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THE CANADIAN WAR PICTORIAL

A PHOTOGRAPHIC RECORD: No. 2

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THE CANADIAN WAR PICTORIAL



"WE BEAT THE HUNS!"

A party of happy Canadians returning to Rest Billets after a successful advance

PREFACE

THE cordial reception given to the first number of the **CANADIAN WAR PICTORIAL** by the general public as well as by the Canadian Expeditionary Force proved our contention that a publication of this kind would not only find a ready market but would supply a genuine want.

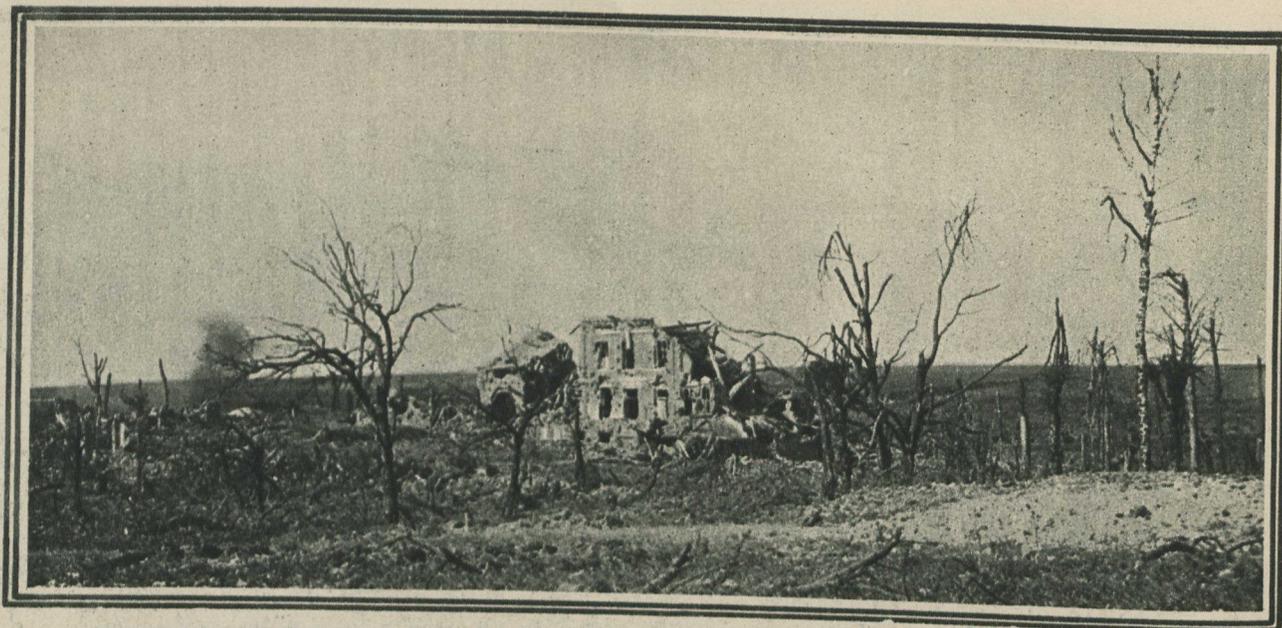
The English edition of No. 1 was sold out within five days of its appearance on the news-stands, and the Canadian edition was not large enough to fill the advance orders.

Whereas our first **WAR PICTORIAL** dealt almost exclusively with the Ypres salient, this, our second, is devoted to the scenes of Canadian life and fighting on the ever-advancing Somme front. These pictures are the work of our second Official Photographer, as the officer who supplied the material for the previous number is now on

sick-leave after continuous service at the front since February, 1915.

In addition to our photographer, Canada has also an official cinematograph operator at the front. These two officers work together. Their recent activities have taken them forward with our infantry again and again; not with the actual attack, but so close in rear of it as to enable them to record our men in the act of jumping into German trenches and the enemy in the act of scrambling out of the same positions.

The knowledge that these pictures are the work of one who, in the performance of his duties, occasionally shares the risks of the valiant troops whose activities he records will, doubtless, enhance their value in the eyes of an appreciative public.



GERMANS SHELLING THE LAST HOUSE LEFT STANDING IN COURCELETTE

THE STORY OF COURCELETTE

IN happier times Courcelette was a peaceful village, a congregation of comfortable dwellings, of walled gardens, of dingy but cheery *estaminets*, very dear to the hearts of its modest inhabitants. But to Canada it was unknown. To Canada it was not even a name.

War turned the peaceful French village into a German stronghold, into one of hundreds of similar points of concentrated resisting and destructive force on the western front. Its outlying features became forts; its foundations were undermined by dug-outs and its walls and gables screened machine-gun emplacements. To Canadians in the field it became a name on the map among dozens of names of equal significance.

Now Courcelette, though it is no more a village, no more a German stronghold, is a name written in gold on a great page of Canadian history.

"Courcelette!" It is a Canadian word now. Like Ypres, St. Julien, Stony Mountain, Sanctuary Wood, the Orchard, and many more scenes of conflict, it has become, to sorrowing and exultant Canadian hearts, but another name for glory.

Like every other outstanding achievement of our great offensive on the Somme, the capture of Courcelette cannot be regarded as an incident absolutely detached from incidents of a similar nature of the day before and the day after. The way up to the point from which the attack on Courcelette was launched had been a way of many desperate encounters and captured positions. On that road many complicated systems of entrenchments had been churned by our shells, stormed and occupied by our infantry, then belaboured by German shells.

At twenty minutes past six on the morning of the Fifteenth of September the Canadians moved forward against the German positions which lay between them and Courcelette.

It was a fine, clear autumn morning—a good time for any strenuous form of activity. Our infantry advanced in skirmishing order from their assembling position in

rear of a screening ridge, in six waves of attack. Our artillery barrage moved before them, pounding the ground. The moment they topped the ridge they came into full view of the enemy, who opened upon them with rifle and machine-gun fire, and placed a barrage of shell fire in front of them.

The Canadians moved forward steadily. They passed through the German barrage, following their own barrage which continued to shift forward with their advance but the hostile screen of fire shifted also, thus forcing them to pass through it again.

The battalions crossed the open ground and swarmed into the fortified ruins of the Sugar Refinery. These ruins, strongly garrisoned, were a veritable nest of machine-gun emplacements. It was here that the units on the right of the attack did their heaviest fighting of the day, made their captures of men and stores, killed and were killed. But they took that vital position, garrisoned it, then moved forward and dug themselves in.

In the meantime, the battalions on the left had kept pace with the advance on the right. They crossed a German trench with but slight opposition; but encountered several fortified sunken roads in their path, which had to be cleared of the enemy with grenades and bayonets. They did their work swiftly and thoroughly, then continued onward through the hostile barrage. They came abreast of the Sugar Refinery, passed it and dug themselves in.

Thus the Canadians reached and took their formidable objectives and secured themselves in their new positions on the morning of the fifteenth. This splendid piece of work, though planned and carried out with mathematical precision, would, if written in detail, show hundreds of incidents of individual heroism, of splendid deaths, of amazing victories won in hand-to-hand conflicts.

The General Officer Commanding the Canadian Corps

(Continued on Page 7)



CANADIANS FIXING BAYONETS IN A TRENCH PREVIOUS TO A CHARGE



THE MEN GOING OVER THE TOP OF THE TRENCH



THE HEAVY GERMAN BARRAGE WHICH THE CANADIANS HAD TO FACE



GERMAN PRISONERS BEING BROUGHT DOWN A COMMUNICATION TRENCH



A SUNKEN ROAD, KNOWN AS "THE ROAD OF DEATH," BEYOND COURCELETTE

The STORY OF COURCELETTE

(Continued)

now saw his opportunity and fearlessly seized it. As a result, our artillery, which had already done such splendid work that day, moved forward and took up a new position. Our supporting brigades, lying far back, were moved up. They were told that they were for the attack that evening—and within four hours of the warning Courcelette was theirs.

Our guns began their work from their new positions, and at six o'clock the battalions moved forward from their hidden place of assembly twenty-two hundred yards south of their objective, the centre battalion led by its Colonel.

The battalion in the centre of the attack advanced in four lines on a frontage of eight hundred yards. Each man carried rations and water for forty-eight hours, his entrenching tool, two bombs, two hundred and fifty rounds of ammunition and sandbags. As they topped the crest of the ridge they looked over two thousand yards of open and gently sloping ground, and over our trenches to the orchards and still undestroyed houses of the village of Courcelette.

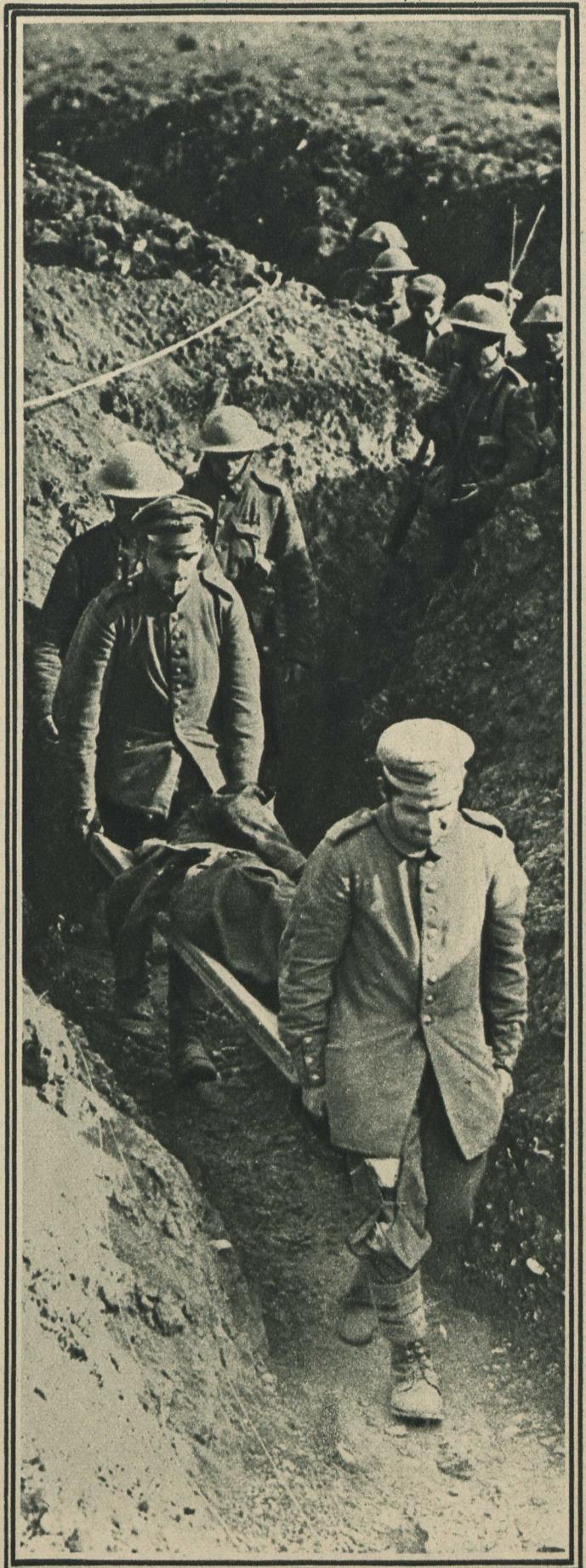
It was a critical moment, for though our own heavies were breaking in a furious tornado on the village, who could tell what machine-guns, ready to sweep everything living in the open, lurked in its recesses? The men, however, advanced at a walk, laughing and chatting. Though the dust whirled up in places under the impact of the bullets, the enemy's rifle and machine-gun fire was weak. The German eight-inch guns soon got the range, and men began to fall under the crashing explosions; but the lines passed as steadily as if they were on parade in some peaceful and distant land. In fact, the attack was delivered as laid down in the drill-book and practised so often before, even to the advance by short rushes of sections as we closed upon the hostile positions.

Stepping over the heads of the somewhat astonished and temporarily delighted men of the brigade in the forward trenches, who were under the impression that this was their relief coming up, the lines swayed and rippled forward to the very verge of the village. In the last six hundred yards the enemy's rifle fire redoubled in intensity. Casualties, and the necessity for reinforcing from rear to front, reduced our lines of attack from four to two. It was then that Major Brooks and Captain Dickey, the adjutant, were killed. The final rush across the open ground carried the Nova Scotians into the outlying gardens of the village. The Germans tried to stand there, and in the mêlée which ensued they lost heavily in killed, wounded and prisoners. We captured a machine-gun at this point.

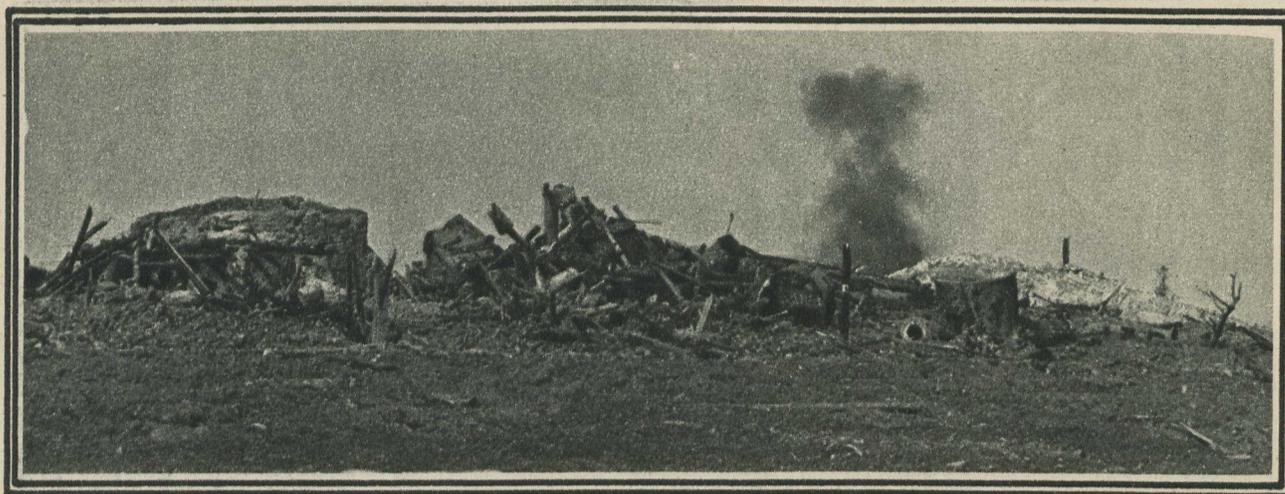
A halt was called. The advance had been too quick, and our barrage was still busy beating down the village with a prolonged storm of projectiles passing within a few feet of the heads of the attacking infantry. The noise was prodigious; but the men sat down and rested for fifteen minutes, laughing, talking, smoking.

The barrage lifted. There was something like silence for a moment, till the crackling of rifles and machine-guns, hitherto hashed in the terrific uproar, broke out again. The fierce rush through the village, from south to north, was made in three desperate, breathless minutes. The central battalion seized a steep bank beyond and dug themselves in with the energy of men who know that lives depend on seconds of time; while the supporting battalion continued to deal with the surviving Germans in the village.

(Continued on Page 8)



GERMAN PRISONERS BRINGING IN A WOUNDED SOLDIER.



THE SUGAR REFINERY CAPTURED BY THE CANADIANS

THE STORY OF COURCELETTE

(Continued)

The garrison of 1500 Germans had put up a poor fight, considering their numbers and the great natural and artificial strength of a position which commanded such a wide sweep of fire and was so cleverly honey-combed with dug-outs and machine-gun emplacements. What happened to the enemy machine-guns remains something of a mystery. In any case, the Germans paid heavily for their failure to resist the sudden blow of the Canadian infantry. One battalion alone took, in the two-thirds of the village which fell to them, over three hundred prisoners, and killed and wounded over five hundred.

As a large party of Germans tried to escape from the scene of their defeat by scrambling over a deep dyke in the rear of the village, four of our men arrived and accounted for twenty of the fugitives with their rifle fire. Among the varied spoils which fell into the hands of the Canadians were two heavy guns and a large trench mortar of a new pattern. The latter weapon was taken by Lieut. Dennis Stairs, a battalion machine-gun officer, who was shot through the right wrist while making the capture.

In the meantime the battalion on the right had come up and swept through their allotted section of the village, killing and capturing as they went. Swinging to the right, they stormed and occupied a strong point known as the "Quarry." They established themselves securely, and joined up their left with the new position.

Another battalion had also come up, without a hitch, and established itself on the left of the village.

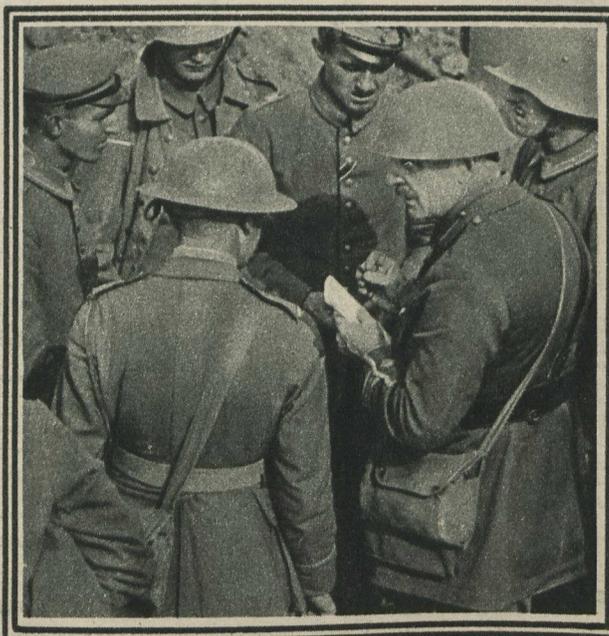
The Germans did not counter-attack that night, though they shelled the Canadian positions furiously.

All night long, and even during the next day, the work of digging out and silencing scattered parties of Germans continued among the walls and gardens of the village. Many of the enemy who had held up their hands and shouted for mercy in the face of the sweeping advance had, after the passing of the attack, recovered their rifles and engaged in effective sniping operations on the rear of their conquerors. The "mopping-up" battalion dealt with these, hunting them from hole to hole, from wall to wall.

Every battalion in both the morning and evening attacks of this day gave of its best; but here the case of the Stairs family calls for particular mention. Three brothers and a cousin have fought in this war. One brother was killed in the second Battle of Ypres; another brother and the cousin have given their lives in the Somme offensive and Dennis Stairs survives, with a bullet hole through his wrist and a shrapnel scar on his leg—with his appetite for fighting unabated.



CAPTURED GERMAN OFFICERS



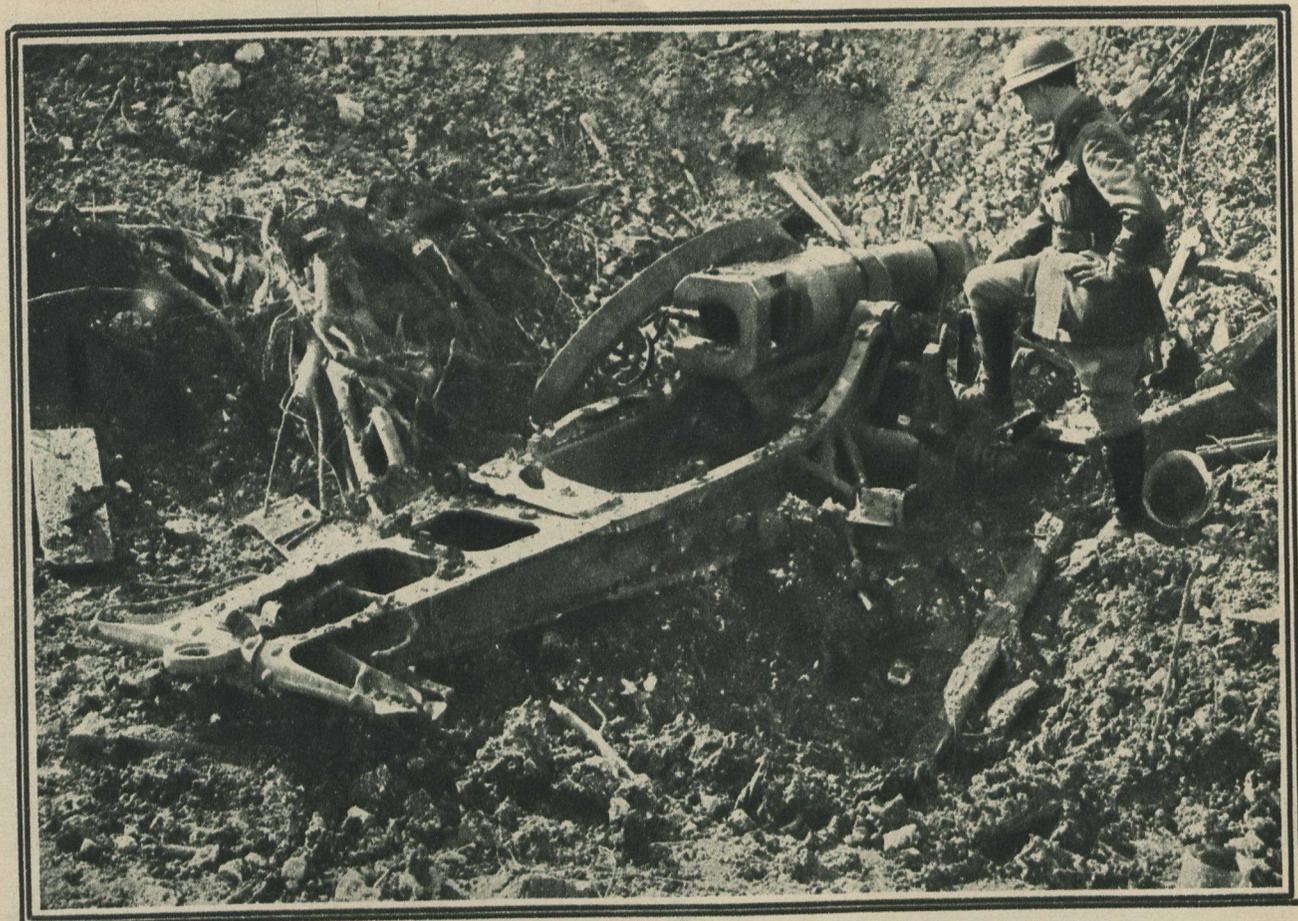
INTERROGATING PRISONERS



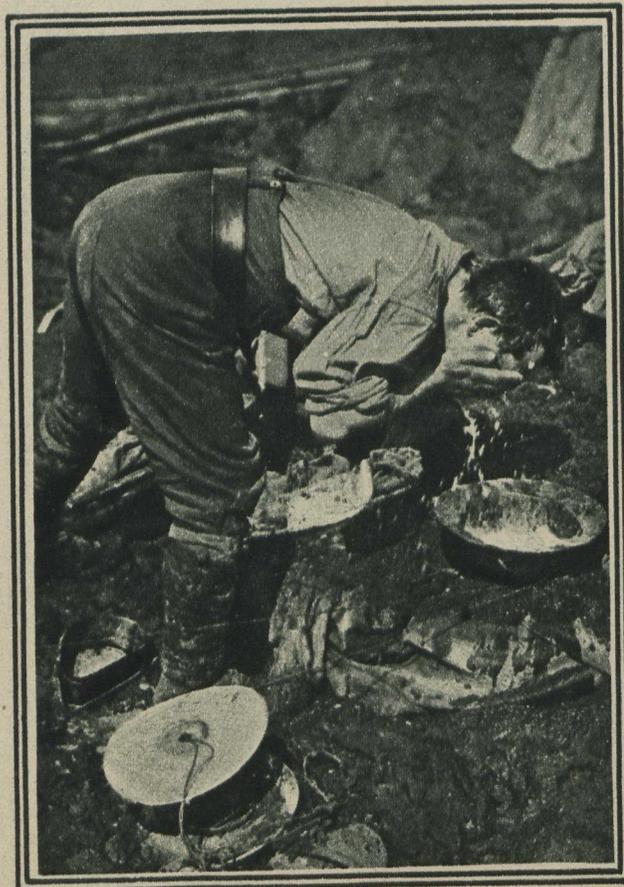
PRISONERS CAPTURED BY THE CANADIANS AT THE STORMING OF REGINA TRENCH



GERMAN OFFICERS TAKEN PRISONERS BY THE CANADIANS



A GERMAN FIELD-GUN CAPTURED AT COURCELETTE



Enjoying a wash under fire. Tommy is using his steel helmet as a wash-basin



A German-speaking Canadian tells a Hun prisoner the nature of his wounds.



THE SMILE OF VICTORY



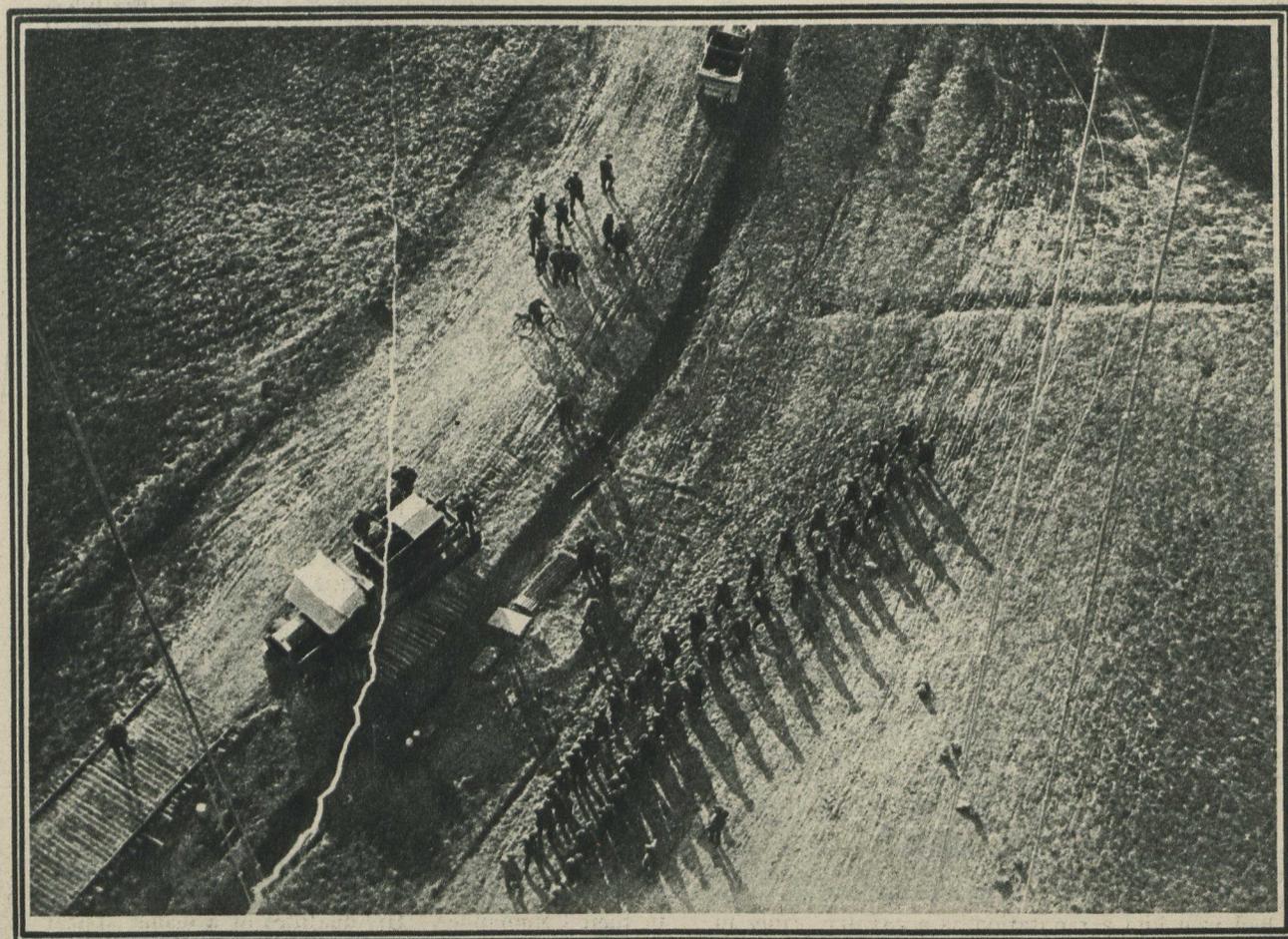
THE CUP OF KINDNESS AFTER THE BATTLE OF COURCELETTE



Getting ready to ascend



Balloon in mid-air



A photograph taken from the balloon. The crew who have assisted in the ascent are seen marching back to their station.



LIEUT.-GENERAL THE HON. SIR J. H. G. BYNG, K.C.B., M.V.O.

THE COMMANDER OF THE CANADIAN CORPS

LIEUT.-GENERAL THE HONOURABLE SIR JULIAN HEDWORTH GEORGE BYNG, K.C.B., M.V.O., the seventh son of the second Earl of Stafford, was born in 1862. In his twenty-first year he joined the 10th Royal Hussars. In 1901 he commanded that regiment, having done distinguished service in the meantime in the Soudan Expedition (1884) and in South Africa (1899-1902). He has six clasps with his Queen's South African medal.

In 1909 he was promoted to the rank of major-general and to the command of the East Anglian Territorial Division. He held this appointment for three years, and then went to Egypt, where he commanded our forces until the requirements of this war called him to more active and dangerous work.

General Byng's services in Flanders won him frequent mention in despatches. There he handled the 3rd Cavalry Division with the same brilliancy and dash that had won him a reputation as a cavalry leader in South Africa.

In May of this year (1916) Lieut.-General Byng

followed Lieut.-General Alderson in the command of the Canadian Corps of the British Expeditionary Force in France,

General Byng has succeeded in his latest and largest command even as he succeeded in former days in other commands—with his troop, his squadron, his regiment, his brigade and his division. The qualities that stood for success in the past are still the qualities that lead to victory to-day.

He knows men as well as tactics. His courage is not only physical. He is not afraid to make quick decisions and to act on them swiftly, as he has proved many times, but never more successfully than on the 15th of last September.

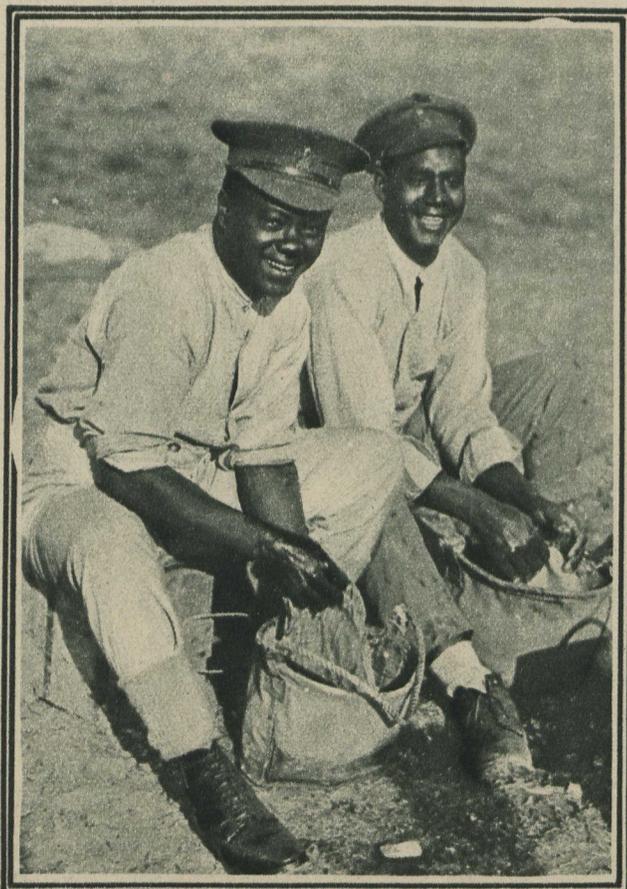
General Byng is happy in his present command. The Canadians, officers and men alike, are ideal material for a daring, quick-thinking, self-reliant, hard-hitting General to work with. And the Canadians are happy in their Commander. His qualities as a leader appeal as warmly to them as their qualities as soldiers appeal to him.



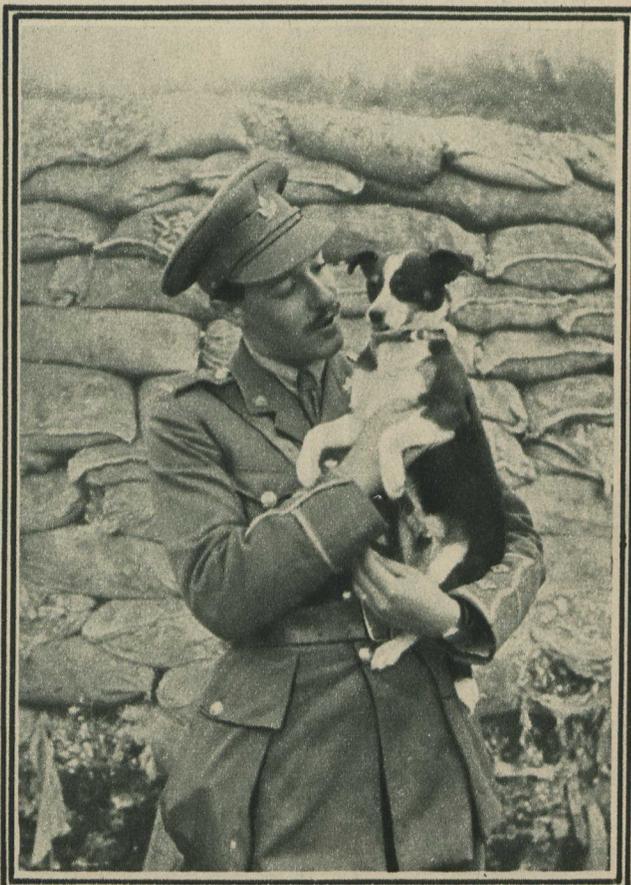
A CANADIAN FIGHTING DOG IN HIS KENNEL



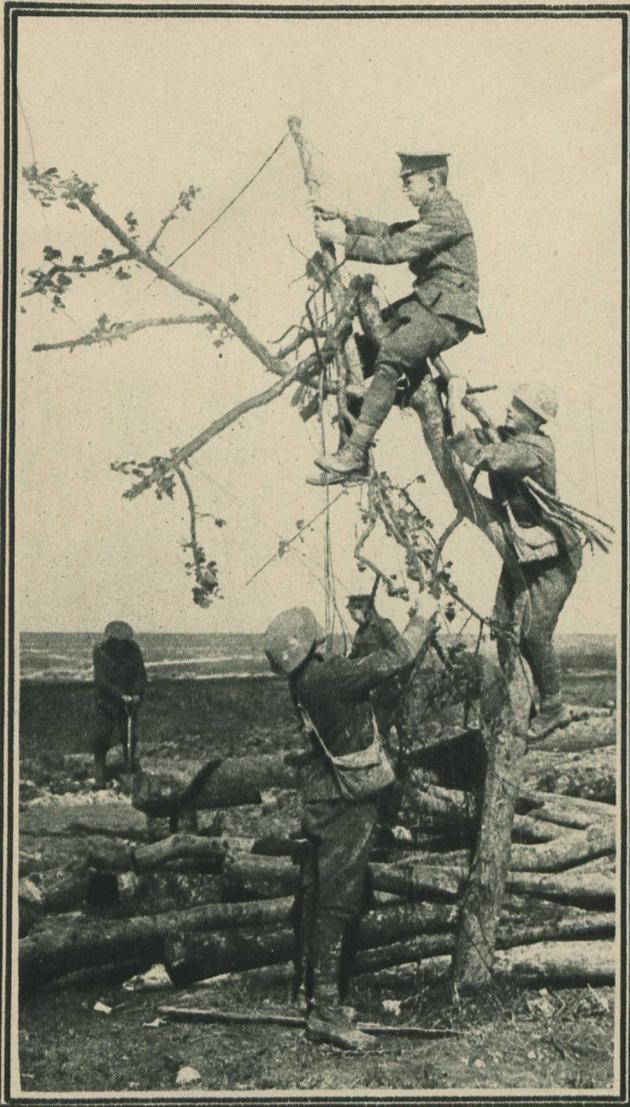
TWO GERMAN PRISONERS ARGUE OVER A LOAN



THEIR WASHING DAY—COLOURED SOLDIERS
IN THE C.E.F.



"FRITZ," A DOG, FOUND LYING UPON THE
BODY OF A GERMAN OFFICER



AN EMERGENCY TELEPHONE POST



CHEERFUL, THOUGH WOUNDED



NEW HEAVY GUNS MOVING UP INTO POSITION



A LONG LINE OF GERMAN PRISONERS TAKEN BY THE CANADIANS ON THE SOMME



ONE OF THE ROADS TO BAPAUME

CANADA'S PRESENT BATTLEFIELD

IT is impossible for those who are not actively participating in the great battle on the Somme, and who must still entertain a conception of warfare based on former wars, to understand the extraordinary revolution which has gradually taken place in our methods of attack.

The Somme offensive is being conducted upon new principles, drawn from the study and experience of the last two years. It is, at the same time, the most colossal and the most meticulous form of warfare which has ever been evolved. Its novelty, its character of change and invention, its bold departure from military precedents, is well exemplified by the famous "Tanks." Its gigantic scale is illustrated by the casualty returns, which represent, however, but a small fraction of the troops employed. Its definite detail may be seen from a study of the trench maps, where the lacing and interlacing of innumerable lines form a most intricate pattern and show the slow, laborious nature of the advance.

Objectives of attack must be defined with the exactitude of a city plot. They must be approached by the construction of parallel "jumping-off" trenches and communication trenches so as to reduce as much as possible the period of infantry exposure and also control the direction of the assault.

Aeroplane photographs must be obtained of the area objective to show the precise location of the enemy's lines and the results of the artillery preparation. These photographs are clear and searching, and some taken during the assault will even show the advancing figures of the infantry. Every detail, every secret of the German defence, is laid bare. Soon after the aeroplane observer, sweeping low over the enemy's lines, has taken the photograph, the prints have been distributed to all the staff concerned. In this respect the British and French domination is almost absolute. Here, all day long, we watch our planes circling above our heads; close by, they come and go with speed and a great noise of engine; far off they seem to hang suspended in the sky. Occasionally a flight of five or more planes, intent

upon some special mission, go over, high up, and disappear into the distant mist. So rarely do the German machines appear that some men have been at the front daily for a month and have not seen a single one.

The Canadian Corps is only a unit in the great design. Its movements depend not upon its own volition, but upon the intricate web of the greater scheme of battle. Let any essential portion be checked in its allotted task and a rearrangement of the whole fabric must be made. Yet the ultimate aim is never lost sight of. The mesh may be re-woven again and again, but the same grim intention remains. There is an inexorable purpose apparent in all this complication of movement. To the casual eye there may, perhaps, seem confusion in the forward areas, where so many units come and go; where khaki figures, lumbering lorries, cars and carts move along the road; where bare rolling plains and valleys are alive with the ceaseless restlessness of a multitude; and where, from innumerable unexpected emplacements there is a constant flash and din of artillery fire. Yet, in reality, everything is the most ordered perfection. To the smallest degree every movement is ordained and co-ordinated. Behind it all lies the directing control of the military organisation, and behind that again the will of a great people.

In this mighty organism the Canadian Army is playing its part. It has taken and given its share of blows. This battle of the Somme has nowhere a counterpart for the slow, small grinding of the military machine. Never has human agency controlled such engines of destruction, nor has war ever so profoundly impressed itself upon the face of nature. No plague could be more ruthless—no natural blight more devastating.

This is a region of contrast even for the heavy-footed infantry who must march from one place to another. One day they may billet in a snug French village, with its shady trees and its gardens bright with roses. The next they will plod along the straight, white roads, marked by the regular rows of poplars. On either side,

(Continued on page 20)



TESTING A CAPTURED GERMAN MACHINE-GUN



DRESSING THE WOUNDS OF GERMAN PRISONERS



TWO GAS SHELLS EXPLODING NEAR THE CANADIAN LINES

CANADA'S PRESENT BATTLEFIELD

(Continued)

stretching as far as the eye may follow, are the undulating plains, all as carefully cultivated as the best-kept kitchen-garden at home. Fields are only distinguished by the difference of the crop or the direction of the furrows. There are no fences. There are no waste places, no ragged groves, no idle clumps of trees, no half-cleared land. Every inch of earth does its patient labour.

Very deep and very sincere is the admiration of the Canadian soldier, not only for the skill and courage of the French Army, but for the brave, silent industry of the women, the old men and the children of the French farms.

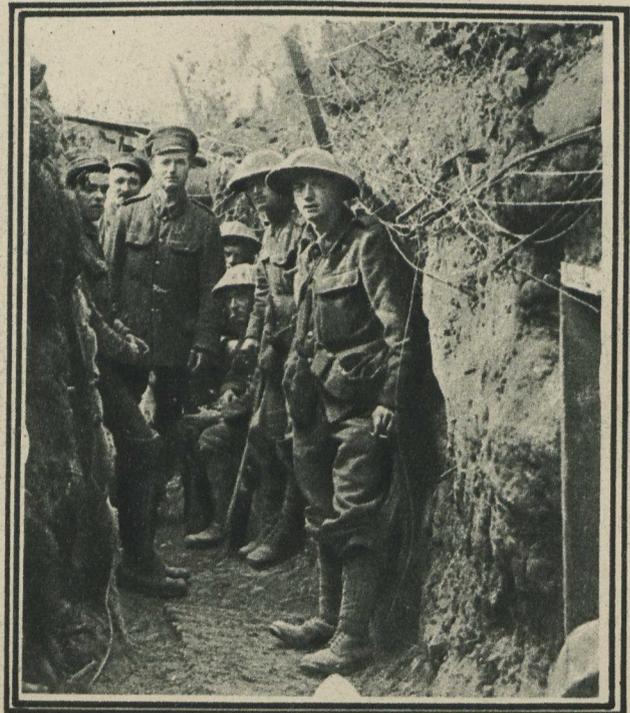
The transition from this scene of beauty, peace and ancient prosperity is infinitely distressing. Fields are given over to the trampling rows of tethered horses and are disfigured by a variety of encampments, from ordered white tents to huts of rusted biscuit-tins and low discoloured "bivvies." There is a certain inevitable litter of material, salvage heaps and smoking incinerators. There is an obsession of a loitering military. The houses are all occupied by uniforms—more or less cleanly. A few civilians are engaged in selling eggs, candies, embroidered picture-cards and other odds and ends. The roads block and jam with a ceaseless procession of army vehicles or marching units. Either the dust rises in choking clouds or the mud spreads and splatters everywhere.

This area of active occupation gradually thins and abuts on a region of more sinister appearance. Here trees have broken bodies and the houses seem in pain, for their roofs are rent, their windows gone, their walls scarred and pierced. Grass-grown trenches appear ringed with depths of rusted barbed wire entanglements, and shell holes, fresh or old, become more and more frequent.

But the full view of the land of war is not dulled in effect by its gradual coming. Over beyond the bleak

grassy slopes east of Albert, with their chalky scars cut by the long lines of trenches, the view suddenly sweeps into the valley before La Boisselle. There were the original German and British lines on July 1. This was

(Continued on page 22)



IN A FRONT COMMUNICATION TRENCH



CANADIAN INFANTRY ON THEIR WAY TO CONSOLIDATE A POSITION TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY



CANADIANS MAKING A NEW ROAD OVER CAPTURED GROUND



SENTRY DUTY IN A FRONT-LINE TRENCH



A GERMAN STEEL HELMET



SPEAKING TO A CAPTURED HUN



COMRADES MAKING A SIMPLE CROSS FOR A CHUM'S GRAVE

CANADA'S PRESENT BATTLEFIELD *(Continued)*

the outer wall, the stoutly resisting shell of the deep defence through which the indomitable English had fought their way and so permitted those who followed—other English, Australians, South Africans, and Canadians—to come and deal their blows.

Of La Boisselle there is more upon a map than on the ground. A few shattered trunks, here and there a splintered beam, perhaps a corner-stone or two, some cellars roofed with wreckage; otherwise only the upheaval of a tortured earth—mine-craters, heaps of rotting, white sandbags, half-choked trenches, a dreary litter of old wire, cans and human rubbish.

On the left is the twin city of desolation, Ovillers, and between the two the white road runs beyond and mounts to the level of Pozières. All the way is a vista of utter ruin and desolation. This is a desert land, but the silence of the desert is not here. Night and day the silence is shattered by the never-ceasing fire of our own guns or by the crashing explosion of the enemy's shells.

Pozières has shared the fate of La Boisselle. No hand could trace the outlines of a single house or garden-plot. There are no bricks or beams which could be used in restoration. As a village Pozières has disappeared.

Just beyond Pozières, and still below the summit, runs the line of trenches first occupied by the Canadians. These are in the midst of the ground which has most suffered. Here is the acme of destruction. No grain of surface soil remains undisturbed. There is no room for a fresh shell hole.

Nowhere is the power of modern artillery or the thoroughness of "preparation" better exemplified. We have literally blasted our way forward. Ruin appears not only in the devastated earth and the crushed houses, but also in the sadder waste of human life. This is all ground sacred to the memory of our dead. Also in the scarcely defined trenches of the enemy the German corpses lie thickly.

Already the scenes of our earlier attacks are losing the clearness of their detail. The memory of this ground is short. The immediate interest of the front line is all-absorbing.

THE END



"THE TRENCH SHOP"—A Y.M.C.A. STORE IN THE FIRING ZONE



CANADIAN HEROES BURIED WHERE THEY FELL ON THE BARBED WIRE



TRANSPORTING CANADIAN WOUNDED BY LIGHT RAILWAY TO THE FIRST DRESSING STATION



THOUGH BADLY WOUNDED, TOMMY ENJOYS A CIGARETTE



OPERATED UPON WITHIN AN HOUR OF BEING WOUNDED



RECEPTION TENT OF A CANADIAN CLEARING HOSPITAL AT THE FRONT



"ALL SMILES"—A WOUNDED CANADIAN OFFICER LEAVING FOR ENGLAND



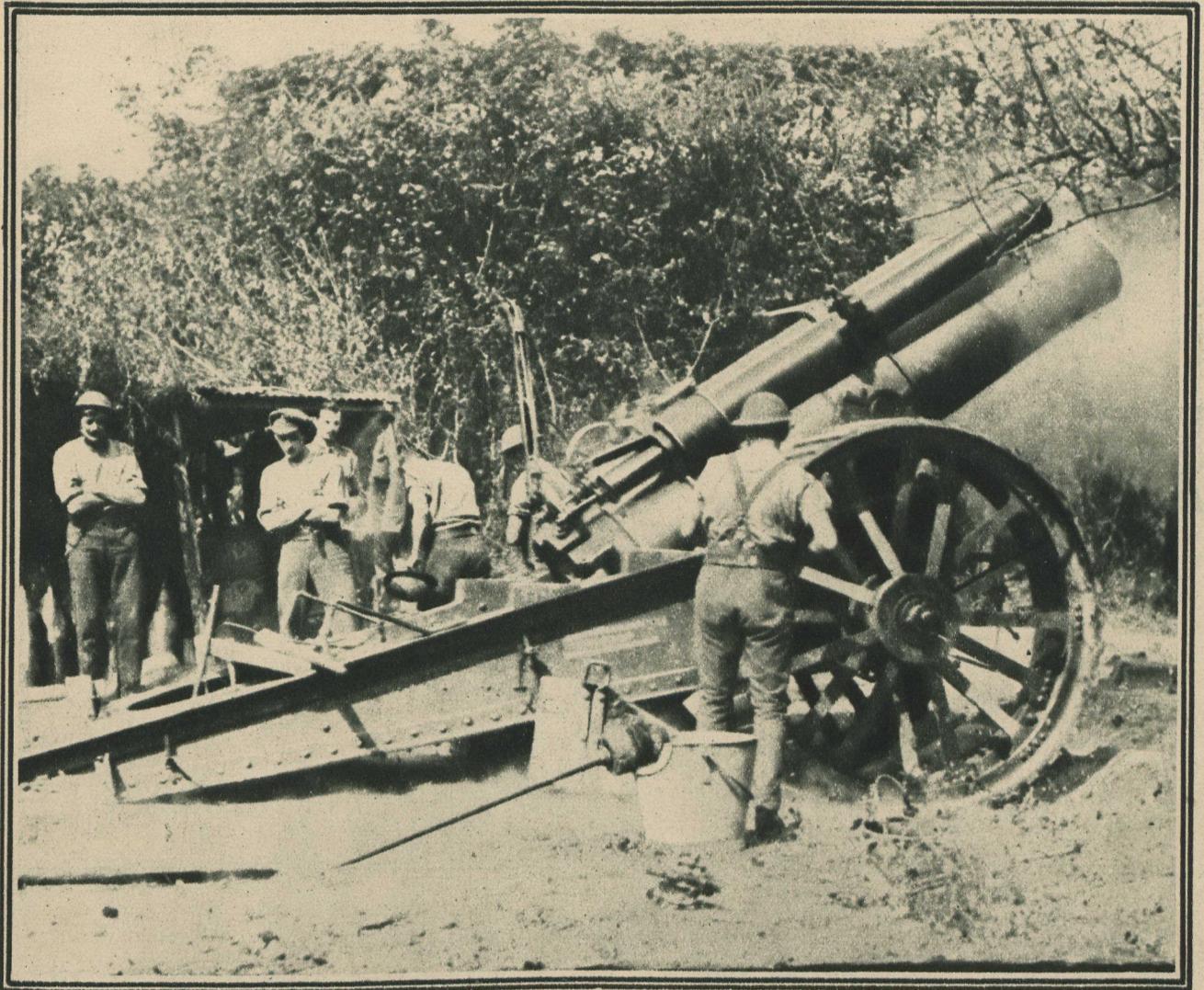
TRAIN LEAVING CANADIAN CLEARING STATION EN ROUTE FOR "BLIGHTY"



LOADING A HEAVY HOWITZER



RAMMING HOME A HUGE SHELL



HEAVY HOWITZER IN ACTION.

THE WORK OF OUR ARTILLERY

THE recent gigantic increase in the weight and activity of our guns has not disproved the axiom that no position can be conclusively wrested from an enemy, and no victory can be final, until mounted or dismounted troops have made their charge and overcome the last flickers of opposition with sabres or bayonets. On the other hand, such advances as our infantry have made on the Somme front would not have been possible, even could not have been attempted, but for the work of our artillery. Not only that, but we had to obtain the mastery of the enemy in guns and shells, and maintain that mastery, before the full benefit was derived from the heroic activities of the men who work with rifle and bayonet, grenade and machine-gun, in the very front of the battle.

Inadequate or unintelligent artillery support in an attack on entrenched or fortified positions spells the very worst form of military waste—the waste of trained and courageous manhood. Our guns and gunners in the field and our ammunition-makers at home not only save our men, but greatly increase their fighting value.

The guns, great and small, go into action, battering the hostile parapets and strong-points on the section of front about to be assaulted by our infantry. This bombardment is maintained at a pitch of fury that defies description until the enemy's wire entanglements are torn, uprooted, or buried and his trenches are shattered

beyond recognition. Then, as the infantry move out to the attack, the guns place one barrage in rear of the doomed position to hold back enemy reinforcements and another in front of our own advancing troops to advance with them across the open. Thus the artillery not only prepares the way and crushes the objective of the infantry, but it escorts the men who must add the human touch to the operation to the very threshold of their goal. And this is not all. As soon as the advance ceases and the task of digging-in commences, the wise guns fringe the new-gained positions with a protective, explosive curtain of fire.

The eyes of the guns are in the air. When telegraph and telephone wires are broken, still the observers in balloons and the scouting aeroplanes keep the guns informed of the needs of the busy fighters in front.

At some points the British and German fire-trenches are so close together that observation balloons must be used constantly to control the fire of our "heavies," so as to avoid their registering on our own instead of on the hostile trenches. It need hardly be stated that observation under such circumstances is not a bullet-proof job.

The increased weight and range of artillery has increased the depth of "the front" in our own as well as in enemy territory; and all who work at the game of war further than G.H.Q. take their chances of sudden annihilation.



SHELLS FOR OUR LARGEST SIZE GUNS



A HAPPY SCENE AT A CANADIAN AMMUNITION DUMP



VOTING IN THE FIELD FOR THE BRITISH COLUMBIA ELECTIONS



AFTER THE BATTLE—PICKING UP KIT FROM THE FIELD OF ACTION



HELPING A MOTOR MACHINE-GUN MAN OUT OF A DIFFICULTY



A CANADIAN MAIL ARRIVING BEHIND THE FIRING LINE



OUR ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNNERS SPOT A HUN PLANE



DEBRIS OF A FOKKER PLANE BROUGHT DOWN IN THE CANADIAN LINES



OFFICERS & MEN

of the

Canadian Expeditionary Force

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