

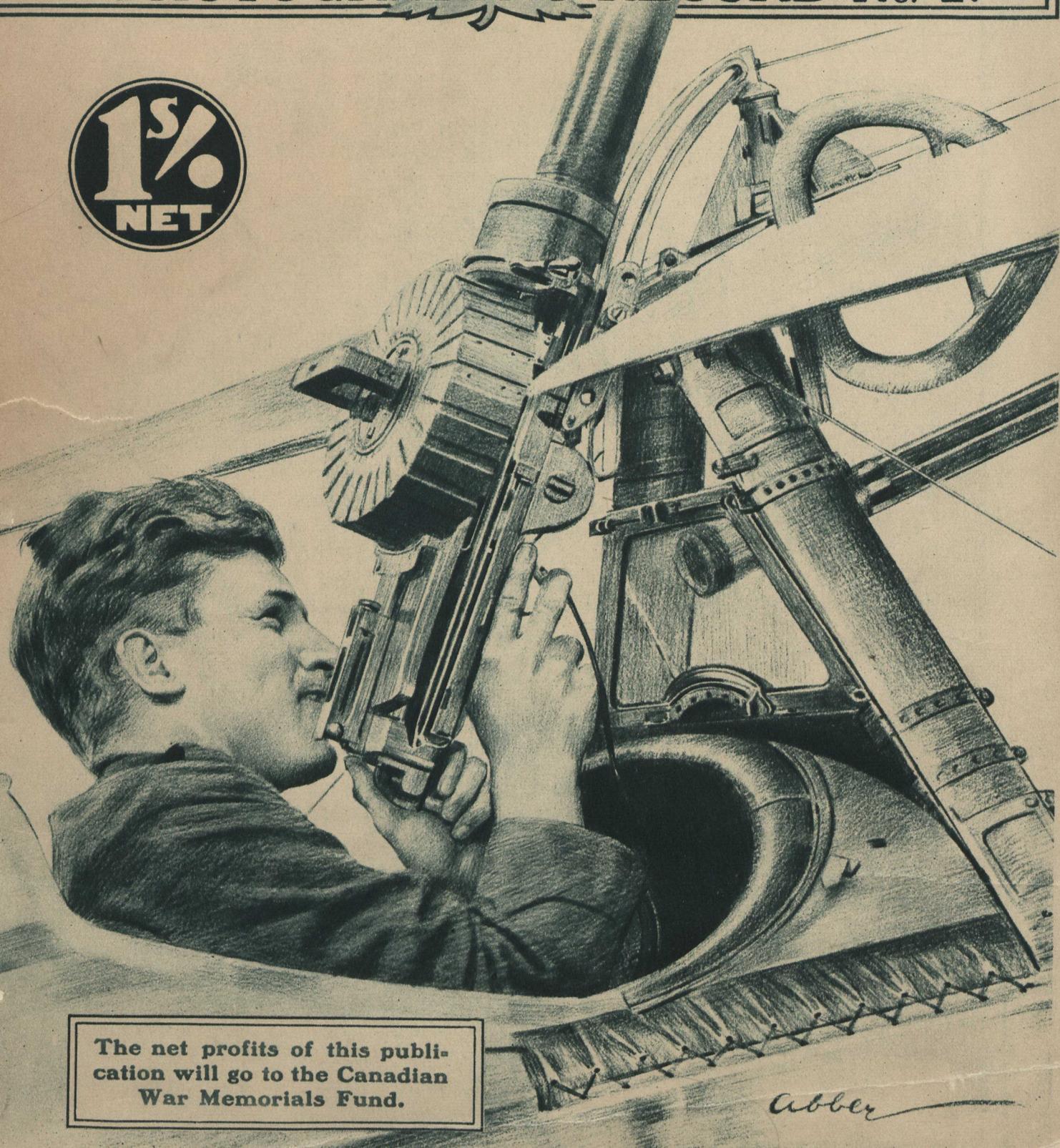
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4/16/13

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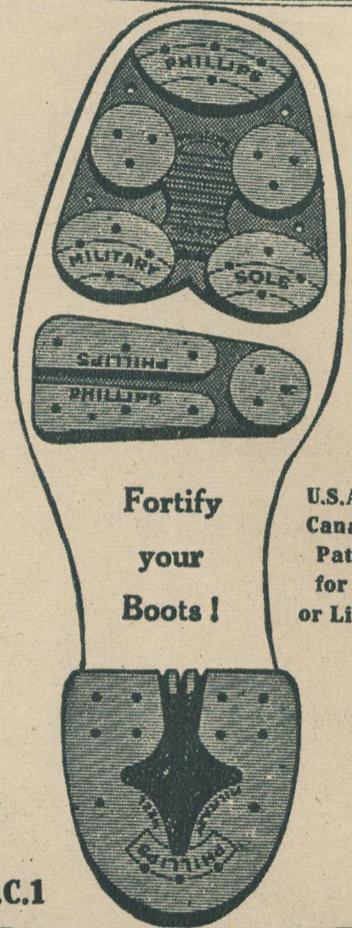
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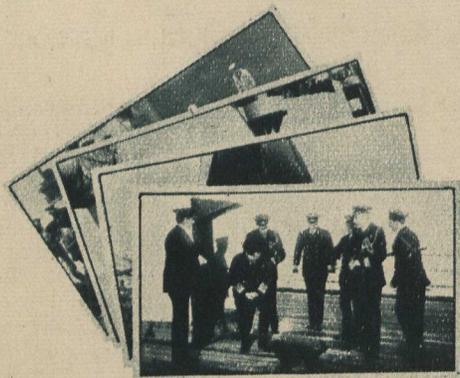


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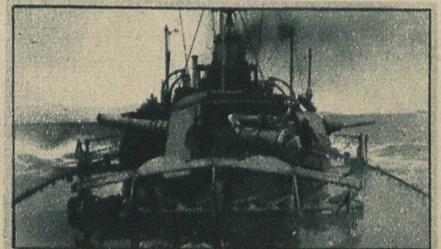
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THE CANADIAN WAR PICTORIAL



Among the Canadian Cavalry first through the "flood-gates" was the Fort Garry Horse, which charged a battery of four 3-inch guns. Inset is Lieut. H. Strachan, V.C., who led this wonderful squadron.

CANADIAN CAVALRY CHARGE GUNS ON CAMBRAI FRONT

MR. W. A. WILLISON, THE CANADIAN WAR CORRESPONDENT, DESCRIBES THE WONDERFUL EXPLOIT

CANADA was splendidly represented in the great British advance of November 20th, which broke the Hindenburg Line and drove the enemy back on Cambrai. For the first time since the German retreat from Bapaume last spring the Canadian cavalry went really into action with their horses. Operating from the right centre opposite the village of Masnières, the cavalry behind the line waited at dawn for the signal which would send them forward after the Tanks and infantry had opened the way.

It was 3.30 P.M. when they penetrated the enemy's country, through wire cut by British troops who were south of the town, and galloped on "into the blue." What follows equals anything in the cavalry history of the Empire. A single squadron of the Fort Garry Horse found itself all alone. Racing forward, with the enemy to the right and left of them, the Fort Garrys galloped in section over the crest of the hill, which was concealing enemy guns. Charging down the slope they found themselves facing a hostile battery of four 3-in. light German field guns. Charging straight for the battery, sabring everything as they went, officers and men raced to the guns. In line of troop column they advanced, coming so quickly that the enemy had no time to man two of the guns. One other was out of action. The Germans attempted to blow up one of the guns as our men came on. With the sword the cavalry

wiped out that battery. The majority of the enemy gunners attempted to fly—the others lay flat on the ground, save for a few very brave men, who stood to attention beside their cannon.

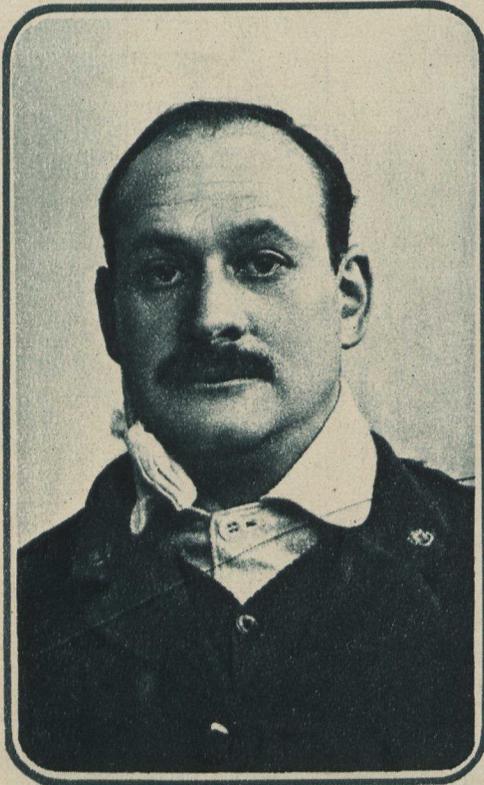
On swept the squadron. The retreating enemy infantry were engaged. Unchecked, our horses went on until dusk, and found themselves two miles inside enemy territory, commanded by a lieutenant. The defensive position was essential. With sword the horsemen fought their way through to a sunken road, where they dismounted. Two messengers were sent back to report their position. They had horses killed under them, but struggled back to our own lines. The squadron found themselves isolated as darkness was falling.

Stampeding horses to divert enemy machine-gun fire, what was left of the squadron prepared to return. As they had charged forward sabring everything in the way, so now they fought their way back on foot with short Lee-Enfields. The retirement started about five. It was a succession of hand-to-hand struggles. Four times the little party met enemy working parties with bayonets and dispersed them. For two hours the weary men slept in shell-holes, surrounded by the enemy. Then up and on again—and when midnight had passed they found themselves in Masnières, and again fought their way through the enemy infantry in the town to a wrecked bridge crossing, and waded waist deep in water to safety.

AFTER THE CHARGE—THE BALLOT BOOTH



A group of men of the Fort Garry Horse who went through the famous charge on the Cambrai Front. The story of this wonderful feat is graphically told by Mr. Willison, the Canadian Correspondent at the Front.



A Lieutenant who was wounded in the charge. Narrowly escaping death, his knowledge of German got him back through the Boche lines.



No sooner had the men of the Fort Garry Horse returned from their charge than they went to the poll to vote for reinforcements.



There were only forty-three men in this wonderful charge, and these are the survivors who fought their way back.

CANADIANS AS AVIATORS IN THE R.F.C. QUALITIES WHICH MAKE CANADIANS IDEAL PILOTS AND OBSERVERS

By C. G. GREY, Editor of the *Aeroplane*.

ONE of the most interesting things about Canada's contribution to the armed forces of the British Empire is the number of Canadians in the Flying Services.

The Canadian, as a rule, makes a particularly good pilot. He is generally, besides being a daring and skilful aviator, a thoroughly good airman, which is quite a different thing, for airmanship in its proper sense implies a knowledge of the air and its ways; and a man may be a very good flyer without being anything of an airman, just as a man may be a good navigator or a good sailor, without having any skill in pure seamanship.

Therefore, let us consider the qualities necessary in a first-class aviator who is also an airman. In the first place, he must be brave. That goes without saying. But, then, any soldier worth his salt must be brave, especially if he has volunteered for active service, as all Canadian troops on this side of the water have done. The aviator, however, must be self-reliant as well as brave, for he goes into action practically alone; and even if he is a member of a strong air patrol, his safety depends on his own personal initiative to a far greater degree than if he were fighting on the ground.

Besides self-reliance and bravery the Service aviator must have nerve, which is rather different from pure bravery; he must have good hands, good eyes, good judgment of pace and distance; and he must have sound common sense, otherwise he will probably kill himself long before he ever gets into the fighting part of the game. The fact that there are so many Canadians in the Flying Services, and that they have done so well, proves that a high percentage of Canadians possess those qualities. Let us consider why.

There are two distinct kinds of Canadians in the fighting forces to-day. There is the born and bred Canadian, and there is the Canadian by adoption, who was born in the British Isles and went to Canada anything between a year and twenty years before the war. If one wanted to go into further details, one might also distinguish between the French-Canadian, who is naturally comparatively rare in the Flying Services, and the British-Canadian, but one may for the sake of argument include them both as Canadians born and bred.

There are also many American citizens who joined the British Services early in the war, before America was ready to chip in. Of these American-Canadian-British soldiers and aviators the least one can say is that they are worthy of the uniforms they wear. Several

of my best friends among British aviators are really Americans. For purposes of this discourse they may be classed as Canadians, for the same reasoning applies to them as to the born Canadian.

The key to the whole question is very simply this: If a man leaves his native land with the intention of bettering himself, he must necessarily be self-reliant and possess the spirit of adventure. The British-born Canadians who left England or Ireland or Scotland within the last ten years, and who are still young enough to fly, proved their belief in their own ability by doing so. And that proves that they possess one of the most important qualities of an aviator.

Those who came over as children are the progeny of parents who showed similar self-reliance, and have probably inherited their parents' qualities.

And those who are Canadian-born, especially those who are descended from the earlier settlers in Canada, are of the direct blood of the pioneers, who have made the British Empire what it is. They, even more than the others, should have inherited the spirit of self-reliance and the love of adventure—two qualities which go far to make up the composition of the ideal aviator.

Now, as to the other qualities of an aviator—hands and eyes especially—it is important to note that Canada has not really a large town-bred population, and even those who have been more or less bred in towns have not been brought up in the murk and gloom of British manufacturing cities. The clear air, the clean winters and brilliant summers of Canada, have produced a healthier race with better eyes than our own town-bred people. Those who went to Canada young have profited by the climate. Those born of Canadian parents have started with a better constitution.

Those born or brought up in the country have had still better chances of acquiring the qualities of an aviator. I have never yet come across a good horseman who could not fly well. Even a middle-aged man who is a horseman almost always makes a good aeroplane pilot. So, naturally, the young country-bred Canadian who has ridden horses ever since he was a child, takes to flying as a duck takes to water. The wildest aeroplane is a docile beast compared with a half-broken colt. I have in mind a Canadian friend, well over thirty-five years of age, who came over with the first batch of Canadian Cavalry, joined the Royal Flying Corps, and flew excellently. He was eventually killed in an air fight, but not from any lack of skill as an aviator.

It is also a fact that the man who can sail a boat well



Canadian soldiers can endure every species of hardship and the worst frightfulness invented by the Hun. The only thing which ever scares him is the prospect of toothache. Here a Canadian Army dentist is seen standing outside a dental clinic at the Front reading the following message, which was dropped by an airman near his surgery:—

"DEAR CAPTAIN,

"So very sorry not to be able to get away on Wednesday, but had a fight. May come this afternoon on spec at 3.30.

"———, 2nd Lieut., R.F.C."

This is probably the first time such an appointment has been made by aeroplane.

CANADIANS AS AVIATORS IN THE R.F.C.—*contd.*

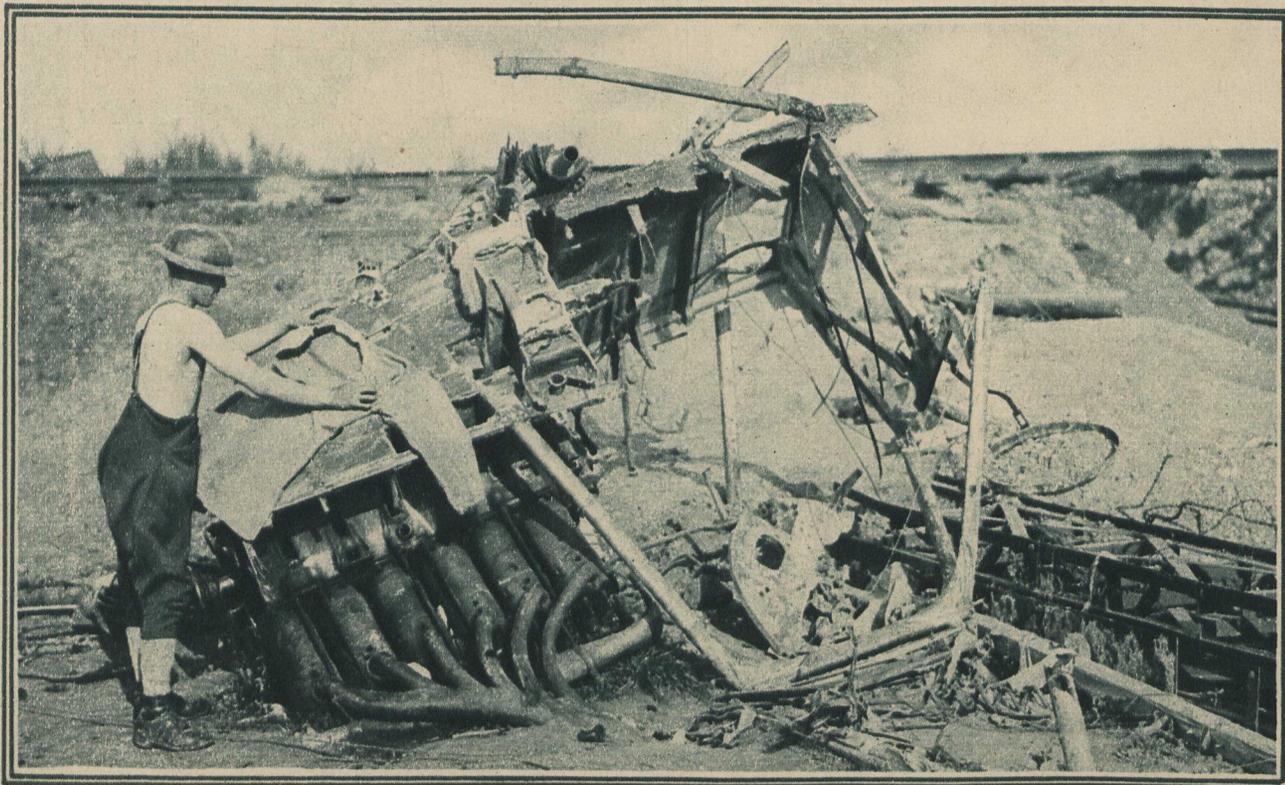
almost invariably flies well, and, moreover, makes a good airman—which is not always the case with the horseman, who naturally is not weatherwise as is a good seaman. The man who can handle a small sailing-boat in squally weather must have hands and eyes as good as those of a horseman, and he must know, in addition, just what the wind is doing all the time. Which is why he makes an airman. The young Canadian who has sailed on the Lakes, or round the coasts of British Columbia or Newfoundland—I suppose we may include them both as part of Canada in this instance—has little to learn about the tricks which may be played upon him by wind and weather.

The Canadian of the open prairies of the West, who can find his way across trackless country by sun and stars and almost unnoticeable landmarks, is half-way to being a cross-country flyer already. The Canadian of the forest country, a good shot, and trained to see every movement all around him at once, has

right of all Canadians, whether born or by adoption, is occasionally liable to lead them into trouble. I well remember a young Canadian, a particularly dear friend of mine, in the Royal Naval Air Service, who afterwards became one of the finest pilots and best disciplinarians in the Service, bumping into it badly in his early days. He was stationed at an important seaport, where the showing of a light at night was enough to have one shot at dawn next day.

One night he dared to light a candle in his bedroom, so that he might see to draw down his blinds. He was promptly arrested, brought before the magistrate next day, and fined for breaking regulations. On hearing his sentence, he remarked, in his breezy, independent way, to the magistrate: "Say, Judge, I'd just like to have the guy who made those regulations of yours up in my aeroplane, so I could loop the loop with him, and drop him right into the harbour!"

Even he was a trifle taken aback when he was



An ingenious Canadian uses the bones of a wrecked Boche plane as a drying horse for his only shirt.

already the most important qualities of an air-fighter. And if he is skilled in handling the light Canadian canoe on swift river waters, he is particularly fitted to handle the fast, quick-manœuvring fighting aeroplanes of to-day.

Another rather interesting fact is that the skilful aviator always seems to be skilful with the toboggan. Many a time aviators who have never been on a toboggan run have put up wonderful performances against crack performers on the famous runs in Switzerland, so one may fairly assume that the inversion of the theory holds good and that the skilled performer on a toboggan run will prove a good flyer. Likewise he who is a clever hand with an ice-yacht, which is only sailing at immensely increased speed, should prove a clever airman. And the really expert skater has the sense of balance and quickness of brain necessary to the aviator.

Taking it all round, therefore, it is not surprising that the Canadian, whether born in the country or merely brought up there, should turn out, on the average, a first-rate aviator.

Be it said, that very self-reliance which is the birth-

gravely informed that the despised regulations had been issued by the Admiral Commanding the Port—who was the *locum tenens* for the Almighty in those parts, and his very own particular commanding officer. Later, as I have said, he became a first-class officer; and when he died fighting gallantly in the Balkans, none mourned more deeply for him than did the senior officers of the Royal Navy under whom he was serving.

The Flying Services, both Naval and Military, are full of Canadians like him. Absolutely without discipline at the start, but splendid under discipline, or later as administrators of discipline, when they understand that discipline is as necessary to the war-machine as is the correct behaviour of a gear-wheel in a motor-car. Brave to the point of recklessness. Generous to a fault. Ready to sacrifice themselves at any time to save their comrades. Dying gallantly, like the gentlemen they are. Wearing their many hard-won decorations modestly. They are the logical outcome of the independent, self-reliant British ancestry from which they are descended. And Canada may justly be proud of them. |

C. G. GREY.

CANADIANS AS AVIATORS IN THE R.F.C.—*contd.*



Two interesting studies of Canada's greatest airman, Major A. W. Bishop, V.C., D.S.O. (with bar), M.C., who, though only twenty-two years of age, has brought down upwards of forty enemy machines.



Photographs taken by aviators are of the utmost value in modern war. This remarkable picture, taken by the Canadian Official Photographer from a Kite Balloon, shows the outskirts of Arras. The trenches are clearly discernible, and a long trail of wagons may be seen proceeding down one of the main roads.

CANADA'S HIGH COMMISSIONER AT THE FRONT

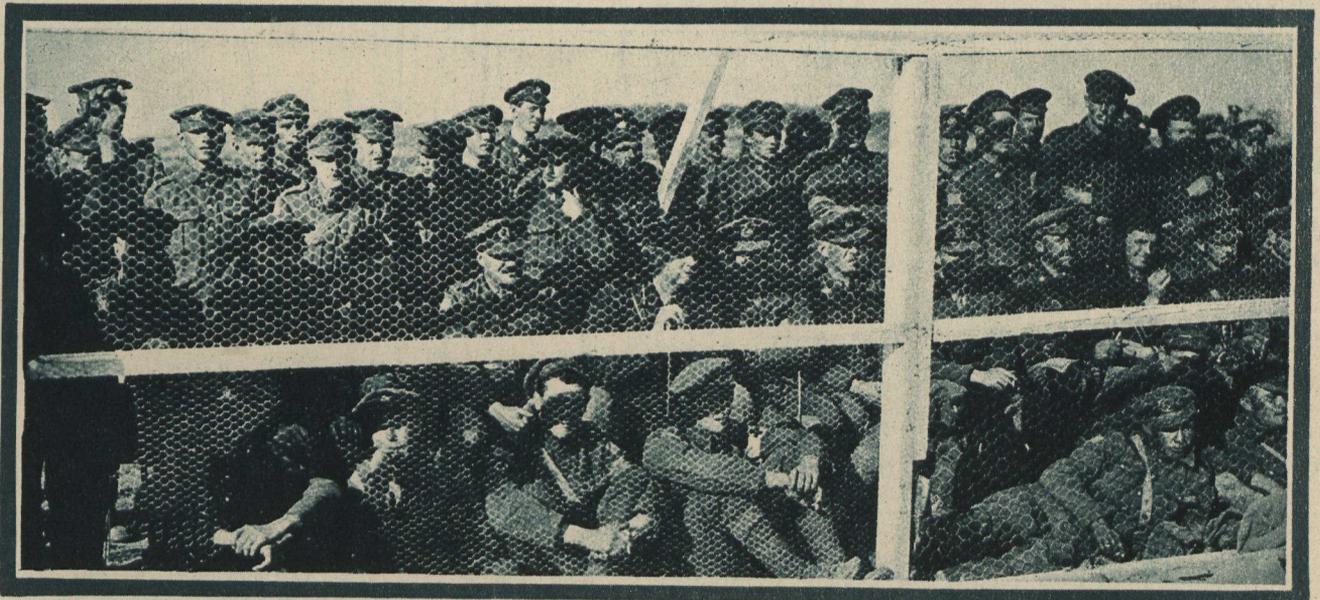


Sir George Perley, Canada's High Commissioner, standing on a trench mat on Vimy Ridge, is deeply impressed by the spectacle of Lens and the promised land beyond. When Overseas Minister of Militia, Sir George Perley took the greatest interest in the welfare of the Canadian Corps, and kept himself posted in all matters by first-hand information.

THE POPULAR COMMANDER OF THE CANADIAN CORPS



Lieut.-General Sir A. W. Currie, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., who has been described as "a big man with a big job," is the first Canadian General to command the Canadian Corps. He is devoted to the interests of his men, and they are devoted to him. General Currie has proved that military triumphs can be won by a civilian soldier.



The Canadian Corps Commander does not regard his men simply as machines; he takes the greatest interest in all the details of their life in the field. Here the Corps Commander is seen watching a baseball match behind the lines. The Canadian troops never mind shells, but a netting is necessary to save them from injury from stray balls during a game.

HOW THE CANADIANS TOOK HILL 70

STORY OF THE HEADLONG AND LIGHTNING VICTORY WHICH GAVE THE BRITISH THE KEY TO LENS.

THE storming of Hill 70 by the Canadians cannot, of course, compare in splendour with the Second Battle of Ypres, nor in length of engagement with the taking of Vimy Ridge. None the less, while it may have been one of the shortest battles of the war, it stands out, without question, as one of the sharpest and fiercest. It is the most headlong victory which the Canadians have yet won, and is altogether typical of that hurricane fighting which they so dearly love. In less than two hours troops from all parts of the Dominion wrenched from German grasp the "key" to Lens, to the fringe of which British and Canadian troops had clung with sullen tenacity since the "half-way house" victory at Loos two years before.

That bitter battle had gathered into our lines Loos itself and Loos crassier, a man-made mountain of slacks from neighbouring mines. British regiments with an undying past and a glorious present had faced the long, slimy slope of Hill 70, only to be pounded to fragments by the lava of lead which the enemy poured down upon them. Yet the fragments of broken regiments clung to a point well within 500 yards of the summit till reinforcements arrived to dig in and effect a consolidation which, thereafter, the enemy never broke.

For two years there was practically no change of front until the battle of Vimy forced the Germans to fall back a thousand yards or so on the southern end to link up with their new line south of Lens. It was, therefore, from half-way up the long contested slope of Hill 70 that the Canadians bounded to their lightning victory on August 15th last. Lightning victory it may have been, but the forging of the thunderbolt which the Canadians launched that day was a long and painful preparation.

The enemy knew full well the value of the dominating ground they still held, and during the past two years had laboured unceasingly on gun emplacements and concrete cement works of the most formidable kind. To reduce this fortress—for it was nothing else—the Canadian guns worked for three weeks till the gunners nearly dropped from sheer fatigue. For Hill 70 was not the only steel-shelled nut to be cracked. The advance had been planned on a front of over 4,000 yards between Hulloch and the outskirts of Loos to the south of Lens. Thus the line of attack was to be drawn like a bow, the arrow point of the Canadian assault—to the depth of 1,500 yards—to be full between St. Laurent, a suburb of Lens, and Hill 70 itself.

Here were many secret nests of machine guns, hidden in the thorn thickets of barbed wire which had recently been planted all about and around and between rows of broken houses. Four wide belts of wire confronted Loos. In spite, therefore, of all that our guns could do, it was obvious that the men would have hard going. In addition, ceaseless rain for a fortnight had churned the chalky ground into a slippery yet holding paste. Further, our guns had by no means gone unanswared.

At Loos there are two cemeteries—the old cemetery, thick with the vaults of French families, and the new cemetery, sacred to the dead of famous British units. In these cemeteries were trees which the Germans judged might give shelter to our men, and the enemy therefore rained shell upon them till the dead were blasted from their graves. It was through the broken horror of this ground that the Canadians, eager and

tingling at the chance to be on the move, passed to the assault.

At 4.25 it was as though the ground had suddenly gaped upon hell. As the infernal choir of guns opened their flaming throats, the roar was like the overwhelming unbroken roar of a raging forest fire. But even the blinding flames of the guns paled beside the lurid furnace fanned by the discharge of burning oil and liquid fire poured upon the railway embankment southward of St. Laurent. The leaping dash of the Canadians followed hard upon this blazing flood. Within six minutes all the enemy's front line trenches were in our hands. Then our barrage lifting again, the Canadians once more swept irresistibly on.

In their concrete emplacements and in their machine-gun shelters the enemy fought stoutly, but when caught in the open they had no stomach for further fight. By 6.30 our own walking wounded were trailing, full of cheer, back to the dressing stations; while hordes of German prisoners, sick of the war and cursing it, were being shepherded to our rear. Hill 70 had been won.

Yet it must not be supposed that the battle was won lightly. Wounded men fresh back from the fighting line stated that the storm of all sorts of projectiles through which they passed was the greatest in all their experience. Some of the prisoners declared that the enemy had been planning an assault to be made just before our own. Certain it is that, at the northern end, masses of Germans had actually gone over and were advancing across No Man's Land towards our front lines when our barrage shut down upon them. And on No Man's Land, in the dense morning mist which hung over all the countryside, Canadians and Germans met face to face. The onset of our men however had a greater impetus and, though they fought like wild cats, the enemy were borne back.

Men of the Winnipeg Battalion say their opponents were Prussian Guards of a division brought in since the final smashing of the 4th Prussian Guards Division a few days before. They gave way but slowly, and made a last stand on the parapet of the trench to which they fell back. For over fifteen minutes it was close quarter work with bomb and bayonet, for rifle bullets at point blank range are as likely to kill a friend as an enemy. At last the Prussians broke and bolted for the cover of the broken houses of Lens.

In a vivid dispatch dealing with this engagement Mr. Stuart Lyon, the brilliant Canadian war correspondent, records the two following incidents which fully deserve quotation here:

"A young lieutenant of an Ontario battalion, after his company had reached its objective, found that his men were suffering losses from an enemy machine gun out in No Man's Land. He took a supply of bombs and went out alone to silence it. He returned in a few minutes with the gun on his shoulder, having killed the entire gun crew."

"Another young officer, of a practical turn of mind, discovering that the enemy trench, intended to be used as our new first line, had been almost obliterated, organised working parties which cleaned out and rebuilt the trench before the enemy could bring up machine guns to sweep the field. Had the men been left shelterless the casualties must have been very heavy."

Mr. Stuart Lyon concludes as follows: "These are but two examples of daring and resource among many. Once more, without qualification, it can be said that the Canadians are fine soldiers finely led."

CANADIANS' LIGHTNING CAPTURE OF HILL 70



First aid for a wounded Canadian at a dressing station immediately behind the line at Hill 70.



Dejected German wounded.



Dishevelled, but cheerful, these Canadians gather round the "buffet" behind the front line trench.



Filling in a hole made by a shell which wrecked the ambulance wagon. The wounded in the vehicle escaped without further hurt.

CANADIANS' LIGHTNING CAPTURE OF HILL 70



No engagement which the Canadians have fought was put through with greater dash than the taking of Hill 70. General Horne addressing some of the men who took part in this lightning victory.



A picnic among the ruins of shattered German trenches on Hill 70.



Wounded but smiling, he smokes his cigarette.



A little drop of water for the bird. Watering a carrier pigeon in a captured German trench.



After the Canadians had captured Hill 70, the Germans made an abortive counter-attack. These wounded and captured Germans are waiting for the "strafe" to cease before proceeding to the Canadian rear.

A GALLERY OF CANADIAN HEROES



Lieut. F. M. W. Harvey, V.C., for bravery during an attack on a village.



General Orth, of the Belgian Army, decorates Sir A. Currie, the Corps Commander, with the Belgian Croix de Guerre.



Sergt. G. H. Mullin, V.C., who captured a commanding "pill-box" single-handed.



Major G. R. Perkes, V.C., M.C., who led his men with great bravery when wounded.



Capt. A. C. Scrimger, V.C., who brought in wounded under very heavy fire.



Corp. F. Konowal, V.C., killed at least sixteen Huns in less than two days' fighting.



Pte. T. W. Holmes, V.C., though only 19, killed and wounded the crews of two machine guns and secured the surrender of a "pill-box" single-handed.



Pte. C. J. Kinross, V.C., when quite alone, killed a machine-gun crew of six and took the gun.

INTERESTING PICTURES FROM THE CANADIAN FIGHTING LINE



An enemy shell bursts and throws up a tall column of smoke near a dismantled gun.



German prisoners carrying in a very comfortable-looking Canadian wounded, while a dog adopted by the troops trots alongside.



Cadet Robert Hanna won his V.C. for most conspicuous bravery in attack when all his company officers had become casualties.



Private Michael O'Rourke, V.C., who won the Military Medal on the Somme, and later wounded in the terrible Passchendaele push.

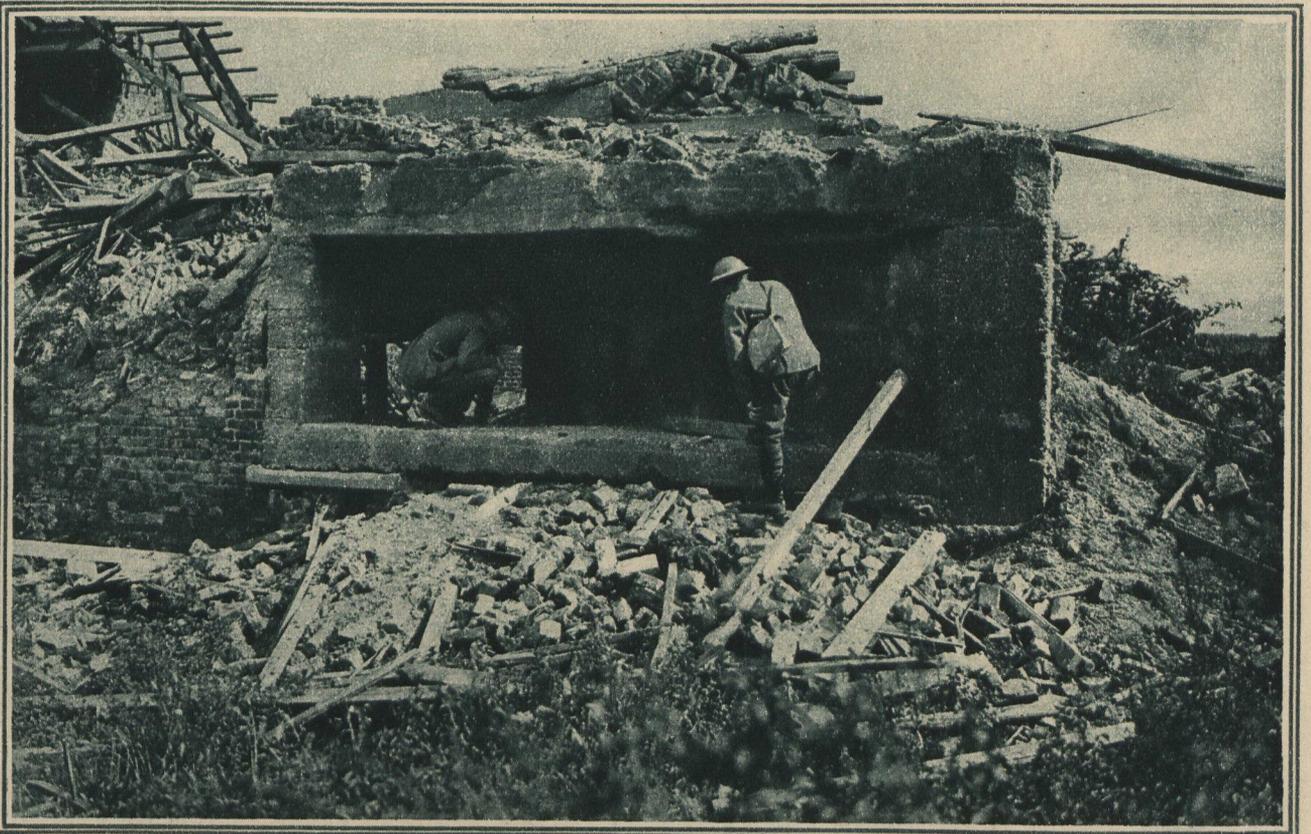


German prisoners and Canadian wounded served with hot coffee at a collecting station after Passchendaele.

THE LONG AND BITTER FIGHT FOR LENS



Lens was almost entirely ringed round with solid concrete. The enemy even built concrete houses. This one has been blasted clean off its foundations by Canadian fire.



This is a typical example of the strength of the German gun emplacements on the outskirts of Lens. Tremendous as its strength was, however, the Canadian guns pounded it to bits.

THE LONG AND BITTER FIGHT FOR LENS



Party of Canadians penetrating the suburbs of Lens abandoned by the enemy after terrible fighting.



This picture gives a vivid idea of the terrible effect of the Canadian fire on the Boche positions round Lens which were pounded to bits.

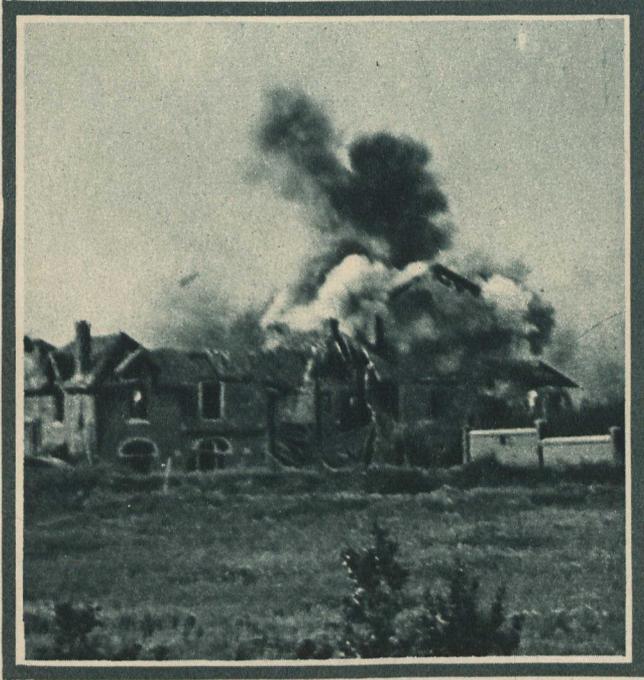


The portion of the house left standing was lined by the Boches with concrete from cellar to roof.

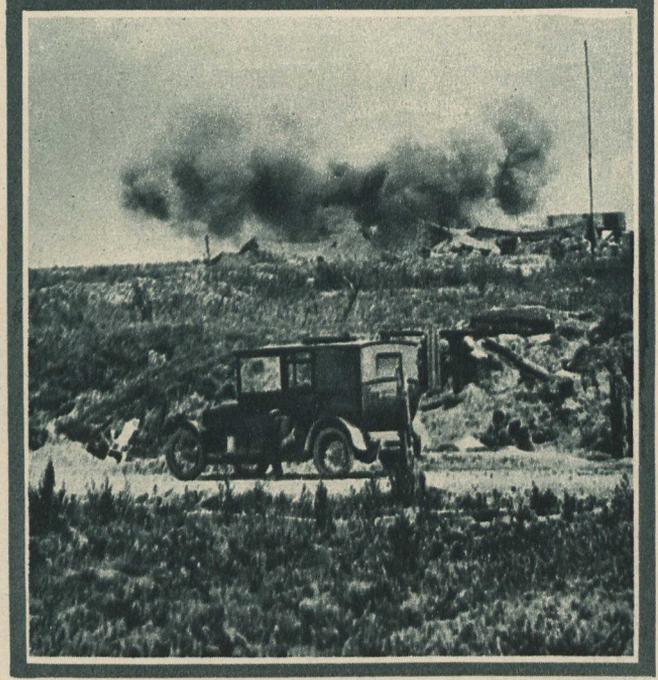


A general view of the outskirts of Lens during the Canadian bombardment which lasted for many months.

THE LONG AND BITTER FIGHT FOR LENS



Remarkable photograph showing Boche shells bursting in a house in Lens.



The Germans started to shell this road and the driver of the car had to take cover on the step.



The Cromwellian figure on the right is a captured Hun dressed in the latest mode in German body armour.



A party of Canadian soldiers passing through the torn, twisted and pounded suburbs of Lens.

YPRES AS A MONUMENT TO GERMAN KULTUR



Stately though in ruin. A beautiful picture of the battered Cloth Hall, taken by moonlight.



A Canadian officer looking at the South Entrance to the Cathedral from the interior of the Cloth Hall.

CANADIANS' GLORIOUS STRUGGLE FOR PASSCHENDAEELE



Passchendaele proper is on the summit of the hill seen through the ghosts of trees in the background. It seems incredible that men could have advanced across such a barrier of sodden, holding, clinging, and almost insuperable mud.



This mighty mudfield seems to stretch interminably across the world in an abomination of desolation.



A silhouette of suffering. The long, long trail of the wounded carried back from Passchendaele.

THE TERRIBLE BATTLE OF PASSCHENDAELE

CROWNING TRIUMPH OF A GLORIOUS CANADIAN YEAR ON THE WESTERN FRONT

By F. A. MCKENZIE

THE year 1917 was for the Canadians a year of glory. Vimy, Arleux, Fresnoy, Avion, Lens, and Hill 70 have made a splendid list of continuous triumphs. Passchendaele crowned all.

The Canadian forces were called from the South in October to help in the culminating effort in the battle for the Flanders ridges. Their objective was the commanding heights and spurs around the village of Passchendaele.

Time after time during the preceding weeks attacks had been made upon this point without success. The Canadians found on their arrival a big problem ahead.

Heine. This was swept at point after point by enfilading machine-gun fire from concrete "pill-boxes."

Here was a position where, whatever preparations were made ahead, everything must finally depend on the dash, enthusiasm, and powers of endurance of the men. Realising this, Sir Arthur Currie, after inspecting the different Divisions, spoke to the men, told them what they were up against, and what they had to do. "The positions have got to be taken," he said. "I rely upon you to take them." In some cases senior officers, recognising the desperate nature of the task, themselves resolved to lead their men in person.



A group of Canadian wounded sheltering under the lee of a battered pill-box taken from the Germans near Passchendaele.

Between our old lines immediately outside Ypres and our new front there lay five miles of devastated country, flanked and exposed to very heavy enemy shell fire. The rains—worse in the autumn of 1917 than ever known before in the history even of Flanders—had reduced this long stretch of shell-holes to a quagmire.

The first task before Sir Arthur Currie's men was to build roads to enable troops and supplies to get forward. There were only a few days available, but the work proceeded with lightning speed.

The Germans had centred on this point a very large force of artillery, superior in numbers to our own. They were very strong in aircraft, with which they systematically, day and night, raided behind our lines. Their infantry positions were not only on commanding sites, but were strengthened by a large number of enormously strong concrete emplacements, some being shelters for troops and some machine-gun emplacements.

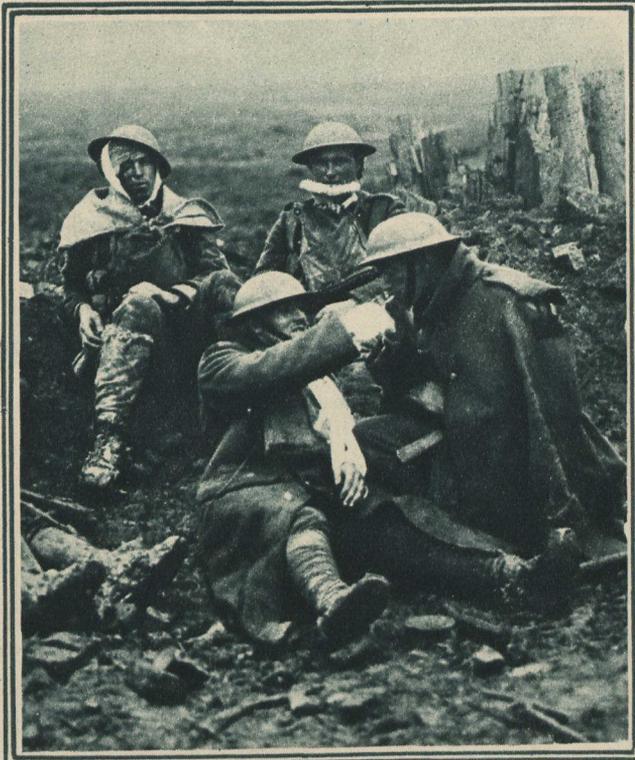
It was a full-sized man's job for the Canadians. The country between our own advanced trenches and the German front was in parts so muddy as to be almost impenetrable. A big zone of fire had to be crossed by advancing troops before they could come in touch with

The main advance was divided into three parts, each undertaken by different troops on different days. The objective of the first day was Dad trench, Bellevue Spur, and Wolf Copse. The village of Passchendaele, on the farther side of the Passchendaele Ridge, was only about a mile from our foremost lines, but it was a mile of the most difficult country, from a military point of view, that could be conceived.

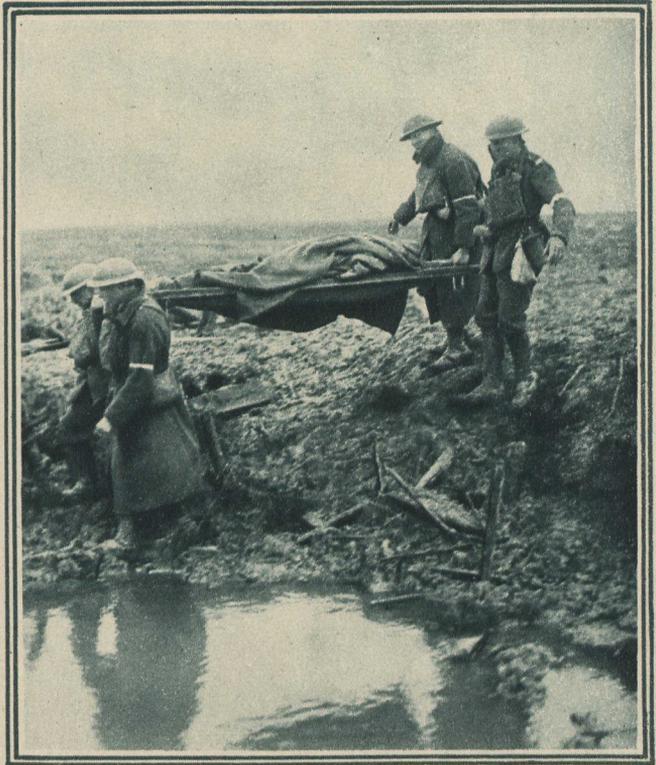
The first advance was made on the morning of Friday, October 26th, shortly before daybreak. Our troops moved forward in three main bodies, our right having for its objective the Dad trench, the centre moving right against Bellevue Spur, and the left working around Wolf Copse. The right, after struggling forward close to the trench, suffered so heavily that the main part of it was pressed back to its original position, despite most gallant efforts, in which badly wounded men fought on indifferent to their wounds. The centre, moving against Bellevue Spur, found itself met by a little group of German "pill-boxes." One of these had been knocked out by our artillery fire; the second had been slightly damaged; but the third was practically

(Continued on page 26.)

CANADIANS' GLORIOUS STRUGGLE FOR PASSCHENDAELE



No matter how battered, the wounded loves his cigarette. Matches were evidently scarce at Passchendaele.



The way to the aid station is often rough, but the stretcher bearers do their best to make the journey easy.



Wounded Canadians on their way back from Passchendaele to an aid post. The severest part of a modern battle is not the actual conflict, but the enforced retirement of men from the firing line when suffering from their wounds.

REMARKABLE INCIDENTS IN THE GLORIOUS STRUGGLE OF THE CANADIAN TROOPS FOR PASSCHENDAELE



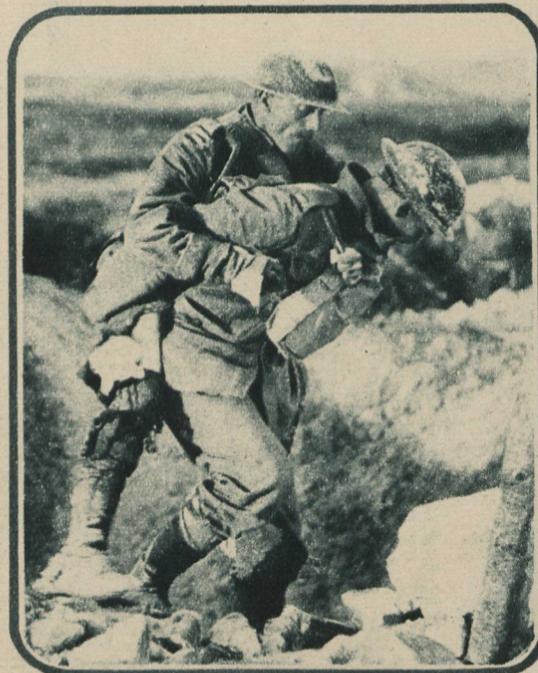
A good excuse for being taken prisoner: German Red Cross men bringing in wounded Huns.



After the advance on Passchendaele there were no such things as trenches. The men had to "consolidate" as best they could in shell holes in the appalling waste of mud. It was quite unnecessary to "dig in," they sank in. The Canadians, indeed, have never fought in conditions which were worse.



Stuck in the mud. This gun was left behind in the advance, but there were plenty of others.



A young Boche stretches out a hand towards a badly wounded Canadian.



Pillbox Island. Kings of a waterlogged castle in the swamp round Passchendaele.



Frog-marching a wounded man. The first stage of the journey of some Boche prisoners to Blighty. They were pleased enough to go.



Canadian Pioneers, carrying trench mats up to the new lines, stand aside to allow the passage of Germans bringing in their own wounded. Without these mats progress would be impossible.



This picture gives a vivid idea of the desolation of Passchendaele. A long procession of Canadians carrying trench mats across the watery waste.

THE TERRIBLE BATTLE OF PASSCHENDAELE (contd.)

undamaged until our men swept over it and captured it. The left moved through the Copse, its advance being greatly aided by the enterprise of the Stokes gunners, who succeeded in placing their trench guns in very forward points before the advance began. Our men here were long occupied, however, in a hard fight.

The day was very wet and stormy, and it was almost impossible to maintain connections or keep in touch. Our airmen showed great gallantry in swooping down very low for observation purposes. Shortly before eleven in the morning it seemed as though our attack had failed. The right of the centre had to retire lest it should be cut off. Our right had been driven back and our left was still in the midst of a hard battle.

Then it was that a young officer hurried back to his battalion headquarters with the news that he and

tions enabled them to pour their heavy machine-gun fire on us. In the whole of these operations the machine-gun fire was greater than our men had ever experienced before. At one point on the right the Germans made a stand, and our troops got in among them with the bayonet. At every point it was "dogged" that did it.

One story of the Tuesday's fighting is worth telling. The men of one battalion had pushed forward and captured an advanced German point. There were twenty of them left to hold it. The Germans crept forward, many hundreds in number, to counter-attack. The Canadians let them get close. Then every man jumped to his feet, one and all yelling like furies, and rushed on the advancing enemy. A panic took them. They believed that an enormous force must be behind our men. They turned and fled.



The condition of the ground at Passchendaele is so terrible that it is impossible to make any progress until duck-board paths have been laid.

a fellow lieutenant and forty odd men had secured the top of Bellevue Spur, and that they had been holding it for hours, repulsing every German attempt to advance on their right or front by rifle fire. Bellevue Spur commanded the whole country around. There was dead ground over which fresh troops could come up in safety. A fresh forward movement was begun, and reinforcements were brought into action. That night, after desperate fighting, we had taken a considerable stretch of the German front, had captured many "pill-boxes," and had secured hundreds of prisoners. The Germans counter-attacked repeatedly and in great force, but here the wonderful handling of our artillery—inferior in numbers though it was to the German—played a great part in smashing up every enemy attempt.

The second advance was made on Tuesday, October 30th. On this occasion our men moved up to the very outskirts of the village of Passchendaele and to Goudberg. The weather in the early morning was fine, although rain came on later in the day. Here the same features distinguished our operations. The Germans were greatly aided by the mud. Their concrete posi-

Again came a pause, while fresh troops were brought into line. The German artillery, which was constantly strengthened, kept up ceaseless fire for miles behind our front lines. The German aeroplanes concentrated their attacks upon Ypres and some places behind. Our advance had produced a more and more marked salient, for other troops on either flank had been unable to advance an equal distance.

Our troops were now well on the Ridge itself. Passchendaele village, still before them, was fortified in every possible way. Fresh German troops had been called up. These, judging from the prisoners taken, were among the finest of the enemy infantry.

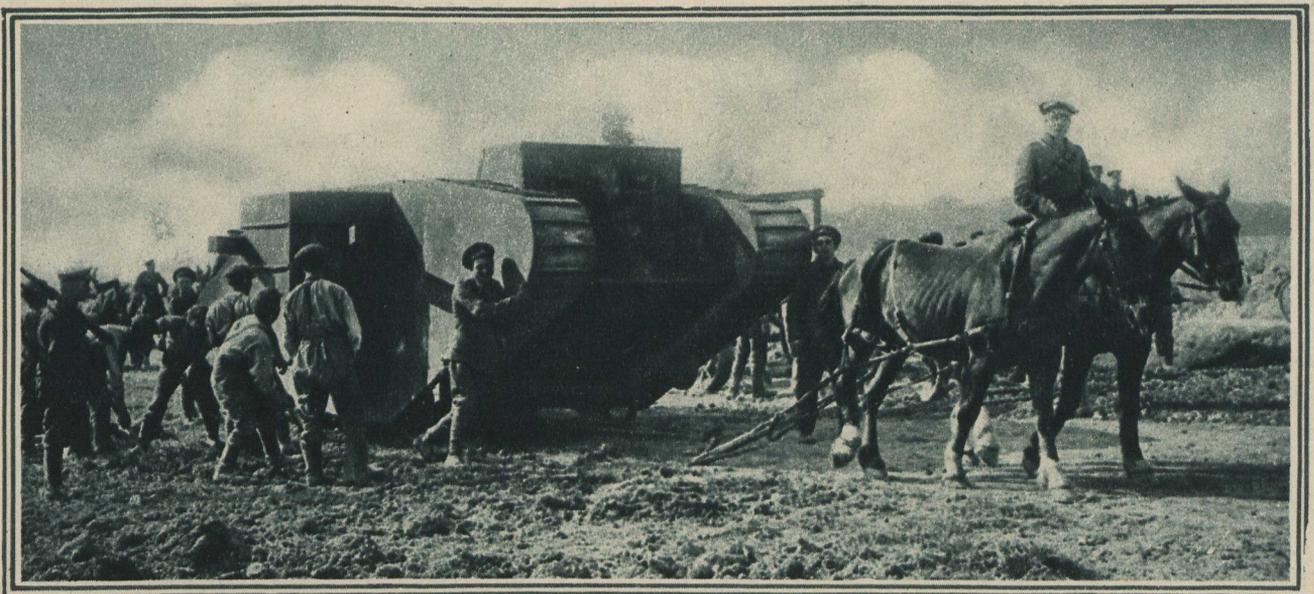
On the third attack, on Monday, November 5th, we took our entire objective, occupying Passchendaele and the commanding positions around it.

Our victory was due, first, to very careful preparation and Staff work; next, to a complete co-ordination of forces, the whole army acting as one; and last, but not least, to the overwhelming dash and supreme fighting qualities of the infantrymen of all ranks.

CAMOUFLAGE IN EXCELSIS



The finest piece of camouflage of the War was effected by the Canadians when they constructed dummy tanks of wood and pushed them up to the front line, where they successfully drew the enemy's fire. One of the dummy tanks being steered through a French village.



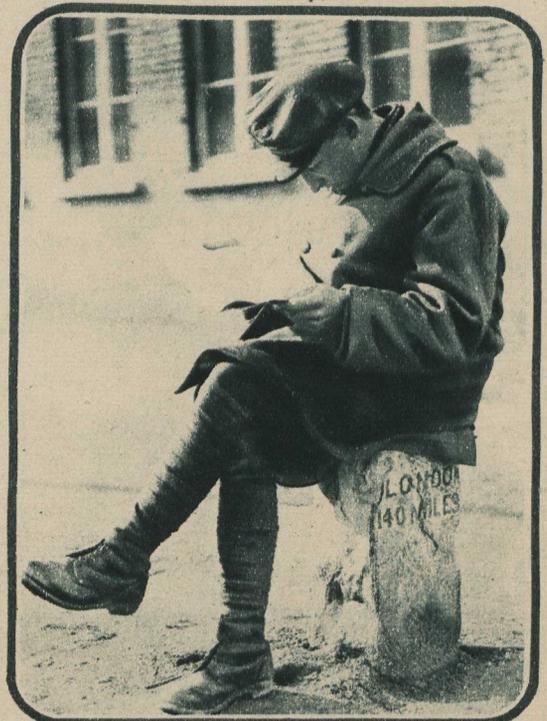
This dummy tank was the delight of the Canadians as it was drawn to its victorious doom by horses.

QUAINT SNAPSHOTS ALONG THE CANADIAN FRONT



Mending the telephone to the Canadian front line.

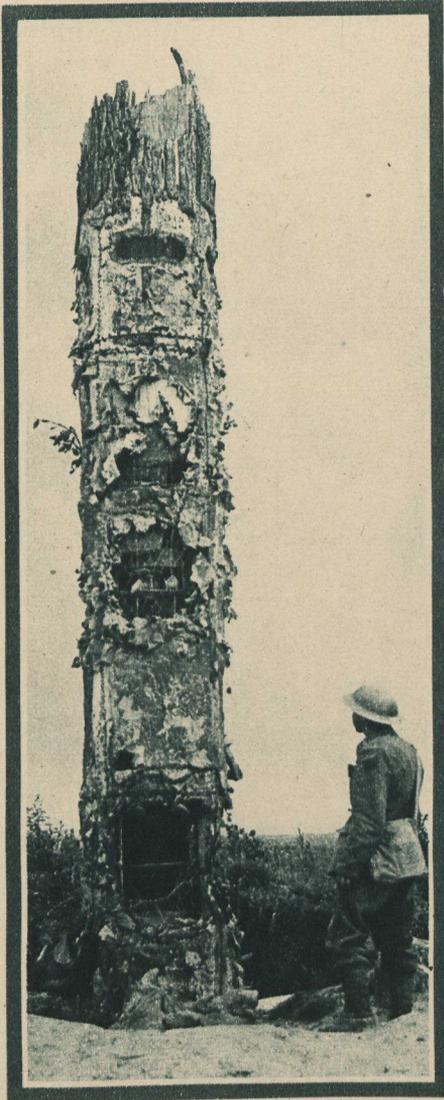
Little French children deeply interested in the inspection of rifles destined ultimately to shoot their much detested enemy, the Boche.



Canada's smallest soldier. This gallant little bugler enlisted at Vancouver when he was only twelve years old.

A milestone in France inscribed by a member of the R.F.C.

MORE QUAIN'T PICTURES FROM THE CANADIAN FRONT



Tree trunk used as an O.P. Note the peeping Tommy within.



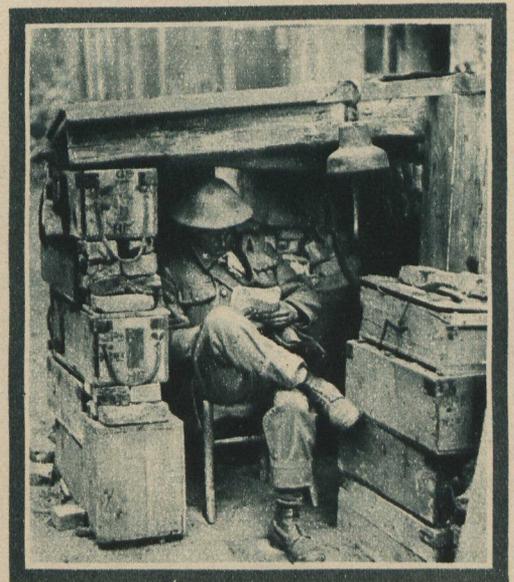
"At the sign of the Sewing Machine." A Canadian tailor having dug up an ancient sewing machine immediately opens up shop.



German sniper's helmet. Made of $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch Krupp steel, it is so heavy that it can only be used when resting on some object.



Though not exactly as soft as down, this "dud" German shell makes an excellent cushion for a weary Canadian.



The gas alarm man. When the gas is signalled, the sentry rings the bell.

THE CANADIANS KEEP THEMSELVES FIT BY SPORT



They dodge water as they dodge Boche shells.



One of the joyous little "snags" in the obstacle race.



A popular soldier known as "Blim" wins the high jump.

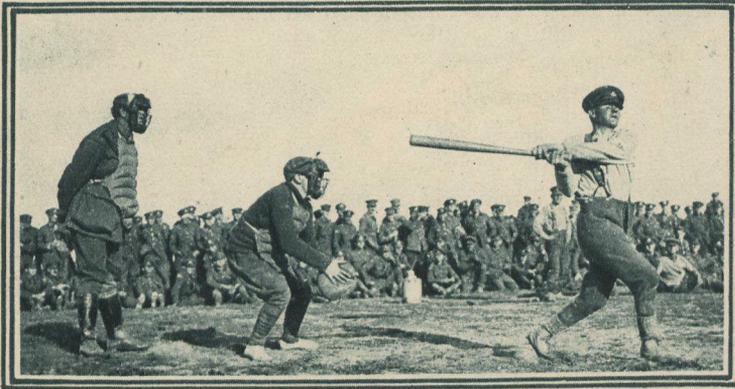


Victor of the pole-pillow fight.



Hefty though they were, these Canadian "Kilties" did not win.

EVERY KIND OF SPORT PLEASURES THE CANADIANS



Canadian soldiers are never happy without baseball.



Captain Pearson, Y.M.C.A., as Umpire.



While the bombardment of Lens never ceased, a Canadian Brigadier and his Staff enjoyed a game of Badminton in a village on the outskirts of the town. It was necessary to keep their steel helmets and gas bags close at hand.



Neck and neck in a highly hilarious mule race.



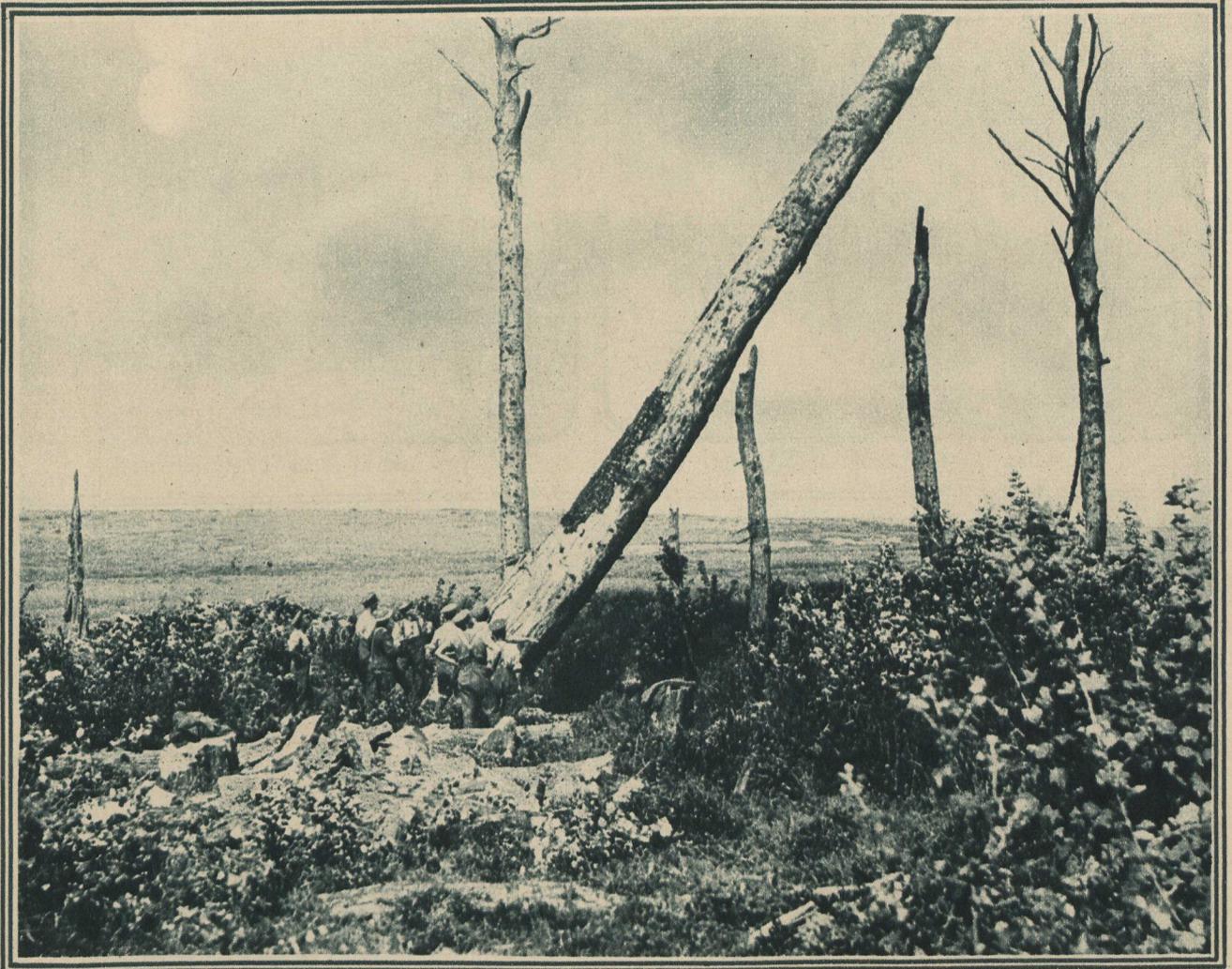
Wire, not barbed, but quite bad enough as an obstacle.

NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE "FAIR"



The leading "lady" (a popular young officer) of a Canadian Concert Party at the Front enjoys a stroll with "her" smiling escort. The intrepid "lady" frequently "carries on" with "her" performance under shell fire.

CANADIAN PIONEERS "CARRY ON" UNDER HEAVY FIRE



Shelled only to be felled. Canadian Pioneers laying low all that remains of a giant tree, reduced to just a "big stick" by Boche fire, in order to split it into logs for railway construction.



Taking up logs to a light railway following up a Boche retreat.

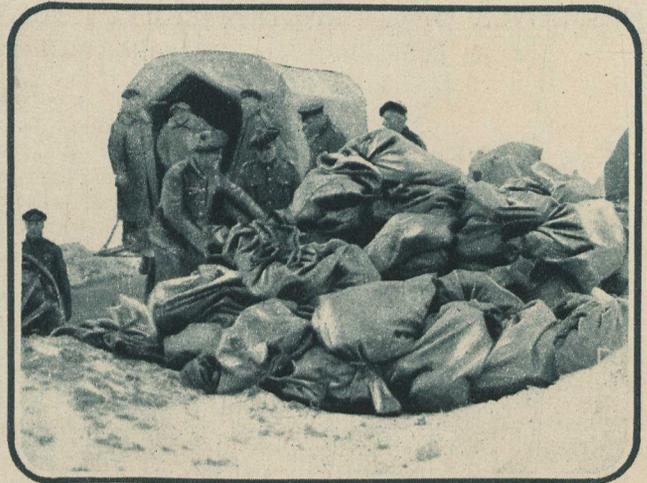


Steel helmets are essential to this work.

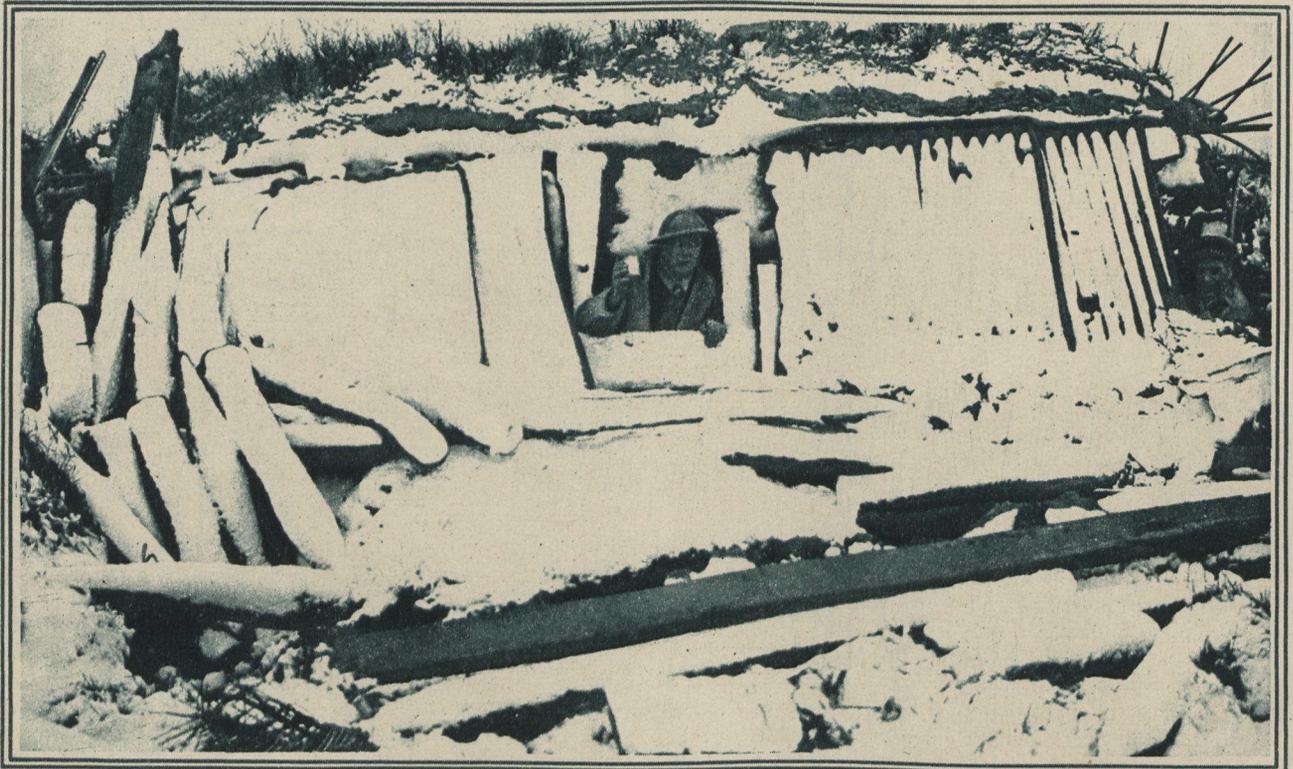
"GENERAL WINTER" TAKES COMMAND AT THE FRONT



Canadian Scottish picnic in the snow.



Arrival of the Christmas mail.



This picture, which suggests the winter quarters of a Polar expedition, represents a Canadian dug-out on the Western Front. The occupant is wishing the Official Photographer the Compliments of the Season.



Canadian soldiers waiting in the "Bath Queue" on the Flanders Front.



The Plumber.

TAKING THE TRAIN TO VICTORY

ROMANCE OF CANADIAN LIGHT RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION UNDER SHELL FIRE
IN FRANCE AND FLANDERS

By "NARROW GAUGE"

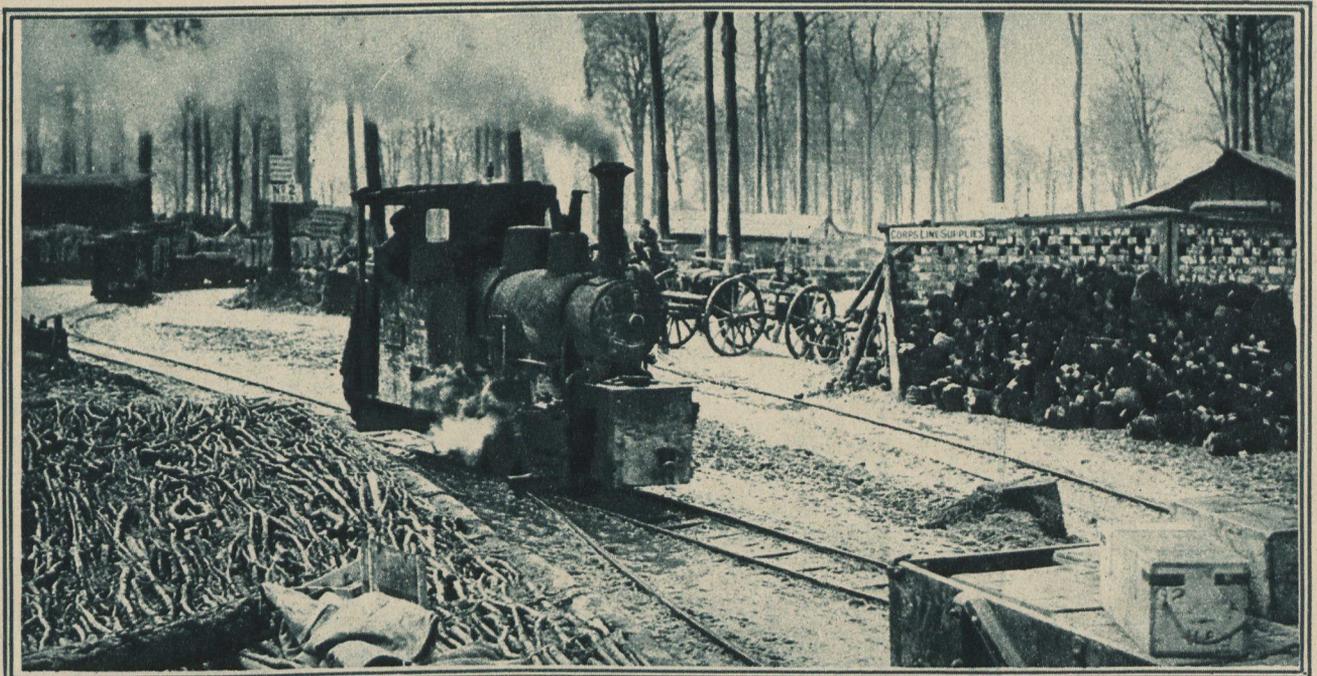
ROMANCE and adventure go hand in hand. There is much of both to be found in the history of railway construction in Canada—in the vision and insight of the Statesmen who dreamed of linking the two great oceans up; in the courage of the old pioneers, who explored the pathless wastes and the hidden places of the mountains; in the skilled and boundless energy of contractor and engineer; in the struggles of the survey party; in the glow of the camp fire. And now the experience of the Canadian railway pioneers has been called into use in the great adventure in France.

Strategy and mobility are closely co-related; it has always been so in war. It took us two years to learn that strategic railways were essential to a successful

entirely relied upon for ammunition and supplies. This will be vividly manifest to those who remember the solitary light railway line that ran to Pozières, and the interminable line of mules with ammunition packs proceeding slowly along the Bapaume road.

New ideas were adopted and strategic systems of light railways became imperative. An organisation for the construction of broad-gauge lines was already in existence; this was augmented, and certain battalions of Canadian railway troops were allotted to this service, and these, in conjunction with the R.E. Railway Construction Companies, undertook the task of pushing forward the broad-gauge railheads closer to the front line than had been done hitherto.

A directorate of light railways was also established at



If engines could be decorated this engine should receive the V.C. Over and over again it has made the most gallant trips up to the front line under extremely heavy fire. Canadian Railway Constructional Troops will drive their engines through any strafe that the enemy can put up.

advance. A distinguished civilian translated the lesson into action; the transportation services were reorganised; skilled Canadian railway construction men were asked for, and they came. The men who had built the triple roads of steel from Atlantic to Pacific were well inured to the chances and vicissitudes of the trail. They came from the woodlands of Ontario and the creeks of the Cariboo: from the prairie and the peaks, and the far snows of the Yukon—comrades in a sterner adventure still. To-day many thousand Canadian railway construction men work behind the British lines from St. Quentin to the sea. Thus has the romance of the construction camps of Canada been translated to the battlefields of France.

A year ago the new armies of Britain were pounding hard on the enemy's defences on the Somme; trench after trench was taken, position after position stormed; thus was the enemy's retreat, begun in February, forced upon him.

Hitherto animal and motor transport were almost

G.H.Q. The only permanent construction troops placed at the disposal of this directorate were Canadian railway troops. The work of construction was so urgent during the enemy's retreat that unskilled labour was always attached to them, consisting of pioneers, labour battalions, and on occasions infantry of the line. The weather was unimaginably vile, animal transport was practically impossible, and the roads were destroyed and impassable. Great difficulty was experienced on account of the wholesale destruction wrought by the enemy; the old tracks had been almost completely destroyed, hidden mines were laid, and in many cases deep craters had to be filled up. For this work the scrapers with which the construction troops were provided proved very useful. Generous provision was made for ordinary difficulties in the engineering supplies provided with their technical equipment. When these were not available the spoils of the battlefield were requisitioned. Triangle wiring posts were used

(Continued on page 36.)

TAKING THE TRAIN TO VICTORY (contd.)

track gauges and lining bars, salvaged pickaxes as tamping picks. Three types of pile driver were built—two for use on broad gauge work and one for 60-centimetre track. All the work on these, including design and preparation of plans, was done in the field, and under the supervision of one of the construction engineers of the Canadian railway troops.

The boilers and engines were brought from Canada, and are the most modern types of hoisting engines, of 20 and 25 h.p., with double cylinders, two friction drums, and two spools. These pile-drivers were used very effectively in throwing bridges across rivers

Great service was rendered by construction battalions in keeping the lines open under heavy fire and supplying the batteries with ammunition. One battalion was specially complimented on the manner in which it served the guns south of the Scarpe on May 16th. Another battalion was awarded several decorations for services rendered in the evacuation of the wounded on the first day of the battle. In the meantime, farther north, the Canadian infantry had achieved a great feat of arms in driving the enemy off the Vimy Ridge, and as surely as they swept across the crest and down to the plains beyond, so did the main arteries of broad-



Before the light railways can be laid it is of course necessary to prepare the tracks, and this wherever possible is done along a road. Here Canadian Pioneers are endeavouring to re-make a road which has been battered to bits by shell fire. It is at times almost impossible to say where the road originally ran.

and canals, and thereby progress was considerably expedited.

Despite all difficulties, the standard-gauge railways followed close on the heels of the retreating enemy, while at the same time tentacles of light railways were built from the new broad-gauge railheads to within easy reach of the front line positions which marked the limit of the German retreat. Important yards and sidings were constructed.

Then the Hun stood at bay. The next blow was to be struck farther north; preparations had been proceeding for some time. Two battalions of Canadian railway troops had been working behind the scene of the offensive; two more were moved up; and extensive systems of light railways were built to the guns.

gauge and distributive light railways follow them up. Yards, sidings, and spurs were built in villages and valleys captured by the Canadians; the supply of ammunition was constantly kept up; rations were sent up on the light railways, and the wounded were evacuated on cars specially adapted for this work of mercy.

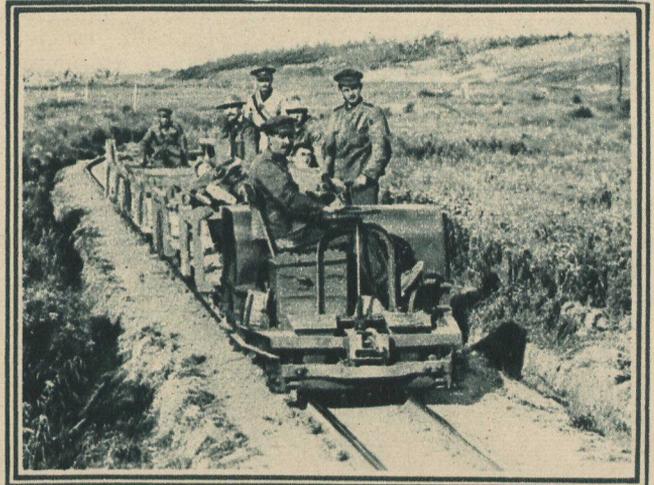
The next blow was struck at Messines. Preparations were extensive and thorough. Our attack was preceded by great gun fire that lasted for many days; this naturally made work in the forward areas nearly impossible, and the romance of it may be gathered from the experience of a company of Canadian railway troops on the evening of June 6th. It was intended to

(Continued on page 38.)

SPLENDID WORK OF THE CANADIAN RAILWAY TROOPS



A railway abandoned by the Boches outside Lens being examined by Canadian officers.



Thousands of Canadian wounded have to thank the Railway Constructional Corps for ready aid.



Enormous quantities of shells are carried up to the Front every day by light railway.



Rough as this trolley is, it is far better for the wounded to bring them in on rail than by the old method.



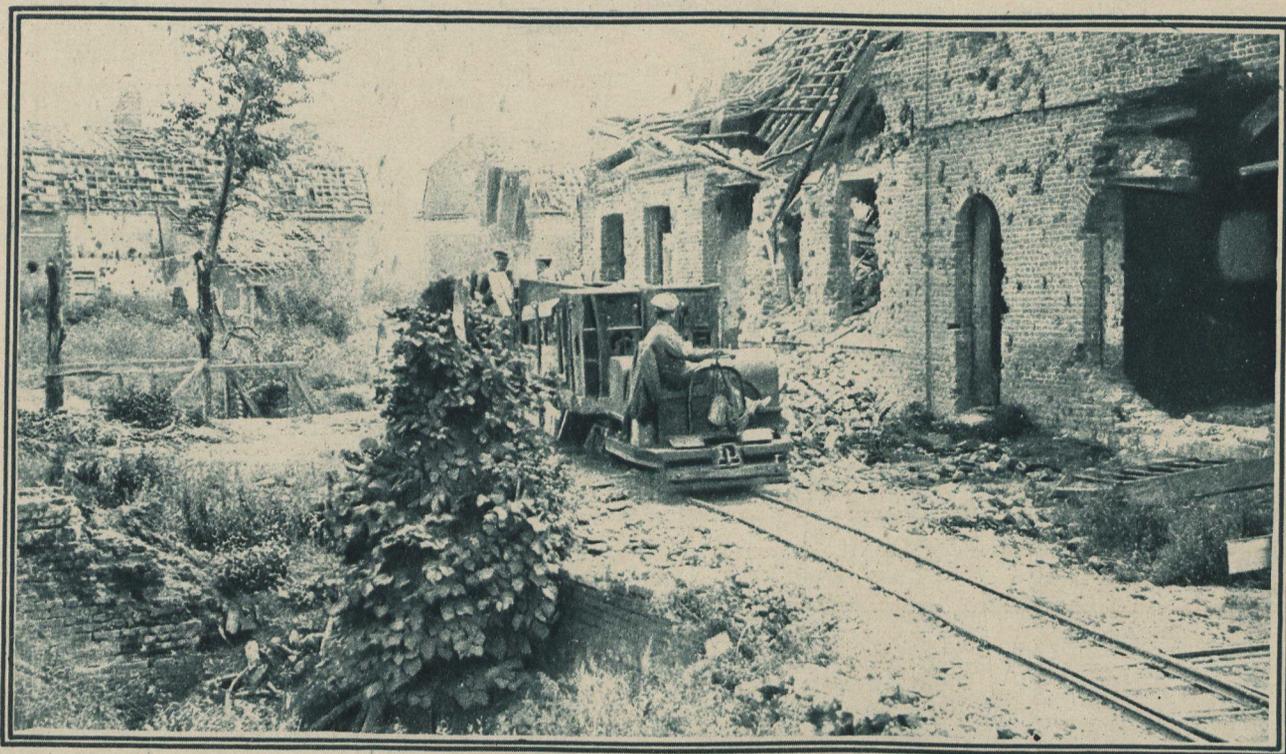
The Canadian light railways push on through everything. Here the track has been laid through a shattered town.

TAKING THE TRAIN TO VICTORY (contd.)

place two working parties on a certain road; our batteries in the vicinity were being heavily shelled; it was impossible to work. At 9.30 p.m. the shelling ceased, and an attempt was made to start work, but before the party had laid down their equipment and taken up their tools heavy shelling resumed, this time setting fire to a farm near by containing ammunition. The flames illuminated the vicinity, making any attempt at work impossible, as the working parties were exposed to machine-gun fire from the enemy positions overlooking this section. At 3.12 a.m. the working party, who were on their way to camp, heard the terrific explosion that opened the Battle of Messines; the ground rocked and heaved for fully five seconds; every battery immediately opened fire in unison. Enemy retaliation became general at once; the road where the railway construction men had been working a few minutes before was swept by shrapnel and machine-gun fire. This was followed by a gas wave,

the natural sequel to our victory at Messines. In this sector very valuable railways were being built under trying circumstances. A school of instruction in light railway work was instituted; several battalions of Pioneers were camped together and were fully trained in the various functions of grading and tracklaying. This instructional work proved of immeasurable value when construction commenced. A material yard, with special facilities, was established in the forward area; specially constructed mechanical devices for rapid tracklaying were utilised; pioneer cars were designed and built; miles of assembled steel were prepared and stacked in the material yard, with culvert bridge and crossing material, matched switches, and special tools.

On July 31st, on both broad-gauge and narrow-gauge lines, the work of new construction began, the railway troops going over soon after the infantry. The survey, reconnaissance, and location parties went first; the



No ground is too rough or too broken to lay down these light railway tracks.

forcing the men to stand to with respirators; it passed over, and dawn broke; the night party worked their way back to camp amid the bursting shells, and a day party came out to keep the lines in running order.

Another company in the same battle a little farther south followed up the advance and reached the new support trenches with the grading as the trenches were being built. Considerable difficulty was experienced in building the line through, due to the numerous reinforced concrete dug-outs, pill-boxes, and abandoned trenches with which the country was covered. The twenty-four hours was divided into three eight-hour shifts, and the lines were graded and steel laid to the forward batteries before the guns were ready for action.

The romance of such work is the romance of strength and efficiency, somewhat akin to that which Kipling sees in the throbbing engine; it is also the romance of human courage enduring great hardships cheerfully.

The Ypres offensive which opened on July 31st was

grading parties followed; the culvert and bridge parties proceeded immediately to the place where the first culvert or bridge was to be put in. The track-laying party followed close up behind the grading party with the steel train. Behind them again came the rough lining and ballast party with a ballast train close up; and during all the subsequent offensives, until the final triumph of the Canadians at Passchendaele, the batteries have been supplied with ammunition over narrow-gauge lines; troops have been moved forward and the wounded have been brought back, and despite all difficulties of weather and the fury of enemy fire, all lines considered necessary have been built, and breaks have always been repaired.

This has only been accomplished by earnest and unremitting toil. Despite inevitable losses, the patrols and repair gangs are out by day and by night; much has been performed and much endured; there have been many shining examples of courage and devotion. There are many tales of heroism to be recorded, and in such lies to-day the romance of railway construction.

DUKE OF CONNAUGHT VISITS THE CANADIAN FRONT



The late Governor-General of Canada takes the deepest interest in the Canadian Corps. H.R.H. arriving at a horse show held immediately behind the Canadian lines.



His Royal Highness standing on Vimy Ridge looking out towards Lens. Sir Arthur Currie, the Corps Commander, is the third figure on the Duke of Connaught's right.

INTERESTING STUDIES OF THE BOCHE IN CAPTIVITY



Hatred of the Boche is deep in every French child's heart, but they make no sign as the prisoners go by.



This small boy is not the least afraid of German prisoners.



German prisoners assembled at a collecting station.

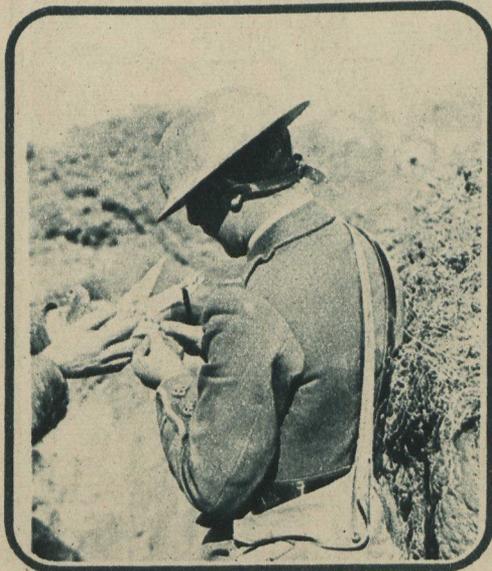


Fritz almost invariably celebrates the joy of his liberating captivity by removing his irksome boots.

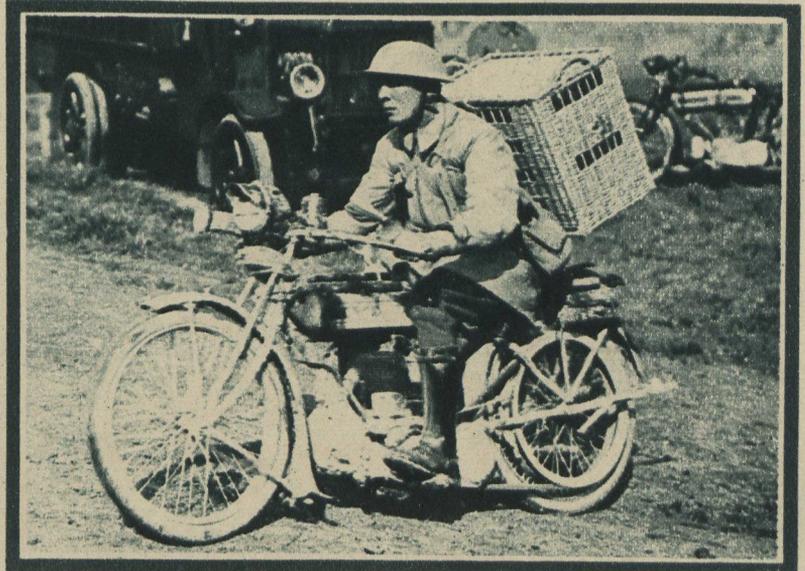
CANADIAN BRANCH OF HIS MAJESTY'S PIGEON POST



All work and no play makes the pigeon a dull bird. In the evening they are let out for an aerial stroll. They never fly very far, but they enjoy this thoroughly. The postman pigeon has plenty of excitement on the Western Front.

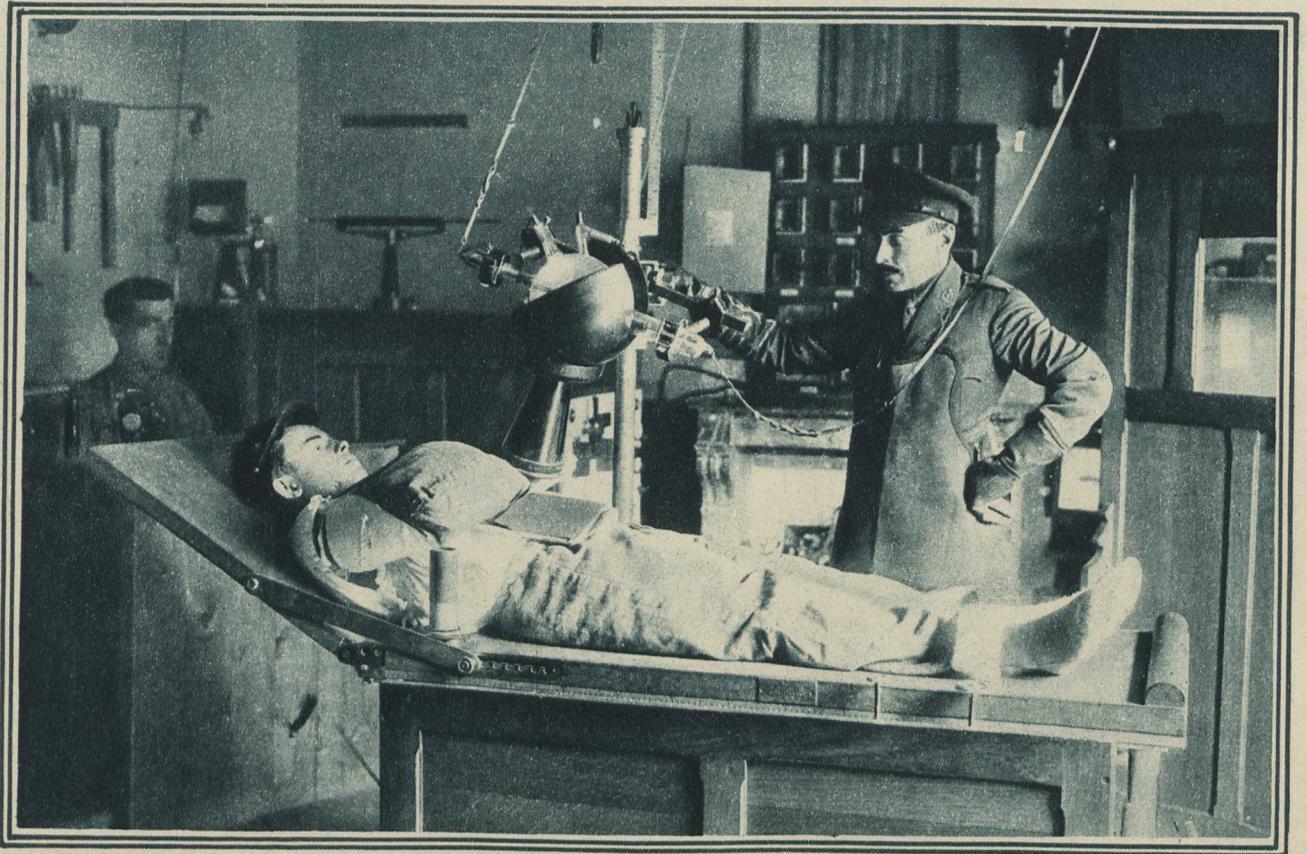


Attaching a despatch to a winged messenger.



Motor cyclist starting off with birds for the front line.

A GIFT FROM CANADA TO THE PEOPLE OF FRANCE



Locating a bullet in the arm of a French soldier in the hospital which Canada presented to France. The rays are seen in operation.

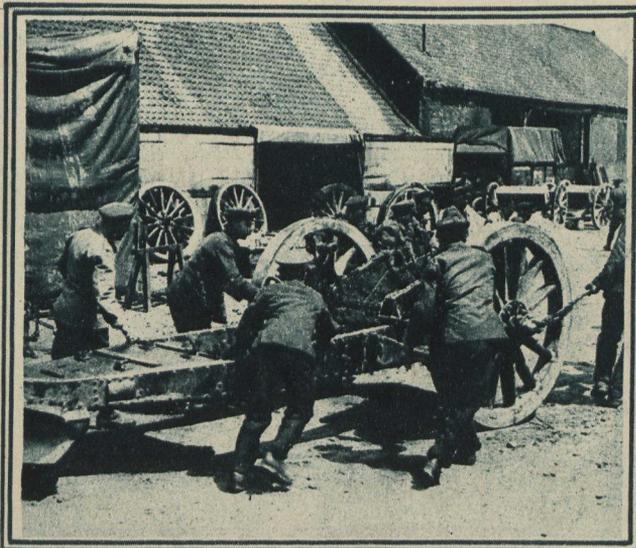


Afternoon tea in the same hospital. The staff is entirely composed of Canadians, but only French patients are admitted.

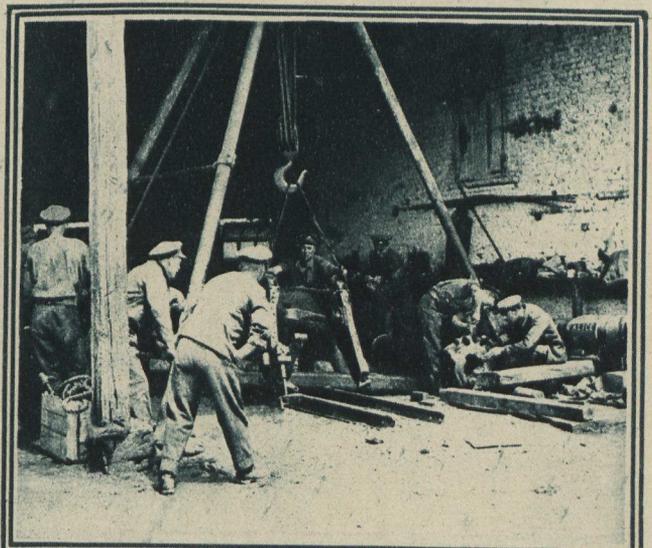
REPAIRS TO BIG GUNS BEHIND CANADIAN LINES



Even the best of guns require overhauling at times. This 9.2 is being overhauled after a long period of work in Flanders. Repairs are carried out with lightning speed on the Western Front.



Dragging a howitzer base into a gun hospital.



In a mobile workshop: "Alice," it will be noted, is resting.

ILLUSTRATED JOURNALISM AND THE WAR

By CLEMENT K. SHORTER, Editor of *The Sphere*

I HAVE been asked to write some notes on illustrated journalism, contrasting the beautiful pictures which are provided for the public during the present war by a multitude of illustrated newspapers—daily and weekly—with those of a bygone era.

It was with the arrival of the *Illustrated London News* in 1842 that we first had the abundant provision of war pictures for the multitude. The war of that year was between this country and Afghanistan, and the first war picture that appeared in the *Illustrated London News* was issued in the fifth number of that journal. It was a singularly crude illustration of "Our troops receiving their Colours." That same issue, however, contained some much more vigorous pictures of the British forces in the Khyber Pass. The Crimean War of 1854 and the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 were both vigorously pictured in the *Illustrated London News*, although I am afraid the pictures would count for very little in our day. These sketches of the camp of the 21st Fusiliers on the Heights of Sebastopol, the conveyance of commissariat wagons along the road, and a hundred other such sketches look very crude and indeed most comic by the light of modern warfare and its illustrations. In one picture entitled "Gordons attack with a Lancaster gun," the gun is a mere toy. Yet the artists of that day—most of them were officer-correspondents who sent sketches from the Army—had the advantage of abundance of horses, camels, and mules to illustrate; they had finely equipped soldiers in handsome regimentals, and all the materials for impressive pictures. But even in 1854 we were in the infancy of illustrated journalism, and the wood-cut sketches are

very coarse and "flat" compared with the pictures that are provided to-day even in our halfpenny and penny journals.

There is progress indeed when we turn to the *Illustrated London News* of 1870. From both army fronts in the conflict there was a much better number of spirited pictures, although the artist's name was rarely attached to them. Artists were allowed at headquarters, with the result that we have the Emperor Napoleon III. and his Staff constantly in view, and the Prussian King and his officers equally in evidence. To-day many artists have been to the seat of war, but they are not permitted to sketch such intimate pictures at the heart of things.

By 1870 wood-engraving had improved greatly, and many of the pictures are finely conceived and finely reproduced. There was naturally no press censorship, as this country was not in the war, and so it was that the artists were encouraged by either side to give magnificent bird's-eye views of the scene of conflict.

The long journey we have come since those days may be exemplified by a glimpse of an illustration of a captive balloon sent up during the siege of Paris. Everything indeed in those old newspapers seems very old-fashioned to us now, and it is not until we come to the Boer War of 1900—the year in which *The Sphere* first came into existence—that we have really striking pictures of incidents in the conflict.

The Russian-Japanese War of 1904 first brought the photographer upon the scene to compete with the artist, at least with any competence. Some of the work of the photographer in that conflict was really noteworthy, particularly that achieved by an American photographer, Mr. Hare, and by Mr. Bulla of Petrograd.

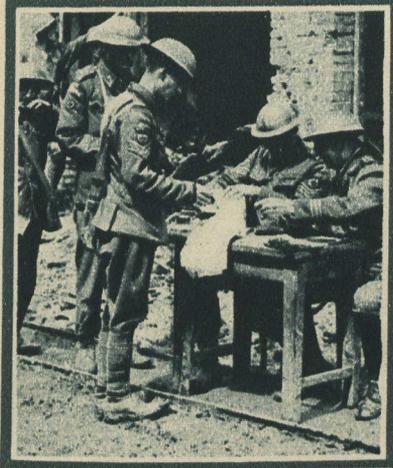
With the great conflict of our own day illustrated journalism has certainly reached its high-water mark. Photographers have been officially recognised for the first time. Canada has had its full share in its presentation of the work of its heroes in the war. The Canadian official pictures indeed have at the time of writing been the high-water mark of newspaper photography in war time. Side by side with this I think it must be acknowledged that the special work of Signor Fortunino Matania in *The Sphere* has eclipsed that of any previous artist in picturesque conception of incidents that have abounded throughout the conflict.

Something is lacking to-day, it is true, for the artist's inspiration in the monotony of equipment as compared with the picturesque costumes of the war of 1870. Something also has been lost pictorially through the power of magnificent munitions. Now battles are fought in which the combatants rarely come in proximity to one another. But, when all is said, war still has, with all its obvious gruesomeness and its many unmitigated horrors, its picturesque and poetic side, and this has never been illustrated with so much truth and vigour as during the present conflict.



Canadian troops entering a tiny wooden church erected near the line, Christmas, 1917.

NEWS IN PICTURES FROM THE WESTERN FRONT



No one minds if the Canadian Field Pay Office is occasionally a trifle draughty.



This young Boche insists on sticking to his cigarette.



Canadian soldiers who have snatched a few moments' leisure in which to tell the gleaners of the wonders of Canada.



German officers and non-commissioned officers heading a procession of prisoners taken by the Canadians.

SCENE SNAPSHOTTED DURING RECENT PUSH IN FRANCE



The enemy is "strafing" a row of Canadian batteries, and a Canadian gunner is taking what shelter he can in his emplacement.



A Canadian wounded being carried in by his prisoners. He is still keen enough to sit up and have his picture taken as he passes the Canadian Official Photographer.

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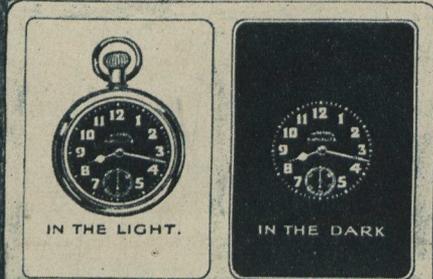
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