

"CITIZEN" SERIES.

RECRUITING MESSAGE No. X.

On—On to Victory!

IT'S A FIGHT TO A FINISH.

Among the many surprises of the War not the least of them is in the discovery that within this Dominion we had many more brave-spirited and heroically-minded men than we had ever taken credit for.

Two years ago not even General Sir Sam Hughes could have confidently predicted that we, at the call of the Mother-Land, could furnish 200,000 fully equipped troops for defence of the Empire:—Men who, taken as a body, can compare favourably with any of their comrades on the Field of Battle: Men of whom any Commander would be justly proud: Men in whom any Commander could repose absolute confidence; knowing they would not fail in any

test of warfare, but would acquit themselves with distinction, glory, and honour.

From every walk of life they have come to serve: **Lawyers and Doctors; Journalists and Professors; Merchants and Tradesmen; Students and Artizans;** all classes and every grade of them, are now at the front, doing and daring, for love of Homeland, for civilization, liberty and life.

But there is another surprise, ranking in respect of value and interest with the first one, namely, the discovery that we have still thousands, aye, tens of thousands, of fit, able-bodied men, distributed in every walk of life; men in all respects the equals of those who have already gone, as good as the best for defence of Home and Empire. Yet they are still here: **Lawyers and Doctors; Journalists, Professors, Merchants, Tradesmen; Students, Artizans—**thousands, aye, tens of thousands.

We said just now—"in all respects the equals of those who have already gone." But maybe those who have

“already gone,” would dissent from that, and say—“No; if they were in all respects our equals, they, too, would be as we are, and where we are.”

Well, they have a right to feel pride in what they have done; it is the pride of satisfaction; of honour; of consciousness of ultimate triumph. So we who are left had better face this question, and be through with it. “Shall we join in this Great Crusade against tyranny; atrocity; devilry;—or shall we stay at Home, and let the others fight it out?”

That may seem a rough way of putting it; but we must come to some such self-questioning; compelling our consciences to make reply; and he who now writes also entreats that the decision be not long delayed.

During his recent visit to this country, Lieut. I. J. Simons—in command of the Australian Cadets—while eulogizing the advantages to his own Land from partnership in the British Empire, did not fail to point out what he considered Can-

ada's share should be in the great conflict across the waters:—

“Speaking of Australia, Lieut. Simons said they had a noble, magnificent heritage; and were proud with all the intensity that human patriotism was capable of that they were Australians. There was something that was equal to its intensity, in its command of human sacrifice, and that was the thought that they were citizens of the British Empire.

“He would not tell Canada what she ought to do, but he could suggest what she could do if she wanted to. If Australia, with 5,000,000 people could give to the Empire 600,000 trained men, simple arithmetic showed that Canada, with 8,000,000 people, could give nearly 1,000,000 trained men.”

We will not lay claim to that larger figure; for there are reasons which need not be gone into here why Canada should retain a larger percentage of her men than is necessary in Australia. But making due allowance for that Canada could double the number already enrolled

without any serious detriment to herself or her affairs.

If each fit man, no matter what his occupation or sphere in this country may be, will ask of himself the question—"Am I indispensable here?" and will then be guided by the answer; there will be straightway such a rush to the Recruiting Stations as we have not yet dreamed of.

This is "A Fight to a finish," as we have said, against tyranny, atrocity, devilry. Against the tyranny of an uncontrolled despotism; the tyranny which declares, and by fire and sword maintains that might is Right; and that the weak and defenceless possess no Right.

Against "atrocity" most damnable; inflicted wholesale on a people whose one crime was in desiring to abide neutral.

The murdered Edith Cavell has attained a place in the hearts of teeming millions to whom but a few months ago her name was absolutely unknown. And in her martyrdom we see that of the thousands besides,

whose names will be forever unknown beyond their own little sphere.

A German Army Officer, who became voluntarily interned in Holland, states that since arrival in Belgium the Germans put to death nearly six thousand Belgians, upon one pretext or another; and this appalling number does not include those who were "put out of the way" without the ceremony (or mockery) of a military trial. In his declaration he adds:—

"The treason and espionage charges against these thousands of unfortunate Belgians of both sexes were so flimsy that, I believe, if they were tried by open civil tribunals, not one would or could have been executed."

The country which was their Home, their Fatherland, has been devastated; the unoffending inhabitants have been despoiled; humiliated, tortured, thousands killed ruthlessly; and many thousands maimed for life. To help redress the wrongs done to that people is alone sufficient to call forth our

strongest sympathies; our mightiest efforts; and to make our people knight-errants against that monstrous spirit of atrocity which the German Power has let loose upon the world.

An eminent American writer says:

"Though I abhor war, I should deem it the deepest spiritual calamity of centuries if any peace were effected that did not redeem Belgium from the wrong inflicted upon it by its invaders."

It is a fight against devilry; for what else can we call the violent abrogation of treaties; the asphyxiating gas processes; the torpedoing of unarmed passenger ships; the hurling bombs on unfortified, undefended towns and villages of rural England; the killing in the streets and within their own homes of men, women, children—as innocent as they were helpless! And it must be "a fight to a finish." Anything short of complete victory for us would mean complete disaster to us; disaster beyond all hope of redemption; worse than death; another—an Alien, to inherit the free Empire which ourselves

and our ancestry have built! It is unthinkable.

Therefore, to prevent the worst let us do our best; and to make our best still better, let it be done quickly. The men who join now have missed the glory won by their friends in the great battles around Ypres; but the men who join now may yet march into Berlin; and General Sir Sam Hughes says they shall march into Berlin, and he hopes to be with them.

A Lance-Corporal, slightly wounded, and home on short leave of absence, addressing a Recruiting meeting in England, said:—

“Now I’ve told you the worst, but there’s a best to it. It’s a grand experience. I’m an only son, but my people let me go, and were glad when I went, though I suppose they like me as well as most fathers and mothers like their only sons. But they weren’t half so glad to let me go as I was. How any able-bodied man of fighting age can stop at home surpasses my comprehension. The day will come when he won’t be able to look his comrades in the face. As

for his children—but we won't dwell on that. It's a glorious fight. When a man has been in it, he knows himself a man."

I have spoken of this as a Great Crusade. As such I often find myself thinking of it; and memory recalls the records of stirring events associated with those old-time Crusades.

When, under Richard, King of England, an army laid siege to Acre, then held by the Moslems—with whom we are at war to-day—among the incidents of their blockade of the city it is mentioned that they dug a deep trench outside their camp, from sea to sea, and strengthened it with a wall of earth. Night and day they toiled, till all was finished. Young and old, men and women, all joined in the labour; and the historian records with enthusiasm how, when one woman was mortally wounded in the midst of her toil, she—knowing death was sure—implored her husband, instead of tending her, to go on with the work, and to let her body be thrown into the mound, that thus she might further in death

the work for which she had sacrificed her life.

Our United Empire, together with her Allies, is girding herself to the task of building a Great Mound that shall effectually check, and forever keep back, the mighty tide of German Invasion, German Militarism.

It is not dead bodies that we need in this task; but we do want all to be endowed with the heroic spirit of the woman who in death longed to do the work of the living—we want live men; **Lawyers and Doctors; Journalists, Professors; Merchants, Tradesmen; Students, Artizans**—men baptized with the Holy Fire of a noble self-sacrificing Patriotism, who shall come forward in ones to make tens; that shall grow to hundreds and thousands, having in their souls the determination:—"Cost what it will; It's a Fight to a finish!—On—on—to Victory!"

Yours Faithfully,

A CITIZEN.

Extract from a letter to a lady who had opposed the enlisting of her son:

“Remember every new Recruit means better protection for all the others. The more men we have the fewer lives will be lost. If, at the commencement of the war our numbers had been double what they were, then the war would have long since ended in complete victory for the Allies.

“By standing in the way of your son going, you are not only sacrificing his honour; deterring him from his clear duty as a man; but also contributing to our defeat, and the loss of many lives.”

The mother's reply came:—“I AM SATISFIED; MY SON WILL GO.”