take some of my duds and cover your pins. This is a bally awkward predicament, to be sure. Awfully funny, don't-you-know. I shall laugh at this for a month. It's immense."

"Do you think we shall be here long?" I asked.

"Not more than fifteen minutes. I shall dress quickly, then signal the man. But probably the bally ass will take his own time to come out to us. By the way, Major S——— and I visited Toronto Exhibition the year I was in Canada, and had a glorious time. Do you know Toronto?"

"Slightly. I believe it has the reputation of being the most pro-British city in the Dominion. Recruiting has been most successful."

"Isn't that jolly? By the way, you don't happen to have a pin about you? Oh, of course not. Pardon me. I forgot. Really, this is an awful nuisance. Worse than life in the trenches. There, we have everything we need, save and except immunity from

shell fire. But that's a *mere trifle* when you get used to it. Not nearly so disturbing as a visitation of those abominable little creatures we have to sprinkle with powder. By the way, how many Canadians are coming over?"

"Quarter of a million,—perhaps more."

"How jolly! We shall all be like brothers after this *confounded mess* is cleaned up. I thought once that I should like to take up farming in Canada, but the prospect of giving up Gatti's, the Cri., and the Carlton, nearly killed me. I say, do you Canadians think that this war will last very long?"

"It seems idle to guess."

"There's one thing we can feel jolly sure about. Britain won't give up until those *beastly cads* are drubbed. Two of my brothers have been killed, and if I'm polished off, the pater will be the *last of the house*. Poor old Gov., he's feeling awfully bad about it. But, what's the use? The King calls, and we obey, as a matter of course. What rotters we should be if we didn't go."

"Pardon me, but what is that mark on your left arm?"

"Oh, that's nothing. I was going into the trenches one evening, six months ago, when a bally sniper winged me. Those fellows are rattling shots. I

wore a sling for eight weeks, then went back. See that left ear of mine?"

I didn't, because it wasn't there.

"Bit of shrapnel took it off as *clean as a whistle*. My hearing is perfectly sound. The disfigurement is a mere trifle, although I suppose I look a little lop sided. Now I'm ready. So sorry to have kept you waiting, old chap. Ah! I see the man through this knot hole. You don't happen to recall anything striking about your machine. But, he'll find it. These old fellows enjoy many liberties denied civilized beings. Hang on. We're off."

On reaching the sands, the Knut got out and explained. I also saw him hand the old salt a shilling. In ten minutes my clothes were brought, and the Knut and I bade each other good-bye. I couldn't forget the difference in our rank. Some day, I may renew the acquaintance. Whatever the idiosyncrasies of the Knut may have been, he took his punishment on the battlefield with the courage of a Spartan. The English dandy has been without his peer in this war. When the call came, he laid aside his affectation, and bravely mingled his blood with that of the hardy workman. Duty called, Picadilly became a memory. The hellish fires of the war have gutted many a noble house, leaving a seedless old man in charge of the ruins. Heirs and younger sons have

rushed to the colors,—eager to fight,—*willing to die.*  
Hats off to the English Knut.

They say that war is hell, the great accurst,  
The sin impossible to be forgiven;  
Yet I can look upon it at its worst,  
And still see blue in Heaven.

For when I note how nobly natures form  
Under the war's red ruin, I deem it true  
That He who made the earthquake and the storm  
Perchance made battles, too.

—*Lines found on the body of an English Soldier.*

## A CRY FOR REVENGE.

MAIL FROM Canada brings me all sorts of news. Uncle Steve has written to Sir Sam Hughes to know *if there's anything a middle-aged Ontario farmer can do* to help on the work of crushing the enemies of God and man; Jasper is praying that the war will be over before the time arrives for him to run a bayonet into the vitals of a German; Suffragettes are encouraging men to go to war *that they may take their jobs* (at least that is the way one of my pals puts it); fifty thousand German-Americans are preparing to make a dash over the Canadian border; the caretaker of Fanny's church has stopped talking about the "poor dear Germans," because one of them, a tenant of his, *went off without paying his rent*; unmitigated scoundrels have been detected in their attempts to rob the country in war-time; recruiting in Toronto takes severe relapses, *like a patient that is not zealously nursed*; the married women of Canada are thinking more about the boys at the Front than of their husbands; the Empire and Canadian Clubs are considering the question of refusing luncheon tickets to young men who might be in khaki; the Mater's Whitechapel maid has tyrannized Uncle Steve into swearing he'll not engage a hired man

under fifty years of age; the clergy have given up talking about the war, and are *preaching the Gospel again*; a maiden aunt of mine can't sleep at night because the Kaiser *prowl[s] about her room*; and church-goers are asking God to "confound the politics, frustrate the knavish tricks" of the Germanic devil and all his angels.

To all of which the *Sydney Bulletin* adds:

"The plumber boy to the war has gone,  
In the army ranks you'll find him;  
His soldering iron bravely shone,  
And his spirits of salts behind him.  
Dear was the plumber boy to all,  
Mean was he as a miser,  
Oh! let him not in the battle fall  
Until he has charged the Kaiser.

Shorncliffe is alive with French and Belgian refugees who insist on hailing Canadians as their deliverers. It's a trifle embarrassing to be called a Saviour when you haven't done anything more heroic than keep your military instructors from calling you a blithering idiot. We all desire to wear crowns of glory, but *we expect to feel the thorns of a soldier's life* before coronation. The poor refugees can't understand that, and appear to count it a privilege to touch

the hem of a Canadian's uniform. I imagine that *some of Sir Sam Hughes' speeches have been translated into their language*. In that case, all we can do is to live up to specifications.

I met a Belgian to-day, who spoke excellent English, and I asked him to tell me his story. Uhlans, drunk with stolen wine and the lust of battle, had entered his home, shot his wife before his eyes, *bound him to a buffet while they outraged his daughter*, and prodded him with their lances when he attempted to shut out the sight. After this, they fired his house and drove him into the streets. *There were no tears*, not even a voice quiver, during the recital, and I wondered why. He told me that he was kept alive by the *spirit of revenge*; that some day he hoped to vent his pent-up rage upon the enemy; that he could raise a force of ten thousand men whose feelings were as *bitter as his own*.

In the face of this, men and women talk about an early peace. How can there be peace while outraged Belgium and France are unavenged? Germany must first be scourged *with the whips of her own fashioning*, and the prayer of every Canadian Tommy is that he may take part in the flogging.



A STRANGE DREAM.

"I'll go one," says Belgium,  
"I'll go two," says Russia,  
"I'll go three," says France,  
"If I only get the chance."  
"I'll go four," says Germany,  
"And wipe them off the map."  
    But they all dropped dead,  
    When John Bull said:  
"Be d——d, if I don't go nap."

—*Soldiers' Song.*

I DREAMED last night that I was walking in a part of England of which I have not even heard, and that I met an old, old man, bent in half, and leaning heavily upon a stick. His white hair flowed like a silver waterfall over his shoulders, and his beard trailed upon the ground. I spoke to him, but he was too deaf to hear. I shouted, but he only nodded and passed on. Walking briskly forward, I saw a cottage, partly in ruins, and seated at the door was an old woman, her chin touching her nose, her hands brown and gnarled. Hair covered her cheeks, and fell in shaggy bunches over two washed-out eyes, which seemed to see nothing. I spoke, but

got no answer. She, too, was deaf. I pressed on until I entered a village. At the door of the blacksmith's shop stood another old man, as white and as bent as the first I had met. He, too, made no reply when I spoke, but turned slowly to the forge. On the floor of the shop lay a number of bayonets. I passed on. The silence of the street was death-like. Houses were in need of repair, and the roadway was a bed of moss. A dead dog lay in the gutter, his decaying carcass polluting the air. The entire village smelt like a morgue. Most of the houses were closed, their windows hidden behind heavy curtains of ivy.

I crossed to where stood the parish church. Every window was broken, a gaping wound in the spire exposed a bell, crusted in rust, and the door hung partly open, on one hinge. I entered. The holy place was chilly as a vault, and as creepy. Grass sprouted between the stone slabs of the aisles, and weeds climbed over the pulpit, and ran up the front of the organ. The Communion Table appeared to defy the ravages of time, but the cloth seemed to be no more than a spider's web. The place made me sick, and I ran. Near a turn in the road stood a cottage, bearing traces of human concern, and I knocked at the door, gently at first, lest it might crumble, but more boldly when I found it bore

the blows without a tremor. A groan, as if coming from a soul in fearful torment, reached my ears. I raised the latch and entered. A worm-eaten bedstead stood in the opposite corner, and an age-stained quilt moved as I crossed the room.

I shall never forget the face that looked at me from beneath the folds of that cover. I scarcely knew whether I gazed upon man or beast. Age had ravaged the features, as it had destroyed the church across the way. Hair grew in clumps from dirt-filled crevices, and lay over the face in tangled masses.

"Who are you, and where am I?" I asked in a loud voice. A strange sound came from the bed, and the hair over the mouth moved. The creature, whether man or woman I couldn't tell, was evidently trying to speak. I spoke again. This time the response was more distinct.

"England," was the word I heard.

"If I'm in England, who are you; what are you? Why is this village in decay? Why are the only people I meet, old, deaf and blind? Where are the others? Why is the only sign of life in the village, in the blacksmith's shop?"

I could not wait for answers. The atmosphere of the place was driving me mad. If this strange