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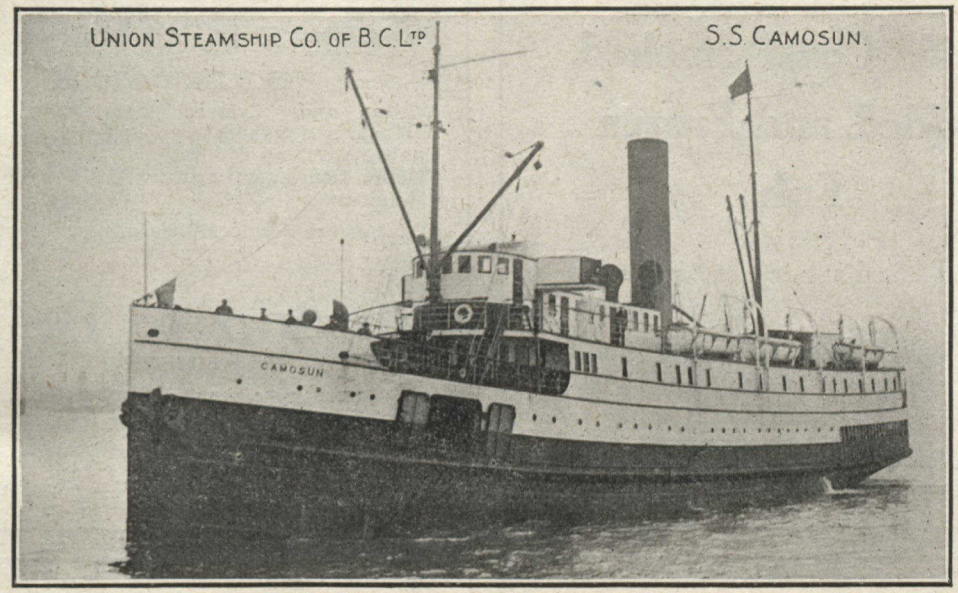

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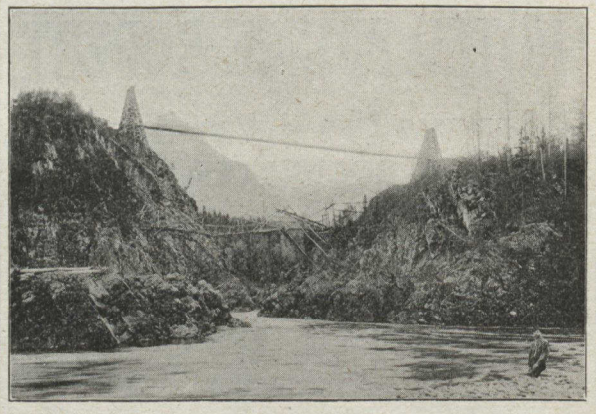

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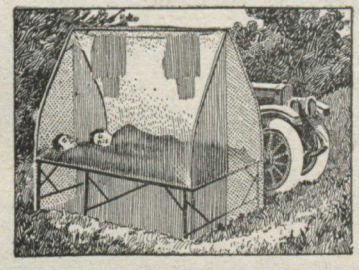

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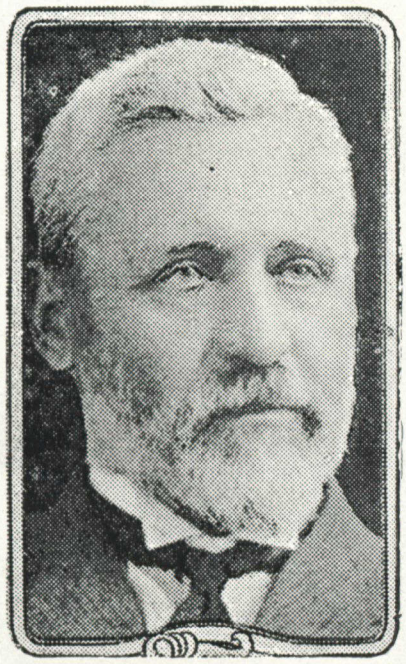
FOREWORD

TO THE HON. JOHN OLIVER

Premier of British Columbia.



HON. JOHN OLIVER

Sir:—

The year 1918 will be memorable in history from the fact that while you held the honorable position of Premier of this Province, the GREAT WORLD WAR ended,—and the "Gold Stripe" was published.

The contributors to this volume, authors, artists, and all associated with its production, thank you for giving this book your countenance and approval. We are grateful that you allow us to inscribe this book (representing as it does, the feelings and aspirations of British Columbians), to you, and that you join us in DEDICATING IT TO THE MEMORY of those men who have fallen in the War for Justice and Truth, and TO THE MEN wearing the "Gold Stripe" who have been heroic sufferers in the conflict.

You have said, Sir, that it is your desire and the intention of your Government, that the men who have borne the brunt of battle, and have now returned to their dependents, should have "A SQUARE DEAL."

The contributors to this volume, believing in your sincerity, put those words on record. This book, we hope, will serve as a reminder that the Premier of the Province has considered the heroes of the Great War deserving, and determined that they shall receive just and generous treatment.

This book was the result of a sudden, impulsive desire to pay a tribute to our heroes. That desire was quickly acted upon. But a few weeks elapsed from the time of the first suggestion to its being placed before the public. The work was hampered by the epidemic which afflicted British Columbia, and by the stress of the Christmas Season.

May the volume be considered to have the merits of its imperfections.

Aware of its faults, we had the courage to go on with the difficult task, trusting to the generocity of the public. If, as Editor, I have not given acknowledgments to all to whom acknowledgments are due, I apologize. I have poached in preserved areas, but I can plead that I have done so in a good cause. To the many contributors who have sent me work of merit for which I have been unable to find room, I tender thanks, and on behalf of those for whom this book is published, express the hope that at some future time we shall be able to avail ourselves of their generous kindness.

With thanks to all helpers, I, with the public, salute the "Gold Stripe," wishing its wearers, their dependents, and friends, the entire people of this great Province a "HAPPY CHRISTMAS and BRIGHT and PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR."

I have the honor to subscribe myself,

"FELIX PENNE,"
(J. Francis Bursill)
Editor "Gold Stripe.

Vancouver, Christmas, 1918,
"The Year of Victory."

The King at Saluting Base

THE GOLD STRIPE

A Tribute to the British Columbia Men who have been killed, crippled and wounded in the Great War

Published for the benefit of The Amputation Club of B. C.

PACIFIC PRINTERS VANCOUVER, B.C.

The Re-Establishment of the Returned Disabled Soldier

The Invalided Soldiers' Commission of the Federal Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment, has been organized for the purpose of treating discharged men who have a recurrence of physical disabilities incurred or aggravated in the service of their country, and also for the purpose of training for new occupations men who through their disabilities cannot resume their former work.

The work of the Vocational Branch of the Commission is embraced under two heads:—

(1) Occupational Therapy.

(2) Industrial Re-training.

OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY: The object of this work is primarily to provide suitable and interesting employment to men undergoing treatment in order to shorten their convalescence, and, secondarily, to give them the opportunity of receiving training which will assist them in making a comfortable livelihood after they are discharged to civil life.

Bedside occupations are being carried on in most of our Military Hospitals under the direction of the Vocational Branch of the I.S.C., and is proving of unquestionable benefit. When our disabled men are approaching the stage of convalescence, it is considered very important to get them interested in some light form of occupation. Most men, if they have lain in bed for two, three, four, or more months with nothing to do but be cared for by kind friends, will grow indolent and impatient, and when the time comes will look askance on any offer to teach them a new trade. On the other hand, if some sort of light occupation is given them and increased as their recovery progresses, occupation becomes so customary that to go on to a new trade is simply a natural progression.

Bedside occupational therapy not only bridges the period throughout convalescence to the time of the patient's discharge with interesting and varied working problems, but it seeks also to benefit the patient himself through remedial motions made unconsciously by him while his mind is absorbed in the process of some productive occupation; therefore, the object of the treatment is very important and has a direct bearing on the choice made for the occupation of the individual.

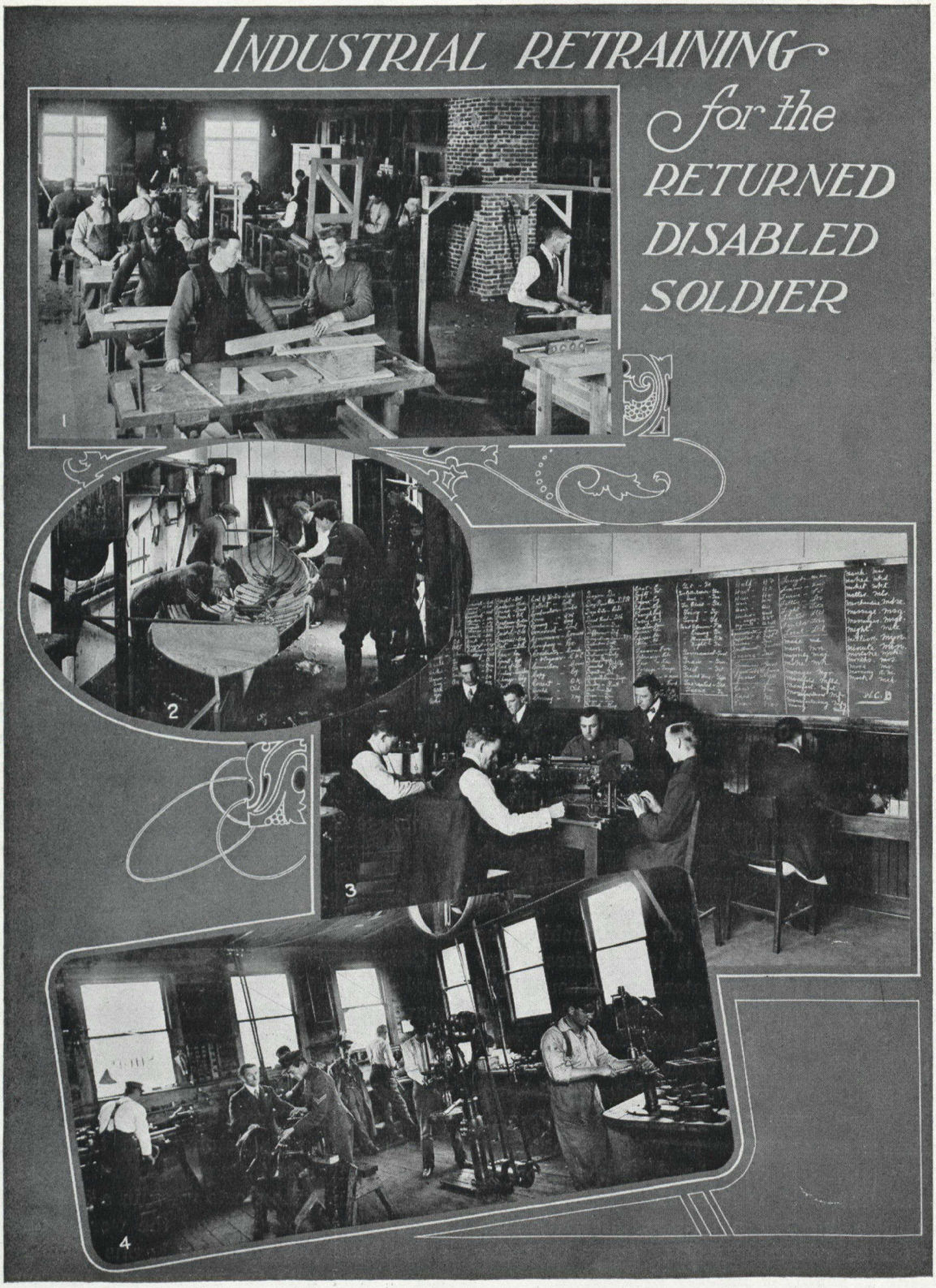
Patients suffering from crippled hands find in the use of plasticine modelling an excellent means of producing deft movements, while Basketry is made a remedial factor in finger, wrist and hand injuries.

Occupational therapy must be as truly therapautic as it is occupational. Diversion alone does not attain to the end that each and every "aide" should have in view.

The following are a few of the occupations which are given to the patients: Needlework, basket-making, beadwork, weaving, painting, drawing, stenography, book-binding, wood-carving, etc. The success of the aides who are in charge of the bedside and ward occupation, will naturally depend on their ability to select some occupation interesting to the patient and to change it often enough to prevent monotony.

CURATIVE WORKSHOPS: The curative workshops, which are established in all of our convalescent hospitals, are proving a great boon to the men. The work helps them to get fit more quickly. Men who have been in the hospitals for a long time have lost all habits of active life. These curative workshops go a long way towards helping men to use their injured limbs; for instance, a man with a badly injured hand who starts work in a carpenter's shop at first does most of the work with his sound hand, but gradually begins helping the sound hand with the injured one, thus unconsciously improving it.

Men in convalescent hospitals attend classes in woodworking, machine-shop work, mechan-



No. 1. Woodworking Class Fairmont Industrial Re-training.
No. 2. Boatbuilding, Esquimalt.
No. 3. A corner of one of the Telegraphy Rooms, Shaughnessy Industrial Re-training.
No. 4. Machine Shop and Motor Mechanics, Qualicum, Vocational Branch.

ical draughting, art metal work, motor mechanics, gardening, shoe repairing, typewriting, stenography, telegraphy, commercial subjects, sign painting, illustrating and other subjects. Often they learn enough during the convalescent stage to take on greater responsibilities upon their return to civil life, and also to engage in entirely new trades and occupations. Instances are constantly arising where men are able to graduate from one of the lower trades to an occupation commanding vastly greater remuneration.

INDUSTRIAL RE-TRAINING: Probably the most important stage of the work carried out by the Vocational Branch of the Invalided Soldiers' Commission is industrial re-training. The Government has passed an order-in-council granting re-education courses for men discharged from the Army who are unable to return to their former occupations on account of their disabilities. Men receive pay and allowances for themselves and for the up-keep of their dependents while undergoing training. Industrial re-training courses are granted for periods extending from three to eight months. The procedure in granting these courses is as follows: All convalescent men are interviewed and their careers noted. Each case is given careful consideration and the man is helped and advised in the choice of a future occupation. After training has been given and the man placed in employment, the case is kept under observation to determine with what success he is able to make use of his training.

Besides receiving training in the university and private institutions, men are placed in factories, workshops, offices, shipyards, etc., to learn trades first hand, and a large number of disabled men are taking advantage of this first hand training and are "making good." All costs of training are borne by the Commission.

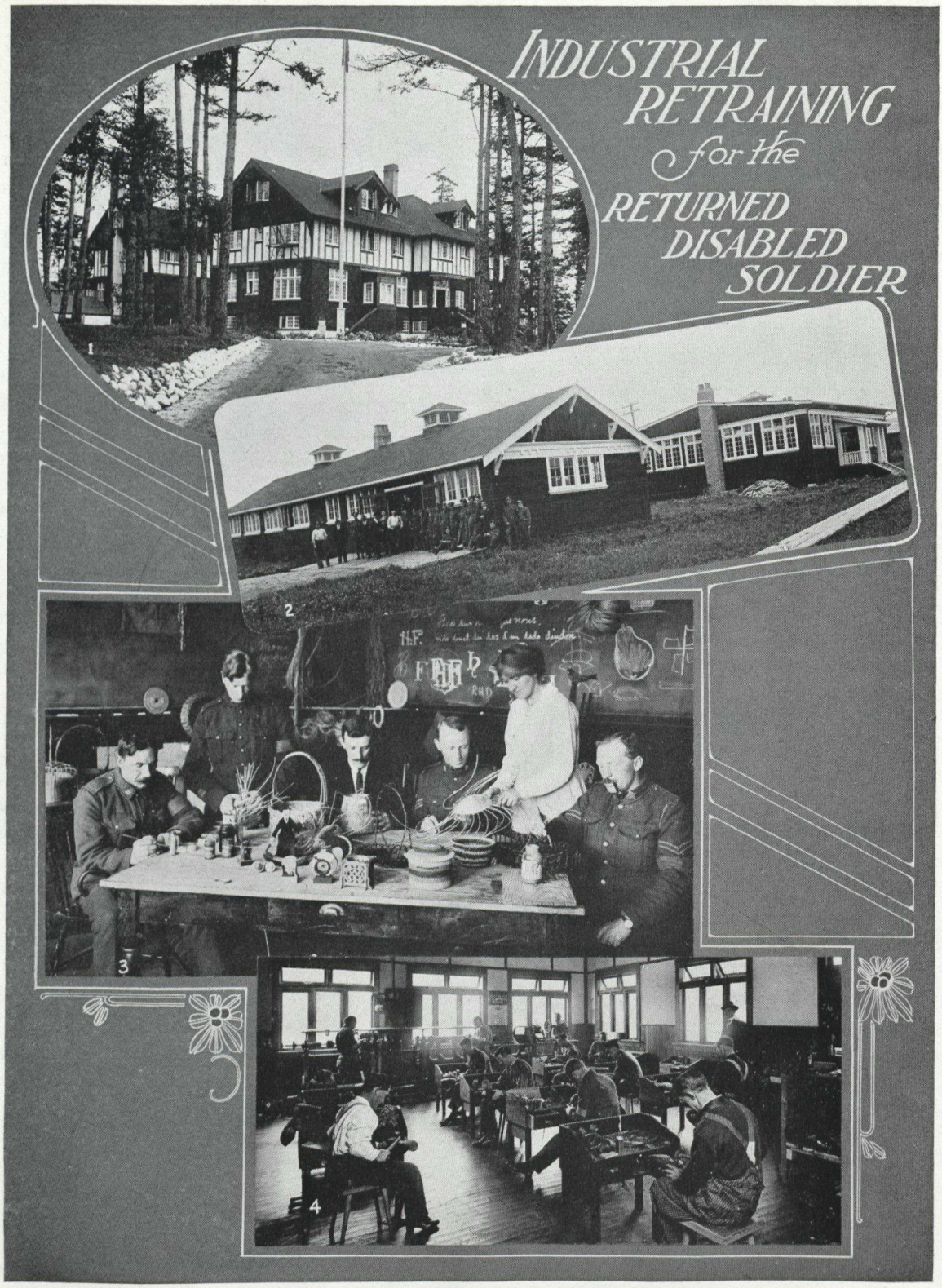
It will be seen that the co-operation of employers is needed to enable the Commission to provide facilities for such training and employment.

The responsibility of this work is assigned to the Commission's industrial surveyors, who are all returned soldiers with wide business experience and practical knowledge in dealing with men.

The following are some of the occupations for which men are being trained directly in the industries: Machinist, garage mechanic, steam fitting, ignition and battery repairing, gas engine, oxy-acetylene welding, stove moulding, saw filing, wire mattresses, sign painting, cabinet-making, upholstering, furniture repairing, dentistry, dental mechanics, typewriting mechanics, linotype operating, farming, poultry and light farming, bee-keeping, milk testing, electricity, boot and shoemaking, artificial limb making, photography, tailoring, etc., etc.

When the vast numbers of our able men return to Canada, it will be seen that the disabled and wounded men will be strongly handicapped. Not only will their disabilities be a handicap to them but they will have these thousands of ablebodied men to compete with. It is, therefore, up to the disabled men to get the best out of themselves as is possible, and to take advantage of the facilities the Government is offering them.

In conclusion, Canada is straining every effort to solve satisfactorily the problem of re-training men to civil life and industrial activity with the utmost thoroughness and expediency.



No. 1. Resthaven Convalescent Hospital, Sidney, B. C.
No. 2. Curative Workshops, Resthaven, Vocational Training.
No. 3. Class in Arts and Crafts, Curative Occupations, Shaughnessy.
No. 4. Shoemaking and Repairing, Esquimalt Convalescent Hospital, Vocational Branch.

THE GOLD STRIPE

A Tribute to the British Columbia Men who have been killed, crippled and wounded in the Great War

GREETING!

MRS. RALPH SMITH, M.P.P.

Here's to the "Gold Stripe!" We welcome you! It was a happy thought.

It is our echo of the War, and an indication of much that is to come. The gold of sunset promises rest after the stripes borne during the fighting days. The public will take the keenest interest in the publication. No more worthy gift could be sent to any friend at Christmas than a copy of the "Gold Stripe."

With joy we welcome you!

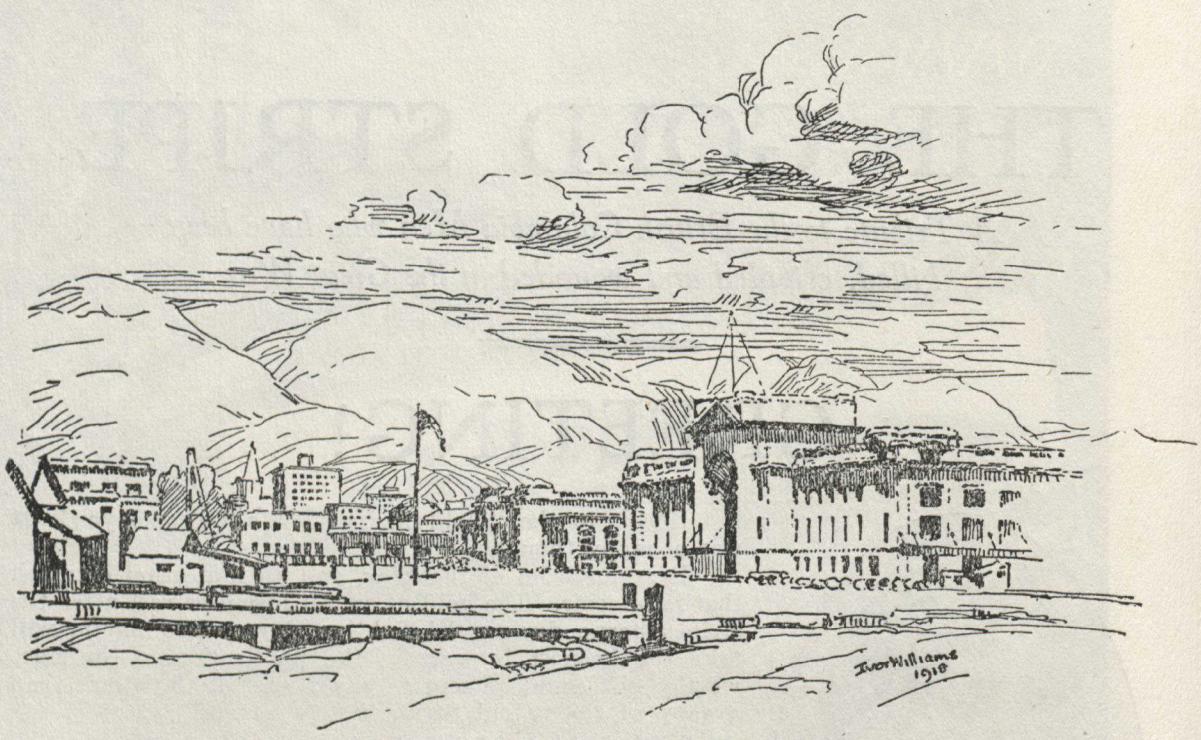
The Armistice signed! Peace practically assured! Thousands of our men returning! Christmas very near—the day of joy and gladness—and yet the rose has its thorn, the day its night. There are those who are sorrowing because there are many who will not return; their bodies lie in Flanders, France, and Belgium. Their spirits are at rest. They fought the fight, they kept faith with their country, gave their all and we who are "over here" must never forget their sacrifices "over there." The most practical way to show how we remember is by taking every care of those left behind, and to see that their chances in life are not hampered because they have been bereft of their loved ones. They are the country's legacies, and the trustees (the people) must make adequate provision for them. Re-adjustment of this question is very necessary, and should be done speedily in order that the burden of caring for those affected shall not weigh too heavily. Then shall we all, with one accord, exclaim this Christmastide:

"Glory to God in the Highest! Peace on Earth, Good Will towards men!"

Perhaps John Oxenham's "Te Deum" at this time will bear repetition. Here does he express the sentiments of a large percentage of the people when he says:

We thank Thee, Lord,
For mercies manifold in these dark days;
For heart o' grace that would not suffer wrong;
For all the stirrings in the dead, dry bones,
For self steelings of the time's dread needs;
For every sacrifice of self to Thee;
For ease and wealth and life so freely given;
For Thy deep sounding of the hearts of men;
For all who sprang to answer the great call,
For their high courage and self-sacrifice;
For their endurance under deadly stress;
For all the unknown heroes who have died
To keep the land inviolate and free;
For all who came back from the gates of Death;
For all who pass to larger life with Thee
And find in Thee the wider Liberty;
For hope of Righteous and enduring Peace,
For hope of cleaner earth and closer heaven,
With burdened hearts, but faith unquenchable,
We thank Thee, Lord!

—MARY E. SMITH.



Vancouver's New Railway Terminus

The Gold Stripe

By Mayor Gale, Vancouver

HIS WORSHIP THE MAYOR

When I faced the great audience in the Horse Show Building, Vancouver, on the occasion of the celebration of peace, on Sunday, December 1st, I felt proud of our province, and our city. The occasion was one of mingled pride, joy, and sorrow. Among that vast audience there were many who wore the emblems of woe, not ostentatiously parading their grief, but displaying just enough mourning to show that they had lost some dear one in the great world struggle for Justice, Truth, and Honor, against Tyranny, Rapine, and Cruelty.

In that vast audience khaki was everywhere conspicuous, worn by battle-scarred veterans who had faced fearful odds of a relentless, cruel foe, and who bore marks of their terrible experiences.

On many a sleeve, along with chevrons and other honorable marks of distinction, the thin Gold Stripe was conspicuous, a decoration which every Briton feels called upon to salute.

"He jests at scars who never felt a wound."

That will never be true of the scar won in the great world war. We know only too well the ordeal through which our men have passed, and we thank God that the loving care of devoted women, the skill and patience of our doctors, with all the devices of modern surgery, has minimized the sufferings of our injured heroes, and that many who have been maimed and mutilated will be able to take up again cheerfully their work as citizens of this "No mean city," as Britons, proud of this province, or whatever part of the Empire in which their lot may be cast.

I have been asked by the Editor of the GOLD STRIPE to offer a few words of greeting to the men who wear the decoration, the members of the Amputation Club, and our heroes generally, and to voice the thanks of those who have undertaken this enterprise, to the authors and artists who have contributed to this interesting and beautiful book.

I am proud that such a volume has been produced in Vancouver, showing as it does that the city possesses talent in harmony with its public spirit, generosity and patriotism. I offer my congratulations to all responsible for this volume. It needs no commendation from me, but I do commend it as a Christmas present to be sent to the utmost corner of our Empire, wafting with it a message of good will, and showing that in this far-flung post of Empire we have a love for the Good, the Beautiful, the Just, the Noble and the True, and we do not lack those who can, with pen and pencil, give expression to our highest ideals as men and citizens.

I can best express the feelings of the men who won it in the lines of Fred A. Earle:—

The Gold Stripe's won!
Thanks to the Hun
  And his shrapnel fierce and biting.
The thing I mind
Is the long, long grind,
  Till I get back in the fighting.

It hurt a bit,
But what of it!
  In the crimson of its flowing—
My wound—I see,
For the men with me,
  A bond of love that's growing.

We're nearer drawn,
And the lad who's gone
  Where the trail leads West—I know it—
A stripe that's bright
With the "glory" light,
  The good Lord will bestow it.

We're brothers, all;
One heart, one call,
  And a flag to be defended!
There's no retreat
Till the Huns are beat,
  And the War Lord's reign is ended.

In conclusion, I wish every man who has donned the khaki, every man who was unable to do so but who "did his bit" to win Victory, every woman who has, by her devotion and sacrifice, aided the cause so triumphantly won, and the citizens of Vancouver, the birthplace of this book—

A Happy Christmas of Peace, Comfort and Reunion, and a Bright and Prosperous New Year.

In the words of Tiny Tim,—

"God bless us all."

A Page *of* History, November, 1918

Towards the end of November 1918 a note came from the militia department showing what has been accomplished from a military point of view by the Dominion since the beginning of the war.

"When Canada entered the war on August 4, 1914, she had a permanent force of only 3000 men and an active militia of 60,000.

When hostilities ceased on November 11, 1918, Canada had sent overseas, 418,980 soldiers.

At first Canada supplied a division. This was increased until by 1916 she had in France an army corps of four divisions, a cavalry brigade, and numerous other services, such as line of communication troops, railway troops and forestry corps.

On September 30, 1918, the Canadian troops in France numbered 156,250. The cavalry brigade included a strong draft furnished by the Royal Northwest Mounted Police.

"The Canadians engaged in the United Kingdom and France in operating railway lines and in cutting down forests and milling the timber numbered about 50,000.

"Of the Royal Air forces some 14,000 or 15,000 were raised and trained in Canada; in addition many joined the Royal Air Force after going overseas in Canadian expeditionary forces.

"On October 31, 1918, the casualties numbered more than 211,000. There have been more than 50,000 deaths, 152,000 have been wounded, and when hostilities ceased the prisoners of war numbered 2,800.

"The roll of Canadian battles is:

"1915, second battle of Ypres (April and May).

"1916, St. Eloi (April 3 to 19).

"Sanctuary Wood (June 2 and 3).

"Hooge (June 5, 6, 13 and 14).

"Battle of Somme (September, October and November).

"1917, battle of Vimy Ridge (April 9 and 13).

"Battle of Arleux and Fresnoy (April 28 and 29, May 3).

"Battle of Lens (June).

"Battle of Hill No. 70 (August 15).

"Battle of Passchendaele (October 25, November 10).

1918, second battle of Somme (March and April).

"Battle of Amiens (August 12).

"Capture of Monchy le Preux (August 26, 28).

"Breaking of Queant-Drocourt line (September 3 and 4).

"Crossing of Canal du Nord and Bourlon Wood (September 27, 29).

"Encirclement and capture of Cambrai (October 1 and 9).

"Capture of Douai (October 20).

"Encirclement and capture of Valenciennes (October 25 and November 2).

"Advance and capture of Mons (November 7, 11)."

The Latest Abdication--Drawn by Norman Hawkins

A Christmas Card

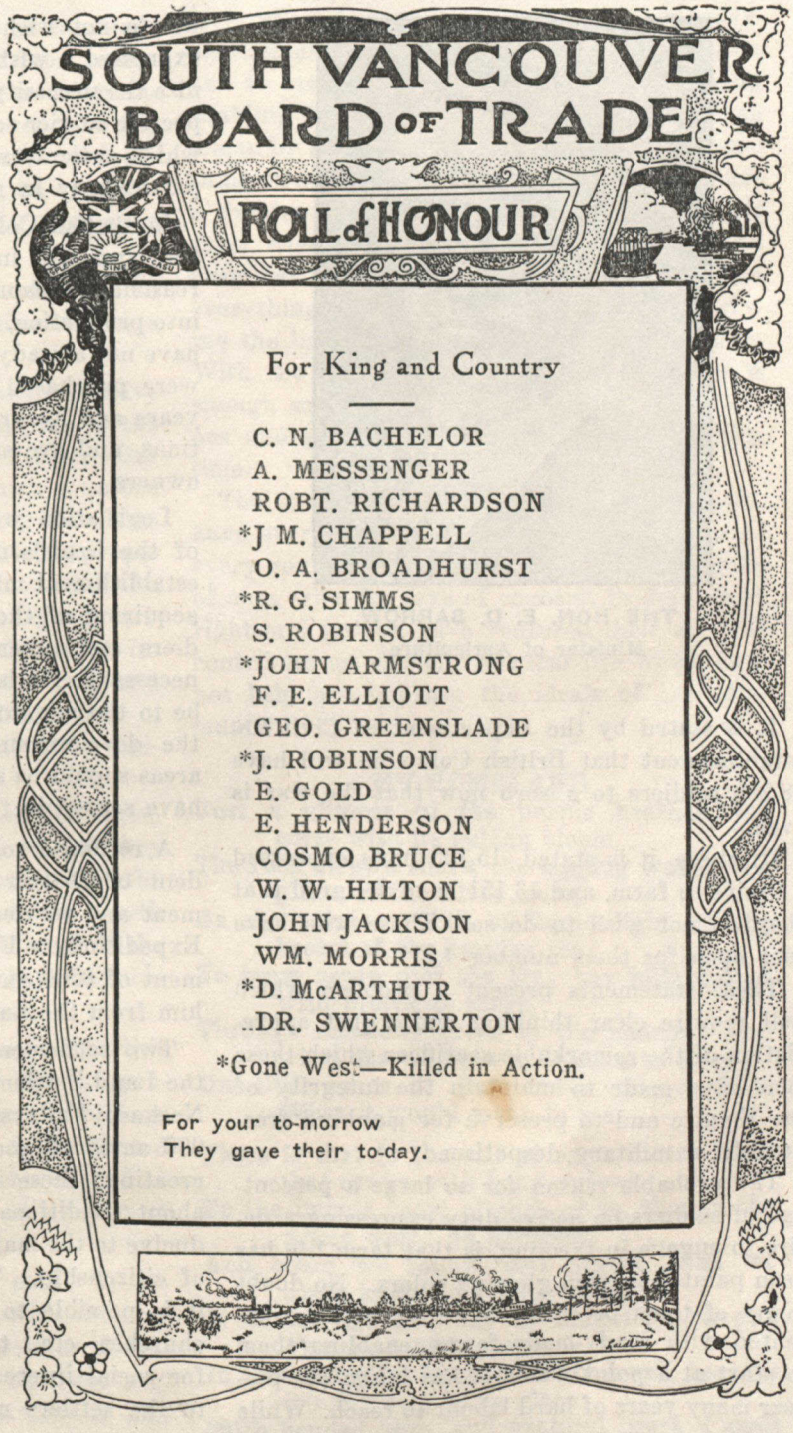
The members of the Amputation Club, GOLD STRIPE men who have fought in these battles thank those who worked for the Red Cross, those who remembered them and sent them comforts, papers, and kindly messages, those who have contributed to this book and those who buy it. May all enjoy the Peace and Happiness for which we fought.

South Vancouver *and* the Returned Soldier

South Vancouver has done nobly during the war. From every corner of the municipality men have gone out to fight the battles of the Empire, many have made the supreme sacrifice, and all over the great municipality you may meet men wearing the GOLD STRIPE and showing evidence of what they have suffered and endured.

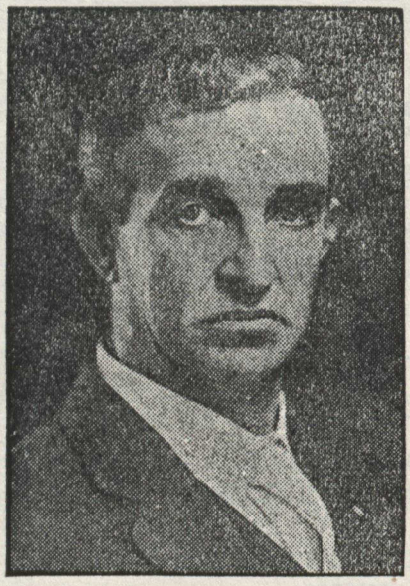
While the men were away fighting, the women kept the "Home Fires Burning," and nobly bore their share of the burdens of the times. On the occasion of the unfurling of the Victory Loan Honor flag, a flag which bears ten crowns, Mr. J. W. Weart, M.P.P.; Mr. Gillespie, the commissioner, and Mr. W. H. Kent, president of the South Vancouver Board of Trade, made some important statements.

South Vancouver has a frontage on the North Arm of four and a half miles and a population of some forty thousand. It is the largest municipality in Canada. The plea is made that no longer should this great area be merely a "dormitory" for Vancouver, but that it should have established great industries which would give employment to the returned soldiers, and that arrangements should be made for clearing land and giving the men who have deserved so much of their country homes which will provide them comfort and prosperity. The returned soldier does not want to be sent to places "remote, unfriendly, melancholy, slow." He wants to be established within easy reach of the busy city. South Vancouver gives a splendid opportunity for "Reconstruction."



The Returned Soldier and Agriculture

A Study in Reconstruction



THE HON. E. D. BARROW,
Minister of Agriculture

It is stated by the Department of Civil Re-establishment that British Columbia will have 28,286 soldiers to absorb now that the war is over.

Of these, it is stated, 15,135 have expressed a desire to farm, and 13,151 have declared that they do not wish to do so. Those who have jobs open for them number 4,217.

These statements present a problem which will require clear thinking and a just appreciation of the remarkable sacrifices which these men have made to maintain the integrity of the Empire and to preserve for mankind freedom from military despotism.

The probable reason for so large a percentage of soldiers on active duty expressing a desire to engage in farming, is that farm life has been painted in such glowing colors. No doubt many of them presume that they will be presented with ready-made farms, enabling them to start at a point which it has taken the pioneer many years of hard labour to reach. While we do not wish to discourage any who have expressed a wish to get on the land, we recognize the necessity of pointing out to every prospective soldier settler the real conditions under which agriculture in this country is carried on, particularly in new settlements.

In British Columbia there are areas of fertile land still in its wild state which, with a reasonable amount of labor, can be brought into production, and the reason that these lands have not already been settled upon is that they were purchased from the Government several years ago by private individuals and corporations, and are still held by these non-resident owners.

Legislation was enacted at the last sitting of the Legislature which has resulted in the establishment of land settlement areas. The acquiring of these lands for the returned soldiers and other desirable settlers is deemed necessary. It is recognized that it would not be to the advantage of the returned soldier or the development of agriculture, that these areas should be settled exclusively by men who have served in the expeditionary forces.

A returned soldier, who having been a resident of British Columbia previous to enlistment and service in the Canadian or Imperial Expeditionary Forces, is entitled to one abatement of $500 on the price of land acquired by him from the Land Settlement Board.

Two settlement areas have been defined by the Land Settlement Board in the Bulkley and Nechaco Valleys, respectively, comprising 50,000 acres of good farm land. The object of creating these settlement areas is to bring about conditions of living which will be conducive to the maintenance of a proper standard of citizenship. When a whole area is settled it is possible to provide good roads, schools, churches, etc., together with an opportunity for social intercourse, which has been denied to the settlers under the worn-out system of

allowing a man to take up 160 acres of land wherever he pleased, where his wife would be subjected to conditions which no woman should endure, and where his children would be denied their right to an education.

The settlement areas are the commencement of the carrying out of a policy of land settlement undertaken by the Government in an endeavour to deal in a practical manner with the necessity of increasing our production of foodstuffs and at the same time giving an opportunity to the returned soldier who wishes to become a farmer.

During the coming year it is planned to make available several hundred thousand acres for settlement.

The idea of small holdings, which we have heard so much about, does not appeal to the man who is ambitious to become a farmer. But to a man, whose injuries are of such a nature as to prevent him from undertaking the clearing and cultivating of a large farm, a proposition in the fruit-growing district would be more suitable, where 10 acres of good irrigated land should produce a satisfactory income. Poultry-raising, with small fruit and vegetable growing on small holdings near a market, would offer an opportunity for a partially disabled man.

This is the class of returned men for whom special consideration will be given, so that they may feel that they are useful members of the community and are doing something worth while. In this way they can be relieved of the possibility of ever feeling that they may become objects of charity.

In this connection it might be said that this province offers a very wide field for the profitable production of seed upon small holdings of land, as it has already been demonstrated that this part of Canada is better adapted to the production of seed than any other part of the Dominion.

There have been suggestions made by returned men, and others, dealing with the conditions under which a returned soldier should be put on the land. The most of these suggestions have come from inexperienced persons, and have generally advocated the clearing of a certain portion of a holding, putting up buildings, and providing of a certain amount of live-stock; but experience shows that wherever this ready-made farm idea has been put into effect the results have been far from satisfactory. The more practical system is to allow the settler to put on the improvement himself by the work of his own hands, and to arrange for him a system of financing enabling him to do the work himself. When a man by his own effort has accomplished something in bringing land into production, he has a greater interest in his occupation, and has surer chances of becoming a prosperous and practical farmer, than the man who has had everything provided for him and who is carrying the liability which has been thus imposed. With the average farm of 160 acres there is enough scope for a man to become a prosperous and practical farmer within a reasonable time.

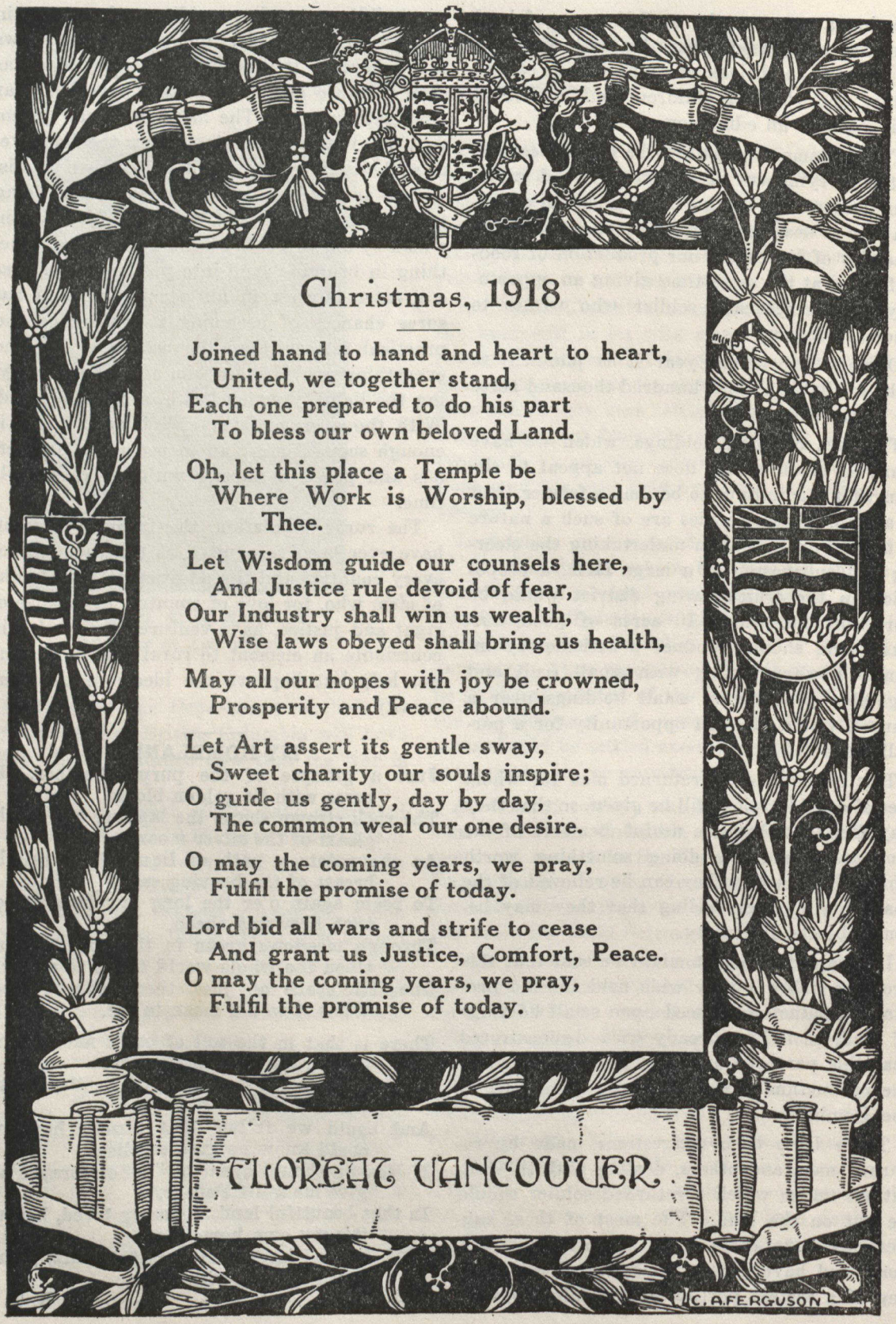
The rural population, the farming element, have ever been recognized as the backbone of every country, and the addition to their ranks of men, who, for love of country, in defence of right and justice, have ventured their all, will contribute an element to rural life which cannot help but improve the ideals of the community.

MY HOMELAND

Just a glimpse of the purple heather, the gorse with its golden bloom,
The rock strewn shore, the lapping waves, the gleam of the silver moon,
As she paints a path of liquid light on the breast of the heaving sea;
To roam again o'er the long low hills dotted with browsing sheep,
Through meadows green in the noonday sun, when the whole world seems to sleep;
One little space of just these things, God! What it would mean to me.

There is that in the soil of one's native land, that draws with hand unseen
To the inmost heart of each of us, though the whole world lie between;
And could we follow that unseen hand we could know no greater bliss,
If Heaven should grant my inmost prayer and give me a little space,
In that beautiful land so dearly loved, because it's my own home place;
With bended knee, and grateful heart, I shall greet the soil with a kiss.

L. R. T.



Christmas, 1918

Joined hand to hand and heart to heart,
United, we together stand,
Each one prepared to do his part
To bless our own beloved Land.

Oh, let this place a Temple be
Where Work is Worship, blessed by Thee.

Let Wisdom guide our counsels here,
And Justice rule devoid of fear,
Our Industry shall win us wealth,
Wise laws obeyed shall bring us health,

May all our hopes with joy be crowned,
Prosperity and Peace abound.

Let Art assert its gentle sway,
Sweet charity our souls inspire;
O guide us gently, day by day,
The common weal our one desire.

O may the coming years, we pray,
Fulfil the promise of today.

Lord bid all wars and strife to cease
And grant us Justice, Comfort, Peace.
O may the coming years, we pray,
Fulfil the promise of today.

FLOREAT VANCOUVER.

C. A. FERGUSON

DANCE!

(By H. Bromley Coleman)

DANCE! O Eternal Chant of Creation,
Song of the dawning;
Mystical Mistress of murmurous depths,
Dance!

Wind of the Spirit and Breath of our bodies,
Flame of all being;
Passionate, virginal Dweller in Life,
Dance!

Came the Commandment in rythmical measure,
Let there be light;
O, Sun of forthgoing and Moon of returning
Dance!

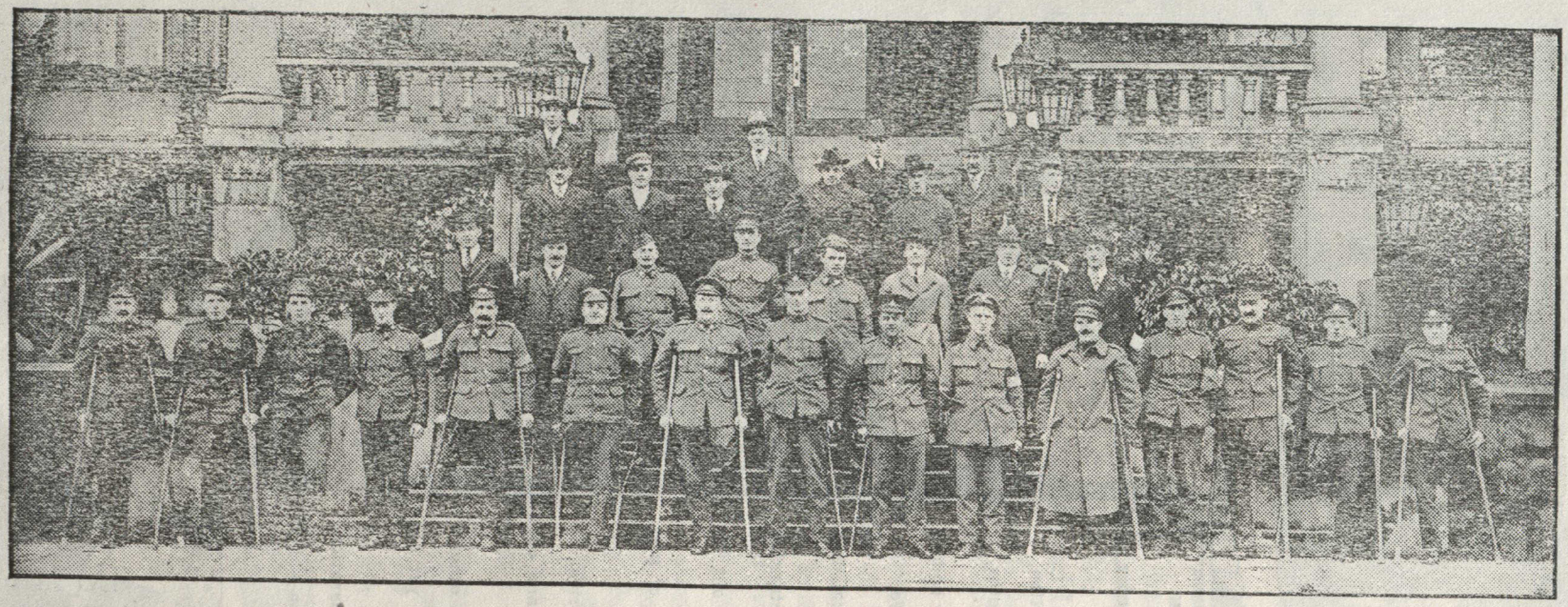
Heart of beseeching that breathed out its bourgeon,
Morning and night;
In marvellous colour and splendour of perfume,
Dance!

Dance, O Eternal Mating of Mysteries,
Child of delight;
Lord of our thought, of our speech and our daring,
Dance!

Imaged in bodies that sway to each other,
Wonder of life;
In minds that advance and retreat yet comingle,
Dance!

Danced we from one into vast separation,
Fragments of light;
Dance we again into mystical union—
Dance!

A Group of Members *of* the Amputation Club of B. C.



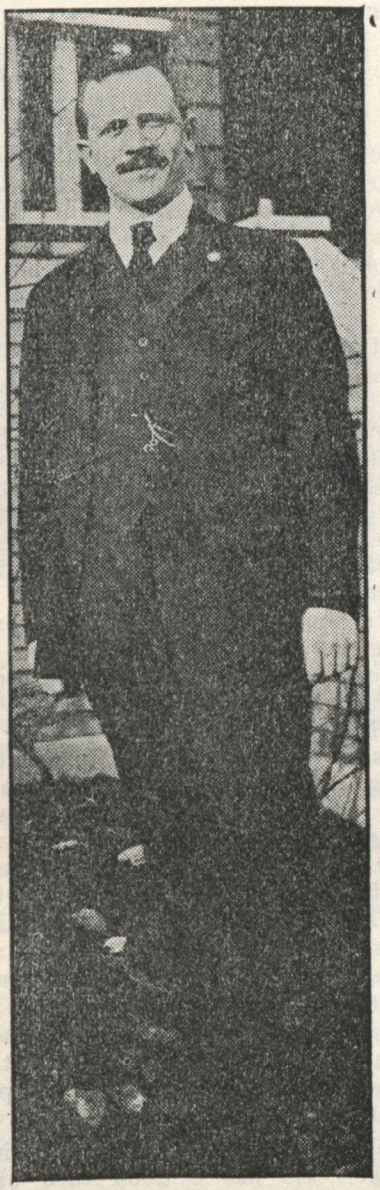
FIRST ROW: A. Stewart, F. Cowan, C. Wilson, M. McGougan, M. Wildman, A. Burnett, W. Armstrong, T. H. Potts, J. R. W. Jones, R. C. Sinclair, S. Ross, J. W. T. Currie, G. S. McArthur, F. McDonald, F. C. Newcombe. Second row: J. Logan, J. Alderson, R. C. Verrier, P. J. McCormack, C. McQueen, G. H. Morritt, T. L. Heads, W. Halstead. Third row: H. Corner, E. R. Morton, C. Etchell, W. B. McConnell, president; D. McKenzie, R W. Bashford. Fourth row: H. W. Daw, J. R. Mulford, J. A. Paton, George Humphreys.

The cut given herewith is a group of men returned soldiers, members of The Amputation Club of British Columbia. The Club was formed only a few months ago, and includes in its membership men who have lost an arm, a leg, or who have suffered amputation as a result of wounds in the great war. In more than one instance both legs have been lost, but thanks to modern surgery, and the skilful way in which artificial limbs are now made, this loss may not be apparent even when an amputated man is met on the street.

The headquarters of the organization is the Returned Soldiers' Club, Vancouver, but members are joining up all over British Columbia. The men have interests in common, such as affect no other class, and they frequently meet and discuss the improvements of artificial limbs and other matters of common interest.

It is for the benefit of this Club this volume "The Gold Stripe" is issued.

One *of* the Boys



Sergt. J. P. Carr has the distinction of being the first sergeant to return to Canada after having suffered the amputation of both legs. Sergt. Carr is a native of Vancouver, and left for England in June, 1915, with the first draft of the 47th Battalion. In August he left for France, where he was transferred to the "Fighting Seventh." After a few months in the trenches, he was attached to the Machine Gun section, where he graduated from Private to M. G. Sergt. in charge of guns.

In June, 1916, at Ypres, he earned his first GOLD STRIPE. While assisting a wounded comrade to shelter, a shell burst, wounding him in the left shoulder. On the Somme, in September, he was again wounded, this time on the head and face. In October, 1916, while in the trenches near Courcelette, a shell exploded above him, burying him in the debris. Willing hands soon dug him out, and it was found that he had been hit in the legs by fragments of shell. The wounds proved so severe that amputation was necessary. After treatment in hospitals in France and England, he was sent to Toronto, where he was fitted with artificial limbs, and returned home in December, 1917.

Sergt. Carr has ably mastered the science of walking under the new conditions, and was not long in taking up civilian life again and resuming many of his old activities—even to climbing Grouse Mountain. He is Vice-President of the 7th Battalion Association, in which he takes a keen interest. In common with the other Heroes of the GOLD STRIPE, he shows that wonderful cheerfulness and pluck which has won the admiration of all.

THE BOYS WHO WON'T RETURN.

By Beatrice E. Green.

Amidst the peace rejoicings,
Sad hearts there are that yearn,
And ache and weep and sorrow—
For the boys who won't return.

And many homes and firesides
Can know no joy to-day,
Because of all the loved ones
Who sleep so far away.

On broken fields of Flanders,
Now leave we them to rest—
Beneath the crimson poppies
That bloom o'er many a breast.

So "Lest we forget" our duty,
O God, help us to learn
The way to cheer the loved ones
Of the boys who won't return.

ONE OF THE BOYS.

Warriors and the Wheel

By Stephen Golder

War is very old—as old as the human race. The bicycle, the tricycle, the motorcycle, the automobile, the tank are all new and the conjunction of the old and the new—war and the wheel—presents a very curious study.

The formation in Vancouver of what I believe to be the first military volunteer cycle corps in the Dominion in 1915, stirred up cycling matters to a very great extent and brought together a number of enthusiastic Old Country riders. This band of enthusiasts drilled night after night and took outdoor training, spins on Sundays, for many months. Then Vancouver was asked to supply men for active service overseas and gradually the corps dwindled away, all its men fit and qualified for overseas work "joined up." As fast as the men were fit they were called for and left for the East for preliminary training before being sent overseas. Many of them have made the supreme sacrifice but a few, very few, are still alive and looking forward to return home.

"In this war," says one of the gallant cyclists from Vancouver, who has been in the thick of the fighting, "hundreds, even thousands of men have been killed without setting eyes on those troops opposed to them; it is a war of machines—of automatic death dealers."

In the fighting lines undoubtedly this is generally true, but it must not be forgotten that there were continually happening "affairs of outposts," miniature battles between scouting parties and rival bands of cavalry or infantry which had become detached from their regiments. In these affrays all the conditions and circumstances of former warfare were reproduced and the old ardor of conflict was revived.

The soldier cyclist of each side have had a great share in these incidental affairs. Their work was full of adventure and peril, their exploits more stirring than any fiction has hitherto anticipated. When they have joined issue with the enemy it has generally been at close quarters under conditions which have insured "a short fight and a merry one." If there be any of the old glamor and romance left in modern warfare, the cycling scouts had more than their share of it.

Now the war is over, the tales our cyclists warriors have to tell will be amongst the most inspiring in the annals of this stupendous conflict. The reasons for the success of the soldier-cyclist are not far to seek. In the first place it must be realized that his mount, unlike that of the cavalryman, is silent in progress. This gave him an enormous advantage over his noisy foe, whose horse betrays his presence even when galloping over grass land. In short, the cyclist can hear and not be heard. He can approach speedily and noiselessly, and without warning can attack the enemy who, all unconscious of his presence, often falls an easy prey.

But silence is by no means the cyclist's sole advantage. He has a good turn of speed, which is a factor useful alike in attack or retreat. A cyclist in warfare is really a mounted infantryman, and generally speaking, he is superior in point of speed to the heavily accoutred cavalryman, while, of course, the ordinary infantryman is snail-like by comparison. Should his attack fail for the time being or receive an unexpected check, the cyclist can easily beat a retreat, and by a circuitous route come upon his foe again at another point where, perhaps, he is least expected. The cyclist can "cut and come again."

Some Contributors

FIGHT ON.

(Pauline Johnson (Tekahionwake) wrote a stirring poem, "Fight On!" Early in the war I adapted her words as follows. The lines proved prophetic.—F. P.)

Short is our armament, and forces great
May compass us about;
Huns mass their armies and on murder bent
All rules of war they flout;
Tho' they assail us now—by land, sea, sky,
Do I feel fear?—Not I!

They war on women, children, and their guns
Shatter cathedral walls,
But in our veins the blood of honour runs,
Our foe in fair fight falls.
"And would you let them now unpunished go?"
"No!" I reply.
"Give quarter to a horde of brutes?
Not I.

Unfurl our flag of Empire to the wind,
Float it from every height.
Tyrants and pirates (as of old) shall find
Britons know how to fight.
Fling our defiance to the murdering Huns,
Britain has men—and Britain shall have guns.

"Freedom!" our battle cry;
For Right shall win, and Wrong we'll rout—
Do I feel doubt?
—Not I.

Janet Eaves (Mrs. Aubrey Goodall), one of our artist contributors, was born in Devonshire, England. She studied art for some years in Dusseldorf; came to Canada in 1911, and has since devoted her talents to black and white work. She has a brother who is a staff officer with Sir Douglas Haig.

MRS. WINLOW, "A.M.W."

THREE GALLANT LADS FROM FLANDERS

By Ronald Kenvyn.

Three gallant lads from Flanders
Came visiting today,
Their faces bright with gladness,
Their soldier spirits gay;
But two had lost a leg each,
And one had lost an arm,
Yet they have won their glory
And earned a noble calm.

Those gallant lads from Flanders
Are wonderful to me;
Indomitable Britishers,
Inspiring, spacious, free;
They suffered fearful hardships,
They paid a frightful toll,
They lost their limbs in Flanders,
But, oh, they gained a soul!

O, gallant lads from Flanders,
How can we give you thanks,
And all that band of brothers
Who joined you in the ranks?
You still keep brave and smiling,
You camouflage the pain,
If you are bright and cheerful,
Good Lord, should we complain?

An Appreciation

By Frank C. Raney, Kerrisdale.

"Greater love hath no man than this; that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Each of these men have done that. When the call came and he passed through the little recruiting station, into the great "Over There," he wrote off his ambitions; stepped out of the line of civil promotion; gave up his family; turned his back on his business or profession, and stood, eyes front, facing the East. He had discounted death, and there was no reinsurance. What has come back to us is salvage. Only those who have passed through the ordeal know what it means to "decide" to "go." The supreme sacrifice may as truly be made at the recruiting station as in the trenches or on the battleship.

It is not easy to express the appreciation we feel in the presence of these men. They have been at the front of the world, and have seen history in the making. They formed a part of Kitchener's "Contemptible army" which, despite German sneers, halted and held the devastating progress of the great Prussion war machine until new lines of defense could be manned. They were at Ypres and Vimy Ridge and Mons and Verdun, everywnere, up and down the Empire's far-flung battle line, wherever there was need for strong hands and brave hearts and determined spirts. They were with Haig on the dark day when that S.O.S. call, which only the direst need could have wrung from that sturdy old Scotsman, went out "Our backs are against the wall." They fought with the French in front of Paris, and shared with the Poilus his unalterable determination as, over and over he repeated that psychological formula, at once a prayer and a curse, "They shall not pass. They shall not pass." They were with Currie on that fateful night when they stood, a thin line in front of the great German drive on Paris and heard from the splendid soldier, that memorable order which seemed more like a benediction than an order of battle. In which he told them in simple words that from their destruction, which was imminent they would pass into heaven and that their mothers would be proud of them.

Point Grey is proud of her men who have formed a part of this gallant army.

While our homes are bereaved and our hearts are sad at the frequent recurrence of those fateful words "killed in action," we are sustained by the glorious sentiment that they died to make men free.

By reason of having left a part of their bodies buried with the comrades on the battle fields, the members of the Amputation Club bring to us a sacred message from our dead. And in these latter day, amidst the crumbling of monarchies and the crash of military despotism, and while the statue of liberty, bearing the principles of eternal justice and right, loom large on the horizon of the world, we may well uncover in the presence of that splendid tribute to the dead, and their appeal to the living, written by Col. McCrae on the field of battle and in the imminence and very shadow of his own death.

* * * * *

"We are the dead,
Short days ago we lived, felt dawn,
Saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved,
And now we lie
In Flanders' fields.

Men *of* War

BEATTY

Rule Britannia
Britannia Rule the Waves.

FOCH

Sons of Freedom
Awake unto glory

HAIG

Scots wha hae
Wi' Wallace bled

CURRIE

The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,
The Maple Leaf forever!

Drawn by H. C. Laidlaw, Britannia Beach, B. C.

Christmas Day, 1918

By Blanche E. Holt Murison.

Out from the East in days afar,
Shepherds and sages followed a Star;
And Christmas Day was revealed to them
In the little stable of Bethlehem.

A Baby's head upon a Mother's heart!
How far is it—how far to Olivet—
How far the ways that meet, the ways that part?
Only Love knows—and Love will not forget.

From East to West, when all the world grew dark—
How far is it—how far to Calvary?
I hear the sound of marching feet—O, hark!
The echo of a Song floats back to me.

A memory of frankincense and myrrh,
A crown of thorns—and crimson stains that gem
A broken trail with flow'rs of dawn a-stir:
Thus far, my soul—thus far to Bethlehem!

Out from the West in the days that are,
We, too, have followed a Shining Star;
And now it rests like a diadem,
O'er the little stable of Bethlehem.

Pauline Johnson's Grave

A lonely place, but good, in which to lie,
Alone for all save sun, and moon and sky,
And trees, and sea, and birds, and all those things
Which with a kindly judgment our Creator brings
Into our lives, to add a sweet refrain
To song of toil, that might too sad remain.

In life she loved each touch of Nature's hand
In sweetest words she told of golden sand,
Of restless sea, or softly gliding stream;
With native touch she wove a wondrous dream.
Of sweet romance about the race from which she came;
From the Redman's dying fires she has wrought a lasting flame.

With fancy rare, and beauteous thought she lived a charmed life;
With soul uplift by glorious song beyond all sordid strife;
When spirits of another world had peopled all her days,
What need for close companionship at the parting of the ways?
Small wonder that in last long sleep such one should wish to lie
Where the song that sings to dreamless rest is Nature's lullaby.

L. R. T.

J. A. PATON,
Corporal, 72nd Overseas Battalion

A Message

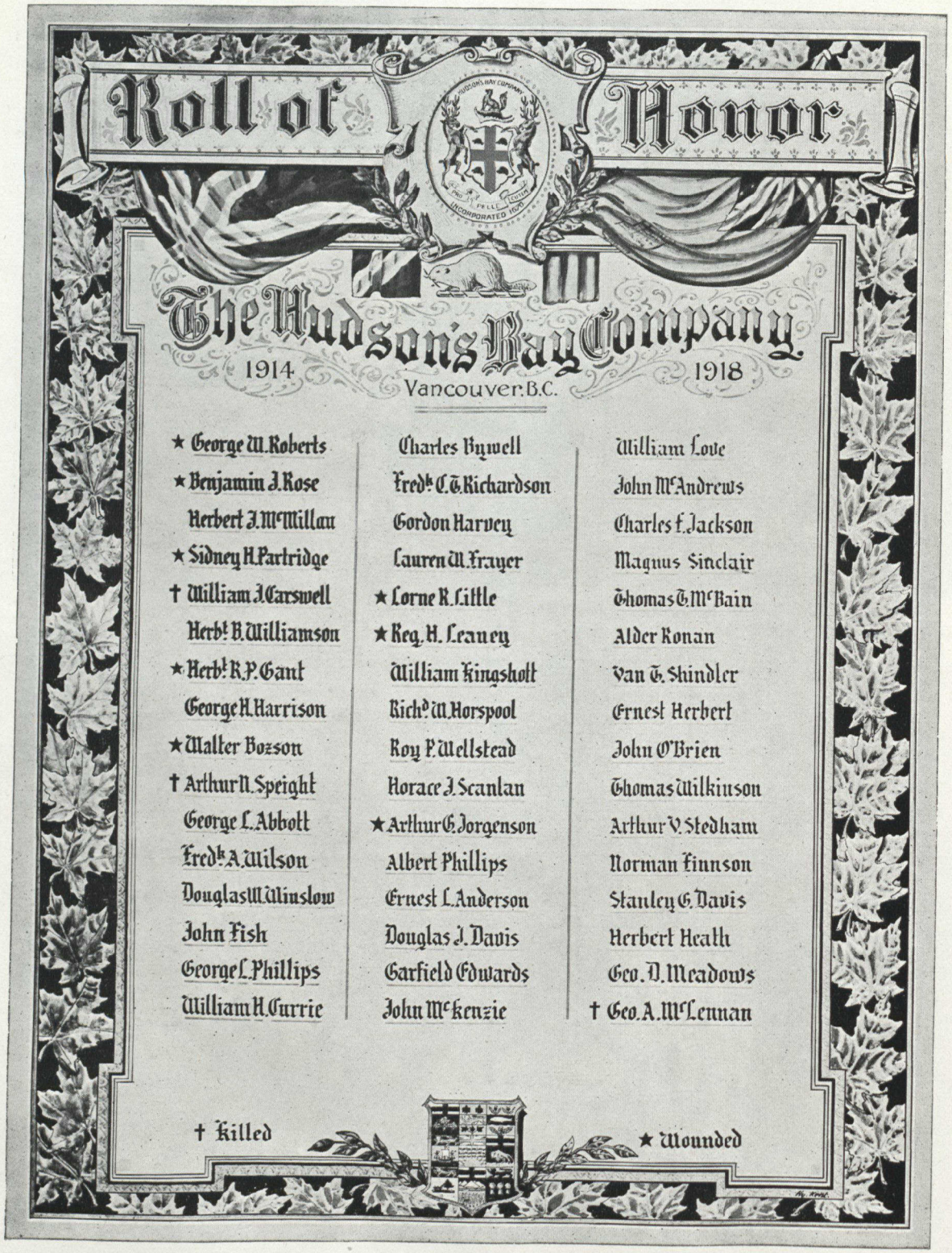
The business manager and publisher of this volume tenders his thanks to all who have assisted in its production. It was started in wartime. Peace coming quickly will bring the boys, with many stories of their adventures, home. It is impossible to get into this book a representative story of the men, what they have done and what their friends did for them.

This volume has carried out its original intention—"A TRIBUTE TO THE BOYS." Another volume may, at an early date, be more of a SOLDIERS' BOOK, more of a record of what British Columbia did in the Great War.

This book is the result of the idea submitted by the Editor, Mr. J. Francis Bursill, "Felix Penne," being followed by "immediate action." All the work has been done by the members of the Amputation Club with the co-operation of many friends. This is the first book of its kind produced in Canada and may be called "A Message on Reconstruction" for with the exception of the Editor and Business Manager, all were without previous experience of such work. Contributors advertisers and the public are thanked for generous support.

CANADIANS IN REGINA TRENCH PREPARING TO GO OVER THE TOP.

BATTLEFIELD SCENE NEAR COURCELETTE, SOMME, 1916


Roll of Honor
The Hudson's Bay Company
1914
1918
Vancouver B.C.
★ George W. Roberts
★ Benjamin J. Rose
Herbert J. McMillan
★ Sidney H. Partridge
† William J. Carswell
Herb.t B. Williamson
★ Herb.t R. P. Gant
George H. Harrison
★ Walter Bozson
† Arthur N. Speight
George L. Abbott
Fred.k A. Wilson
Douglas W. Winslow
John Fish
George L. Phillips
William H. Currie
Charles Bywell
Fred.k C. G. Richardson
Gordon Harvey
Lauren W. Frayer
★ Lorne R. Little
★ Reg. H. Leaney
William Kingshott
Rich.d W. Horspool
Roy P. Wellstead
Horace J. Scanlan
★ Arthur G. Jorgenson
Albert Phillips
Ernest L. Anderson
Douglas J. Davis
Garfield Edwards
John McKenzie
William Love
John McAndrews
Charles F. Jackson
Magnus Sinclair
Thomas G. McBain
Alder Ronan
Van G. Shindler
Ernest Herbert
John O'Brien
Thomas Wilkinson
Arthur V. Stedham
Norman Finnson
Stanley G. Davis
Herbert Heath
Geo. D. Meadows
† Geo. A. McLennan
† Killed
★ Wounded

When Oscar Was Wild

A TRUE NEWSPAPER STORY

By J. Francis Bursill (Felix Penne)

THERE are many things the boys home from the front would be glad to forget; many things they gladly remember. At one time I was able to remember well, and, in old age, I indulge in "the pleasures of memory." Here is a page from my memory book:

Years and years ago—more years than I care to remember—I was very anxious to meet Oscar Wilde. I had seen two of his wonderful plays—I had read some of his exotic, not to say erotic, poems, and I had seen his mother. It is worth while to recall a memory of his mother, for her "peculiarities" may to a large extent have accounted for the vagaries of her son. I believe in heredity.

I was for a while a literary assistant to Samuel Carter Hall, editor of the Art Journal. He wanted the words of a poem which Lady Wilde had written and I went to her house to see if she had a copy. It was a scorching hot August day when I called upon her. It was stifling, even out of doors, but I found every window of the house closed, every blind drawn down, and she saw me in a room lit by two flaming gas jets. Mrs. Samuel Carter Hall told me when I got back to Avenue Villa, Holland street, Kensington, that Lady Wilde "never faced daylight." I had not noticed her much, going in out of the sunlight to the dark room—and I was startled when the gas was lit. I was nearly blind until the short interview was over. I saw, however, that she was a remarkable looking woman.

Lady Wilde was Jane Francesca Speranza. She used the pseudonym "John Fanshawe Ellis"—and later used the name "Speranza." Some of her poems were exquisite. I met "Willie" Wilde, her son, in Fleet Street, found him a charming fellow—and my brief chat with him made me more anxious to see his gifted brother. My wish was gratified.

"Have you an hour to spare tonight," asked a "bookish" friend—in the Clapham Library.

"I will find one for anything interesting," I replied.

"Well," said Mansell, "at our Literary Society tonight Oscar Wilde will give an address on his 'Impressions of America,' he is just back from there; it is sure to be good."

It was a private gathering of about thirty. All, or nearly all, were in evening dress. Oscar Wilde wore a velvet jacket of a greenish iridescent hue, a flowing tie, ample linen, soft "Milton" collar, knee breeches, silk stockings, and buckled shoes.

His lecture fascinated us. It was a prose-poem—he described machinery as in a big factory so that we heard the rythm of the fly-wheel and the throb of the piston making the "music of industry." "The line of strength is the line of beauty," said Wilde, and he described buildings as though they were mountains, mountains he made into celestial hills, a crowd in a restaurant lived before our eyes, modern moving pictures were anticipated by his wonderful word-painting which held all spell-bound until he closed—when we burst into rapturous applause.

The weekly paper on which I worked had a front page literary article, contributed by Dr. Japp, the friend of Robert Louis Stevenson. The day following Wilde's lecture my editor said: "Dr. Japp's article has not arrived; find some literary article to make about two columns brevier" (8 point).

I had taken no notes of Oscar Wilde's lecture, but, in those days, when a speaker impressed me, I could write three or four columns from memory. I wrote two columns on "Oscar Wilde's Impressions of America." "Brilliant stuff," said my editor, John Sinclair. God rest his soul—he's dead—as true a gentleman as ever stepped.

In those days, as soon as the paper—"my" paper—was off the press on Friday afternoon (it being a weekly), I ran off to my seaside bungalow at Lancing, Sussex, and came back to Fleet Street on Tuesday morning.

When I got back, "Oh, there's a devil of a row," said Mr. Sinclair. "Oscar Wilde has been here, mad as a hatter about that article. Go up and see Mr. Henderson," the proprietor.

(God rest his soul—he's dead also—a grand

old Scotchman, a "Gentleman of the Press," indeed).

"There's a pretty how-d'-ye-do with Oscar Wilde," said Mr. Henderson. "He threatens to have the life of the man who wrote about his lecture. He knows who it is, so you had better go and see him. I only know he's mad! See him and then see me—he threatens actions, demands damages, and God knows what. See him at once!"

I dashed up to Wilde's chambers, Tite Street, Chelsea, in a hansom cab. (If you go to "make it right" with a man who feels himself injured, show him that you haste to make the amende honorable). The white door, with

OSCAR WILDE

a beaten copper panel—sun flowers—was opened by Wilde himself. He glared at me as though he would murder me.

Never mind the interview. As old Phil. Astley said, "We will cut the cackle and come to the 'osses." "I meant that to be my lecture for the coming season," said Oscar. "You have anticipated me. Damnable slyness to take notes in the crown of your hat—had I seen you taking notes I should have forbidden publication."

"But I did not intend to publish your lecture, until suddenly asked for a 'good' article. I never put pencil to paper—I wrote entirely from memory," I said.

"It's a lie," thundered Wilde. "I dont' talk like Buggins the butterman—platitudes—my language cannot be carried away like this," and he waved the paper.

"You are suffering from a sense of injury," I said. "I forgive you—and you will apologize. I wrote but two columns of your lecture—listen." And, putting my hands behind my back, I walked up and down the room—giving period after period, passage after passage of his wonderful address, passages I had not written.

His anger vanished as if by magic. He almost embraced me. "My God!" said he, "if that is the impression my lecture has made on an intelligent man, it will make the hit of the season. Come out to lunch and—talk."

* * *

The next time I saw Oscar Wilde he was one of a little literary gathering in Southwark. Mr. Justin Huntley McCarthy lectured on "Poetry." He is dead. John Augustas O'Shea (the poet) was there. Herr Meyer Lutz, Chef d'Orchestra of the Gaiety; John Hollingshead and others were there. That gathering are all dead but—me. In the discussion which followed the lecture Oscar quoted from Hafiz, the Persian poet, these lines:

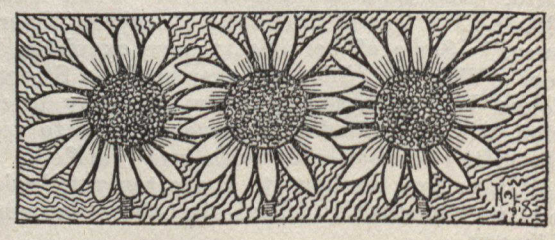
Upon my mother's knee, a new-born child,
Weeping I sat—while all around me smiled;
God grant that, sinking into death's long sleep,
Calm may I smile—while all around me weep.

* * *

I saw Oscar Wilde once more. With gray face, trembling lips and hands, and swollen eyes, he was being taken "down" from the dock to penal servitude.

Postcript

Since I have been in Canada some enterprising publisher dug up my report of Oscar Wilde's lecture, published it as a little brochure at five shillings. He "sold out," and I can not get a copy for love or money. If anybody will get me one I shall be grateful. I have heard of the little booklet—I have not seen it, but a friend saw a copy in Seattle.

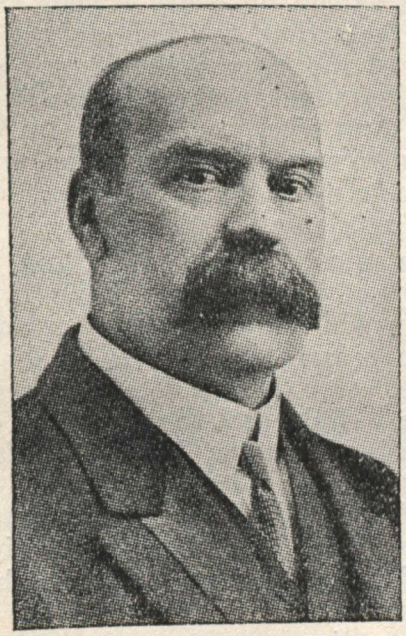


Policing Western Frontiers

By R. G. MacBeth, M.A.,
Vancouver, B. C.

(Author of "The Romance of Western Canada," etc.)

WHEN General Sir Redvers Buller met Colonel Sam. B. Steele, of Strathcona's Horse, in the Boer War time, the fact was recalled that they had both served under Colonel (afterwards Sir Garnet) Wolseley in the Red River expedition of 1870. At that time Buller was on leave from an Imperial regiment, and held the rank of Captain in the Canadian Force. Steele was a full private in the Ontario regiment. So that both had risen rapidly enough. Buller had meanwhile served with great distinction through the Zulu, Ashantee and Egyptian campaigns, and Steele had become the most redoubtable fighter and administrator in connection with the famous Riders of the Plains in Canada. In comparing notes Buller said: "You might be interested in knowing that I was offered the appointment to go out to your far North-west from Fort Garry in 1870, in order to make recommendations as to the control and government of the distant plains which had passed into the possession of Canada, but just then I was recalled to my regiment and Butler went in my place, which was much better," added Buller, "because Butler wrote a book on his trip, which I could not have done." The reference was to Sir William Butler, who wrote "The Great Lone Land" as the result of his journey into the vast, silent prairies of the almost uninhabited West. It was no disparagement to Buller to say he could not have written that splendid book. Probably no man living could have written it but Butler himself, whose great literary gifts and fine insight appeared later in his noble biography of General Gordon.



R. G. MACBETH, M. A.

As regards the control of the vast new country, the immediate result of Butler's trip was a decision by the Dominion Government which led to the formation of the famous North-West Mounted Police. For Butler recommended "the formation of a mobile armed force to patrol this vast area, to keep the Indian tribes in order, to prevent crimes like horse-stealing, to suppress the legion of boot-leggers who preyed upon the Indians, to guard against prairie fires, to prevent the untimely extermination of the buffalo, to protect any scattered settlers that might come to ranch or farm," and generally "to be a terror to evil-doers and a praise to them that did well." This was going to be a big undertaking, and only men

of a first-rate type could meet the requirements.

Soon after Butler's recommendation Sir John A. Macdonald, then Premier of Canada, himself introduced in the House of Commons "a Bill respecting the administration of justice and the establishment of a police force in the North-West Territories." So the famous corps was organized in 1873. In looking over this Act, the other day, I was interested to find this particular clause: "No person shall be appointed to the police force unless he be of sound constitution, able to ride, active and able-bodied, of good character and between the ages of 18 and 40 years, nor unless he be able to read and write either the English or the French language." These men were to patrol and keep in order many a frontier. And their task was to be no child's play. For the frontier always speaks out and says in the words of Robert Service:—

"Send not your foolish and feeble; send
me your strong and your sane:
Strong for the red rage of battle; sane,
for I harry them sore.
Send me men girt for the combat, men
who are grit to the core.
Them will I gild with my treasure;
them will I feed with my meat;
But the others—the misfits, the failures — I trample them under my
feet."

That the Mounted Police were of the type demanded by the frontier some of us know well. During the second Riel Rebellion I served in the same brigade with them and can vouch for their splendid physical strength, their tremendous powers of endurance, their unflinching stamina and their marvellous skill as plainsmen. And to illustrate the point as to their physical qualities, I recall that a detachment of them went over on the occasion of Queen Victoria's Juiblee under Major (now Commissioner) A. B. Perry.

Having campaigned with Perry, I had word in Winnipeg, and meeting them there as they passed through, saw them fall in to the bugle call after a few hours' stop-over at that point. The men looked like models for the statue of Apollo, and with the clear eye, bronzed faces and alert movement born of their clean and healthful outdoor life on the plains, they were goodly to behold. As to their moral character, when a remark was made that it was generally looked on as rather a dangerous thing to let a body of men loose amid the temptations of a strange city, Perry replied: "That has no bearing on these men, even though there was a saloon on every corner. Every man feels that the honour and good name of the force depends on his individual conduct, and so he can be trusted." And when in London, the Mounted Police won golden opinions, not only for their splendid appearance, but for their gentlemanly conduct.

The most remarkable thing in the history of the Mounted Police was the way in which they kept peace amongst the thousands of Indians on the great plains, even though the disappearance of the buffalo and the incoming of immigration changed the whole face of the world for these red-skinned children of the wild. This was accomplished by the Police by real guardianship, tact and fearlessness, as well as absolute fairness in their dealing with the wards of the nation.

As an illustration of the way in which the Indians recognized how the Police had guarded them against the exploitation by traders and gamblers, I quote the famous Crowfoot, chief of the powerful Blackfeet tribe, who always remained loyal to British interests. At one of the treaties in 1877, Crowfoot, whom I remember well as a very fine specimen of manhood, made a great speech by the camp-fire, in the course of which he paid a fine tribute to the Mounted Police, concerning whom he said in his picturesque way, "They have protected us as the feathers of the

bird protect it from the frosts of winter."

As an example of tact, I quote the case of Major Walsh, who in 1873 had occasion to deal with Sitting Bull, the fighting Sioux chief, who after the Custer massacre, had come across into Canadian territory, flushed with victory and with over 2,000 warriors in his camp. Walsh, with three Mounted Policemen, rode into the camp at night, and slept there unconcernedly. In the morning Walsh had an interview with Sitting Bull and told him with skill but with firmness that he and his warriors must be peaceful on this side of the line, and the chief promised readily and kept his word. Some time later, when he was promised an amnesty, the redoubtable warrior, on the advice of Walsh, whom he trusted implicitly, returned to the American side.

As an example of fearlessness, out of an endless number I recall the following incident:—

In the early '80's, when the Canadian Pacific Railway was being constructed across the prairie towards the Rockies, a Cree chief named Pie-a-Pot left his reserve contrary to law, and gathering a large and well-armed band of turbulent Indians, undertook to stop railway construction by camping on the right-of-way. The railway men worked up towards the camp, but Pie-a-Pot laughed at their requests to move, and his young bucks raced their ponies around the engineers, discharging firearms and acting dangerously. The engineers wired to Regina headquarters of the Mounted Police, and soon an order came to the nearest little post at Maple Creek: "Trouble on the railway; tell Indians to move on." There were only two policemen at the post, a sergeant and a constable, but they rode out at once, and when they reached the Indian camp Pie-a-Pot sat smoking before his tent and laughed defiantly. The policemen rode up to him and sat on their horses, the sergeant pulling out his telegram and telling Pie-a-Pot that the police headquarters said he was to move out of the way. All the time the sergeant was giving this order, scores of armed braves circled around, discharging their firearms and backing their ponies up against the policemen, who remained motionless. After a while the sergeant pulled out his watch and said to the defiant chief: "I will give you ten minutes to start moving, and if you do not I will help to get you going." The jeers and defiance on the part of the Indians continued till the sergeant said: "Time's up" Dismounting quickly, he threw the reins to the constable, leaped over Pie-a-Pot's squatting figure, through the tepee door, and kicked out the centre pole, bringing the tent down on the chief and his squaws. Then he told the prostrate Pie-a-Pot to

CROWFOOT—Famous Chief of the Blackfeet

pack up and get out, which he and his outfit at once did. It was all in the day's work with the police, and the names of these two men are not even known to history.

The police had the British dislike to saying anything about their own deeds, as the following incident will indicate:

One Corporal Hogg was stationed at North Portal, near the boundary, on the Soo line. These points are often a kind of "no-man's land," where liberties are taken with the law. His report of an evening's proceedings is a gem of its kind. Here it is: "On the 17th inst. I, Corporal Hogg, was called to the hotel to quiet a disturbance. I found the room full of cowboys, and one Monaghan, or 'Cowboy Jack,' was carrying a gun, and pointed it at me, against Sections 105 and 109 of the Criminal Code. We struggled. Finally I got him handcuffed behind and put him inside. His head being in bad shape, I had to engage the services of a doctor, who dressed his wound and pronounced it as nothing serious. To the doctor Monaghan said that if I hadn't grabbed his gun there would have been another death in Canadian history. All of which I have the honour to report. (Signed) C. Hogg, Corporal." There is a rich sequel in the report of the case by the superior officer, who says: "During the arrest of Monaghan the following property was damaged: Door broken, screen smashed up, chair broken, field-jacket belonging to Corporal Hogg spoiled by being covered with blood, wall bespattered with blood." Monaghan seems to have put up a fight worthy of his Donnybrook ancestors, but he had never come across a North-West Mounted Policeman before. He would probably know better the next time.

Nothing in Mounted Police records is finer than their work in the Yukon during the gold rush of '98, when by reason of their presence, life and property were safe on the British side of the line to a degree rarely ever known in such a frontier mining camp.

One reason for the remarkable history of these policemen is found in the fact that the force was completely removed from political and local influences. They cared for nothing and for nobody, except for the strict enforcement of law, the good name of their famous corps, and the honour of British justice. And though the identity of this great body of men may be lost through the exigencies of the Great War and their enlistment therein, some similar body will still have to carry on their work in the West.

GOLDEN CHRYSANTHEMUMS

(In the Hospital)

I am a-thirst;
Send Thou Thy sword to smite the rock;
Let living waters flow for me
That I may quench the pangs that mock
My soul with wounding ecstacy!

Where is Thy sword?
Naught see I but a flower of light,
And yet, from out the rock, there bursts
A cooling stream; I drink as might
A hart that for the water thirsts.

Where is Thy sword?
Naught see I but a flower of light;
Its stem a flash that, from Thy blade,
Doth melt into the mirrored flight
Of quivering wings their beating stayed.

Where is Thy sword..
None see I, but a fragrant breath
Of chast'ning beauty cools my brow;
The rock Thou smitest answereth
Thy hidden sword with healing flow.

Thy sword I see!
Thou, tender One! lest I should fear
The unsheathed sword, upon its tip
A blossom Thou didst set! O, hear
My praise from beauty-quenched lip!

Thy sword it is
That, tipped with flower or flame of star,
Doth smite the rock to ecstacy,
A living fount for souls that are
A-thirst for beauty and for Thee.

—A. M. W.

In the Fighting Top

By Tom MacInnis

1

There's a grim quiver thro' the air:
Look out,
You up there on the mast!
Far and wide
Over the dancing waves of danger,
Say, are they coming at last?
Aye, at last!
Onward to battle
They come,
The Huns.
Crash!
Now for the leaping flash,
And the long-throated thunder of the guns!

2

Yonder there,
Where so long they were a-hiding,
Thro' the grey mist gliding
All in sight!
Stript for action bare
To the line!
Clearer now, and nearer,
Booming,
Fuming,
Rushing to the fight,
O, fine!
Over the dancing waves of danger
How they drive!
Eager in their anger to begin
They think to win
By one collosal victory,
The sea!
They seem to be
Alive!
Each moment tells:
Shells!
Here, there, everywhere,
Across the heaving bitterness
They rip and whine and richochet.
Shell!
Screaming as they come at us,
Screaming as they pass,
To smash!
Now, you, up there,
Beware the smoor o' the poison wreath!
Beware!
The bolt of dragons darting overhead,
And the dooming monsters nosing underneath!

3

Thud - thud - thud -
We're in it now; the fight is on!
Steel-ript,
Flame-tipt,
Look, there's one already gone!
Split asunder
Plunging under
Into blue oblivion.
Now, fire away, my fighting-top!
Your turn has come!
We're nigh enough for the little ones
To reach and drop
The Huns.
We'll do them dead with the spatter of lead
And the spit of our little artillery!
While the big ones down below!
So thud, thud, thud!
But, O, that smashing below!
Shrieks and groans!
And the decks are slimy with blood
While stark bits of flesh and bones
Slip senseless in the sea!
Blood!
But what care we?

4

High up, with our little artillery
We have our part to play;
So, fire away, my fighting top!
Hard hit, we know,
We soon may go;
Already the mast begins to sway;
But fire away and do them dead—
Do them dead until we drop
Smacking in the sea!
Maskee!
Across the heaving bitterness,
Fighting yet we call to death—
And this is life!
Life to the final stress!
O, we are toppling gods, no less,
Battling hell!
In the feel of eternal life, no less,
Laughing at hell!
Tho' now for us
Vast in one lightning moment of collapse
All time may blast itself to nothingness.

The Battle of Plummer Township

By Ambrose Lewthwaite

The time was January, 1901. The place was a certain section on the Sault Ste. Marie branch of the C.P.R., along the north shore of Lake Huron. The section hands boarded at a farmhouse, about half a mile from the station. One of our gang, called George, was a man of nearly fifty, and reputed to be the owner of a farm down in Renfrew County, but was as yet unattached. Our boarding-boss employed a young man, Johnny by name, in the capacity of chore-boy, that winter. Another member of the household was a young lady named Nelly, whose position was that of a domestic help.

It came to pass that George took quite a fancy to Nelly. Maybe he was not to be blamed, for Nelly was rather a nice girl—not bad-looking, of a merry disposition, and a hard worker. But, anyway, she did not reciprocate, and George took it into his head that Johnny exerted too much of an influence over her. So, one night on the way home from town he issued an ultimatum to Johnny in some such terms as these: "Johnny, if you want that girl you've got to fight for her." Now, Johnny was not worrying himself about the girl, but he saw that George was spoiling for a fight, so he accepted the challenge. "And when will we have it?" asked George. "Any time you like," said Johnny. "All right," George replied; "we'll pull it off tomorrow morning after breakfast." Johnny agreed.

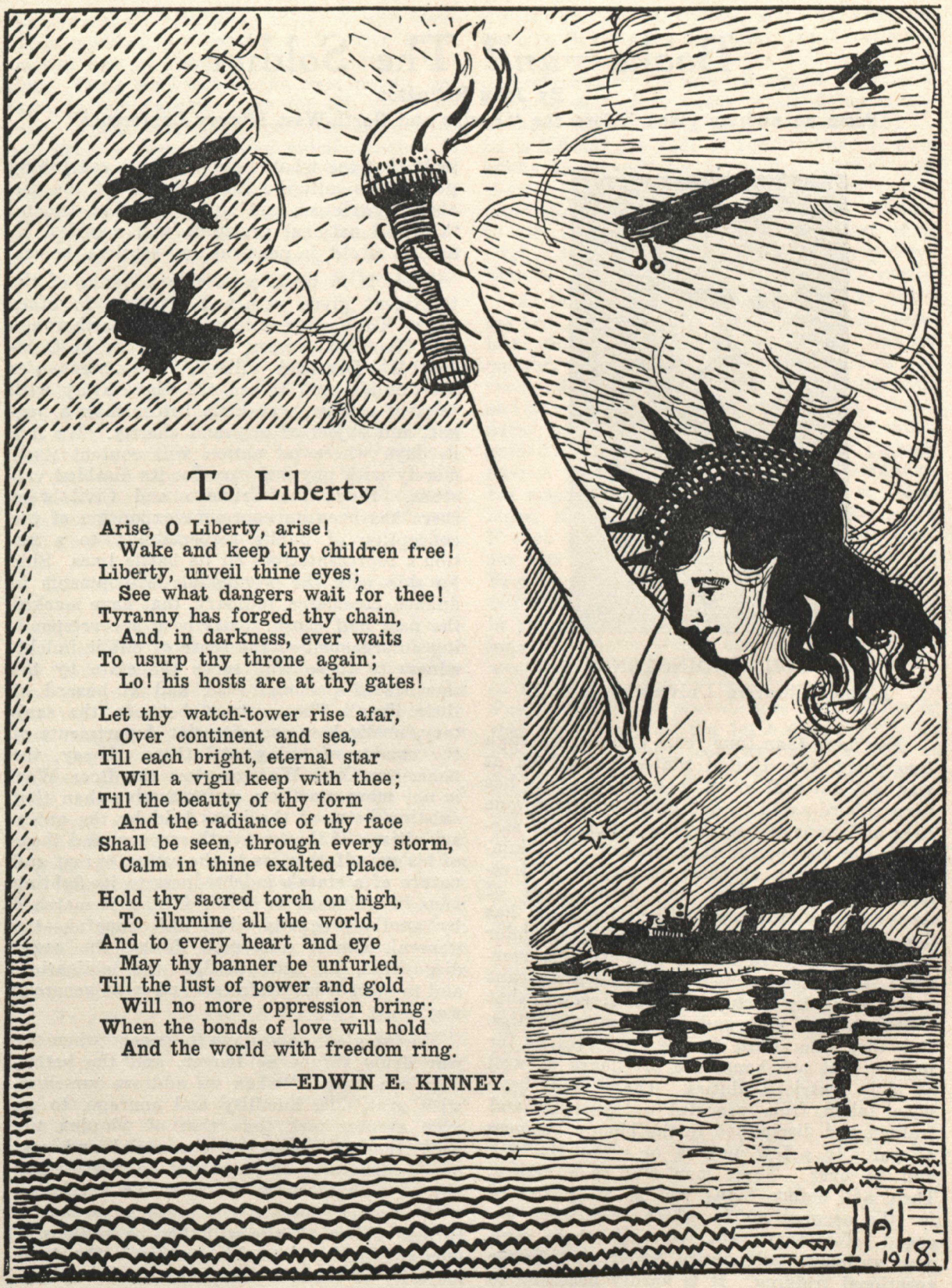
At breakfast next morning an ominous silence reigned. George got through first, and, rising from the table, said: "Well, Johnny, I'll be waiting for you outside." "Good," said Johnny; "I'll be with you in a minute." It has been the writer's lifelong practice to eat his meals in spite of all counter-attractions; so on this occasion he stayed with the breakfast, and was not an actual spectator of the fray. Reliable testimony, however, indicated that the contestants "went to it" literally without gloves, oblivious of the temperature, which was 18 below zero. Johnny had the advantage of nimbleness, but George outclassed him in weight and strength; and whenever Johnny landed him a specially skilful blow, George would thus encourage him: "That's a good one, Johnny, give us another." The progress of the conflict, though vigorously prosecuted by both belligerents, was indecisive; and when one of the neutrals proposed to intervene, George bade him keep off, saying: "I'll attend to you, Jim, when I get through with this man!" But even the heat of battle was not sufficient to counteract the coldness of the atmosphere, and Johnny presently was obliged to intimate that his hands were half-frozen; so George suggested that they should suspend militant operations while they warmed their hands. This being mutually agreed upon, they returned into the house, and stood alongside one another at the kitchen stove, thawing out their hands, with the gore running down their faces, presenting one of the most ludicrous sights the writer has ever beheld.

Presently our foreman said: "Well, George, it's seven o'clock; are you going to work?" "What do you say, Johnny?" asked George. "Will we finish this job now, or have it out some other time?" "I guess we might let it stand over till another time," was Johnny's reply. So George washed the outward and visible effects of the fight from his hands and face, and went out with us for our daily ride on the hand-car in the cool morning air.

As far as the writer is aware, however, the combat was not renewed, and it may be that the issue remains to this day undecided. As for Nelly, though rather amused at George's foolishness, it distressed her to see him carry it to the extent of a declaration of hostilities. Her feeling toward him was one of dislike, and, even had he won the war, he had no sufficient reason to hope for the fruits of victory.

The moral of this little tale is, perhaps, sufficiently obvious to make a specific statement of it unnecessary; but here it is: Let no two men fight over a girl; for she may not want either of them.

"If we wish to live through this war we must use everything that is within us —and one of those things is our sense of humor."—Lloyd George.



To Liberty

Arise, O Liberty, arise!
  Wake and keep thy children free!
Liberty, unveil thine eyes;
  See what dangers wait for thee!
Tyranny has forged thy chain,
  And, in darkness, ever waits
To usurp thy throne again;
  Lo! his hosts are at thy gates!

Let thy watch-tower rise afar,
  Over continent and sea,
Till each bright, eternal star
  Will a vigil keep with thee;
Till the beauty of thy form
  And the radiance of thy face
Shall be seen, through every storm,
  Calm in thine exalted place.

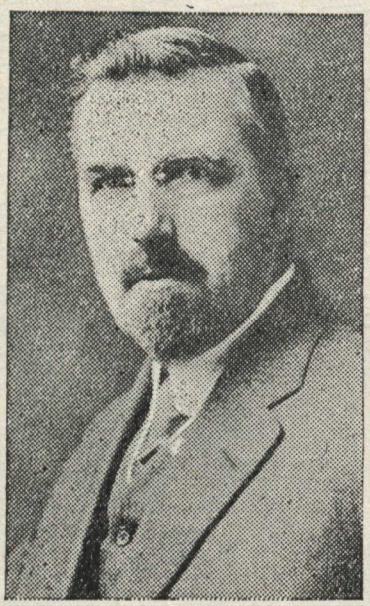
Hold thy sacred torch on high,
  To illumine all the world,
And to every heart and eye
  May thy banner be unfurled,
Till the lust of power and gold
  Will no more oppression bring;
When the bonds of love will hold
  And the world with freedom ring.

—EDWIN E. KINNEY.

Books—*and* The Soldier

By John Ridington

From an address given before the "Pacific and North-West Library Conference"



JOHN RIDINGTON
Acting Librarian University of B. C.

For more than four years Canada, for nigh two years the United States, have been at war. All national effort in both countries has been subordinated to one great and grim, one holy and impassioned determination—the survival, the unimpaired maintenance, the triumphant extension, of those principles of freedom embedded in the very foundations of democratic civilization. The Dominion has five hundred and fifty thousand men under arms, four hundred thousand of its sons overseas! It is these men—British and Americans —the living bulwark of human freedom, that constitute our new and high responsibilities. It is they who afford us new opportunities for service that are honorable privileges as well as plain, patriotic duties. These men have been taken from peaceful occupations, and trained and disciplined in the bloody business of war. In a few months, or years, the war will be over. These men will then return. Then, and before, many will be incapacitated for the occupations in which they were engaged before they went overseas; others, with new outlooks, will desire wider and better vocational training. It is hardly necesary to state that the whole nation will do everything possible to mitigate the suffering of the disabled; patriotism and humanity alike demand this, and national gratitude will manifest itself, as of old, in pensions and soldiers' homes.

This is in itself a notable advance of the treatment given returned veterans in other days. The broken soldier of the Marlborough and Napoleonic wars, as shown us in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," who wept o'er his wounds, and talked the night away with tales of sorrow, was little better than a beggar, and object of pity and charity. We live in days where no nation will content itself merely with physical care for its disabled veterans. Since the Crimean and Civil wars there has been an enormous expansion of the conception of public responsibility to a nation's representatives on its battle lines. Side by side with the wonderful developments in finance, commerce, industry, that have marked the past half century, has been a corresponding enlargement of the sense of public indebtedness to those who serve the state by the sacrifice of personal ease, and at hazard of their lives. The contrast between the sanitary, medical or commissariat departments of the armies of today and those of, say, the American Civil War, or even the Boer War, is not more startling or impressive than that existing between the ideas held by the ordinary citizen of the twentieth century, and those of his grandfather, as to the range, extent and nature of a state's indebtedness to its fighting men. Significent as is this fact, it is matched by another, equally vital and hopeful,—the general, almost universal, desire, the eager disposition, to acknowledge this obligation, and to meet it in the fullest and most generous way.

In the glad, good days to come, "when the war drum throbs no longer, and the battle-flags are furled," when we address ourselves, with gratitude, humility and courage, to an even greater task than that of winning the war, the rebuilding of our social and economic structures on bases not only of liberty but of righteousness, we shall be comforted with another phase of the problem of the returned soldier. There will then be millions of men coming home to this continent, the great majority of them in the prime of their physi-

cal powers, all with ideas enlarged, and standards modified, by contact with other civilizations, men of courage, character, determination. These men will be the most potent element in our national lives for the next decade. Long reverenced political shibboleths will become mere mouthing mumbo-jumbos at their stern laughter; long worshipped idols of many sorts will fall from their pedestals at merest touch of soldier hands. I think we are all agreed that the permanent future character of our democracies will largely be shaped and fashioned in the years next following the declaration of peace.

The returned soldier is cast for a major role in the drama to be played out in the first years of peace. That he may play his part worthily, he will demand of the state whatever education is necessary to equip him for the work he has to do, whatever training is required to enable him to take a self-respecting and self-supporting place in the civil life in which he must be re-absorbed. The state will recognize the justice of this demand, and will do its utmost to meet it.

* * *

Let us take a glance at the life of a soldier.

He reports at training camp, and in learning his drill begins to learn to subordinate his independent individualism to discipline and co-operation. He starts in a troop train for the Atlantic Coast, crosses great mountain ranges, swings over limitless prairies, gets new impressions of Canada's size, resources. He gets glimpses of great cities, of busy industrial regions, of corn or cotton lands, of sweeping stretches of wheat fields. He reaches the Eastern seaboard, and finds himself a human unit in a vast military organization for which a tremendous transportation system has been organized. He voyages over the Atlantic, convoyed by mighty dreadnoughts, guarded by swift destroyers. He escapes the menace of Hun submarines, and lands at a French port rebuilt almost overnight.

He goes to his French training camp, sees picturesque old cities, wonderful cathedrals, tiny fields tilled like gardens. All around him is a new world! far overhead great mechanical birds swing and dart at heights and speeds far beyond challenge by any of their feathered prototypes. In a neighboring field he sees ungainly, misshapen mechanical monsters lurch and waddle over every obstacle like gigantic prehistoric beasts. He stands his share of lonely midnight vigils; explores in silence and darkness that narrow strip of death, "No Man's Land," and one misty morning "goes over the top "behind a lifting, creeping barrage devastating the land like a tornado, yet controlled like a machine and timed like a chronometer. He sees with what gaiety and coolness men dare death while doing unbelievable feats of heroism; unconscious of it, he is himself the peer of the bravest; he sees agony conquered by fortitude, courage and constancy displayed under every conceivable personal discomfort. Above all, he realizes to his innermost spirit that he is part of a mighty force co-operating with diviner powers that liberty shall not perish from the earth.

At length the cause for which he is fighting triumphs, and our soldier boy comes home. Is he the same man that went away? Can he possibly be, after his mind has received such a multitude of new and wonderful sensations and impressions, after he has seen, done, dared so much? Will he not have much gained? He may have picked up enough French to be misunderstood in an estaminet. No matter! he will probably want to learn more, if only to read the newspapers some French girl sends him. So we will provide for him a teaching and reading course in French. The books must be simple; they must tell of the cities he saw, the men who fought in the armies of victory, more about the curious and interesting customs he observed; somewhat of the language; he, perhaps needs to know somewhat of the history of France. Very well; let us provide him with books to that end—books setting forth opposing views, together with such suggestions and help as will enable him to arrive at just, intelligent, unprejudiced judgments. Very likely, having got thus far, he will be making comparisons between the systems of life in his country and those of France—and not necessarily in every particular to the advantage of his native land. He will be reading some books on economics—he can get them, if the service I am advocating be adopted—and some day you will hear him comparing British and American labor ideals, discussing syndicalism, pointing out the economic fallacies of the I. W. W. program of sabotage, or the madness of the Bolsheviki.

Our returned men has travelled far, mentally as well as physically, since he went for a soldier. Is he not in every way a better man, a more desirable citizen, a greater national asset, because of his awakened, responsive mind? It was the war that started his mental development, but it was books—the kind of books I would like librarians to be responsible for supplying these men—that continued it, broadening and training his sym-

pathies, and faculties through his curiosities and interests, and, at the same time, through vocational studies, making him a more productive individual factor in national wealth and power.

"What will all this cost?" I hear some cautious citizen enquire, and I hear the question repeated by shrewd politicians, who have long since realized that library voices mend but few political fences. I cannot say, for the cost will depend on the magnitude of the work (which today none know) and the efficiency and thoroughness with which it is done. Truth to tell, I am not now greatly concerned with the financial aspects of the question. If my suggestions point a way to meet an imminent, on-coming national need, I feel sure that, whatever the cost, the money will be found. In the past four years, all theories of national finance have been upset. We were told that the war would be over in six months or a year, because the treasuries of the belligerents would be empty long before that time. But the fact is, that even the poorest of the nations at war—Turkey, Austria—have somehow found money to go on fighting. When I think of how Britain, for three years, bore the heavy end of the Allies' money burden, of the titanic load she today carries, and apparently hardly stoops under—when I recall the vast sums poured into our national exchequers from Canadian Victory Loans and Liberty Bond Issues, of the money raised for the Red Cross, the Y.M.C.A. and A.L.A.—the cost does not dismay me. Nations that can find money for war can be educated to find money for peace. If necessary, let us issue Peace Bonds, for it is in peace that the liberties defended in righteous wars must be extended and democratized. Men and women can be kindled to as fine and high a passion for construction and reconstruction as we all feel for sacrifice. This may call for a more abiding faith, an even more enduring courage, but, as I see it, it is in this direction that the new patriotism leads, and every true son and daughter of democracy should set their feet in these paths, to which the beckoning finger of opportunity is already pointing, and, with all who believe and hope, march steadily and valiantly to larger fields of social service and higher planes of human happiness.

VANCOUVER'S EMBLEM

Tailless Pete

By Robert Watson

ROBERT WATSON

Hi, there! mind your dirty feet! that dog
Belongs to me!
He's not much to see—
There we can agree;
But, although he wags a stump where his tail
ought to be,
Right upon that stump there hangs a tale.

'Course he's not a thoroughbred; he's just an
ordinar' dog;
Sleeps like any hog
'Fore a blazing log.
All the same, he saved the lives of me and
Mickey Fog.
That is good enough for Mick and me.

January, Ninety-eight, we went to have a go;
Sixty-five below;
Wind and ice and snow;
Tailless Pete was our lead dog—and here I'd
have you know,
Never dog had tail to wag like Pete's.

After we'd been sev'ral weeks upon the Northern trail,
Over hill and dale,
Never thinking "fail,"
We got off our bearings in a blinding Arctic
gale;
Lost as any wandered kids could be.

With a sleigh chuck-full of grub and all our
sleeping gear,
Little did we fear;
Though a feeling queer—
Kind of premonition in my inwards, right
down here—
Seemed to say, "There's worse in store for
you."

Ten more days the blizzard held. We wandered round about;
Bearings still in doubt;
Dogs clean tuckered out.
Mick began to laugh and cry, and groan and
sing and shout.
Pretty sort of jackpot I was in.

Adding to our peck of woes, we struck a
frozen lake;
Dogs, with whine and quake,
Seemed to dread a break.
We'd no time to pick and choose which way
we'd like to take,
So we started out across the ice.

But, as we neared the farthest side, the ice
began to crack.
Forward sprang the pack;
Tried to change their tack.
Down we slithered with a yell—the ice gave,
front and back.
"Kingdom come" looked close to Mick and
me.

Dogs and sleigh plunged down below—forever
lost to view—
All but Peter, who
Bit his traces through;
To the surface rose and joined our wild hullaballoo,
As we splashed and spluttered in our fear.

Mickey made a grab at me and round my collar hung
Like a rag half-wrung.
Water filled my lung.
I clutched hold of old Pete's tail and to it blindly clung.
Thus brave Pete towed Mick and me ashore.

Mickey had some matches in a box, real water-tight.
Soon we struck a light,
And built a fire bright;
Dried ourselves, front, flank and rear, throughout that awful night.
Tried once more for home at break of day.

Then the rats of hunger started gnawing us inside;
Eyes, with envy wide,
Gazed on Pete's tough hide;
If he had not saved our lives, I'm sure he would have died
To provide a meal for Mick and me.

Four-and-twenty long hours more we went without a lick.
"Darn it all!" cried Mick,
Picking up a stick,
"Turn your head the other way; I'll knock Pete's block in slick.
"It's a case of eat or die with me!"

Murder in the tenth degree was lurking in Mick's eye.
"Hold your hand!" yelled I.
"Might not make good pie.
We had better sample Pete. To-day his tail we'll try.
If it's good, to-morrow we can feast."

Mickey Fog was nothing if he wasn't dead game sport.
He made no retort;
Just sliced Pete's tail short.
And the dog was so surprised he didn't even snort;
Simply stood and looked at Mick and me.

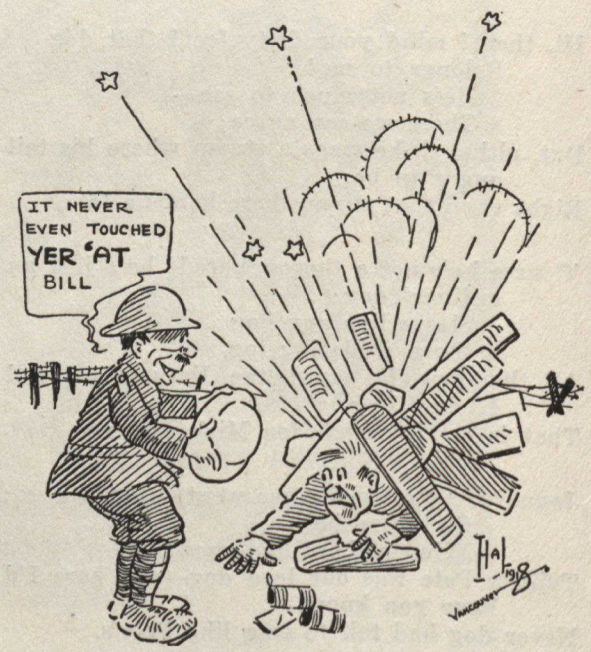
Mick, who used to cook in camps, knew just the thing to do.
Hair and skin soon flew.
My hat held the brew.
Then, in less than half an hour, Mick served up dog-tail stew—
Finest stew that ever man partook.

All the while old Peter sat before us, on his rump.
Now and then he'd jump,
Snap his aching stump,
Then he'd give a little, wistful, hungry kind of grump
That went to the hearts of Mick and me.

Mickey turned and looked at me. I looked at Mickey Fog.
Seemed like "dog eat dog,"
Still, we slipped a cog.
"T'aint the first time," Mickey said, "I've broke the Decalogue."
And he tossed the bones to wistful Pete.

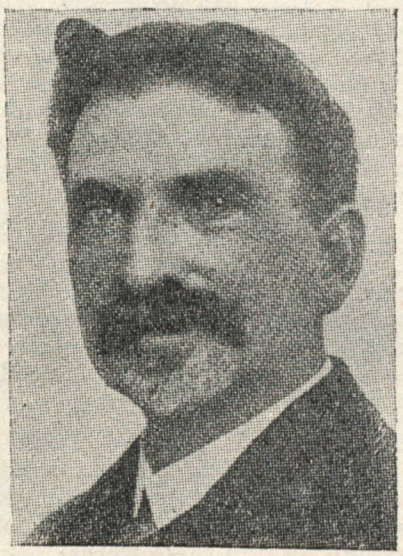
Pete sprang upon those bones of him with barks of dog's delight.
Gobbled them from sight;
Frisked like any sprite!
And we three, in highest glee, reached settlement that night;
Saved from death, and worse, by old Pete's tail.

Consequently, tailless Pete's a real, live friend of ours,
Though he whines and cowers,
Though it shines or showers.
We don't mind the brick-bats, if you throw old Pete the flowers—
He who kicks that dog, kicks Mick and me.



The Call of the King

By W. Pascoe Goard



W. PASCOE GOARD, Vancouver

The fourth day of August in the year of Our Lord 1914 will be a memorable day in the history of the Kingdom of Great Britain to the end of time.

It was on that day that the fateful declaration went forth that a state of war existed between Germany and Great Britain.

Already France and Russia had, in response to German onslaught, proclaimed the existence of a state of war.

Without taking into consideration the boundaries of nations, or without acknowledging the ethnological descent of the peoples engaged in the struggle, the spirit which actuated the Central Empires, and the spirit which actuated Britain and her allies show that the Babylon spirit was then, and is, incarnate in the Central Empires. Without controversy over the battle plain, the rider on the red horse, armed with the great sword appears, and already in his train are the attendant riders, famine and pestilence, with death and hell following after.

It appeared on that date as though the world would be overrun and all kingdoms subjugated under the crimson tread of that portentous charger.

Even today, when the shock of the conflict has passed and the crisis of the danger has gone by, one wonders why the world escaped such a carefully prepared onslaught by such an ancient and mighty machine.

It is without any element of superstition, or of exalted spiritualization, that, upon a logical consideration of the facts, one is constrained to say that we must look beyond the bounds of human agency for an answer to the question.

The carefully prepared political and military machine which held under its grip and direction the bodies. the minds and the souls of the German people, was able instantly to launch the strength and the legions of the Central Empires into the conflict. This was logical and easily to be understood, for, in their training camps, in their schools and colleges, in their secular and religious press, in the pulpits of their churches, and in the professorial chairs of their universities, by the organization of the nation into an army, by the mobilization of their commerce and industry to the one end, by the piling up of munitions of war for a generation, by the infinitely careful organization of their finance, by the subordination to this end of all their political and administrative activities, by the education of a patriotism and faith of the people with such an end in view; and by every means which commended itself to human intelligence, whether good or evil, they had prepared for the day, and had only to put the mighty machinery of the empire into instant motion.

But, by what influence or what strange means were the heterogenous forces of the Allied nations so instantly and so universally set in motion?

Their armies are drawn from the five great race divisions of humanity. They speak all the languages of Babel. They have ideals as varied as their races. They occupy every continent under heaven, and the islands of the sea. They are mustered under the flags of the nations, and all the diversities which characterize humanity may be found in the ranks of those who directly or indirectly are striving for the victory of the Allies.

It is a sane and logical thing to say that there does not exist on earth among men any centre of influence, or any series of such centres, which could so instantly, without previous propaganda or organization, or preparation toward that specific purpose, call these nations, as they were called, so instantly to arms.

Such seems also a sane and logical conclusion, when one looks over the diverse and apparently alien elements crowded into the great empires of Russia, Colonial France, Colonial Italy and Britain and asks what could hold together such a diverse multitude for such a length of time, under such abnormal circumstances, when the battle lust of all men appears to have been excited to the last degree.

War had scarcely been declared when from Vladivostok, the eastern outpost of the Russian Empire, men were marching westward; and from Victoria, the northwestern outpost of the British Empire, men were marching eastward, their first objective being the reaching of the eastern and western boundaries of the Central Empires, while the completion of their purpose was joining hands in the heart of the same; while, lying in the Pacific Ocean between these great Powers the empire of Japan sprang to arms, thus completing the circle, which in the Northen Hemisphere belts the Globe.

Scarcely had the call sounded when from the extreme south of Australasia, northward through Asia, by India and the Strait Settlements, Corea and Siberia, throughout the full length of Asia with her multitudinous tongues and nations, men responded to the call.

British America, and in spirit all America, responded just as eagerly to the thrill of the mighty impulse, and only the absolute lack of preparation has held the peoples, other than British, out of the actual battle line, while the influence and activity of the whole has provided munitions for the war.

In Africa, from Cape Town in the south to Cairo in the north, the races of mankind found there, speaking their babel of languages and mustering under their different standards, leaped instantly into the conflict.

In Europe, from the coast of the Atlantic to the Dardanelles, with few exceptions, men responded instantly to the inaudible voice which cried, "Come ye to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

Neither in Petrograd nor in Rome, in Paris nor in Westminster, nor in all of them put together, does there lie sufficient influence to so instantly thrill all nations, and project them into the conflict.

The present conflict then upon the plains of Flanders and the hills of France; amid the marshes and the mountains of Austria, Poland and Prussia; among the blood-stained mountains of the Balkans; over the crimsoned regions of Armenia; and on the ancient banks of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers; over the dreary wastes or among the mephitic swamps and forests of Africa, and in the islands of the sea, is simply a phase of the age-long conflict between the Babylon kingdoms of the Devil, and the Israel kingdoms of the Lord.

The principles at stake are clear cut and distinct. On the one side was the conquest of the earth and its powers for the benefit and enrichment of mankind; on the other was the conquest and development of the earth and its powers and the perversion of their products to the destruction of humanity.

On the one hand was the uplift of the masses, and the establishment of the principles of democracy, the consummation of which is in the grand enfranchisement of His followers promised by Christ in these words:

"And he that overcometh, and keepeth my works unto the end, to him will I give power over the nations:

"And he shall rule them with a rod of iron; as the vessels of a potter shall they be broken to shivers: even as I received of my Father."

And on the other hand was the apothesis of the Kaiser, the enslavement of his subjects, physically, politically, mentally and morally, and the purpose through them to enslave the nations of mankind.

On the one hand was the chivalry of the weak in sacrificing itself, as in Belgium, to secure opportunity to the strong to bring their strength to bear; and the chivalry of the strong in springing to the aid, and suffering for the redemption of the weak, while on the other was the ruthless trampling of the weak; the brutal murder of the innocent, the unspeakably foul innovations and methods of warfare, the devilish and arrogant pride, and the overflow of all the principles of honour, truth and righteousness in the prosecution of the war.

And, in the language of the ancient seer, we say, "But the end is certain and the interpretation sure." Again shall the cry go out, "Babylon the great is fallen!"

GERMAN PRISONERS CARRYING BRITISH WOUNDED

LIGHT RAILWAY CARRYING WOUNDED AT SOMME

1—PTE A. " BONES" ALLEN Vancouver Lacrosse Veteran, with C.A.M.C. in France.

2—PTE. GEORGE FEENEY New Westminster, all-round athletic star, overseas.

3—CAPT. "BOBBY" KERR Hamilton, Ont., former Olympic sprinting champion.

4—LIEUT. N. H. PETERS, Vancouver cricketer, wounded in action.

5—Lieut.-Col. A. S. N. JACKSON, D.S.O., with three bars, famous British athlete and world's champion runner.

6—PTE. H. E. RANKIN, fifty-three years old, Vancouver lacrosse veteran, who has been overseas for two years.

Canada's Soldier Athletes

By A. P. Garvey

ARTHUR P. GARVEY

"CARRY ON" has been the great slogan of the war. It originated in the trenches. An officer, falling as he went over the top with his men, would cry "Carry on!" to the man next in command. At such a time, tradition would have the stricken man attended by the chaplain and gasping out farewells to his dear ones at home. But that is not the spirit of this war. The cause is all in all; it is greater than all personal considerations. To "carry on" is the one central thought of those who lead and those who follow.

Like so many other phrases of military origin, "Carry on" has been taken over by the sportsman. It applies behind the lines and in the security of our homes as at the front. Everywhere they are carrying on and it is particularly fitting that the sportsmen of this vast Dominion should be carrying on at present in view of the loyalty and gallantry of the thousands of athletes of Canada who have been fighting valiantly for liberty and justice, the overthrow of Prussianism, and a lasting peace.

Out of those millions who went "somewhere in Europe" to face the Prussian horde, there are thousands from Canada, and, in the ranks of the many units that have crossed the Atlantic to battle on the fields of Flanders, are hundreds of young men who prepared for the sterner game of war on the athletic fields at home, and who, in their athletic careers, were guided and inspired by the one thought, "play the game."

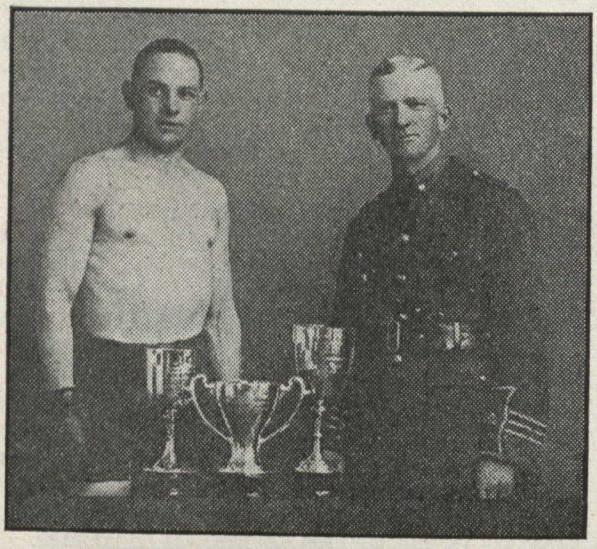
August 4th, 1914, found the sportsmen of Canada following their peaceful vocations. To-day finds thousands of them, thousands of miles from home and friends, engaged in a death struggle with a ruthless foe, some paying the supreme sacrifice, others maimed for life, but all playing the game, sacrificing their all in the hope that to this world will come a lasting peace. And, while the battle rages, those remaining at home are "carrying on." Athletes, by their magnificent response to the call to arms, have carved the way for generations to come and, by carrying on to-day, the sportsmen are doing a good work not only for themselves, but in the interests of the whole nation.

The role played by sportsmen in the world-wide struggle will furnish many bright pages in history in years to come. The loyal response to the call to arms, their whole-hearted desire to help in the hour of need, and their gallant conduct on the field of battle redound to the credit of sportsmen to-day. From all corners of the globe they went, fitted for the big drive as a result of their athletic training, and, when historians pen the review of this, the greatest of all wars, it will be found that athletic training proved one of the potent factors in the success of the Allied armies.

Not one but all branches of athletics are represented in the fighting units at the front. Practically every club in Canada boasts a lengthy honor roll. Footballers, oarsmen, yachtsmen, tennis stars, in fact adherents of every known sport, took their places in the ranks when Canada's first army was mobolized and their brave deeds on the battlefields will always be remembered. Following the rush to the colors there was necessarily a curtailment of athletics, but the remnants of the once great athletic institutions have since pursued a "carry on" policy, encouraging the younger element, and with the end of the war athletics will again come into their own.

Pacific Coast Rugby football organizations were among the first to turn all their attention to the war following the outbreak of hostilities. Both in Vancouver and in Victoria the Rugby officials decided to suspend for the duration of the war and immediately turned

all the surplus funds over to war charities. A suspension of senior football was found necesary because of the exodus of players to the front. Every senior Rugby footballer in Vancouver enlisted. The same can be said of Victoria, while hundreds of Association footballers flocked to the colors. The ranks of rowing clubs of the coast contributed their quota to the overseas forces. The Vancouver Rowing Club, boasting a membership of 187 when war broke out, sent over 150 men overseas. Many of these men, splendid oarsmen, sleep their last sleep in France, having given up their lives in the fight for Democracy. At least twenty-seven members of this pioneer rowing organization won coveted decorations.



SERGEANT "JIMMY" CLARK

Lightweight champion of Canadian Overseas Forces, and Major Stacey, President of Sports Committee, Shoreham Area, England.

Lacrosse players from all points on the Coast joined the overseas units and in passing we must pay tribute to the patriotism of members of the Vancouver Athletic Club and New Westminster senior amateur lacrosse teams. When the war broke out the teams were battling for the Mann cup, emblematic of the world's amateur championship. A year later found the majority wearing khaki and on the way overseas. At least eight of the twelve members of the champion V.A.C. team of former years shouldered guns and departed for France.

Considering the number of hockey players there were in the country at the outbreak of hostilities the response has been wonderful. From Halifax on the Atlantic to Dawson in the Far North the puck-chasers heard the call and were among the first to offer their services. Professional hockey's quota includes some of the finest players who ever donned the steel blades. Of the players in the National Hockey Association and the Pacific Coast Association when war broke out over two-thirds enlisted. Today the leagues are endeavoring to carry on and it is altogether likely that another year will find some of the soldier-hockeyists back in the game, but a few will never return; they lie in Flanders fields. From the Pacific Coast Association alone sixteen of the leading players donned khaki. When it is taken into consideration that there are but seven players to a team and there were but three teams in operation when war broke out, this means that over two-thirds of the playing strength of the organization packed away sticks and shouldered guns.

Lawn tennis, basketball, cricket, lawn bowling and all other athletic organizations have every reason to feel proud of the record established by their soldier representatives, and it is with a feeling of pride that they point to the glowing accounts of the deeds of heroism of Canada's soldier-athetes in far-off France.

Many of these heroes will not come back. Rows of white crosses in France pay a mute tribute to these gallant sportsmen. Many of those who have gone forth to do battle against the intolerable Hun have won coveted distinctions and in not a few instances have double honors come to the sportsman. A more glorious chapter of patriotism of the purest kind and devotion to the highest ideals, was surely never penned in this or any other war, than that written on the pages of the Empire's history by these glorious sportsmen. It is impossible to imagine anything as fine as it is to think of such a record being excelled anywhere. And sport will surely benefit in years to come. It is felt in view of the magnificent response to the call to arms that in the future assistance will be forthcoming from those who recognize the gallantry of our soldier sportsmen and their services in the cause of justice, humanity and Democracy.

When the war is over, when the reconstruction days come, sports are sure to be the gainer. These days of sport for sport's sake, with all thought centered on the bigger and greater game, will have a leavening effect. The desire to win will not and must not be discouraged, but the over-emphasis growing out of the desire to win at any cost has been and

can be discounted. When the war is over the eligibility rules will be restored, the line drawn between the profesional and the amateur, but their enforcement will be simpler and easier. In forgetting them now there is no lowering of standard. It is simply meeting conditions as they come, with a single thought to the quickest and surest way for development of man for a cause to which every Britisher is committed.

The revivification of sport after the war will be one of the big problems for those interested in good, clean and healthy recreation, but the effort to restore athletics to the high position they occupied in pre-war days should not be in vain. Athletics enabled the defenders of justice to place men in the trenches in a short time, and it was found they in camps where recruits had no athletic training in earlier life, it required months of training to fit them for the front. Australia, Canada, New Zealand, South Africa and the Mother Country were in the happy position at the outset of war of having thousands of trained athletes at their disposal, and that the athletic training had been beneficial has been shown in the wonderful war record of these athletes. War honors have been won by them on all fronts, and their coolness and daring in the face of heavy fire has astonished the great military leaders.

"Play the game," is the advice given today by the military authorities. Athletics have long since been introduced in the training camps and the rank and file prepare for the sterner game of war by a moderate indulgence in outdoor recreation. Everywhere sports are being encouraged. Not until the present war was it realized that athletics were to play such an important part. There is nothing better for the young man than athletic training. Unfortunately, in the past, competitions have been confined to a few, while thousands sat the grandstands and took no active part. Those few have stood the test as war records will disclose. There should be universal athletic training. Not only in the colleges and Y.M.C.A.'s should athletics be encouraged, but in the public schools of the country. The expense is small and the results wonderful. School authorities should never overlook an opportunity to encourage and foster sport in the institutions of learning for, as we all realize, "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

Let those thousands of soldiers who will be returning to Canada shortly take a more lively interest in athletics in future, not only as spectators but as contestants. They owe it to themselves. Let Canada show the way, and, as in our war effort, let us win the fame and glory that is justly ours.

STAR OF EMPIRE

By Bernard Tweedale

When the Star of Britain rose from out the sea
And threw forth a race of gallant men and free,
Caring nought for foreign legions, though the odds were ten to one,
Striking hard for Britain's glory, where hard fights were to be won,
Nations wondered.

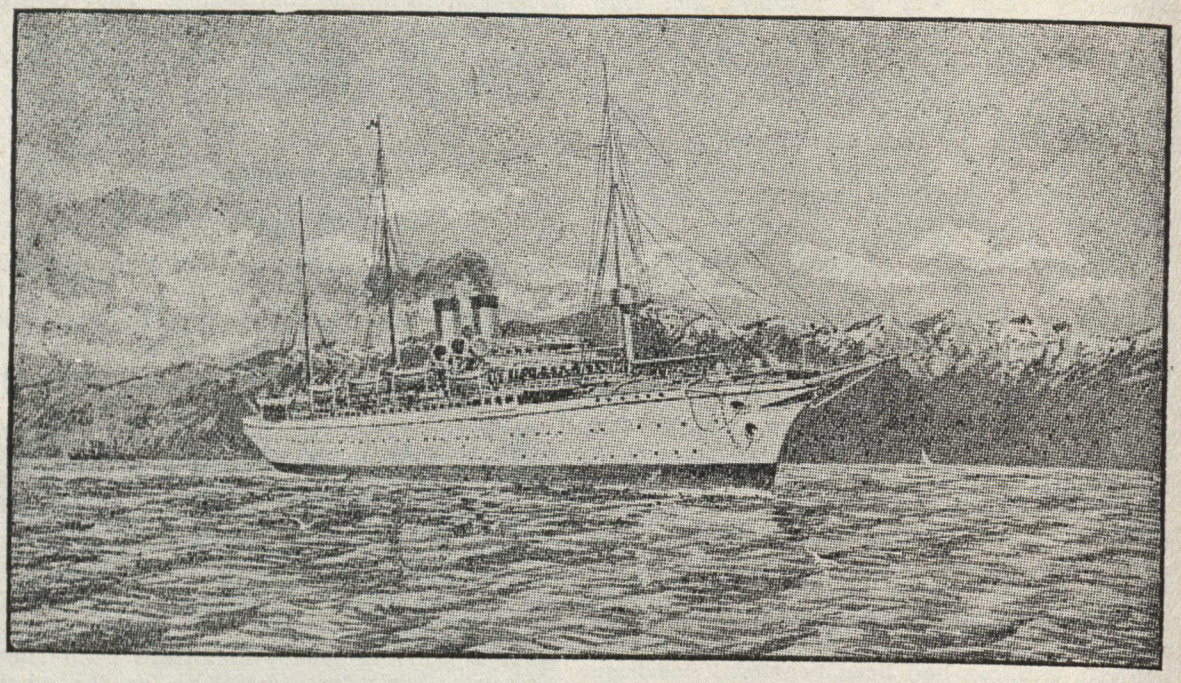
Chorus

And nations shall wonder again and again,
Ere the flag of our Empire shall sink in the main,
With a glorious past, our future shall show
Braver deeds than yet done, so the whole world may know
We'll conquer or die—we'll conquer or die!
We'll conquer or die with our face to the foe!

When the welding of the nation's sons in one
Made the Empire with one flag beneath the sun,
While our star grew ever brighter, rising higher in the sky,
And we showed them that, for Britain, all her sons would do or die,
Nations pondered.

Chorus

As ages pass and Empire's story grows,
When a gentle peace takes the place of sturdy blows,
When the corn grows bright and yellow on the old-time battle strand,
Than they'll tell of when the war-flame roused the spirit of our land,
Nations sundered.



The Olympian Mountains: with Canadian Pacific SS. "Empress Japan."
Leaving British Columbian waters for the Orient.

Sea-Room

By Aubrey N. St. John Mildmay

SEA-ROOM! Sea-Room! Vancouver, child of the sea:
We have left the shore where the breakers roar, and the rocks and shallows be:
We are steering straight with our human freight wherever the fates decree,
And many a town of old renown our steaming lights shall see,
But there's never an one like thee,
Vancouver, child of the sea,
Never a city like thee!

Sea-room! sea-room! for the vessel is under way,
Bearing the British banner to the confines of the day;
For West is East, and East is West, and the best is yet to be—
Star of the night, fling far your light, Vancouver, star of the sea!

SEA-ROOM! Sea-Room! Out of the forest gloom
She hath hewn her way to the light of day, where the peaceful gardens bloom,
And the toils and tears of her pioneers, from Fraser to Nicolum,
O'er the trail they blazed this monument raised to last till the crack of doom—
Vancouver, mart of the nations,
A city of sure foundations,
Guest of the generations!
Sea-room! sea-room! for the vessel's close packed hold,
Flying the flag of England, is freighted with wealth untold,
We were nursed on the breast of our Middle West, and the fruit of their husbandry,
Hoard upon hoard, is laid aboard at the wharves by the western sea.

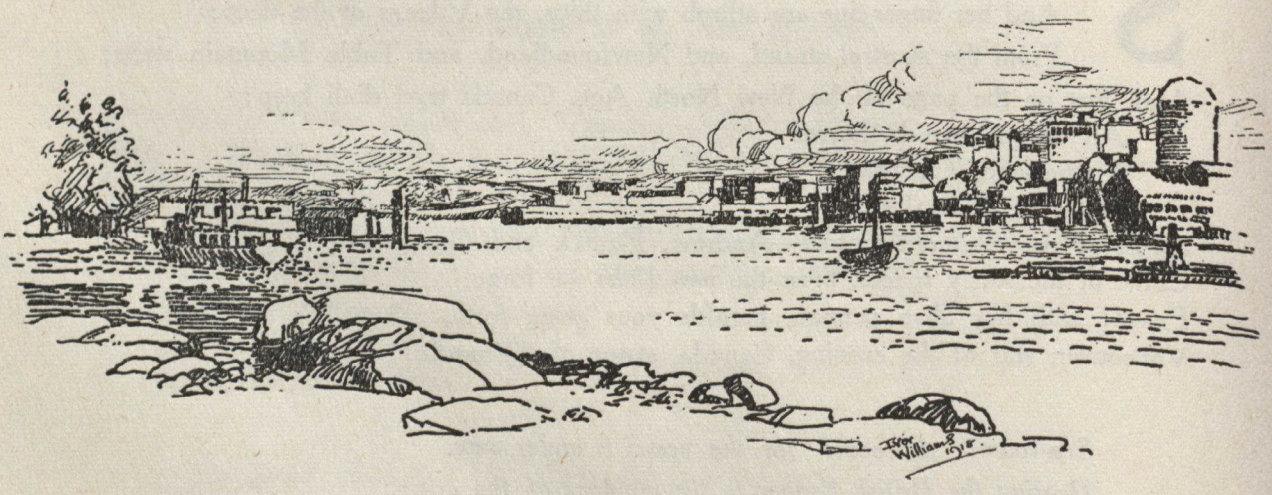
Sea-room! sea-room! for the vessel is under way,
Bearing the British banner to the confines of the day;
For West is East, and East is West, and the best is yet to be—
Star of the night, fling far your light, Vancouver, star of the sea!

SEA-ROOM! Sea-Room! For the Empire wakes from sleep,
And her finger-tips are athrob with ships, the Vikings of the deep:
From the Austral strand, and Newfoundland, and Table Mountain steep;
And, first on the page of the New North Age, Canada tryst doth keep:
All of one speech, hurra!
Motherland, Canada,
States of Australia:
Christ of the clustered crosses—Andrew, Patrick and George—
Christ of the starry spaces, bless the new links we forge:
Peace! with her olive pennon, heralds your going forth,
Vancouver, star of the evening, Canada, stripe of the north.

Sea-room! sea-room! for the vessel is under way,
Bearing the British banner to the confines of the day;
For West is East, and East is West, in the Commonwealth to be—
Star of the night, fling far your light, Vancouver, star of the sea!

SEA-ROOM! Sea-Room! For we've got the world in tow
From the seaports five of our Western hive and our archipelago,
And the world's our friend, world without end; yet, if ever the thunder breaks,
Sisters all, we shall stand or fall for Canada, Bride of the Lakes,
Whose hurricane voices blend
With Ocean, the bridegroom's friend,
Canada vowed to defend!
Sea-room! sea-room! when the raven-twilight falls,
And we pass to the Happy Islands from our wooded, world's-end walls,
Wolfe's welc'ming call, Montcalm's "Well done" shall be borne on the west'ring breeze,
We shall ask no more for the love we bore to Vancouver, Queen of the seas!

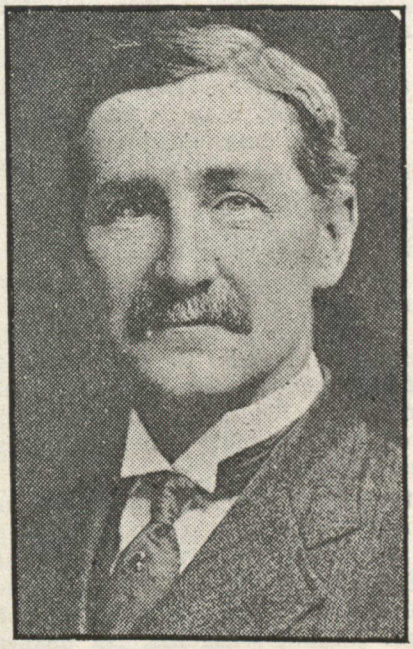
Sea-room! sea-room! for the vessel is under way,
Bearing the British banner to the confines of the day;
For West is East, and East is West, and the best is yet to be—
Star of the night, fling far your light, Vancouver, star of the sea!



COAL HARBOUR, VANCOUVER
Drawn by Ivor Williams

The Skirl o' the Pipes

By R. W. Douglas



R. W. DOUGLAS
City Librarian, Vancouver.

It has been asserted that the "dulcimer" of Daniel 3, was really the bagpipe, and, although that statement has not been satisfactorily proven, yet it is curious that the original word "sampanya" is very like the name "sampagna," by which the bagpipe was known in Italy during the middle ages. It is certainly true that a drone-pipe with reed complete was found in an Egyptian mummy case. The Romans had pipes and introduced them into Southern Britain, whence they spread into Caledonia and Ireland, and survived there after they had died out in England.

In listening to a Highland pipe it will be observed that the notes of the chanter do not correspond with those of the diatonic scale, and are not strictly in tune. The same note cannot be repeated without the interpolation of grace notes, known as warblers; these, introduced to overcome a difficulty, form one of the supreme beauties in pipe music, "brilliance in his warblers" being one of the chief charms of a skilful player.

For generations the bagpipe has been the national instrument of the Highlands, and, as the Highlanders have long been a military people, it is natural enough that their national instrument should be a military one, too. It has been endeared to them on a hundred battlefields; they will follow it to perdition!

The Gordons at Dargai, the Highland regiments in Africa, in France and Belgium, in Macedonia, in Palestine, have shown their devotion. It was only recently that an officer of the Canadian Scottish—one of the regiments with pipes in its ranks—related the details of an attack through barbed wire where success came mainly through the marvellous effect of the pipe music on the men. "It was a wonderful thing," he said, " to hear those pipers playing away while the attacking party were cutting the wire, and it had a wonderful effect on them. The skirl of the pipes continued until the men got through. Then the pipers went forward with the men. The last seen of one of them, he was walking strongly towards the German trench, playing his pipes."

What other instrument can equal the bagpipe in the roar of battle? High over the din of the machine guns and rifles and the bursting shrapnel, the wild and unearthly skirl of the pipes rises like the sounds of a tempest on a rock-bound shore. Every nerve is responsive to this marvellous call. In very truth the pipes have a grand and noble sound that they share with no other musical instrument; by comparison the brass band is tame. It is on the battlefield, in wide and wild nature, the deep glen, the mountain, where the pipes may be admired and reverenced, where they are to be heard as they ought to be heard. And if they inspire the souls of men in combat, they soothe into infinite sadness the burial rite. Imagine the slanting rays of the evening sun gleaming on Ben Nevis, the wide and wild landscape around has become grey, and every sound seems to be sunk in the repose of night. Shortly is heard, faint and far distant, the melancholy wailing of the dirge that accompanies a funeral, as its slow procession is seen slowly marching down the hill, the tartans just visible on its brown declivity. As it advances the sounds seem to swell on the breeze till it reaches the lonely spot where a few grey stones, dispersed among the brown

heath, marked the last resting place of those who had gone before.

Then comes a pause, the farewell to the departed; and, as the mourners return, filing along the narrow passes of the mountain, the retiring tones of the pipes die away, wild, indefinite, yet melodious as the Aeolian harp, as they swelled and sank into the evening wind, till night closed around and all was hushed.

It can hardly be expected that the supremacy of the pipes would be granted as a matter of course by all natives of Britain. Some people declare that the bagpipe, musically speaking, is as vile a contrivance as it is possible to imagine: Harsh, imperfect and untunable. That there is as much resemblance between Highland music on the one side and real music on the other, just as much, indeed, as between porridge and a puree of woodcocks. And they would be wrong.

A recent novelist has shown most conclusively and irrevocably the difference in the point of view of the Highlander and the rest of the British people. Speaking to the Highlander: "How do you find life in these parts?" I inquired

"Indeefferent, sir—vera indeefferent; tae be sure, at fairs an' sic-like I've often had as much as ten shillin' in ma bonnet at a time; but its just the Kilties that draw 'em; they hae no real love for the pipes whateffer; a rantin' reel pleases 'em well enough, but eh! they hae no hankerin' for the gude music."

"That is a question open to argument, Donald," I said; "can any one play real music on a bagpipe, think you?"

"Sir," returned the Scot, "the pipes is the king of a' instruments, 't is the sweetest, the truest, the oldest, whateffer!"

"True, it is very old," said I thoughtfully; "it was known, I believe, to the Greeks; yes, it is certainly a very old and, I think, a very barbarous instrument."

"Hoot toot! the mon talks like a muckle fule," said Donald, nodding to the fire.

"For instance," I continued, "there can be no comparison between a bagpipe and a—fiddle, say."

"A fiddle!" exclaimed Donald in accents of withering scorn, and still addressing the fire. "Ye can juist tell him tae gang tae the deil wi' his fiddle!"

"Music is, I take it, the expression of one's mood or thought, a dream translated into sound, therefore—"

"Hae ye iver heerd the pipes?"

"Why, yes, long ago."

"Then, ye shall juist hear 'em again." So saying, he took up his instrument and began slowly inflating it.

Then, all at once, from drones and chanter there rushed forth such a flood of melody as seemed to sweep me away upon its tide.

First, I seemed to hear a roar of wind through desolate glens, a moan of trees, and a rush of sounding waters; yet softly, softly there rises above the flood of sound a little rippling melody which comes and goes, and comes again, growing ever sweeter with repetition. And now the roar of wind is changed to the swing of marching feet, the tread of a mighty host whose step is strong and free; and, lo! they are singing, as they march, and the song is bold and wild, wild wild! Again and again, beneath the song, beneath the rhythm of marching feet, the melody rises, very sweet, but infinitely sad, like a silver pipe or an angel's voice tremulous with tears. Once again the theme changes, and it is battle and death, sudden and sharp; there is the rush and shock of charging ranks, and the surge and tumult of conflict, above whose thunder, loud and clear and shrill, like some battle cry, the melody swells, one moment triumphant, and the next lost again.

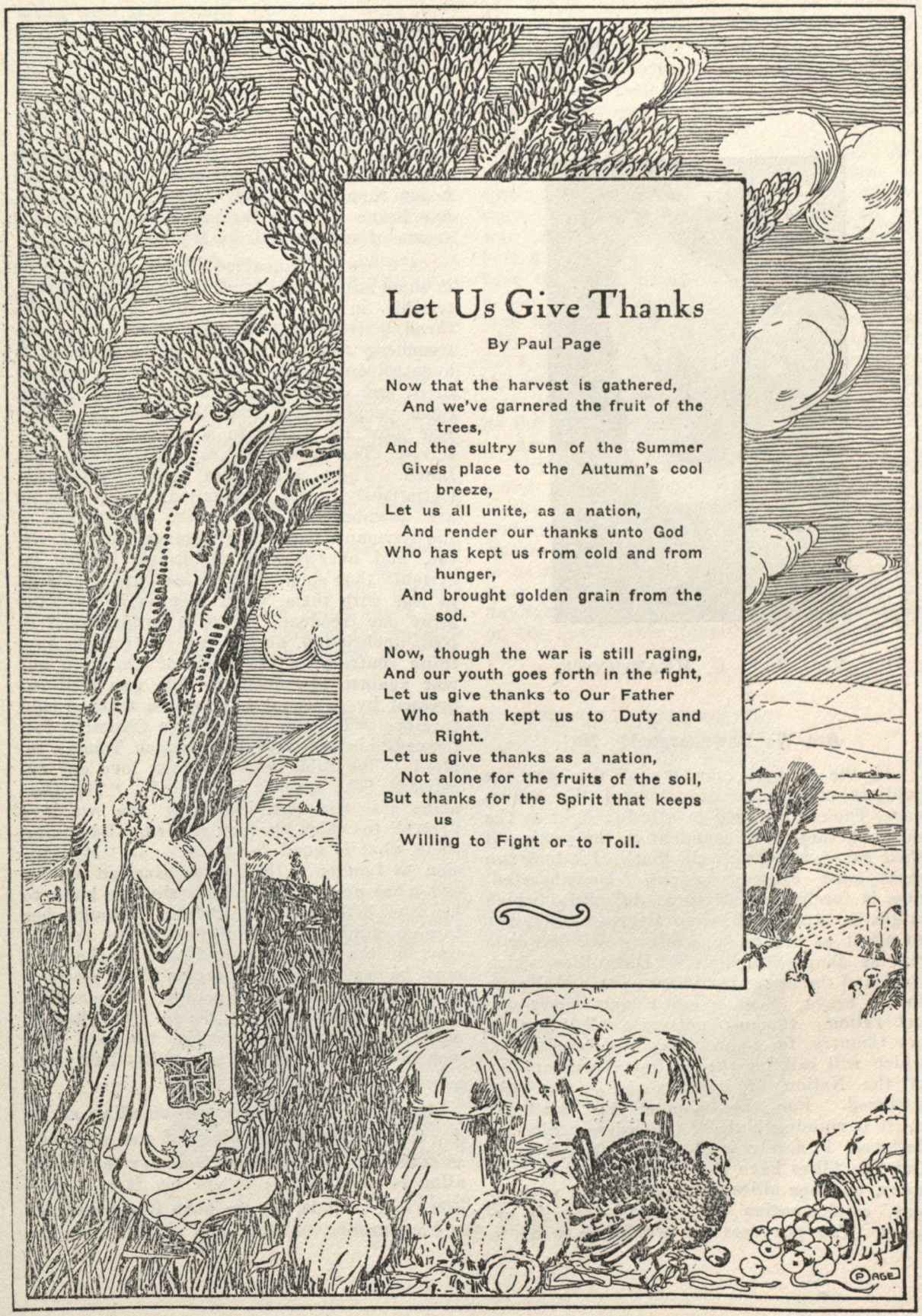
But the thunder rolls away, distant and more distant—the day is lost, and won; but sudden and clear, the melody rings out once more, fuller now, richer, and complete; the silver pipe has become a golden trumpet. And yet, what sorrow, what anguish unspeakable rings through it, the weeping and wailing of a nation! So the melody sinks slowly, to die away in one long-drawn minor note, and Donald is looking across at me with his grave smile, and I will admit both his face and figure are sadly blurred.

"Donald," said I, after a little, "Donald, I will never speak against the pipes again; they are indeed the king of all instruments—played as you play them."

"I'm glad ye like it, for, Sassenach though ye be, it proves ye hae the music."

Looking forward to the glorious time when the regiments come marching home again, having fought the good fight and won, I have not the slightest doubt we shall have ample evidence that the marvellous pipes contributed in no small degree towards the winning of the great victory.

> **"The man that hath no music in himself . . . is fit for treason, strategies and spoils."—Shakespeare.**



Let Us Give Thanks

By Paul Page

Now that the harvest is gathered,
And we've garnered the fruit of the trees,
And the sultry sun of the Summer
Gives place to the Autumn's cool breeze,
Let us all unite, as a nation,
And render our thanks unto God
Who has kept us from cold and from hunger,
And brought golden grain from the sod.

Now, though the war is still raging,
And our youth goes forth in the fight,
Let us give thanks to Our Father
Who hath kept us to Duty and Right.
Let us give thanks as a nation,
Not alone for the fruits of the soil,
But thanks for the Spirit that keeps us
Willing to Fight or to Toil.

Sursum Corda

By Archdeacon Heathcote

Ven. F. C. C. HEATHCOTE

Are We Downhearted? No!

In the darkest moments of the war the soldiers of our Empire shouted this assurance. Though engaged in a losing fight at the moment, they were confident in the justice of their cause, knowing well, that in the long run right must conquer might. Downheartedness is foreign to our race; difficulties which might be expected to cause depression are apt to affect us in the opposite way. "Spirits rise as danger thickens." Difficulties which confound the coward only serve as a challenge to the brave. Such a spirit must nerve our generation. It must permeate all types in our Country, for Canada has a task before it, which will call for the noblest characteristics of the Nation, if it is to be successfully achieved. For the moment the National spirit is running high; if peace is not already declared, it surely is in sight. The Empire and her Allies have stood firm, while to Germany, and her allies in brutality and wickedness, condemnation and punishment is assured. The purposes for which we went to war are about to be achieved. With the nightmare of the war removed our spirits and hopes should rise still higher. The Nation has borne a cross throughout the war; the crown of victory will be a pleasant change.

Are we downhearted? Perhaps there is in some minds the dismal feeling that the war, terrible in its inception, has grown worse through its duration, and apart from the treachery and brutality of our enemies, it is a catastrophe and a disaster to all engaged in it, and even to those whose cause is just. Such people think that the disgrace of the war must be shared to some extent by ourselves. The pessimist says civilization has failed. There are voices saying also that Christianity itself has failed. Such people are downhearted. Given the psychology of the Germans, with its arrogance, lack of virtue, and overweaning ambitions, it was inevitable that such a people as ours would go to war with them, when they sought to take away our freedom. There is nothing uncivilized, unchristian, nor, to put it strongly, anything contrary to the spirit of Christ in our war against this enemy. This was well expressed by a school boy, whose teacher said to him: "Tommy, how must a Christian feel towards his enemies?" To which Tommy replied, "The Bible says we must love our enemies." The teacher proceeded: "The Germans are our enemies; how can we love them?" to which the boy replied, "By giving them what is good for them." In "My Mission to London," the former German ambassador has proved to the hilt, what we knew to be true before, that Britain, through her foreign ministers, did everything to prevent war, but the Germans would have it. The devil must be cast out of such people if the world is to be made safe for democracy. As members of the Empire we feel no shame. We glory in our cause, and we glory in the men and women everywhere, who have helped to bring us success.

How can we be depressed, standing as we do, in full view of the glory of our manhood. as revealed by the war? Some say this revelation is magnificent; others say it is a miracle; and so it is, for we have found courage and endurance, patience and cheerfulness, ex-

alting men and women where they were least expected. We have a new conception of the glory of human nature. Hidden beneath the surface, a true nobility has existed, waiting for some such call as the war to manifest itself. In the days to come we must see to it that a modern equivalent for war shall be found, which will call out from their hiding these splendid qualities. This is the deepest charge against war, that it takes our noblest powers and prostitutes them to destructive ends. What a world would be made here, if they were harnessed to a better cause! Is there anything impossible to a race with powers like these?

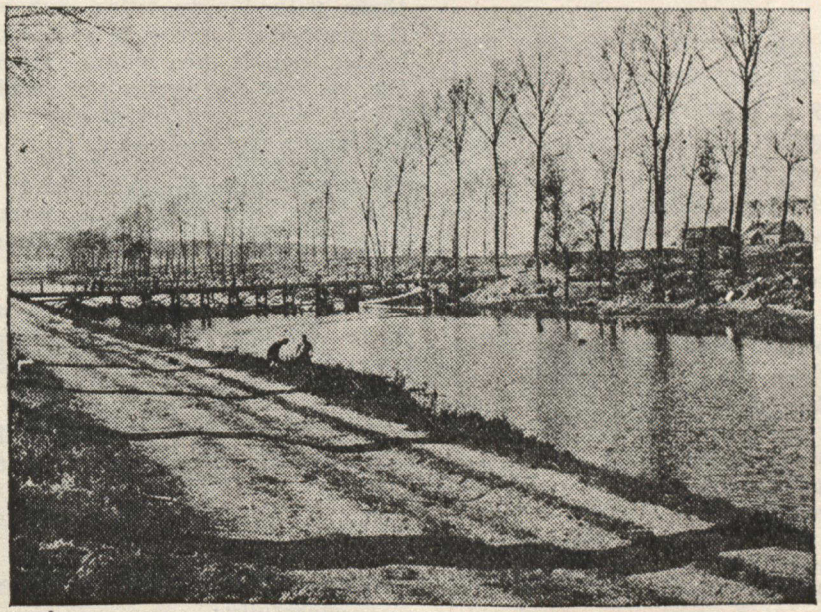
Are we downhearted when we look to the future? We are often told that the world will never be the same, that great changes are overdue, and in right and justice they should have been accomplished long ago. But with what a new spirit of brotherliness will our nation now go forward to build up our country—develop it, and legislate for it, to make it in truth God's Country, as it is meant to be.

Much of the bitterness of the past between so-called classes has passed away. Men who have cemented the nation with the sacrifice of blood and wealth are not going about with suspicion in their hearts looking for enemies amongst their kith and kin, where none exist. While men exist there will be a variety of interests, and divisions of opinions, but in Canada there is now one predominate spirit, "Our Country First!" One of the outcomes of the war is that Canada has found her soul. "Behold how good a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

Are we downhearted? One thing, and one thing alone may cause some dejection of spirit. Is the Nation growing to hate the Germans? There is talk of carrying on the war into generations yet unborn. This is both a mistake and unchristian. We have no time to waste in hating anybody. The day is too short for a grouch. The present business is to whip them until they come to us with their hands up, admitting the wrong they have done, and humbly seeking admission to the brotherhood of decent nations. When that day comes, if the British refuse, it will be the first time in history they have done so.

Are we downhearted?

NO! For the peace of the world has been saved by Democracy. The free men of the world have made war on war, and won. Good understandings are to be promoted between Nation and Nation; secret diplomacy is never to be heard of again, and all scheming in the dark must cease. Democracy thrives in the daylight. Through this war the free nations of the earth have found their place in the sun.



YPRES CANAL
Here Canadians won undying glory.

Shakespeare *and* Patriotism

By W. R. Dunlop

W. R. DUNLOP
Winner of Tercentenary Shakespeare Essay Prize.

Character is the momentum of our past; environment is its chief formative agent. It is that, not only of character, but of disposition. There may be abnormal cases in which a strong hereditary taint will resist the atmosphere in which it is placed; but they are the the exceptions which prove the rule.

William Shakespeare was a man of transcendant genius but of normal temperament. He loved the flowers, the beauty of the Warwickshire lanes and the sweet scenes of boyhood; he loved family life and he mixed freely with men. His parents were of the middle and higher classes, respectively, of English society; and thus both by heredity and environment he fell ready heir to the love of country which is the very essence of patriotism. It permeates his works, not with a blatant repetition, but with the deep note of sincerity. As an example, no mere conventional form could have prompted the burst of feeling in Lancaster's appealing words in Richard II.:

"This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress, built by Nature herself
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or, as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England!
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land!"

When the poet reached the climax, "This England, this dear, dear land," we know by intuition that his heart was full indeed.

Apart, however, from the gracious influence of good birth and lovely surroundings, Shakespeare lived when his country was awakening into a new sense of power, and into a greater place among the nations. He stood at the gateway of a new England and eventually of a crowned Union; and the great Elizabethan period had a deep influence on his life work. That influence can be traced in the fact that he wrote so many historical dramas, not only those with kingly titles, but others bearing the historical impress in plot and speech. His heroes include men whose patriotism feeds on the springs on Virtue's summit. In King Henry V. it breathes throughout and is epitomized in the trumpet call:

"On, on, you noblest English!
"Follow your spirit; and, upon this charge,
Cry 'God for Harry! England and Saint George!'"

Richmond also in the tragedy of Richard III is an example of the militant patriot whom the poet glorified. These words are inspiring:

"Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers;
If you do fight your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
Sound the drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully;
God and Saint George! Richmond and Victory!"

It will, perhaps, be urged that, in a period of such national moment, the patriotism of Shakespeare might have found expression in the great issues of the day, notably those which culminated in the defeat of the Armada; but we must remember that the noise of popular excitement and the very nearness of the events had not yet suffused them with that halo of distance and romance on which dramatic art can best play. It may be, too, that current etiquette and the imperious wishes of the great Queen and even of her successor forbade the dramatizing of events in which high policy of the day was involved. It is at least a generous inference, on a likely basis of fact—the more likely because the poet's patriotism does not rest upon inference alone. We cannot say, but we can believe, that, had death not claimed him while yet the shadows of evening had barely begun to fall around, he would, in later years, have immortalized Drake and the great adventure in epic verse.

The chivalrous element in Patriotism allows, indeed commands, admiration of the like quality in men of a different nation or a different race. When Shakespeare pictured Brutus' scorn of bribery he showed what patriotism implies; and when he put these words into the mouth of the great patrician: "Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? . . . . Who is here so vile that will not love his country?" he not only stated the historic pride in Roman citizenship, but, subjectively, he commended the high virtue in those throughout the world who have the soul to appreciate it.

Shakespeare was no soldier to lead armies to battle for his country's cause; but he wrote great enduring words of loyalty. Quiet influences are indeed the most potent; the pen is mightier than the sword! the still small voice is a greater power than the earthquake or the whirlwind, and the immortal word of a poet of high vision is a greater leaven in the life that counts than the strident voice.

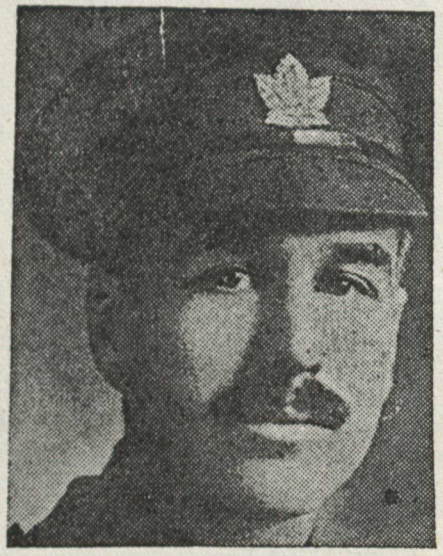
The title of this short essay presumes a reference to patriotism, not only in the poet's works but in his personal life. Our love of birthplace, of hearth and home is a cameo of our larger national outlook; and it is a sure proof of Shakespeare's patriotic feeling that, while yet in the summer of his years, a man with an honourable competence and in high public esteem, he returned to make his permanent home in scenes hallowed by the fragrant memories of boyhood, and, imbued with the dignity of the English gentleman, sought and obtained armorial bearings and gave himself to public usefulness.

William Shakespeare was a world genius and a "patriot bard."

Shakespeare's Birthplace—Stratford-on-Avon—Visited by thousands of Canadian Soldiers.

The Second Battle of Ypres

By Lieut.-Col. Warden



LIEUT.-COL. WARDEN
Warden's Warriors

In unaffected colloquial style Lieut.-Col. Warden told the story of "The Second Battle of Ypres.

I will try to give you an outline of our mobilization over to the front and what happened there. When war was declared we in Canada were not prepared. Volunteers were called for, and I went. I must not forget to pay a tribute to the Minister of Militia for the way in which he organized the first contingent. He mobilized 35,000 men ; he put up one and a half miles of targets and good rifle ranges, laid in water near the camp and put it in first-class sanitary condition, all within thirty days. The fleet which took us across the Atlantic, then the largest in the history of the British Empire—since then it has been exceeded by contingents coming from Australia and India —consisted of about eighty vessels. It was a grand sight to see the fleet—the ships one behind the other and right and left from the horizon to the horizon. Our ship was right in the centre. We could only see the smoke of the warship until we came near England. Then we heard that there were German submarines waiting for us. We were going to land at Portsmouth, I think, but we got into Plymouth before anyone was aware of it. After we landed, it took us some few days to disembark; we went to Salisbury Plain, where we underwent three months' training. There we did a little of everything. We not only trained as soldiers but we built railroads and highways. We did almost every kind of work. For the greater part of the time the weather was very bad. There was a rumor that the Canadians were finding fault with their treatment, but I contradict that. After we had trained for a certain period we were taken over to France. We embarked at Avonmouth and went to St. Nazaire in France, and to show you how careful the authorities were in transporting us there, I may tell you that the convoying ships followed a zig-zag course all round our ship the entire way across, so that no submarine dare show itself above the surface. These torpedo boats went at thirty-five miles an hour, while we were doing only about sixteen. The safe transport of troops has been a marvel.

After we landed in France we spent two days in the train going to the front. We thought we should be kept behind the lines for a time, but they did us the honor of sending us to the trenches direct. When we got there we went into the famous Ploegsteert or 'Plugstreet.' We got into the trenches in the evening in small groups in company with the British regulars to give our men an idea of trench fighting, and of the way the trenches were built and how they should be held. We were obliged to stay there until the next night, for they could not, of course, move in the daylight. If you move in the daylight you are considered a suicide. After we had been in the trenches for about two weeks we were given our part of the line to hold. The general commanding told us that we were a surprise to every officer there, as they did not think we would be able to take our places in the line at such an early date. That was a compliment that we much appreciated.

After they had tried us out, came the battle of Neuve Chapelle, where we had the first real taste of heavy action. Captain Tupper, of the Highlanders, was one of those engaged; and it was there that we got into real heavy fighting. The Boer war was nothing compared with this war. I had been in South

Africa, but I found that I knew nothing about war at all. But this I must say, that men who went into war the first time proved themselves just as good as the men who had been through the Boer war.

The cannonading at the battle of Neuve Chapelle was so intense that you could not distinguish the report of one gun from another. It was what is called drum-fire, one boom following another so fast that you cannot distinguish between them. After the bombardment we were moved back again to divisional billets and rested. General Smith-Dorrien, a General that the Canadians were proud to serve under, was a magnificent General. I had the honor of serving with his forces in Africa. He told us: "I want to tell you that the British War Office and the Official Staff at the front have every confidence in your ability to hold the most difficult part of the British line." That part of the line was part of the famous Ypres salient. It is a semi-circular line, and a difficult position to hold for the reason that the enemy artillery can shoot in different directions, including behind you—indeed, in almost every direction. The salient was five or six miles long and extended from Ypres. Ypres contained the famous Cloth Hall, where the kings of Belgium were crowned, and the German historians must have had some idea of this, for it is said that the Kaiser anticipated being crowned King of Belgium there. But the British disappointed him. The British held the place, and then, in disappointment, it is said, he ordered the shelling of Cloth Hall, which is now in ruins. Some of the statuary was still standing when we got there, but since then it has all gone. That was his vengeance on the town because he could not take it. If the Germans had succeeded in breaking through they would have been able to get to Calais. If they could have done so they would soon settle with France, they thought; drive Russia back, increase their fleet and then make an attack on England. If England had not sent troops to the Continent they would have accomplished their purpose. When they made their first advance on Paris they came through Belgium and round Metz and Verdun. A British division attempted to cut their line of communications. If they had had a few more troops—if they had had the Canadians, for instance—they would have altered the whole state of things.

After we went into the trenches we took over from the French a position turned over to them by the British. The British had made a salient into the German line and handed over parts of it to the French. The Kaiser had done much to develop Canada. The Germans had done much for Canada—more even than the British. They had put money and capital into Canada. The Kaiser was more incensed against the Canadians than the British. He said, "Indeed we will give them h—l when they come here." He did.

We were only a few days—in fact the first day—in the trenches when we had many killed amongst the men from Vancouver, including Mr. Frank Bowser's son. We got a rough time. But I must tell you that in all my experience of war I never saw better men than the men who were with me there—even amongst the British troops. They took it so wholeheartedly; they made sport of it. Indeed you have to do that on the battlefield to keep your courage up. In the morning, early, when the men would be ordered to "stand to" you would hear them shouting across to the Germans, "Good morning, Fritz." Lots of the Germans speak English, and they would frequently reply. One of our men, I remember, used to shout, "I say, waiter, bring me a sausage." And the reply used to come, "Go to hell, you sons of guns." One morning I was walking along the trenches and a German shouted over—it was just after they had been sinking our boats—"Well, what do you think of your blooming ships now?" Quick as a flash one of our men retorted, "Well, what dy yer think of yer bleedin' nivy nah?"

Finally they started in. They said they were going to capture the Canadian division and show them first a little bit of real war, and that it was to be no picnic for them. They launched an attack with gas but they made no impression. The French line at that place was held by raw, new Turcos from the north coast of Africa and they were unable to stand the gas. The Germans drove them out and they retired towards Poperinghe.

I am glad to speak of the Sixteenth battalion. They fought most nobly. This battalion attempted to fill the break in the line. A battalion is supposed to hold only about five hundred yards of line; so when I mention that this battalion had to hold two thousand yards of line you will see how widely separated these men must have been. The Germans worked around our flank and in order to keep from being captured our men had to fight back to back—fighting both ways at the same time. They did this and held the line until supports came. That is what the Sixteenth battalion helped to do.

We were resting when the call came to us to support the French troops. We went in after they retired, and the Sixteenth battalion

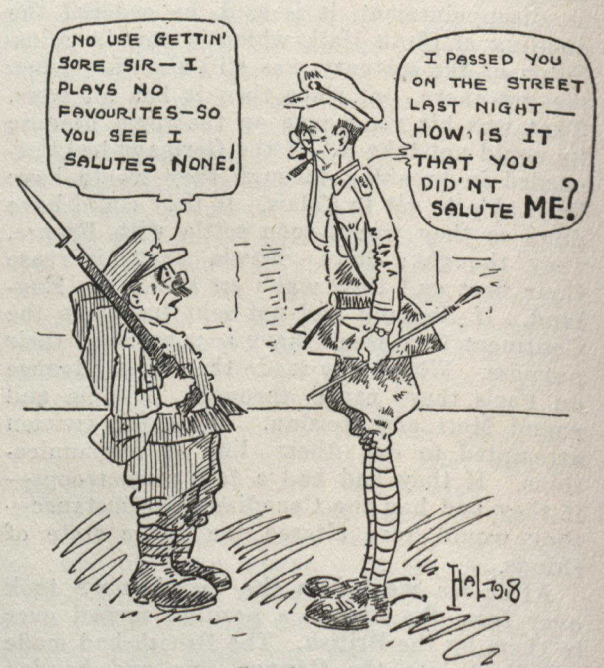
was then in front of us with the artillery somewhere in the rear. We met the Sixteenth when it was ordered to retire, and we retired with it for a short distance. I can only speak of what was going on on my immediate front as far as the battle is concerned. A man in action really sees little of what happens around him. We stayed there until we were ordered to retire. We then became the firing line, the front line of troops being driven out by the gas. We remained there with both flanks in the air—both our right and left—and we remained there until we retired by order because the line was driven in in many directions.

The Germans had, I was told officially, no less than twelve divisions against us. We were there with only one. They had their picked troops there. We know their divisions are stronger than ours; so that it is quite likely they had 200,000 troops against our twenty thousand. They did not capture us. We held the line intact. To offset what ground we did lose under the attacks of the gas the British troops in charge on the St. Julien woods retook much ground, so that as far as that was concerned we came out about even. We strengthened our line, which made it more comfortable to live in, and we did that in a sense without artillery. The artillery was behind us when the action began, and we fell back, so that they had to gallop off and take up a position further to the rear, but still in front of Ypres. Our troops for that time had no support from their artillery, but they held the ground practically unsupported. After they found us still holding the line they gave us support and then we continued to hold it. From reports of conversations with other officers of the battalion I found that my company was only an example of what others were doing. They stayed in those trenches; they never said a word; they carried out instructions; and trained troops could not have done better.

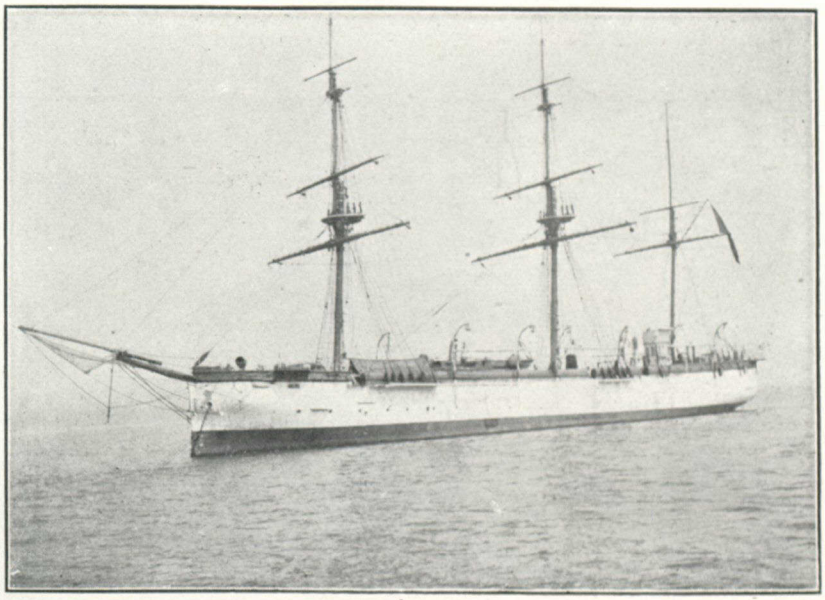
The fire of the enemy's artillery was something terrific. They brought their artillery so close that they could fire straight at us—they were scoring direct hits as military men describe it; and we could see the flashes of the guns. Aviators were over our heads dropping smoke bombs on the trenches, and by this means the artillery got the range accurately. You would see these smoke bombs and then you knew you were going to get a fusilade from the artillery. They bombarded us with gun after gun. We tried to count them. They were firing about 150 rounds a minute—firing in gusts. When they attacked us there came forward rows of men dressed in British uniforms. I was under the impression that they were British soldiers; but we discovered they were Germans, gave them a volley, and then we were sure of it by the way they ran.

Our casualties were approximately fifty per cent. of our fighting strength. When I tell you that the usual percentage is about five you will understand how hot that action was.

There is one thing I should like to make clear. The men who have been at the front fighting are not likely, when they return home, to fit in easily into ordinary employment. They become entirely disorganized. Their minds do not take readily to the change—except those, perhaps, who may be comfortably off. I am speaking from personal experience. After I came home from the South African war I found that to be the case. I am not a lazy man, but when I really tried to go to work I found it took a year or two to get back into my working gait again. I know, therefore, so well how this war will affect the men who are engaged in it. I shall ask you to be patient with these men when they return to you and seek work again. Until they get back again to their normal state of living you must be patient with them. You will remember my words some day, perhaps. British Columbia has a hard proposition, but it will be solved.



Consistent.



THE "EGERIA" TRAINING SHIP IN BURRARD INLET,
ULTIMATELY BROKEN UP.

COMMERCIAL ROOM, SHAUGHNESSY CONVALESCENT HOSPITAL

BRUGES

Painted by J. Burbidge. From a picture, the property of Mr. Louis Wiethoff.

Miss Ada L. Ward, of the Lena Ashwell concert party, which has been entertaining soldiers at the front, was entertained at a Vancouver Canadian Club luncheon in May, 1917.

Miss Ward said: This is the first opportunity I have had of meeting a men's Canadian Club in my journey across the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific. You have had many speakers from the front. I know that you have had doctors and soldiers and nurses probably, and war correspondents, and they have all given you different aspects of the war. I come to you in a new light as an entertainer. I found myself in France with all a woman's heartbreak and anguish for what was happening there, but I determined that whatever happened the boys would have a good time if I and others could give it to them.

In the early part of the war Lady Rodney, well known English lady, lost her boy, a bright lad of wonderful promise. In order to perpetuate his memory she not only erected a hut where the men could meet and secure social comforts, but she also decided to give them what her boy had so greatly appreciated—music and healthy entertainment. She wished to send out parties to France to cheer up the men. It was not an easy task. She collaborated with Miss Lena Ashwell, the brilliant English actress, who, as some of you know, was educated in Toronto. She is a splendid woman. Through her Lady Rodney got into touch with the professional workers, and enlisted on her side also Princess Victoria. This triumvirate, or perhaps I should say triumfeminate, had a great many difficulties to surmount, with the War Office especially, but as I daresay those of you who are married know that when a woman wills she will, and so these ladies melted down all the red tape, if I may use a mixed metaphor like that, and finally won the hearts of the authorities.

Now those entertainments are given under the aegis of the authorities at the front, and I often receive requests such as "May she come back to us again" I do not sing or play—I sketch. I may say that I lisped in sketches, for the sketches came. And drawing is really the only subject in which I have consistently failed to pass my examinations. Since I was well known in England as a cartoonist, my name was brought before Miss Ashwell. It happened that someone said that they wanted Ada Ward if they could get hold of her. That was a great pride and joy to me. It happened one day when I was in my office in London the telephone bell rang and a voice said: "Do you think you could be ready to go to France on Saturday? We are sending a concert party there. We have a quartette, two ladies and two gentlemen singers, a violinist and a pianist, but we want a comic (laughter). We are short a variety turn. We have had a conjurer and ventriloquist in the past but we want a change."

That was Miss Lena Ashwell. I went to see her, and then discovered that I had to entertain before Princess Victoria, who, I was told, was very particular as to what should be sent. They only engaged the very best it appeared.

I can assure you that it is something of an ordeal to face a real live princess, and I felt not a little awkward. However, I drove up to the West End in a taxicab with my blackboard and chalk, faced the ordeal, and was told to join the party on Saturday. Finally I landed in that fair, sunny land of France, warworn and shell-shattered. We found that no delays were looked for and that we had to be-

gin at once. We had to give our first concert immediately, and this was something I did not quite expect. It was my first experience of the kind and I shall never forget it. The hall was large—indeed it was a tent open at the sides. The audience was already assembled, some of them on stretchers, some wheeled in bath chairs, some limping, some hopping, every one of them broken and mutiliated in this great cause for you and for me. When I saw all those helpless men my heart misgave me. How could I make them laugh? These poor broken lads.

I am going to tell you something I never told in public before—an admission of a woman's weakness. I went behind that tent and had a good howl. A first experience is always trying—like addressing a Canadian Club for the first time. Those wounded boys, I shall never forget them. There was a lump in my throat and a mist before my eyes; yet, as I watched them, I realized their wonderful courage and endurance. One of the boys I noticed was bandaged just like a mummy, in fact more so than like a human being. Only one eye was visible, but it was a very bright eye. His left arm was in a sling and the right was not there at all. His lower limbs were bandaged; yet in that condition he managed to give me a wink with his good eye. As the concert went on he called to a friend to wipe that eye because the tears were coming from it; but they were tears of laughter that were rolling down his cheeks. Then there were boys on the other side of the room who had decided to sit together because each of them had lost an arm and they wished to clap their remaining hands together in order to give applause at the proper moments. Think, gentlemen, of the magnificence of those wonderful heroes. There was another who had a thumb and finger missing from one hand, and he told me with glee that he was left handed, and seemed to think it was a great joke that the Germans had spared his left hand and taken from him something that he did not miss at all. God knows they have given their best to us, and it is a privilege to be able to do anything that might make them forget for a little time the agony they have gone through.

There was much work waiting to be done after we left there, and as soon as tea was over motors were waiting to take us to the military camp where our evening concerts were to be given. At the hut or tent where the concert was to be given we found it packed with soldiers, men jammed together from the platform to the back of the room. There they were, perspiring, suffocating almost, a choking mass of them, all of them smoking. Think of that atmosphere. It got thicker and thicker, bluer and bluer, till at the end of the concert we could not see across the room. It was like pea-soup. We heard the cheers from them even before we arrived. It was these cheers that told me of one danger that threatens our boys who are in France. They are well looked after, well fed and well equipped, and when they are in the trenches they are well sheltered most of the time. But they have to face one danger, and that is the danger of monotony. It is monotony that drives a man to drink or to gambling, or drives him to something worse. And those cheers told me that the men realized that here was a change from the monotony, from military discipline. Here were men from home, civilians, some girls, some nice girls even. So we began, and they settled down for the evening's entertainment. What a chance for one! If you are chosen to go to France you can look on yourself as hall marked because you will speedily find that Tommy understands music, that he can both play and sing himself; that many of them have gone from the stage. You will find he is a fine critic. We were, therefore, on our mettle, and gave the best we could.

I wish you could have seen these men. They hung on every word, and when it was over then came the encores, not one or two of them, but five or six, and I have known some of our artists to have given no less than fifteen encores. So that if you are going to France you will know that you must have an extensive repertoire. For one reason Tommy chooses his own songs and his own encores. You will hear such a dialogue as this: "Sy, Miss, give us Annie Laurie, will yer?" And before the artist could comply another voice would say scornfully—"Annie Laurie, not much. Give us Philadelphia, Miss; don't mind 'im." And then "That ain't a lady's song, you blighter!"

When they saw my blackboard they did not like it. Nobody told them I had it with me, and on the way over everybody strafed it. In the Old Country it was not so bad, but I had to take it with me to France, for blackboards do not grow behind trenches. They strafed it at Waterloo, however, where the porter said to me: "Ahahacakbaba." The strafing continued in France where my fellow artists would say, "Make way for the Dreadnought." I did not mind that, but I was a little concerned when Tommy took a dislike to it. He had had much to do with blackboards before and he did not associate them with entertainments. In fact I believe he thought he was going to learn something. In order to cheer

him up I began my part of the entertainment with pictures, drawing like the children do, men with rake hands and triangle bodies. As soon as they saw this it prepared the way for the more elaborate sketches I had prepared. When I had finished came the National Anthem, sung as only Tommy can sing it. Wonderful! Then the room was cleared and another crowd of eager, excited, perspiring and suffocating Tommies poured in, smoking everyone of them. Those who came in the first time had pink tickets; those who came in the second time had yellow. This was to prevent any of the boys hearing the performance twice over. But plenty of them did. We went on with our concert again and that was our work every day—three times a day, all the time we were in France—hospital in the morning, convalescent camp in the afternoon, and the huts

in the evening. We had audiences at the wharves, at the docks, on the railways, in convents, monasteries, in greenhouses, in outhouses—everywhere we went we took our music and fun. It was not easy work, I can tell you, and by the end of the time we found it so exacting and exciting that we were tired out. Our voices were gone; we were nearly kippered. So that now when anyone says graciously to us: "Do you object to smoking?" I always say to myself: "You do not really know what a dried old kipper you are talking to. Why smoking is almost the breath of life to me."

We loved it—every minute of it—and there is not one amongst us but who would return again. The greatest of my delights was when the boys at the front wrote and asked for Ada Ward to come to them again and give them her ten-minute talk. Imagine limiting a woman to a ten-minute talk and in that time to give a one-man show. I went out again for four months to France, and without a single break —Sundays and week days I entertained them. I have seen those boys looking with all their eyes—just like children, and listening to the grand old Book and I have thanked God for my gift of humor and for the opportunity that was given me to minister to the most appreciative audience in the whole wide world.

That was our work, but, of course, it was varied by pathetic and comical incidents, for instance we were giving a concert one evening when I saw a funny object on one side of the tent. I looked at it and could not think what it was. I realized that it was a human ear. The owner could not get into the tent so he had taken a knife, cut a slit in the canvas, and stuck his ear through it in order that he might hear what was taking place. That ear I could see was listening most eloquently.

Some of our work was done in the great Casinos of France. I have been in these places in peace time and I must say I have felt an atmosphere of evil about them. I have realized its concentrated essence when I have been there and seen foreigners win and lose at the green tables—those keen, hard, grey faces of persons trying to make money without working for it. They are all gone now, and those marble and gilt columns in those lovely gardens by the sunny sea are havens of rest and peace for those who have fought in the war and who have suffered agony for their country. There they hear Annie Laurie sung by the greatest of our English sopranos and accompanied by cello obligato. It seemed then as if the whole of the evil had vanished away.

The boys are getting on splendidly with the French people—not talking French, of course, because naturally they insist on the French people talking English or a most curious cosmopolite language—a kind of Anglo-French lingo very amusing to listen to. They both can make themselves understood. The Tommies make for themselves lovely little gardens wherever they are and there is hardly a camp in France where they have not a garden well worth looking at. At one place I remember the prospect appeared hopeless for the camp was not built on green grass but on cinders; yet even there the soldiers had painted them red, blue and yellow to look like flowers and arranged them to look like a garden.

During my second visit I was able to go into places where a concert party could not possibly be taken. One day a request came by

telephone asking for Ada Ward to come and cheer up some patients in a place where artists rarely went. This was in a small hospital where all the cases were what is known as "jaw cases." There was not a boy there but had the lower part of his face blown away—not a boy there who was not terribly mutilated. Those who asked me to go there said: "You will be prepared for it; you will do your best." But although I did try to prepare I could have screamed when I got there and saw what had happened those dear boys. But they were doing wonders for them with that new plastic surgery, and many of them were getting well and strong again. Oh! the laughter in their eyes—it gave me an idea of how they could endure. It was a wonderful thing to me. Another time I was lecturing and the boys were so eager to see my sketches that some of them got up into the rafters and crushed and squashed until at last the rafters came down altogether, and for the first and last time in my experience I could truthfully say that I had brought the house down. I was a little disconcerted at this, but someone in the heap of skuffling, scrambling boys said, "It's all right; go on Miss; no casualties."

That is their great word, "Go on; go on." You must go on. I remember one difficulty we had. It was at a crowded concert where the boys were uproarious and were singing "Ipswitch" at the top of their voices. I saw a big sergeant elbow his way into the room. Now, the boys are so keen on these concerts that they do not miss a single word that is sung or said, so that when anyone interrupts they put him on the floor and sit on him. When I saw this big sergeant pushing his way up the room unchallenged I saw that something was the matter. As soon as he reached the officer who was doing duty as chairman he spoke a few words to him amid a silence that could be felt and the next moment that merry drama was turned into one of the most terrible I. have ever known. As the sergeant came up the boys bent over just like the wind bends over a field of corn. Some of them had to fall in at once and leave for duty. We heard the words on the platform. After consulting with the colonel the sergeant said: "Coldstream and Scots Greys, Sir." The colonel sat up and asked, "Any men of the Scots Greys or the Coldstreams here?" And without a moment's hesitation from every part of the room splendid fellows got up and went out. They were wanted immediately in the trenches. Think of it! Think of the contrasts—the men who, a moment before, were enjoying themselves with merriment, mirth, music and brightness, and then to go out into the dark to meet death in a hundred terrible forms. There was no hesitation. How could we go on with our evening's enjoyment after that?

I suggested to the pianist to play the National Anthem, but some of the men caught my words—"National Anthem," they said, "Half way through the concert. No fear. If a few chaps do go out it leaves all the more room for those that are left. It's orl right. Go on; go on." And there is the cry again: "Go on; go on!"

It is the cry I give to you. We cannot stop in our task because a few slip out into the dark. The king is dead but long live the king. The courage and example of our boys nerve us to do things that at the beginning of the war we could never have done.

One day we left the camp altogether, left the towns and went right away from civilization to entertain the men who do duty behind the trenches. It was at a horse hospital. We are all apt to forget that the men employed in this kind of work have a terribly monotonous work—such work as at times must almost drive them to despair. In one camp, for instance, every day they make 250,000 loaves of bread. In another they manufacture or remake 33,000 pairs of boots—for there is no waste and old boots are used up to make new ones. Indeed it is sometimes said they would make a boot out of a lace hole. Think of the appalling monotony of that kind of work. So we went up there and took our songs and material for the boys to amuse them. It is something marvellous at these hospitals to see how carefully and well the animals which have been wounded in the war are treated and made well again. Some of them suffer from shrapnel wounds, and at this hospital we went to there were 500 of them being tenderly cared for. The men there managed them splendidly, and some of them could even take care of a mule. And if you can manage an army mule you can manage anything created. This performance we had to give outside on the grass, and all around were the men and the stables. I can see it now, I can smell it. I never get a whiff of the stables now but I think of that wonderful audience. When it came to my turn it began to rain, and I can assure you that talking in the open in rainstorm is not easy. My chalk would hardly make a mark on the blackboard. The worst of it was that the men thought I was frightened of the weather, and they said, "Go on, it's all right, miss. It's only rain. We do not stop in war time for a drop of rain. Say, Miss, you're awful sweet." "You ain't made of sugar," and so on. They

realized what was the matter, however, and held up a horse blanket over the blackboard, and under this my talk went on. Just then a tiresome press photographer took a snapshot of me in a Mackintosh under the horse-blanket. I never knew about it until I got back to the Old Country and saw my picture in the paper. But Tommy got his wish; he always does; that is why he is going to win the war (applause). After the concert the officer commanding so much appreciated what we had done for his men that by way of giving us

MUST HAVE SOMETHING TO LOVE

a treat and showing his appreciation he told us that they were going to have an operation on a horse—to remove its eye—and we could come along. We did not quite relish the idea but did not like to say so, so we went with him to the operating theatre. There we saw an animal with its eye badly shattered and the surgeon proceeded to take it out. All the instruments were sterilized and chloroform was given to the horse in a bag over the animal's nose. Hearing it coughing we ladies took advantage of the general interest and sneaked away. They never missed us; they were so keen on their work. The gentlemen members of our party, however, told us that the operation was successful; that the horse would be ready for work in three weeks. In the old days that poor thing would have died in agony on the battlefield. So when next you hear an appeal for the Blue Cross fund think of it as being worthy of your sympathy.

From there we motored twenty-five miles nearer to the trenches, as near as tiresome civilians are ever allowed to go. The men of a concert party go nearer sometimes—very near occasionally, but they do not like to be bothered with ladies. Here we entertained another section of the same army corps—men who have horses to deal with from morning to night—loading and unloading fodder for the animals. They are a rough lot many of them—dock laborers taken from the wharves and docks of the English ports, put into khaki, and that is all they see or know about war. One of these men told me that he had slept with a revolver under his pillow for a long time because he had heard that a clergyman was coming out to do them good (laughter.) He came, however, and after a time they realized when he did his day's work with them that he was a man before he was a parson or a social worker, and then they welcomed him as a man and a brother. One of the wives in the East end of London said she hoped this war would never end. (Laughter.) You need not tell me that rough men of this kind do not appreciate good music. They do. It was amusing to hear our tenor singing some of the best airs from Grand Opera and see those men listening to the wonderful Russian music that we gave them. One big, rough fellow, with signs of hard living and drinking creasing his face —it was like a mountain sunset in color to see that face listen to us and to see him tenderly nursing the dirtiest, sickest, smallest, blackest little kitten I have ever seen was something wonderful. He explained that it had lost its mother and wandered in amongst the soldiers.

I said to him: "Whatever are you doing with that wretched little kitten?" And he replied sheepishly: "Well, Miss, a bloke must have something. The kids ain't here; the wife's at home; there ain't no one; and we can't love one another." So you see he was expending his love on that miserable three inches of kitten. I said: "But it is so dirty." And he replied: "Well, so would you be dirty if you had lost your mother." And he took a khaki pocket handkerchief out of his pocket—and proceeded to work. "We'll clean it

for you," he said.

I tell you, it was wonderful. One of the others, also a rough chap, I must tell you about. He came shuffling up to me and said: "Can I speak to you a minute, Miss?" I said "Yes." He still shuffled. Then he said at last: "Would you mind coming over here a minute, Miss?" I began to see. Many a boy has before this taken me over to the edge of the platform and showed me with great secrecy and importance something which he ended up by stating, "You see, that is my girl." So I thought it was going to happen again; this man was so mysterious about it. So he drew me away from the others and then stood on one foot and afterwards on the other until I do not know which of us looked the silliest. Then he said in a sort of hoarse whisper: "Are you keepin' company wi' onyone, Miss?"

There's gratitude for you. So greatly had he enjoyed what I had done for him and the others that he thereupon offered his hand and heart to a poor unworthy travelling concert artiste. Oh, it was beautiful (laughter). No civilian dare do it (renewed laughter). We had our supper in a dark tent illuminated with stable lanterns, and as for a tablecloth I never saw one. But these rough men had made the table sweet and bright with sweet peas. They had, of course, not the slightest idea how to arrange them—they were placed on the table just like the Book of Euclid—the First Book, but they felt at the back of their heads that artists should have bouquets, and their idea of a bouquet was how many flowers they could get into it. There were thousands and thousands of them, rammed and jammed and squashed and packed together, and not only that, but they were wrapped up in a big white satin ribbon.

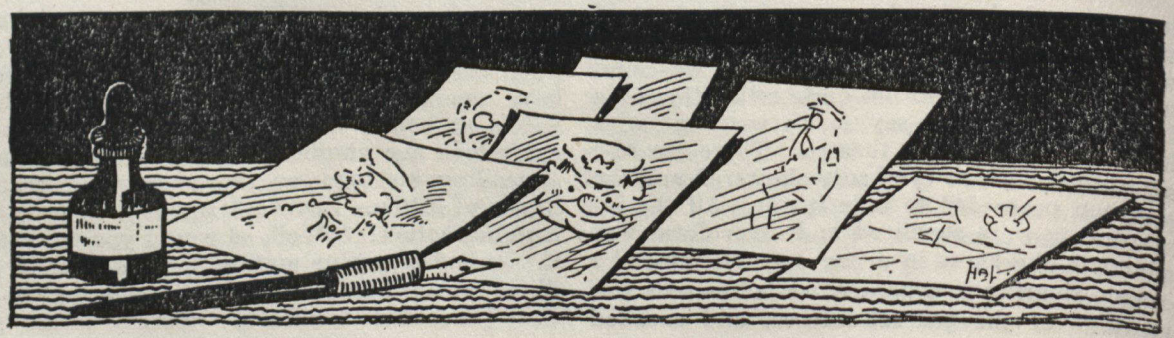
When supper was over we found them at the door of our car singing the regimental song which was "Here we go gathering oats and hay." A particularly rough-looking man said to the others: "Let's take the horses out and shove them." Now there were no horses, so they persuaded the driver of the motor car not to start the engine and they pushed us for a quarter of a mile.

Someone has sometimes said to me: "Why are you going to France to entertain the soldiers?" And I have told them that if we can make Tommy forget the war even for a little while we shall be doing a good thing. I have felt that if we could do nothing else but just cheer up some little section of our army we should have done something worth while. Do you not think so?

Possibly you may not have heard of this concert work before; but I can assure you the men appreciate it quite as keenly as the parcels you send so graciously. The greatest tribute paid to our work is to be seen in the packed building, packed from floor to ceiling.

So you see there again is the note, "Go on; go on." In their determination that elementary right and justice shall prevail they will go on until they win this mighty conflict. When I went back to England and took up my work of lecturing in government prisons, the chaplain of one of them met me and said: "We have a very small audience," and I replied, "I have never been so glad in my life that there is a small audience." And then the chaplain told me they were closing the prison and turning it into a military hospital. Who would not be an optimist under those conditions? Gentlemen, I say to you, "Go on; Canada must say to the rest of the Empire: "Tell them we are doing our bit and that we will go on." Anybody can do their bit for a month; but it takes big hearts as well as big men to go on through the weary months and years. But those conscious of a righteous cause can do it. I tell you our cause is righteous. It is only a scrap of paper, but it is also a nation's pledged word, and it is up to you and to me to see that that scrap of paper is honored to the very last interpretation of it.

I conclude with the sincerest hope that I can express that our souls and mine may be as fit to mingle with theirs as they are fit to mingle with the sons of God."



Before Vimy--An Interesting Snapshot

Lieut C. P. Bland. Lieut G. S. McCreery Lieut. W. B. McConnell Lieut. F. Monkman

This snap was taken shortly before Vimy in a small French village by an ex-French soldier, who was rendered deaf and dumb by the effects of shell shock.

Lieut. P. C. Band, an original member of the 2nd Battalion, was wounded in the Vimy show.

Lieut. G. S. McCreery, of the 16th Battalion, was wounded at Hill 70, but is now again with that famous unit.

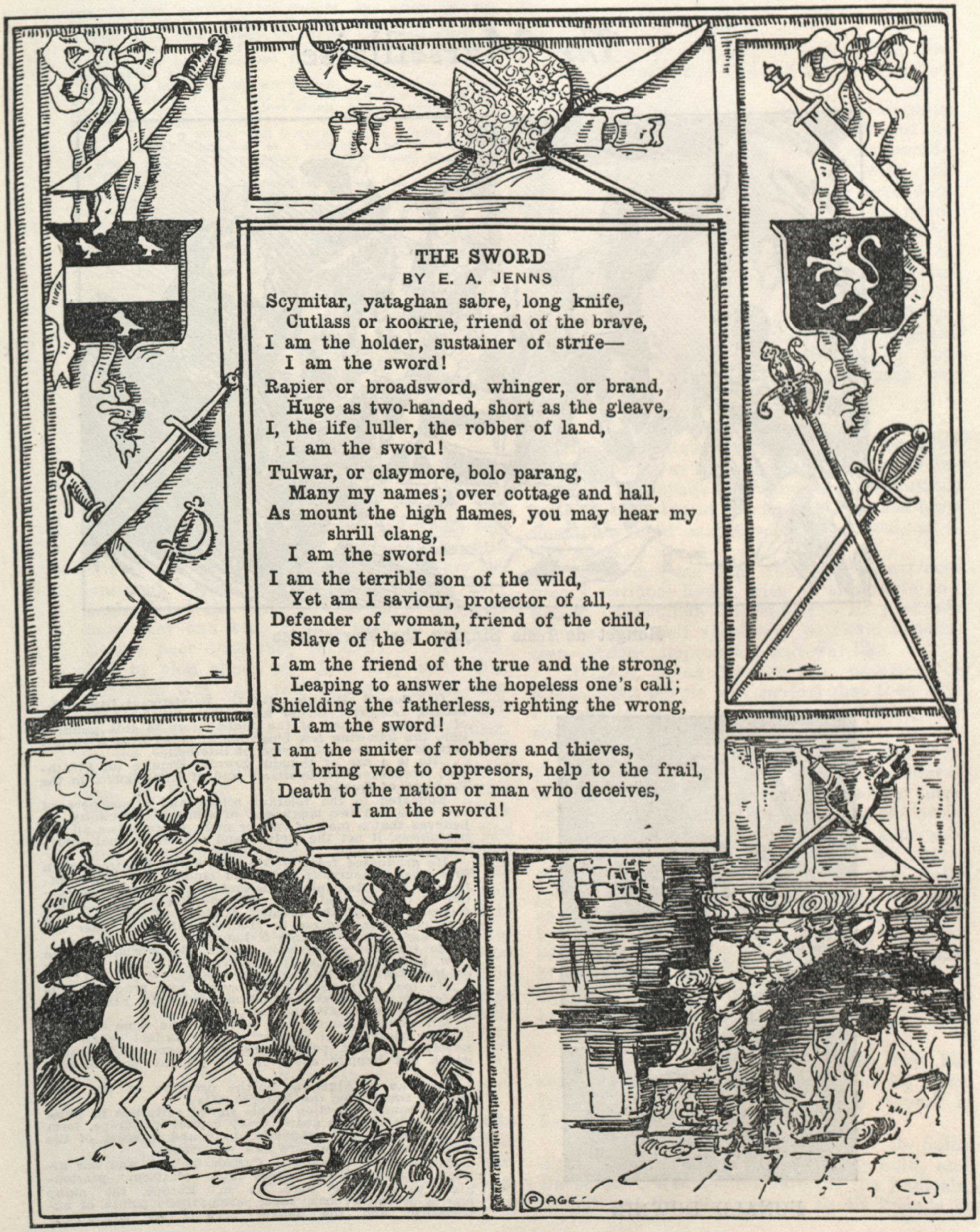
Lieut. W. B. McConnell was wounded for the second time at Fresnoy, 1917, so severely that it was necessary to amputate his wounded leg to save his life.

Lieut. W. B. McConnell was a 16th Battalion Canadian Scot. He considers himself very lucky in being here with us today. During the fighting around Fresnoy the trench he was in was blown in by a big shell, killing three and wounding several members of the 16th Battalion. Lieut. W. B. McConnell does not remember what happened to him, but it appears that when the trench was blown in he was completely buried excepting the tips of his fingers on one of his hands. A stretcher bearer coming along a little later thinking all in that part of the trench had been killed, saw these fingers twitching and immediately dug McConnell out just in time to save him, for he must have been buried three or four minutes at the least.

Lieut. McConnell came to at the dressing station, and, when his wounds were counted up, they totalled 17.

Lieut. Monkman, 13th Battalion, was wounded and won the M.C. at Vimy.

Remember Ypres!



THE SWORD

BY E. A. JENNS

Scymitar, yataghan sabre, long knife,
Cutlass or kookrie, friend of the brave,
I am the holder, sustainer of strife—
I am the sword!

Rapier or broadsword, whinger, or brand,
Huge as two-handed, short as the gleave,
I, the life luller, the robber of land,
I am the sword!

Tulwar, or claymore, bolo parang,
Many my names; over cottage and hall,
As mount the high flames, you may hear my
shrill clang,
I am the sword!

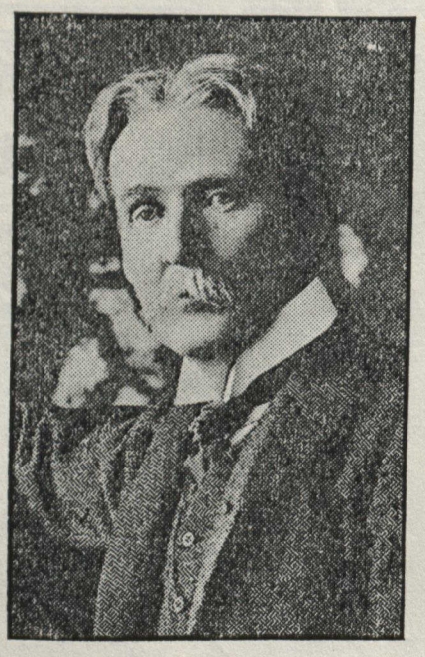
I am the terrible son of the wild,
Yet am I saviour, protector of all,
Defender of woman, friend of the child,
Slave of the Lord!

I am the friend of the true and the strong,
Leaping to answer the hopeless one's call;
Shielding the fatherless, righting the wrong,
I am the sword!

I am the smiter of robbers and thieves,
I bring woe to oppresors, help to the frail,
Death to the nation or man who deceives,
I am the sword!

The Marseillaise

Rouget de Lisle Singing the Marseillaise



DONALD DOWNIE

Of Donald Downie, B.C.L., Barrister-at-Law, Advocate, Lecturer, Writer and political pamphleteer, one of the best known of the contributors to this publication, the following few biographical notes have been unearthed and are not devoid of interest:—

He is a son of Donald Downie, Esquire (of Strathdon, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, and of Huntingdon, in the Province of Quebec).

Educated in the tolerant school and atmosphere of two races and two languages, in a mixed community, he believes that a man of two or more tongues has all the usefulness, if not the virtues and the intellectual enjoyment of two men.

He graduated from McGill University, Montreal, with first-class honours, in 1881, and studied law in the offices of Hon. Rudolphe Laflamme, K.C., Minister of Justice of Canada, and under Edmund Barnard, K.C., (the father-in-law of the present Minister of Justice); and practiced with success in Montreal till 1888 under the style and firm of Downie & Lanctot.

He travelled extensively in the Old World, and the New, and was frequently engaged as a Public Lecturer on historical and international topics.

He took a post-graduate course and practiced his profession as Avocat-International in Paris, France, between the years 1890 and 1910.

Mr. Downie founded and edited at the same time the "Paris International Courier" as the ardent organ and advocate of that political rapprochement with France which has happily ended in the present Entente-Cordiale.

He was at Algeciras on the occasion of the Convention there over the Morocco affair.

The bound collection of his signed editorials in those years, written from nearly every capital in Europe, form an interesting and prophetic study and forecast of the stupendous events we are now witnessing.

Mr. Downie returned to Canada in 1910, and has always continued, in Press and platform, passionately to advocate here, as in Europe, the many merits of the French race; even their points of superiority; and the danger here if we Anglo-Sax-

ons do not cultivate, in Canada, the spirit of the Entente-Cordiale. Some of his addresses on the subject have been widely translated and distributed in the Eastern Provinces in pamphlet form in two languages, and have received from the highest quarters the greatest praise.

He was admitted, on his return, to the Alberta Bar, and afterwards to the Bar of B.C., and has had his offices ever since in the Birks Block, and his residence in Hampton Court.

But, once a writer and lecturer, polite public controversy remains a passion, or a pastime; and so questions of great public interest never find his voice silent nor his pen indifferent.

In politics he is an ardent Liberal of the Old Reform school, untouched by any Unionist doctrine or weakness, for political partnership with the persons and principles he has always denounced.

Professor Alfred Buckley having remarked, on one occasion, that he had seldom heard an address with such ardent controversial zeal for a people and a subject where the speaker's interest was purely impersonal. Mr. Downie answered that his interest and his motto was, "Human interest," and put it in the words of one of his favorite French authors: "Je suis du genre humain, et tout ce que touche a l'humanite me touche."

Mrs. Donald Downie is the daughter of the late E. E. Gilbert, Esq.,, of Montreal, a widely known civil engineer, manufacturer and Government contractor.]

LA MARSEILLAISE

By Donald Downie, B.C.L. Avocat (late of Paris, France).

The Day of Glory

The 14th of July is the day of France. The day of the Bastille. That day 129 years ago began her Revolution—and regeneration. And that of old feudal Europe. For 25 years the continent opposed it; and aristocratic Tory England led the van. And tried to suppress democracy and keep France back to the middle-age pace that they themselves were content to plod along in. And they lost. For Napoleon was only the message boy of that Revolution. And La Marseillaise was his miltary march, carrying law and liberty, at first, on his victorious eagles into every benighted land of serfs. But losing his way a little at last, as we all do at times (even in this free land), whenever we permit the military to dominate the civil. And German Europe and Latin Europe were at war then, and have been at war, openly or otherwise, all these 129 years. Because the races of freemen that follow France, and rally around her have nothing in common with that race of tyrants and of valets in the realms beyond the Rhine. And so we sing today with Rouget de Lisle, and may sing again as our troops tramp through the Unter den Linden before another Bastille day:

"Allons enfants de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé."

Its Troubled History

And that reminds me that I did not take up the pen here to speak of our Germanophile British blunders. That would lead too far. But only of that incomparable National song, "the Marseillaise," which came out of the Revolution, while it was yet young, and pure, and on the right road.

Like France herself, that inspiring National air and those elevating words have had a troubled history.

It was composed by the young Captain Rouget, on 24 hours' notice, to the orders of the O.C. for a great banquet and street parade for volunteers. And it brought twice the quota expected. The official words have been slightly revised by a commission of the academy in 1886. The musical motif, I am told by musicians, bears a close relation to an aria in the opera of "Esther." The classic tableau, we all know, shows the composer singing it in the prison of St. Germain, where his political opinions landed him for a time. Forty years elapsed before he obtained his pension and recognition. Republics are proverbially ungrateful.

Irresistible Music

The Marseillaise has not always been so much in vogue as it is today. It has been relegated to the shade now and then, according to the disposition of the moment. It has been sometimes used and sometimes abused, as I may show.

But no one can deny that it is an extraordinary national hymn, with an admirable and almost irresistible movement. It proceeds from a true and absolutely patriotic inspiration—ardent, improvised and war-like.

Without being passionately addicted to music, most people will confess that they cannot remain insensible to the redoubled quickstep of that stirring march.

And I know that if I had heard it as they did, for the first time, with its accompaniment of the garrison orchestra at Strasbourg, those volunteer soldiers of the regiment of the army of the Rhine, I should have been no more able than they were to resist the seductive charm of that martial music. And even lovers of liberty of our day, more accustomed to her face, as they were not, might also have been drawn by such words and such accents, to prodigies of valor. And when led by a gallant young Marceau and by a brave Kleber, they have driven the same Prussian and Austrian hordes back across the same frontier.

Its History

And lest some reader should ask how the song first heard in Strassbourg takes its name from the city of Marseilles, let us recount it here.

That fiery young "Conventional," de Saint Just, when Royalists were getting bold, and Paris itself, was not too safe for the Radicals, despatched this hot message to his friends in

the city of the South: "Send me ten thousand Marseillais who know how to die." And they came; that long march; these fiery sons of the Meridian, to the tune of the new found hymn to Liberty; and singing it through the streets of Paris for the first time, and saving the revolution, the grateful capital baptized it in their honor, and called it "La Marseillaise."

Rouget de Lisle

When Rouget de Lisle wrote and composed "La Marseillaise" he had the good fortune which falls only now and then to a writer or composer of genius. It was to give a very beautiful and forceful and artistic expression —and an expression that is peculiarly French in its character—to the patriotism of his time. Nay, more, to the patriotism of all time.

For there is something more than music in that cadence, in those tones; those rallying cries. There is a vibration so soul-stirring and so powerful, that it could not emanate from one single soul. It is the vibration of a nation, of a people, of a race, invaded and threatened in all its new found liberties, and in its very existence.

Conflicting Emotions Aroused

How comes it, then, that this Marseillaise—to the sound of which free Frenchmen (far outnumbered), cleared their soil of invading kings and pursued them beyond the Alps and the Rhine?—how comes it that it has aroused conflicting emotions and obtained only a divided allegiance in France for some generations? How comes it, you may well ask—i.e., if you have not lived long in France and bathed in her atmosphere, and drunk deep in her history—that unlike other national hymns, it has aroused concurrently such great enthusiasm and great repugnance? I shall tell you. There have been conflicting schools of thought, and of politics and of religion in France, that, for three generations, have been cohesive only in their love of country, and that have been variously moved by this same music to ardor or to resentment; to heroism or to tears; to good deeds or bad ones; to violence, or to a humanity, fraternity and a generosity in which men's heads touch the stars.

It has exasperated a paroxysm of patriotism in the one school, and in the other it has broken the heart and drawn the tears. Under more than one regime the Marseillaise has been interdicted. It has been led to prison. It has lived in exile. It did not figure always at feasts as it does now. It was so relegated to the garrets and the slums and the students' quarters and the barricades, that it lost its prestige.

The Class Explanation

If we would explain that party political repugnance which has tried for a hundred years to destroy the Marseillaise, we must remember that in the very ranks of the enemies of France, on her frontiers, amongst those against whom these powerful lines were hurled, there were fighting also against her many of the Royalists and the Churchmen, and the noblemen of the old regime, trying to strangle the first republic. Nor were they all bad men; but only mistaken. They believed in their class; in the altar, and the throne. As did our own ancestors. How, then, could they sing the words of the revolutionary Marseillaise?

British and Spanish, Italians and Belgians, chant it freely, and enjoy it. But they would not exchange it for their own. Their own hymn—they are, each of them, a unit to preserve, in all the majesty and the purity of its origin, while Frenchmen have allowed the grandest and the strongest of all patriotic hymns—in poetry and in music—to be made the sport of parties, and to be dragged everywhere in the mire. Why?

Other War Hymns—National

Welsh and Scotch and English and Flemish, with their "Men of Harlech," their "Scots Wha Ha'e," their "God Save the King," and their "Brabanconne," have never altered the significance of these songs by turning against the country or her rulers that divine and poetic inspiration intended to save the Motherland in her moments of peril and to glorify her in days of triumph. But in France there has never been any aggressive enterprise against a government or a regime—any street mob rising against the law, nor disorderly protest of commune or of barricade, that has not been led by the singing of the Marseillaise. It was first intended and directed against enemies beyond the frontier. But rioters and socialists and revolutionists, ever since, have persistently and designedly confused the "perfidious tyrants" of 1792, whom it so vigorously denounced, with every chief of state they would destroy, and every government they would overturn. It was always enough to justify that confusion, if these latter stood for liberty of the conservative sort, and for the established order of things.

Thus it happens that, under the Republic, if insurgents would rise, it is "La Marseillaise." If the people would feast and rejoice, it is "La Marseillaise." If they would carry an election against the government, it is "La Marseillaise."

It is not always easily recognizable, the way they hurl it on some of those occasions. Gamins take hold of it. Drunkards affect it in their cups. Poor, sacred Marseillaise! which led the fathers to victory, leads the sons to the cabaret. And thence, with that chant sublime on their lips, they will even land in the gutter. And sometime, it is thence that we have heard rising that fine call to arms:

"Aux armes citoyens!
Formez vos battailions!"

* * *

Questions of Temperament

Does any English mob, when about to go down into the streets, and to make a declaration of rights or create disorder, or break the grill round Hyde Park, or demonstrate in Trafalgar Square, or abuse the government (which it has the traditional right to do), ever begin by singing "God Save the King?" No. And yet sometimes they might have truly said that "it would be a great economy in God to save the like." But they never mix their national hymn with their protests and their revolts. We have seen Belgians breaking convent windows to emphasize their desire for a change of a clerical cabinet. But, on such occasions they never sing the "Brabanconne." It is without precedent. That is reserved for public rejoicings, or for honor to the royal family.

A National Song

A national song is really something to be listened to standing up, and with the hat off. To preserve its sanctity and effect it must not be executed at every time and place and on the demand of every roystering crowd.

When, therefore, the third republic, after 1871, decreed that this should be the National and official air, it might have been decreed for the conciliation of parties, that people should not be saturated with it at every concert on every occasion. But it was not done. And it required the present danger, coming from the same frontier source that first called it forth, to unite all France and to restore respectability to the Marseillaise.

Union and Victory

But it is done. The song is accepted. And all France is united to sing it. And fights for her life with her back to her frontier ramparts and her face to the foe on the Rhine. So Republican France and the most beautiful of National hymns are henceforth one and inseparable. When one of them is threatened with danger the other is not far from peril.

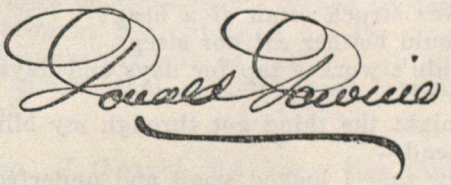
And as that France is today without doubt the most free and democratic of all countries, that people of free men, shall see to the survival and the permanence of the letter and the spirit of "La Marseillaise."

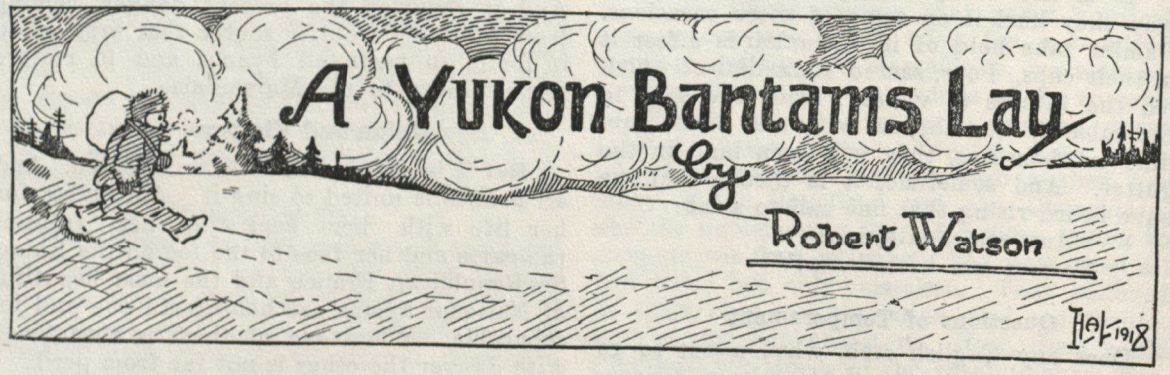
And when victory comes, as come it shall, and their deliverance comes, as come it must, then along their boulevards and in the open air dances, around the winged figure of Victory at the Bastille and on the Place de la Republique, the words of Rouget de Lisle shall be heard once more:

"Allons enfants de la Patrie."

And in London and in Rome and in Brussels and in Washington and in Moscow, and even in Vancouver, the echo of that music shall resound again, while humanity answers with one acclaim:

"Le jour de gloire est arrive."





At last, inside a uniform I'm snug;
Yep, me! for all my size, and shape, and mug.
I'm a-swanking it's a treat;
Gosh! I can't keep off the street!
I look as dolled as any lady-bug!

I've striven eighteen months to get this far;
They've dealt me many a nasty jolt and jar.
But, I'm proud at last to know
I'm to face old Britain's foe.
I feel as if I owned the blasted war!

I know I ain't a Sandow or a giant,
I'm five feet one, and thin—but still I'm pliant
Although my chest is narrow;
My backbone's full of marrow;
Of any kind of weather I'm defiant.

When first I heard that Europe was ablaze,
'Way in the Yukon burg of Malamaze,
I was struck clean of a heap;
I could neither eat nor sleep.
I couldn't work a tap for days and days!

One night the thing got through my blinking head—
I knew that I looked small and underfed—
But, a-tingling in my ears
Was the call for volunteers;
And, hang it all! I'm British, born and bred.

I mentioned to my pals the hunch I had.
They told me straight that I was crazy mad.
But I sold my dogs and sleigh
And I beat it out that day
To the south, where I might soon be khaki-clad.

I did not know the ropes, I will agree.
I had no crazy hopes or fears in me.
I was feeling good and fit;
I was out to do my bit;
So the first recruiting station I could see
I marched into, with manly, swelling pride.
Some five or six recruiters were inside.
They commenced to smile and snig;
If it had not been their rig
I'd 'ave chucked the blooming shootin'-match outside.

A big-deep-chested sergeant—six feet two—
Cried, "Billikins, what can we do for you?"
"Why!" said I, "I want to fight!"
Then the ginks all laughed outright
Till I slung my coat and threatened all the crew!

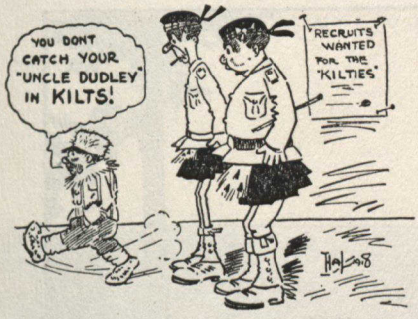
Soon I heard the sergeant's voice amid the jeers,
"Say, kiddo, we're the Irish Fusiliers!
You just run off home and grow;
Ma might take you to a show!"
And I turned and walked away to hide my tears.

I'm sure that sergeant did not mean to hurt,
For half-digested thoughts are apt to blurt.
But there's lots of sawed-off runts
Who can beat the battle stunts
Of the men who wear a number twenty shirt.

His jolly sort of hit me on the raw.
A metaphoric knock-out on the jaw;
I was fit enough to tackle
Life up North in winter's shackle,
But not big enough to face the cannon's maw!

I watched the khaki soldiers go away;
I pined, and moped, and slouched for many a day.
But at last a bath I took
And again I slung my hook
To a brand-new raw-recruity's join-up lay.

When I stepped in that tent, I felt me wilt.
My courage round my ankles sort of spilt;
So I beat it out that station;
Oh! I know my limitation;
You don't catch your "Uncle Dudley" in a kilt!



I read the Army Service Corpses' bill.
They might have called it "Army Service Kill,"
At the name I gaped and swore;
Till they told me "corpse" was "corps,"
Then I swallowed hard and stuck around until

An officer in spurs and leather straps,
His riding crop upon my shoulder taps.
"Can't you hear the fife and drum?
Run along, now, Thomas Thumb,
And don't block the way of eligible chaps."

In less than half a minute I got sore;
"Say! what the blank is wrong with me?" I swore;
"You just give me half a chance
And I'll knock a song and dance
From out the biggest live corpse in your corps!"

That gink in spurs and leggings wheeled about;
He laughed, and looked at me as if in doubt.
"You have lots of spunk," he said;
"Come now, if you have a trade,
Then we may a khaki soldier turn you out.

He sat down in a chair in front of me;
He fondled his moustache reflectively;
"We need turners, electricians,
Automobile mechanicians,
We need wheel-wrights who can right wheels to a tee.

"The Government wants farriers and cooks,
And one or two good men for keeping books;
We need saddlers by the score;
Good supply clerks for the store;
And coopers who do miracles with shooks.

"We want strong men to make the bellows blow;
Some blacksmiths who can work in rain or snow;
Lots of men to cobble shoes,
Who can keep away from booze;
Also drivers for our auto-trucks, you know.

"Now, what's your trade?" he stopped there to inquire.
In desperation's grip I took a flier;
Though I felt like grunting "Shucks!"
I just blurted "Auto-trucks,"
And the fellow promptly guessed me for a liar.

"Come on and let me see how you can drive."
Then, 'fore I could have counted twenty-five
He convoyed me to a shed.
"Now—just bring her out," he said.
To myself, I vowed I'd do it, dead or 'live.

I set myself right squarely in the seat,
I pushed some buttons—then I spread my feet.
Oh, I brought her out—like he—ll—
But I brought the barn as well.
And the things that Captain said I won't repeat.

Quite soon. I thought, I'll know this thing complete.
But, 'fore I had got the knobs and levers beat,
A brick wall got in my way;
And I saw the light of day
Two weeks later, in a hospital retreat.

My hope of fighting Huns completely gone,
One day I packed, and booked my trip upon
The good ship "Firth of Forth,"
Which was due to sail up North
To the country where a man's a man—Yukon.

I was walking with my eyes upon the ground
When a cheery salutation turned me round.
Gosh! I nearly dropped with fright,
For I saw a soldier-mite,
Short of me by two good inches, I'll be bound.

"Say, sport!" he said, "no need for looking
blue;
Come! help old Mother Britain see this
through;
Don't be scared—I ain't a phantom—
I'm a full-fledged, fighting bantam!
And it won't take long to make the same of
you."

He stuck his arm through mine and dragged
me off,
Before I'd time to blow my nose or cough;,
Had me sworn in good and tight,
Passed the doctor—and that night
I'd become a blooming, khaki soldier-toff.

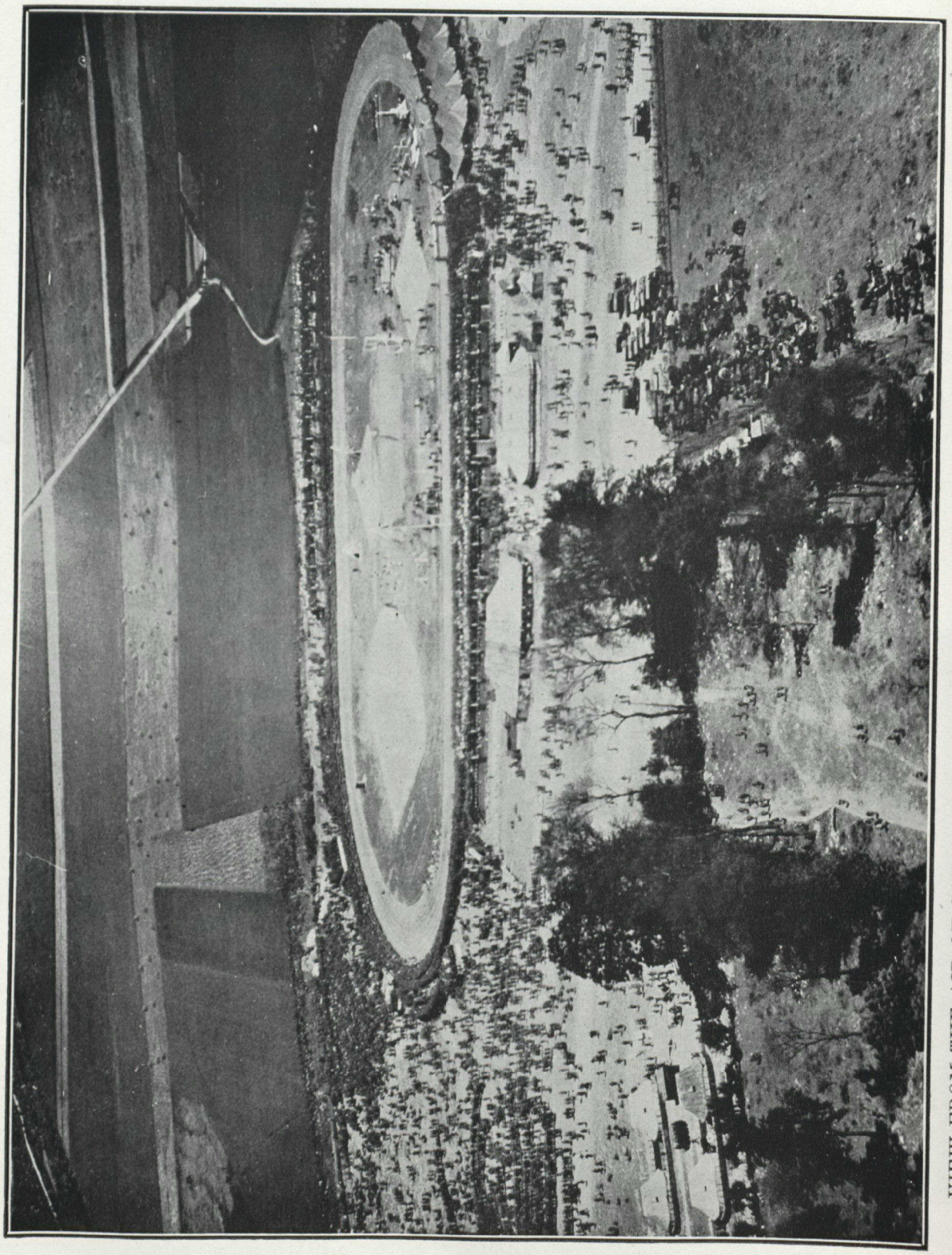
So now, inside a uniform I'm snug;
Yep, me! for all my size and shape, and mug.
And it's proud I am to know
That I'm not too small or slow,
Dear old Grandma Britain's enemies to plug.

THE LAND IS FREE! FREE AS OUR MOUNTAINS ARE, THAT WEAR THEIR CAPS OF SNOW IN THE VERY PRESENCE OF THE REGAL SUN.

—WILLIAM TELL.

MOUNTAIN LAKE, COAST RANGE, B. C.

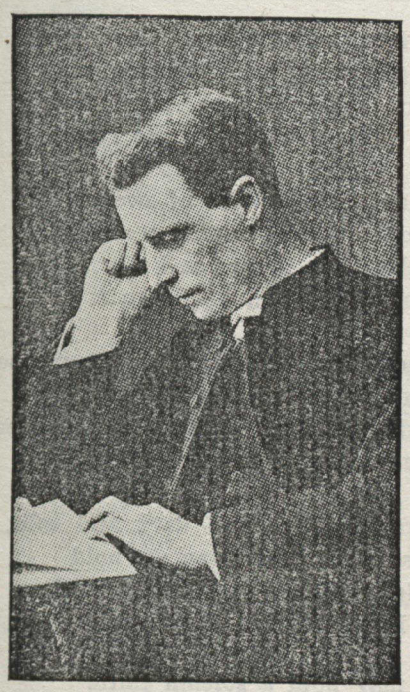
THE LAND THEY FOUGHT FOR—A WEST VANCOUVER HOME.



VIEW FROM THE AIR OF CANADIAN CHAMPIONSHIP SPORTS IN FRANCE ON DOMINION DAY, 1918.
NOTE LINES OF MEN WAITING THEIR TURN AT Y.M.C.A. CANTEENS (ON LEFT).

Life at the Front

By REV. C. C. OWEN



REV. C. C. OWEN, Vancouver

Major the Rev. C. C. Owen, chaplain of the 29th Regiment, "Tobin's Tigers," was the guest of honor at a luncheon of the Vancouver Canadian Club.

He said: There is just one word at the outset that I would like to say. I may surprise you. I want to tell you I am not speaking as a sky pilot, or as a padre, or as a devil-dodger as they sometimes call us "over there," but I am speaking as a citizen, and I am speaking as a Canadian, and I am speaking as a Christian, I hope. And I want to emphasize very strongly today such a question as when this war will be over, and that everything connected with this war depends absolutely and first of all upon God. I am delighted to see our generals and our admirals and men like the premier of Australia referring again and again to the necessity of us putting our trust in the only right place. I want to begin by emphasizing the intense importance of that in our struggle to-day. I had the privilege the last day before I left the front, this day three weeks ago, of seeing the 29th battalion. They were having their sports, I remember, and as I got there there was a mule race. That race was interrupted by aeroplanes which were having a squabble overhead. I remember we had our little bugler in that mule race and he won it. Major Tait was there and Colonel Tobin bore testimony to his appreciation of what all those connected with the 29th had done. They had, he said, received splendid support in looking after the sick and wounded and the prisoners of war, and I know he was looking carefully—being a lawyer—after the money that has been so generously sent out to (laughter). He had been sending supplies to the prisoners of war every week, and the money was not exhausted yet.

We have a great many different specialists now at the front. One of them is Major Sclater, who is now the head of the sniper's school. I wondered at first if he was just the right man for the work, but since he has taken it over everyone has spoken in glowing terms of the way in which he trained the snipers. In this respect we have now got the Huns beaten. At first the Huns had the best of the sniping game, but our men here in the West had done a little shooting before they went there, and now they know more about it than the Huns do (applause). In regard to the matter of bomb throwing the cricket bowler curiously enough is better than the baseball pitcher. A bomb must be thrown overarm, not pitched directly—so the cricketers are specially favored for this kind of work. Rifle grenades are another special thing for which we have to have officers peculiarly trained. talions for special duty and they are now everywhere. In this way some of the Regiments elsewhere. In this way some of the Regiments have lost a good many of their officers. But their places have been supplied by the non-commissioned officers, and of them I must say that I do not think you could find better trained or more capable men than those you get from the ranks (applause). Colonel Tobin, I may tell you, has encouraged in every way he can the granting of commissions to well-qualified non-commissioned officers. You can easily understand that there are many of the men in our rank and file who are as well educated as any officer. There were men I knew whose relatives were titled people. One man

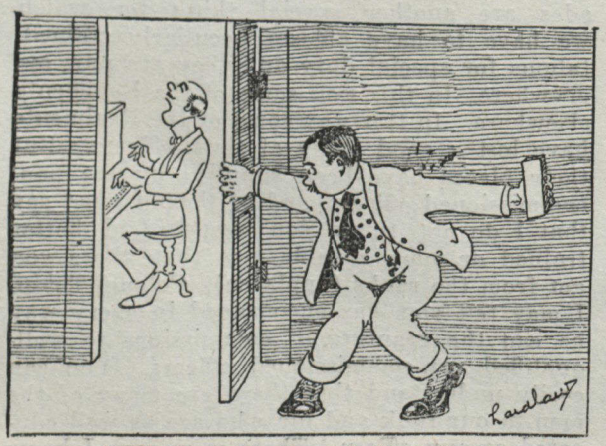
in particular—I buried him—used to write to Queen Alexandra "Dear Cousin," and Her Majesty used to reply to him in similar terms. That man was a private in the ranks in one of our battalions at the front.

Now these men are just as well fitted. owing to their experience in the ranks, to make remarkably good officers.

We have lost a good many of our best officers through their being taken for special duty; but in our regiment we have the finest body of commissioned officers you could find; men with practical experience, knowing how to handle men.

The present position of the war is what I would like next to refer to. We all know the story. Having driven back Russia, Germany thought her task was all but done. But Russia has not been driven back to stay, I hope, and there is nothing more marvellous than the way in which she has held the far end of the line and is now advancing again and making it untenable for her enemy. Indeed, we cannot speak too highly of the splendid work our allies together are doing. And in that respect I want to speak of the work your Returned Soldiers' Clubs are doing. It is something the need of which will increase, and while you are certain to have lots of old soldiers of a certain type whom you will need to watch, you will have many others who have lost everything for your sakes, lost everything that makes life worth while. To look after these men and to look after those who will need work and opportunities will be the noblest work that can be done by you.

I should like to say that of all the things that have been done by these men at the front has been done by the Vancouver regiments, and especially that regiment I have had the honor to be connected with."



"The Slacker." Drawn by H. C. Laidlaw

"Good Bye."

By Lieut. Lec Buchanan

"A moment now to say "Good bye,"
The bugles fling their piercing cry;
"Fall in, fall in," a thousand feet,
Tramp to their places in the street.

A moment fleet as flash of swords,
Time for a dozen gasping words;
Yet I shall live it o'er and o'er,
In silent watch and battle roar.

Give me your hand—and may I choose,
A guerdon for the things I lose;
'Twould be, that from your inmost heart,
My image may not quite depart.

So when in storm, and dark and cold,
A thousand leagues away we hold
Our solemn watch in pits of dread,
Where lies entombed the myraid dead.

That I may hold a solemn faith,
That when across your eyes, a wraith,
My face appears, a shade of fear,
Brings to your eyes an unshed tear.

That when they tell a thousand tales
Of war, your cheek a little pales,
And that you scan with pause of breath,
The narrow print of deeds and death.

For me, and if my name is there,
And you should find a record fair,
That you will pause and turn aside,
And know a more than foolish pride.

Some day you'll hear the thrilling strain,
"Fall in," for those who come again,
If I am left on Flanders coast,
For me in echo, the "Last Post."

The moment's past, again good bye,
The bugles fling their piercing cry,
"Fall in, Fall in," a thousand feet,
Tramp to their places in the street.

Great Fight Made by the Yukon Boys

(Told by Captain George Black, late Commissioner of the Yukon)

CAPTAIN GEORGE BLACK
Of the Second Motor Machine Gun Company.

Writing from the war zone, Captain George Black said:

This was the first big battle the boys had been in and we were going strong on the evening of the second day, August 9, 1918. I had to be brought out. It was hot stuff. Open warfare. No trenches. Fighting in open fields, along roads and hedges, through woods, over hills and valleys, thousands of men, artillery, cavalry, airplanes, giving the Hun swine simply hell.

The Canadian Motor Machine guns were placed about the center of the front. Canadian Corps on our left, Australians on their left and the French on our right. We were "a link between the most advanced cavalry and the leading infantry," as the order put it, and I can tell you that old line had to stand some strain.

Our casualties might have been heavier, for the Boche was tightening up and meeting his reinforcements sent in to stay the rush, for rush it was. Preparations for the show had been made with great secrecy, and the Hun was taken by surprise. Our artillery barrage opened up promptly at 4.20 a.m., August 8th, and smashed his trenches and his front line. Our infantry and tanks followed close under the barrage. The Boche had little come back. It was a case of beat it, be killed or taken prisoner. It seemed but an instant till the roads were crammed with Hun prisoners coming back with a Tommy's bayonet close behind them, though in many cases bunches of them were brought back without any urging. They never hesitated to lay hold and carry out our wounded—if they did they never had another chance. They were for the most part a tough looking lot of cattle.

The Canadians really did not want to take prisoners, but they grabbed the Huns so fast that there was no time to attend to them otherwise without stopping, and that was not in the programme, while the advance could be kept moving.

Now, I'm not going to attempt a history of this war, nor could I give you an adequate description of this battle. It had the thrillingest thriller of Walter Cramer's reels backed off the map, and I wish I could have stayed to see a few more scenes.

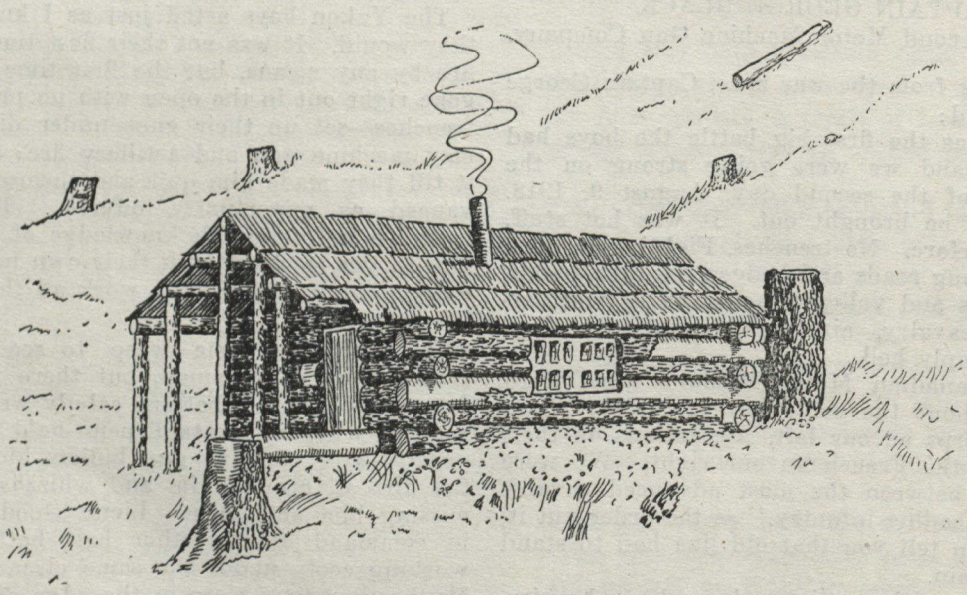
The Yukon boys acted just as I knew that they would. It was not their first time under fire by any means, but the first time they've gone right out in the open with no protecting trenches—set up their guns under direct enemy machine gun and artillery fire; stuck to it till they made him quit and themselves advanced as opportunity offered. The long training and thorough knowledge of machine gun tactics, coupled with their own nerve and determination, made their work all that could be desired.

It fairly made me weep to see our old friend, Jack MacLennan, out there with his four guns and half battery calmly writing me reports with a fountain pen—he'd lost his pencil—with machine gun bullets kicking up the dirt all around him and whizzbangs just missing him and them. Lieut. Goodwin was in command of the other half battery and working cooly under the same circumstances. My headquarters were in the edge of a small wood, just abreast of the battery. Mr. Hun quite correctly surmised that there would be something doing in that wood. Infantry and tanks were massing there to tear into him while we strafed him with the machine guns, so he annointed us with shrapnel and machine gun searching fire.

It was not only uncomfortable, but decidedly unhealthy. He knocked down a lot of trees, some of which fell across the main Amiens-Roye road, and a little squad of axe men under Corporal Dick Armstrong promptly beat it out and removed those trees so that when the time came for our cars to advance they could do so unimpeded by those trees, anyway. Of course the Boche didn't fire at them. Oh, no! But luckily he didn't get any of them. I can't remember who were in that squad, otherwise I'd give you their names. I was too busy except to make general mental notes. Why I didn't get my block knocked off or get pulverized into hash instead of only a measly machine gun bullet slipped through my thigh I'll never understand.

Well the tanks started ahead, the infantry right behind them; the Hun began to go; the battery to move ahead when I sustained a puncture.

MacLennan worked over to where I was to see what was up and then hurried ahead with his guns. The last I saw of the boys they were all going forward again. When I got into our brigade headquarters, not very many hundreds of yards in the rear, Lieut. Radford, much to his delight, got orders to go up at once to take over Lieut. Goodwin's half of the battery, who would act as Senior Lieutenant, and take over the battery on my departure.



Home, Home, Sweet Home!
There is no place like Home.

Drawn by H. C. Laidlaw.

A Story *of* St. Julien

By SRGT. A. N. TIBBOTT

[Ex-Platoon Sergeant A. N. Tibbott resides at East Collingwood. He is a South Vancouver lad. At the outbreak of the war, he was in England, and joined the army on August 5th, the day after the declaration of war. He was the first recruit in the town of St. Helens, joining the South Lancashire Regiment, and he was soon in France, backing up the first batch of "Contemptibles."

The Armentieres front was the scene of his first experiences, after being transferred to Ypres on the Western Front, where he fought with the Canadian boys. He experienced the first gas attacks. The Western Front seemed to be his permanent headquarters the greater part of the time he has been in France.

Finally he was bowled over with the shoulder, through the bombardment of the first line trenches, to some extent paralized, practically blind, deaf and wounded. He was sent to Hospital, and after several months under care for which he will ever be grateful, he gradually became strong enough to return to Canada. He is proud to be permitted, he says, to contribute to the "Gold Stripe."]

Germany continues to use her dreadful poison-gas against us when the wind is in the right direction, but little is seen or heard of the dastardly liquid fire she introduced. The reason probably is that it did not obtain the satisfactory results she anticipated. Now, having been in two severe gas attacks and a liquid-fire attack, I am qualified to draw comparisons.

The first time I really experienced asphyxiating gas was on Whit Monday, May 24th, 1915. I had smelt and lightly tasted the greenish vapour before then, but, having been in reserve on each previous occasion when the gas rolled towards our lines, the dose I received was only a small one, insufficient to make me dread it.

At one o'clock on Whit Monday morning we were lying a little less than one mile behind the front line at St. Julien. We had temporarily dug ourselves in with our entrenching tools, and were peacefully sleeping. Suddenly we were awakened and ordered to "Stand to!" Being harshly aroused from a sound and well-earned slumber can be rather annoying at times, but here it was fully justified. The need was urgent. News passed from mouth to mouth that the enemy, under cover of a vast quantity of gas, had captured our front trench.

Prompt action was necessary.

We could smell the gas in the air, and promptly put on our respirators. In those days smoke-helmets had not been made. The odour of poison-gas is not at all unpleasant. It somewhat resembles the famous Phul Nana scent.

Within five minutes of being roused we were on our way to the lost position. The ground was flat and unprotected. There was hardly a tree to afford shelter, and shells burst in hundreds above, for the enemy was throwing a curtain of shrapnel between us and the captured trench to prevent us reaching it.

We went across this open ground at a run in three long lines. My platoon was in the first line. Twice we threw ourselves down to recover breath. As we drew nearer the vapour increased in intensity.

The Germans had sufficient time to bring their gas-producing apparatus across to our late trench. They turned the taps on, and we received the full blast. It came bowling towards us in great clouds as we lay on the grass.

We jumped up. There were still five hundred yards to cover—five hundred yards through what looked like a mountain mist or a light-green fog.

Another sergeant had been unable to find his respirator when we started, and came along without one, spluttering sometimes, it is true, but not in trouble. Now, with the horrible gas almost on top of us, he was in deadly danger. Happening to remember a

spare respirator in one of my pockets, I pulled it out, and thrust it at him. Half stifled, he clasped it over his mouth. In less than five seconds we were in the sea of fog, and, but for the respirator, he would have been a dead man. He repaid my action with interest an hour later, as you will see.

We should have gone forward, anyhow, but it was consoling to know that to advance was no more hazardous than to retire. The gas was there, and we were right in the middle of it, and we could get out of it more quickly by going forward than by going back.

So we ran blindly on. The noise of bursting shrapnel sounded overhead, and in front of us we could hear the insistent clatter of machine guns. As we drew nearer to the trench the gas thinned, and thirty yards from it the air was quite clear.

We saw the machine-guns then; we saw the German rifles, too. But we were so exhilarated by being able to breathe pure oxygen that we covered those intervening thirty yards in record time. At sight of us, dashing upon them with gleaming bayonets, some of the enemy lost heart. Clambering out of the trench, they dashed for safety, and, to tell the truth, they reached it, temporarily, for we were more intent upon clearing out the enemy in the trench than in shooting down those running away.

The machine-gun men stuck to their weapons, and died like heroes, blazing at our boys with revolvers when all opportunity of using their guns had vanished. The riflemen who had not bolted surrendered, and, as we found they had taken care of the wounded and gassed Britons who remained in the trench when they captured it, we returned the compliment, and saw that they came to no harm.

How glad our wounded were to be once again in British hands! Those who retained sufficient strength to think clearly had imagined themselves suffering the horrors of a German concentration camp. We were welcomed with delirious joy, I can assure you.

On all sides was evidence of the desperate stand our men had made when the enemy took possession. Round one strapping fellow, still in death, his face discolored by the gas, lay four Germans, all of whom had given up their lives at the point of his bayonet. It must have been a Homeric combat. With his lungs racked and his eyes distorted by the horrible vapor, he had yet accounted for four of the enemy before he succumbed.

After resting in the trench for a short while we leapt out to put an end to the enemy who had fled. A considerable number had taken refuge in a shattered farm house, midway between our line and their own, because, as our heavy guns were shelling their line, they stood little chance of getting back to it uninjured.

They were no better off in the farm house. We stormed the building and dragged them out of all manner of queer hiding places, from cupboards and cellars and lofts. Once discovered, they surrendered willingly.

One German, however, would have been guilty of treachery had not my sergeant caught him in the act and settled him before he could complete his dastardly work.

I was climbing through a window, unconscious of the fact that twenty feet away a German lay concealed in an empty horse-trough.

He had raised his body, and was taking deliberate aim at my back with his revolver, when my friend came into the yard. Without a second's hesitation the other sergeant fired, and the German fell back full length in the trough, shot through the lungs. Thus did my friend repay me for lending him my spare respirator.

The captured Germans we brought back as prisoners—they were not at all displeased with their fate—and that ended my first gas experience.

The second time I suffered a gas attack was early in July. Throughout the day the enemy bombarded us with appalling ferocity, and, at 9.30 in the evening, just as darkness was beginning to close over the land, we saw the gas billowing towards us from his lines.

We were occupying the firing-line trenches on this occasion, and prepared to resist the devastating fumes. Having received smoke-helmets by then, we quickly put them over our heads. They give one rather a terrifying appearance, but there is no gainsaying their efficiency.

It was a warm night, and, when the gas arrived, the heat increased and became almost unbearable. Added to this was the thundering noise and danger of bursting shells, for, if it was possible, the fury of the German artillery bombardment increased.

Twelve yards or less from where I waited a shell burst, throwing me down uninjured except for shock, but blowing a big gap in the rear side of the trench and burying four men who were standing near.

Recovering my scattered senses, I ran to the heap of loose earth and wire under which they lay. Then, calling for assistance, I began to scrape away the earth with my hands. Entrenching tools were brought, and the vic-

tims were disinterred with all possible speed, but, I am sorry to say, only two were brought out alive.

Poison gas still hung heavily in the air, shells continued to burst; it was really as safe to make a dash for the hostile trenches opposite as to remain where we were. So the order came to attack.

Dumbfounded, indeed, the enemy must have been. Probably they imagined us lying helpless, poisoned by the gas, or struck down by shell splinters. It is quite conceivable that they were preparing to walk comfortably across to our trench and take it without opposition.

Instead, to their astonishment, they beheld a long line of heads wearing extraordinary masks—our smoke-helmets—appear above the trench. Far from being wiped out, we were having the brazen audacity to advance!

We went forward in the customary three lines, yelling like dervishers, and again my platoon was in the first line.

When within forty yards of the German trench I received the surprise of my life.

Streams of fire issued from the trench, rising in the air in the form of an arc, like water squirting from a fireman's hose, only much broader. From the whole length of trench they came, one stream every twenty yards or so, light blue in color as they left the trench, and merging into a light pink when they curved through the air. We should have considered them a picturesque sight had we not realized only too well their cruel purpose.

If it was the Germans' intention to drop liquid fire upon the men in the front line their plan came to naught. Most of us sprinted desperately and escaped it. A few, those who could not keep pace with us, were, unfortunately, caught by the flames and set afire. Their cries of agony made my blood boil.

The leading line continued to dash forward, with blistered hands and smouldering clothes, but otherwise having suffered few casualties. My hands were badly blistered, and pained exceedingly, but, thanks to the smoke-helmet, my face and hair were not touched.

Then the enemy made a grave miscalculation. Instead of adjusting the streams so that they fell upon us, they permitted us to advance, and used the fire to keep the second and third lines back. Probably they expected to make short work of us when we arrived, or they may have relied on beating us off with their machine-guns.

I turned my head and looked behind. The sight was most weird. Right across the broad meadow the ground seemed to be on fire. You have seen the red "flames" shoot up from the stage when the villain enters during a pantomime. Well, it resembled that, only the flames were pink and purple, and they stretched a full two hundred yards.

There were gaps in this barricade of fire, of course, and brave men were making wild dashes through these apertures, risking a dreadful death by burning. But for the flames it was pitch dark, and the scene, red fire against a black sky, is indelibly fixed in my memory.

Six seconds later I was on the brink of the German trench. I jumped in, fortunately landing on my feet. A big fellow came for me with rifle and bayonet. I parried his thrust and then pierced him fatally.

To my mind, and to every one of my comrades as well, no doubt, flashed the thought that we must settle the men with the flame-projectors first. Until these were accounted for our supports could not come up.

There was only the one enemy in my section of trench, and he wore no cylinder on his back. I was about to move along in search of a man in charge of one of the fiendish instruments when another German scrambled, helter-skelter, round the traverse.

In the section from which he came I could hear an uproar. Evidently a stiff fight was proceeding, and he wished to evade it. He jumped down from the frying-pan into the fire, as the old saying has it. He had no time to be surprised at seeing me, no time to put his hands up. I finished him off cleanly.

Entering the next section, I understood the reason for the uproar. A real fight had been in progress, and had ended in complete victory for the attackers. Three Germans lying there would serve the Kaiser no more. No liquid fire apparatus was included among them, however, so I continued my journey.

The stream of fire had ceased by this time, thus telling me that the men in charge would never torment British troops again. But I particularly wished to inspect one of the fire-producing instruments, and went on.

In the third section I found one, strapped to the back of a man who was lying face downwards on the boarded floor. It consisted of a portable tank, filled with some coal-tar material, which could be pumped through a nozzle, at the end of which was a lighting device.

Having satisfied my curiosity, I turned to the next business in hand—the beating off of any Germans who dared to counter-attack. Our supports had arrived, and we held the captured trench in force.

The Vancouver World
Honour Roll
NOEL. ROBINSON, C. E.
H. M. BLAKE, U. O. T. C.
†W. TIGHE, 196th W. U. Batt.
G. J. WESTON, R. C. N. Y. R.
*J. ROSS, 47th Batt.
*W. FOGARTY, 143rd B. C. Bant.
*A. McLEAN, 62nd, Batt.
†M. McLEAN, 62nd Batt.
*W. MURDOCH, 158th Batt.
*J. MURDOCH, 158th Batt.
†E. MASON, 121st Western Irish.
*D. DUGUID, C. F. A.
R. SWITZER, 72nd Sea. High.
T. COCKBURN, 121st West. Irish.
F. COATES, 158th Batt. D.C.O.R.
T. AUTON, Infantry.
P. E. EDWARDS, Aviation.
*W BOARDMAN, Infantry.
F. JOURNEAUX, Navy.
J. LARKIN, Infantry.
*A. KEDDY, Artillery.
T. MITCHELL, Navy.
H. LANGHAM, Aviation.
H. BROWN, Aviation.
S. B. SOMERVELL, U. S. Army.
† Gone West. * Wounded.

By Gordon Stewart

(During the Great War it became customary to speak of those who had made the great sacrifice as having "Gone West.")

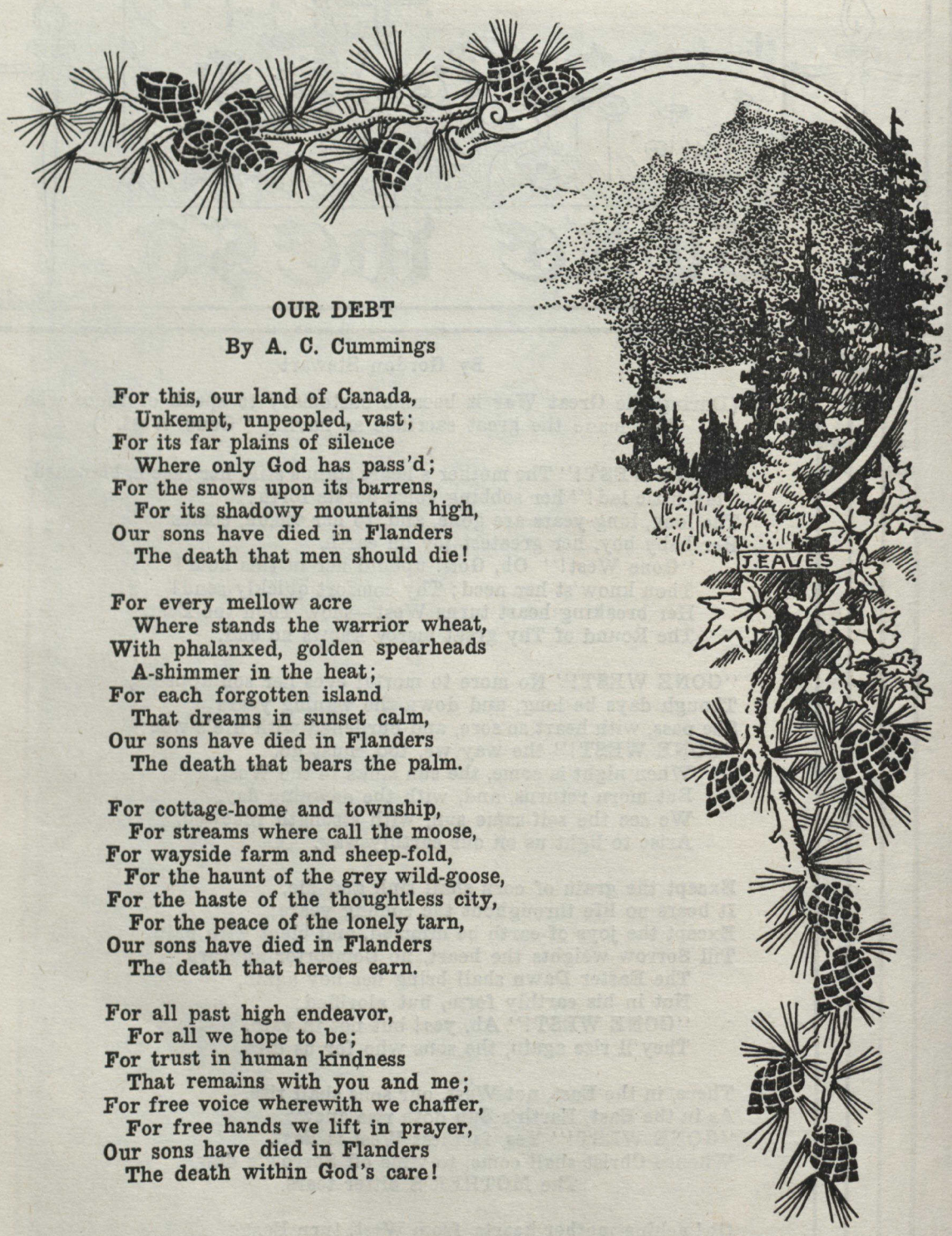
"GONE WEST!" The mother's heart stands still, her face is blanched;
"My little lad!" her sobbing voice bursts forth;
The long, long years are gone, and, to her vision, comes
Her baby boy, her greatest joy on earth.
"Gone West!" Oh, God! uphold her in this hour!
Thou know'st her need; Thy comfort quickly send!
Her breaking heart turns West—show Thou the East,
The Round of Thy great mercy knows no end.

"GONE WEST!" No more to mortal eyes her son appears,
Though days be long, and down the waning years
She pass, with heart so sore, and burdened with life's woe;
"GONE WEST!" the way we, too, must go.
When night is come, the sun sinks in the West,
But morn returns, and, with the dawning day,
We see the self-same sun, with strength renewed,
Arise to light us on our earthly way.

Except the grain of corn shall sink and die,
It bears no life throughout the coming years;
Except the joys of earth be dimmed, and blent with pain,
Till Sorrow weights the heart, no Comforter appears.
The Easter Dawn shall bring her boy again,
Not in his earthly form, but glorified;
"GONE WEST!" Ah, yes! but not in vain,
They'll rise again, the sons who for us died.

There, in the East, not West, our sons shall rise,
As in the East, Earth's Sun doth rise anew;
"GONE WEST!" Yes, farthest West is East,
Whence Christ shall come, to wipe off Sorrow's dew,
The MOTHER'S bitter tears.

Oh! aching mother hearts, from West, turn East;
Seek for the Comfort there, beyond the skies;
"GONE WEST!" We all must go; the pathway West
Leads to the gates of God's own paradise,
Where East and West are one.



OUR DEBT

By A. C. Cummings

For this, our land of Canada,
  Unkempt, unpeopled, vast;
For its far plains of silence
  Where only God has pass'd;
For the snows upon its barrens,
  For its shadowy mountains high,
Our sons have died in Flanders
  The death that men should die!

For every mellow acre
  Where stands the warrior wheat,
With phalanxed, golden spearheads
  A-shimmer in the heat;
For each forgotten island
  That dreams in sunset calm,
Our sons have died in Flanders
  The death that bears the palm.

For cottage-home and township,
  For streams where call the moose,
For wayside farm and sheep-fold,
  For the haunt of the grey wild-goose,
For the haste of the thoughtless city,
  For the peace of the lonely tarn,
Our sons have died in Flanders
  The death that heroes earn.

For all past high endeavor,
  For all we hope to be;
For trust in human kindness
  That remains with you and me;
For free voice wherewith we chaffer,
  For free hands we lift in prayer,
Our sons have died in Flanders
  The death within God's care!

Two Jumps Ahead of Glory

By E. A. LUCAS

[The writer of the following story, E. A. Lucas, has said that, like Sir J. A. McDonald, he "would rather be a literary man than Prime Minister of Canada." He jocularly reminds readers of this story that copies of Rudyard Kipling's first paper back book published for Christmas, a miscellany of prose and verse, are now worth a good many dollars. It is possible, he adds, that after you have read "Two Jumps From Glory," it may occur to you to pack one or two copies of the "Gold Stripe" away as a very safe, far-sighted investment]

"Be sure you're right; then go ahead—but be sure you're right."

This is one of the yarns that have been waiting to be told after the war. But the German ships that missed their chance are blurred shapes of weeds and mud on the ocean bed somewhere off the Falklands; the other ships and men are scattered from the North Sea to Trinidad; and the visit of Admiral von Spee to the North Pacific happened so long ago that he and his ghostly squadron are almost forgotten—except in the Navy. And the war is rushing towards the final tableau. So here is the yarn.

Lieut. Charles Jeffrey, R. N. V. R., graduated out of the Royal Quadra Yacht Club into the Royal Naval Service on ten minutes notice. His knowledge of the holes and corners, the tides and fogs and winds of the Gulf of Georgia were assets of which his King and Country had sudden and urgent need. And Destiny, the Decreer and Disposer, picked him up and put him (who had always regarded the Navy from afar with longing) in the innermost keep of the Naval station of Valencia, put two wavy rings of gold braid on his sleeves and broke out the sacred white ensign itself at the jack-staff of the Fisheries Protection Ship Barkley—his first command.

He was standing on the end of the jetty the night H. M. C. S. Sunspot faded out of Valencia harbor to convoy the little old warships Drake and Mandragora back from Mexico in contemptuous disregard of the presence of five German cruisers at large somewhere off the coast. He heard the earnest and strongly worded wishes of her crew that the Sunspot might meet these Germans, singly, or any four of them at one time. Jeffrey contemplated the traditions of the navy as thus expounded, with admiring wonder. It was simply taken for granted that the Sunspot would proceed about her business according to orders and that any attempt at interferance by three or four modern German cruisers would be pitilessly swept aside.

In the course of the ordering of their affairs, the Admiralty, "by which all things do move," in the person of the Senior Naval Officer had Lieut. Jeffrey sent for to come to the Admiral's office. When he came out at the end of an hour, Jeffrey shoved his uniform cap back on the side of his head and regarded the heavens and the blue sea with a bright eye and pleasantly stimulated emotions of anticipation. In his hand he held a piece of folded, heavy, white paper. He unbottoned his uniform jacket and waistcoat, unpinned from the inside pocket of the latter a grey canvas bag. He folded the heavy paper again, put it in the bag, pinned the bag in his pocket, buttoned his waistcoat and jacket, slapped it once to assure himself that it was still there and walked rapidly down the crackling gravel road to the jetty where his little command lay. A large gunner was intently examining the four-inch gun which had been installed on her foredeck and Jeffrey stopped as he took this man's salute and his jaw opened but shut again with a slight

spasm as he clamped down his news with the iron bar of recently learned navy discipline. In the tiny ward room, however, he laid his cap carefully on the buffet, sat down, regarding his two subs with a flickering glitter of the eye. He swallowed a couple of times and then rapidly poured out his message in a strangled whisper, the weird result of an unsuccessful effort to keep from shouting.

"Now, listen to me. I have got a little secret to tell you—quite a little secret," and he grinned and looked from one to the other as they gaped at his flushed and shining face.

"The Princess Georgina went out of here last night completely fitted out as a hospital ship. It took Michael Jackson just forty hours to do the entire job. She is going to stand by the Sunspot in case they run into Germans—she will undoubtedly be needed—only with her cruiser stern and three funnels, heaven help her if the Leipsig should pick her up at about ten miles. Well, we have further dispatches for the Sunspot, Drake and Mangrogora. We are to get out of here as soon as darkness falls upon us," he went on, slowing down his words so that they might take full effect. "If we meet with an enemy ship we are to destroy her." The silence tingled as he shut off speaking.

"Spoke high, wide and careless," said Sub-Lieut. Cave, after hitting the wardroom ceiling with his uniform cap. An elderly four-inch gun had been mounted on their fore deck by the astute contrivings of certain gunners' mates and artificers, who had made for the navy from ranches and mines at the first clap of war. These united in hoarse cries of praise and thanksgiving when they realized the purport of what they were vouchsafed of the orders. With this little vessel under their large feet they rejoiced that their lot might be to fall in with the Leipsig or the Nurnberg or both "and destroy them." For such are the traditions.

Jeffrey made a hurried and mysterious trip ashore to visit Lieut. Carver, who was the envy of all other volunteer officers on account of having brought a complete set of uniforms from Whale Island, where he had taken his course.

That evening a torpedo bosun from Calgary rigged a marvellous piece of jury tackle whereby he might launch a torpedo from this versatile ship, and as dark fell H. M. C. S. Barkley, all lights doused, was treading down a groundswell outside Race Rocks, with a lift and go that told all hands that they were indeed at sea. Tatoosh Island blinked blandly at them through the August night and strange surgings of fog kept Jeffrey's mouth pulled tight as he marked off his course. The mystery of the night and of their stirring errand made him speak in whispers to Sub-Lieut. Cave, who was walking the bridge with him. They were smoking their pipes now and running down the elaborate side issues of their mission.

"Suppose the Leipsig catches the old Sunspot! She passed Mendocino at 7 o'clock this morning. It will be a pleasant little party—the Geogina will have a chance to work if there is anything left to work at.

"Suppose the Leipsig meets up with the Princess Georgina," suggested Cave.

"Good Lord, man—a hospital ship—they would not dare.

"The Germans will do anything."

"Not the navy, skip—not the navy."

"I would not trust them." They paused here.

"Trust a blighting fog to come down tonight. The Leipsig will be charging along dark like us, in which case—and they proceeded to lay out the details of a chance shot at the fast war vessel.

As these two young officers were discussing the Sunspot, for which vessel they were gazing earnestly through night glasses to port and starboard, she, having swept her bunkers and burned everything inflamable aboard, including her wardroom furniture, was lying behind Circle Islet from whence she pounced out in due time upon a providential tramp bound into Puget Sound, and, having replenished her coal supply, proceeded upon her lawful occasions to the Royal Roads at Valencia, her officers having observed with interest His Imperial German Majesty's ship Leipsig tearing past, three miles off shore, bound north. In the meantime the little Barkley, about ten miles off shore, went looking,—looking for them to port,—then to starboard, —then to port again.

In the blue grey gloom of the early dawn Jeffrey and Cave turned to one another pale, eager faces.

"Do you see it?"

"Three blobs of smoke?"

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Well, here it is. . . . You are to destroy her. Take charge here; I will be on deck in a minute."

Cave wondered what under heaven could take Jeffrey from the bridge at such a time. Here was undoubtedly the hour come for action. The little Barkley against the cruiser Leipsig. Suddenly, and for the first time, it occurred to Cave that the absolutely certain result of such an encounter would be the sud-

den and complete destruction of the Barkley. He thought of it coldly and wondered how Jeffrey would set about carrying out their strangely simple plan of destroying the enemy ship.

Presently the high hull of the racing cruiser began to loom up through the rising haze. Jeffrey came on the bridge after his absence of a couple of minutes in the dress uniform of a Lieutenant of the Royal Navy, from cocked hat to sword and gloves. Cave gazed at him in amazement. Jeffrey grinned.

"Traditions of the service," he said. "It is not considered decent to be drowned in anything but full dress uniform. That's navy pidgeon."

"My Lord!"

Jeffrey walked over to where the old navy quartermaster was stonily keeping his course.

"Cullin," he said, "listen to me. We will hold this course until that ship is just on our bow. Then be ready to give her port helm as requisite to ram the Leipsig amidships. Never mind the gun," he said, to the anxious gunners' mate. Then a little sadly, "they will never know we had a gun."

On through the murk came the speeding cruiser. Apparently she was going to pay no attention to the little tramp that had such sanguinary intentions towards her.

A couple of ship's lengths away and the tingling silence on the Barkley's bridge was cut by a sharp command.

"Hard aport. Stop your starboard engine."

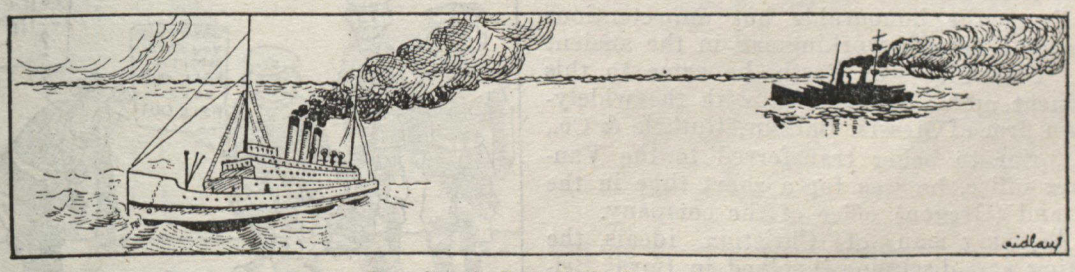
"Hard aport. Stop your starboard engine," echoed the thick necked British quartermaster. The Barkley's head swung sharply towards the bow of the charging cruiser. All was deadly still on both bridges. Suddenly they heard a whining wail from the enemy's ship that split their nerves like kindling.

"Where the ding dong, ruddy hell are you going?"

"Living mother! Hard aport! Full astern port engine! Full ahead, starboard engine!" The iron seaman executed the orders like a machine, and the Barkley, shaking like a frightened horse, turned her head slowly—oh, so slowly from her course. Jeffrey tugged at the bridge rail and ground his teeth as he strained physically in an effort to hold the Barkley back by sheer will power. A racking groan burst from him as the cruiser passed their bow by about ten feet.

The cocked hat had fallen on the bridge. Jeffrey turned to Cave, great drops of sweat were gathered on his forehead.

"Mike," he mouthed, "Michael Jackson bringing back the Princess Georgina! Three funnels—cruiser stern. "My God, Cave, we —we!" Here he burst into a hysterical chortle. "We came fairly close to upholding the glorious traditions of the British Navy."

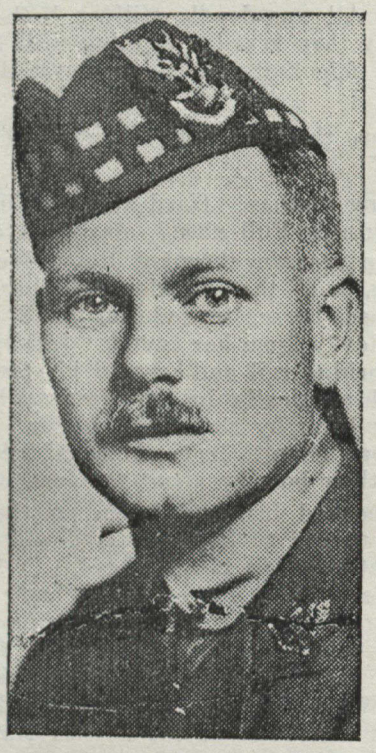


The Sea is Britain's Glory.

Drawn by H. C. Laidlaw.

One of God's Good Men

By D. A. CHALMERS, Editor "British Columbia Monthly."



LIEUT. WM. HOUSTON

Like many another true Canadian who went overseas to take part in the world-war, William Houston was a Scotsman born; and in his case also, as in that of many another fallen hero of these later days, the tragic phrase, "killed in action," completes the, as yet, available record of the end.

From the honourable but unpretentious home of a British workingman in the ancient and "Fair City" of Perth, he came to this continent under engagement with the widely-known firm of Messrs. Balfour, Guthrie & Co., and, prior to being transferred to the Vancouver office, he was for a short time in the Portland (Oregon) office of the company.

A young man of Christian ideals, the training and discipline involved in Boys' Brigade and soldiering, as represented by the "Volunteers," made a strong appeal to him. Before the war he had done no inconsiderable service in training a Boys' Brigade in North Vancouver; while, after it had started, he had stories to tell of thrilling letters received from young Scottish soldiers at the front who had been boys in his Brigade Bible class or connected with work in the homeland.

The words in the title to this tribute were used by a business associate of Mr. Houston's when the report of his death reached Vancouver. Those who had friendly intimacy unhesitatingly endorse the characterization.

The late Lieutenant Houston was by nature one of the mildest-mannered and most kindly of men, but, at the same time, he was a soldier of the very best type—a soldier of the soul. From the outset of the war, chafed to be free to go; and even after the tenderest of homely ties linked him to Western Canada his ardent patriotism constrained him to suggest in deed—

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more."

He was one of the youngest Elders in the Presbyterian Church, and for some time he acted as Session Clerk in St. Andrew's Church, North Vancouver. He was in the early thirties. Though, like many thousands more, he passed from this sphere of initial training and discipline in manhood's morning, it may be said of him, as of one of old:

"His life was gentle; and the element
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

Smith Fell Out

Some Sketches by "Hal."

His Chance Will Come

What a Memory!

His Laundry

A Christmas Greeting

O, Heroic Canadian Soldier,
Here's a greeting of Yule-tide to you!
The best in our hearts we are sending,
For you have been loyal and true.

You are thinking to-day of the homeland,
And the home-folks to you ever dear,
And in spite of discomforts and dangers
Your brave heart may be finding some cheer.

We are thinking of how much we owe you,
Of all of your victories won,
Of the part you have had in the saving
Of the world from the heel of the Hun.

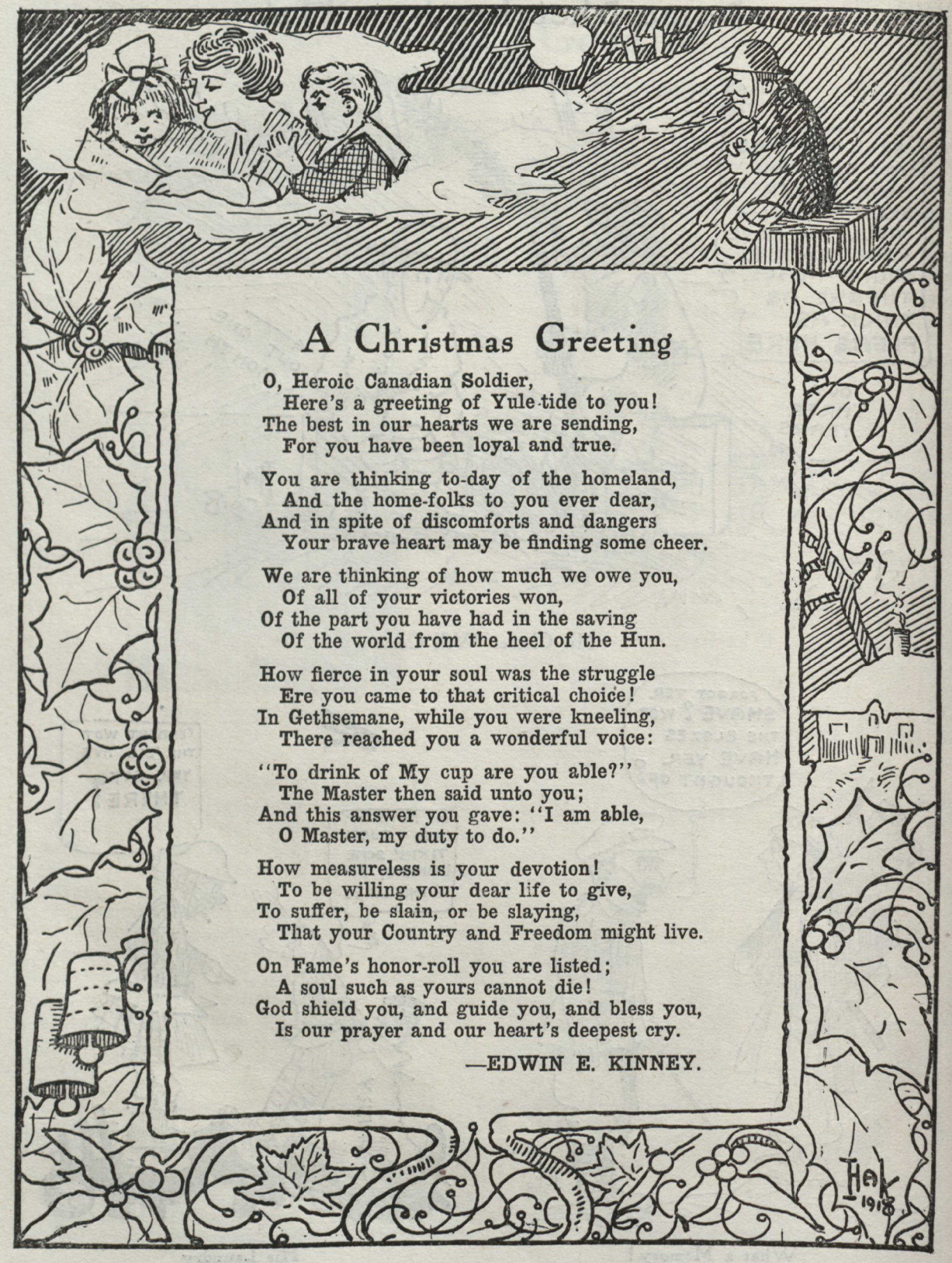
How fierce in your soul was the struggle
Ere you came to that critical choice!
In Gethsemane, while you were kneeling,
There reached you a wonderful voice:

"To drink of My cup are you able?"
The Master then said unto you;
And this answer you gave: "I am able,
O Master, my duty to do."

How measureless is your devotion!
To be willing your dear life to give,
To suffer, be slain, or be slaying,
That your Country and Freedom might live.

On Fame's honor-roll you are listed;
A soul such as yours cannot die!
God shield you, and guide you, and bless you,
Is our prayer and our heart's deepest cry.

—EDWIN E. KINNEY.



RECRUITING IN VANCOUVER.

VANCOUVER, 1914—LEAVING FOR THE FRONT.

DUKE OF CONNAUGHT CONGRATULATING A CAPTAIN OF THE WINNING TUG OF WAR TEAM AT THE CANADIAN CORPS SPORTS, DOMINION DAY, 1918.

"Billy" Tighe

A TRIBUTE

He used to sit in the very office where this is written, going out from hence on his assignments, a cheerful, willing reporter, a bright, merry youth, well liked wherever he went.

A fragment of an identification disc is all The World office holds of him today—"W. Tighe, 911,800, B. C., Can."—the rest is gone, torn away by the bit of shrapnel that killed him outright as he climbed the east slope of the Canal du Nord in the dawn of that day late in September when the Canadians drove into Bourlon Wood and on to Cambrai.

But amid all the toil and misery of the trenches there had been at least some minutes of glorious life for William Tighe. A lad of slight stature, he had, but a few weeks before, rushed a Hun machine gun post single-handed and killed the gunners and the officer in charge, holding his capture until his comrades reached him, able to go forward now that the machine gun nests had been cleared out, he was herding fifty German prisoners to the rear, overawing them with the Hun officer's revolver which he knew neither how to fire or load. The Military Medal was his fitting reward.

He hated war, did William Tighe, hated it with a consuming hatred and so was determined to do what he could to end it by ending as many Huns as possible. And so on September 27 he led his bombing section to the fray—he fell.

The Hun shrapnel was merciful. There was no long-drawn out agony for the lad. His consciousness could hardly have perceived that his breast had been torn away before it ceased to perceive anything. He lies with other brave still hearts in the military cemetery where the autumn leaves from what is left of Bourlon Wood fall gently on his grave.—"R. I. P."

Of his last weeks, of the three engagements in which he took part within those weeks—he had fought all the way from Vimy Ridge to Cambrai—his chum, Pte. D. L. Thompson, of the 46th Battalion, tells in almost Homeric phrase, as follows:

His Chum's Story

"He was in every battle from Vimy Ridge until the last Canadian advance on Cambrai, on September 27. After the battle of Passchendaele he was slightly wounded while we were doing a working party in that mud hole of the world, but he was soon back with us again When our battalion was attacking Dury village in the offensive southeast of Arras on September 2, Bill, as he was known to the company, was one of a party of twelve detailed to rush a number of machine gun posts that were holding up the advance of our battalion. He rushed one post single-handed, killed the gunners and officer in charge. The way being cleared we advanced and discovered Bill with the dead German officer's revolver (which, by the way, he did not know how to load or fire), in his hand herding about 50 German prisoners back through our advancing waves. He received the military medal for this brave action.

"I now come to our third big action since August 8, our attack on Bourlon Wood and Cambrai. Our battalion was in the first kick-off and our objective was to take and cross the dry portion of the Canal du Nord and carry on up the slopes of Bourlon Wood. Bill told me just before we went into the line that he was going to do his damnedest to smash the Boche and help to quicken the end of this ghastly war.

"I wish I could describe the cold, shivering hour in the dead of night after the assembly. One would like a bottle of rum to warm cold and cramped muscles, but no such comfort, only a drop or two ten minutes before the zero hour. It warms one; then down the line comes: "Two minutes to go; get out on top."

"Bang! The sky is lit up with thousands of flashes and the air is soon filled with screaming shells. The mad rush over wire and trenches. Have you seen a man sweat in a stoke hole? Well, one sweats more than that.

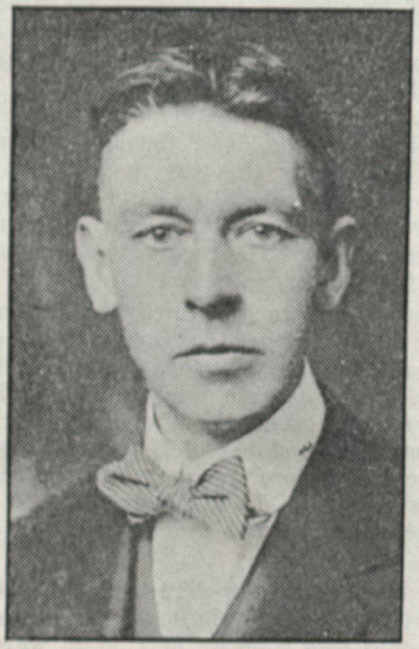
"At last we reached the canal; down we went with ropes and ladders. Not many of the enemy got out to the other side and he was holding it strongly. Within six minutes the canal was cleared and we were re-organized. Dawn was breaking as we climbed the east side and started off again. Here we encountered some wire and came under a weak German barrage. Here Bill was killed while leading his bombing section up the slope to the wood. He died instantly, as we all want to if that is to be our lot. To die fighting while the blood is hot, driving the Hun before us.

"I saw his grave a couple of days after we had advanced to the very gates of Cambrai. He lies in the Military cemetery west of Bourlon Wood."

J. E. NORCROSS.

The Glory *of* the Maple

By AUBREY GOODALL



Aubrey Goodall, a native of Staffordshire, England, has been in Vancouver six years. He has always taken a great interest in literature and the drama. His only brother, Major Goodall, of the 16th Canadian Scottish, enlisted at the outbreak of the war and was killed during the Regina Trench action in October 1916.

"You are afraid: you are a coward, and I could never marry a coward." The man to whom these words were spoken stood dazed and speechless. He watched the departing figure of the girl and his heart went cold. "Coward!" It was the first time any one had dared to name him so, and his pride rebelled. She did not know the reason for his refusal to enlist or she would never have used the word. But she could not change him; his mind was made up, and he would go through with it. 'Twas thus he decided, and then a strange thing happened. All sense of present emotions vanished. He seemed to become detached from himself and watch all around him in an impersonal way, without feeling. He was standing near the bower of roses where they had plighted troth two months ago. The air of the garden was heavy with the scent of the flowers, and the hot August sun blazed pitilessly down. A kitten—her kitten—drunk with joy, tumbled over in a vain attempt to catch a flitting butterfly, and from the branch of a scarred old maple near by, a cheeky chipmunk stared at him with wide, wakeful eyes. Flocks of wild duck skimmed the blue-green waters of the Narrows, and in the hazy distance one could see dimly the lighthouse at Point Atkinson. He saw it all in a strange emotionless way, and the joyous calm of the summer afternoon was entering his heart, when, like a flash, it went stone cold again as a newsboy turned the corner, shouting: "Province! Extra! Latest news of the War; Canada asks for more men."

* * * * * * * * * *

A chill wind blew across the waste and desolation of No Man's Land bringing with it pestilence and death. It touched Captain Osborne, D.S.O., and aroused him from his stupor. He tried to move but was unable. A strange numbness held him in grip. Then memory rushed back and he groaned. He was wedged between rock and soil in a shell hole of the Regina Trench. In the battle fought that day the Huns had at first gained ground, but by counter attack the Canadians had driven them back and were now three hundred yards ahead re-entrenching. He had been one of

the foremost to go over the top, when a piece of shell struck him and he fell. And here he was, alone, in this hell of a place in the clutch of retrospect. He slowly turned his head at a sound on his right; it was that confounded tunic torn from the back of some poor devil flapping its silly solo on the tangle of barbed wire. And the upturned gun-carriage standing near—how ominous it looked in the half light! Gas lurked in the crevices, and a noisome stench of blood and decay filled the air. The scene was indeed like a huge Dore picture from the Inferno. "So this was to be the end of it all," he thought, "death in a shell-torn hole with never a soul to give him help or cheer. Perhaps it was better so; better that Dorothy, at any rate, should know of his end. And yet—what mattered it? She had refused to see him when he called; had left unanswered his letter; had sent no message of good luck or God-speed, though she knew he was training at Vernon and later in England. *She* would not mourn him. His brother Lawrence, who knew the secret of his apparent unwillingness to enlist, had "gone West" at Ypres. He had fought with great bravery and died gloriously for the Empire and Canada on that never-to-be-forgotten April day. And here was he lying in a trench—Oh, curse the cold and the hunger and the gnawing, grinding pain in his leg—with one gold stripe on his tunic and a decoration to his name. Well, what mattered aught now, save water to slake his fiendish thirst? How his head throbbed and swam, and the cursed cold—how it shook and shivered him. Would that damnable rag, never stop flapping, and the guns—good Lord, how they got on a fellow's nerves! He could swear that was a Boche peeping round the gun-carrige. But this would never do. If death had come to him he would face death like a man. ' "For how can man die better than facing' " —'pshaw, he was growing maudlin, he must pull himself together." He closed his eyes for a moment to calm himself and shut out his desperate surroundings, and on re-opening them his senses reeled with wonder—but it was true, deliciously true. The gun-carriage had given place to a rose-bower and for barbed wire and pitiful rag was the maple tree standing in all its splendour of yellow and gold dress and gently swaying in the light breeze. There were dead dried leaves racing madly on the carriage-drive, and the bracken had turned until its gold-brown fronds were stippled bronze and black, but a second bloom was on the dog-wood tree and the graceful flowers shone out like stars in the soft haze of the September sunlight.

Yes, this was the old garden where he had spent so many glorious hours and he sprawled on the well-trimmed lawn in utter joy of life. But what a transformation! How had it all happened? Had he been miraculously transported on some Persian carpet to Canada, or "translated" like Bottom through a fairy's whim? Gad, he must have been asleep and that drear battlefied an imagining of the brain. It was bewildering, of a truth.

But now the wind swept softly through the tree and seemed to whisper to the maple leaves some joyful thought, for they gradually unfolded and the tree gave forth voice:

"Hugh Osborne, take heart," it quaintly said, "you see me now in all my golden glory; even so you stood with her one summer's day in this garden filled with the joy of your love. Now you lie here broken, and ere long my leaves will fall and my life become emp-

ty and drear as yours. But my old leaves are being pushed aside by the new buds to make place for that which is strengthened through suffering. Even as Canada has needed this hour of trial to prove how strong was the germ of her love for the Mother Country, so will your love blossom forth purer, chastened through these years of sorrow and separation."

The sweet voice waned, a gentle mist enveloped the scene, and the consciousness of Captain Osborne, D.S.O., sank softly into nothingness.

"Hugh Osborne has 'gone west,' sir —killed by flying shrapnel. It's a great loss to the Battalion; one of our bravest and ablest officers, and a great favourite with the men." The young subaltern turned his head away quickly and the Officer Commanding B. C. Hospital No. 7 looked grave.

"This is indeed sad news, Mr. Upton," he said, "will you be good enough to step into the office with me? We shall be free from interruption there."

They went out. The nurse who had been standing near attending one of the wounded just brought into the hospital, turned as white as her apron on hearing the first words spoken by Upton. It was with the greatest difficulty that she restrained her feelings, and her hand shook so violently that the thermometer rattled against her patient's teeth as she placed it in his mouth.

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"Hugh Osborne has 'gone west' — one of our bravest and ablest officers— great favourite with the men"——she kept on repeating to herself mechanically. And she had missed seeing him by but a few short hours. Since she had learned his real secret—the reason for his refusal to enlist—that imperative and sacred duty which was his code of honour—she had laboured and spent herself in preparation for her medical examination. To get out of Canada and be near him, if only for an hour, had become the obsession of her life. Yes, he was a brave man even when she had called him "coward" — braver then, surely, because of his silence—and she knew now that to her he was the one man in the world, her knight and hero of a later romance. It was hard that he should be snatched from her just when she had come to love him truly; but she would be brave as he was and make herself worthy of him. There were the wounded to tend and she must wear a smiling face though her heart was dead. She went back to the ward and busied herself in her work, but the words rang insistently in her head: "Hugh Osborne has 'gone west' — bravest and ablest — favourite with the men"—— and she felt numb and lifeless.

About two o'clock in the morning the door opened and four stretcher-bearers entered, carrying the usual sad burden.

"A bad case, nurse," the leading one whispered. They laid down the stretcher, gently lifted the body on to the bed and drew back that she might give it the necessary attention. She approached the bed, saw the face of the sufferer, tottered, fell down on her knees, and throwing her arms wildly round the wounded soldier, cried:

"Hugh, Hugh, thank God you are alive."

My Escape from a German Prison

A Thrilling Experience.

PTE. D. BILSON MERRY.

The following description of his escape from Germany is submitted by Private D. Bilson Merry, No. 23416, Seventh Battalion, Trail, B. C., who enlisted in August, 1914, and spent three years, April, 1915, to April, 1918, in various prison camps of Germany. He has recently received his discharge, and, in spite of many hardships, he is in A-1 condition.

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As tales of many ex-prisoners of war corroborate, in general details, part of my own experience in Germany, it would, perhaps, prove more interesting if I were to leave out the general impressions and deal with the more personal aspects.

The first step towards disorganizing the prisoners was taken in the early part of 1916, when the Germans divided us into small parties distributed to "Kommandos" or working squads. It might sound strange to hear of disorganizing prisoners, but such was the case. Early in 1915, when we had first been sent to work, we Canadians were resolved, as a body, to refuse to do any kind of industrial or agricultural work, and it was amusing to note the peculiar occupations of some men. A great many were bartenders, others were salesmen, and one claimed to be a "draught clerk." When questioned as to what was meant, he explained that it was opening and shutting windows. Although we were justified in refusing to work on anything of national importance, the Germans looked on it as defiance of the military laws of Germany, they themselves ignoring agreements and international conventions in asking us to work.

Their procedure was frightfulness—flogging, imprisonment, strafe, barracks or threatening to shoot ring-leaders. One German interpreter said we would be shot and afterwards severely dealt with. Evidently they didn't intend to kill us outright. All this had no effect on us, so, for a short time they were really at a loss as to how to handle us, during which we spent the time in trying to amuse ourselves in camp life.

Early in the winter of 1916 we were divided into two large parties and sent to different camps. From here we were distributed. After two unsuccessful attempts to escape, found myself at a stone quarry along with two Regular Army men. Being the only three English-speaking men amongst 140 Russians, and all working at different parts of the works, we could not oppose them in any way. Later, at this camp, we were joined by two other Imperial men, one of whom had just previously witnessed the cold-blooded murder of his chum and various other atrocities at a frontier camp. I soon found, too, that to live to fight another day it was necessary to be very obedient and have nothing to say.

The food consisted of turnips and weeds, mixed with some indescribable meat into some sort of mystery stew. The meat, evidently, was brought from the zoo and may have been anything from elephant down. Once, after indulging in a slightly worse mixture than usual, we made the pleasing discovery that the chief ingredient was crocodile. As a great treat we were offered raw herring. Dogs and cats were very scarce, and I have no doubt that their disappearance could be easily accounted for. Had it not been for the Canadian Red Cross we should certainly all have starved long ago. The poor Russians received no parcels and so were worse off than we

were. Half starving, and with little or no clothing, they were forced to do as much work as the Germans themselves. The conditions were deplorable. Men were allowing stones to roll on their limbs to escape this slavery. I saw one Russian put his finger under a wagon full of stone and had it severed close to the hand. The Germans at once suspected it as wilful and, after dressing the hand, sent the Russian back to work. Others were beaten mercilessly with rifle butts or kicked with the guard's ever-ready boot into insensibility. It was extremely hard to watch all this and we felt our helplessness, but cheered ourselves with the thought that we should soon try to give them the slip.

One of my companions, Frank——, had been with me when I attempted to escape the second time in October, 1917, and, as we were not separated, immediately after our punishment, we resolved again to try and get away. It took the intervening five months between our second and third attempts to save enough food from the Red Cross parcels to sustain us on our journey.

The building used as a barracks was a large square stone structure, with walls about four feet thick, which, in peace times, was used as a store room in connection with the quarry. Our quarters were on the top floor, and above this was a small attic where we hid our supplies. Besides my limited rations I had a compass obtained from a German civilian by bribing him with a piece of soap, and a road map which I had traced from one in the possession of a Belgian fellow prisoner. These I had succeeded in concealing in spite of the very careful search on the part of the Germans after my previous attempt and they proved most invaluable to us as may be supposed.

Forced to work in sabots and under strong guard we considered it advisable to make our try from the "lager" regardless of the fact that it was really a stronghold enclosed by a high barbwire fence and patrolled by guards. On the appointed night—April 7th, 1918—we had roll call at 7:30 and were locked in for the night. Having previously watched the movements of the sentries, about half an hour later we got busy to cut the bolt out of the door of our room which we shared with about 20 French and Belgians. Each had a turn cutting with a knife while the remaining two made as much noise as possible playing on a "doodle-sack" (small accordian), the other prisoners gazing at us in amazement at our daring.
at us in amazement at our daring.

We knew the guard changed at 10 o'clock and the relieving guard came up to sleep on the third floor, so we realized the necessity of getting downstairs before the first relief. We slipped down the iron stairs in our stocking feet and took refuge in a wash room on the ground floor, the windows of which were covered by heavily barred iron plates. After pausing to ascertain the whereabouts of the guard, we started to loosen the plate, which took us an hour and a half. It finally came off with a bang, fortunately unheard by anyone, and we dropped out into the square. The guard being engaged in conversation in the centre, we were able to slip along the wall, cut the barbed wire, and get away.

Needless to say the pace at first was terrific, but we soon slowed down to a forced march pace. It was across country, and our first difficulty was a canal. This we crossed on the locks and found a road leading to an open moor. On this we travelled for miles, passing a small prison camp, but were unobserved and kept on until halted by daylight. We found our resting place for a day on a slight elevation in a swamp, and were protected by bushes and heather. We carried on in this way, continuing our journey under cover of darkness and trying to sleep in the day time for the rest of the way. The country over which we travelled was mostly low-lying—farming lands and open moor with an occasional small forest. Our chief obstacles were waterways which were very numerous. As we dared not cross bridges through fear of being captured, we were forced to wade or swim most of them. We had several narrow escapes from being seen—on one occasion being accosted by a gendarme patrolling the road on a bicycle. He addressed us, and had it not been for the faultless German accent of one of my friends we should certainly have been suspected. Another time we jumped into a ditch on the side of the road on hearing a mouth organ, and as the player passed we perceived a very small boy swaggering along and playing to comfort and reassure an old lady coming some distance behind, presumably his grandmother.

On the fifth night we reached our danger zone—a large canal about 15 miles from the frontier and we reckoned we had already covered about 60 miles, an average of 15 miles a night. It was our intention to swim this canal, so we set out to find enough wood to make a small raft on which to place our clothing and food. This part of the country was absolutely without wood, even chips were few and far between, so we went into an orchard and picked up a sawhorse, a ladder and some stakes out of the fence. After spending over an hour on the hunt we found, after construc-

tion, that the raft would hardly float itself, much less serve our purpose—so we were forced to abandon this idea.

All at once the idea came to my other friend —Phil—that this particular part of the country was familiar to him, he having been captured in a previous attempt in this district. So we put on our clothes again and set out towards a bridge of which he told us. About two hundred yards from the spot where we had intended to cross a number of canal boats were anchored. Tied to one of these by a 4-inch rope was a small row boat, which we thought would solve the problem of crossing, so we cautionsly climbed down the bank and Phil stepped into the boat to cut the rope while I held it steady against the bank. After about five minutes of sawing he reported the rope about half cut, when suddenly a German watchman popped up from the interior of the barge within an arm's reach of Phil. The order to beat it was whispered, and Frank and I scampered up the bank full speed ahead. Phil crouched in the bow of the boat, and when the German went below, possibly in search of a weapon, he, too, changed his mind about staying and crawled up, only in a different direction. For a while there was great fear that we had become separated, but, after half an hour, we found each other, and walked boldly along the bank until we came to the bridge which Phil remembered and declared to be unguarded. To prove it he agreed to walk over and back himself, which he did and we followed. We afterwards learned that if we had crossed in the boat our difficulties would have been very much greater, as the place was a series of canals and ditches. We were so pleased with ourselves that we decided to find a favorable location for our daily rest.

After a miserable day in the rain, we proceeded on our way a little later in the evening than usual, and soon entered a small village on the outskirts of which we observed a sign reading 2 kilometres to M———," and a little further on in the village we found another sign reading "10 kilometres to M——," these signs having doubtless been placed to deceive escaping prisoners. Had it not been for Phil's knowledge of this we should probably have fallen into the trap. We left the village and a road which led to a guarded bridge and made a detour which brought us out on the bank of the river about a mile above the bridge. Much as we disliked the idea of swimming in an unfamiliar river, swollen with Spring rains, on a cold, wet night, we realized that this was the only course. We had heard that more prisoners had been lost in that river than had ever been able to reach Holland, but there was nothing left for us to do, so we prepared to make the plunge. We did not stop to dry our cloths.

We found large peat holes and numerous small lakes lay in our path, and it was necessary to make many detours. Frequently we would fall into these holes and experienced difficulty in getting out. We had to pass through about 15 miles of this by a light and, making a detour, we reached the road running along the canal bank on which we narrowly escaped capture by two cycle patrols. If all patrols were like these, escaping from Germany would be an easy matter. As before, our boots tied about our necks and overcoats in our packs we easily reached the other side.

Changing our direction we observed a row of trees in the distance which looked a likely dividing line. Cautiously approaching this we saw what we took to be a sentry and walked around viewing him from different angles. Upon closer inspection, however, we discovered this "sentry" to be a dummy, which had been blown over by the wind, and which created a ludicrous appearance. A flash of light put us on guard once more, and we made haste to get across what we took to be the border. To make certain of this we continued across country, very similar to the past 15 miles, until we reached a road leading northwest which we agreed to take. On this we walked until 9 o'clock the next morning, quite heedless of daylight. Needless to say we were all in, having walked from 8:30 the previous night—13 hours without a halt. Our rations were exhausted by this time with the exception of a small bar of chocolate each, which we hastily devoured on seeing an exceptionally clean looking village ahead of us.

Here we met a Belgian who informed us that we were in Holland to be sure, and led us to an electric plant to dry out. We waited for about two hours and got thoroughly dried out, or at least dry to what we thought was dry. About 11:30 a boy came to take us to the police who gave us a lunch and took us to the train, when we proceeded to a place Coevordin by name. Handed over to the military authorities and taken to a small detention house where we waited a day; thence proceeding to Enchede, where we were quarantined for 16 days.

From the time we entered Holland we found nothing but hospitality and friendliness. The 16 days at Enchede were rather tiresome, but were a splendid rest, giving us plenty of time to recuperate from our long term in "Gefangenenschaft."

"The 29th Battalion"--A Tribute

The "Vancouver Spirit" shows itself

"TOBIN, OF TOBIN'S TIGERS."

Let us look back to February, 1915. Lieut.-Col. Tobin was then the guest of the Vancouver Club, and, addressing that body, he said:

"I am proud to belong to a Vancouver regiment. You heard the eulogistic remarks made about the corps by Major-General Hughes. The splendid showing of the battalion is not due to my efforts, but to every member of the corps.

It is the Vancouver spirit.

Every man is prepared to do his little bit for the cause. There was much to be done. You cannot train soldiers in a day, but we have shown the scoffers what we can do. They used to run down the militia and say that all the officers wanted to do was to wear gaudy uniforms.

The opportunity came to show them their mistake. We have not failed in the crisis.

Canada mobilized 33,000 men in half the time it took the United States to mobilize 19,000 men on the Mexican border. It takes time to train the militia. I do not mean merely in drill tactics but to be ready for active service under modern conditions. It takes months to train men in discipline and the more intelligent they are the more difficult it is. The intelligent man has been used to managing things for himself, and it takes time for him to realize that discipline depends on following the orders of one man. Cohesion of units is the great factor in successful military operations. Each man has to learn to act in conjunction with his fellows.

I am proud of the number of Canadians in my battalion. We have heard a lot of criticism about the few Canadians who were in the first contingent. It should be borne in mind that only men are taken who are between the ages of 18 and 45. In my battalion 26 per cent. of the men are Canadian born. I think it is the best record in Canada outside of French-Canadian regiments. Of my officers 18 out of the 35 were born in Canada, eight are English, seven are Scotch and one is Welsh.

Seven of the eighteen Canadian officers are graduates of Kingston Military College. Several officers have had previous active service experience.

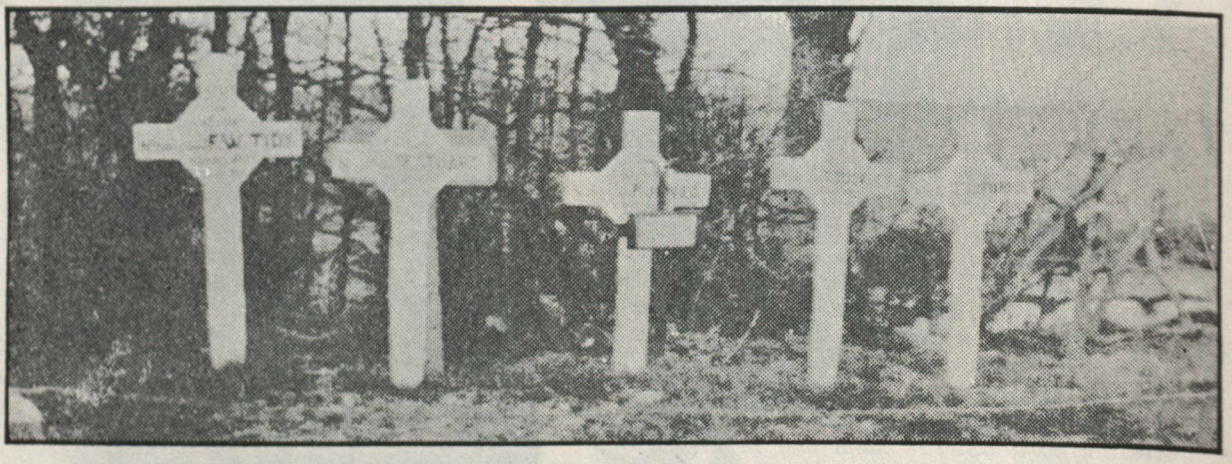
I am proud of being your guest. You greet me with the **True Vancouver Spirit.**

A British Columbia Landscape "Brighter when the Boys Come Back"

Drawn by Josiah Smith

How Sleep the Brave

By ARTHUR HUNT CHUTE



Toward the close of a sombre afternoon, in rain mist, I stood before the Estaminet de Commerce in the city of Lillers. The melancholy autumn season had come, and the spectre of approaching winter in the trenches loomed before us.

It was a mournful throng of soldiers and civilians that stood there waiting and silently shivering, or stamping wet feet on the pave of the Grand Place. The spirit of the throng, and the funereal aspect of the day itself, were sadly in keeping with the occasion which had brought us together.

Through the Grand Place with arms reversed, to the wailing music of the Dead March from Saul, came a column of marching troops. Over the pave rattled a gun-carriage, bearing a box entwined with the Union Jack. Lieutenant-General Sir Thomson Capper was being borne to his grave. The far-famed and gallant General of the Iron Division had fallen two days before in the awful fighting at Loos, and now his comrades were giving him the soldier's last farewell.

Many times I had encountered the Seventh or Iron Division. Sir Thomson Capper was a name to conjure with along the Western front. Only a short time before one of his own Northumberland Hussars had held forth to me on the deeds of the Iron Division, from their belated arrival at Antwerp, to their historic stand at Ypres. "And it's all because of our General, it is," declared the trooper. "He's the fightin'est General on the line."

On Sunday afteroon Sir Thomson Capper stood directing his men in a frightful and bloody encounter. This was nothing new to him, or to his Iron Division. Ever since the autumn of 1914 they had been winning their name by ceaseless fightings in such battles. On that fateful Sunday afternoon General Capper was shot through the lungs. He was carried to the rear, and died in hospital next day. "We are here to do the impossible," was the fiery watchword which he left with his troops.

And now on that Tuesday evening in September, all that was mortal of our "fightin'-est General" went by on a gun-carriage. His career of lustre and renown was ended. The keeping up of the resplendent glories of the Iron Division had fallen into other hands. As the cortege passed the place where we were standing we suddenly became rigid as every soldier came to the salute, a salute that bespoke the soldier's deepest feeling.

Half an hour after the General's funeral, saw many of the faces lately darkened by sorrow again radiant and fair. Whatever clouds might be without, true soldiers never suffer them long within.

Last night was a restless and tumultous one. It is the lull in the storm. The nerves are tensely waiting for the thunders that shall break again, and meanwhile in that gay

foregathering of the Estaminet de Commerce there is no place for sad repining.

At home in the good old world of peace, we speak of the Angel of Death. His rare but tragic visitations are cataclysms in our home. "Over there" it is no longer the Angel of Death. We must say Angels of Death "Over There," for they fly in legions. One is ever dwelling beneath the shadow of their withering wings. On the right and left comrades are always falling, until what was cataclysms in our homes becomes incidental in our trenches.

A loud rapping is heard from without, and in explosive notes of alarm a voice cries forth, "S O S! Battery action!" Up under the scintillant flare of the star-shells there is a sudden burst of hectic light and a muffled roar. Up there beneath that flare some of our boys are dying, and others in frantic tones cry forth for us to save them. We read their cries in training rockets through the night. "Forgetting the things which are behind," we, the servants of the guns, must leap to action and give back our thunders in answer to that cry.

Now and again, as I have moved up and down behind the various portions of our line, in France or Flanders, I have paused for contemplation in one of our great and ever-growing cemeteries. Everywhere behind the lines one encounters these tragic yet soul-enkindling plots of ground, that have been forever hallowed by the bones of our brave.

Who can regard the grave of a man who died for his country without experiencing emotions that lie too deep for his words? On such spots one enters into the inner meaning of the sacrifice of Calvary. "For what greater thing can a man do than to lay down his life for a friend?"

In front of Westminster Abbey there is a column erected to the dead heroes of Westminster School. Many a time as a lad I have stood in front of that column, and read in solemn silence its inscription:

"To those Boys educated at Westminster School, who died in the Russian and Indian Wars, Anno Domini 1857, some in early youth, some full of years and honor, some on the field of battle, some from wounds and sickness, but who all alike gave their lives for their country.

"This column is erected by their old school fellows, at Westminster School, with the hope that it may inspire in their successors the same courage and self-devotion."

On the reverse side of the column I read the long list of names, from Field Marshal Lord Raglan, the Commander-in-Chief, to the youngest cornet and middy who had died. From the school Quadrangle came the merry laughter of Westminster boys at play, and standing there, there came upon my soul the first dawning of that sacrifice which soldiers make when they lay down their lives for their country.

During the armistice between the first and second Balkan War I was in Egypt. Traveling one day across the desert I alighted at a station called Tel-el-Kebir. Here Wolseley won his victory over Arabi in 1882. On the January day of 1913 I found a single building serving as a railroad station, and beside it a cemetery, with its rows of crosses drawn up in as orderly a fashion as a company on parade.

I entered the cemetery, and the first name I read was that of Lachlan MacTavish, of a certain Scottish regiment. The burr of his Highland name sounded like the rush of a mountain train in his far-off Highland home. For the moment I seemed to feel the freshness from the moorlands and the heather, then my eye caught the pathetic little cross that stood amidst the shifting of the desert sands. There as never before I realized the sacrifice of those who laid down their lives on a foreign soil in the service of their flag.

A yet profounder realization of this sacrifice was borne upon me one evening in June, 1915. That night I entered the ternches beyond Givenchy town for the first time.

At twilight I turned in from the La Basse Canal, crossed a field to the main street of Givenchy, and proceeded down into the town. The place was completely abandoned, and had been badly ruined by shell fire. In that twilight hour the streets were full of haunted houses, instinct with ghosts and memories. A solitary dog leaping across a wrecked bridge, that hung by a single trestle, appeared like a ghoulish creature. I was oppressed by these haunting shadows in what had once been Givenchy homes, far more than I was by the frequent note of shells passing over the town. In one quaint house, whose wall had been crashed in, I saw a little cradle; what eloquence of tragedy was there!

In a saddened mood I approached the distillery. In one of the houses opposite, a grand piano still remained intact. The fifth Royal Highlanders of Canada were coming out of the trenches that night. The first company was already out, and one of their musicians was playing "To You, Beautiful Lady in Pink," upon the inharmonious and strident instrument. Up and down in the rooms

of the adjacent houses the Highlanders were cake walking, some with their packs still on their backs. The bursting of several shells in a side street only served to accentuate the comedy of the scene. Whatever else happened, this battalion was going out, so the musician pounded the keys in ecstacy and the boys cake-walked with equal glee.

Through the shadowy distillery I wended my way with a higher spirit from the contagious merriment of the Highlanders. Beyond the distillery was another open field, and a farm yard with the buildings long since razed to the ground. Hardly a stone was left standing in this spot. The enemy's shells had surely reaped good harvest here. Beside the ruined farm was the witness of a still sadder harvest. A cemetery with its row on row of little wooden crosses stretched out toward the communicating trenches. The night was falling fast, and there in the gathering gloom I waited for over an hour for the last company coming in. In the darkness I was especially touched by the meaning of those little crosses. In fitful light beneath the star-shells, these crosses loomed before me in momentary flashes, then faded in the night.

How profound was the peace that lingered round that spot! In front of me I could see the white glare that marked the firing line, from whence came now and then the rattle of musketry, the popping of machine-guns, or the krump of bursting shells. Behind me in Givenchy town the artist was still performing on the grand piano. "The Pink Lady" was the limit of his repertoire, but the Irrepressibles still danced on. Between the grim firing line on the one hand and the revelry of the Highlanders on the other, stretched those little wooden crosses. In their quiet plot the Brave slept well that night, for they had done their duty.

Their work was finished, and well might they sleep on, knowing that those comrades whom they left behind would carry on in their stead, and that even as they, their comrades behind would be faithful unto death.

From our line the rattle of rifles told me that England was busy, and that our troops up there were keeping their faith with their pals who had died.

"I've copped it, mate, swat 'em for me," were the dying words of a game little Cockney.

"Go about your duty," was the last speech of the stricken Colonel MacLean of the Sixth Gordons, to those who paused in the fighting to attend to him.

What all these dead required was that the living should fight on, and thus keep faith with them. Up and down that bivouac of the dead I seemed to feel their unseen Sentry walking. Where they had pitched their silent tents, they too had set their silent picket. That night, above those shadowy graves, the Sentry of the Dead paused and listened. From the line came the sound of fighting. From behind came the voice of revelry and song. And this was as it should be. Not in repining, but in gladness, must the soldier spend his resting hours. Soon perchance that Highlander who was pounding out "The Pink Lady," and all his jolly dancers, would join these dead in their narrow beds. But there they were playing their part as true soldiers.

I seemed to hear the Sentry of the Dead cry out that night, "All's Well!—All's Well!" The Brave might sleep their sleep in peace, because their comrades behind were doing their duty.

In France one encounters soldiers' graves in all kinds of unlikely places. Right in the Front Line trenches, before Hill 60, there was a little wooden cross with the name of a French soldier painted on it. The soldier fell away back in the first months of the war, when everything was fluid and the tide of war was shifting back and forth. Soon after that our lines locked and froze, and ever since he has been sleeping in that frightful place known as Our Front.

For months that little cross had stood there, while landmarks all about had been wiped out, while the tower of the Cloth Hall had been pulverized, and the Verbranden Windmill splintered to kindling wood. I have often paused up there on the Front Line, after a nasty strafe from Fritz, and regarded with awe that immortal wooden cross. With parapets crumped in in many places, and the ground about pocked with shell holes, amid all this wild havoc, the simple memorial to the dead French soldier seemed to bear a charm.

At home we have a cemetery in a place of rustic peace, on a secluded hillside, looking down upon the harbor where the ships go out to sea. There in their snug haven the dead forget their storms. But under the wooden cross, up there in the Front Line trench, the fallen French soldier slept just as soundly as they. Mines might be sprung around his resting place, but the inviolate cross remained, an emblem of his peace unbroken.

One day on the Somme, while moving over a fresh battle-field, looking for a new position for our guns, I chanced upon the grave of a Corporal of the East Surrey Regiment. He

had been hastily buried, just where he fell upon the field of battle. There had been no time for ceremony or for the planting of a cross. His rifle had been thrust into the ground to mark the grave, and his soldier's cap was placed upon the mound of turf to serve as a memorial. That little weather-beaten khaki cap was unobserved by many, but to those who saw, it was a memorial as eloquent as costly marble. As I bent over to examine the grave, I saw a shingle, on which some rough hand had scribbled a short text with an indelible pencil. The rains had washed blue streaks across the writing. One could just decipher the text. It was: "Thou art forever with the Lord."

The rough soldier's epitaph brought to mind a visit which I had made to the Catacomb of St. Calixtus. There on the tomb of a baby girl, I read in Greek, "Dearest Cleo, sweetest child, thou art forever with the Lord."

To encounter such evidences of faith on the battlefield of the Somme, or in the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, was to feel instinctively that there at last was the real thing. Matters of faith were dark enough on the Somme, but to read the hope of that Tommy was like the bursting forth from darkness of some serene and shining star.

I was in the Ypres salient in April, 1915, and back there again in the spring of 1916. That bloody and awful salient is a vast graveyard of Canada's fairest and best.

A young Canadian officer, who was a comrade of mine, told me how that in the summer of 1913 he left the City of Ypres, a cameo of priceless beauty, with the splendor of its Cloth Hall and its Cathedral and its guilds, and took the tram-line out to Kruystraesthenk Corner. Alighting there, he and his sister crossed the fields where the daisies and anemones were growing, and regaled themselves in the wondrous charm of that Flemish landscape. Now on those same fields that officer is sleeping, and in summers to come the flowers that spring up there shall wave about his grave.

On fine mornings in June, as I have been crossing in or going out from our battery position, I have passed through the grounds of Bedford House, a Belgian chateau, and I have marveled at what must have been the exceeding beauty of that place in times of peace. A wistful loveliness still lingers round the ruins. If in the past light hearts have journeyed there for scenes of beauty, in years to come a host of deeper hearts will journey there as to a shrine.

If where an Englishman is buried on a foreign soil is called "a little bit of England," then we may call the Ypres salient a mighty bit of Canada. If anyone were to inquire what is the most important city of Canada, we might answer unhesitatingly, "The City of Ypres." The hosts of our young men who have fallen in battles round that city have hallowed the name for all Canadian hearts, and rendered the place our in the deepest sense.

Montreal, and Halifax, and Vancouver are among our lesser cities, but Ypres, where so many of our Boys are buried, shall remain for us the city of our everlasting possessions. In years to come, the touchstone for the Maple Leaf will not be "Queenstown's Heights and Lundy's Lane," but "Ypres and Langemark."

I stood one night on a certain hill that commands the firing-line in an almost boundless panorama. Beside me was an officer of the Second Canadian Division, who had just come out. There that night, by its white trail of iridescent light, we could trace the course of the firing-line for many miles through France and Flanders.

Just to our left the line of light jutted far out, like a lone cape into the sea. "What is that jutting-out place?" my friend inquired.

"That," I answered, "is the Ypres salient, the bloody angle of the British line."

To mention the name of Ypres is to have one's memory awakened with a veritable kaleidoscope of pictures. That trail of light that jutted out into the night looked like a cape, and an iron cape it has been through months and years of war. But the holding of that cape has been at an awful cost, and there was not an inch along that trailing line of light that had not cost its trailing line of blood.

Just after the first gas attack in April, 1915, the whole countryside was in a panic. The roads were filled with limbers and marching troops hastening up. I was passing through the town of Vlamerthigne, which is situated two miles beyond Ypres. In a field at the side of the road I saw a funeral party. It consisted of several pioneers, serving as grave diggers, a gray-haired Scottish Major, and a Corporal's Guard to act as firing party.

I learned that this inconspicuous group were burying the last original officer of a battalion of the Cameron Highlanders. The dead officer was a young subaltern, and the gray-

haired old Major was his father, who had come from another regiment to attend the funeral of his son.

As they were lowering the body, wrapped in a gray blanket, into the grave, the old Major remonstrated: "No, not there, not there! He fought with his men in life, and he shall be buried with them in death."

So, over in a great deep trench, where a number of the rank and file of the fallen Camerons were already laid, the body of their dead subaltern was placed. As I saw the officer and his men of the bonnie Highland regiment thus laid to rest together, I thought of requiem of Saul and David: "They were beautiful in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided."

As the rifles rang out in a volley for the last farewell, a passing squadron of the Bengal Lancers, crack cavarly from the Khyber Pass, halted suddenly and came to the salute. Thus troopers from the Highlands of India paid their last respects to a fallen comrade from the Highlands of Scotland.

It was out of the trenches in hospital at the time that my dearest friend in France was killed. On first returning to the Front, I did not have the courage to visit his grave. I sent some of my men to plant flowers there, and after a time I went myself. That was my most poignant moment in France.

The flowers had sprung up and were blooming on his grave, and a little white cross stood there with the name of my beloved pal upon it. Near by stood another cross, bearing the name of his brother. I thought of what they two had done for their country, and of what their widowed mother had given, and beside those two white crosses, all that we living ones call sacrifice seemed to grow pale and fade into significance.

Verbranden Moulin, Hill 60, and Mount Sorrel are three hills to the left of Ypres. For Flanders in the summer of 1914 they were points in a landscape of beauty. For Canada today they are triple landmarks of glory and sorrow.

One morning in August, 1916, our Brigade of Artillery said "goodbye" to "Wipers." With mingled feelings I turned back in my saddle, and gazed long and intently at the tragic place that had cost us so much of our precious blood. The towers of the Cloth Hall and the Cathedral were in ruins. The high steeple of the Poperinghe church still stood. I was glad to bid these landmarks all goodbye, but in those fields and hills beyond I left my heart with many a fallen comrade. Often since my heart has journeyed back there to those same tragic fields in which they sleep. But I know that they are sleeping well, in the repose of those whose work is nobly done.

As the long lists of inevitable casualties appear in the newspapers, we must not get into a panic of the soul, we must not pity the men who have fallen. They need no pity, and could they speak they would repudiate such maudlin sentiment. If the fallen Brave could talk to us, we know that it would be to tell us to envy them, and not to pity them, because their lives have found so glorious an ending.

Idealism wanes in prosperity and waxes in adversity. England has become a new England out of the adversities of this war, and in the same struggle a new America will be born.

Corporal Fisher was a college boy in Canada in the spring of 1914. In the spring of 1915 he was the bastion of the British line at Ypres. Only a schoolboy yesterday, but today, with the gray waves of Germans rolling towards him, he and his machine-gun were the rock on which the whole line held or broke.

Corporal Fisher was young in years, but he stuck to his post of duty, and died in the fullness of honor. In time to come schoolboys of our great Dominion will hear how Corporal Fisher won the Victoria Cross in his passing. His career so short, and yet so bright, will remain one of Canada's shining and everlasting possessions.

Another—let us not forget the glory which is woven with our sorrow. Our dead who have fallen in battle shall sleep well in an alien land, and we who still remain must not withhold from them the pride which is their due.

Some Sketches

The Descent of Man. By "Hal."

Why the Food Shortage? By "Hal."

The Slacker. Drawn by H. C. Laidlaw

Poem by Marguaretta M. S. Taylor

ARMSTRONG, B. C.

From pretty Armstrong, B. C., there often reached "The World," Vancouver, some charming poems by this young lady. We are glad to secure poems from her for "The Gold Stripe."

BROTHER O' MINE

Brother o' mine, so far away,
When evening shadows fall
Across the garden where we played
Before you heard the call;
My soul goes out to you this hour,
Although so far apart;
Brother o' mine, O, can you hear
The calling of my heart?

How sweet was life in those dear hours,
When we were side by side!
God grant you may return to me,
Though stormy seas divide;
There is no love so unselfish
In this world of grief and pain
As that which numbs your sister's heart
Till you return again.

Brother o' mine, the ripples lap
The lordly Fraser's shore;
Far to the south Mount Baker rears
Aloft her summit hoar;
The skiff is waiting on the beach,
Unhandled, since the day
You cast your boyhood from you
And, a man, you went away.

Your gun is leaning in the hall,
Just as before it leaned
Against the wall, and, faithfully,
By loving hands 'tis cleaned,
'Waiting the day you will return
To longing hearts once more;
When Peace on earth is given again,
And cruel war is o'er.

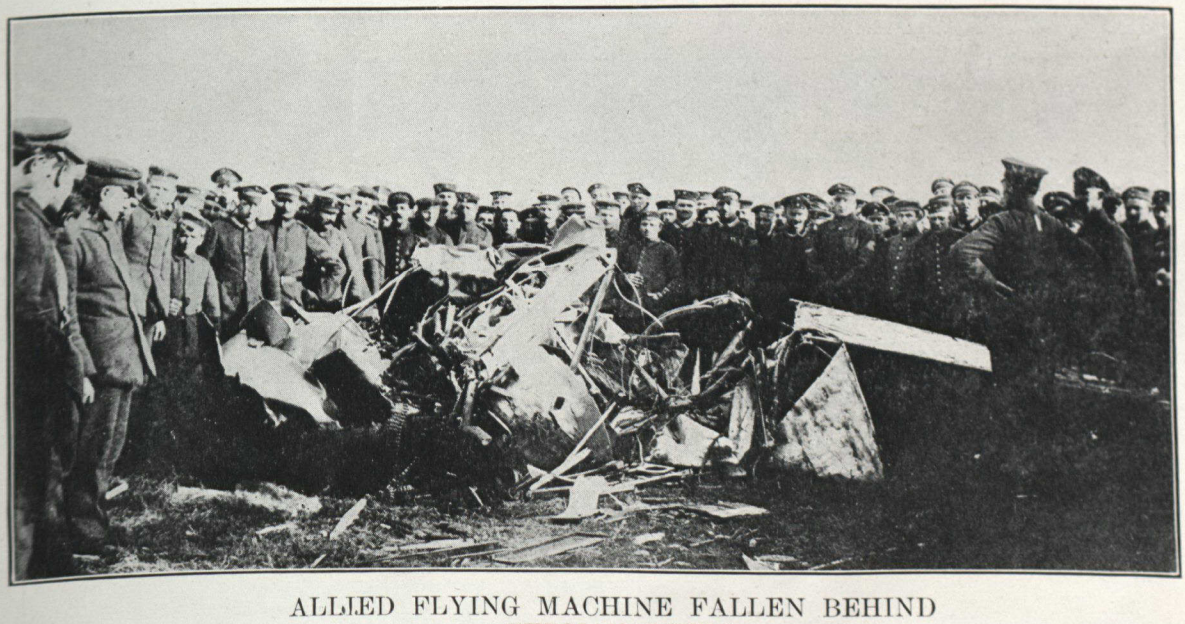
Your chamber stands unoccupied;
Your presence seems to fill
Each nook and corner of the room
As if you were there still;
And, as I softly enter it,
I almost hope to hear
Your gentle accents, asking me
"What is it, Sister, dear?"

Brother o'mine, I cannot bear
To think what I should do
If you should n'er return to me,
Who, patient, wait for you;
The old folks grow more feeble, for
Their race is nearly run;
Brother o'mine, return to us
Before their day is done.

If God should beckon you to go
Before your dawn of life
Has changed to glorious mid-day,
Afar from war and strife,
I only prav that He may take
The soldier's sister, too:
That she may march beside him when
He answers God's review.

THE FAMOUS TOWN OF VIMY DURING GERMAN OCCUPATION

(Copyright—Prim-Kibbler)



ALLIED FLYING MACHINE FALLEN BEHIND GERMAN LINES

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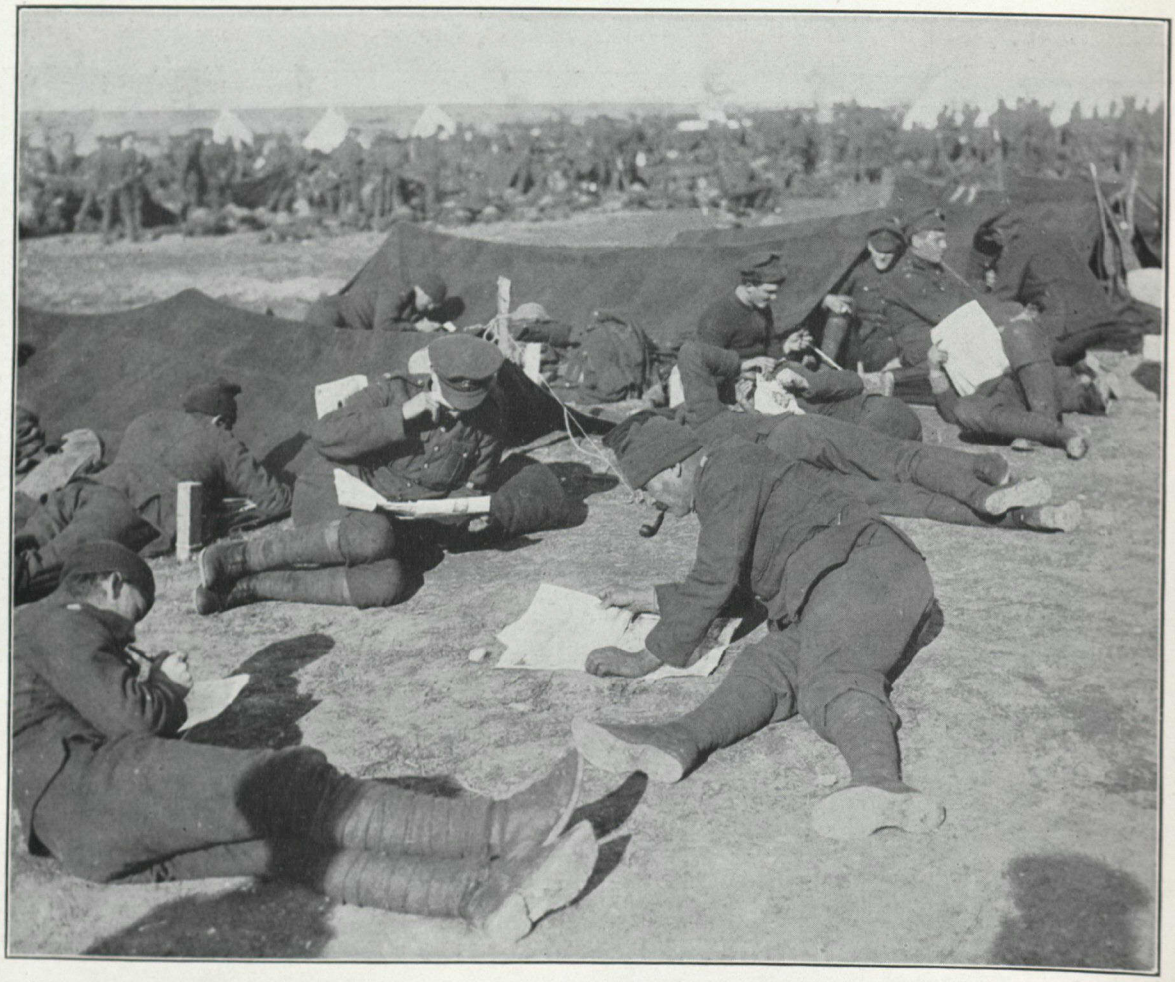
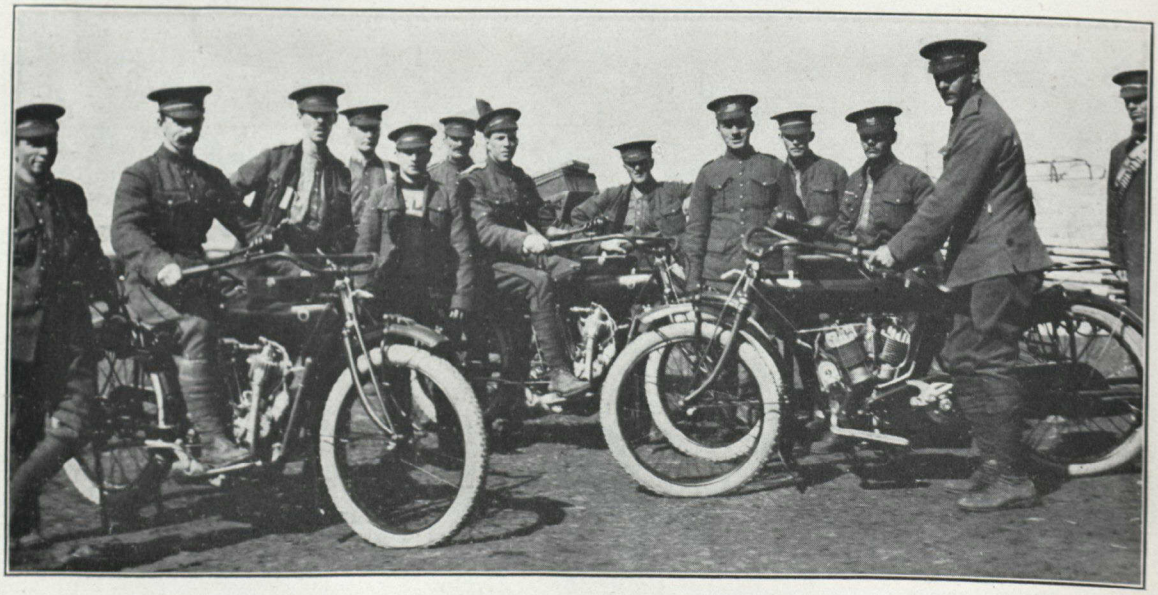


47TH IN BIVOUACK, TARA HILL, 1916.



MEMBERS OF THE CYCLING CORPS IN FRANCE.

What B. C. is doing for Soldiers

INFORMATION FOR SOLDIERS

Crown Lands

Pre-emption—Free Grants.—Every soldier who has pre-empted Crown Land, and who enters into occupation of his pre-emption, shall be entitled to a free grant thereof without payment of fees or taxes, and without necessity of compliance with the Land Act as to occupation or improvements. This privilege shall extend for one year after conclusion of the war and shall also inure to the benefit of soldiers' heirs. Chapter 35, Statutes 1916. Enlarged and extended Chapter 45, Statutes 1918.

Exemption from Forfeiture: By Chapter 59 of Statutes of 1916, provision was made for cancellation of all the rights of any person, soldier or civilian, in lands purchased from Crown upon which the purchase price had not been paid in full. By Chapter 58 of Statutes 1917, an exception was made in favour of any soldier who had purchased prior to August, 1914. He is given until six months after the war in which to complete his title, provided notice is given to the Lands Department that the purchaser is a soldier. Such soldier is also given twelve months after the war to secure a proportionate allotment of land for moneys previously advanced if he does not wish to complete his purchase. This statute further amended and enlarged by Chapter 81, Statutes 1918.

Land Settlement Act—$500 Abatement on Price: Under the Land Settlement Act, Chapter 34, Statutes 1917, and the 1918 amendments thereto, provision is made by which the Land Settlement Board may take over selected Crown Lands and may purchase other selected lands for colonization and settlement purposes. These lands may be purchased from the Board by bona fide settlers, subject to settlement conditions, by way of residence and improvement.

Any returned soldier purchasing lands from the Board is entitled to an abatement in the purchase price of $500.00.

Under the provisions of this Act the Land Settlement Board has selected two settlement areas along the line of the G. T. P. This is the start of what is expected will be an extensive Community Settlement Scheme. One area is in the Nechaco and the other at Vanderhoof. These areas are well suited for settlement, especially mixed farming, but have been kept out of cultivation by private owners. The Board have surveyed them into 160 acre lots, and have assessed each lot at a fair valuation. The private owners must either put these lots under cultivation or sell to the Board at its valuation. As the Board secures these lands from the owners it will resell them to bona fide settlers upon payment of 20 per cent. down and the balance over a period of years, subject, of course, to settlement conditions.

It is understood that the average assessed price of these lands is about $8 per acre. To the civilian the total price would, therefore, be $1,280, of which $256 is cash. The soldier settler gets his rebate of $500, and only pays 10 per cent. cash, so that the price to him would be $780, of which only $78 is cash.

If the soldier secures a loan on his land in the settlement area, from the Dominion Government, the Board will give him a deed at once without waiting for fulfilment of settlement conditions.

Other areas in different parts of the Province are being investigated, so that the same policy may be more extensively carried out.

Soldiers' Land Act, 1918: This Act gives the Government wide powers in securing and setting aside lands for soldiers. Under the Soldiers' Homestead Act of 1916, considerable areas reverted to the Crown. The best land so reverting is a large tract in the Stewart River District. This tract has been reserved exclusively for soldiers. Surveyors are now surveying this land and preparing a careful report on its quality and suitability. When this information has been secured, further action will be taken. These lands, if shown to be suitable, will be made free to soldier settlers. This matter, as well as that of other soldier lands, is under the supervision of Major Clark, a returned soldier, who has been appointed superintendent of B. C. Soldier Settlement.

In this connection it is hoped that a more comprehensive policy may be worked out in conjunction with the Dominion Government, by which the Province will furnish its lands to soldiers and the Dominion will co-operate with financial assistance. Premier Oliver recently wired to Premier Borden, asking that a conference be called at Ottawa with all the Provincial Premiers, to deal with this ques-

tion. Premier Borden has called this conference for November 19th.

Under its Soldiers' Land Act, the Government has given a few homesteads to soldiers near Sechelt, and further action of similar nature is under consideration.

Exemptions to Soldiers and Dependents: Mineral Claim: By Chapter 10 of Statutes 1918, it is provided that free miners' certificates, held by soldiers, shall remain in force without fees till six months after the war. It is provided that, with respect to Mineral Claims, the assessment work required by the Mineral Act shall be deemed to be done during the war and for six months thereafter. It is provided that all Placer Claims and leases shall continue in force till six months after the war. Provision is also made for reviving any Mineral Claims which have lapsed. In case of death of a soldier this Act applies to his heirs.

War Relief Act: This Act prevented any action being brought during the war against any soldier for any debt, liability or obligation. By amendments, 1917 and 1918, the period was extended to six months after the war. Provision was made to include officers as well as privates, and draftees as well as volunteers. It was also made applicable in favour of a soldier's dependents and his heirs. The 1917 amendment also provides "that a soldier's land shall not be sold for municipal taxes," if municipality had notice.

By Chapter 89, Statutes 1918, provision was made for witholding land of a soldier and his family from provincial tax sale.

It is contemplated, at the meeting of the next session, to make further provision for the relief of the soldier whose taxes have accumulated during his absence.

Lands forfeited under the Dyking Assessment Act, 1905: Soldier may redeem at any time within six months after the war; 1918, Chapter 18.

Exemption from fees under Vital Statistics Act, 1917, Chapter 72.

Exemption from poll tax, 1917, Chapter 65.

Provision for Incorporation of War Charities without payment of fees; 1918, Chapter 9.

Health and Education

Hospitals: The Legislature, at the last session, appropriated the sum of $75,000 for the erection of a wing to Tranquille Sanatorium for the accommodation of tubercular cases amongst the returned soldiers.

The Provincial Government grants from $1.00 to 45 cents per day, according to the length of treatment, for each returned soldier patient under treatment in any general hospital in the Province.

At the University of B. C., which is supported wholly by an annual grant from the Provincial Government, all returned soldiers receive free tuition. Four hundred men are at present availing themselves of the opportunity by taking courses in Mining, Mechanical Engineering, and various other subjects.

The Agricultural Department of the University of B. C. is at the disposal of all returned soldiers wishing to take a course in Agriculture, and special courses are provided.

The Provincial Government voted $30,000 to the Invalided Soldiers' Commission for the purpose of purchasing equipment to re-educate incapacitated returned soldiers.

Miscellaneous

Civil Service: Under the Civil Service Act, which came into force on July 1st, 1918, the filling of all vacancies in the Civil Service is taken out of the hands of the Government and placed in the hands of a Civil Service Commissioner.

The Act also provides that, in all cases, when a returned soldier with the necessary qualifications is available, he shall have preference over other applicants.

Elections Act: Special provision is made so that a soldier who has returned since the last date of revision, may get on the Voters' Lists within ten days of an election—1918, Chapter 27.

Administration of Estates Free: Provision has recently been made under the Attorney General's Department, by which estates of deceased soldiers will be probated, or letters of administration secured free of charge.

Returned Soldiers' Commission

An independent non-political organization, under the supervision of the Department of Provincial Secretary George F. Pyke, Parliament Buildings, Victoria. Financed by the Province. It is for your benefit—use it.

If you have troubles of any description, let the Secretary know. He will assist you to the utmost of his ability.

If you desire any information on any subject, ask him; he will furnish it if possible.

When you are finally discharged, the Commission will do everything in its power to assist you to regain your place in civil life. With the assistance of the 72 secretaries covering the whole Province, it has, up to September 30th, found over 6,000 positions for returned men and its records show only 67 out of employment in the Province at that date.

Spoils

By Frank Foster

On an early August afternoon in the year 1914 two people were intently engaged over a table situated at the end of a spacious room. Another, and larger table stood in front of the high, carved stone mantlepiece; all of the furniture, the wainscot and the polished floor were of oak, dark with age. The apartment was lighted by two tall, leaded-glass windows. A room possesses a personality and this room diffused the essence of long years of comfort and august tranquility.

One of the occupants was a man, florid and stout, dressed in a semi-scholastic attire. He was seated at the table and divided his attention between a microscope and a large volume of bound manuscript. A fair haired, ruddy girl leaned over him, following his movements with rapt interest.

Their absorbed attention was rendered most significant, however, by reason of certain unseen surroundings. From the outside rose and fell noises of an ominous nature, the deep undercurrent of all being a raucous murmuring sound that could hardly emanate from any other cause than an enormous concourse of men. Shrieks and cries of distress, usually awe-inspiring, were but thin threads of anguish against this dominant body of sound. The menace, conveyed in its semi-articulate expression, cannot be adequately described. Yet in spite of it all, and of the fact that it steadily increased in volume, the two worked on.

Finally the man rose from his seat with a quiet air of satisfaction. He looked the girl full in the eyes and then took her by the hand.

"My daughter," he said in a grave voice, "you understand that our long research is finished. I—rather we (for your help has been greater to me than any hired assistant could have rendered)—have succeeded in isolating the bacilli of the most deadly snake poison in the world. It baffled us so long that I nearly despaired, particularly since the invasion of our country three days ago: at any time this place may be occupied. Now my position on the city council demands my attention; above all things the citizens must be warned to offer no resistance. It is not likely that the civilian population or any of the women will be harmed, and you would better stay in here until you hear from me. One moment, are you sure you know the whole formula by heart?"

The girl's face relaxed into a rather forced smile. "Have I not discovered it bit by bit, with yourself? But must you go, my father? Do not court danger. Stay here; we are everything to each other. Of all our family we alone are left; if death should overtake you, ah, I cannot think of it."

"Should I die it will be in the service of my country. My girl, in our bitterest grief we must remember our duty. If you alone should be left it will be for you to announce the discovery that will save thousands of lives every year in the tropics."

The girl threw at him a glance of pathetic devotion; her lips were tightly compressed, but she made a sign of assent. Her father embraced her and reminding her that the Guild Hall was but a hundred yards away, he left hastily.

For a few moments her self-control seemed to desert her; she flung herself into a large arm-chair near the fire place and covered her face with her hands in an attitude of the deepest apprehension. Then she rose, her whole aspect one of heavy foreboding, and walked to the open window. Screening herself so that she could hardly be seen from the outside, she looked down the qaint old street that had been familiar to her from her infancy.

The entire landscape was full of men in uniform of a nondescript color; the street was choked with them. They looked out from the windows of many of the houses, and far away, far as one's gaze could reach into the distant fields, they flowed on, an unending river of uniformed men, into the town. A commotion opposite the Guild Hall caused her to turn her gaze again into the street.

Two soldiers were holding by the arms a civilian whom she instantly recognized as her father; an officer was interrogating him. Apparently his answers were unsatisfactory, for the officer spat at him contemptuously, and at a gesture from him the soldiers conducted their prisoner away, leading him round to the side of the hall furtherest from his house. The townsfolk, scattered among the soldiery, followed the familiar figure with their gaze, some striving to watch him round the corner

of the building. A few women covered their faces as he disappeared.

The girl at the window, sick and white with horror, looked right and left for a moment and then attempted to leave by the door; it was locked from the outside. She then ran to the window again, just as a sharp, chattering sound, rather like the rapid action of a sewing machine, reached her. For a moment she stood, motionless; then with a great effort she regained her self-control. She walked quickly to the further table and, picking up some manuscript sheets upon which the last notes had been made a few minutes before by her father, she pressed them for a moment passionately to her lips and taking them to the fire place she lit them with a match, and saw them reduced to ashes. Then, by standing on a chair, she managed to reach above the high mantlepiece, where a few rare old arms were displayed. She took from among these a slender fluted Italian dagger and concealed it in the bosom of her dress. Then she paused.

Her abstracted gaze at this point would have conveyed to anyone looking on that she was trying to anticipate contingencies. For a few moments; then her brow cleared and she went again to the further table. She had picked up a glass containing an orange-colored fluid and was taking it also to the fireplace, when an appalling scream, close to the window, startled her so that she dropped the glass upon the floor. She at once seized her handkerchief and mopped up the liquid. So intent on her task that she ignored a loud knocking at the door and a summons to open it. Just as she was about to throw the saturated linen into the ashes the state of her fingers attracted her attention; they were stained as if they had been dipped in iodine. The instant's shade of concern that crossed her face was succeeded by an air of satisfaction; she threw the handkerchief into the fireplace, pushing it into the ashes with the toe of her shoe. At this moment the door was forced open and two soldiers advanced and seized her.

"You are the daughter of the professor?" said one. She made a gesture of assent, as one understanding their language easily.

The other soldier consulted a paper that he held in his hand. "It is the same; it is ordered that you accompany us." As they were leaving, the senior, who appeared to be an under officer, stopped for a moment to mark the outside of the door with chalk; then he closed it with a resounding bang.

The room was empty; the mournful, haunting eyes of the old portraits looked down from the walls, as the warriors and statesmen themselves had regarded such scenes in the times of Alva and Parma. An imaginative soul, had such a one been present as the hours passed and gloom gathered in the apartment, might have felt that the artists had even endowed their creations with an inarticulate form of speech, and that the heavy air was full of grave reproach: "did we not warn you?" And still the darkness thickened until every object in the room became undistinguishable.

* * * * *

Later on, far into the night, it shone with electric light, illuminating every detail. But now it wore a cruelly troubled aspect, for it was in reckless disorder. Two or three of the chairs were upset, the rugs were tumbled and awry. The tall console radiated splinters of glass from a point in the centre and the lower half of one of the high leaded windows had been knocked completely out; champagne bottles stood on the table and rolled on the floor and a pair of high military boots lay upon the hearth. Through the window the hot, still air of the August night conveyed an indefinable reek of mingled odors, a pungent chemical taste running parallel with the scent of the trampled garden and the numbing acrid smell of spilt blood. The heavy guns in action were so far away that their measured intonation came almost as a murmur to the ear.

The only occupant of the room was an officer in the uniform of a colonel of the guard. As he moved restlessly about in his stockinged feet, fingering the smaller details for an instant and tossing them contemptuously aside, there was a disdainful ferocity about him that suggested the larger carnivora. He was not commanding in presence or in attribute, but dangerous and powerful.

He was impatiently handling some of the scientific apparatus on the table at the further end of the room when the sudden opening of the door made him turn abruptly. A sergeant entered, holding by the arm the girl who had been taken from the same room some few hours before. He saluted the officer stiffly, in answer to a curt question replied in the affirmative, and added a few words further. Then he saluted again and withdrew.

With an abrupt motion of the head the colonel motioned to the girl to be seated. Her few movements in complying defined her figure with startling clearness under the military overcoat that covered her and her soft foot fall suggested bare feet. She wore no

hat, and the long coat, being rather large for her, enveloped her completely.

Her face was overlaid with a curious pallor, her eye lids puffed and swollen, like those of one who has been long without sleep. At intervals a strong shudder ran through her, such as is seen in a child who has cried itself tired, but beyond that her manner was composed and deliberate. Being of apparently about 18 years old and over the middle height, she looked, in her military garb, much like a handsome boy. She regarded the soldier across the table without flinching.

He filled two glasses and pushed one of them towards her, but she shook her head. Then he said: "You are the daughter of the professor, are you not?"

"Yes," she replied, "he was my father until your men shot him this afternoon."

"For inciting resistance on the part of the civil population," interrupted the colonel, savagely.

"He did not," said the girl in a colorless voice. "It will do to go into your reports, but he did not; you know it."

The colonel looked at her in a threatening manner, but failed to quell her steady glance. Then he said: "Oh, well, let it pass. I can forgive a girl's tongue. Now, listen; it is well known among us that he was making researches in snake venoms; did he succeed in discovering the toxins?" The girl started and allowed a brief exclamation of surprise to escape her. "Ah, you see, nothing is unknown to us." Then noting her unresponsive manner, he added: "You may as well tell me; and, listen. Your father is dead, but I promise you his name shall have the credit when this discovery is made known."

The girl smiled at his clumsy ruse, regarding him with measureless contempt: "Do you suppose I am interested in snakes?" she replied. "There is nothing that I can tell you."

He regarded her narrowly. "It is known that you were; you used to help him. But perhaps you do not know, and time is passing. Now, my man who brought you here says he found a dagger in your possession; what did you intend to do with it?" Then, as she made no reply, he continued: "What need has a pretty girl to think of weapons? Leave that to us men. Can you not guess why I sent for you in your present costume? You must know I am not a mere rough soldier. I love literature; I love art. No? Well, it was Monna Vanna. I was thinking of."

The girl shivered for an instant but quickly recovered herself. "I understand," she answered, in a low voice. "I have heard of such things. Does this belong to modern warfare? Do you think crime ever really escape punishment? I do not mean necessarily by law, but suppose you should be killed in the next battle or even suppose you should not be killed; do you think you could forget it?" And she regarded him with a look that had less of fear than of a certain kind of pity, as for one standing on the brink of eternity. So obvious was it that he stared suspiciously at her for a moment; he had told the sergeant to give her absolutely nothing but the overcoat; yet he rose, came round the table to search the pockets of the garment to make sure. No, there was no chance of his adventure ending by a pistol bullet as his cousin's had done two nights before in a neighboring town, now a heap of ashes.

She had risen as he approached and stood facing him. He had taken her suddenly by the wrists to ascertain if she had anything in her hands, and finding nothing he still retained his hold upon them lightly with a domineering pleasantry. "Modern war, punishment, bah! to us war always has been and always will be the same. Nothing can withstand us. And what we conquer we seize; it is ours by right of conquest; the greatest right of all. So"—there was an instant's scuffle, a faint click as the electric light was extinguished and a sharp exclamation from the officer. In a moment the room sprang into light again and disclosed the girl on the opposite side of the table regarding him with wide eyes and parted lips. His face was slightly bleeding from such scratches as are inflicted by finger nails. And his language was the language of those whose breeding is a veneer.

But she remained unmoved, and only regarded him with the same awestruck air of pity and horror. Gradually a curious change came over his features; he stared before him with a puzzled and stupid air, a spasm of pain contorted his face and, gulping violently, he sank to the floor, obviously unconscious. Then the girl glided up to him, touched his stiffened face gently with her fingers, and, crossing herself, raised her eyes for a moment, murmuring some words rapidly. She then covered her head with his helmet, tucked her hair well into it and, going to the hearth, drew on his long boots; she opened the door, and fell into a stiff military stride as she walked out into the night.

The Cave Men

Strange Service Near "No Man's Land."

By Noel Robinson (Canadian Engineers).

Noel Robinson, originally from Worcestershire, England, is well known in British Columbia as a journalist and writer. He is author of "Blazing a Trail Through the Rockies." With his brother, Martin, he has served in France since early in the war. The brothers have done much excellent work with the Canadian Engineers.

"Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord God Almighty."

The words of praise which had, only a moment before, been but a confused murmuring, suddenly became articulate as I turned a bend in the hitherto pitch-dark chalk stairway. At the same moment, a dozen yards or so ahead of one, a flicker of candle-light illumined the darkness.

"Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord God Almighty
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity."

Descending the remaining steps—I had almost automatically, counted 63—I advanced along a rugged passage-way and paused to study the strange and impressive scene before me. In a flash, as it were, the whole aspect of material things had undergone a complete change. Ten minutes before I had with difficulty succeeded in tugging my legs, encased in high boots, out of a morass of mud and slime, where a "Fritzie" trench-motar shell had closed up a communication trench. Five minutes earlier I had met a "walking case" proceeding down the trenches in search of a dressing station. Only two or three minutes previously my ears had been filled with the noise of bursting shells—our own and those of our enemy, whose trenches lay, in a direct line, not more than 400 yards from The Cave in which I now found myself.

Recalled Early Rome.

Now I was gazing upon a scene which—allowing for certain differences in costume—might easily have constituted a reproduction of some religious service in the catacombs of Rome at the dawn of Christianity. Vague memories of "Fabiola," in a little-read, but graphic book by an English Cardinal, descriptive of those secret gatherings of Christians, floated through my mind as I silently joined the several hundreds of worshipping soldiers—men engaged in fighting for a cause every bit as sacred as that in which those early Christians prayed and praised and suffered.

Illumined by scores of flickering candles, held in the hands of the soldiers, in order that they might read the small hymn books with which they had been provided, or stuck, torch-like upon projections in the rugged chalk walls, the great open space in the middle of The Cave, and the mysterious, shadowy minor caves and passages leading into it, supplied a striking setting for the central figure which dominated the proceedings, that of an elderly Church of England clergyman, whose fine old features were no less ecclesiastical in appearance than his immaculate vestments. He stood upon some slightly raised ground before a rough altar, covered with the Union Jack and surmounted by a rudely chiselled cross of chalk. The Cave was originally an old French chalk mine. Later, apropos of the dream of the Patriarch, Jacob, his head pillowed upon a stone, the preacher explained that the altar and cross had been fashioned out of a stone used by a soldier in The Cave for a pillow.

"Lead kindly light, amid th' encircling
gloom."

Never had I heard Newman's wonderful hymn—real poetry linked to appropriate music—sung under such impressive circumstances. No; not even when I heard it rendered by a glorious choir in Westminster's famous Abbey.

"Amid th' encircling gloom."

Both the material and spiritual significance of the words received special emphasis in that singular environment. Dimly I glimpsed sleeping forms upon the floor of the cave, the forms of men, some of whom had stood sentry in the saps running into No Man's Land during the cold watches of the previous night. Dimly the equipment of these and other men—their rifles, helmets, gasbags—could be seen depending from rough supports in the walls. Once or twice the solemnity of the occasion was slightly marred by the sound of a pronounced snore, but the worn-out sleeper was evidently admonished, for the sound never emanated twice from the same quarter.

"O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till."

Again the material, as well as the spiritual, significance of the words went home. These men had foregathered from many parts of the Empire to "do their bit." There were men among those worshippers from the borders of the Arctic, remote Yukon; loggers from the timber-lands of British Columbia; men from the great prairie lands of the Middle West; others from the spacious "Peace River" country; men from what the Indian poetess, Pauline Johnson, has sung of as "the grey old East"; men from the shores of the Great Lakes and from the rugged coasts of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

Splendour of Their Task.

As the preacher re-told in graphic, yet simple, sentences the old, old story of Jacob and Esau—of the timid and (upon one occasion) contemptible Jacob, fated to become a great prince, and of Esau, the mighty hunter and son of the desert—he secured his hearers' interest. As he developed his theme and drew a picture of the British Empire wrestling in the cause of right against a mighty military organization, and on the eve of victory, he chained their attention. As he brought home to them the splendour and greatness of the task in which they were engaged he made them forget for the moment the mud and slush and cold and dirt of the strange life they were living. He concluded with a touching appeal that they preserve the Altar and Cross from harm during the brief period that they might inhabit the cave.

"Jesu, lover of my soul."

Under what different circumstances had many of them sung that hymn. Then followed the most impressive moment of the service, as the soldier communicants—some of them little more than boys, others middle-aged, and even elderly men—knelt upon the rough floor of The Cave in a semi-circle about the preacher, while he administered the sacrament.

"Fight the good fight with all thy might."

It was the last hymn and very appropriate. The volume of sound from all those male voices swelled through The Cave, was thrown back by its jagged roof, and echoed away into its dim recesses. Some of us—may be a goodly number—in that strange congregation, had long since joined the ranks of the unbelievers. For the moment it mattered not. There was a certain electrical atmosphere about the service, held in the bowels of the earth, almost within stone's throw of No Man's Land, calculated to impress the most unimaginative. And we all joined full-throated in the singing. The sordid mud and dirt of our daily environment was temporarily forgotten, and we realized, to the full, the greatness of the fight in which we had the honor to be engaged.

The last words of the National Anthem had hardly died away when we were suddenly brought to earth again by a corporal who passing rapidly through The Cave, delivered this laconic message in loud tones: "Tea up. No. 10 Platoon."

And No. 10 Platoon responded with alacrity.

Note.—In this cave several hundred Germans were gassed by the French.

Poems by Elspeth Honeyman

Vancouver, B.C.

Miss Elspeth Honeyman is a native daughter, born at Ladner, educated at the Public Schools, and later at "All Hallows," Yale, and the School Club Movie University.

In a short time she has achieved fame as a poet. Her work first appeared in print four years ago at the beginning of the war. Since then she has had several poems appear in the London papers, such as the "Spectator," and in the New York papers, and has made several appearances in columns of the papers of British Columbia. We welcome this young Vancouver poet, who has had brothers at the front, to the columns of the "Gold Stripe."

PEACE FROM AFAR

Men of the Northland, why are you wandering
Far from her rivers and mountains and mines?
Scarred by long winters, keen-eyed and daring—
France is so far from the land of the pines!

"An old bit of bunting, a gleam, or a star—
These are the things we follow afar."

Men of the West, where the blue sky is brightest,
And golden the grain in the light of the sun;
Why are you toiling so far from the reaping?
What are the riches out there to be won?

"A ribbon, a button, a narrow gold bar—
These are the riches we bring from afar."

Men of the Coast where the soft wind is sighing;
Men from the crowded cosmopolite street;
Armies unceasing, marching forever;
Is there no rest for your wearying feet?

"Not while we follow yon beckoning star!
Not till we bring you 'Peace' from afar,"

CANADA'S ANSWER

From the "Evening Standard," London, England.
Originally written for the 29th Batallion.

Hear, O Mother of Nations, in the battle of Right and Wrong,
The voice of your youngest nation, chanting her battle-song.
Blood of your best you gave us, gave it that we might live;
Blood of our best we offer, the best of our youth we give.
The pride of a nation's manhood we offer to pay the debt—
Did you dream, O Mother of Nations, that Canada could forget?

The price of a nation's manhood—we have counted the bitter cost,
(For whom can we call the victor, if the battle be won or lost?)
We pay, and we pay it gladly—ours is the Empire's need—
And a broken word has never yet found place in Britain's creed.

And when, on the side of Justice, Victory takes her stand,
And a pallid peace is brooding over a broken land,
We shall count the cost but little, glad of the chance to pay
For a stronger chain of Empire, and the dawn of a better day.

Grandfather's Dream—and It Came True.

Drawn by Josiah Smith.

Music and the Soldier

By Laura Rees-Thomas (L.R.T.)

LAURA REES-THOMAS (L.R.T.)

Laura Rees-Thomas was born in Swansea, South Wales, and was educated at the Court School, Merthyl, Tydfil Her musical education was received from Mr. William Scott, an old Welsh musical enthusiast, and from Mr. Harry Evans, F.R.C.O., composer, and recognized authority on vocal and choral work, and who succeeded Sir Frederic Cowen as conductor of the Philharmonic Society of Liverpool.

Mrs. Rees-Thomas is a sister of the noted artist, A. C. Michael, and for the last few years has acted as musical critic for the 'World," Vancouver.

One redeeming feature that has found its way out of these desolute weary years of war is the never again to be denied fact that music is a vital necessity in our daily lives. There in the trenches, hourly facing death, suffering horror and misery with a splendid fortitude, our boys, many for the first time, realized the healing power of music—its ability to bring forgetfulness of present ills, and all the consolation and hope that sweet sounds can instil in the human breast; while in the lives of those at home it was playing its part in vitalising and sustaining the willing spirit of sacrifice, in helping along the waiting hours.

From earliest primitive days song has been the natural means of the people through which to express their emotions, and our forefathers had their songs for battle, songs for peace, for love, happiness, or sorrow, birth or death—songs to portray every phase of human feeling. The untutored savage knew well the healing power of music, for among the native tribes of Africa, the aborigines of Australia, as well as the North American Indians, it has always been recognized as a powerful factor in sickness. To the savages the knowledge came through instinct, but it has taken horror, bloodshed and untold suffering to assure the people of this great continent that music is not a luxury to be indulged in on rare occasions, but a very real necessity to our bodily and mental well being.

In the long ago days of more picturesque warfare martial music led the warrior right into the heat of battle, inspiring him to fight and kill; the modern methods of warfare have however altered those old ideas, and in the present conflict the real use of music has been away from the actual fighting as a receation and relaxation, as a healing power to lift mental strain, and for calming and soothing sorely tried nerves.

Our men will return home with memories stored with recollections of horrors and cruelties beyond the imagination, and will need the best we can give them to help them to forget, and many will be soul-hungry for the healing power of music. Music will have meant so much to them "over there" that life without it will no longer "go."

We must no longer delude ourselves either with the idea that the "catchy" tune, the latest musical comedy "hit" is the only music the ordinary soldier cares for; it has been amply proven otherwise, and we know that they can fully appreciate the good stuff too. In the early days of war the lads went to the front lightly and carelessly, with the latest popular song on their lips, and an avowed preference for the meaningless tunes. Week after week, month after month they stared death in the face, and the horror and cruelty of war was borne gradually in upon their consciousness in all its awfulness. Brothers and comrades were killed at their sides—this was to be no matter of months—it may be years, and all the old convictions and teachings instilled into them from early childhood came tumbling down like a house of cards; ideals

were shattered, and the foundations of their religion were rudely shaken.

Thus it was that after the first couple of years those boys, in their short intervals away from the trenches were no longer satisfied with the popular trivial tune and song, but the cry was frequently "give us something good." The need then was for something more lasting, something from which spiritual hope and comfort could be drawn, something out of which dreams and memories of the dear homeland could rise and live.

This need will still be there when they all come back, and the folks at home can only give them that which they ask by making music a vital and ever-present force in the daily round of life. In so doing, not only will the true mission of music—to encourage, en-noble, and brighten the dark places of life—be fulfilling itself, but the way will be in preparation for a musical future for our country.

The field is open and opportunity is here. No longer does the slogan "made in Germany," which for so long obsessed the world, hold good—there is no future for German-made music. The old masters must always live, but they are as guiltless of any part in our present quarrel as the generations yet unborn; neither did they write for one nation —but for the whole world and for all time.

Let one thing, however, be borne in mind by that very great minority who are sufficiently cultivated to be able to understand the higher branches of music and the more classical forms of art, and that is, that they have no right to sit in judgment upon the "other fellow's music;" rather let them say with their valiant French comrades in arms "chacun a son gout."

It is quite certain that the old familiar tunes coaxed out of a wheezy accordion, or a mouth organ or whistle have given on more than one occasion, a delight and relief from home sickness that the finest "high-brow" work could never have yielded. After all where does the difference lie? —it is all music—varying only in the matter of degree, and it all springs from that natural love of sounds that has come to us down the ages from our primeval forefathers.

How continually, too, do we prove that the thin veneer of cultivation with which the ages have coated primeval man, is readily scratched when the emotions run at flood tide. Who among the vast crowds that thronged the city streets on that never-to-be-forgotten historic 11th of November, 1918, would have listened to a sonata or a symphony in preference to joining their voices with the Veterans' band, and lustily shouting forth "Rule Britannia" or "Soldiers of the King"? when they could beat a toy drum, make music with a saucepan lid, or toot a motor horn in sheer wantonness of joyous spirits?

This, however, was merely digression—one of those that makes life sweeter for its memory, and we are ourselves again. But even so it is not to be expected that the rag time lover will, at one bound, transfer his affections to the classics; there is between the two a long, long trail—but a trail that can be followed by those who wish.

Our cities must have town bands, military bands, orchestras in evidence on every possible occasion, and many of those men who play the tin whistle today will be learning to play some more ambitious instrument to-morrow. Our country needs an abundance of music of all kinds; it needs anything but silence; then, not only will the glow of patriotism be kept warm, but the standard of taste will be gradually and unconsciously raised.

We British have hitherto fed our souls on music which had as its inspiration the woes and sorrows of other nations, we have ever taken our pleasures sadly and delighted in the luxury of tears. Now the new countries will enter the arena, and fresher and countries will enter the arena, and fresher and more joyful influences will be at work in the music of the future. Canada may be sure of a warm welcome and generous appreciation in whatever field she appears, for the splendid part her men have played in the great conflict has surely wreathed a halo of glamour and romance about the name Canadian.

With that glorious future of peace, security and happiness lying before, that her men have had so large a share in securing for Canada; with her splendid silent forests, her mighty rivers, and snow capped stately mountains, there can be no lack of inspiration for budding genius.

Canada is essentially a land of promise, of youth and golden opportunity, and it is up to her people to see that she carves for herself a name, not only in the world of commerce, but in the world of art to be.

A French-Canadian Waiter at the Hotel Frontenac, Quebec.

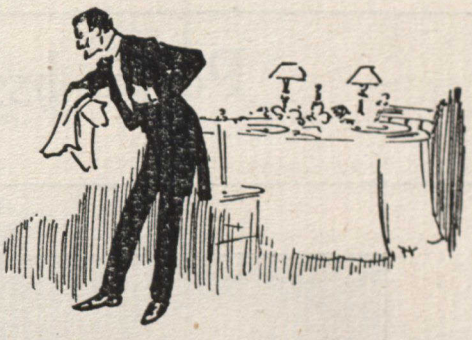
by Bernard McEvoy

(Decorated by John Innes.)

Long years ago, in sunny France,
His ancestors—a courtly row—
Forgot their heartaches in the dance;
Or fought, or featly play'd the beau;
But he, when we our meals attack,
Is just a waiter at Frontenac.

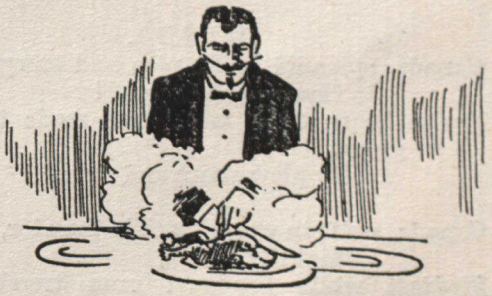
On some dim salon's panell'd wall
Their pictur'd faces smile to-day;
He smiles when we for mutton call,
Or brew of Mocha or Cathay.
How little—two long centuries back—
They thought he'd wait at Frontenac!

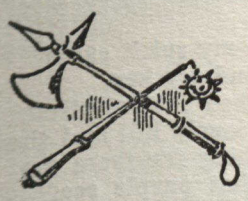
And yet, methinks, some courtly grace,
Distill'd from that far distant time,
Informs each movement, decks each pace,
That's worthy of my humble rhyme;
His bow a Brummel might admire,
Or set a grand dame's heart on fire.



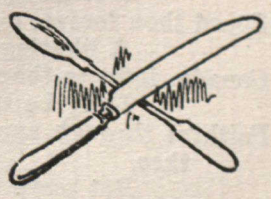
Thus the poor hack, when urged to speed
Along the stone-paved city street,
Responds with spirit to the need,
Recalling some far grandsire fleet
Who, on the boundless prairie ran
Before the lasso's flight began.

So grace with use my waiter blends;
Sets forth the board with symmetry;
He carves a chicken—not his friends—
As did his ancestors with glee—
They drew their swords; he draws but corks;
They stabbed with daggers; he with forks.





When on the boards of coming days,
My children's children play their part;
When changed are fashion's changing ways,
And dust is this pulsating heart,
May they no more of virtue lack
Than he who waits at Frontenac!



Poems by Ernest P. Fewster

Vancouver, B. C.

Dr. Ernest P. Fewster is President of "The Poetry Club." He has written much verse of a patriotic nature, helping to raise money for Patriotic Funds.

CANADA.

Canada, splendid in Empire and story,
Thank we the Lord!
Praise be to those who have made thee thy glory,
By plow-share and sword.

Canada, swift in war's terrible thunder,
Mightily brave,
Stedfast while braggart ones tremble and blunder,
Fighting to save.

Peace to thy borders; may all true dominions
Aacknowledge thy worth.
Speed thou forever on honor's white pinions,
A blessing to earth!
Canada, light to the nations, we hail thee,
Long be thy days!
Faithful through ages, our love shall not fail thee,
But serve thee and praise.

Canada, builder from ocean to ocean,
Maker of men,
Thine is the blood of our heart's true devotion
Forever, Amen!

Canada, God keep thee
With thy strength from above!
Land of great hope, we sing of thee,
Canada! Canada!
So shall the whole world ring of thee,
Canada! Canada!
Homeland and throneland of love!

English Bay—Storm.

Wild wind-swept waters roaring down the shores,
Snow-crested heights where sunlit calm abides,
Bold, wooded bluffs and rough, blue-heaving floors,
Shouting with joy in all their rushing tides.

The sea the color of the eyes of God,
A visioned glory of His heart's delight,
Green uncurbed fields whereon white feet have trod
Born from th' invisible beauty to our sight.

English Bay—Sunset.

A purple sea set in the evening hills,
Wind ruffled, crested here and there
With whitest foam, a tint of azure fallen
From midnight skies where summer reigns, and rare
Of ruby's dusk caught by the drift of tide,
Dusted with darkness where no lights abide.

I saw it suddenly and o'er my spirit came
Sense of a world beyond my ken,
Where man nor spirits walked but only God,
On which I climbed a lonely hill and then
Beneath the twilight reaching far from me
Dark beyond vision lay that purple sea,

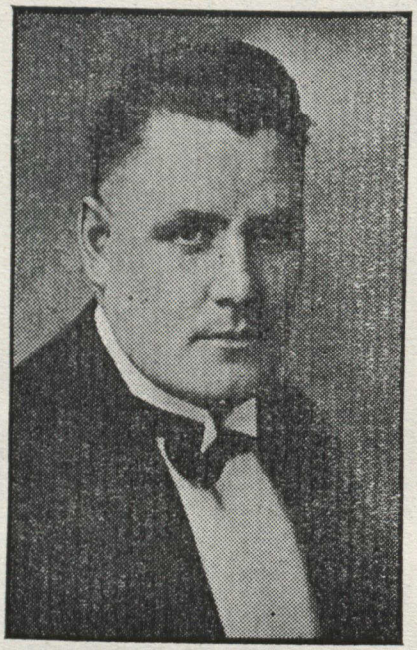
The Land our boys fought for and of magnificent distance, of boundless spaces, of wonderful natural resources

Room enough, work enough, plenty for ALL.

Drawn by Josiah Smith

Poems by Harry Shaw, Policeman Poet

Vancouver, B. C.



HARRY SHAW, Police Constable of Vancouver, B. C., has made more than local fame as a writer of verse, and some of his pieces have indeed risen to the dignity of poetry.

He is of Irish descent, was educated at the High School, Philadelpria, Pa. He has been five years with the Vancouver City Police. He has written several popular war songs, such as "I Am Only a Khaki Clad Soldier, I Hail from Old B. C.," "I Am Longing for You, Sweetheart," "Bright Eyes" and "The Chosen Army."

He has produced a novel, "The Eternal Good," which will shortly be published. As the "GOLD STRIPE" is produced in Vancouver, and is a book typical of Vancouver effort, and "The Vancouver spirit," we are glad to have these contributions from a local author.

THE GOLD STRIPE

A precious volume, book still all too small
To chronicle the deeds of valiant men
They who have passed, they who have given their all
Here, reunited, speak to us again.

Here from its pages, speaks the spirit-world
They who have fought and who for freedom fell
Lift still the sword within their lifeless hands and cry
Fight on, for all is well.

Fight on, for we who sleep in France
Sleep not in peace, beneath blood-stained clay
Our spirits, restless, lead the great advance
Our souls, triumphant, rise to greet the day.

When Peace with Honor brings its just reward
When calmness steals across Earth's troubled breast
When men, repentant, seek again their God,
Then in content we'll turn to our Rest.

KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM

(The following poem, written when the news of the Hampshire wreck came to hand, was read by the Rev. R. G. MacBeth at a memorial service for the late Lord Kitchener, held in St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Vancouver, on the Sunday following his death. The poem represents the British people reluctant to part with their great soldier.)

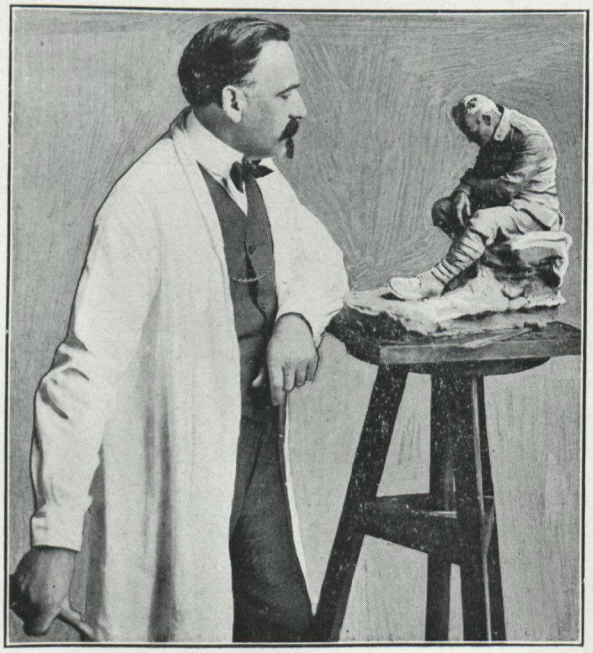
Not yet, Kitchener of Khartoum, not yet,
Your labors were not done,
The victories you planned though near at hand
Not yet were won.
Not yet, we would not have thee go
For aiming here in life at higher things;
Soldier, builder of Empires, your deeds inspire will arise
Our future Kings.

You've gone to rest and it is meet, indeed,
That you should sleep
Where England's mighty galleon ships of old
With whitened bones their guard will keep,
But still we follow—your's the guiding hand,
The Master mind to plan, to think, to do,
And every wave that rolls above your grave
Shall speak of you.

Sleep on and take your rest
For o'er your head
The Grand Fleet proudly sails
Sentinel of nations, she
Will guard her honored dead
And Britain's Destiny.

THE HONOUR ROLL OF THE GRANBY CONSOLIDATED MINING, SMELTING AND POWER COMPANY.

RUTHLESS DEATH



C. MAREGA IN HIS STUDIO

GOOD-BYE

A Vancouver Sculptor

On the opposite page appears a portrait of Mr. C. Marega, the sculptor, who is shown in his own studio at work on the figure of a wounded soldier—a "Gold Stripe" soldier.

Garibaldi

This beautiful little statuette, which has won much admiration wherever exhibited, is reproduced on the cover of this book.

Mr. Marega, who is this year the president of The British Columbia Society of Fine Arts, has done much splendid work of a patriotic character during the whole period of the war. He has been an inspiring influence among his fellow-countrymen, the Italians, and a popular and prominent member of the Vancouver artistic colony.

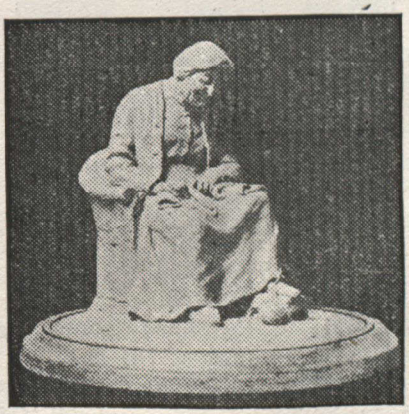
His heroic bust of Garibaldi was exhibited on the Italian Red Cross Day and Garibaldi proves still a name to conjure with, for it has been writ large in the annals of the Great War. His pretty little statuette, "Doing Her Bit," is here represented, and it is with pleasure that the editor gives other specimens of his work.

Mr. Marega is a public-spirited citizen of Vancouver and has made this beautiful city his home and looks forward to the time when it will be, from an artistic point of view, worthy of its natural environments.

He began his art career in the celebrated school of Fine Arts in Mariano, where he obtained creditable distinction, and he has added to his fame in Florence, Venice and Rome, where his work is known as well as it is in Paris and London.

Vancouver has many beautiful specimens of his work, much of it is to be seen in the Merchants Bank of Vancouver, and for the late Mr. John Hendry, and for Mr. B. T. Rogers he executed several important commissions.

The men who have returned from the Great War, those wounded and those who have come through to some extent unscathed, join with the relatives of their comrades who have fallen, in the hope the scheme which Mr. Marega has put forward in connection with Mr. Bloomfield, the architect, for a great and



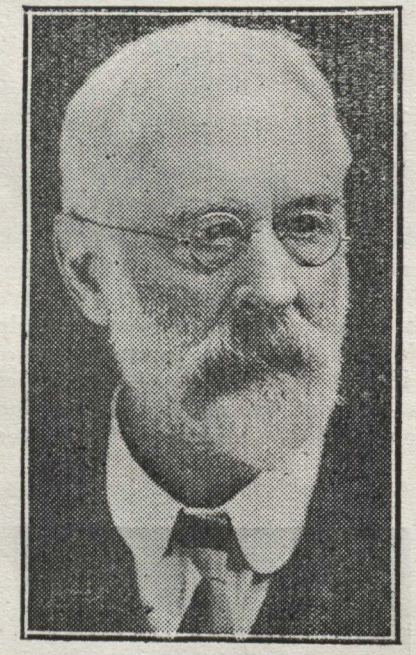
Doing Her Bit

worthy memorial on the old Court House site will be carried out. This splendid site would give full scope to architectural and artistic genius.

REDBARN RELATES

by Bernard McEvoy

Illustrated by John Innes.



BERNARD McEVOY, poet and journalist, has been long connected with newspapers both in England and Canada. Coming to Canada thirty years ago, he was first employed as an editorial writer on the Toronto "Mail and Empire." He is well known as "Diogenes" of the Vancouver Daily "Province," and as the author of publications of poetry and travel.

When I come to the coast from Ontario, a week or two back, I found the floo, but I also found my old pal, Bill Evans. And wots more he were in karki. I met him on Hastings street, as bold as brass, and I knowed him the minut I set eyes on him, though I hadn't seen him for 20 yeers. I staggers back at furst; then I hits him a' the chest, and grarspses his 'and.

"You darned ol' ornary cuss," I says, "how to goodness is it as you's in karki and me not?" I says, cos him and me was with Roberts on the march to Candy Har 39 year ago. "Ah," says he, "you should ha' come out before," he says, "and then you might ha' bin in karki, too," he says.

"But Thomas," he says, "They've mustard me out. But no matter, I've done me bit. Here's me papers."

And he pulled out his dockyments. I've got some o' the same fer that matter. We was with Roberts. That's enough.

"Come in and have a drop o' swipes," he says. "Only two per cent. beer now, but it'll bring back old times if you drink it down sharp before the sparkle is out on it."

"Well I am blowed," I says when I put me glarse down. And we talked some I can tell you. Just the same old Bill Evans. "Thomas," he says, "W'y daint they listen to Roberts. There'd ha' ben none o' this 'ere war, if they had." When we come out he says: "I'll tell you what you can do, Thomas; you bein' a littery gent. You should write a bit for this 'ere Gold Stripe they're gettin' out. See that there high building?" he says, "that's where the office is."

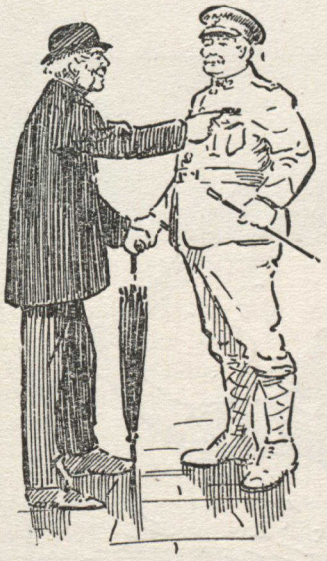
"I hope it's not very high up," I says, "I aint no yooman fly."

"No," he sys, "it's on the ground flore, they've give the place free grashus, for this 'ere book to be got out. It's brought out by the Amputation Club for the bennyfit of them as has lost arms and legs and so on, and it's going to be a good thing."

So that's how it is, dear readers, as I makes my bow on this occasion. I used to write yeers ago in Ontario, and many was pleased to read wot I wrote only some complained o' my spelling and grammar. So what'd I do but take a course at a correspondence school in writing and literychoor in general. Since which nobody's kicked me very 'ard as to

either grammar or spelling, and one gent who wrote to me, he says: "Mr. Redbarn, you **may** put a word in rong now and again, but your thorts is all right." Wich ort to be good enuf for anybody.

"This 'ere amputation club puts me in mind o' my old friend Swaddy. He were a Roberts man ,too, but he warn't so lucky as me. He got wounded and his leg had to be took off. But did that faze Swaddy? Not on yer tintype. Swaddy came back to our village just the same old chap he allus was, and used to stump about on his wooden leg lookin' for trubble. Ever hear abart Swaddy and the dog? They was some city folks came out to our village and took a house. They brought out a big mastiff, and this 'ere dog used to terrify some o' the nybors. One day I was talkin' to Noakes abart it. We'd both heerd abart this dog bein' at this house a' the outskirts o' the village, and Noakes, he says, do



these city folks own this village? Are we going to have a wild beast like that terrifying us every time we go by?"

"It's the wimmen and childern I'm thinken' about," says I. "Suppose we jest strole along and have a look at the animile," and just then Swaddy came stumping along and jined us.

"We'm talking about that there dog," says Noakes.

"Dog be jiggered," says Swaddy, "I aint going to tek a back seat to no dog. Was we with Roberts or was we not? That's wot I want to know. Have we got meddles or have we not? Very well, then, me and that dog's got to settle matters."

So we all stroled along to where the new folks's house was. I saw that Swaddy had a stick in his hand, an ash plant abart 2 ft 6 long and 1 in thick. And when we got round the bend o' the road, where we could see the new folk's house we seen the mastiff. He was abart as big as a small pony.

Just as we came in sight of him we seen him run at little Emmy Reeves as happened to be going by. It was a roar and a jump and the big ugly beast was on to her and had knocked her down, and her was crying with fright, all in a flash, and the new folks came out to see what was the matter. The dog daint worry the kid, only frightened her nearly to death, but though the city feller calls "Nero! Nero!" the dog doin't turn when he sees us coming along the road, but comes tord us jumpin' and barkin'.

"I'll Nero him," says Swaddy, and then he skips out a step or two in front of us on his wooden leg, and the big dog comes jumpin' on. But he had no charnce with Swaddy. Swaddy darts out his left hand and catches him by the top jaw in an iron grip, and begins to give him what for on his ribs like sixty. It surprised that bully of a dog more then anything. He couldn't bite, cos Swaddy had got his doolaps tucked over his teeth, and when you've got a dog like that he's too flurried to think o' biting; speshally when a heavyish stick is making good time all over him. What he tried to do was to pull away, but no sir! he couldn't shake off Swaddy's grip. The brute pulled Swaddy down though, and that made Swaddy mad, and the way he wrestled and kicked and swore, and thrashed away with his stick, made that dog wish he'd never tackled a Roberts man. Then Swaddy got on his feet—leastways on to his one whole fut and his wooden 'un, and let the dog go, finishing with a cut across the hind quarters that sent him into his master's yard with a fearful yowl. Then Swaddy stroles up and says to the city chap: "Quite a dog, that," he says, "he'll be acquainted with me now. We allus settles it with new dogs, and then they don't give us no trouble. Fine morning."

Now what does that show? I clame it shows that Swaddy had just as much curridge and grit as when he fote the Afghans and lost his leg doing it. Wots in a man—really in his nater—his soul as you may say—isn't confined to his arms and legs. Swaddy allus was a fighter and a scrapper. Has losing his leg made him mild and namby-pamby? Not a bit—I think he's wuss, and I'm glad on it.

The strenth of his nater seems to be gone inter the rest of his carcuss, d——n his eyes. Why, down in Ontario, I had some apple-trees in my garding, and, of course I had to proon 'em. What'd I proon 'em for? To give 'em strength. Did I make 'em wuss by proonin' em, or better? Did the knife interfere with their being good apple trees? Not by a long sight. They was better than ever. Very well then. Does the nater go out of a man when he loses a leg or an arm? Isn't he the same man? Very well then. Where's the use talking? If you can't put 2 and 2 together you're not worth the ink I'm writing with. I'm not going to draw it out any longer for you with firstly, secondly, thirdly. No, Sir!

Though I might say its better to have yer body ampitated than yer soul. 'Pon my word I think they's some people going about with their souls ampitated. Reckon folks do it theirselves, bit by bit; not a leg or an arm of their souls that 'ud be noticed—but just a scrinch at a time—like cutting your nails. 'Stonishing if you ampitate a bit every day what yer come to . I'll say no more on this toppick; perhaps I've bin ampitatin' my own soul. It's a big subject. Ever see 'Amlet?

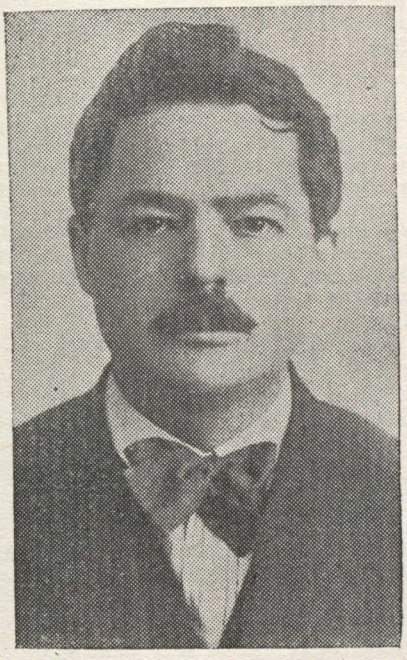
I'll tell you how you can tell whether your soul is ampitated or not. Do yer feel right down to yer stockin' soles that these brave men as have left limbs in Flanders haven't had their souls ampitated? D'yer feel that even the devil himself couldn't ampitate such souls as they must ha' had to pull 'em through wot they was up agenst? D'yer feel it you bounding dooty to do all yer can for 'em in every way yer can? If you can anser these questions in the affirmative, well and good—yer soul isn't quite all ampitated yet.

"The way he wrestled and kicked and swore."

"Still in our ashes live their wonted fires."
—Gray.

Beacon Hill

By TOM MACINNES



TOM MACINNES

T. R. E. MacInnes, eldest son of Dr. T. R. MacInnes, late senator and Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, and a brother of Hon. W. W. B. MacInnes, of this city, was born at Dresden, Ont., 29th October, 1867. Graduated at Toronto University, 1889. Admitted to bar of British Columbia, 1893. Practiced at Nanaimo, Vancouver and Ottawa. Traveled through America, Europe and China in various connections. He is now en route to Siberia. Author of "Lonesome Bar" and "Amber Lands," now out of circulation, but to be republished next year in one volume of collected verse. His recent book, "The Fool of Joy," a book of quaint and rather peculiar poems, has just been issued by McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, of Toronto, and is now on sale in Canada. Letters highly commending this latter book have been received by the author from persons of rank in the literary world, but among them all he values most one received from a lady well known to the Canadian public as "Janey Canuck," otherwise Hon. Mrs. Arthur Murphy, judge of the Women's Court of Alberta, and which we have permission to print.

Women's Court, Edmonton,
October 18th, 1918.

Dear Mr. MacInnes:

I always liked you very much, and now I even like you better. I have seen the hearts of people almost like you have, only I cannot tell about them. I see more of them now than I used to, and so I am glad of your book. Sometimes I think you have the instincts of a woman, else why do you say:

"I would rather go down with those I love
Than float among those I hate—"

but, then—well, then, comes this—and I know you are the male incarnate:

"There's very little honey
These days for any man:
Take it where you find it—
Taste it while you can."

That is exactly true what was said by John W. Garvin in his review of your poems, although what I think of in reading them is some words that were said of Pushkin, the Russian writer: "A young man is among us," quoth the critic fellow, "with a mouth of gold, and the morning in his eyes."

I salute you, O Fool of Joy!

Your friend,
JANEY CANUCK.

Beacon Hill, British Columbia

By TOM MACINNES

(The following poem, by Tom MacInnes, was published in England at the close of the Boer War. It was a prize winner in a competition for poems of Empire instituted by "Good Words" magazine. It had some foreshadowing of what was to come, but it seems much more appropriate and applicable to present times than it was to those in which it was written).

I.

Prone on a grassy knoll where runs the sea
In from the North Pacific, deep and blue,
Whose tide-ript waters many a century
But parted for the painted war-canoe,
Till Juan de Fuca and his swarthy crew
Sail'd on a treasure cruise to reigons cold,
Idle I dream'd a summer evening through,
Watching the ruddy Western Sun enfold
The snowy-peak'd Olympians in transient gold.

II.

Our air hath yet some tang of Spanish days,
Some glow of stories fading from the past
Of pioneers, and wreckt and curious strays
From distant lands along this coast up-cast,
Since brave Vancouver, from his eager mast,
Beheld the island of his lasting fame,
And, veering to its pleasant shore, made fast
To raise our flag in Royal George's name,
While group'd around his brawny tars gave loud acclaim.

III.

Across the rocky harbour-mouth still fall
Echoes to tell of England's easy crown,
And timely bugles from the barracks call
A challenge to the careless little town
That lies like a pretty maid in tatter'd gown
'Mid tangled gardens, tempting one to halt
Where gnarled oaks, with ivy overgrown,
Are all accord with her one charming fault—
So drousy nigh the hidden guns of Esquimalt.

IV.

And nonchalant lay I that afternoon,
The air a scent of wild white clover bore,
And I could hear the tumult and the tune
Of tumbling waves along the pebbled shore;
Such gipsy joys to me were ever more
Than chase of gold or fame; but yet withal
I felt the first fine tremor o'er and o'er
Of some vast traffic without interval
To traverse soon these waterways imperial.

V.

Where now some tug-boat leaves a smoky trail
To pencil on the air a coiling blot
Athwart the lighthouse, or the infrequent sail
Of some slow lumber-bark, or vagrant yacht—
Where glides some British cruiser, grimly
wrought,
Beside the schooners from the Arctic seas—
To largely feed the crowded world methought
Here soon shall pass great annual argosies
Full-freighted with the yield of prairie granaries.

VI.

And musing thus upon that gentle mound,
Far down the reach of waters to the right
I saw an Empress liner inward bound,
Speeding thro' the Narrows, trim and white,
And every moment growing on my sight,
Like something clear, unfolding in a dream;
Her very motion was a clean delight,
That woke the sapphire sea to curl and cream
Smoothly off her curving prow and snowy beam.

VII.

And easily as up the Straits she roll'd,
My fancy rambled over her to see,
Bulging richly 'gainst her steely hold,
Bales of flossy silk stow'd solidly
With matted rice and tons of fragrant tea;
Or else, her quainter cargo fain to scan,
Wee China toys in silver filagree,
And cunning ivories of old Japan,
Pack'd with iris-woven rugs from Ispahan.

VIII.

All hail to her! the white forerunner sent
From out the lavish West to rouse the old
Lethargic portals of the Orient,
Till all its stolid inhabitants be told
Of quick new modes of life, and manifold
Swift engines of exchange, and how by these
To run their times within a finer mould,
And from the rut of Chinese centuries
To reach for wider joys and soother luxuries.

IX.

O sure it is no small thing to be said
That under us the East and West have met!
And our red route shall yet be perfected
Around the World, and our old flag shall yet
Much vantage o'er its younger rivals get,
Whether it wave from Windsor's kingly pile,
Or on the farthest verge of Empire set,
'Bove fearless towns, whose heart-strings all
the while
Shall thrill to every chord from their old Mother-
isle.

X.

We feel the centre now, where'er we stand,
And touch community in everything,
Since Science, with her patient, subtle hand,
Hath snar'd the Globe as in a witch's ring,
And set all elements a-quivering
To our desire. What marvels more she'll show
What new delights from Nature conjuring—
Small wit have I to guess, but this I know,
That more and more the scattered World as one
must grow.

XI.

Then closer blend for empire—that is power:
No thing of worth e'er came of feebleness,
And union is the genius of the hour.
The virtues that by master-craft and stress
Wrought hugely on primeval palaces,
And 'stonish'd Egypt and great Babylon
With monuments of admirable excess,
Seem once again from out Oblivion drawn
To lighten o'er the Earth in unexampl'd dawn.

XII.

We front the threshold of a giant age,
Foremost still, but others follow fast;
We may not trust o'ermuch the written page,
Or measure with the measures of the past.
For all our millions, and our regions vast,
An arm'd array, in boastful numbers told,
To keep the treasures that our sires amass'd,
Hath need of statesmen lion-like to hold,
And still forestall the changing times, alert and
bold.

XIII.

The impulse of a thousand centuries
Strikes upward now in our united race,
Not for a Roman triumph, but to ease
The intercourse of nations, and to place
The social fabric on a happier base;
The very enginry of war abhorr'd,
So soon as may, is bended to erase
The stain and bloody ravage of the sword;
The vanquish'd now are all to equal right restor'd.

XIV.

But cry contempt upon that sickly creed
That would not fire a shot to save its own,
Whose piety perverse doth only feed
The hope of leaner nations, bolder grown,
To tread the path that we have hewn alone:
'Twas not for them we found that path so
hard—
'Twas not for them the Earth so thick was
sown
With British dead! Nay, rather let us guard
The barest rock that flies our flag at all hazard.

XV.

And e'en for sake of rich and plenteous peace,
Let mastery in arms be honor'd still!
So only shall the fear of foemen cease.
For this is naked truth, say what they will,
That when a people lose the power to kill
They count for naught among the sons of men;
No tongue, nor pen, nor art, nor workmen's skill
Can save their homes from alien ravish then,
Or lift their fallen capitols to place again.

XVI.

Then give us rifles—rifles everywhere—
Ready rifles, tipt with bayonets!
And men of iron to lead, who little care
For parlor tactics or for social sets;
Red captains worthy of their epaulets;
Not rich men's sons to make a passing show,
Lace-loving fops or wooden martinets,
But clear-eyed stalwarts o'er the ranks, who know
How best to train a naval gun or trap a foe.

XVII.

And tho' the burden and the fret of life
Still wear upon us with unequal weight,
We'll ne'er give way to fratricidal strife.
We are a people strong to tolerate,
Till form'd opinion tranquilly abate
The jagg'd abuses of an earlier age,
Rather than, impatient, emulate
Those hapless nations that, in sudden rage
Of revolution, wreck their ancient heritage.

XVIII.

Our Saxon temper, that 'gainst Church and Crown,
And tyrant Castles of the feudal plan,
Made steady way until it wore them down,
And straiten'd all their maxims till they ran
Current for the right of every man
Freely to change his state and circumstance,
Is virile yet unbrokenly to span
What gulf ahead, what unforeseen mischance
Would threat the front of our magnificent advance.

XIX.

And we have those whose dreams of betterment
Outrun their fleeting day; whose hearts ideal
Beat evermore against discouragement,
In high endeavor not to cease till all
The bars to opportunity shall fall
Within the Union of the British bred;
Nor rest content until the mutual
Machinery of State be perfected,
So that no least of all our brethren go unfed.

XX.

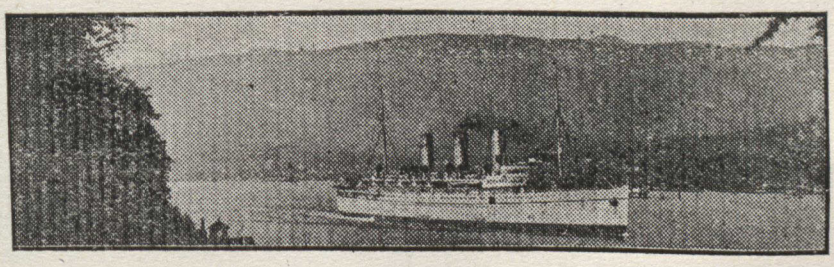
I never saw Britannia carved in stone,
Nor figured out in bronze, but loyally
I've thought what merit shall be all her own
In that great Brotherhood that's yet to be—
The crystal Empire of Futurity—
Whose equal citizens, all thron'd elate,
And treading each a sovran destiny,
Shall count it yet their pride and best estate
To steadily for commonwealth co-operate.

XXI.

Who'd be the bard of that triumphant time?
Who hath the pen of promise, and the skill,
To tell its periods in exultant rhyme?
For I am but a dreamer on a hill,
And prone withal fantastic hours to fill
With fancies running wild of thought, or gloat
Eerie on the rising Moon, until
Betimes I hear her dim harmonic note—
Boding of forbidden things and themes remote.

XXII.

But so a passing ship—a bugle call—
Did tempt me to essay a song of State
Beyond the range of my poor art, as all
You rank'd Olympians, that loom serrate
Against the azure upper air, are great
O'er this low hill. To them young Morning throws
His golden first largesse—there, lingering late,
Rose-mantled Eve her deep allegiance shows,
Glorious 'mid unconquer'd peaks and virgin snows.



VANCOUVER
SCHOOL
BOARD
HONOR ROLL
1914 - 1918
CANADIAN
EXPEDITIONARY FORCES
DR. F.C. McTAVISH, SCHOOL TRUSTEE
S.D. GARDNER
R.P. STEEVES
G.G. PERKINS
A.L. STROYAN
A.E. HOLMES
D. MACLEAN
H.B. KING, B.A.
R. HARRIS
A.M. CRONKHITE
G. MacKAY, M.A.
A. FINLAYSON
D. THOMAS, B.A.
R. KYLE
V.Z. MANNING, B.A.
D.A. BOYES
O.J. THOMAS, B.A.
C.H. SCOTT, Dep. G.S.A.
J.F. WALKER
G.P. YOUNG
A.D. BANTING, B.A.
G.A. FERGUSSON, B.A.
C.B. CROWE, B.A.
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C.R. MESSINGER, B.A.
W.R. FLEMING
W. TABER CROMBIE
I.M. MULLIN
Miss L.M. ROSS
Miss M.M. MARLATT
Miss E.M. FRAME
Miss E.M. JOHNSON
Miss E.J. LIVINGSTONE
FREEDOM
C.H.S.

Written by Lionel Haweis Decorated by Norman Hawkins, B.C.S.A.

A Fortnight with the Boys in the Trenches

By Sergt. W. M. L. Draycot, of the "Princess Pats."

Sergeant W. M. L. Draycot, of Vancouver, an original member of the Princess Patricias Canadian Light Infantry, went to France with the Regiment in 1914. He was thrice wounded, shell shocked and gassed. His first duty was sniping and later, Colonel Buller discovered his sketching and topographical abilities and transferred him to the Brigade Intelligence Department which he took charge of for 12 months. He returned invalided to Canada in October, 1918.

A fortnight in the life of an Infantry fighting man is filled up with duties of a various nature. We will commence with his duties whilst he is in the Rest Camp. Reveille sounds at 5.30 a.m. when he tumbles out of his straw or otherwise improvised bed to wash shave and general clean up. By this time breakfast is ready and he takes his canteen (or mess-tin) from his pack which he places along with others of his section and awaits the arrival of the mess-orderly; the latter pours out the tea or coffee equally into each mess-tin. Bacon or cold beef is also distributed and placed in the lid of each mess-tin. Bread is divided among the boys, i.e. three or four men to one loaf, depending of course on the supply. Breakfast over, the boys are warned for a parade at which the rifles and clothing of the men are inspected. Any clothing found unfit for further wear is exchanged for new, but the old article must be given in. Many are the ingenious dodges for obtaining new clothing; an old file or a piece of sandstone, brick is sometimes useful in making a garment threadbare or producing a hole. Gas masks are also inspected on these parades to test their efficiency. The parade is dismissed to put away various articles of kit. After inspection the men fall in again in either full or light marching order as the officer commanding commands, and the men are taken on a route march for one or more hours as the C. O. orders. When the men return, their dinner, if they have arrived late, is found to have been kept warm. The mess orderlies who have been excused off parade draw the dinner which is served in same manner as breakfast. The dinner is mostly composed of mulligan stew, consisting of meat, potatoes, carrots, etc. If the cook is a resourceful and industrious one he will endeavor to have a pudding or some delicacy for the boys, as the facilities for cooking are somewhat better in rest camp than in the trenches. Much depends on the camp or billet where the men are quartered. When on the march the cooks find difficulties arising from lack of good water, getting a fire started in the rain, lack of dry wood of any kind. Cooks have an unenviable job! After dinner unless there are any special parades the men have the rest of the day to themselves, some playing baseball others football

etc., to keep themselves fit for an inter-company or inter-regimental league which is played on a day given aside for such by the C. O. or the Brigadier General of the brigade. This is termed the "Sports" day.

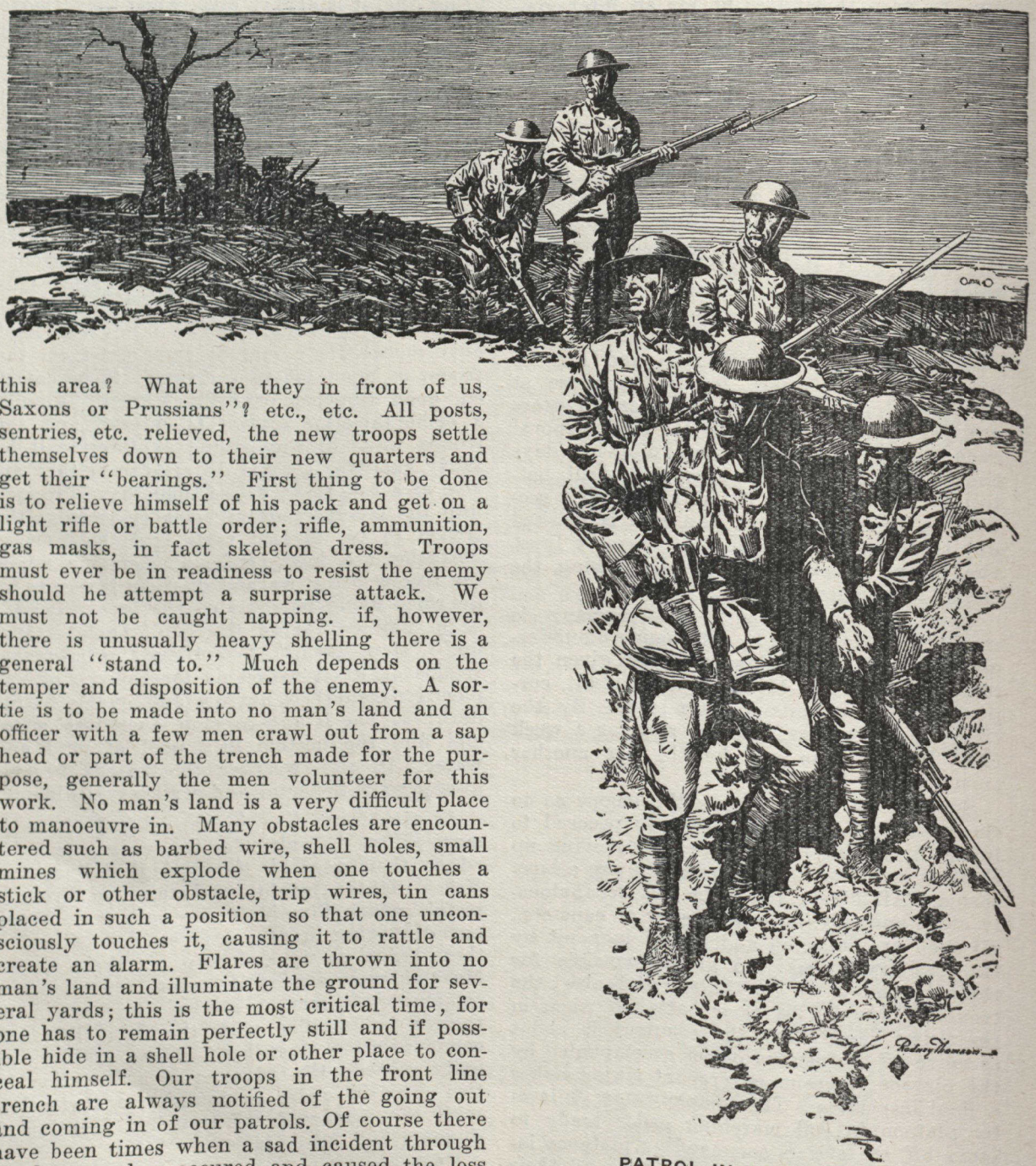
Some of the men pay a visit to the local estaminet and there over a glass of French beer tell tales of "how battles are won and lost." of their grievances, of the sweet farmer's daughter, etc., etc. On "time" being announced by the good lady of the estaminet the boys wind their way "billetwards" to their leaky, windy and uncomfortable barn which by the military is called a billet. Lights are allowed if the billets are situated a safe distance from the danger zone and candles are bought by the men for that purpose at the local "epiceric" or grocery store. Letters and parcels are given out by the mail corporal each day. The next day and following days the parades differ such as company drill, battalion drill, practicing for an attack on a section of the enemy's line. An area is marked out to resemble in replica the enemy's lines, the troops acting as if actually taking the enemy's trenches.

Once or twice a month the company is marched to the baths to get change of underclothing and a wash-down. Pay is given the men at the rate of 15 francs a fortnight, corporals and sergeants a little more. By the time the troops have been in rest for a week they feel fit, clean and healthy for another turn "up the line."

Speculation is rife among the troops as to the possible location they have to proceed to in the firing line. On the day for moving up there is much hustle and the billets are a busy scrum. All billets are to be left scrupulously clean and tidy, no waste paper or cans etc., all such are collected and buried in a pit by the sanitary squad who are responsible for the cleanliness of the billets and also the trenches occupied by their battalion when in the firing line. When the company is about to move off the platoon officer accompanied by the platoon sergeant or sergeant major makes a final inspection. The company now falls in by platoon in full marching order ready to move off, the officers commanding platoons inspecting their men to see they have all their kit, gas masks, emergency rations, field dressing, rifles properly cleaned, etc. The order to move is then given and the troops well burdened with their heavy packs, extra ammunition, a few bombs and —not forgetting the parcels they have received from their relations and friends "across the pond"—swing lightheartedly on to the road. If near the firing line, it is always dusk when they "move off" so as to conceal their movements from enemy balloons or aeroplanes. Very few are enlightened as to their destination and very few care. As night comes on there is much speculation as regards to destination and distance to be covered before arrival at their final destination. A halt is given periodically. No smoking is allowed, much as the troops would like to. A lighted cigarette would be seen for miles and many of them would give information to the enemy of a body of troops on the march. As they arrive at cross roads and other points near the front line they are challenged by sentries. The latter are kept busy answering numerous enquiries from the troops as, name of area, distance to be covered, good trenches or bad, etc., etc. Finally a communication trench is entered and the troops walk in single file. Walking will be fairly good for a short distance until they arrive at a few spots where shells have dropped into the trench making holes or causing the trench to be blocked with earth etc. Other obstacles are low overhead telephone wires, the troops being warned of their presence by the word being passed along "wire overhead," or it may be "mind the 'ole" (hole) "step up." "step down." Sometimes the bath-matt (strips of wood nailed on long pieces of 2x4 placed parallel) is narrow and owing to the darkness one is apt to step over into space and find the bottom in a pool of mud and water. In wet weather the boards become greasy with the mud and walking is difficult.

As the front line is approached there is more or less difficulty, for the troops are guided on their way by the periodical bursts of Verry lights (bright rockets fired from a pistol) which illuminate the pathway. When near the firing line the troops stand still when these lights go up and map out their course. Meanwhile, as a general custom, battalion and companys are met by guides who have made themselves familiar with the front line and communication trenches. These guides usually precede the advance of a battalion by two days in order to familiarize themselves with the mazework of trenches, location of dugouts and headquarters.

The troops having arrived at the front line trenches, commence to take up their respective positions. Sentries of the outgoing battalion on post are relieved by the incoming troops, each sentry passing over his orders to the new one. Little tit bits not on standing orders are exchanged, such as "watch that gully!" "Fritz has a machine gun over there." The relieving sentry asking "is it quiet in



PATROL IN NO MAN'S LAND

this area? What are they in front of us, Saxons or Prussians''? etc., etc. All posts, sentries, etc. relieved, the new troops settle themselves down to their new quarters and get their ''bearings.'' First thing to be done is to relieve himself of his pack and get on a light rifle or battle order; rifle, ammunition, gas masks, in fact skeleton dress. Troops must ever be in readiness to resist the enemy should he attempt a surprise attack. We must not be caught napping. if, however, there is unusually heavy shelling there is a general ''stand to.'' Much depends on the temper and disposition of the enemy. A sortie is to be made into no man's land and an officer with a few men crawl out from a sap head or part of the trench made for the purpose, generally the men volunteer for this work. No man's land is a very difficult place to manoeuvre in. Many obstacles are encountered such as barbed wire, shell holes, small mines which explode when one touches a stick or other obstacle, trip wires, tin cans placed in such a position so that one unconsciously touches it, causing it to rattle and create an alarm. Flares are thrown into no man's land and illuminate the ground for several yards; this is the most critical time, for one has to remain perfectly still and if possible hide in a shell hole or other place to conceal himself. Our troops in the front line trench are always notified of the going out and coming in of our patrols. Of course there have been times when a sad incident through carelessness has occured and caused the loss of a brave comrade. Happily such cases are few.

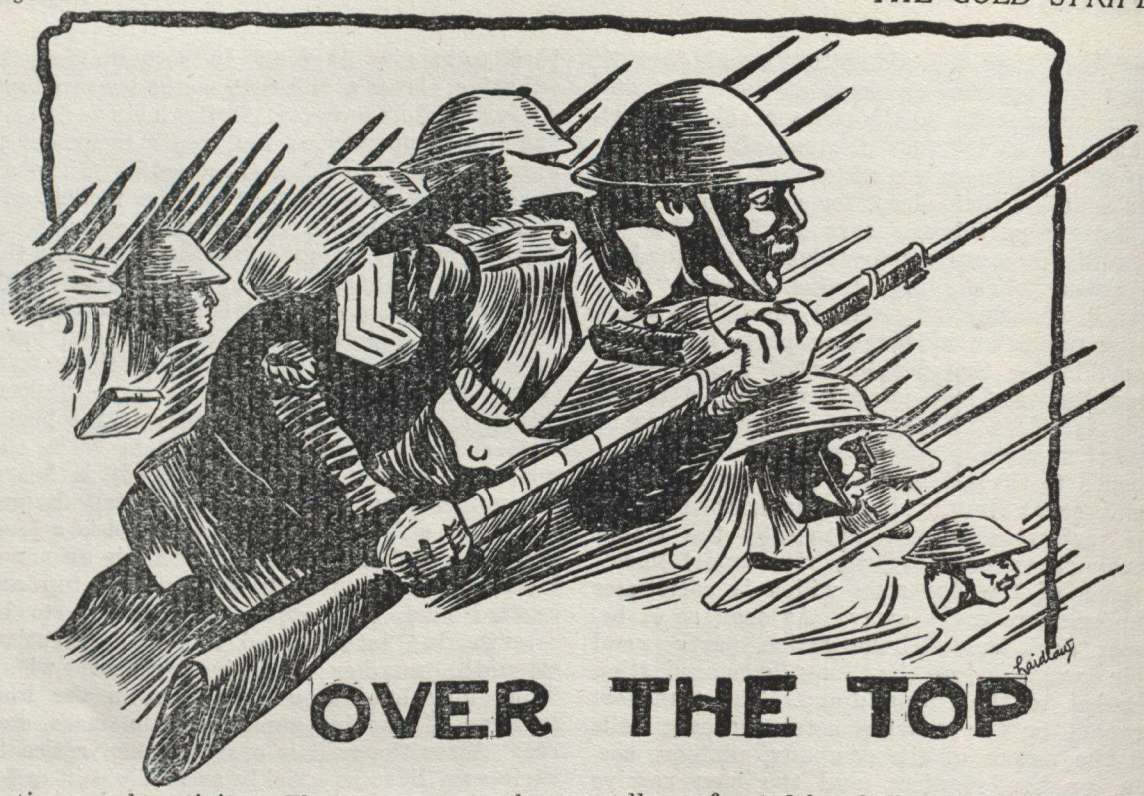
The men on returning are given an allowance of rum and retire to sleep, the officer meanwhile tenders his report to headquarters. Needless to say the patrol presents a sorry sight on returning, especially if the night has been wet; mud covering them from head to foot.

At one hour before dawn all troops stand to arms, this being a precautionary measure against an ''attack at dawn.'' Every man is warned to be at his post, very few exceptions are made. When the anxious period is over,

the word is passed along to "stand down!" The usual sentries are kept at their post and the remainder file to the platoon officer's dugout to take their "tot" of rum—about an egg-cup full. If there are no urgent fatigues the men snatch a little sleep, for a few hours later on, fatigue parties are warned off to fill sandbags, dig dugouts, repair trenches smashed in by enemy shells; dig drains, repair "bath matts" (flooring of trench), etc. The sanitary squad is an independant party and is responsible for the cleanliness of the trenches generally. As evening approaches, a ration party is told off by sections (four sections to a platoon, sixteen platoons to a battalion) to proceed to the ration dump to draw rations—bread, meat, butter, bacon, jam, cheese, etc. The mail is also brought up by the ration transport wagons from the "transport lines" in rear of the fire zone which is sometimes four or more miles away. As soon as it becomes dark enough, the ration party wend their way down the long communication trenches to the ration dump. The transport sergeant or the quartermaster sergeant calls out the names of the company, platoon, section, or headquarters, and the men receive their rations tied up in sandbags. One man carries two sandbags, one over each shoulder connected by a cord. In winter coke and charcoal is supplied for the dugouts which also arrive in sandbags, or as Tommy terms it a "gunny-sack." The mail is taken to headquarters and distributed to the various sections. The arrival of the mail is eagerly looked forward to, as a letter from home kindles new life in Tommy. Many pairs of eyes are directed on parcels when being opened, and a mutual distribution is made among the friends of the owner of the parcel. Words of comfort greet the unlucky boy who has not received word from home, and he hears news of the doings of his home town through other boys who have been favored with a letter. Newspapers are passed around and so the boys keep in touch with the outer world. The happy hour over, the boys file out of the dugout to duty "on top," leaving their parcels and rations in the dugout. If the area is rat infested, and in most cases it is so, then in the morning when the troops go into their dugout there is a possibility of a raid by rats having taken place during the night and a considerable portion of the boy's larder is diminished. During the morning there is talk of a possible raid on a section of the enemy's lines and volunteers are called for to take part in it. Always more than the number respond and after careful selection the men chosen retire to their dugouts to rest up for the offensive, (later a different method was adopted for raiding parties). As the hour for "over the top" approaches, the men's eagerness to "strafe the Hun" becomes acute. They assemble in a selected part of the trench and await the signal to go "over the top." A barrage on the enemy's trenches lifts and the boys, with bombs, rifle and bayonet rush swiftly across no man's land on to the enemy's first line trench. They are soon busy with bayonet and bomb. Men specially told off to look after dugouts, carry a Stokes' trench mortar bomb. The order to the boche is to surrender, if he hesitates long he is the recipient of the trench bomb, it is heard bumping down the steps of the deep dugout and after a few seconds pause there is a loud explosion and the hesitating boche is no more. Meanwhile the few live Huns on top are hustled back to the rear as prisoners to be afterwards interrogated as to identity, strength, number of their regiment, where from, how long they have been in the line, location of machine guns, trench mortars, etc., etc. After the raid is over the men retire to their own lines as quickly as possible in order to avoid retaliation by the enemy, also to escape their bombardment. Once safely in their own lines they are hospitably received and congratulated on their achievement. Rum is served to them and they retire to a well earned rest.

These raids may take place several times during a regiment's stay in the front line and are conducted at different times of the day or night. News of relief is welcomed, and the troops prepare for evacuation, the same preliminaries are gone through as when they entered the front line and "took over" from the other regiment. Everything ready and duties properly relieved, the order is given to move and the troops file down the muddy trenches to the communication trench which is nearly always in better shape than those of the front line. The relief is kept secret but in some cases the troops are subject to a strafe when going out and coming in, and invariably lose many men. Rain and mud is the curse of all troops but these are the least of Tommy's worries when going out to billets. Of course, many are the conjectures as to the nature of the billets and the village they are located in. After a long and miserable march, stiff and sore with their stay in the trenches and feeling dirty, they arrive at their rest quarters.

Orders are shouted out, and flash lamps like constellation of stars flicker in and out de-



OVER THE TOP

noting much activity. The troops are ushered into their home to be for a week, fortnight or perhaps longer. Everyone feeling tired and irritable look for somewhere to lay their pack and to make a shake down. Some are favored with straw, others not so fortunate get anywhere. All places in and around the farm are taken over by the troops until a straightening up by the billeting officer next morning when the previous night's confusion has died down. The following day, the troops, by platoons, are marched off to the bath house, carrying their towels and soap. The men are assembled in a large room which is fitted up with forms, hanging their clothes on nails which are arranged around the room for that purpose. A party of about twelve, file into a chamber where, on the floor are tubs and above these tubs are sprinklers or showers. Each man stands in the tub and the attendant regulates the hot and cold water supply, and so it goes on until the whole platoon has taken a bath. They are then taken back to the billet where a foot inspection takes place by the doctor. The men who reported sick during the morning are not forgotten and go through the same programme at a special parade.

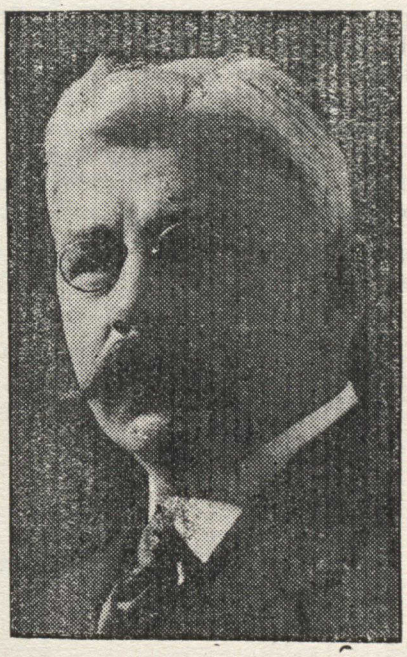
The men now square up their billet and prepare for a comfortable night's rest. Billets differ as regards comfort, size and sanitation. It may consist of an old barn with a few of the tiles missing, providing an incentive for a study of astronomy. A side may have its mud walls perforated by shell fire or otherwise. In this case a ground sheet carried by the troops comes in handy to cover it over. Also there may be a difficulty in the way of approach to the billet; it may necessitate a slow, slushy course through several inches of mud and one is fortunate if he navigates the "courtyard" safely at night without walking through the cess pool or manure heap and going up to his neck. If not too near the firing line, candles are permitted and on entering the billet one can see the boys busy writing and assuming many fantastic shapes in doing so. If straw is not available it may be had by applying to the farmer, providing of course he has it to spare. It is sold at varying prices, half a franc or a franc per bundle. Madame of the farm looks to her finances in the sale of cups of coffee and sometimes eggs and chipped potatoes. The latter has become a standard meal with the boys in France when away from the regiment. The writer once had two eggs and some chipped potatoes at Ypres for his Xmas dinner, for the rats had eaten his good things the night before.

It must not be forgotten that Tommy has to do guard duties outside his billets during his company's term of occupation. During hours off duty, the question often asked is, "Anything on at the 'Y'?" and a Y.M.C.A. is usually close at hand, and very often a concert is given by visiting or local artists.

And so the programme goes on ad infinitun.

Art *and* the Soldier

By James Leyland



W. James Leyland is a member of the Vancouver Art and Historical Society. He has done much to foster the love of good art in Vancouver.

It is generally agreed that nothing can be the same after the war. There will be a general reconstruction of all things and nothing will escape the changes sure to come. If this be true it follows that art in its various forms will change, or rather shall we say that there will be a greater appreciation among the general public than has obtained hitherto.

Let us look for a moment at the reasons which lead to this line of thought. We have just come through over four years of the bloodiest and most terrible war the world has ever seen. Some of our most prized and artistically most valuable buildings have been ruthlessly destroyed beyond repair and though highly esteemed by the more artistic people were, so far as the average person was concerned, mere names, and in many instances utterly unknown.

Through the action of the Huns attention world wide has been drawn to them, and a great interest has been awakened. They have been made familiar to us by photographs, by cheap prints and by the most expensive etchings, all of which have found a ready sale in all countries. These alone, for whatever reason they may originally have been purchased, are bound to have a great influence on the taste of the public. Added to this is the fact that so many of our men have been overseas and have had the opportunity of seeing many of the world's artistic treasures both architectually and in the realm of painting.

They have seen the beautiful building and Cathedral of France and Belgium, as well as seen Old England.

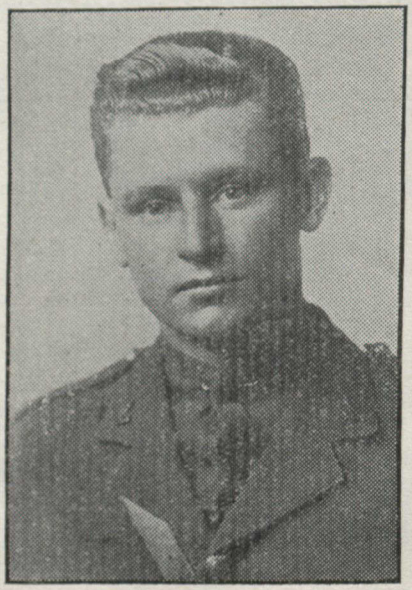
They have many of them visited the art galleries and have aroused within themselves a taste which may have been dormant for better things than they had ever before dreamed of. They have seen the picturesque old world cities of the Continent, the peaceful pastoral beauty of England, and the quaint old fashioned villages. Some have visited the well known beauty spots of the English Lake district, Scotland, North Wales and elsewhere; whilst others again have been to Chester, Shrewsbury and many other picturesque and interesting towns. All this has, so to speak, "opened their eyes," and they will come back to us imbued with new ideas, with a broader outlook and a desire to introduce more of the picturesque and artistic into their lives in Canada; and who shall say them nay? Have they not earned their title to the most artistic and beautiful in life? They have been through hell itself and have seen more of the ugly things of life than has ever fallen to the lot of any previous generation.

And we who have been, against our will, some of us, forced to stay behind, have we, too, not been made to think and wonder and suffer? Surely when all the turmoil is over there must be a reaction against the horrors we have all passed through? Surely some means will be adopted to counteract the dreadful things of the last four years?

We are emerging after the painful struggle and sacrifice to a new, and let us hope, a brighter world in which shall be seen beauty enthroned and ugliness cast down. A world rich in all the best things of life if we will only take them. A world bought by the sacrifice of our best manhood on the altar of greed and power. When all is over there must be some compensation, some reward, and what can be more uplifting or more elevating to the race than to desire and to acquire those things which will minister to the aesthetic and beautiful?

Let us leave no stone unturned to accomplish this end, and let us make Vancouver worthy of its beautiful surroundings.

A Clever Soldier Artist



ERNEST LE MESSURIER

The sketch on this page is by Lieutenant Ernest Le Messurier, who was born in Hamilton, Ontario, in 1894. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Le Messurier of Vancouver. Very early in life he showed a love for drawing, and when a child, a lead pencil and a piece of paper would keep him quiet. He was clever, too, in other ways. When only eight years of age he played the part of Sir Peter Teazle at Victoria, and, dressed as little Lord Fauntleroy, he led the grand parade.

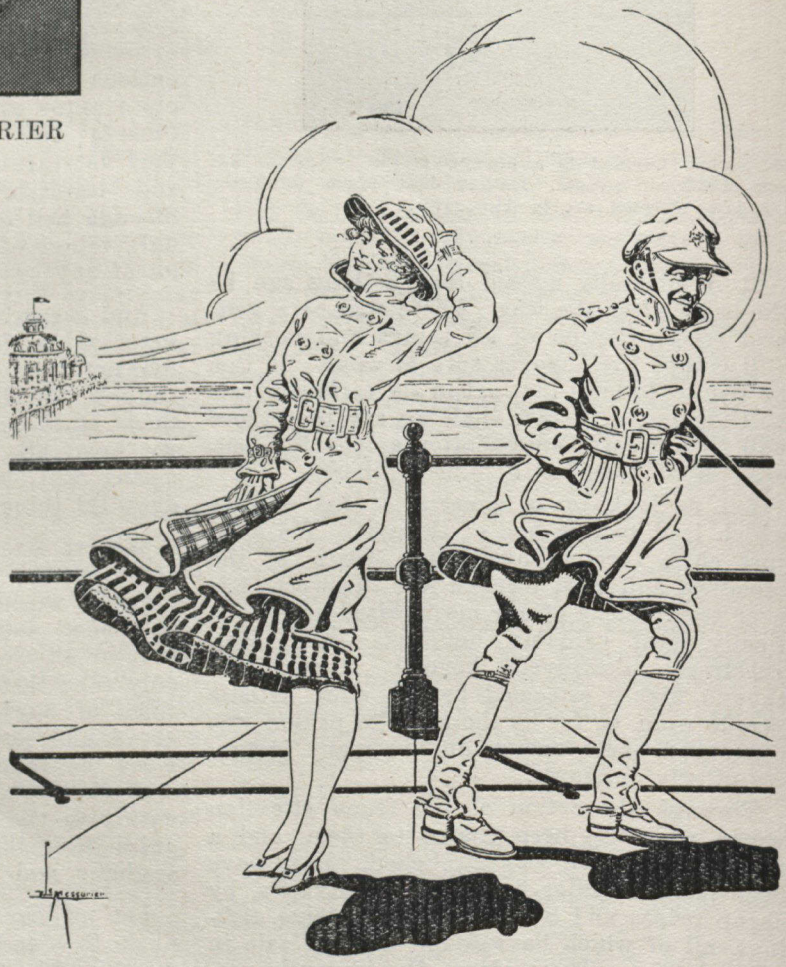
He was art editor of school magazines and at the University of British Columbia. He graduated B.A., and was one of the eight who received the degree in khaki.

Ernest Le Messurier enlisted with the 11th Irish under Lieut.-Col. McSpadden. He drew the Honour Roll of the officers of the 11th Irish, a beautiful work of art.

He spent some time in France and England, especially at the Canadian Training School for Officers. He was editor of the official organ of the school, "Chevrons and Stars," to which magazine he contributed many drawings. He has had sittings from Prince Arthur of Connaught and about fifty officers of high rank, producing very excellent portraits.

He was attached to the 143rd British Columbia Bantams, under Colonel Powley, became Lieutenant, and went overseas.

In England he worked in the Canadian Training School for Officers at Bexhill, under Lieut.-Col. Critchley, who thought much of his talent.



A Breeze at Bexhill

VANCOUVER DAILY SUN

Honor Roll

H. Allen
W. Anderson
M. D. Archibald**
H. Black
A. Booker**
Charles Butler
Peter Campbell
G. Crann
F. Farrel
Sid Frith*
E. H. Gough
J. Hicks**
Wm. Hillcoat**
Wm. Laing*
J. Lyons**
B. Mackie
G. C. McLeod
H. McFarland*
E. Mason*
W. G. McGillivray*
J. McMorris
W. Moyles*
J. Napier
B. Newberry
G. Pausche
F. Peterson
B. Pettit
Thos. Potts**
Roy Robertson
J. Scott
H. Scott
E. C. Sheppard
R. Stewart
H. Torey
Douglas Towell*
Charles Uren
Alex. White

*Gone West **Wounded

Hastings Park—a Military Depot

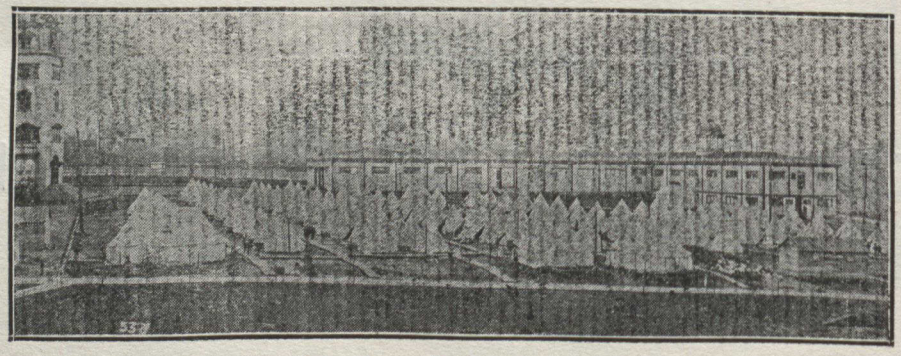
The Exhibition has drawn many thousands of people to Hastings Park, but many thousands of people had never seen the Park until drawn there by ties of kinship, their kith and kin being mobilized there for overseas service. Here at Hastings Park the flower of manhood received their first lessons in warfare. Here they were metamorphosised from raw recruits to finished soldiers of the King. Here met the son of the laborer, mechanic, farmer, with the young men from the banks, from the law offices, from the shops and stores, from the universities, answering the call of patriotic duty. Many of these young men from Hastings Park have been decorated by the King for acts of heroism and bravery, some have ascended the ladder of military promotion for meritorious service. Some now wear an empty sleeve or move on crutches, and also, alas, many sleep in Flanders Fields where poppies grow. The glory of their heroic sacrifices runs from shell riven battlefields across the Channel, through "Merrie" England, across the Atlantic deathtrap to peaceful Canada, across her mighty prairies and Rockies to Hastings Park

Yes, Hastings Park for upwards of four years has been a great Military cradle, a great Military school, from whence have graduated a class of men who have won honor, fame and glory on the gory battle fields of the greatest war the world has ever seen. Written into history are the heroic deeds and prowess of brave men down through all the ages. When the history of the Great War comes to be written it will be shown that the spirit of chivalry still lives, that brave men still live, and still die for the honor and glory of the good old flag, and that in this far flung outpost of the Empire the bravest of the brave were found.

Hastings Park will ever bring fond remembrances to many bereaved souls. It was here they periodically went to visit their dear ones training for the task of their lives. It was here that many last "Good-byes" were said. It was here the pangs of separation were experienced.

When war broke out in August 1914 the Militia took charge of Hastings Park. The then Minister of Militia, Sir Sam Hughes, came to the Coast to settle details of mobilization and arranged with the Exhibition authorities for the use of the Grounds. The first year of the war the Exhibition was held with mobilized troops upon the grounds, the second year it happened that the troops were training in summer camp at Vernon. The third year the troops were accommodated at New Westminster leaving the Grounds free for holding the Exhibition, and the fourth year, the number of troops being small at that time remained in camp upon the Grounds, the Agricultural Building and part of the Grounds being set apart for their occupation, so that Exhibition work right through the war has not been suspended. The encouragement of better and greater production being the primary objects of the Association, it was realized that the operations of that body was war work, and so the training of troops and the encouragement of food production went on side by side.

In the building up of an exhibition the wildest imagination of the promotors would never have conjured in their minds the establishment here of a great military training school. The value to the business people of the city of Vancouver was great. For the first two years it is roughly estimated that one million dollars per year was spent here. The circulation of this war money in the City meant good business for business houses. Now the war is over, Hastings Park should not be forgotten.



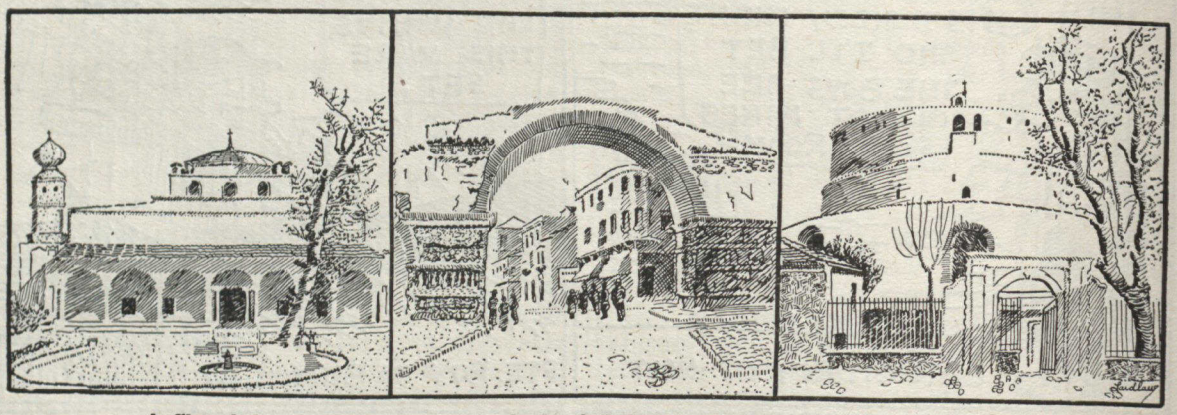
Hastings Park Camp

What a Difference! At Home and "Over There."

Drawn by "Hal."

In Salonika

Captain H. C. L. Lindsay, C.A.M.C., C.E.F.



A Church | Arch of Gaferius | Church of St. George

Dr. H. C. L. Lindsay was born in Strathroy, Ont., in May, 1883. He had his early schooling there, and graduated from the Western Medical College in 1909. During his holidays in his third year in medicne, he did five months' maternity work with the Hill maternity Clinic, New York City. The same year he graduated he passed the competitive examination in the New York Skin and Cancer Hospital as house surgeon, but previous to entering took a short course at the New York Polyclinic under Robinson. Leaving the New York Skin and Cancer Hospital in 1910, he became associated with Drs. Fox and Wise at two clinics, the Vanderbilt and the New York Skin and Cancer Hospital. He also kept up work at the same time with the Polyclinic. He left for England in the spring of 1911 and spent several months in London and returned to practice in Vancouver. In 1913 he went to Paris to St. Lois Hospital for seven months and returned to Vancouver for one year when war broke out. In 1915 he went overseas with No. 5 General Hospital, and was invalided from Saloniki the following year.

Every military unit going overseas and lands in England is held there temporarily pending the disposition of the officer in command, who gives the final order as to their ultimate destination. Naturally every unit has a desire to go to the French Front, where honour and glory await the brave, but then there are many other fronts in this great war, and thus it happens that certain units find themselves in the Balkans, perhaps Mesopotamia, Egypt, South Africa or India, Italy or Russia. On learning that our destination was to be Serbia we felt keen disappointment, because we had decided, in our own minds, at least, that the campaign there would be a very limited one, and also the chances of winning names for ourselves would be very small indeed. Aside from this the world had been horrified from time to time with stories from this part of the world, which, though in Europe, appeared quite as savage as the wildest we could imagine in America. The assassination of their former rulers left an uncanny feeling in the hearts of many, because they were not acquainted with the ways of the Near East nor were they educated as to the cause of such an episode. More recently the capture of an American girl (Miss Sloane) by brigands who held her for ransom, startled the whole world; then, too, the Balkan wars were the cynosure of all the civilized world, who commented freely on the barbarities practiced by the different peoples entering into the contest.

At the exact moment when we learned our destination the enemy had pushed back some of our divisions, and the poor Serbians were being rapidly forced from their country. One

disaster after another was falling upon them, but not the least of these was the terrible pestilence "typhus fever." This dread disease was killing thousands of them. Many, too, were being frost bitten when crossing the mountains owing to an unprecedented cold snap which caught them at the psycologically wrong moment. Our outlook, therefore, was not bright, but we were soldiers enough to go where we were ordered with every intention to do our very best for the stricken people.

The nearest point or port to the Serbians was Saloniki, the ancient Therma, afterwards "Thessalonica," a town first brought to the notice of peoples in America by its being mentioned in the Bible. "St. Paul's epistles to the Thessalonians." The Greeks held control of the place until some four hundred years ago, when the Turks usurped the privilege, but at all times it has been a meeting place of the West with the East. It has always been a haven of rest or escape for the scalawags or religious maniacs from the surrounding countries. Thus the Spanish Jews fled to it during the inquisitions of Ferdinand and Isabella. Thus the Venetians in olden times made it a fort and built the famous "Tour Blanche" to protect themselves from marauding pirates. After the last Balkan shuffle the Turks lost Saloniki and the Greeks once more possessed it. Thus the native boy can usually speak both the Turkish language and Greek as well as French, which is the language of commerce there. If he has been observant he can also speak Spanish since thousands of Spanish Jews still live there, and being in such close proximity to Italy many can speak Italian as well. (Although over 100,000 in population fully 30,000 are Jews.) I have met clerks who could read, write and speak ten languages, who were born in Saloniki. With such a heteroglot population no wonder it was considered the most cosmopolitan place for its size in the whole world.

Such was to be our landing place, and after our troublous journey by boat through the perils of the Atlantic and Mediterranean we actually welcomed its sight with a sigh of relaxation and breathed more comfortably when we had passed the mines and entered its wonderful harbour at the Vardar's mouth on the Aegean Sea. Even at its very harbour gates a marauding submarine had left its dismal reminder in the shape of a wrecked cattle boat.

We were not permitted to land at once, and we were glad of this, because a high wind was blowing sleet and hail and snow with blinding force. Most uncomfortable rumors reached our boat from time to time, and we held ourselves in readiness to get on shore at a moment's notice. Several days passed during which time, if any lull came in the storm, we ventured on deck and gazed at the wonderful and mystic city.

With our binoculars we could see nearly the whole place, because it rises like an amphitheatre on the steep slope of Mount Kortiasch. The walled city is roughly delta shaped, the base of the triangle running along the water's edge, covering a distance of over four miles. The streets came right to the water's edge, and one runs parallel with it, terminating at one end in a huge white stone tower, known as the "Stone Blanche." The buildings were apparently all built of white stone, possessing characteristic red tiled roofs. Here and there, however, arose structures of some pretentions, palaces—huge churches and mosques. Tall minarettes were visible in every sector of the landscape, and it was with a feeling of pleasurable anticipation that I jumped in a small dingy headed shoreward and was landed on the stone steps at the foot of "Rue Venizelos."

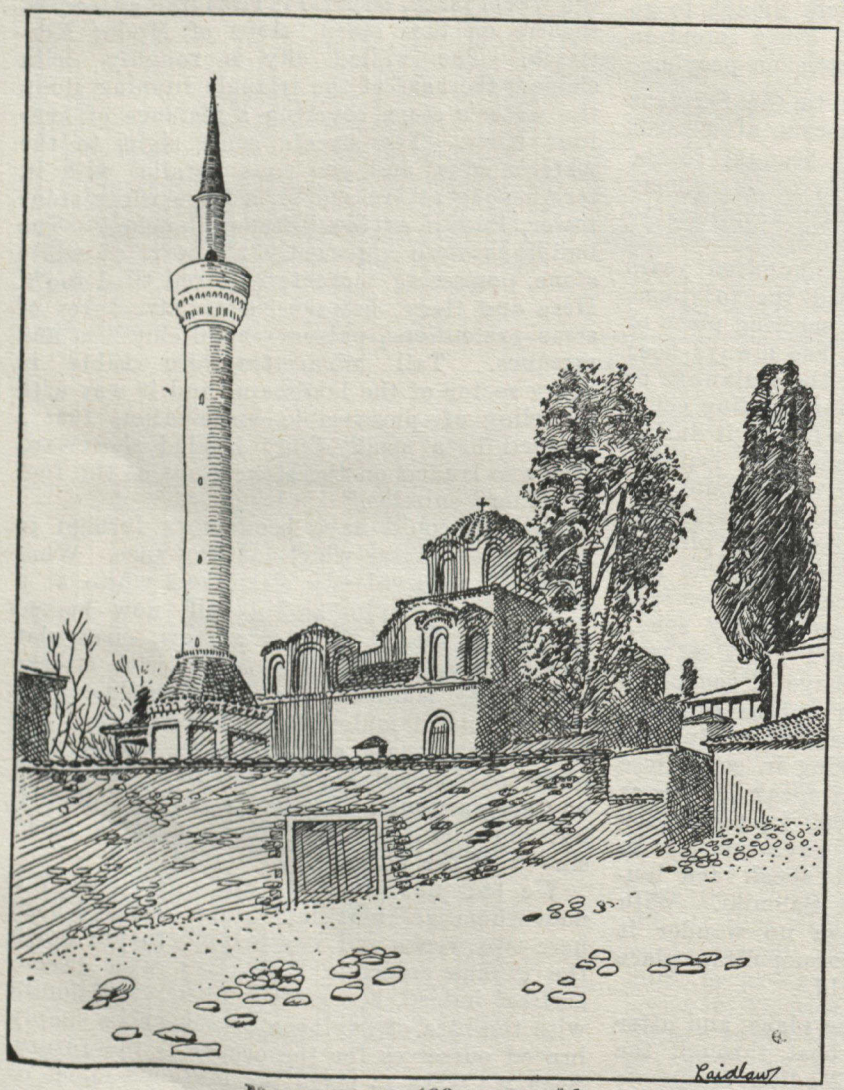
Nothing could have been more foreign to me than the sights which met my gaze. What appeared as spotlessly clean and white at a distance of a mile and a half now looked strangely sordid. The narrow, irregular streets, were filled to capacity with Greeks and Greek soldiers who were leading long pack trains of mules through the town. The cobble stone roads and flag stone walks were none too comfortable for the feet. The cold on this particular day had somewhat abated, but did not deter me from making a rapid survey of the place.

We had not gone far when we located a man whom we knew in Toronto. He had been here two weeks and was helping to put down the typhus epidemic. His story was disconcerting, indeed, but we did not go to Saloniki with the idea of having a picnic, so we simply braced ourselves for the ordeal of the future. Soon we were to learn the insidious effect of the climate on men not immunized against its evils. Malaria and dysentry were to prove a bigger bugbear to us than typhus, which we escaped. We did not suffer from plague and leprosy and other classical Greek diseases but we were to be puzzled about phlebotomus fever and malignant malaria as well as hill diarrhoea. There things read much more than they really seemed to me, and were it not for the fact that I finally succumbed to the enervating effects of the climate myself, I can

truthfully say that I enjoyed my stay in Saloniki.

Greek history is responsible for my disappointment upon beholding the manhood and womanhood of the race which I saw in Saloniki. The Grecian athlete was decidedly non est in this locality.

The officers parading the streets with their pompous strides, compared with French officers, reminded one of toy soldiers. Their stature did not come up to the French and they lacked the alertness and dash. The women, for the most part, were also disappointing, and in no instance did I see one of either sex which would justify the raptures into which ancient history plunges one.



Mosque over 400 years old

Even in Saloniki the pangs of hunger were such that I finally made my way into a restaurant and secured a seat. Fully 200 people were having dinner in a room that would have been crowded with a single 100 in it. Greece was neutral at this time, and the German consul still held his post in the city and Germans were running all over the place. My eye encountered the hateful glare of many of these swine. I had to content myself with listening to the music they made as they gargled their soup, because the meal was positively repulsive to me, consisting of soup, rice as a vegetable, and goat's meat; the latter was terrible. Every window was studiously closed, and had it not been for the fact that the beer was rather good I should have fainted. As it was I contented myself with chasing the cockroaches from my side of the table, and was thankful when others had finished and allowed me to make my exit, still hungry and desperately warm.

In my wanderings around the town I made a point of looking up the oldest things. The gem of the whole place was the arch of Galerine, which was in bad repair, but, nevertheless, interesting. The crude carvings on parts of this were an index to its great age and differences in material showed when it had been repaired from time to time through different generations.

Probably nothing astonished me more than the ancient bath house in the centre of the town. It was so old that Egyptian hieroglyphics were still discernable on the stones forming the basin to the fountain at the main entrance. The structure and completeness of this public bath could assist us in building one to this day. The Tour Blanche was the fortress built by the Venetians, and is an interesting structure, being in good repair. It has

walls of solid stone fifteen feet thick or more. Although eighty odd feet high it has a winding roadway on the interior up to its top along which a native one-horse cart could be drawn. The tower is surrounded by a promenade and next to it is a huge beer garden, the centre of gaiety for the whole city. Here band concerts and open air concerts are given every night. It is here that Eastern dances and Russian dances are performed for the benefit of those visiting in the city from those parts. They are wonderful performances.

The church of St. Sophia is one of the largest churches and is built much like the missions one sees in Southern California but with this difference. It has a tall minarette on one side and a decidedly low Turkish looking tower on the other. It is supposedly the prototype of the church of the same name in Constantinople.

The town is fortified; has a citadel, huge walls and several forts. In places the wall is thick enough for a wagon road. The battlements on top are about five feet in height. The upper part of the town where the wall is most perfect is the Turkish quarter. Here the streets are very narrow and irregular. The homes are mere hovels, and if recent fire has cleaned these out it could have done little evil. It is off the main thoroughfares that we come in contact with curious streets, cobbled roads with the sewers running down their centres and walks built with the thin brick so much used by the ancient Romans. Then, too, here and there we see the remnants of a bygone civilization. At one time the town possessed a wonderful waterworks system and many of the arched public fountains are still in existance. Great pillars of stone, half buried in the debris of the ages mark where a former colonnade, built under Nero, once stood, and at one place where the contour of the ground evoked a question from me, I learned that I was standing on the site of an old circus or hippodrome of great antiquity. The church of St. Demetrius, despoiled by the Turks, was inlaid with porphyry and jasper. Truly time has changed Saloniki. The many vicissitudes of its peoples have warped their energies and what should be the gateway or port for the hemmed in countries of Serbia and Bulgaria is now simply, in peace times, a centre for tobacco, wine, silk and wool. What should be a thriving healthy city has been ruined by war, lack of enterprise and politico-religous dissentions among its cosmopolitan peoples. The town has been "bled white" by heavy taxes all through the ages. None of the rulers were sure they could hold it and hence they made money while they had the place in their grasp. When one wanted a concession under Turkish rule he could get it by bribery, but under the king of Greece some Greeks maintain they can get nothing in Saloniki.

Let us hope that the close contact into which this war has brought the many peoples of this part of the world will have a beneficial effect making all more tolerant of other religions than their own.

The possibilities of the town: 1st, as to climate, are excellent if the place were cleaned up properly; 2nd, as to location, it is ideal, being on the seventy-mile railroad joining it up with Belgrade on the Danube, thus connecting it by land and water roads in the valley of the Danube with Smyrna and the coasts of Asia Minor, and its location on it's own wonderful natural harbour facilitates easy shipping; 3rd, as to production of silk, corn, cotton, wool, hides and tobacco as well as all kinds of fruit, grapes, figs, dates, apples, lemons and olives, has been fully proven, but the natives prefer to carry on their agriculture much after the fashion of the agriculturist eighteen hundred years ago. They have no experimental farms and modern machinery and methods seem to be entirely lacking. Flour is still crudely ground by windmills. They do know how to grow grapes to perfection and how to make wine. With the ingress of Englishmen and Americans who can see at a glance how this beautiful place is going to waste I fully expect some enterprising spirits will endeavor to arouse the Thessalonians from their lethargy and teach them how to make their old town hum with prosperity.

Board of Park Commissioners

HONOUR ROLL

1914-1918

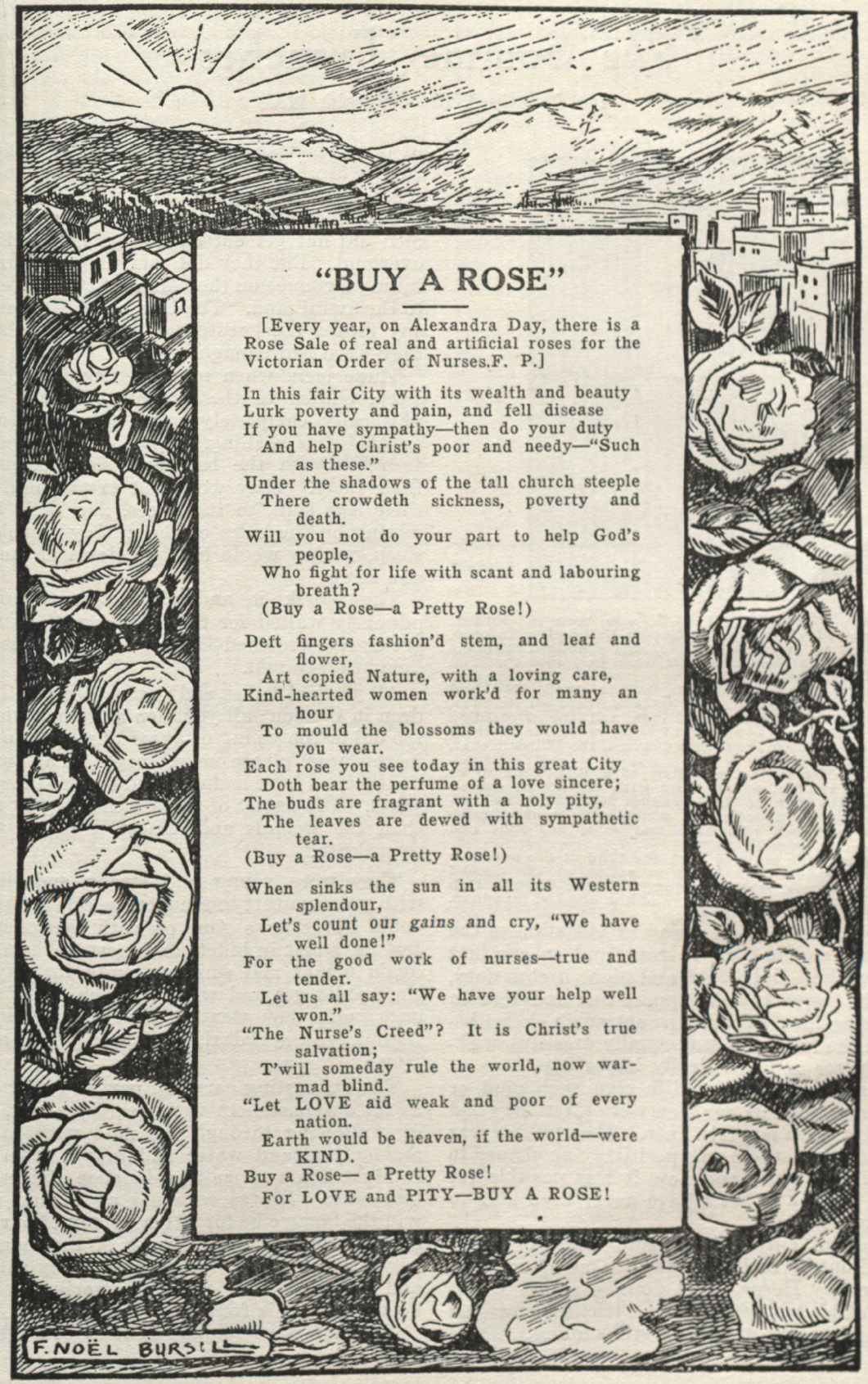
GREAT WAR

FOR KING AND COUNTRY.

*CAPT. W. A. E. GRIM
*SERGT. A. H. DIGBY
*SERGT. N. MACDONALD
SERGT. A. WHITTAKER
SERGT. E. P. SOUL
*PTE. R. F. C. HUNT
*PTE. H. HOLLAND
*PTE. E. FORREST
†PTE. A. FRASER
†PTE. A. E. BAGGS
*PTE. C. R. GREEN
PTE. F. THOMPSON
PTE. W. F. FRASER
SAPPER T. McCUE
SERGT. W. LIVINGSTONE
*BOMBADIER L. J. BAYLISS
PTE. A. CLUSE
PTE. S. A. ATTWELL
*SAPPER W. J. LIGHTFOOT

*Wounded.

†Killed in Action.



"BUY A ROSE"

[Every year, on Alexandra Day, there is a Rose Sale of real and artificial roses for the Victorian Order of Nurses.F. P.]

In this fair City with its wealth and beauty
Lurk poverty and pain, and fell disease
If you have sympathy—then do your duty
And help Christ's poor and needy—"Such as these."
Under the shadows of the tall church steeple
There crowdeth sickness, poverty and death.
Will you not do your part to help God's people,
Who fight for life with scant and labouring breath?
(Buy a Rose—a Pretty Rose!)

Deft fingers fashion'd stem, and leaf and flower,
Art copied Nature, with a loving care,
Kind-hearted women work'd for many an hour
To mould the blossoms they would have you wear.
Each rose you see today in this great City
Doth bear the perfume of a love sincere;
The buds are fragrant with a holy pity,
The leaves are dewed with sympathetic tear.
(Buy a Rose—a Pretty Rose!)

When sinks the sun in all its Western splendour,
Let's count our *gains* and cry, "We have well done!"
For the good work of nurses—true and tender.
Let us all say: "We have your help well won."
"The Nurse's Creed"? It is Christ's true salvation;
T'will someday rule the world, now war-mad blind.
"Let LOVE aid weak and poor of every nation.
Earth would be heaven, if the world—were KIND.
Buy a Rose— a Pretty Rose!
For LOVE and PITY—BUY A ROSE!

The Somme Trenches

By Captain Wilson Herald, M.C.

Captain Wilson Herald, M.C., was born in Dundas, Ontario, studied medicine at Queens University, Toronto, came west to Vancouver in 1891 and practised medicine in British Columbia until 1915, when he joined the 72nd Seaforths as Medical Officer.

He went overseas with his unit in April, 1916, and followed the fortunes of the Battalion through Belgium, the Somme battles, Vimy Ridge and the succeeding battles around the outskirts of Lens, where he received his decoration, which embraced Avion, the Power House, and other sectors.

Captain Herald is the author of a War Book to be published shortly, which deals with the actual experiences of the men of the Canadian forces, not as individuals, but as a body, and which will be of extreme interest to those who have had sons, husbands and sweethearts "Over There."

His son Ralph enlisted with the 72nd at the outbreak of the war, and was killed in action at the Second Battle of Ypres, while serving with the famous 16th Battalion, of which he was one of the original members.

Our battalion got a dreadful initiation to the trenches on the Somme front, and on our first tour we had eight days and eight nights duty, four in Sugar trench support line and four in the firing line. There was not much choice between the two, each was equally dreadful, without shelter and practically impossible.

I have never in my life seen such mud or such spectacles as our men were after they had got into these horrible lines. The weather was cold and wet, there was positively no chance to get dry or warm and how it was possible for them to stick it out I have never been able to understand.

Men got mired in the mud and had to be pulled out by their comrades. One of my men, young Roy Herne, went down over the waistband of his trousers, the mud trickled down his legs and he was pulled out still smiling. Three of our men wallowed into the mud, lost their rubber hip boots, and walked in their stocking feet to my dressing station.

The officers had to constantly watch that the men did not get out on the parapet and walk overland. But they did sometimes get on top, taking a chance on the Hun shells in preference to the awful mud. The Hun shells were not by any means the greatest of their troubles, but they were bad enough.

These men, when nearly crazy for want of sleep, chilled to the marrow of their bones, physically completely worn out and worried by the Hun shelling, slept in these dreadful trenches with the rain and sleet falling on their faces. They would sit in the mud with their legs sunk to the knees, and their backs resting on the sides of the muddy trench and sleep, or they would lie right down in the mud and sleep.

They stuck it and did not complain, but patiently waited for the day when they would get at the wretched Hun and beat him as they knew they would.

All you old ladies and young ladies and children in Canada; all you men and boys who are too old or too young or physically unfit to fight in this war, please never forget what our Canadian men have endured and suffered for your sakes. The agony of these trenches was worse than the wounds and almost, I think, worse than death.

They were young and strong and blessed with great powers to recuperate, otherwise they could never have gone on with the game. A few days rest in billets and most of them were again bright and smiling, ready for any fun they could get and when "trench time" came once more they went in cheerfully, ready to re-undergo the ordeal and take a whack at the Hun.

The exhausting carrying parties under these awful circumstances were heartbreaking. Fancy wallowing through the mud with rations, ammunition and water and taking from four to eight hours to make a distance of less than two miles. It was certainly awful and never will the Somme be forgotten by any of our boys as long as they live. Many of the men will never recover from the exposure they suffered and the tasks they were necessarily given to do while on this front.

The men were sublime in their courage and

bravery and are positively the greatest heroes in this war. Captains, Majors, Colonels and Generals all get more or less glory, some receive decorations and many obtain higher rank, but not one of them suffered as much as Private Jones or Private Smith, nor have they been exposed to danger once where Jones and Smith have risked their lives ten times. Nor do I wish to insinuate for one instant, that the officers have shirked their duty. They most positively have not, but their duty does not call them to be so constantly exposed.

After one of these Somme tours was over and our men reached their miserable billets, some of them, great strong men, broke down and cried through absolute exhaustion. But mark you they did not break down until they were out of the line. They were so weary and tired; they had been shelled all the time by horrible screaming shells; rattled at by machine guns if they so much as showed their noses; and sniped at by snipers if for one instant they exposed themselves. When they got out of it, some of them broke down as I have said, but next day they would laugh and be quite all right.

Six men were detailed in the line to carry in each stretcher case, and although this was a very dangerous and almost superhuman task it was always readily undertaken by the comrades of the wounded men. Usually it was a question of coming in over the top as the task was absolutely impossible through the trenches, not only on account of the greater mud, but also because the trenches were so tortuous that a stretcher could not be carried through them.

They wallowed for hours through the mud, passed through all the dangers, stumbled and fell and struggled through the inky black of the night. But they hung on and arrived at the dressing station sweating, breathless, plastered with mud and completely done in.

I give these men full credit for their pluck and determination. I have never seen men do so much for one another as they will in this war game, and it is a good thing that such is the case, as otherwise it would have been quite a different tale for those who fell.

It was while we were on this front that our Quartermaster, Captain Glover, conceived the idea of supplying the men in the line with home-made Tommy Cookers. He had hundreds of empty jam tins collected, and promptly got the pioneers punching ventilating holes in them. Long strips of sacking were next cut the width of the length of the can, these were profusely smeared with grease, rolled and placed in the tins and a Tommy Cooker was ready, which would burn for several hours.

On our first trip of eight days into the Somme, eighteen hundred of these cookers were used by our men and instead of existing on bully beef and biscuits, they heated their Maconachie (tinned ration) and actually toasted their bread. This was a great comfort to our men and helped them wonderfully.

Another dreadful enemy that we had to combat in the trenches was trench feet, an exceedingly painful condition, and practically the same thing as frozen feet. It starts with a general swelling of every part of the foot, which becomes bright red in color, glazed and shining in appearance, followed by a white and sodden condition of the skin. If allowed to progress the condition becomes very serious, resulting in the necessity for free incisions and in some cases even mortification sets in and a loss of part or the whole of the foot is the result. Standing in the cold mud and water for days without getting an opportunity to dry the feet or change the socks, is the cause.

The army authorities take very stringent measures to prevent this condition, and have issued an order that any battalion sending a case of this sort to the hospital, will lose its leave for all hands. This is about the harshest measure they could take and required some ingenuity on the part of the Medical Officer to circumvent. Platoon commanders are held directly responsible for the condition of the men's feet, and they must personally see to it that the men dry and rub their feet and change their socks every day.

The ladies of Canada have been very good and liberal to the troops in the line and have sent them, among other things, many thousands of pairs of socks. These gifts from the women have prevented who can tell how many cases of trench feet? At a very bad time our battalion, I can remember, received seven hundred and fifty pairs of socks from the Canadian Red Cross, and one hundred and fifty pairs of lovely hand-knit socks from the Triple Entente Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire of Vancouver.

It was when our men were on this front that many of them got down on their knees in the mud and prayed. I am sure that they must have felt that any human aid was impossible, that the exposure was almost beyond human endurance and that the Hun shelling was almost more than they could bear. In any case, whatever the reason, they certainly felt that they needed some higher help and asked for it. Always after an occasion of this kind, they were calmed and steadied and determined and dangerous.

The philosopher looked for a stone ... and we hand him the merry ha-ha. My neighbour, who describes himself as a philatelist, sends east for "carefully selected assortments" of foreign postage stamps, hoping some day to find a blue Mauritius, worth a thousand—or is it a million?—dollars; so far his collection consists chiefly of "penny English" of the time of Queen Victoria. The psychical researcher neglects his business in the expectation of receiving non-essential messages from departed friends; meanwhile the company disconnects his phone. The whirling dervish aims to achieve perpetual motion—the Buddhist, eternal rest; and I, some day I am going to hear a soldier blow about his personal exploits in battle.

Years ago I was one of a number of small boys who, in a school in suburban London, listened eagerly to a discourse from a Crimean veteran. For an hour he talked to us, not of himself, nor of the heroic deeds of brave men, but of the divine self-sacrificing love of a good woman. He told the immortal story of Florence Nightingale whose shadow falling, as she passed through the cheerless wards of the field hospital, upon the bare and whitewashed walls, was kissed by shattered and dying men, and whose children, the armies of the British Empire, shall forever rise up and call her blessed.

Being reminded by the school-master that he had not spoken of his own part in the fighting, the old gentleman requested that we would sing a song while he endeavoured to recall some especially thrilling experience. We sang—

"The names of our ancestors, the names of other days,
Have reached us through all ages, illumined by glory's rays.
Those names defy oblivion, they tyrant force withstood,
They fought and fell for freedom, their simple word held good."

and when we had finished the old soldier told us of the incident which was most deeply impressed upon his mind:—

"Boys, when it was all over, the big ships came to carry us home. As we marched aboard, the regimental band played 'Home Sweet Home,' and I broke down and cried like a baby."

* * *

As a boy of thirteen I attempted to extract from an Ashanti campaigner the story of a scar which cleft his chin. He agreed to satisfy my curiosity on condition that I accepted a chew of tobacco. After that he talked; but I have no recollection of anything he said, for I was preoccupied with the discovery that the inadvertent swallowing of a mouthful of tobacco juice has the effect of making the earth's motion immediately and violently apparent to the swallower.

* * *

I sat in a railway carriage where an old lady worried an ex-sergeant of the Fourth Dragoon Guards to tell how he earned the two Egyptian medals, with bars, which decorated his breast.

"I didn't earn them ma'am," he replied, "they were given to me; this one for being a tea-totaller; and this for boosing in the canteen."

Another cavalryman who lost a leg in the same campaign confided to me that the most exciting moment in his military career happened when, on a recruiting march from York to London, his horse threw him and stepped on his hand.

A New Zealander who saw much fighting in the Boer war, recalled as his most painful experience, the risking of his life to save from a burning farmhouse a bottle of gold dust .. gold dust which shone ruddily in the firelight, looked like gold but proved to be quick-silver.

In this city I worked at one time with a man who, like myself, is a cockney. At the outbreak of the great war he hurried, with what might almost be described as indecent haste, to join up. Upon his return after some two years of fighting, I met him on the street, minus one eye, and with sundry pieces of shrapnel embedded in various parts of his body as perpetual souvenirs.

"What was it like over there?" I asked.

"Pretty soft" he replied, "Why, when we came back after one battle there was rum for ten thousand men, and only three thousand of us to drink it," after which he declined to discuss the subject of war any further.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast, and some day I am going to hear a soldier blow about his personal exploits in battle.

THE PROFITEER
When he hears the Boys are coming Home.

Honor Roll of The Vancouver Daily Province

*Armour, S. D.
*Barker, F.
Barnwell, A.
**Bayley, Frank.
Bishop, W. T.
Bloom, Horace.
**Brockie, D.
Bruce, W.
Bryce, G., R.N.V.R.
Cadenhead, J.
Canning, P.
Churchill, Stan.
Corning, W.
Crosby, D.
Crowe, E.
Cuningham, D.
*Fleming, F. E.
Fleming, R.
Gale, J.
Graham, F.
Grant. W.
Hatt, F.
**Hewitt, James.
Hillam, W. A., R.N.V.R.
*Hunt, Jack.
Illingsworth, W. S.
Johnston, J.
King, E. E.
Knox, C.
*Laing, Albert.
*Laing, W.
*Lerasle, L.
Lothian, M.
Lougheed, D.
Macklin, W. A.
*Marks, E. E.
Melsom, J.
Murray, Byers.
*Myers, Ken.
McArthur, P., M.M.
McBryde, W.
**McDonnell, L.
**McKay, Leslie.
*McLennan, Roy.
McTaggart, Edward.
Pearson, H.
Peneway, Charles.
Peneway, Tony.
Peters, B.
Prefontaine, Rene.
Roberts, A., R.F.C.
Roy, H.
Sayer, H. J.
Selman, Roy.
*Smith, Charles.
Smitheringale, C.
Soules, J.
Soules, W.
Suitto, D.
Taylor, D.
Tucker, J., R.N.V.R.
*Turner, Harris.
**Walker, Albert.
Walker, Alex.
*Wallace, Alexander.
Ward, H.
*Wells, Fred. F.
*Wilson, A.
Wilson, G.
*Wilson, W.
Vance, G.
†Youhill, W. H.
Young, N.

*—Wounded. **—Killed. †Invalided.

O lads we played and labored with,
Who shared our work and shared our joys,
High-hearted youth of roving blood,
O gallant laughter-loving boys,
You heard the call and with a smile
Leaped to the summons, stood the test,
And some are wounded, some, alas,
Have given all and journeyed "West."

—R. K.

The Y.M.C.A. and the War

In those now far-distant pre-war days when the Y. M. C. A. was not too well known by the General Public, there was an impression abroad amongst virile full-blooded men that the Organization possibly had a place in the community to cater to the needs of those male citizens who delighted in the thrills to be derived from a game of tiddlewinks, or a tea party, served by the Ladies Aid Society of some Church, and devoured, free of charge, by the patrons of the institution; but, for a real man, delighting in those muscular contests which call for the last ounce of strength and endurance and then go as far again on nerve; Well! Guess again!

"Guess again" is right. In the pre-war days the Y. M. C. A. in its estimate of the average man who swore and indulged in many of the minor, and some of the major evils to which the full-blooded male of the species is prone to give way, was doubtless as far wrong as was his estimate of the Y. M. C. A.

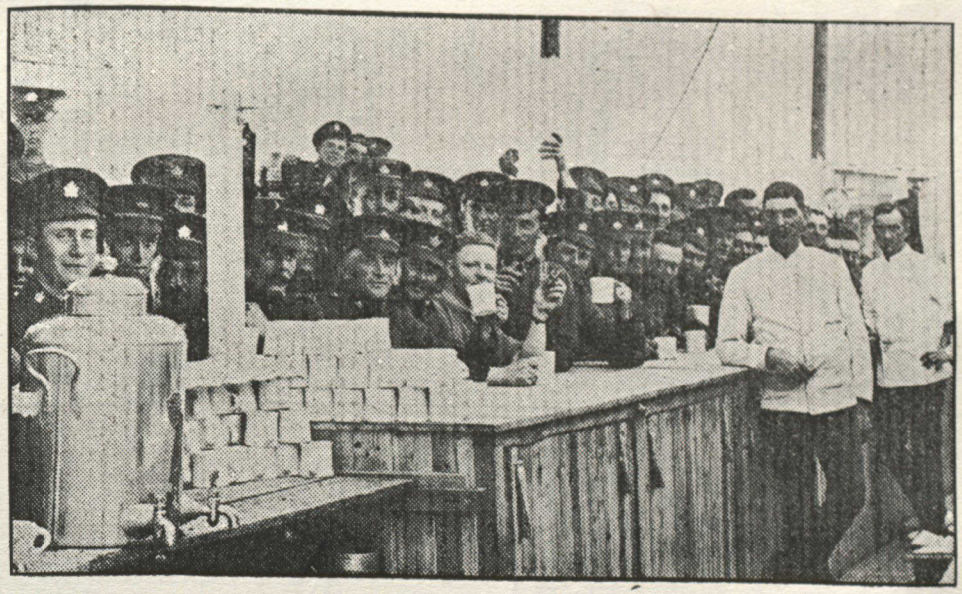
But the war has changed all this, and both parties on being thrown together have found that they have much in common, and that each can lean a little more closely towards the other to their mutual advantage. There is on the one hand no lawful activity participated in by mankind which need be outside the pale of the Y. M. C. A., nor on the other hand, any law abiding citizen who should be debarred from the Association's privileges.

If there has been any organization since the Creation into which strong men of all ranks and conditions of life have been drawn, that Organization has surely been the Army: Yet the Young Men's Christian Association has fitted into the army life as no other similar organization could have done. Starting with the men in the home camps, accompanying them on troop trains, conducting them across the ocean, with them in the base camps and training centres in England, it followed the army from the base in France or Salonika, Dardanelles, Mesipotamia or Egypt or the far East right up to the firing-line. Nor has it

Original Canadian Y.M.C.A. Hea dquarters near Bailleul, France. Captain H. A. Pearson, Area Military Secretary for Alberta and British Columbia was in charge.

stopped there. There are Prison Camps in Germany and other countries which can boast of their Y. M. C. A's. There are Internment Camps in Holland and Switzerland equally favoured. Wherever there are Railway Troops—wherever there are Woodcutters Battalions, there the RED TRIANGLE sign is to be seen displayed as a badge of brotherhood. Back to "Blighty" on leave—What a glorious leave the Y. M. C. A. has made possible to the Canadian soldier in London, Edinburgh or Paris, or en tour to any of the Tourist resorts—At what a cheap rate he can get his entertainment—What an avenue is opened up to him to meet the best people of England in their own homes, and being treated as one of the family, or if he is fortunate enough to draw a nice "Blighty." how his long hours of convalescence are provided with entertainments, games and outings by the "Y" Secretary at the Hospital. On his return to his native land he finds the Y. M. C. A. Secretary a friend in need at the Discharge Depots: The little matters, all important to him, but not a part of any Military Officer's duty, are taken in hand by the Y. Officer.

Then he comes home. He gets his discharge and looks around for the familiar sign. In the larger centres he finds a Red Triangle Club in a prominent down-town district, and here he soon feels at home again. If there is no Red Triangle Club, he is slow to take advantage of the free privileges of the local association, because of an old and mistaken prejudice, but, once he is induced to "step inside," he finds that it is to his liking, and not the least in his discoveries is that the Secretary in charge and the Physical Director and the other members of the Staff, are real live men with a real live programme and can deliver the goods just as well as the Y. M. C. A. Officers who were fortunate enough to have an Overseas experience.



The Canteen of one of the Canadian Y.M.C.A. Tents for the men at Seaford Camp.

Foolish Questions

PTE. A. UDEN.

This page was drawn by Pte. A. Uden of the 16th Battalion. He enlisted in Victoria with the 50th Highlanders on August 8th, 1914. Went to France with the 16th Canadian Scottish first contingent.

He was through the second battle of Ypres, and was wounded at Festubert, May 20, 1915.

Pte. Uden is a member of the Amputation Club. He has resumed artistic occupation in civil life, and will, no doubt, be a frequent contributor to the book world of Vancouver.

But for his busy work for the Christmas season the Gold Stripe would have had more samples of his skill.

The editor has discovered much literary and artistic talent among the returned soldiers, and is glad that this book has afforded some an opportunity to express themselves. Other volumes may follow and the experiences the men have gone through should afford them material for much good work.

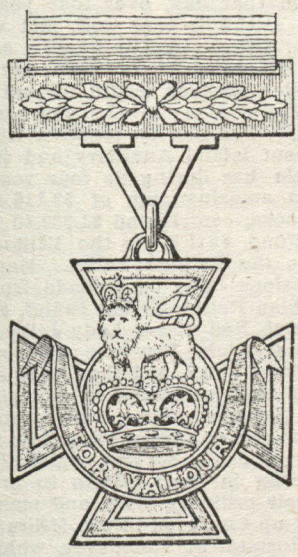
RECRUITING IN VANCOUVER, 1914

MILITARY FUNERAL, VANCOUVER, 1918.

LT.-COL. CYRUS WESLEY PECK, M.P., V.C., D.S.O.

Lieut.-Col. "Cy" Peck, V.C., D.S.O.

A SOLDIER M.P.



LIEUT.-COL. CY PECK, of Prince Rupert, B.C., holds the unique distinction of being the only member of any British overseas parliament awarded the Victoria Cross in the recent war. Canada is highly honored by the valour demonstrated by such an exceptional distinction. Cy Peck typifies in a striking way the Overseas Forces.

When the war broke out he knew rather less about a rifle than he did about a row-boat. He was in business in a pioneer district of British Columbia on the last frontier of British possessions in America, as far away from the possibility of warfare as it was possible for anyone to get. On the very day that war was declared he enlisted at Prince Rupert. He had been married but six months before, and business ties as well as advancing years might have suggested that he give way to younger men.

He was one of the most public-spirited citizens in Prince Rupert and well known throughout the district, so that soon after his enlistment he was put in charge of recruiting in the North country, and in short order got together 225 men, whom he took to Victoria on November 6, 1914, acting as commanding officer.

Overseas he was transferred to the 16th Canadian Highlanders under Col. Leckie, now Gen. Leckie, of Victoria. Under Colonel Leckie he was made Major for meritorious service and became commanding officer of the 16th Battalion.

Wounded at Festubert.

He was wounded in the fighting at Festubert, where his business partner, Captain Don Moore was killed. He was gassed at Vimy Ridge, where for bravery he was later awarded the D.S.O. The story is told that as his regiment went into action with the band playing, he, though under the doctor's care, marched ahead of the band and stayed in the fight until the ridge was won.

Later in the war Lieut.-Col. Cy Peck, with spartan courage carried a message from Colonel Leckie to Colonel Hatch, and it was not until afterwards that it was discovered he had done this while suffering from a gunshot wound in the leg.

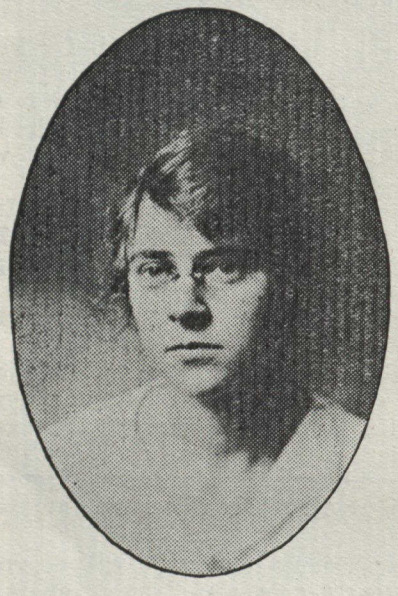
In the Dominion election of 1917, Lieut.-Col. Peck, D.S.O., as he was then, was offered the Unionist nomination for Prince Rupert and Skeena, though he was overseas. In spite of strong opposition, he was finally declared elected in his absence, an honour which he fully appreciates. Col. Cy Peck, V.C., D.S.O., was in the war from the first day, and remained in it till the last. He received the highest honour a soldier on the field can aspire to. Canada is honoured by such a man, and the House of Commons is dignified by this most valourous member.

Free Masonry in Canada will be gratified to know that Cy Peck of Prince Rupert, the new V.C., is a 32nd degree man, and all Canadians will recognize in him the personification of Canadian valour and citizenship.

A Bit of Beautiful B. C.

Our Soldier Women and a Camp

By Dorothy G. Bell



THE WOMEN OF CANADA—What has been their part in this great war? A very great and noble part, a part as courageously fought and as bravely carried on as the drive of our Allied men in France, a part without which our Canadian armies would have found it more difficult to gain the victory which is theirs today. That part has been to stay at home, to work, to wait, to watch and to pray, and to smile on through their tears, the while their nearest and dearest, their all in all, suffer, fight and die—they powerless to serve or help in any other way. How much easier to have given themselves! to fight side by side with their men and face with them the death and danger surrounding them on every side! Theirs is the harder way, yet they have fought on at home, their hearts as noble, their spirits as true, their sense of duty as keen, their love and patriotism as deep as that of our valiant men in arms. The heart of every Canadian woman is the heart of a soldier in France, and carried locked within it are sacrifices and sufferings to equal those borne by our men at the front, for they have given and lost and given and given again. The spirit of patriotism is strong within our women of Canada, and stronger in none is imbued that great spirit than in our soldier women of the Delta, a spirit which has bid them carry on with willing hand, though often heavy heart, a work second to no other small area in the Dominion.

So deep their sense of loyalty, so intense the longing to help, among the women of this little community, that before the war was a month old they had called together a meeting to decide how best they might render service in the crisis, the result of which was, that on September 4th, 1914, exactly one month after the declaration of war, an organized society was formed, known as the Delta Women's Patriotic Society. From that day, over four years ago, they have worked faithfully and well, and we can pay them no greater tribute than to quote a soldier editor in the B. C. Veterans' Weekly, who says: "Few districts can boast a prouder record for untiring patriotic work and devotion to the sick and wounded than the Delta." The society, together with its branches, the Crescent Island Auxiliary and the East Delta Sewing Circle, has during its four years of existence raised the amazing sum of $9,116.40, knitted 4,195 pairs of socks, contributed $1,339.40 to the Prisoners of War Fund, $611.30 to the Military Hospital, and $356.80 to the Belgian Relief. Many more generous contributions have been made from time to time to the Serbian Relief, Syrian Relief, St. Dunstan's Hospital, French Red Cross, Lady Jellicoe Fund, Returned Soldiers' Club, Province Tobacco Fund, Chaplain's Emergency Fund, and the Canadian Red Cross; $411,700 has been expended on material for the making of socks, pyjamas, shirts, trench caps, bandages, and a thousand and one other essentials to the comforts of a soldier on active service, which the society have been untiring in their efforts to produce. In addition to their ordinary work and many donations, they have set up two beds in the Military Annex of the General Hospital at Vancouver, which are known as D. W. P. S. beds. These are looked after entirely by the members of the society. A large share of attention has been given the Returned Soldiers' Club, and fruit, vegetables, jam, puddings, cake, tobacco and many other little luxuries have been contributed towards helping the wounded men to keep happy and bright.

In November of the following year, 1915, another branch of the work was taken up by some of the women in an earnest endeavor to keep in touch with every boy who enlisted from the Delta. The gallant little band, known as the Comfort Club—the most appropriate name possible, in the opinion of a Delta soldier writing recently from the front—has indeed done yeoman service, and there is not a Delta soldier who has gone through the trials of war who is not grateful many times over to the club for numberless and untold comforts which mean so much to them at such a time. From a small beginning, serving the first men who went overseas, these women have been able to keep pace with the ever-increasing number of men who have enlisted from their district, and last year over 1000 parcels were sent to some 200 local men, and hundreds of letters received by Mrs. Hutcherson, the secretary of the club, attests the appreciation of each recipient. Mrs. Hutcherson, in spite of the many calls upon her time and energy, never allows a letter to go unanswered, but to every word of gratitude a cheery, newsy letter, such as the boys love to get, is sent. This is no small part of the work.

But not alone for the overseas men did these Delta women work. Everything possible was done for those sent home, too badly crippled and wounded to be of further service on the field of battle. The most appreciated piece of work in this connection was the establishment and maintenance of a Returned Soldiers' Rest Camp at Boundary Bay, where some 80 men were sent to live an outdoor life of absolute freedom and ease, which after long months of hospital rules and regulations, did much to help them

back to health and lift them out of that despondency which is bound to be the result of long confinement to hospital wards.

To Miss Ada Paul, of Vancouver, must be attributed the credit of the idea, but it was only owing to the promptness and willingness with which the women adopted the plan that made materialization possible. Miss Paul had driven a party of soldiers to Boundary Bay to spend a day with Mrs. Shawe at her camp, and upon leaving expressed the wish that the men might have a permanent camp of their own for the whole summer. The conversation was dropped, but the idea took firm root in the mind of Mr. E. T. Calvert of Boundary Bay, who began immediately to talk over the possibilities of such a camp with Delta residents. The women were approached with regard to the care and upkeep of such an institution, and as always, they were ready and eager to take up the work, and that same week Miss Paul was asked to come back to the Delta to make final arrangements. Committees were formed, tents pitched, beds, furniture and food collected, and within a very short space of time the first batch of men from the hospital took up their abode in what was known before many days had passed, as one of the jolliest camps on the bay.

The camp was set on the property of Mrs. Kirkland, one of the prettiest parts of the Delta, and here in tents and a well-built house a little back from the beach, settled in a clump of great maple shade trees, the boys looked out over the waters of the bay towards the white-capped peaks of the great Washington Ranges and the rigid blue of the Cascades, while behind them rose the great hill of English Bluff, beautiful in its rugged wildness. Here along the shore and through the big woods from Canada to the United States—for they were but a few hundred yards from the boundary line—the boys wandered at will. Well fed, well housed and well cared for, yet free to go and do what they would, the men who had been confined for months, some even years, to hospital wards, led a life that soon put the color of health in their cheeks, the light of happiness in their eyes, and the joy of living into their very beings.

Discipline in the camp there was not, but order there was, and Miss Paul, gifted by nature with a great heart and smiling disposition, had no trouble in handling the eighty-odd men who came under her care during the summer. No greater tribute need be paid to her than the willingness of the men to submit to her wishes.

Ten men were brought down from the hospital every two weeks, the other ten being sent back to the city. Thus each man in the hospital got two weeks of camp life, which was spent in bathing, boating, reading, lying in hammocks under the big maples, wandering in the woods or on the beach, filling their lungs with the clean salt air, and revelling in the pure and smokeless sunshine. Though the two weeks soon sped by, many sick men were sent away well, and every one of them will have pleasant memories of the days spent at Boundary Bay.

A Merry Sunday Gathering

All the while the women of the Delta worked incessantly making and collecting food and supplies that those men might live the life that was doing so much for them, and both men and women were always ready to do anything required to give them extra joy and comfort. The many testimonials, signed by the men in the camp, shows the appreciation to the residents of the Delta for the happiest summer of their lives.

"Patients" at Boundary Bay Rest Camp.

Historical Place Names *of* British Columbia

By A. M. Pound

CAPTAIN VANCOUVER

The study of place-nomenclature has received little attention in a new country like this. Capt. John T. Walbran's excellent book on Coast names and Prof. Ganong's on the place names of the Atlantic seaboard being among the most valuable publications on the subject.

Place names form a permanent register of the course and events of a country's history, marking its successive periods; as in the case of British Columbia, Indian, Spanish and British. It offers an attractive field for investigation, directs one's attention to local affairs, and is a connecting link between the study of history and geography.

To the average Canadian and American the place names of Great Britain seem dignified and pleasing, so that he has adopted very many of them; those of Italy seem musical, those of China awkward, and those of our own West in many cases, absurd.

The Capitals of the different Provinces of Canada, with two exceptions, have British names; three of them, Charlottetown, Fredericton, and Victoria, being named in honor of members of the British Royal family.

The importance of mere sound in conveying impressions is well known to every writer, and Longfellow has used some of the grandest of them in "Hiawatha," and Milton in "Paradise Lost."

In the early days of the Spanish occupation the whole Western Seaboard of North America was known as the "Californias." Sir Francis Drake paid a "friendly" visit to the Spanish possessions of the Pacific Coast in 1578-9, and sailed as far north as Queen Charlotte Islands, calling the country New Albion. About two hundred years later Capt. George Vancouver divided the Province into three divisions, New Hanover, New Cornwall and New Georgia, and Vancouver Island was named Quadra-Vancouver, to mark the friendly relations existing between the Spanish Commander Quadra and the English explorer. The central interior of the Province was named by Simon Fraser, New Caledonia. This Province was named British Columbia in 1858 by Her Majesty, Queen Victoria.

Capt. George Vancouver did the earliest survey work of importance on this coast and named many of our mountains, islands, and waterways. He left England in 1790 with two ships, the "Discovery" and "Chatham," and arrived on the Pacific Coast in 1792. Cape Mudge, Puget Sound, Johnstone Strait, Whidbey Island, Broughton Island and Strait were named after his officers. Lieut. Baker, Captain Vancouver's second officer, was the first Britisher to get a view of Mount Baker, which bears his name. Mount Rainer was named after Vice-Admiral Peter Rainier, a famous British Naval Officer. It is interesting to note that one of the few living descendants of the Rainier family lives in Vancouver. A few years ago there was a strong agitation in the Western States to change the name of Mount Rainier to Mount Tacoma, owing to Admiral Rainier's activities against the U. S. Navy.

In the month of June Capt. Vancouver arrived at Point Grey, which he named after his friend, Capt. George Grey, R.N. He then sailed through the narrows as far up the Inlet as Roach Point about opposite Barnet, being accompanied by a party of fifty Indians in canoes. He named the Inlet Burrard Canal, after Sir Harry Burrard, R.N. There is no evidence that he ever landed on the site of the great city which a hundred years later was to bear his name. He then sailed north, landing at Point Atkinson, named after a particular friend, Capt. Thos. Atkinson, Master of Lord Nelson's ship, "Victory," at the battle of Trafalgar; Bowen Island, after Rear Admiral James Bowen, and Gambier Island after Admiral Lord Gambier. Howe Sound takes it name from Admiral Earl Howe, who won a great naval battle at Brest "on the glorious first of June," 1794. When Capt. Richards, R.N. made the survey of Howe Sound in 1859-60 he followed up Vancouver's name by giving all the principal islands, passages, and mountains in and around the Sound names of the ships and officers engaged in Lord Howe's victory. In like manner Jervis Inlet is a record of the battle of St. Vincent (1797) when Jervis and Nelson destroyed the Spanish fleet off Cape St. Vincent. After proceeding as far North as Queen Charlotte Islands, Vancouver sailed for Nootka Sound on the West Coast of Vancouver Island, in order to meet the Spanish commander, Quadra, to take over the sovereignity of this Province on behalf of the British Crown. The meeting of Vancouver, Quadra, and old Chief Maquinna, is an interesting chapter in the history of British Columbia, the influence of a few glasses of wine on the wily old chief being one of the features. Nootka is an Indian name which signifies to dance round in a circle. A dispute took place between Great Britain and Spain over the priority of discovery of this place which nearly led to a war between the two Nations in the latter part of the eighteenth century.

Reference has already been made to the fact that Queen Victoria named this Province. The capital

city also takes its name from that beloved sovereign, and New Westminster was named by Her Majesty in July, 1859, the old name being Queenborough. The new city of Prince Rupert takes its name from Prince Rupert, a cousin of King Charles II of England, and the first governor of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Following Quadra, Cooke, Vancouver, Dixon, Fraser, Mackenzie and other early explorers, came Capt. Richards (1859), in the ship "Plumper" and Capt. Pender of the "Beaver" (1867) as well as Walter Moberly and several others who did important survey work and named many coast places.

As is well known the City of Vancouver was named after Capt. George Vancouver, R.N. Vancouver was born at Kings Lynn, Norfolk, England, in June 1757. He entered the Navy in 1771 and sailed with Capt. Cook in the "Resolution" on that Navigator's second voyage of discovery (1772-5) and was a Midshipman on the "Discovery" when that explorer met his death at the hands of the Indians of the Sandwich Islands. He died in May 1798 and was buried in the Churchyard of St. Peters at Petersham, Surrey, England, a place frequently visited by travellers from the Pacific Coast. He spent the last four years of his life in preparing for publication an account of his voyage of discovery around the world, a book of great historic interest. Before the building of the C.P.R. Vancouver was known as Granville, and at an earlier date, Gastown, from the fact that Gassy Jack had a road house in the middle of Carrall Street near the corner of Water Street. The city of Vancouver was incorporated in 1886, and is no mean monument to the man who explored Burard Inlet 94 years earlier.

It is to be regretted that so few Indian names survive as many of them possess melody, dignity and individuality. Capilano is surely the logical name for North Vancouver, and Kitsilano might well have been given to a place of greater importance. Relatively few Spanish names continue in use among them being Alberni, Haro, Lasqueti, Texada, Valdes, Quadra and Galiano. Alaska is almost the only place name to remind us that Russian explorers were among the first to visit our shores.

Pauline Johnston wrote:

"By right, by birth, we Indians own these lands,
Though starved, crushed, plundered, lies our nation low,
Perhaps the white man's God has willed it so."

It may be true, in fact it is true, that we have taken these lands from the Indians and given little in return. But we cannot take away the Indian names.

"Their memory liveth on your hills,
their baptism on your shore,
Your everlasting rivers speak their dialet of yore."

British Columbia in the Making.

Penticton's Proud Record

There is no district in the province which has given a swifter or more complete answer to the call of Empire than has Penticton, the interior town at the foot of Okanagan Lake. Native born Canadians in the valley were quick to follow the lead set by the Old Countrymen in volunteering the moment the war flame broke out, and it was not long before the whole Okanagan was drained of its best blood.

The town of Penticton sent 220 volunteers to the front. Of these 39 have been killed, one died in service and forty or more have been wounded. This is a war record that few communities can boast of and while Penticton citizens sorrow at the loss of so many of the gallant young men of the town, the district is proud to think that its volunteers were in the front rank of the fighting.

Patriotic work carried on by the Red Cross has been marked in this district by the energy of the women workers, and the generous contributions of the men who stayed at home. If there is one organization more than another however, which deserves particular credit in the Penticton area, it is the Penticton Soldiers' Comforts Association, which, week by week, has mailed the home paper to the boys at the front, and at frequent intervals has sent the welcome parcels.

ROLL OF HONOR

Killed in Action.

Adamson, James
Adams, Leonard
Adlam, Cecil William
Alexander, John
Ballingal, John R
Bird, Roderick
Bowen, Harold T.
Broadbent, Stanley
Burgess, Harold
Champion, John
Cooper, H. E.
Crouch, Fred
Dalrymple, J. W.
DeBeck, G. Clifford
Eadie, Shaver
England, Harold R.
Fenn, Cecil F.
Ferrier, A. H. B.
Fulkerson, Fred E.
Gillespie, A.
Graham, J. R.
Grieve, Alexander
Hinckesman, John W.
Keddle, Frank
Impett, Leslie
Lunn, Geoffry, C.
McCoy, J. H.
Maundrell, Geo. H.
Morgan, Lewis N.
Merrill, Volney
Nesbitt, W. J.
Nicol, J. C.
Osler, Ralph
Paterson, Robert
Peters, F. W.
Priest, Fred
Raincock, Herbert
Shaw, P. B.
Waugh, Adam

Died on Service:

Kirkpatrick, Fred

Wounded:

Atkinson, Reginald
Averall, Chas. G.
Bentley, C. E.
Clark, James
Carr, W. H.
Coldron, Percy
DeBeck, Victor
Eraut, P. F.
Estabrook, Otto
Feltham, Sidney
Fleet, W. T.
Gaube, E. O.
Gritten, Leslie A.
Genelle, Arthur
Howells, E. R.
Huntley, Cyril
Knight, P. R.
Mahoney, W. J.
Mason, J. H.
Menzie, R. P. (Twice)
Musser, J. W.
McCrindle, Andrew
McDonald, Alex
Macdonald, Colin
North, John
Posse, Walter, H. C.
Phipps, Frank
Richardson, Frank N.
Rowberry, A. H.
Silk, Guy
Smethwick, Daniel
Smith, Wm.
Steward, C. A. C.
Strachan, W. J.
Sutherland, W.
Sedgewick, George A.
Thompson, George
Weir, James (Twice)
Wright, Irvine

Lance-Corporal Leslie Impett, 688208, Penticton, B. C.

Joined the Rocky Mountain Rangers, 172nd Battalion in April, 1916; when only seventeen years of age, He volunteered for France at the beginning of 1918, being transferred to the 7th Battalion.

He was wounded in the head in the battle of Cambrai, Sept. 30th; died Oct. 4th in No. 4 hospital, and buried in the military cemetary at Etaples.

Charles Frederick Horace Priest.

Charles Frederick Horace Priest, 706,885, joined the Canadian Expeditionary Force, 1st January, 1916, four days later attaining his eighteenth birthday. He was at this time a student at the Penticton High School. He was a private in the 103rd battalion, and left for England on the 15th July, 1916.

During the first eight months there he obtained sergeant's stripes and became musketry and Lewis Gun Instructor. Twice he headed the lists in the exams for instructors, being the only one each time to obtain first class and excellent awards. A splendid shot, often he scored in the Musketry tests full points.

He went to France in March 1917, and was killed on the 27th February, 1918, whilst on outpost duty. In France he was attached to the 2nd C. M. R's.. Next of kin, father and mother, Mr. and Mrs J. Priest, Penticton, B.C.

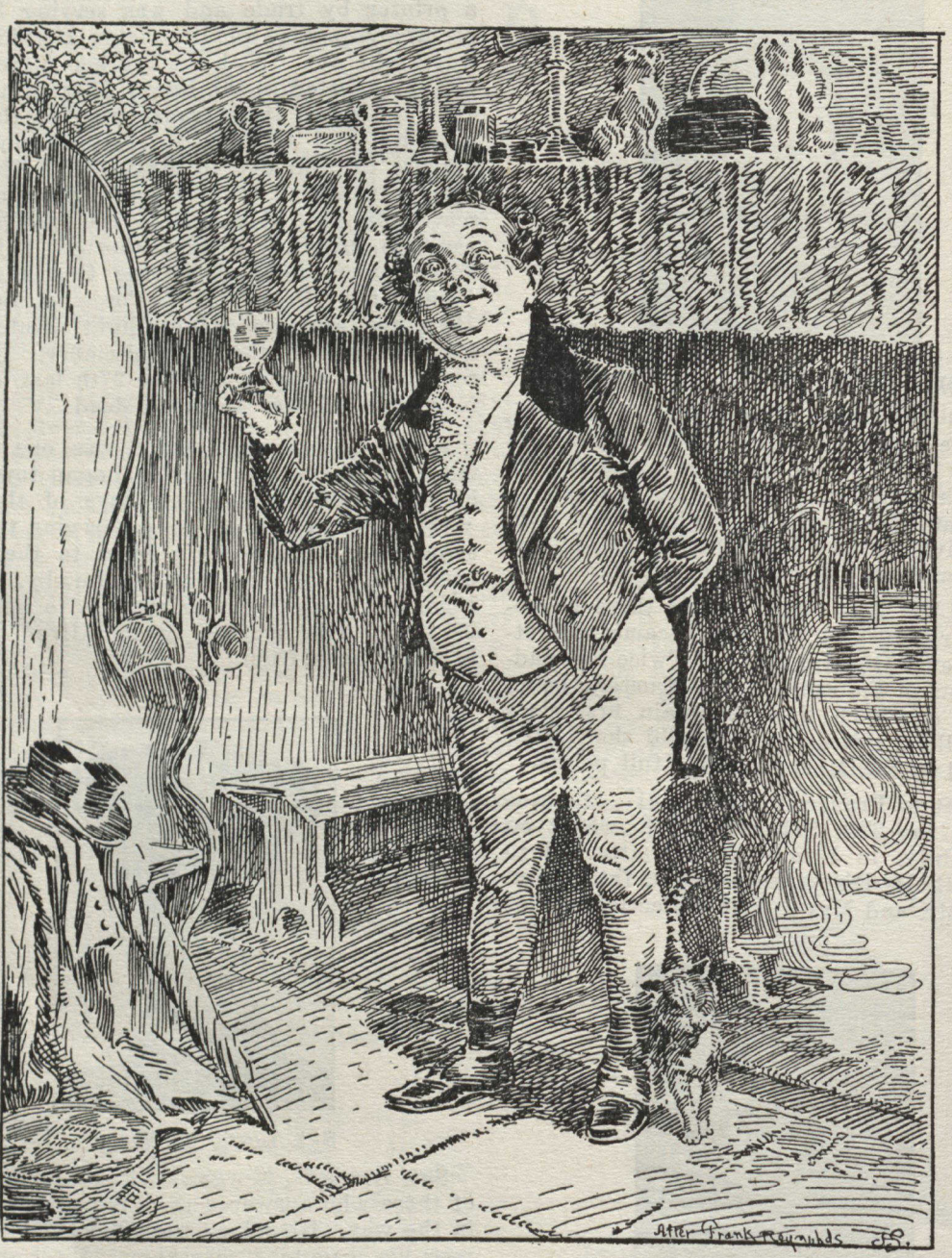
Flight Lieutenant William J. Nesbitt

Flight Lieutenant William J. Nesbitt fell at the front in the last days of the great conflict after spending three years overseas. He was a printer by trade and was serving his apprenticeship with the Penticton Herald when war broke out. With his brother Alfred Nesbitt, he enlisted in the Rocky Mountain Rangers, in August, 1914, transferring to the 48th battalion and training in Victoria until departure for England in May, 1915. There he was transferred to the 29th Battalion and served for several months in the trenches. He went to hospital in 1917 through poisoning from water polluted by the Germans. He joined the Royal Air Force in January, 1918, and after receiving flight lieutenancy, went back to France in September. He was reported missing on October 27th last, and on November 15 was reported dead.

Flight Lieutenant Nesbitt was one of the most popular boys of the Okanagan town, and his death during the last days of the war, when the Allied flyers were harrying the faltering enemy, came as a blow to the whole community. He was born at Lumby, B.C. in 1895, and came with his parents to Penticton in 1900. His brother Lieut. Alfred Nesbitt is still at the front.

Sgt. Lewis N. Morgan..

Sgt. Lewis N. Morgan of Penticton was one of those who answered the Empire's call early in the war. He joined the 72nd battalion and won his way to a sergeancy. He was killed at Vimy Ridge in April 1917. He was a brother of Mrs Guernsey of Penticton, wife of Magistrate G. F. Guernsey, who has taken a very prominent part in the South Okanagan in connection with recruiting and other patriotic work.



A Memory of Old London

For the first time in their lives many of the "Canadian Boys" saw London when they passed through the metropolis of the Empire on their way to France. In their mind's eye they must have seen London's famous characters, notably Mr. Pickwick, giving the toast: "God Save the King, A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

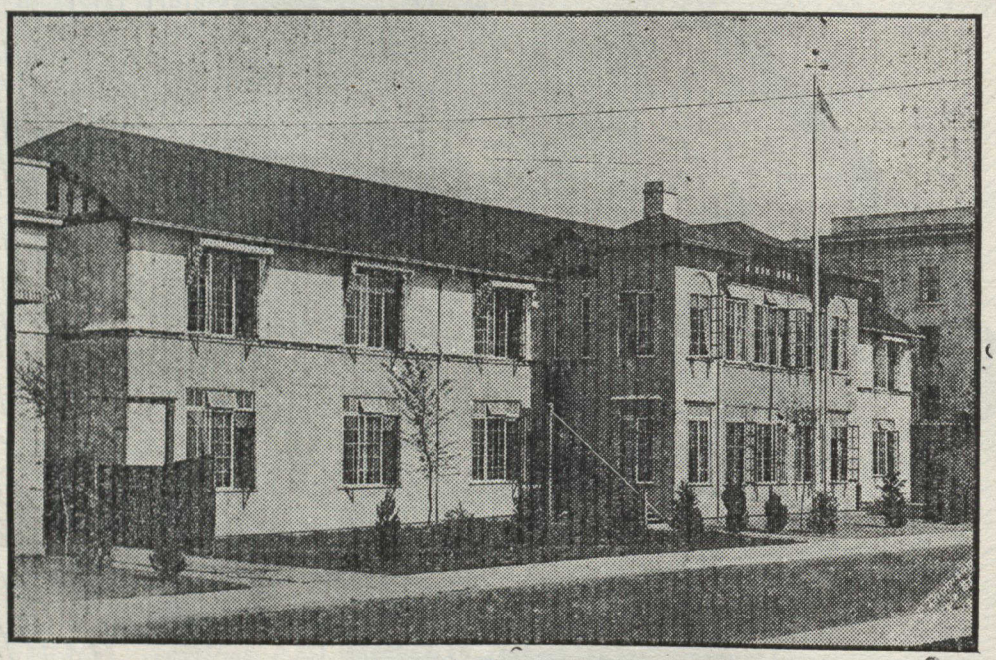
VICTORY! November 11th, 1918

No more we weep
Dear ones, for you who sleep
In Flemish sod.
The night is past,
And morning breaks at last,
Revealing God.

Great is our pride
That you as patriots died
So fearlessly.
We drained Grief's cup—
Now is Death swallowed up
In Victory!

Norah Sheppard.

The Civil Hospital's Part in War Work



Vancouver General Hospital Military Annex

M. T. MACEACHERN
General Supt. Vancouver General Hospital

Since war commenced many civil hospitals have altered their policy and line of extension and development to extend their service along war lines and such demands. One of the hospitals in our midst, which has participated in the care of soldiers from the outset to the present is The Vancouver General Hospital, a well-established, well-organized and well-equipped institution.

During the first year of the war this Hospital opened its doors to recruits, and many hundreds were fixed up for active service at the Front. Shortly after this came the "enlisted" or "camp" soldier, and for a long time a great number of these were treated in the wards of the Hospital where they were given use of all the civilian facilities, though kept mostly in a separate section of the Hospital.

About two years ago the Military Hospitals Commission of Canada requested the Hospital to take care of three hundred returned, wounded or sick soldiers, many of them supposed to be cot cases. Prior to this the Hospital had been caring for a similar number of returned men, but it was felt that the increased accommodation would be much needed on account of the rapid evacuation of Canadian soldiers from hospitals in England. The request of the Military Hospitals Commission was quickly complied with, and in the course of three months accommodation for three hundred soldiers was arranged for in a comfortable and well-equipped Annex to The Vancouver General Hospital. The building and equipment was in its entirety a gift from the City of Vancouver and the Province. A committee of citizens was selected to conduct a campaign for the raising of the money for the building. This committee consisted of Charles E. Tisdall, E. W. Hamber, H. Bell-Irving, Blake Wilson, R. Kerr Houlgate, Christopher Spencer, H. H. Morris.

This committee was untiring in its efforts, and in a very short time the entire sum of money required to erect the building was secured. The excellent and complete equipment was supplied through the efforts of the ladies of the City. A large mass meeting of representatives from all organiza-

tions in the city was called. They then formed themselves into an Auxiliary known as "The Military Hospital Women's Auxiliary," who should raise money to put in the equipment and keep it up afterwards as long as necessary. At this meeting Mr. J. J. Banfield was selected to preside over the meetings but a Committee of management was appointed to take charge of the business details for the Auxiliary. This committee consisted of Mrs. B. T. Rogers, convenor, Mrs. A. H. Wallbridge, Lady Tupper, Mrs. J. Z. Hall, Mrs. J. J. Banfield, Mrs. John Ogilvy, Mrs. Margaret Mills, Mrs. C. G. Pennock, Miss M. Shover, Mrs. C. J. Peter.

This Committee of Management, under the careful direction of Mrs. Rogers, soon had all the equipment, linen and supplies on hand and all the detail of the wards arranged. Several memorial wards were named and in other wards memorial beds were allotted to subscribers. Different organizations undertook to take care of different wards, and with this large and complete organization the work was readily accomplished. Both the Hospital Committee and the Women's Auxiliary worked enthusiastically along their different lines and soon $75,000.00 was raised. The building, therefore, was soon erected, equipped and ready for patients before they arrived. About the first of May, 1917, the first cases arrived and since that time the building has been constantly used. The first week of December the formal opening and dedication of the building took place. The Lieutenant-Governor of the Province gave the official opening sermon.

This, possibly, has been one of the most successful and complete undertakings with which anyone could have the privilege of being connected, and showed distinctly the advantage of co-operative organization. Everything was done according to well-laid plans and standards, so that on completion there was nothing omitted. All equipment supplied was of a standard nature, so that it could be used for further hospital purposes after the was was over.

The location of the Annex is about thirty feet from the end of the service wing of The Vancouver General Hospital. This means easy access to civilian facilities such as Operating Rooms, X-Ray, Laboratory and Kitchens. This arrangement also had an economic advantage in saving expenditure of money in duplication of facilities. The building is spacious, well-aired, has adequate sun rooms, sitting rooms and in every way serves the purpose required for the time being. The Annex is used for active treatment cases, whereas the convalescent patients are sent to the splendid military hospitals nearby, Shaughnessy and Fairmont.

The arrangements of The Vancouver General Hospital and Military Annex are rather unique, inasmuch as The Vancouver General Hospital supplies the complete service, excepting the Medical Officers and the Military officials needed for Clerical work, discipline, etc. The hospital is therefore civil and military in administration. The resident Medical Officer is military and deals directly with the Superintendent of The Vancouver General Hospital in matters arising out of civil details. The arrangement has always been a most harmonious one, and indeed, general satisfaction and efficiency has been manifested. There are several advantages in this arrangement from a civilian as well as a military standpoint. First of all, it gives Returned wounded soldiers the opportunity of using the up-to-date, well-established and well-organized facilities of the civilian hospital, as well as the service of an experienced staff to a great extent, which it might take time to get under other arrangements. Secondly, it saves the country a large amount of money by not having to duplicate facilities such as Operating Rooms, X-Ray, Laboratory, kitchens and other costly facilities in hospital construction. Thirdly, the citizens of Vancouver and

A Sun-Room—Military Annex.

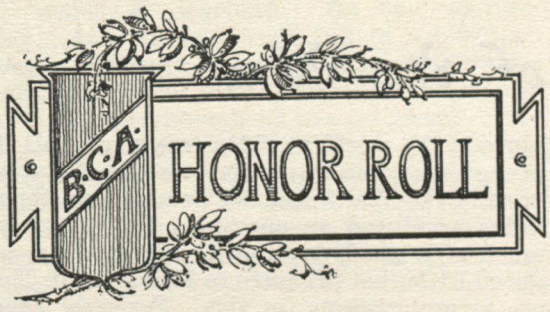
a great many of the Province had a more direct hand in war work, inasmuch as they have given freely of their funds and possibly a great many of them helped with their hands to carry on this work, giving each a more personal touch with the work.

Throughout this entire constructive period, Mr. J. J. Banfield, who was at the time of the initiation of the scheme, chairman of the Board of Directors, was made Chairman of the Building Committee and took a very active part throughout. Dr. M. T. MacEachern, superintendent of The Vancouver General Hospital, looked after the detail work required in connection with the scheme.

Recently The Vancouver General Hospital has taken on some more war work, inasmuch as an arrangement has been made with the Invalided Soldiers' Commission of Canada to set aside a portion of the Hospital for the treatment and care of Discharged Returned Soldiers who are being brought back to civil life. At time of writing a most elaborate Hydro-Therapeutic Department is being installed in connection with the Military Annex. This Department will have the latest and best possible equipment and will be housed in an up-to-date spacious building.

This scheme as just so briefly described is really a work of the Canadian Government, but at the request of the Military Hospitals Commission the people did not question this however, but went cheerily to the task and accomplished a great deal in a very short time. Naturally they all realize that they cannot do too much for the boys who have sacrificed their lives and their physical health at the Front, and they are therefore willing and anxious to help this work till the last trace of the war and its ravages is eliminated.

Why the Hospital Was So Busy.



Though but a small organization, numerically considered, the B. C. Society of Fine Arts has had the honor of contributing its quota of members to engage in the determined and now successful fight for freedom and civilization. It may be said that all those belonging to this artistic fraternity have helped in various ways, but those marked out for special recognition are:

NOEL BURSILL, son of the Editor of this book and a valued member in the early days of the Society, when his pictures, full of imagination and color, roused great interest at the exhibitors. Noel Bursill, who has been wounded and earned his Gold Stripe, contributes drawings to this book.

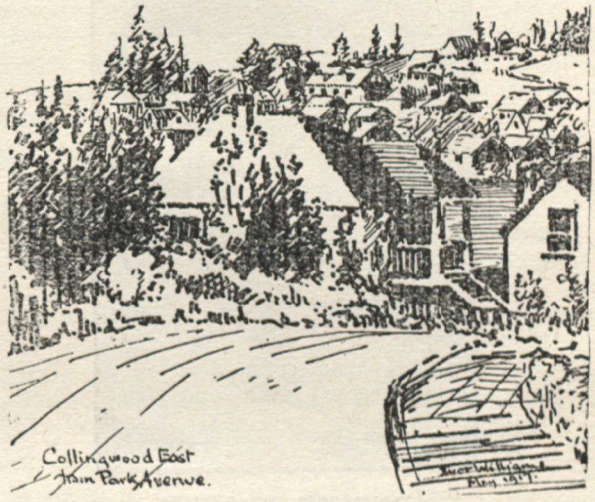
G. MACKINTOSH GOW.—A landscape artist of much ability. His Scottish blood was quickly aroused by the demand for men, and he soon left for Britain where he has been engaged in war work ever since.

C. H. SCOTT.—A student of South Kensington, and afterwards in France and Belgium, he was employed, when he came to Vancouver, as supervisor of drawing by the School Board, a position he filled with much credit. Enlisting in the Canadian Expeditionary Force, he left B. C. in the early days of the war, and was wounded on the Western Front, where he bravely distinguished himself.

GEORGE THORNTON SHARP.—A well-known architect of this city, who, on first going to the Western Front, was attached to the Aviation Corps, where his great ability in translating the results of observations into intelligible drawings and blue prints was much appreciated. He has risen to the rank of captain and for the past year has been a member of the headquarters staff, 3rd Division.

CHARLES FERGUSON.—A water-color artist of much ability and a valued member, who donned the khaki and placed his services at the disposal of his country on the first opportunity. He also is a contributor to this volume.

COLLINGWOOD LIBRARY AND INSTITUTE.—At the beginning of the war a Home Guard drilled here. Collingwood Parliament



met here. Several members of this body enlisted and some have paid the supreme sacrifice. The Hall will have a noble Roll of Honour to publish at some future time.

PEACE!

Grim-visaged War has smoothed his wrinkled front;
Mopped from a streaming brow, the blood of years;
Thrust from the tension of his grasp, a sword
That has unstocked the well of human tears.

Grim-visaged War has smoothed his wrinkled brow,
Deposing War's avidious, caustic frame—
Peace, steeped in blood of awful sacrifice,
Bought in the honour of a Nation's name.

Long-suff'ring Hope rids of itself complete
The bonds impious War around it wove;
Victorious Peace aids with a will replete
Hope's searchings for its future treasure-trove.

Corp. W. Arthur Jones,
R.A.F.

Peace hath her Victories as well as WAR.

Some Poetry *of* the War

RUPERT BROOKE

More than three hnndred volumes of verses have been written, with some phase of the war as the entire subject. A dozen anthologies have already been issued, and more are in preparation. "The Poets' Corner" of every newspaper contains fugitive verse on the war, and some of it worthy of permanent preservation. War verse dominates in the magazines. The human aspirations and passions, the emotional analyses and manifestations that, with the visible and natural world, constitute the basic poetic material, today are seen through, and colored by, the red mists that enwrap all civilization.

This is inevitable. Literature is Life, and Poetry, Passion. Confronted by Armageddon, with personal, social, national, racial ideals of liberty imperilled, men think deeply, feel acutely, react powerfully. It would be unthinkable that this reaction should not find vent in poetry, the most permanent of all the great avenues of human expression.

It is a popular, but mistaken, expectation that great events necessarily produce great poetry. But it is not the biggest battles that have inspired the finest military and patriotic poems. Troy was an obscure town in Asia Minor: Balaclava was not one of the world's decisive battles. Lowell's "Commemoration Ode" is perhaps the only poem qualified for a place in the world's golden treasury of all that poured from the white hot crucible of the American Civil War. And the present war, though it has produced an enormous bulk of poetry, much of it good, some of it excellent, has produced little that promises to be immortal. There are several reasons for this. Foremost among them has been placed the vastness, the immensity, the complexity of the struggle. It is not merely a life and death conflict of millions upon millions of men, fighting on a dozen fronts, in fertile farmlands, in arid deserts, on snowy steppes. These innumerable hosts are fighting in the heavens above, on the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth—fighting not only with weapons of hitherto unimagined destructive power, and of unbelievable precision and ingenuity, but also with weapons as primitive as those used by the Philistines and Romans, and with adaptations of the plate armour of medieval knights. They are fighting each other with the science of the bacteriologist and of the chemist,—with disease germs, flame, and chlorine gases. Normally peaceful occupations are in reality the reserve forces of the titanic conflict—the shipyards of Seattle, Vancouver and elsewhere are in reality as much part of the battleground as the martial scenes in the training camps at Work Point, Hastings Park or Camp Lewis. The smudged-faced, overall-clad men of the forge and smithy, the stoop shouldered men of office and loom, all are as much integral elements of the fighting forces as those wearing chevrons or epaulettes on khaki uniforms. Capital has ranged itself alongside Labor—symptom of a new national unity—and is freely contributing to the cause of democracy and international righteousness its powers of financial organization. Wives and mothers are planning economical meals, and thus by serving in the national army of conservation are as truly "doing their bit" as their Red Cross sisters in hospital ward and dressing station. A thousand forces—military and naval, social and financial, industrial and economic—are inextricably interwoven in this war. Their ramifications have such interrelations and reactions that they affect, if not personally and directly, at least subconsciously, the most humdrum and prosaic lives. Foremost of these, the name of Rupert Brooke suggests itself. His noble quintette of sonnets bid fair to be part of the imperishable heritage of mankind. They are perfect expression, not merely of a human, but a national soul. His spirit is part of the

light which is England. He had written poetry before 1914,—poems full of a passionate sense of beauty, of protest against destroying time, but they were "caviare to the general." At the outbreak of war he joined "the first one hundred thousand;" he fought at Antwerp and in the retreat of Mons, and early in 1915 went to the Dardanelles. He died on a French hospital ship, and was buried at Skyros, in the Aegean; his Grecian grave itself has been the subject of some notable sonnets.

Brooke had this decided advantage over other patriotic poets: when he celebrated the faultless beauty of sacrificing himself for England, it was his own immediate emotions he expressed. He exults to welcome, as the highest imaginable privilege, the chance of dying for his country. It is as if his life had leapt into a new element and finer, and nearer to spirit:

Oh! we who have known shame, we have found release there.
Where there' no ill, no grief, but sleep has mending,
Naught broken save this body, lost but breath;
Nothing to shake the laughing hearts long peace there
But only agony, and that has ending;
And the worst friend and enemy is but Death.

Between the opening of the first sonnet—

"Now God be thanked Who has matched us with this hour."

And the last line of the fifth—

"In hearts at peace, under an English heaven."

the whole splendor and tenderness of English patriotism is set forth with the assurance of an intensely personal experience. I cannot refrain quoting the last of the series, known though it must be to all of you: such a perfect passion of patriotism has perhaps never been so completely uttered in so few lines. It is pure gold.

If I should die, think only this of me;
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

In the Trenches

—Drawn by Laidlaw.

L'ENVOI

History has moved very rapidly since I began to get the "stories" poems and pictures for this book, together.

The War is ended. The War Book has become, thank God! a Peace Book. A tribute from a few authors and artists to the men who fought our battle overseas has grown, to some extent, into a book of historical interest.

I could not leave out, when offered by returned soldiers,—GOLD STRIPE men,— material which has merit and sentiment combined.

To many friends who have generously sent me contributions, I can only offer thanks, apologies, and express the hope that a second volume may give an opportunity to utilize work of much merit, and again aid a good cause.

Let the cause cover many shortcomings.

A personal note may be forgiven.

I pen these lines on the Seventieth anniversary of my birth, the fifty-third anniversary of my first appearance in print. Through all those years I have never had a task of greater difficulty,—nor yet one which has given me more pleasure. I could fill three such books as this one, and not exhaust the material kindly forwarded by many friends.

With all the contributors, I salute the "GOLD STRIPE."

We are glad to have been useful to the men so decorated.

The names of the heroes of the GREAT WAR will endure forever. May those who have humbly tried to aid these heroes be also remembered, for:—

" 'Tis infamy to die and not be missed."
(I thank thee, unknown poet, for that line,)
Let me imagine lips that I have kissed,
Will still, in memory, press these lips of mine.

When I shall journey to the Unknown Land,
Shall I some memories leave Death cannot kill?
Will men, with manly grip, still take my hand?
Will children listen for a voice that's still?

Death hath no sting for me, if when I sleep
Children—and dogs—remember where I lie;
If—missing me—some gentle women weep,
And men, recalling me, shall heave a sigh.

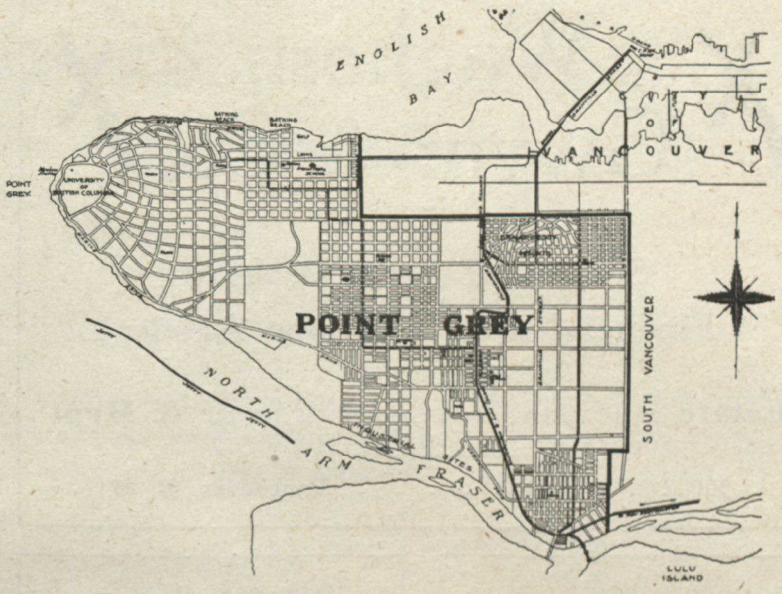
If word I speak, or write, helps fellow man,
To nobler, braver life, to aspirations high,
I shall not cease. When I have filled life's span
To be remembered thus is—NOT TO DIE.

"FELIX PENNE"
(J. Francis Bursill)

Vancouver, December 11, 1918.

THE MUNICIPALITY OF POINT GREY ADJOINS VANCOUVER

IT IS A FINE RESIDENTIAL SUBURB ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖



Point Grey Municipality has many advantages to offer its prospective citizens. It adjoins the City of Vancouver and is in appearance a long bluff point reaching out into the Gulf of Georgia, the highest part being over three hundred feet above sea level. It has the proper contour for drainage and slopes gradually, both to the south and to the north.

At the extreme point is situated the location of the University of British Columbia, a most superb location for this beautifully planned structure, which will so suitably represent to the world the educational advantages offered by this province.

Point Grey offers its prospective citizens good roads, good water and an adequate drainage system. There are 19.4 miles of bitulithic and paved roads and 53.1 miles of fine macadamized roads. Capilino water is distributed to its citizens through 108.13 miles of steel water mains. The drainage of the municipality is taken care of through 53 miles of permanent sewers.

Within the bounds of this municipality are two golf courses, numerous park spaces (the property of the municipality) several public bowling greens and one of the finest bathing beaches on the Pacific Coast.

It offers educational advantages equal to any in the province, has good churches and the means to get to them either by road or street car. The safety of the buildings are guaranteed by an up-to-date motor fire-fighting plant.

The municipality of Point Grey is bounded on the north by English Bay and to the south by the North Arm of the Fraser River. The Federal Government has already done extensive harbor improvement work at the mouth of the river, and in consequence Point Grey has advantages to offer to those seeking industrial sites, both large and small.

There is a most pleasing view from every section of the municipality, water and mountains to the north and farm lands, water and mountains to the south.

The Municipal Hall is at Kerrisdale and a note of enquiry relating to building and industrial sites, or other matters, addressed to the Reeve will bring a prompt reply.

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Reconstruction Period in B. C.

The world is faced with a problem second only in importance to the war that has just ended so gloriously, an economic transformation from War to Peace. We are on the threshold of a new era and its peaceful solution is engaging the attention of the ablest statesmen of all nations and calls for the earnest co-operation of capital and labour in solving many of the problems and difficulties of readjustment and the need of co-operation for the common good.

That we are in for a period of falling prices from the high altitude reached by commodities during the necessities of the war, is obvious, and with it, for a time at least, lower wages and possible unemployment must follow the return of millions of soldiers to civic life, where their energies will be directed to industrial work instead of war, and, by increasing the supply of goods, thereby lower prices from the present war-inflated heights, bearing them to be regulated by the economic principals of supply and demand.

The basis of Canada's prosperity is her agriculture and fisheries. Her lumber and mines supply the raw material for her home market and export trade. As a manufacturing country she suffers disadvantages as compared with other nations possessing more skilled labour and cheaper means of production. Our immediate concern is the effect of the reconstruction period in British Columbia and the many that it is liable to affect in our future prospects. It is held, and with some reason, that Vancouver and British Columbia in general, will be the least affected province of the Dominion, for the reason that her trade in the war, having benefited but little by war industries (apart from shipbuilding, which came late, and exercised at once a material improvement in employment and circulation of money). For a time it is expected that shipbuilding will hold, but its permanency is doubtful,

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owing to the high cost of production compared with points being able to command cheaper material and labour. There was little of other war business, so we have not much to lose, while our trade, on the other hand, suffered through loss of shipping, and transportation and general business as we know fell off considerably with the loss of population. These are now returning, and the object is to make all labour productive and get our trade back into old channels and find new ones. The progress will be gradual but sure, and the confidence that all have in the future greatness of Vancouver essentially justified. As a port it is bound to be an important city. Its progress can be accelerated or retarded by the energy or apathy of her citizens and recent movements show that we are fully alive to the application of the energy which has characterized her people in the past, but much depends on its proper direction.

Mistakes have been made in the past. Our treatment of capital has not been wise, and our system of taxation requires revision and labor troubles have retarded progress and will continue to do so until labour takes a different view of her relation to capital and instead of being antagonistic, joins hands with capital in establishing fair working conditions for both, in promoting the development of the Province. With the proper spirit animating both it will make the work easy. But if labor starts in to shorten hours of work and output is restricted, while holding up for the present high wages which have been artificially maintained, nothing but disappointment will follow. As a well known financial paper says, "Capitalistic bidding for men and women shop workers ceases when contracts are cancelled and instead there will be competitive bidding by ousted employees for jobs—the result is a drastic cutting in wages; nothing can stop it. When wages drop there will be a revival of industrial activity, followed by a

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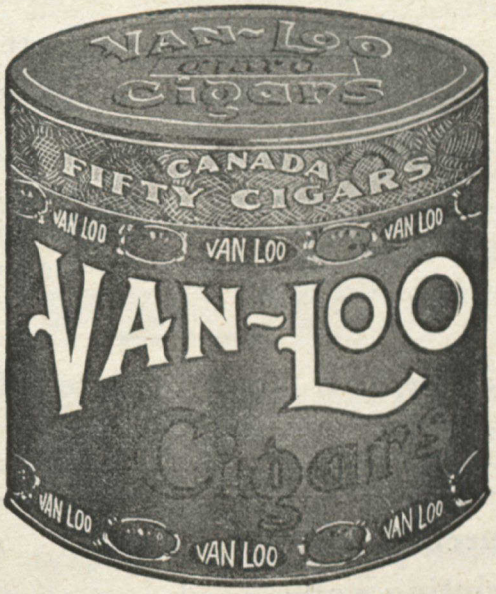

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gradual improvement in wages.

Labour must view this situation as an economic event and not an attempt on the part of capital to force wages down. The world shortage of man power will tend to create a high average wage when re-adjustment has its course. With lower prices, the purchasing power of a dollar will increase.

Capital, instead of being penalized, should be encouraged. The world demand for capital is urgent, with all countries bidding for it and offering attractive inducements. Capital has been termed "stored up energy," without it Canada would still be an undeveloped land of possibilities, her mineral, agricultural, lumber and fishing wealth lying dormant, like a gold mine lacking capital to develop it. Labour is the machinery, brains the energy which combines and organizes these elements into activity. The three are essential to development of business enterprise, each is necessary to the other and the harmonious working of the combination spells progress and wealth to the community, with increased productiveness and greater employment for an increasing population. Any disturbance to the free working of the industrial machine clogs the wheels of progress.

One of the first steps to be taken to remove the brake from the wheels of capital should be the abolition of the Moratorium, its usefulness is passed, as a measure to meet an abnormal financial situation and avoid a panic it was justifiable, but the principal has been extended beyond its scope and time, and, being frequently misused, it has caused a considerable weakening of the moral tone of the community.

Reference has been made to the need of revision of the system of taxation. At present the burden is almost entirely on the shoulders of the owners of property, and has largely worked to destroy property as an investment, while the large percentage of the citizens of Vancouver contribute nothing to the upkeep of

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a city wherein they are privileged to do business and make a living, enjoying all the advantages of its protection and institutions at the expense of the property owners. A business tax should be imposed on income derived from business within the Province and exemption or allowance made to those who otherwise contribute as property holders. In this way the revenue of the city would be increased by the payment of a just share of taxes by all who benefit through business operations therein.

The Wild Land Tax is a further burden on some property holders. It is clearly not possible or rather feasible to bring all land under cultivation, timber, marsh, stoney and such like, nor to build houses on vacant lots, for which there is no demand, why then should owners be penalized beyond the ordinary taxes charged, and coerced into doing that which common sense warns them against. What is the sense of producing if there are no buyers or building if there are to be no prospective occupants. Would Point Grey or South Vancouver look any better to-day to a visitor with miles of houses standing empty? It would produce the effect of a deserted city. Moreover, the building of unnecessary houses means the opening up of useless streets, the extension of sewer systems, etc., and would land the municipalities into enormous expense without any return and consequent increase of taxes for those already overburdened.

The object at the root of the tax is to penalize speculators lest some of them may, perchance, profit by holding, whereas the profit to be derived from holding land under ordinary rate of taxation and loss of interest is illusory.

This is not the place to discuss the subject fully; it is only mentioned for the object of directing attention to one of the disabilities under which property owners suffer, and being likely

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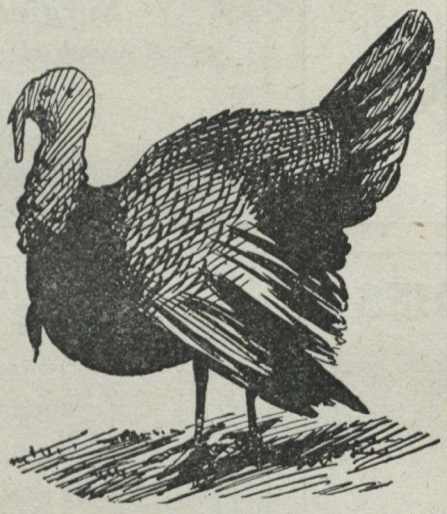

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BRITANNIA MINE

By E. A. Haggen,
Editor Mining and Engineering Record.

Within 30 miles of Vancouver, on tidewater, at Howe Sound, is the largest copper mine in the British Empire. This is the Britannia Mine, and it is owned by the Britannia Mining & Smelting Co., Ltd., a company incorporated in British Columbia with a capitalization of $2,500,000, in 100,000 shares of $25 each, of which there has been issued shares to the value of $1,625,000, mainly held by the Howe Sound Company, of New York. The Britannia Mine was originally located in 1888, and passed through the hands of several Vancouver companies and syndicates, until the late Mr. Geo. H. Robinson, of Butte, Mont., secured control of it, and was instrumental in securing the financial support of the late Mr. G. B. Schley, a prominent banker of New York. It is due to the foresight and shrewdness of Mr. Schley that the mine was developed to a point at which extensive ore bodies were proved up and mill installed.

In 1912, Mr. J. W. D. Moodie, the present manager, was appointed to take charge of the property, and in that time the copper production has been increased from about 8,500,000 lbs. copper per annum to about 18,000,000 lbs., while the mill has been increased from a capacity of about 600 tons a day to 2,500 tons a day.

To date Britannia has produced over 90,000,000 lbs. copper, over 500,000 oz. silver, and 2,492 oz. gold, of a value of nearly $16,000,000. The Britannia Mine is now on a dividend paying basis, distributing among its shareholders dividends at the rate of 20% per annum. From the beginning of the war all the copper produced at Britannia Beach has been at the disposal of the Allies.

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W-S S

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The Last Voyage Westward of H.M.H.S. "Llandovery Castle."

By Pte. T. H. Potts, 158th Batt.

LIVERPOOL — the seaport of the world, with its docks, wharves, landing stage three-quarters of a mile long, hustle and bustle throughout the entire day; Liverpool — where we got such a reception when we first landed on the transport "Olympic," and where we were treated like princes during our too short a wait for the hospital ship, "Llandovery Castle." Liverpool —the city that will always be remembered by the Canadian boys who were lucky enough to spend a short time there. Liverpool! We all take off our hats to the people who have made so grand a name for you.

The "Llandovery Castle" was straining at the ropes alongside the landing stage, waiting for its cargo of bruised and battered bodies who had been "over there" and had done their bit, and were now ready to return to the land of the Maple, having been marked "fit to travel." A Kiltie band was playing and the boys, as they embarked, were happy. The ferry boats, alive with people going to and returning from business, hooted and whistled, showing their appreciation of the boys who had travelled so many miles to help the Motherland in her hour of need. The people cheered and the boys re-echoed their applause.

At last the signal was given and the boat started down the river. The decks were thronged with human freight taking a last fond look at the place where they had been treated so well, and, as the city faded in the horizon, we could not help feeling a little "sad" at the thoughts of leaving.

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We were not given long to reflect, however. Orders were forthcoming, a gong sounded, and someone whispered the magic word "supper!" We all scrambled down to the dining hall, and had our first glimpse of white bread. What a wonderful thing it looked, and how delicious it tasted! By the time the supper was served, there was not a piece of white bread to be seen anywhere. That first taste of real bread was like a Godsend.

When we had finished supper we were allotted our berths, told our boat stations, and how to get there; also provided with lifebelts, without which we were not allowed on deck. We were also told the signal in case of emergency. Of course, none of the passengers ever thought that "Fritzie" would try to sink a hospital ship, travelling unprotected, all lights burning, and three big Red Crosses all illuminated, on each side. But the skipper was a wiser man. He took no chances, having had previous experience of Germany's "kulture" on the sea. We were all warned, and then—"My God! what's that!" shouted someone, and the truth dawned upon us. The submarine signal had been given. Are we going to be torpedoed so soon after starting? How can we, crippled, maimed, and bedfast patients get up to the boat station in time? What's that? An explosion? No; it was only a tray falling to the floor. But in this exciting and nerve-racking moment everyone thought that the fatal blow had been struck.

We were soon to learn, however, what the efficiency of the "men who go down to the sea in ships" really meant. For the bedpatients, orderlies rushed in with stretchers, and the patients were placed on these, taken to an elevator and were soon on the boat deck. The other patients found their way up there also, and in fifteen minutes all hands were "standing to" opposite their respective boats, the crew all ready for the order "Man the boats!"

We strained our eyes, but could see nothing, when somebody yel-

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led "There she is!" and a bobbing thing could be seen a few yards away. It grew no bigger, and came no nearer, when suddenly one of the officers bethought himself of his field-glasses. He looked, smiled, and then laughed out loud, and handed his glasses to the nearest sister, and she also laughed, and we soon learned that the dreaded periscope was nothing but a bottle, or, as the boys called it, "a dead soldier." Then word came from the skipper that it was only boat drill, and we were dismissed feeling rather thankful. That night we slept with our life-belts very close to hand.

The next morning, after breakfast, we climbed on deck to get a last glimpse of the Emerald Isle. One Irishman in the crowd was giving a sight-seeing lecture on the points of interest that were passed. The day wore away very quietly, as the boys had not found their sea-legs, and were not prepared for much merriment.

The third day out we struck the "Devil's Hole" and the people who have had the pleasure of crossing this particular bit of "herring pond" know what it is like. Very few patients had breakfast that day. I think they were upkeeping the meatless, wheatless—in fact, I think they kept up a foodless day to help the Allied cause.

The fourth and succeeding days were quite different. There was plenty of "pep" put into everything. We were out of the danger zone; a piano was taken up on deck, and the boys sang and danced to their hearts' content. Concerts were the chief items of amusement at night, sometimes on deck, and sometimes in the dining saloon. It was on this day that the Sergeant-Major came around asking if there was a printer aboard. Pte. A. Laing and myself volunteered for the work in hand, and suggested printing a small souvenir paper. The Adjutant jumped at the idea and the work was started. Pte Laing did the press work, and it was very hard for

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him to use the treadle, there being no power. The typesetting was much easier, but, being a little handicapped by the loss of one limb, I had to sit down all the time. The paper was published after a hard and strenuous time, but we have been very thankful since that we published the Souvenir.

As the voyage wore on, a crowd sitting around the deck attracted my attention. At last I grew curious, and drew nearer. One man was calling out a lot of fancy names, which I afterwards learned represented numbers. "Clickerty-click" (66), "Top of the house" (90), "Legs" (11), "Kelley's eye" (1), and thus he went on. It was all a puzzle to me, so I asked a boy standing by what it all meant, and he told me that they were playing a game called "House." Any military man will explain to the reader the ins and outs of this very exciting pastime.

"Land on the starboard bow!" The magic words rang out, and the patients rushed to the side to get their first glimpse of "Canada's fair domain." The excitement grew more intense the nearer we got to the land. Coming into Halifax Harbor, we could see the remains of the hospital ship that went on the rocks during the spring of 1918.

We landed safely, and our memorable trip was over, but the greatest blow of all was yet to come. One morning, at the end of June, the papers published particulars of one of the greatest crimes in history. The Huns had other hospital ship. The "Llandovery Castle" had been torpedoed off the Irish Coast, all of the Sisters perishing and most of the staff and crew.

The people of the Old Land are clamoring for justice. What the end will be is yet to be known. The staff and the crew of that boat did their duty, and now rest in the deep with the "Silent Navy" watching over their last trysting place.

What shall we do with the murderers?

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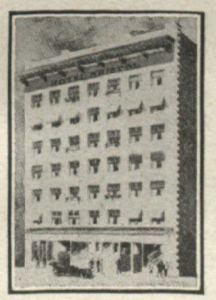

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A FEW SQUIBS

(Scratched and patched for "Gold Stripe" by H. F. Williams)

In a California town noted for its fine paved streets, signs are posted reading: "Our speed limit is 40 miles an hour. Go to it." Some wag added: "And may the Lord have mercy," etc.

* * *

A brewing company has converted its plant into a vinegar factory. As there is little difference in the taste of vinegar and near-beer the expense would be trifling.

* * *

Marshal Foch is an optimist, and sees nothing but sunshine, yet he is never caught abroad without raincoat and umbrella.

* * *

When, in the course of the marriage ceremony, his friend repeated the words: "With all my earthly goods I thee endow," Harry Hopkins muttered: "There goes Tom's dollar watch, suitcase and two pairs of socks!"

* * *

Flat feet do not prevent some men from running for office. Neither do wheels in the head.

* * *

Lance Corporal Pipeclay wrote home that the Germans shelled Paris the Sunday before Easter, which, he understands, is Bomb Sunday.

* * *

It was a hot day, and two sailors had just been released from a long spell of duty on a mine sweeper. They made a bee-line for the first public house they saw, and one of them ordered two quarts of ale. The men emptied their mugs in one draught while the barmaid looked on in undisguised admiration. The man who paid stood for a second or two wetting his lips meditatively, and then turned to his comrade with a grin: "Tain't so bad, Bill, is it?" he remarked. "Shall we 'ave some?"

* * *

The subject of rifle shooting often crops up at one of the training camps.

"I'll bet anyone here a box of cigars," said Lieut. A., "that I

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can fire ten shots at 200 yards and tell without waiting for the marker the result of each one correctly."

"Done!" cried Major B. And the whole mess turned out early the next morning to witness the experiment. The lieutenant fired. "Miss!" Another shot. "Miss!" he repeated. A third shot. "Miss."

"Here, hold on!" put in Major B. "What are you trying to do? You're not firing for the target!"

"Of course not," was the response. "I'm firing for those cigars!"

* * *

"Pacifiists should not hide their light under a bushel," states a pussyfooter. Try a box of chloride of lime.

* * *

Max Harden suggests that the Kaiser become a movie star. Why not call him "Filhelm?"

TRENCH RECIPES
By Lc.-Cpl. A. S. Johnson

(Re-printed from "Llandovery Castle News.")

Take a slice of someone's bacon,
And a loaf of someone's bread,
Grab your next door neighbor's butter
(If he sees you, punch his head)!
Cook the bacon you have lifted,
In a dirty frying-pan;
And a breakfast waits before you
Fit for any gentleman.

Take some bully beef and biscuits
And your previous meal's remains
Mix these items altogether;
Add a dozen coffee grains;
Drop them in a flavored bucket,
Until all your pals protest,
And, unless the odor kills you,
You've got a dinner of the best.

Take a tin of doubtful liquid,
And pretend you're drinking tea;
Take a solid, ask no questions,
As to what it's meant to be.
Forage round your comrades' rations,
Commandeering tasty bits,
Take a strong imagination,
And—you're supping at the Ritz!

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WHERE HE'S EATEN

"I've eaten at more queer places since I left Canada than I ever did before," a man remarked the other day. This was a list of eating places he furnished:

1. The "glory hole" of the Cassandra, where for a shilling a trip almost anything could be purchased.
2. A "grotto" underneath the station in Edinburgh, where sailors were the only other diners.
3. The free soldiers' buffet in Glasgow.
4. Monico's in London.
5. A monk's cell in Bindon Abbey.
6. A wee whitewashed room in a cottage at Lulworth.

MILITARY VOCABULARY

Some of the boys took a special course in Visual Training. On the examination one of the questions was "Give some examples of military vocabulary," and this is what Corporal Pringle put down:

"Shun."
"Asyuwhere."
"Your other right."
"Come on, me lucky lads."
"Drive on to the next pile."
"Stand steady that man. You're standing at ease."
"If you don't lay 'em down, you can't pick 'em up."
"Recock gun."

THEY WERE INTERRUPTED

The last class on the 6-pounders at Lulworth Camp had a rather thrilling adventure. One noon hour they were sitting in the hut waiting for parade to be called, when Sam A. Grylls, Esq., the champion story-teller of the battalion, told the latest story he had heard. Gibson, of "B" Company, and Favreen, of "A" Company, followed, and soon the conversational pot was boiling merrily. Everybody forgot there was such a thing as a parade until Lieut. Goad burst in and wanted to know what the trouble was. "Parade was called half-an-hour ago," he said. One of Favreen's good ones was spoiled that trip.

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For four years the Canadian Red Cross has been doing a work in connection with the war which has aroused the admiration and inspired the sympathy of every man and woman with red blood in their veins throughout the civilized world.
Shoulder to shoulder with the Red Cross branches of the Mother Country and other Allied nations it has moved across the field of war and nobly done its part.

THE WAR IS OVER THANK GOD

—BUT THE WORK OF THE RED CROSS MUST STILL GO ON—it is but just entering a new era—in many ways even more important than during the continuance of open hostilities.

Red Cross work must continue with unabated force while the Canadian troops are being demobilized—while our wounded, cripples and battle-scarred heroes are being returned to their homes—while those who were carried safely through the war are in transport to their homes and firesides—the healing with the hand of mercy of the gaping sores and hideous scars occasioned by the war—these are activities which must be carried on—work which the Red Cross has undertaken.

THE CANADIAN RED CROSS APPEALS TO THE PUBLIC OF BRITISH COLUMBIA FOR $250,000, ITS QUOTA FOR CARRYING ON THE GREAT WORK.

British Columbia has played its part nobly in this great war. It has sent the flower of its manhood—it has loaned its dollars—it has, in the past, loyally supported the magnificent work of the Red Cross.

NOW all together—let British Columbia rally to the call for $250,000 to carry to success this necessary and praiseworthy work.

BE PREPARED TO DO YOUR SHARE

(Contributed by the Amputation Club of B. C.)