

Prefatory Note:

In asking you to read this leaflet, containing the words of a brave man, a true soldier, it is with the earnest hope that someone wavering as to whether to offer for Empire service, or not, may find herein something which will impel decision for the right.

I am in my sixty-fourth year: filled with unavailing regrets that age shuts one off from active service. But were I a young man, and hesitating, as many, I know, are still hesitating—if this noble address by Lieut.-General Alderson were put into my hands, as it is today in yours—if I know my own heart at all—I am sure that before I had reached the last words I should be constrained to say, "Yes, I will go!" May this result be gained with not a few who read today.

Yours faithfully,

A CITIZEN.

A NOBLE ADDRESS TO 1ST DIVISION

**Text of Lieutenant-General
Alderson's Address After
Ypres Battles.**

The words spoken to the First Canadian division, brigade by brigade, and to engineers and artillery, after the twelve strenuous days and nights of

fighting, embraced by the period 22nd of April to the 4th of May, 1915, by Lieut.-General E. A. H. Alderson, commanding, have been recorded as follows by one who heard them:

"All units and all ranks of the First Canadian division, I tell you truly that my heart is so full I hardly know how to speak to you. It is full of two feelings, the first being sorrow for the loss of those comrades of ours who have gone, and the second, pride in what the First Canadian division has done.

"As regards our comrades who have lost their lives—and we will speak of them with our caps off (here he took off his cap, and all did likewise), my faith in the Almighty is such that I am perfectly sure that, when men die, as they have died, doing their duty fighting for their country, for the Empire, and to save the situation for others, in fact, to die for their friends, no matter what their past lives have been, no matter what they have done that they ought not to have done (as all of us do), I repeat, I am perfectly sure that the Almighty takes them and looks after them at once. Lads, we cannot leave them better than like that. (Here he put on his cap, and all did the same.)

"Now, I feel that we may, without any false pride, think a little of what the division has done during the past few days.

"I would first of all tell you that I have never been so proud of anything in my life as I am of this armlet with 'I Canada' on it (pointing to it) that I wear on my right arm. I thank you

and congratulate you from the bottom of my heart, for the part each one of you have taken in giving me this feeling of pride.

"I think it is possible that you do not, all of you, quite realize that if we had retired on the evening of the 22nd April, when our Allies fell back before the gas, and left our left flank quite open, the whole of the 27th and 28th divisions would probably have been cut off; certainly they would not have got away a gun or a vehicle of any sort, and probably not more than half the infantry.

"This is what our commander-in-chief meant when he telegraphed, as he did, that the 'Canadians saved the situation.' My lads, if ever men had a right to be proud in this world, you have.

"I know my military history pretty well, and I cannot think of an instance, especially when the cleverness and determination of the enemy is taken into account, in which troops were placed in such a difficult position, nor can I think of an instance in which so much depended on the standing fast of one division.

"You will remember the last time I spoke to you, just before you went into the trenches at Sailly, now over two months ago. I told you about my old regiment—the R. W. Kents—having gained a reputation for not budging from their trenches, no matter how they were attacked. I said then that I was quite sure that in a short time the army out here would be saying the same of you.

"I little thought—we none of us

thought—how soon those words would come true. But now today, not only the army out here, but all Canada, all England, and all the Empire, are saying it of you.

"The share each unit has taken in earning this reputation is no small one.

"I have three pages of congratulatory telegrams from His Majesty the King downwards which I will read to you, with also a very nice letter from our army commander, Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien.

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"Now, I doubt if any divisional commander, or any division, ever had so many congratulatory telegrams and messages as these, and, remember, they are not merely polite and sentimental ones, they express just what the senders really feel.

"There is one more word I would say to you before I stop. You have made a reputation second to none gained in this war; but, remember, no man can live on his reputation; he must keep on adding to it. That you will do so I feel just as sure as I did two months ago, when I told you that I knew you would make a reputation when the opportunity came.

"I am now going to shake hands with your officers, and as I do so I want you to feel that I am shaking hands with each one of you, as I would actually do, if time permitted. No, we will not have any cheering now—we will keep that till you have added to your reputation, as I know you will."

Sir Max Aitken Continues His Thrilling Narrative of Cana- dians' Sterling Deeds After the "Battle of the Orchard"

The narrative is too long to be reprinted in full in this leaflet: but the following brief extract, referring to an Ontario boy, will be read by everyone with interest. It shows that deeds of unconscious heroism are being done today by Canada's Sons as truly as in the old times of Chivalry and Romance.

Private Gledhill is eighteen years of age. His grandfather owns a woollen mill in Ben Miller, near Goderich, Ont. Ben Miller was lately celebrated as the home of the fattest man in the world, for there lives Mr. Jonathan Miller, who weighed 400 pounds and moved about in a special carriage of his own. Private Gledhill, destined, perhaps, to confer fresh fame on Ben Miller, saw Germans advancing down the trench, saw also that only three Canadians were left in the trench, two with a machine gun and himself, as he said, "running a rifle."

Before he had time to observe more, an invaders' bomb most literally gave him a lift and landed him uninjured outside the trench with his rifle broken. He found another rifle and fired a while from the knee, until it became necessary to join the retreat. During

that manoeuvre, which required caution, he fell over Lieut. Brown, wounded, and offered to convoy him home.

"Thanks, no," said the lieutenant; "I can crawl."

Private Frank Ullock, late a livery stable-keeper at Chatham, N.B., and now with one leg missing, said: "Will you take me?"

"Sure," replied Gledhill, but Frank Ullock is a heavy man and could not well be lifted, so Gledhill got down on his knees and hands, and Ullock took good hold of his Webb equipment, and was hauled gingerly along the ground towards the home trench. Presently Gledhill left Ullock under some cover, while he crawled forward, cut a strang of wire from our entanglements, and threw the loop back, lasso-fashion, to Ullock, who wrapped it around his body. Gledhill then hauled him to the parapet, where the stretcher-bearers came out and took charge.

All this, of course, from first and last and at every place, occurred under heavy fire. It is pleasant to think that Frank Ullock is now under charge of Dr. Murray McLaren, also of New Brunswick, who watches over him with tender care in a hospital, under canvas, of 1,080 beds, a hospital that is larger than the General, the Royal Victoria and the Western, of Montreal, combined. Gledhill was not touched, and, in spite of his experiences, prefers life at the front to work in his grandfather's woollen mills at Ben Miller, near Goderich.
