



# A CHRISTMAS GREETING

"THE MESSAGE FROM MARS" comes to you  
bearing a message for Christmas a message of  
peace and goodwill from the battlefields of  
Europe which have been the home of the

## 4<sup>TH</sup> CANADIAN DIVISION

for the last two years and where it is still  
going strong — We shall be talking of you  
and we know you will be talking of us at the  
same time — There's an echo of victory  
in the sky this winter, who knows but we  
shall be all together next Christmas —  
In any case **A MERRY CHRISTMAS** to you  
and, though the seas divide us, let us sing  
together the old song:

## AULD LANG SYNE

From:-

*Jack P. Naughton*  
*"Mons" Belgium.*  
*Nov 24/18*

To:-

*Miss Alice McFar*

*With very best wishes.*

# The Message from Mars

being a Christmas Greeting  
from the Officers,  
Non-commissioned Officers  
and Men of the  
**4<sup>th</sup> CANADIAN DIVISION**  
(British Expeditionary Force)  
to friends the wide world over.

In the Field — Dec. 1918.



## TO CANADA OUR HOMELAND

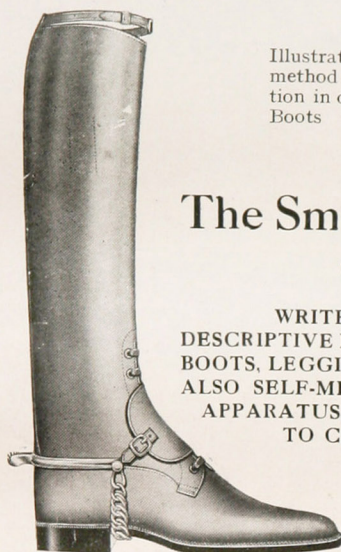
"Our hearts where  
they rocked our cradle,  
Our love where  
we spent our toil,  
And our Faith and our Hope,  
and our Honour,  
We pledge to our  
Native Soil."

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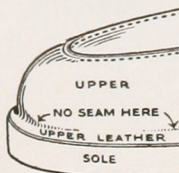
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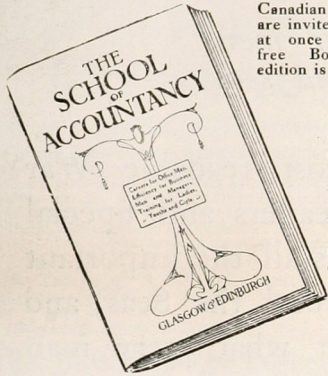
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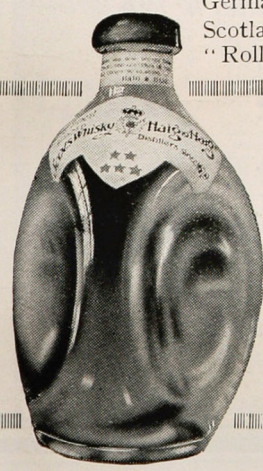
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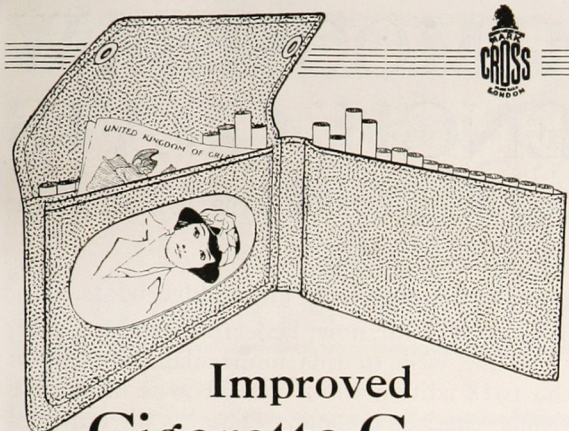
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- For removing and preventing the smell of perspiration.
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This sounds almost unbelievable, but a trial very quickly convinces. And isn't it worth trying? If in one bottle you can have a safe, harmless but powerful fluid which can be of service to you in so many different ways, can you afford to be without it? It costs only a shilling and threepence to become convinced. And a bottle lasts a long time—it is economical. Get a bottle to-day. You will be astonished at the results.

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# A MAN FROM MOOSEJAW TALKS ON TRENCH COATS

HE butted into the billet and the middle of the conversation after the joyous manner of his kind.

"What's that about coats?" he said, kicking fragments of France from his clodded boots.

"There's only one trench coat that ever gets itself outside of me now, henceforth and for ever, and that's the "Thresher." Boys, the man that put me wise to this immaculate conception of a field habilament was the good Samaritan in the 1918 edition and a Sam Browne belt. He was the main guy of the ancient order of true friends—and then some. The hot air required to tell what he didn't know about kit and campaigning wouldn't inflate a two-cent balloon.

"Well, here's the coat, and I'd like you perambulating mud-pies to notice the quantity of prime Picardy that *hasn't* stuck to it. Why the things some of you call trench-coats have got an appetite for mud like a goat for gum boots. The trenches get half an inch wider every time you walk through 'em. Give me 10 cents and I'll buy back all the mud you can scrape off this coat at 5 dollars an ounce. And protection! I've never seen rain work harder to get through a garment than it has done for the last twelve hours—but this old "Thresher" didn't even notice it.

"And, say, when you're talking about warm coats there's just one remark I'd like to chip in with—the man who can raise a shiver in this coat would catch cold in hell. And *that* isn't all there is to the "Thresher." The fellow who worked out these neck and wrist dodges was some brain merchant. When you're upholstered in a "Thresher," my sons, you're the giddiest kind of top-hole trench furniture that ever lived on lyddite."



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# The Message from Mars

being a Christmas Greeting from the Officers  
Non-commissioned Officers and Men of the  
4<sup>th</sup> Canadian Division, B.E.F.  
to friends the wide world over.

In the Field.

Christmas 1918

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**T**he thanks of the 4th Canadian Division are here recorded to all who have generously contributed to the making of THE MESSAGE FROM MARS. Rudyard Kipling, in granting to the Division his special permission to make a free choice from his published works, has paid us a compliment that is cordially appreciated. It is pleasant to find enrolled among our writers Percival Phillips, of the "Daily Express," and Herbert Russell, Reuter's Correspondent, two world-famous war correspondents who have been through the thick of the fighting from the first. Centurion and Boyd Cable are authors whose vivid stories of the war will outlive living memory. Poets are represented by J. C. Squire, from the front rank of Georgian poets, and Touchstone, whose name is familiar wherever the "Daily Mail" is read. Mary MacLeod Moore and Sybilla Kirkland Vesey reflect the noble work which the women of Canada are doing; Frederick Grundy reminds his readers of Canada's eagerness from the very outset to defend the right, and Lieut.-Colonel Percy Bell gives a striking impression of how Christmas Day passes at the Front.

Turning to the illustrations, the 4th Canadian Division heartily thank Louis Raemaekers, Frank Reynolds and F. Gardner. We are proud at being able to reproduce paintings by William Orpen, Richard Jack, and Cyril Barraud. And our cordial thanks go to Canadian War Records for so freely placing at our disposal its magnificent collection of photographs and war paintings. Our friends in Canada will gain from THE MESSAGE FROM MARS a new and higher appreciation of the splendid work Canadian War Records is doing in France and Flanders. It is compiling with the camera the most complete history of Canada's part in the Great War.



# A Prophetic Song

## From "A Song of the English"

*Over a quarter of a century has passed away since "A Song of the English" was written. The singer was both seer and prophet. When Mr. Kipling gave special permission for one of his poems to be published in THE MESSAGE FROM MARS, these lines were chosen. They ring to-day with new truth. What child of the Empire can read them without "feeling good"? And at Christmas we all want to feel good.*

### THE SONG OF THE SONS.

ONE from the ends of the earth—gifts at an open door—  
 Treason has much, but we, Mother, thy sons have more!  
 From the whine of a dying man, from the snarl of a wolf-pack freed,  
 Turn, and the world is thine. Mother, be proud of thy seed!  
 Count, are we feeble or few? Hear, is our speech so rude?  
 Look, are we poor in the land? Judge, are we men of The Blood?  
 Those that have stayed at thy knees, Mother, go call them in—  
 We that were bred overseas wait and would speak with our kin.  
 Not in the dark do we fight—haggle and flout and gibe;  
 Selling our love for a price, loaning our hearts for a bribe.  
 Gifts have we only to-day—Love without promise or fee—  
 Hear, for they children speak, from the uttermost parts of the sea!

### ENGLAND'S ANSWER.

TRULY ye come of The Blood; slower to bless than to ban;  
 Little used to lie down at the bidding of any man.  
 Flesh of the flesh that I bred, bone of the bone that I bare;  
 Stark as your sons shall be—stern as your fathers were.  
 Deeper than speech our love, stronger than life our tether,  
 But we do not fall on the neck nor kiss when we come together.  
 My arm is nothing weak, my strength is not gone by;  
 Sons, I have borne many sons, but my dugs are not dry.  
 Look, I have made ye a place and opened wide the doors,  
 That ye may talk together, your Barons and Councillors—  
 Wards of the Outer March, Lords of the Lower Seas,  
 Ay, talk to your grey mother that bore you on her knees!—  
 That ye may talk together, brother to brother's face—  
 Thus for the good of your peoples—thus for the Pride of the Race.  
 Also, we will make promise. So long as The Blood endures,  
 I shall know that your good is mine: ye shall feel that my strength is yours:  
 In the day of Armageddon, at the last great fight of all,  
 That Our House stand together and the pillars do not fall.  
 Draw now the threefold knot firm on the ninefold bands,  
 And the Law that ye make shall be law after the rule of your lands.  
 This for the waxen Heath, and that for the Wattle-bloom,  
 This for the Maple-leaf, and that for the southern Broom.  
 The Law that ye make shall be law and I do not press my will,  
 Because ye are Sons of The Blood and call me Mother still.

*Rudyard Kipling*

# Good Laughs on the Western Front

By Percival Phillips

*Mr. Percival Phillips has been a War Correspondent on the Western Front since August, 1914, and this contribution was written on that Front specially for THE MESSAGE FROM MARS. Before the great war Mr. Phillips had been present at battles, and had reported them, in every quarter of the globe.*

CERTAIN gloomy people declare that soldiers never laugh, and that war is one long unbroken horror, even in rest billets. They rage if a correspondent dares write that "the men are cheery." Disregard them. There are plenty of good laughs on the Western front. They are not to be found in bulk behind a barrage; nor is a bayonet charge conducive to mirth—at least, so far as the Hun is concerned—but war has its humour as well as its tragedy. The men seize eagerly on every laughter-making incident of their daily life.

Tastes differ. There are as many varieties of humour in the field as at home, and what appeals to one individual may not move another in the same way. Thus, when the notorious Mule of Courcelette declined to shift from a badly shelled road, and was blown into very small pieces, ribald mirth marked his exit from this world of pain. Only one Canadian sat sour and discontented amid the wreckage. He was the driver of the team.

I once asked a Canadian sergeant what had amused him the most since he came to France. He responded immediately with the incident of the Prussian machine-gunner who had refused to surrender. The sergeant was about to rush him with the bayonet when a shell burst a few feet away, and killed three other Germans. The obstinate machine-gunner was lifted bodily into the air, and he fell with a thud—unhurt, and still conscious. Instantly he raised his hands, and cried: "*Kamerad!*"

"I thought I'd split my sides laughing," said the sergeant.

Now, this kind of humour is very much like the old-fashioned music-hall joke. It is human nature to laugh at the discomfiture of other persons, and the red-nosed comedian who fell off a ladder, or the drunken tramp juggler who broke dinner-plates with a hammer, never fails to tickle the audience. In the same way, the misfortunes of the Hun—incidentally, those of

our own men—frequently evoke laughter, even though it may seem a little cruel.

I remember the joyous howls of a Canadian contingent when the smoking-out of certain coy German fugitives in the Passchendaele region last year was described to me. A nest of dug-outs contained a number of reluctant infantrymen who flatly declined to come up and surrender. The Canadians might have blown shut their cave and left them to perish. Instead, they flung down smoke-bombs, and waited for results.



**A Pile of German Tin Hats**

Up they came, coughing and sneezing, each figure greeted with shouts of laughter, as it stumbled awkwardly into daylight.

Frequently a prisoners' cage is the scene of humorous incidents. I watched some of the 4th Division's captives filing along the Arras road after the Drocourt line was cracked. They were a sorry, dismal lot. When they hove in sight of the crowded cage a guffaw went up from the inmates, and the sight of their comrades marching under escort seemed to cheer them all. The newcomers passed rather sulkily behind the wire. A few minutes later they were grinning from ear to ear. Along the road came the



**The Chief**

Major-General Sir David Watson, K.C.B., C.M.G., etc.

*By Major William Orpen A.R.A.*

Prussian Town Major of Dury, his face convulsed with rage. He had been taken in bed by the Canadians, and his appearance was far from neat.

The prisoners shouted with glee; some of them lay on the grass, apparently exhausted by their mirth. The anger of the Town Major merely stimulated them.

It was a pleasant sight.

I saw a wounded German and a wounded Canadian helping each other into a dressing-station. Both had bayonet wounds in the leg; both were grinning rather sheepishly. Their wounds dressed, they sat together over mugs of tea, still grinning, and apparently the best of friends.



**Tank going into Action**

"The joke's on us," said the Canadian. "I met Fritz at the door of his dug-out. He wouldn't come along. I stuck my bayonet into him, and he got me the same moment. Then he surrendered, and we fixed each other up. I'm going to tame him, and take him back as a pet."

The Tanks usually raise a laugh, even when serious work is at hand. They are so clumsy, so very earnest, and they go into battle with such an air of dignity that the men cannot help smiling, even now that they are familiar adjuncts of a first-class battle.

"I'm not beautiful, but I'm good," was the inscription chalked on the flank of one of these fighting machines by the infantry just before it "went over the top."

Some one immediately called it "Virtuous

Lizzie." The tanks went forward, and "Lizzie" was watched by the troops as she demolished German machine-gun posts. The fame of "Lizzie" lasted beyond that day. She was damaged by a shell, and lay derelict on the field, and the infantry that passed added other complimentary inscriptions in chalk, praising her valour and her virtue.

"Tank humour" does not please the tank crews. They are very sensitive individuals. Call a tank a "toad," and you embitter every man who fights with it. Allege that it is a "misshapen monster," as has been done by some of its best friends, and you may have to fight the next tank expert you meet. Here again the joke depends very much on the point of view.

Yes, the soldier of the line—the ordinary foot-slogger who bears the brunt of the battle—relishes a humorous incident as keenly as ever he did before he put on khaki. All the hardships of war have not blunted his appreciation of a joke.

Read the innumerable signs which are left in the wake of the advancing armies.

"To the war," wrote a Canadian on the ruined walls of Vis en Artois, beside a broad arrow pointing towards Cambrai. No one could mistake the way. "Gentlemen are requested not to remove their metal head-pieces unless notified that hostilities are suspended," was another warning scrawled at one of the "hottest" cross-roads in the same region.

I wanted to reconstruct the scene at the surrender of a German battalion headquarters when the Canadian troops broke the Drocourt line. I found a corporal, who had been first at the dug-out. He found a frightened private at the top of the stairs, who expostulated, and was promptly knocked down.

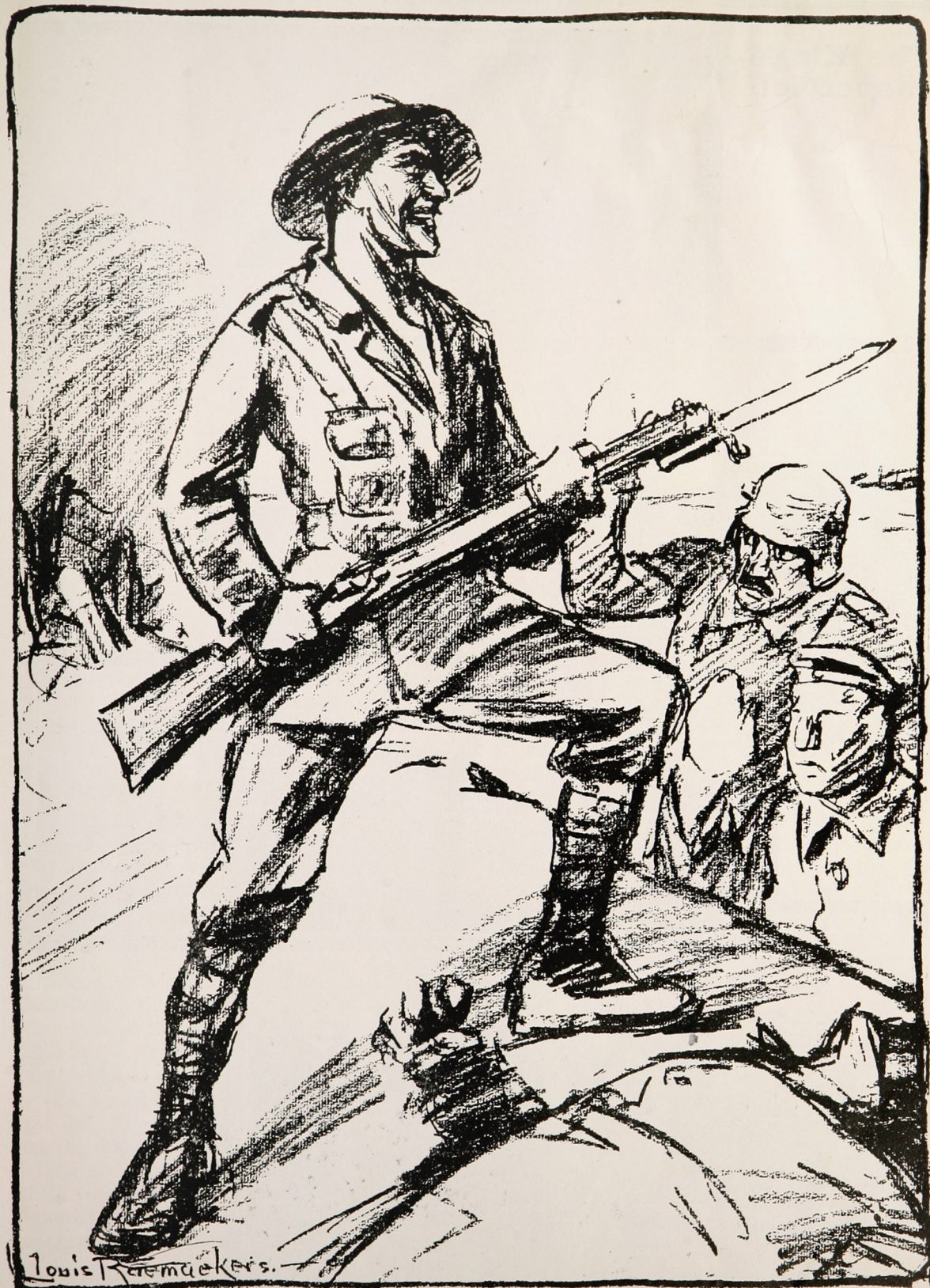
"Then," said the corporal, "a fat man, with his head shaved, came running up the stairs; he was the battalion commander."

"Did he show fight?" I asked.

"Not he," said the corporal; "he asked me something in German, and seemed to be very much surprised."

"You didn't have any difficulty in making him understand?" I asked.

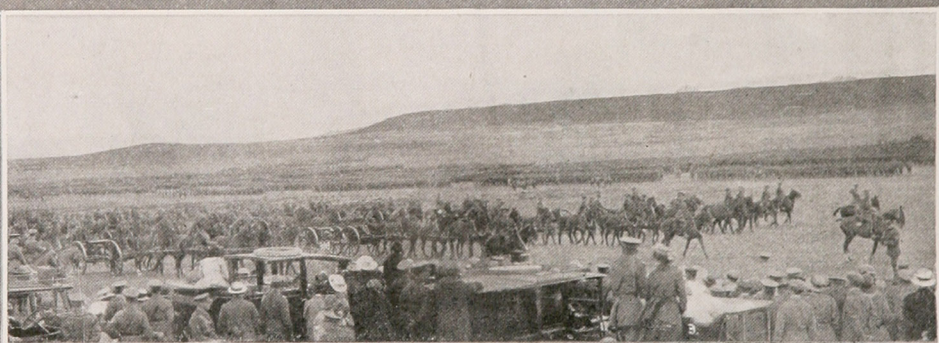
"Not at all," replied the corporal with a grin; "I just said to him: 'Tell those other birds to come up; the house is pulled.'"



Canada Always Wins

By Louis Raemaekers

## The King's Inspection



# Airship Over Suburb

By J. C. Squire

A SMOOTH blue sky with puffed motionless clouds.  
Standing over the plain of red roofs and bushy trees  
The bright coloured shell of the large enamelled sky.

Out of the distance pointing, a cut dark shape  
That moves this way at leisure, then hesitates and turns :  
And its darkness suddenly dies as it turns, and shows  
A gleaming silver, white against even the whitest cloud.

Across the blue and the low small clouds it moves  
Level, with a floating cloudlike motion of its own,  
Peaceful, sunny and slow, a thing of summer itself,  
Above the basking earth, travelling the clouds and the sky.

# One Christmas Day at the Front

By Lieut.-Colonel Percy G. Bell, D.S.O.

CHRISTMAS that year found the Division holding a fairly cushy bit of line. The trenches and dug-outs were good—"excellent" was the word used by the Engineers. The wholesale and retail department had secured an attractive line of tinned delicacies against the holiday season. Infantry reliefs were regular, and the gunners told, according to ancient custom, of enemy headquarters strafed with amazing accuracy. For a week the weather had been quite surprising. Rumour had it that a "Beer Emma" had confessed to a hopeful view of the general situation.

The M.O. was awakened on this particular morning by the melodious voice of his batman proclaiming to the village certain incidents connected with Christmas in a workhouse. Drowsily conscious of the warmth of his blankets and a chill in the air that nipped his nose, he lay until the clicking of a button-stick ceased, and the entry of the songster announced that it was time to get up. The M.O. placed a bare foot gingerly on the floor.

The Field Ambulance was just then living in a little village, composed of a small grey, square-towered church, a dozen houses mostly bearing notices in the windows: "Wine, Beer, Eggs,

Chips," "Estaminet," or "Washing Done Here for Soldiers," and a modest château all nestling under shelter of a hill. The château, of ancient vintage and a somewhat mouldy tout-ensemble, together with a dozen wooden huts in the grounds, had been "taken over" from another unit two or three weeks previously as a Rest-station, where the slightly sick of the Division were gathered—men to be bathed, fed, and rested for a week or so while their ailments were treated.

Seasonable preparations had been under way for some days. The Red Cross lorry had made several trips to the gates bringing up Christmas cheer; also the Y.M.C.A. officer had been in with useful-looking bales; and the Ambulance postal orderly's little cubby hole was so crammed daily with a multitude of packages from home that that cheery youth might well have passed for a service-clad Spirit of Christmas.

As the M.O. passed through the patients' huts he noticed that the bare walls had disappeared under garlands of evergreen, bright paper-chains, and greetings in cotton-wool. The men were lying about, reading letters and opening their parcels, while a few scattered groups were playing cards or dominoes. The usual parade for sick

rounds that morning was soon over—hardly one of the two hundred patients was not pronounced fit for extensive gas-atomic exercise.

All morning the cook-house, emitting famous odours from its big brick oven and bubbling boilers, was a hive of industry; the cooks, according to their own phrase, "jumping sideways," and assisted in this manœuvre by a number of willing fatigue men.

At noon the patients disposed of a dinner of astonishing dimensions, and then, further fortified by a bottle of Bass (cheers) and a cigar, attended a "sing-song." Most of them were wearing paper caps extracted, after the barrage lifted, from the Red Cross crackers. The assembly was a very mixed one. Here could be seen a "Bermuda Highlander" (in tinsel crown) beside a Jock in kilts and sunbonnet, Foot Hills Fusiliers, Red River Grenadiers, and Cow Town Rifles cheek by jowl with the Bay City Infantry, men of the Supply Column, Gunners, and Engineers.

Later in the day the Ambulance men sat down to their own dinner—a spread they will recall in after years as being most helpfully rounded out by the thoughtfulness of kind friends at home. It was a real Christmas dinner, of the turkey and plum-pudding sort. The sergeants acted as waiters under the direction of an energetic sergeant-major, whose activities were shortly rewarded by presentation of a decrepit Béthune note (alleged value 50 centimes) by the tiny Cockney humorist, amidst vociferous approval of the company. Following the officers' visit and a few words of greeting from the O.C., all hands adjourned to an impromptu concert, where roaring farce in its broader aspects was staged on a platform furnished with Army-pattern foot-lights (*née* tins, biscuit).

News had come from one of the ambulances in the line of attempted fraternisation by the enemy in the morning. This, it was said, had been coldly received, though a certain number of gifts of a sort had been nevertheless "sent over" by our people—chiefly the gunners. From sounds arising towards evening, it seemed that an active mutual exchange was still in progress.

It was nearly midnight when the M.O., weary in well-doing, sought his billet. Dinner in his own mess had been long and elaborate—the last incident in a day of great activity—and he was glad to crawl into his old "fleabag."



**Bringing in the wounded**

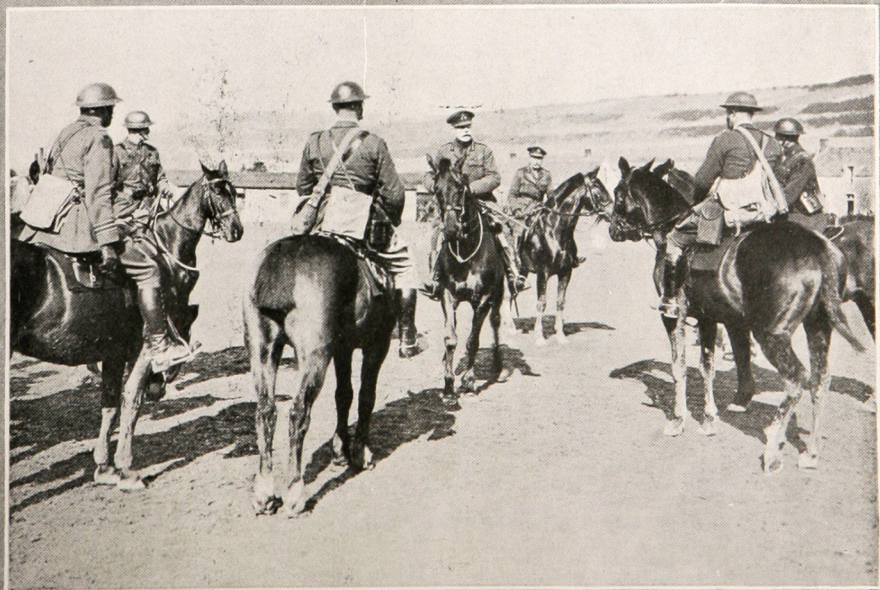
As he lay there, smoking a last cigarette his mind wandered drowsily from the events of the day to memories of other Christmas Days since he had joined the Army. There was that year on the Plain; a cold, biting wind, and roads glazed and slippery; the turkeys for the men had not turned up, and this involved a trip through the fog to Bulford Station to search through a vast mountain of freight packages. Other blue-nosed people were there, and he had a curiously vivid memory of much fluent language. Then the time when his Division had been living in the famous Wood. On Christmas Day a stream had overflowed into the recess that was then humorously known as a dug-out. Some one had made matters worse by quoting: "Confound you, Pip; what d'ye mean by washing in the water I have to sleep in?"

The following Christmas they had come up, after wallowing in a sea of mud, to a part of the line reported so quiet that civilians would come up in the morning to sell papers and chocolate in the fire-trenches. It had hardly come up to these expectations; but it had been good. He remembered an excellent field ambulance station there. There had been a bright moonlight night when the duck-boards by the water-hole in the valley cracked with the frost, and the R.A.P. trench was hard as granite—that returned to his mind rather vividly.

The M.O. blew out his candle and snuggled down contentedly. A bell in the village church was chiming midnight.

"Next Christmas," he murmured to himself, "I wonder——"

## A Visit from Sir Douglas





**Three Cheers for the Prime Minister**



**Sir Edward Kemp Visits Headquarters**



Lt. Col. E. de B. Panet, C.M.G. D.S.O.



Brig. Gen. V. W. Ollum, C.B. C.M.G. D.S.O. etc.



Colonel H. T. Hughes, C.M.G.



Brig. Gen. J. H. MacBrien, C.M.G. D.S.O.



Maj. Gen. Sir David Watson, K.C.B. C.M.G. etc.



Brig. Gen. R. J. F. Hayter, C.M.G. D.S.O. etc.



Colonel C. A. Peters, D.S.O.



Brig. Gen. W. B. M. King, C.M.G. D.S.O.



Lt. Col. K. R. Marshall, D.S.O.

### Chieftains All



Victory of Strasburg (see "The Last Phase")

By Rifleman F. Gardner

# The Last Phase

By Centurion, Author of "Gentlemen at Arms."

*This is not a true story by Centurion, whose "Gentlemen at Arms" has been hailed as 'one of the most vivid collections of short stories of the war. "The Last Phase" was written before Marshal Foch began his victorious advance, at a time when certain very foolish persons were loudly insisting that the war MUST end in a draw. This is the sort of draw which Centurion then figured out:—*

"DADDY, what did you do in the Great War?"

Mr. Langrish looked over the top of his newspaper at his son, who was sitting with his legs crossed on the hearth-rug. He had a sudden misgiving as to the wisdom of his choice of a birthday present. He had given him *The Child's History of the Great War*—in thirty volumes. But there was no guile in the clear blue eyes that looked up at his own.

"Well, Tony," said his father, as he put down his newspaper, "I worked in a munition factory, making umbrellas. You see," he added defensively, "I was far too young for the Army when they passed the fourth Military Service Act. I was—let me see—I was only 18 years of age. It was in 1925. You will find all about it in the twenty-sixth volume."

"Tell me about it, daddy," said Tony, as he clambered on to his father's knee.

"Well, I must explain how the Act came to be passed. The war had gone on for ten years, and everybody was getting very tired of it. Things had come to such a pass that England seemed to have gone back three centuries. Sedan chairs came in again. There were no horses left—the Army had taken them all—and coal and petrol were so scarce that there was none to spare for lighting or locomotion. So sedan chairs and link-boys were used. I remember your grandfather taking your grannie

home from the theatre in a wheelbarrow. Most of the newspapers came to an end because there was no paper, and all the printing had to be done by hand; in fact, machinery went out of use altogether except in the munition factories. The news used to be cried in London by the Lord Mayor's crier with a bell; and, of course, the War Cabinet had to make him a Cabinet Minister; they called him Minister of Propaganda. . . And everything was rationed. Some articles of food disappeared altogether. I remember the last hen's egg——"

"What's a hen, daddy?"

"A bird, my son. I'll show you one next time I take you to the Natural History Museum. They're quite extinct now. As I was going to tell you, I remember when the last hen's egg was put up to auction at Christies'. It fetched £500.

It was bought by a great collector who had made a fortune out of munitions. And raw materials were so scarce, especially wool, that men had to wear trousers made of brown-paper—until paper gave out. It really seemed as if we should have to dress like our first parents. The Government began requisitioning all the stocks of fig-leaves. Of course, things were even worse in Germany, owing to the blockade. And it was then that the fourth Military Service Act was passed. I ought to have explained to you that all the Boy Scouts had already been called up. Things really began to look serious, and



"Daddy, what did you do?"

"I was far too young for the Army; I made Umbrellas!"

it seemed as if the race would die out altogether. And it was then that the Germans proposed an armistice."

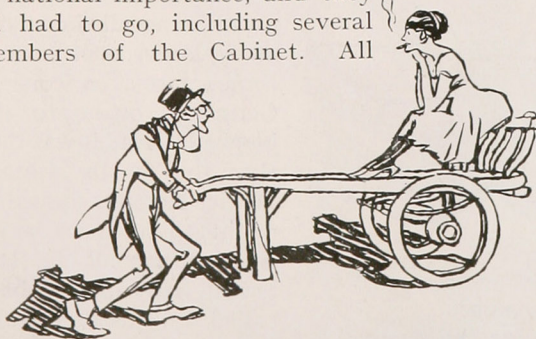
"What's an armistice, daddy?"

"It's what happens when the umpire blows his whistle. Only there wasn't any umpire. There were no neutral States left. Oh, I forgot—there was Tibet. It was done through the Grand Llama."

"The one we saw in the Zoo, daddy?"

"No; a distant relative of his. You mustn't ask so many questions. Well, the Germans made a proposal that all the belligerents should agree to restrict the armies in the field to men over 65. At first the Allies suspected a trap. Perhaps they were right. But the thing got noised abroad, and the German Army got out of hand; there was a kind of provisional agreement that both sides should begin with a gradual displacement of the soldiers by the old men. You see, the German Government really meant to keep the able-bodied soldiers in reserve without actually demobilizing them, and then, using their old men as a screen, to fall upon the enfeebled troops of the Allies and annihilate them. But the German soldiers who had been withdrawn refused to fight any more. And popular opinion in Germany was strongly on their side. The Germans said: 'It is the old men who have made the war—let them fight it.' They are an ungrateful people. So all the Governments agreed to a Convention—you'll find it in your History under the name of the Tibet Convention."

"Of course, the number of men available was very limited, and no exemptions could be allowed. Many politicians pleaded hard for exemption; but the Tribunal decided that they did no work of national importance, and they all had to go, including several members of the Cabinet. All



Home in a Wheelbarrow



They had a wonderful "send-off"

the arm-chairs in the West End clubs were emptied, and all the club-bores who had been discussing how they would finish the war had to go. Everybody said: 'And serve them right, too.' . . . 'The trenches were very thinly held—only one man to every 800 yards, which is about the range of a rifle—but it couldn't stop there, and the belligerents soon called up the men of seventy. The character of the war naturally underwent a change. Trench-warfare gave place to open warfare because the old men got rheumatism in the trenches. So they lived in a chain of draught-proof block-houses with a heating installation. The night air was fatal; so it became a law of war—there was a special code drafted in Tibet—that hostilities should cease between sunset and sunrise. Hostilities were also to be suspended from 2 to 4 p.m. in order to allow of an afternoon nap. But the Germans—who are incorrigible—took advantage of this, and smuggled up to the lines some able-bodied men to beat gongs and drums outside our block-houses in order to keep our men awake all night, till they were fit for nothing the next day, and were so cross. It was only when we threatened reprisals that the Germans desisted. There was also a complete revolution in armaments. Artillery was out of the question, as the noise of the guns caused serious cardiac affection in the case of 90 per cent. of the effectives, and often precipitated a stroke. Rifles, too, went out of use, as the old men's hands were so swollen with rheumatism that they could not pull the trigger.

So bows and arrows came in. Umbrellas and sticks were largely employed—I used to spend all my spare time in making them in a munition factory. There was a Tibet Convention that the weight of an umbrella or other deadly weapon should not exceed eight pounds. There used to be great excitement over the military communiqués—I remember when the great victory of Liège was announced, it said: *'We have advanced to a depth of 40 yards over a front of a mile, and have captured forty prisoners, with an immense quantity of material, including thirty-five hot-water bottles, eleven bath-chairs, a large number of shawls, and a great dump of cough-lozenges.'* One of our men, an Elder Brother of the Trinity, got the V.C. over that for hitting five Germans over the head with an umbrella and capturing a catapult. Unfortunately, he had a heart attack soon afterwards and never lived to receive the decoration.

"Everything underwent a change, including military law. Lighter forms of field-punishment had to be devised—such as the deprivation of peppermints. Rations, too, had to be changed—cocoa and gruel took the place of bully-beef. . . . But the Germans gradually lost ground, until they were driven to call up their centenarians—they were so feeble that they always put up their hands at once and cried *'Kamerad.'* And we retaliated by calling up our octogenarian class. They had a wonderful 'send-off.' I can remember the scene at Charing Cross as if it were yesterday. One of them was hugging a Teddy-bear. . . .

"As the war progressed, people saw more and

more clearly what an admirable arrangement it was. The saving in war expenditure alone was enormous. Most of the men were widowers, and others had all their children grown up, so that the separation allowances for dependents were very small. And, besides, everybody who was good for anything was able to resume his normal occupation. People began to say it was a silly thing to kill young and able-bodied men, and that if anybody had to be killed it had better be men who were no longer any use, and were only a nuisance to themselves and their relations. . . . Well, the war became more and more a thing of the past. Of course, many of the minor operations resolved themselves into verbal disputes—the old men were very garrulous. They used to get quite angry at times. Sometimes the two armies spent a whole day in shaking their fists at one another. At other times they put out their tongues. One of our men went over the top alone and boxed a German's ears. He got the D.C.M. for it. . . . At home much study was devoted to the care of old age—the attention formerly given to the birth-rate was now devoted to the death-rate. *Creches* for men over 65 were established in order to preserve our man-power."

"But how did the war end, daddy?"

"By the victory of Strasburg, sonny. We had driven the Germans out of France and Belgium, but were held up by a hawthorn hedge. Our troops were commanded by a young Field-Marshal of 70 years of age—of course, the younger men were senior in point of service, as the older men had been called up later. The second-lieutenants



"All had to go, including several members of the Cabinet"



**An Elder Brother of the Trinity wins the V.C.**

were all octogenarians. Well, the Field-Marshal reconnoitred the hedge one night, and saw a place where he thought we might 'break through.' He was a man of prompt decision, and determined to attack immediately, but operations were postponed owing to his nurse coming up and saying: 'It's time to take your medicine, sir.' Moreover, the Army Commander had an attack of cold feet, owing to his batman having mislaid his foot-warmer. It was a great chance missed, as it was August 4th—the anniversary of the declaration of war, twenty-one years earlier. However, there was nothing to do but postpone the operations until the next day. The attack actually took place at 10 the next morning—it was again postponed for an hour owing to an east wind, which gave our troops a headache. There were some mistakes—it is always the unexpected that happens in war. The F.O.O. had mislaid his spectacles, and our observation was poor. Moreover, the Germans blew quantities of red pepper into the eyes of our men and discharged clouds of sulphuretted hydrogen. Everybody was blowing his nose. But eventually we reached all our objectives, our men being greatly assisted by a covering fire of arrows. By 12 o'clock the position was won. And within a week peace was signed in Berlin. You will find the terms of peace in the thirtieth volume."

"And what did they do with the Kaiser, daddy?"

"They sent him to Schlangenbad—the place where they practise the sun-bath cure. He was always asking for a place in the sun. He soon died of exposure. But he had begun to get very old, and I have heard that his mind was already affected. He had long been in the habit of playing with tin soldiers in his palace at Potsdam; he used to make speeches to them about the mailed fist."

"Daddy?"

"Yes, my son."

"How old was you when the war came to an end?"

"Twenty-eight."

"And you was too young to be a soldier?"

"Yes, my boy, and I looked younger than my age," said the father uncomfortably.

"But, daddy, why didn't you make up as Father Christmas?"

"Tony, it's time you went to bed," said his father irritably. "Go to bed at once."



**He soon died of exposure**



**Bringing in the Prisoners**

## **After a Night Raid**

**A Wash-Up**

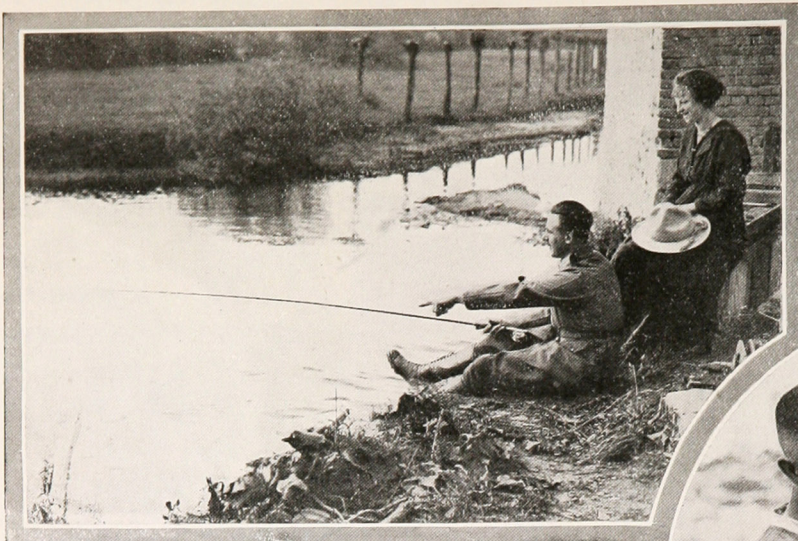


**Rest and Writing Home**



**Boy Prisoner—as he was captured**

## A Day Off



**The Miller's Daughter**



**"Next Gentleman, Please"**



**"Pull, Scotties, Pull!"**



**Play Ball**

# Far and Fast

By Boyd Cable.

Boyd Cable is accepted as the great chronicler of the daily life of the Great War. His first volume of stories, *"Between the Lines,"* opened the eyes of those at home to what was actually happening day by day in France and Flanders; his latest volume, *"Airmen o' War,"* published only a week or two ago, continued the process. In between he has written *"Action Front,"* *"Grapes of Wrath,"* *"Front Lines."*

**F**ULL-OUT" LOSSON, of the Green Patch Division, had been "full out" to get in the Flying Corps—and got there; was "full out" to get to France—and got there; "full out" to crash a Hun—and crashed one. Then, after a bit, he was, as he admitted freely, "full out" to capture one intact—and this took much more doing than the other items, because, however keen or "full out" a man may be, to do that he has to wait for a good many coinciding circumstances over which he has no control.

But he got his chance, at last, one day, when word came to the squadron of a Hun two-seater well back behind the lines, and he took a quick permission to get off to try to round him up on the way back. The round-up came off all right, and was followed by a brisk scrap, in which "Full-out" shot the Hun observer, chased the Hun down from 15,000 to 1,000 feet by diving on him and rapping off bursts of fire astern of him, and finally drove the Hun pilot to the conclusion that his only chance of escaping alive lay in his coming down on our side and surrendering. He came down and landed in a rather rough field, wiping off his undercarriage and wrecking a wing-tip and his propeller in the process. "Full-out" circled above him for a bit, but, failing to see a better landing, and not caring to risk his machine,

decided reluctantly he must leave his prize for the moment and hunt back for a landing-ground. He climbed a few thousand, reconnoitred his position, and marked the spot where his capture had landed. His realisation of these two things brought him down low again in a hurry. He was about a dozen miles from his own drome, and the Hun machine was within an area which "Full-out" knew was occupied by a certain Overseas Unit.

Now Overseas Units have a habit—a most reprehensible one in the eyes of the air services—of calmly appropriating any air-Hun who lands near them, of taking away the prisoner, and of absolutely gutting the machine of "iron cross" markings, guns, compasses and other instruments, and anything else that approaches the souvenir class. "Full-out" was not at all pleased at the prospect of losing everything except the skeleton of the Hun machine and the capture thereof. He saw the pilot standing on the ground and a

number of our infantry approaching, and took a quick decision. He scribbled a note on his pad, folded it, and crammed it into his gauntlet glove, circled over the infantry, and dropped it, waited and saw them pick it up, and then streaked for his drome.

He landed at a ferocious speed, taxied up to almost the front doorstep of the



A Hun Machine Down

squadron office, was overboard and out of his machine and into the office, had poured a torrential explanation over the C.O., and obtained a permission to take a tender, quick, before the C.O. well knew he was there. "Full-out" was in something of a hurry to get back to his capture before it might be looted, and the rate at which that tender turned out and vanished round the first bend of road from the drome made even the sergeant-major stare. "Full-out" was on the front seat beside the driver, and was figuring on his watch and impressing on the driver that this was a real full-out job, when the driver jammed the brakes hard on, and brought the tender up in a wild sideways lurch that nearly threw "Full-out" overboard. "Full-out" said things when he saw a big staff car drawn up on the roadside, a red-tabbed brass-hatted figure standing beside it, and another similarly tabbed one full in the fairway signalling the tender to stop. "Full-out" at first was for driving on and over the interruption, but a natural hesitation by the driver gave the signaller time to come up at the run.

"The General's car has broken down. He's in all sorts of a hurry. Can you give him a lift to Belleville or thereabouts?"

"Full-out" thought quickly and answered before he had finished the think. "Sure," he said. "If he's in a hurry, so'm I, and I'm going through there. Come on. All aboard for Dixie."

The Staff Captain turned to walk back to the car and the General, but at a word from "Full-out" the tender was after him so quick he had to slip hastily for the ditch to avoid having his heels trodden on.

"Come along, sir," said "Full-out," politely but very hurriedly. "Glad to take you if you don't mind some fast driving." He jumped down into the road.

"In front, sir, is most comfortable," he said, and fixed a calculating eye on the flag stuck on the front of the General's car.

The General, without waste of time or words, clambered to the front seat, and before he was well into it "Full-out" had run to the car, snatched the General's flag, was back to the tender, and swinging up on the seat beside the General.

"Let 'er go, Gallagher," he commanded the driver briefly, and the tender moved forward

with a jerk. The Staff Captain, who was evidently giving some directions to the driver about the stranded car, saw the move just in time, took two jumps into the middle of the road, and grabbed the tail-board as the tender gathered way.

"If you don't mind," said the General hastily, "my Staff Captain——"

"The boy with the camouflage colouring," said "Full-out." "He'll be all right, sir. Pick him up on the way back."

"But he's—he's hanging on," said the General in rather puzzled tones, and with a side glance at the boyish face beside him and the leather coat that hid all indications of rank.

A smothered yelp came out of the dust that was billowing up astern of the tender.

"That's all right, then, sir," said "Full-out" easily; "plenty of room for him." He looked round inside the covered tilt of the tender as a scramble and bump and a few expressive words announced the coming aboard of the Staff Captain.

"I *think* you said you were in a hurry, sir," went on "Full-out" engagingly.

"I am," said the General; "and I hope you don't mind driving as fast as this lorry can go, until we come across a fast car that can give me a lift."

"Full-out" glanced round at him, and then, leaning across him, spoke firmly to the driver.

"You hear, Galt? You drive as fast as this-er lorry can go until we meet a *fast* car. You hear?"

"Yes, sir," said the driver without lifting his eyes from the road, but with a ghost of a smile on his lips.

Now, a R.A.F. tender can travel when it is really pushed, and R.A.F. drivers are by habit and repute used to fairly fast driving. This has to be so, because quite often they have to get first-aid to a man and machine that has made a forced landing, or take a pilot back to fly up a fresh and badly wanted machine to replace a crashed one, or fetch a fresh and equally badly wanted pilot to make good a similar loss. Frequent complaints of furious driving have made them a little apt to be careful at times; but——

"There's no speed-limit this trip, Galt," said "Full-out" softly, across the General again; "the General's flag will pass us, I reckon."

Galt glanced round at the flag in "Full-out's" hand, and his smile widened to a grin. The

## Behind The Line



"Come to the cook-house door, boys!"



A Y.M.C.A. Hut



A Highland Battalion  
on the March



In Camp



Over 150 German Guns captured by the Canadians

tender soared up a gentle rise, swooped over the crest and went down the long slope beyond at gathering speed. There was a little village at the foot of the hill, and Galt started his horn going a good two hundred yards from the first house. He kept it—and the tender—going, right through the village, leaving a colony of hens in shrieking hysterics behind him and a few soldiers beginning a salute when they saw the General's flag and finishing it when the tender was about a hundred yards past them. The General was too busy hanging on with both hands to the seat to attempt to return the salute.

"Galt," said "Full-out" reproachfully a minute later, as the tender slowed a little on approaching a sharp turn, "You heard—as fast as your lorry can go."

The tender jumped into top again, and the General gasped as it went rasping and slithering round the corner, skidding sideways to within inches of the ditch. But he closed his lips tight and said nothing, and even when the tender went down a long line of transport, with the horn yelping wildly and "Full-out" flaunting his flag in the faces of the indignant drivers and mules, he still kept silent. He squirmed a little when they slowly overtook a closed car, blaringly demanded the right of way, drew level, and began slowly to creep past. He caught sight of red tabs and cap-band, and a face almost as red between them, at the car window, and next moment the voice of his Staff Captain sounded jerkily at his ear: "That was General Blank, sir."

Another car appeared at the end of the long stretch of road, travelling fast towards them, with a pillar of dust rising astern. They were

not yet clear of General Blank's car, and certainly there would not be room for the three on the road. Galt might have eased and dropped back, but—

"Galt," said "Full-out" firmly, "You heard."

Galt held on, and at the last second General Blank's car dropped back into the tender's whirling dust-storm wake, the tender swung in ahead of it, and the other car passed with a whoop and a rush.

The General, as he admitted after, will not forget that drive in a hurry. The tender should have been crashed a dozen times over in the half-dozen miles. By a series of miracles it did nothing worse than leave a few inches of paint on the hub of a country cart, kill three chickens, miss by about a foot a sentry who stepped hurriedly forward to salute the waving flag (and stepped back still more hurriedly as the tender skidded and nearly took the presented rifle out of his hands), bend a mudguard, and bump the General's nose severely against the wind-screen when they pulled up with a jerk just in time to avoid crashing an A.S.C. lorry and team, ran over a yellow dog ("Full-out" consoling the General with an assurance—after frantically waving the General's flag back at some yelling Frenchmen—that it must have been killed instantly, 'cos it never murmured after the first yelp, and they always yell blue murder for an hour after if they're only hurt). The General stuck it out without a murmur, even if he did some secret speculating as to whether he and his flag could be identified with a R.A.F. tender, three killed chickens, and a dead dog, and other minor sundries. He said nothing even when the tender skidded into a ditch—fortunately shallow

—and buck-jumped for fifty yards along it with two wheels on the road, the seat at an angle of forty-five, and the General's hair at an angle of ninety from his scalp.

"Full-out" put him down at Belleville, and before his foot was well off the step was moving off again.

"Not at all, sir; not at all," he said, as the General tried to thank him and ask for his squadron number. "Number Umpty, sir. That was our drome back where we picked you up. 'Bye, sir." And the tender was off, leaving the General feeling gently at and trying to squint down on his bumped nose.

"Wonder why he wanted the squadron number?" said "Full-out" thoughtfully. "Anyhow, I kept his flag, so you can open her full out again, Galt. The flag'll see us through.

The General called in on the squadron next day, and, "Full-out" being on patrol, had a talk

with the C.O., and heard the full reason for the fast driving.

"And had they looted his Hun when he got there?" asked the General.

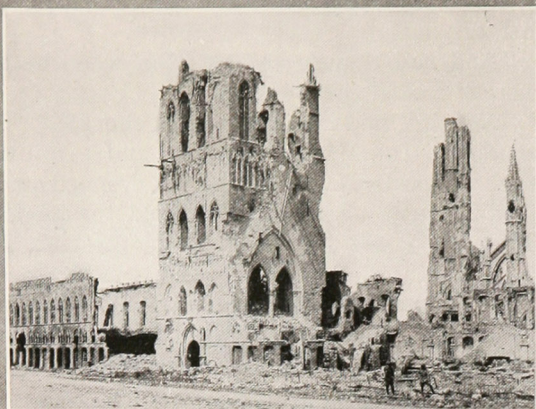
"No, sir," said the C.O., with a chuckle. "He found the Inf. sitting round it, and a full two hundred yards off. Y' see, he had dropped a note over to them asking them to hold the air-Hun prisoner, and not let them near the machine, and to be careful themselves how they touched it, because that particular type had an automatic bomb device in the petrol tank designed to explode and ignite the petrol and destroy the machine if captured.

"I see," said the General, and broke into a laugh. "And our fellows have had too many booby-traps sprung on 'em by the Germans not to believe the scheme probable. Smart youngster that. He should go far some day."

"Far, sir," said the C.O. slyly, "*and fast.*"



H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught



Ypres



Albert



Vimy Ridge



Amiens



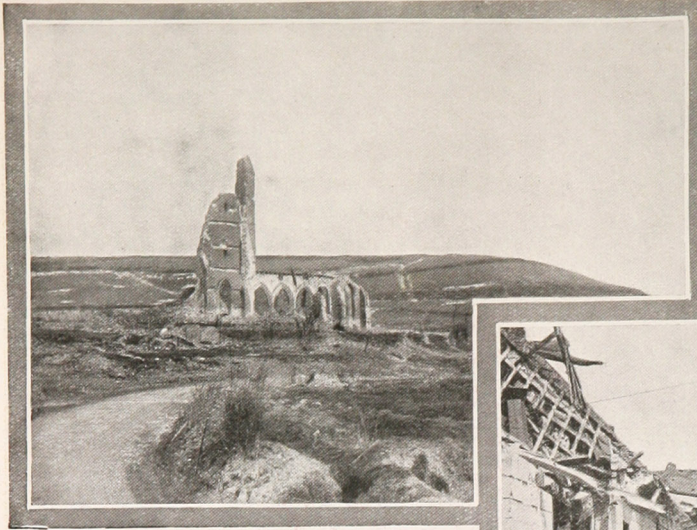
Arras



*By Lieut. Cyril H. Barraud*

**Mont St. Eloy**

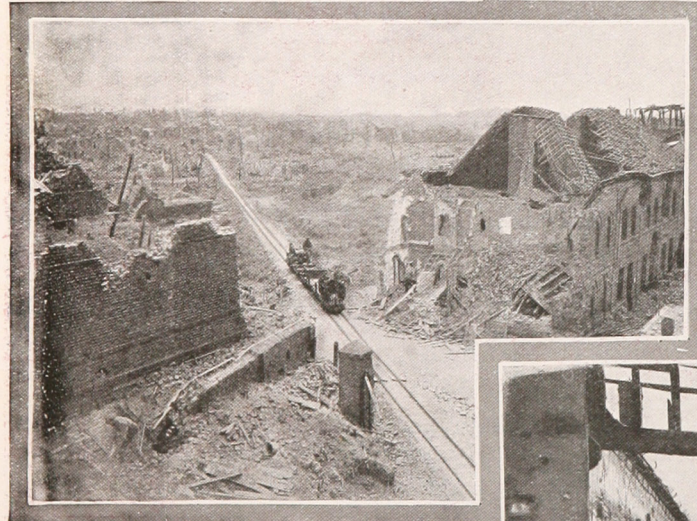
## Scenes We Can Never Forget



**Ablain St. Nazaire**



**Lievin**



**Angres**



**Caix**

# A Tragedy of the War

By Touchstone (of "The Daily Mail")

**H**AROLD for five and forty years  
Had never known an occupation.  
Imagine, then, that hero's fears  
When faced with such a complication  
As followed when, as a recruit,  
He had to don a khaki suit.

They sent him to an O.T.C.  
(A very laudable concession.)  
Alas! so ignorant was he  
Concerning this, his new profession,  
That he believed that he could swank  
With those of full-commissioned rank.

So when he reached the camp he tried  
Interrogating this and that man,  
Who stared upon him goggle-eyed,  
To know where he might find his batman;  
Till one who pitied his distress  
Said: "Better ask the Q.M.S."

He did! That portly party swelled  
With fierce but silent indignation.  
His large vocabulary held  
No phrase to fit the situation.  
It needed something quite unique  
To deal with such appalling cheek.

But ere he burst, his starting eye  
Lit on a certain sergeant-major,  
Who happened to be standing by—  
A man of Mons, a real old stager;  
And, pointing to that warrior grim,  
He gulped his wrath, and said: "That's him!"

So Harold strolled across the green;  
He tapped the veteran on the shoulder  
And promptly fired the magazine  
Before each terrified beholder.  
"Here!" cried that greenest of recruits,  
"Just come along and clean my boots!"

It is beyond the power of words  
To paint that awful detonation.  
Great trees were riven and the birds  
Perished by thousands from cremation,  
While many a distant fire-brigade  
Dashed to the spot to render aid.

A shell-shocked regiment still retains  
The memory of that burst of fury.  
They buried Harold's charred remains  
After a sympathetic jury  
Had sat upon him and supplied  
The simple verdict: "Suicide."



A Memory of Passchendaele



THIS clever drawing by Captain R. G. Mathews and these photographs will introduce to you the pride of the Division—the Maple Leaf Concert Party. Beginning with “variety” in the summer of 1917, it produced at Christmas that year the pantomime *A-lad-in France*, illustrated here. A revue in three acts—*Camouflage*—succeeded the pantomime and was still running when these lines were written. Admission is one franc for officers, ten centimes for other ranks. The plays are written, the scenery is painted, and the costumes are designed by our own men. Most of the music is written by one of our officers; the “Irving” theatre was designed by another.

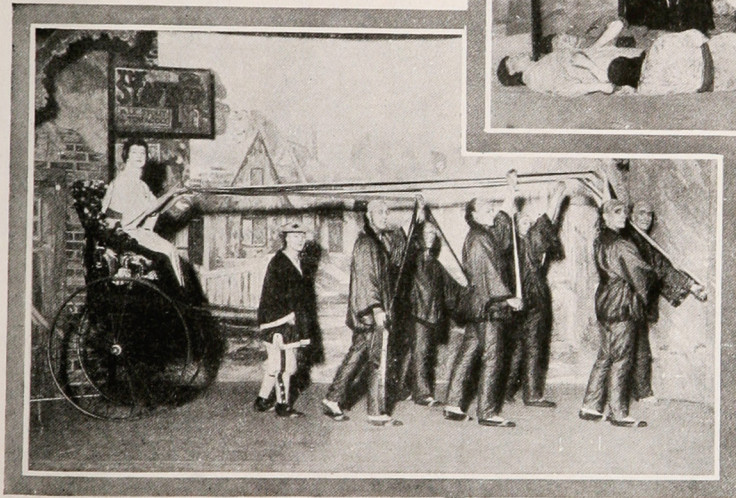
## "Maple Leaves"



"House Full"



The Fairy Queen

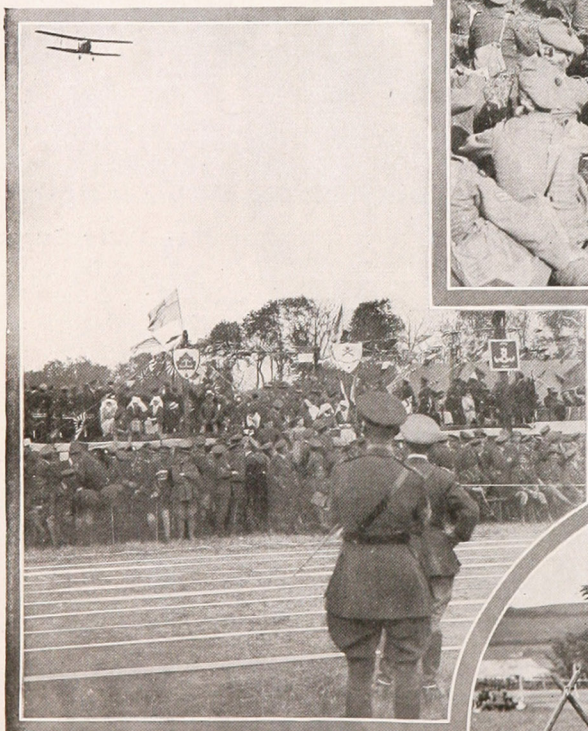


The Princess  
in her Rickshaw



Aladdin brings the Lamp

## The Sports



# One of Borden's Beauties

By Herbert Russell, Reuter's War Correspondent, France

IT was in the days when we, in England, looked still upon the Canadian soldier with mixed feelings of pride, surprise, and speculation. For the first thirty-three thousand had only landed in Plymouth half a week before; and as Plymouth happens to be my home, I may claim to have seen the first of them. The wonderful armada had passed in stately procession across the waters of the Sound, rounded Devil's Point, and vanished into the wide embrace of Devonport Dockyard. We were well accustomed to bluejackets, marines, garrison gunners, and gravel-crushers of the line—these formed the everyday life of the place. But Canada in khaki! What were the thirty-three thousand going to be like when the great grey walls of the naval establishment yawned and vomited them into the town? Of course, we took it for granted that they would be simply splendid. But how splendid? I think that some of us had too impossibly heroic notions of what would dawn upon our vision when the great legion was permitted to take Plymouth by storm.

Well, it was on the evening of the third day that I met him—the impersonation of the Canadian Contingent. It was wet and cheerless, and I had turned into the little snuggery which we Pressmen use as a foregathering place. There

were about half a dozen men in the room, and I heard the news that at last the Canadians had come ashore. Shortly after this, the door opened, and he came in. He was a splendidly

built fellow of about thirty-five years of age, ruddy, and robustious. But his get-up was rather astonishing. He wore a black billycock hat, and beneath his open khaki great-coat there showed the blue-knitted breast of a fisherman's guernsey. For the rest, his kit was correct enough.

He gazed around with a mild blue eye as he stepped into the middle of the little parlour, and we all sort of gasped, for we simultaneously realised that here was the first soldier of the great Dominion Expeditionary Force any of us had yet seen. With an expansive smile and a wonderfully comprehensive glance, he exclaimed: "Say, boys, but this is bully!" And then he came and sat down alongside of me.

Luckily, mine host kept rye whisky, and so we were able to

start right away on a good impression. Of course, we all wanted the privilege of treating him at once, and the moderation with which he parried our insistence was a real tribute to his strength of character. He promptly put us wise as to the reason of his nondescript costume, explaining that his stetson had been blown overboard, and his tunic got wet through that



A Gallant Stretcher-Bearer

afternoon in the dock. He queried whether his company officer would be best pleased if he saw him geyed as he was ; but this was his first shore leave since leaving Halifax, and he wasn't going to be done out of a run on the beach by any dress regulations. Here was the spirit which was presently to develop in the most amazing raiding exploits any war has ever known.

I asked him what he belonged to, for his shoulder-straps only carried the word "Canada." He half-winked at me, and answered: "I'm one of Borden's Beauties." I could never get him beyond this identification; and to this day I am not clear whether he was referring to the sobriquet of some unit, or to his own personality.

If you think I am conveying any idea of a mountebank, I am unfortunate in making a hopelessly wrong impression. He was as fine a fellow as ever set forth to down the Hun, and most entertaining. He told us many stories of training in Canada and of the voyage across. I believe he gave us all a new angle of view regarding the war. Whilst he was very critical, he was also athirst for information. Down to this time we had been carrying on the great unequal struggle with battalions from the Homeland, and the sense of strength that was borne in upon one

as this strapping Canadian talked—the almost subconscious sentiment of thankfulness that he, and such as he, had come and would come in tens of thousands to share in the tremendous blows which the Old Contemptibles were then warding off—became an exalted impression. I am not sure that the very unconventionality of rig of this "Borden's Beauty" did not lend glamour to the mental picture which his deep tones conjured. He was not a soldier, he told me, but just a fighter; a boy who knew how to handle a rifle, and meant to do it.

And then he suddenly recollected that somebody had told him there was a good fight on at the Cosmopolitan. Would I direct him thither? I did more: I went with him. My recollection is that there was one very fair bout in the course of the evening. Anyhow "Borden's Beauty" was demonstratively enthusiastic. There were many other Canadian soldiers around the ring, and I think that, on the whole, they attracted very much more attention than the boxers.

We parted when the place closed, and I never saw him again. But I have often thought of him. "Borden's Beauty" was my first introduction to the splendid Canadian Corps—perhaps a characteristic one, and certainly a lasting impression.



**Major T. W. MacDowell, V.C., D.S.O.**



**At Divisional  
Head-quarters**





**Brigadier-General W. B. M. King,  
C.M.G., D.S.O., and his Staff**



**Brigadier-General  
R. J. F. Hayter,  
C.M.G., D.S.O.,  
and his Staff**



**Brigadier-General  
V. W. Odum,  
C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.,  
and his Staff**

# Canada Junior in "The Blues"

By Mary MacLeod Moore



CANADA in the field is a terror to Heinie, as he playfully calls the unspeakable Hun. Canada in bed in hospital is in eight cases out of ten a cheerful boy under twenty-five, with fearless eyes, a rooted objection to talking about himself or the war, and a ready, responsive smile.

In the other two cases he is an older man, often with greying hair, who has left wife and family, farm or business, in rural Quebec, Moose Jaw, Deseronto, or the Okanagan Valley, because he felt it was up to him to stop the Germans doing to the British Empire what they had done in Belgium and in Northern France.

He is inimitable in either case.

Heroes are disappointing for show purposes. In books and in poems they express noble sentiments in language that would satisfy any professor on earth. They take fond farewells of their dear ones in touching and well-punctuated sentences of some length, and they tell of great deeds on the field of battle in stirring terms which children afterwards learn at school as part of their literature lesson.

In real life they do none of these things. Nor are they, as a rule, seven feet tall.

You call at a military hospital to see some wounded Canadians, and to ask the usual inane questions as to how they are and where they were wounded. (Heaven send you have sense enough not to ask if it hurts much, and not to sit on the side of a patient's bed.)

The heroes are neat, well-brushed, quiet persons lying in white beds, and looking as unlike the great warriors they are as it is possible to imagine.

To the first question, "How do you feel?" they reply briefly, "Not too bad," or "Oh, all right!", and to the last the answer may be: "It got me in the leg. I guess Fritz thought I'd like a souvenir to take home. Some souvenir!"

"I see you stopped one in the arm," said a visitor to show how familiar she was with the proper slang.

"The trouble is, it didn't stop," objected the patient. "It sort of went on and fell over a piece of bone on the way."

As to getting them to talk of their experiences and their great deeds, it is hopeless.

You read and hear of the splendid achievements of the Canadians, but you find the hero of a little expedition which cleared out nests of machine guns and took a fabulous number of prisoners, lying in bed, looking very young, and rather shy, smoking a cigarette, and reading *The Rosary* or something equally blameless.

To speak of Germans and fighting would introduce a vulgar element of violence into the scene. Later, when you become friendly, he may utter a few detached sentences concerning the life out there, but he prefers doing things to talking about them.

One of the trials of being wounded is that the patient is unprotected from the attacks of visitors to the wards.

If I were one having authority, such as the King or the Prime Minister, I would arrange that all hospital visitors, except mothers and wives, should be young and pretty. Persons over twenty-five who desired admittance would have to pass a stiff examination that it might be decided if they were suitable visitors for young

men who pine for lively society. Thus we should do away with the very kind but dull and somewhat tactless persons of both sexes who go to hospitals with a view to cheering up "the dear soldiers."

"They're awfully kind," confided one Canadian; "but most of them ask too many questions as to how you got wounded and how you feel, and some of them stay and talk after your own friends arrive. My cousin came the other day—no, not from the front, she's a girl—and that old lady with the muffler stayed and talked all the time." And he shook his head over the oddities of visitors.

If soldiers were not good natured, visitors would run risks. One, with the temerity of the weaned child placing his hand on the cockatrice's den, smilingly offered a large apple to a Canadian with a bandaged jaw. She deserved something worse than his glance of pained surprise, and the aside to his neighbour: "Can you beat it?"

"Lots of them know a good deal about Canada and have friends there," said one patient; "but, say, some of them were behind the door when the geography lesson was taught. A lady said she was so upset over the Halifax disaster because——"

"She had a cousin in Vancouver," I interrupted breathlessly.

"Well, it was in Winnipeg; but it's all the same."

Even to sit out of doors involves perils not known in the trenches. To a little group in beds and chairs, sunning themselves, arrived a stout woman dragging two reluctant children. She stopped at the railing where the chairs were drawn up, and thus addressed her offspring:

"Now, then, you, Gladys and Elsie, 'ave a good look at the pretty soldiers!"

The gentlemen referred to for the most part regarded Gladys and Elsie with unresponsive gloom.

"Some treat for Gladys and Elsie," remarked one.

"Sure thing," replied his friend briefly.

Rivalry over their respective countries is responsible for many agreeable passages in wards where men from various parts of the world foregather.

There was an American in one where two Canadians were also patients, and the conversation turned on fruit. The Imperials listened



"Naughty, naughty!"

with admiring interest to wonderful stories about all fruit from across the Atlantic, but presently the American loudly proclaimed that peaches from the U.S.A. (the fruit, not the other kind) were the best in the world.

Ontario laughed this to scorn.

"Why, see here, kid," said the Yank; "we've got so much, we simply can't sell it all. We often feed loads of our best peaches to the pigs."

"That's because it's all your best are good for," replied Ontario.

"And what happened then?" one demanded with feverish interest.

"Oh, that fellow from Manitoba, in the end bed, and I started singing 'The Maple Leaf' as loud as we could, till Sister came in and made us shut up; but we got away with it all right!"

Occasionally the rivalry is between East and West. In one ward an Edmonton man and one from Halifax were in beds on opposite sides.

"No, I never went East till I was on my way over for this scrap. Nothing to go for," said the Westerner.

"The h——l there wasn't!" began the Easterner in heated accents. But the eyes of the interested occupants of the other beds had

turned to the door, through which a visitor was coming. Presumably the lady had male relations of her own, which was conducive to sympathy, for she retreated on her base—not according to plan—and left Alberta and Nova Scotia to enjoy an uncensored argument.

Among the interests in hospital is "fancy-work." The domestic occupation of sewing and knitting is jeered at by the new patients, but they in the end fall victims to its charms. It would rejoice the hearts of Canadian mothers to see their restless boys toying with a needle or with a piece of knitting.

A rather elderly lady, visiting the hospital, stopped to talk to a Canadian and a Jock sitting by the fire chatting over their work. She grew very warm over the iniquities of the Huns.

"I only wish they'd take women into the Army to fight. I'd volunteer to go."

The Canadian, whose expression of mildness belied the rumour that he won his M.M. for placing an incredible number of Germans out of the reach of further trouble, looked up from his knitting benevolently.

"You'd be fine," he said, encouragingly. "I bet you'd bayonet old Fritz. I see it in your eye," and he returned to the picking up of dropped stitches.

One man was sitting cross-legged on his bed, scowling ferociously as he tried to match silks that refused to stay matched, and to drive a needle viciously into the place where he would have it go. When patience reached its limit, he uttered a word which is a relief to us all.

Another soldier glanced up with a shocked expression, first at the worker and then at the visitor. Then he shook his finger at the cross-legged one.

"Naughty, naughty!" he said softly. "Mother'll slap baby if he says bad words before the lady!" And the lady's appreciative grin was repeated down both sides of the ward.

Canada Junior may be homesick, for home is three to six thousand miles away, and he is often suffering severely; but his pluck never fails him.

"Back in bed?" you say to a boy of twenty. "What's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing to write home about," he smiles; "my old leg went on the blink, and the M.O. got wise to the fact and put me here."

Though "the boys" appreciate deeply and warmly the great kindness of the people of the Old Country and the beauty of the land itself, their "first best country ever is at home."



**Brigadier-General J. H. MacBrien, C.M.G., D.S.O., and his Staff**



**"Facing the  
Deadly Camera"**





**Chinese Labour. By Frank Reynolds**

The Chinese road-gang is a common sight behind the Line. Chinamen are hard workers, but they have a mania for hats, and, as will be noticed in Mr. Reynolds' drawing, no two ever seem to wear the same style.



**The Chief  
and the  
Prince**



**Watching Heinie**



**Dawn in the Line**

# The Millwheels of Luck

By Sybilla Kirkland Vesey

"**A** TELL ye, George Macpherson, ye'll no get ma lass, an' the sooner ye leave ma hoose an' the country the better. Ye're jist a guid-for-naething loon." And Farmer Petrie raised his arm in a threatening attitude.

"Tam, Tam," came gently from Mrs. Petrie.

But Geordie Macpherson only closed his mouth with a resolute snap, and stood his ground, looking very handsome and determined.

"That's ma last word," continued the farmer, going to the door, opening it, and silently pointing with his finger.

A sound of sobbing came from some other room, and Mrs. Petrie hurried away with a murmured "Puir lassie!"

The farmer now indicated the way out with more emphasis, and Geordie deliberately took up his cap, and said:

"Ye'll let me bid Chris guid-bye afore A gang?"

"No, sir!" replied the farmer in his most dignified English. "I will not. Now, please to leave my house."

Geordie's eyes flashed, and he strode to the door, where he turned for a moment and faced the farmer.

"A'll gang the nou, for ye turn me frae your doors, which is within yer right; but A'll come back aye day and marry Chris, in spite o' ye. Mind."

With that, Geordie flung out of the room, and the door slammed behind him. Mrs. Petrie met him in the little entrance-hall.

"Puir lad, puir lad," she said in her cooing voice. "Ye'll be for bidding the lassie guid-bye?"

"He'll no let me," returned Geordie sulkily, trying to disengage himself the while, for Mrs. Petrie had taken hold of his coat-sleeve.

She hesitated a moment; then she took a tremendous resolution.

"Lad," she said in a whisper; "gang ye tae the big fir-tree at the corner o' the wud atween 7 an' 8 the nicht. He"—pointing to the parlour they had just left—"has a caird-pairty, an' he'll niver miss Chris for half an hoor or sae. But mind she mauna bide mair nor three-quarters, at the ootside."

Geordie bent down and gently kissed the old woman; then he went quickly out of the door.

He was a farmer's son, a good lad at heart, but wild. He had "kept company" with Chrissie Petrie for some months; but a short time ago his parents had died, and, much to every one's astonishment, they left but few of this world's goods behind them. Geordie very soon determined to emigrate, and chose Canada as his future sphere of activities. Chrissie was ready to marry him at once, and go forth into a new world sharing his fortunes, whether good or ill. But her father saw things in a different light.

So the harvest moon looked down on a very tender parting till the distant village clock struck nine. Then, with a cry of dismay, Chrissie fled homewards, and next day George Macpherson sailed for Canada.

\* \* \*

[Two years passed away, and Geordie began to grow rich. He had found a thoroughly congenial occupation as a hunter for a large fur emporium. He was beginning to think of returning to Scotland, marrying Chrissie, and settling down in Canada on a farm for the rest of his life. Then a remarkably good offer came, and he started on a long hunting expedition.

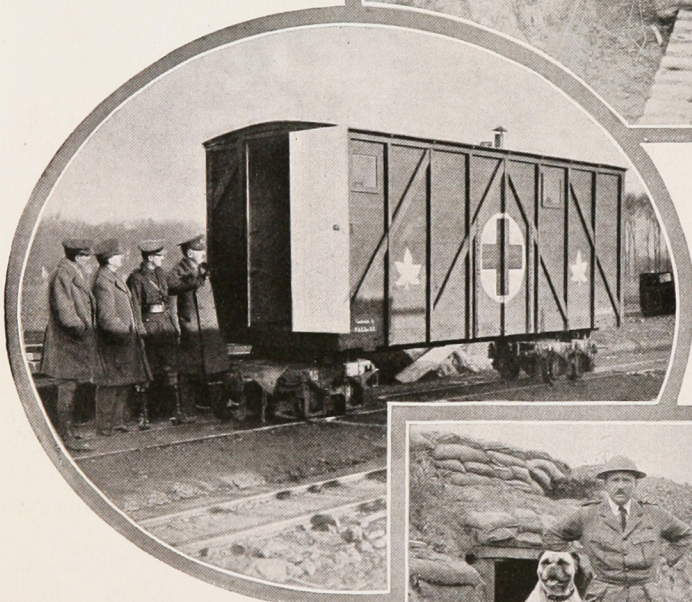
It was the beginning of July, 1914, when he left, and it was March of the following year before he returned.

He had had two letters from Chrissie since their parting, and written two to her. The 1st of June being the date of their formal engagement, they had agreed that on this day they would exchange letters. More would be dangerous; and they both had consciences.

It was early morning when Geordie reached the little town which he made his headquarters. He went straight to the post office to get his letters and papers, and then, as it was a fine, sunny morning, he sat down on a seat in the park to look through them.

To his astonishment, there were three from Chrissie. He snatched up the first which came to his hand, and tore it open. It was from an unknown address in Edinburgh, and was dated just a month before. Suddenly a cloud obscured

**The O.C. going  
round his lines**



**A "Blighty" Pullman**



**Lieut.-Colonel (now  
Major-General)  
E. Ironside C.M.G.,  
D.S.O., and Gibb**



**Officers play  
Badminton**

the sun, and he shivered, for the letter was very short. It merely said :

Dear George,—Please consider everything at an end between us. I could never marry a man who did not 'list at once, and you have had over seven months to do it.

Your sincere well-wisher,  
Christina Petrie.

"Did not 'list at once!" 'List in what, and why?

Then he took up another of Chrissie's letters. It was dated July 10th, 1914. In it she told him that her father had suddenly gone bankrupt. The shock had killed her mother, and a few days later her father had dropped down dead just outside the station. Heart failure caused by worry and grief. She had almost immediately found a situation in Edinburgh as under housemaid, and she was going there next week.

The third letter was dated October, 1914, and in it she spoke of war, and nothing but war. The folk in whose employment she was were doing this and that, and helping with everything. All the servants were training in the Red Cross, and had to attend classes every evening. They heard the Canadians were enlisting splendidly, so she supposed Geordie was too busy with his military duties to write; but she would be glad of a line. Then there was a pathetic little postscript :

P.S.—Is it that you're finished with me, and not writing, or is it that you are coming one day, soon, yourself?

But she did not tell him where there was war, or with whom. Then he hastily opened a paper at random, and it happened to be the *Weekly Scotsman* of August 10th, 1914.

Geordie glanced at its contents; then he sprang up, stuffing his letters and papers into his pockets. That evening George Macpherson changed to No. 10953, of the 155th Battalion of the famous Maple Leaf Division.

\* \* \*

But a great bitterness filled his heart. Chrissie had doubted him. Doubted both his love and his courage. She ought to have known he was away in the wilds. He was sure he had told her in his last letter. Even if he did not, she should have trusted him. She should have believed that he would be the first to go when he knew.

Well, she had ended it all; so ended it should remain till he had something to show, and something to shame her with. So the letters, unanswered, reposed in an inner pocket of his tunic.

\* \* \*

The preliminary training was over, and once more Geordie set his foot on the soil of the British Isles. Not quite in his native land, for they were quartered in the south of England; and to the born Scot, England is not Scotland by any means, though an integral part of the British Empire.

At last there came a day when Geordie got his final leave before going to the front. A long week, giving plenty of time for a journey to



A Shell Hole

Edinburgh and back. When he was asked where he wanted to go, a passionate longing almost overpowered him, and he opened his mouth to say "Scotland." But he shut it again with a snap, and hissed: "London."

So to London he went. When the week was over, Geordie was many degrees wiser in the ways of the world than ever before.

And then he went to France.

He was always in the thickest of the fight, and he gained a D.C.M. and promotion to corporal; but still he hesitated to write to Chrissie.

After more than a year his chance came, and he took it. There was a certain hot corner which it was most important should be held till reinforcements came up. Geordie was left with

a small company and no officers—not even a sergeant to command. For three hours he held the corner, partly by bluff, but mostly by courage; and when relief did at last come he carried nine wounded companions, one by one, into safety under a galling fire.

A commission and a V.C. followed this gallant deed. Then he bethought him it was time to write to Chrissie, and one day the post carried away a characteristic epistle, in which love and reproach were strangely mingled, and where the only allusion to his prowess was a "P.S." telling her to address him as "Lieutenant George Macpherson, V.C."

Six weeks rolled by, and no reply came; but Geordie did not much mind, for in two days he was going on a fortnight's leave.

There was a little ceremony at Buckingham Palace to be gone through, and then he would make all haste to Edinburgh and persuade Chrissie that a war-wedding was the finest thing in the world. For the honeymoon, they would go to the old home. A comrade broke in:

"Say, old chap; I'm awfully sorry, but I quite forgot to give you this letter. I'm afraid it's been in my pocket for two days."

Geordie took it mechanically, and opened it carelessly, for it appeared to be an official communication. Something fell out of the envelope. It was his letter to Chrissie, with the ominous words: "Gone away. Left no address."

"The Boches!" shouted some one, and in another moment his battalion was over the top. Next day the little field dressing station was crowded.

"Yes, he must go," said the tired doctor, trying not to speak wearily; "he may not reach the base alive; but, anyway, we must try it."

The stretcher-bearers took up the dismissed patient and very gently slid the stretcher into the ambulance. Thus, in a quite unexpected way, did George Macpherson, V.C., begin his journey to Buckingham Palace. He was a long time at the base—he did not know how long. Once more he was put into a train, and then oblivion. When consciousness returned there was no noise, and the bed was quite still. He opened his eyes. It seemed to be daylight, and there was a white ceiling above him. Presently a kindly voice asked if he would like a drink, and he managed to whisper an inquiry as to where he was.

"The Officers' Division of Kale's Hospital, in Aberdeen," answered the voice.

The doctors had held a grave consultation over him; but, on the whole, their verdict was favourable; his splendid constitution and healthy life would probably pull him through. But he would require the most careful nursing and constant care. They commended the matron for putting him into the little room reserved for very special cases. A nurse stole quietly along the passage, and stopped at the door.

"Matron sent me up to sit here while you have some dinner," she said.

"You're not one of the officers' nurses," answered the other rather sharply.

"No; but there isn't one to spare, so Matron sent me. Everything is in an awful muddle with all these unexpected cases. They've sent thirty more than there is really room for. However, Matron will soon put it all straight."

"You know about this case?"

"Yes; Matron told me the outlines."

Then there followed a few whispered questions and answers. Finally the departing nurse said:

"My name's Charleton; what's yours?"

"Petrie," was the answer.

"Oh, you're the girl who won all the medals and did so well in Edinburgh."

Nurse Petrie blushed as she answered, quietly: "I trained in Edinburgh, and afterwards they sent me here."

"So long," smiled Nurse Charleton.

Nurse Petrie closed the door and advanced towards her patient. Then she took the hand which was lying on the cover-lid, and felt his pulse. He stirred a little, so she bent over him.

"Losh——" The expression broke from her involuntarily. At the sound of her voice Geordie opened his eyes.

"Chrissie, lass, is that you?" he murmured.

"Aye, aye, Geordie lad, it's me," she answered tenderly.

Somehow or other, the story came to the matron's ears, and she sat down and reflected. Then she issued a number of new orders.

Sister Petrie was transferred to the officers' section—temporarily, anyhow. The staff smiled a little when the matron explained the arrangements to them; but they loved her none the less for her ostrich-like diplomacy.

Her judgment was seldom at fault, and, as she surmised, under Nurse Petrie's care the gallant V.C. made rapid strides towards recovery.



**Repairing Wires in a  
Communication Trench**



**Our Little Mud House  
in the West**



**The Tump Liners**

# His Usual Suite

By Frederick Grundy

WHEN I was asked to write something for THE MESSAGE FROM MARS, I was flattered, but frightened. To contribute even a small part to a message from such a quarter might well give pause even to the most youthful of scribes, and it certainly "put the wind up" in an old hand who has been spoiling paper for something like a quarter of a century.

At first, I thought that I would like to tell in the message something of the feelings inspired in us at home here by the ready coming over to help us in the perilous fight for right of army after army of free Canadians. Once we hired Hessians. To-day free men rush to our side, fully armed, equipped, and maintained by their own folk.

Great moments in the history of a great Empire are worthy of shining record. It was surely a great moment in the history of the British Empire when the first Canadian Army left these shores for France. When before has the army of one free nation sailed from the shore of another to fight on the soil of a third, in order that the freedom of all might be preserved?

But I put this great theme away from me. I did not feel that just now I could hope to achieve even a pale simulacrum of the shining record it deserves.

Instead, I will try to tell a simple story about a friend of mine who, I like to think, was the first Canadian-born recruit to enlist in the new armies that have sprung to the call of duty with an almighty rush that has made the onlooking world hold its breath in admiration tinged with awe.

There is no particular "point" to the story; and that, perhaps, is why I am so long in getting to it. But, somehow or other, it seems to me to suggest the spirit of the individual men who make up this one vast army, and to contain one of those strange little pictures which illustrate one side of this war with countless scenes that four years ago could not have occurred to the imagination of the wildest inventor for the "movies."

However, you must judge for yourself.

In August, 1914, my young Canadian friend was in Paris. He was perfecting his French and doing a certain amount of his father's business.

Doubtless, for I know him well, he found a little time to take advantage of the opportunities which Paris in the "piping times of peace" offered to a young man of great means for relaxation from his more serious occupations. Certainly the last thing he was thinking about was war or doing his bit in one. Then, with a suddenness that surprised even those who knew and feared its imminence, war was on us. Belgium was invaded, France was in the field, and one day later Great Britain declared herself. That same day Canada, as represented by my gay-hearted young friend, declared herself in as well. "There was no doubt about what ought to be done—there was no use in waiting—so I just went the quickest way about it"—or words to that effect—he said to me in his drawling way of talking, months later in London. Which means, in spite of the slow talk, behind it there was quick action.

The care-free, jovial young Canadian had sized things up in one clear mental sweep, determined that it was up to him to fight for what he believed in, and to start in the quickest way.

In less time than it has taken to tell it, this young Canadian-born was a soldier of France, in that strange and wonderful collection of men, the French Foreign Legion.

He was amongst the first of the new recruits to be passed as ready for active service, and was soon under fire in a muddy trench "somewhere in France."

After six months' fighting he was transferred from the French to the Canadian Army, and was sent to London on the way to Canada, where he joined up again, and was soon back in France.

\* \* \*

And now for the little picture. The scene is the entrance foyer of one of London's most swagger hotels—one of those magnificent places where they charge you a dollar a minute for breathing on the doorstep; where servants and cigarettes alike must be tipped with gold; where a five-pound note feels like a farthing, and the humble shilling has neither reputation nor utility.

The time was just the hour when those extraordinary people who feel quite at home in these



By Richard Jack, A.R.A.

**Ypres, April 22nd—May 5th, 1915**

gorgeous refuges for the homeless, were assembling for dinner. The long-haired bandmen, dressed in their musical-comedy uniforms—once “The Blue Hungarians” or “The Pink Austrians,” or something of the kind, but since August 4th, 1914, Swiss to a man—were playing what by time-honoured custom must be described as “seductive strains.” The myriad electric lights were reflected on the shirt-fronts and shoulders, and, praise be, the uniforms of the typical crowd who, or many of whom, would soon be putting a wonderful and costly dinner on top of the afternoon tea, still reposing upon a hearty luncheon. There they stood, or sat, the men in speckless uniforms or the dazzling black and white of the civilian and the women dressed in the costly next-to-nothingness that, however expensive it may be, leaves them quite free of the reproach of “putting all they get on to their backs.” Anyone who has seen such a place at such a time can picture it vividly.

Then, quietly pushing his way through one of the revolving glass doors, there entered upon this scene as incongruous a figure as had ever joined such a gathering—a French private soldier, and

looking pretty down-at-heel at that. His képi was battered, his boots were past hope, his long blue coat was faded and worn, his baggy red trousers were in similar condition. The readers of *THE MESSAGE FROM MARS* will, most of them, know how a private of the French Foreign Legion would look in the uniform that he had worn and fought in six months without relief. The gorgeous crowd looked at him with the glance of mild and slightly pitiful wonder; that is the strongest outward expression of emotion they could permit themselves; the resplendent hall-porters stood in petrified amaze, and the magnificent foreign nobleman retained by such places to fawn on the rich and make the poor feel their impertinence in existing, was too paralysed to call for help to preserve him from being addressed by this shocking person who was strolling up to him with the evident intention of speaking. Before this frock-coated magnifico could recover his breath, he heard, in a once familiar drawl:

“Good evening. Can I have my usual suite?”

It was my friend—the First Canadian Recruit.

## Two August Days

*On August 7th, 1916, Mr. Lloyd George (then Secretary of State for War) reviewed the 4th Canadian Division at Bramshott, in England, a few days before it crossed to France. He delivered a magnificent speech. On August 8th, 1918, the Division attacked before Amiens, and the prayer with which Mr. Lloyd George (now British Prime Minister) concluded his speech was answered. These are his very words:*

“**A**T the beginning of the war we sent 120,000 men as an expeditionary force, and it was our conviction at that time that that was the contribution the British Empire could make. Now, Canada alone has sent 120,000 men, and she has many more in reserve. That gives hope, that gives confidence, that gives conviction of ultimate victory to us all. Why has Canada done it? She has done it undoubtedly in order to stand by the old country in her difficulty. But that is not all. If the old country had got into trouble through her own folly; if she had got into trouble through the mere greed of possessions, or, as is suggested by our foes, out of mere envy of the prosperity of others, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa would not have poured out their best blood on our behalf. It is because of the conviction of Canada that the old country has with chivalry flung herself into the battle in order to protect the weak, the wronged, against the oppressors—that is why her sons in all parts of the world have stood by her side in this great struggle. They have come to help Britain in the greatest struggle for human freedom in which she has ever been engaged. And well have they helped us. (Cheers.)

“The story of the great second battle of Ypres, when you saved Calais, will be read for many a long day in Canada. We know what you

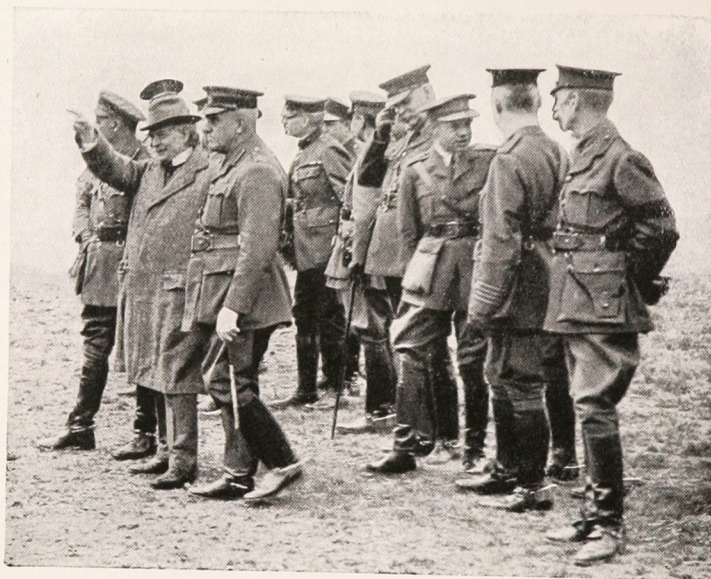
did then. Just as the Rocky Mountains hurl back the storms of the West, so did those heroes, in the battle of Ypres, break the hurricane of Germanic fury. Amid the flames and the poisonous fumes of Gehenna they held high the honour of Canada and saved the

British Army. You have the deep-felt gratitude, as well as the admiration, of every man and woman and child in these islands, and such men as were produced then, I am sure you will prove yourselves to be in this coming struggle.

“It is a great struggle. We need your help. It is a struggle for freedom; but in this struggle we are federa-

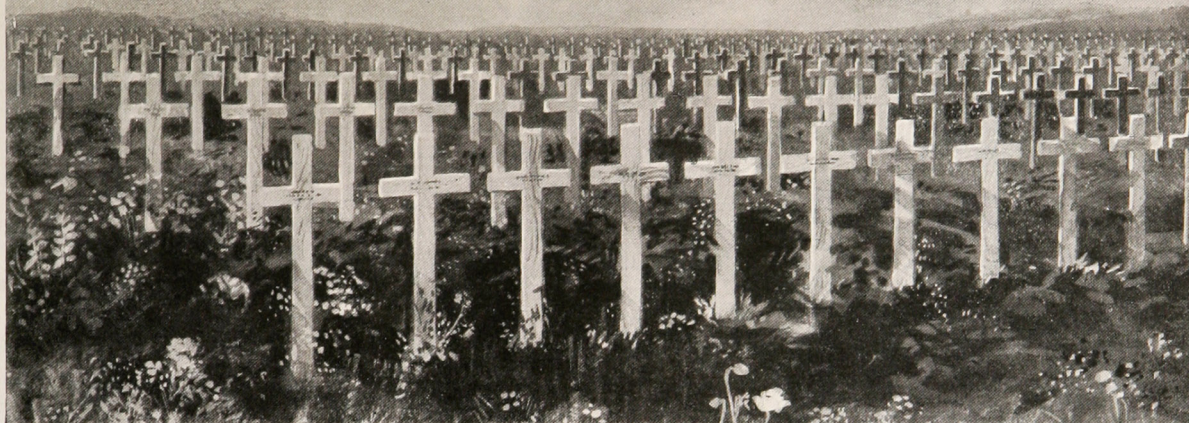
ting this great Empire for even greater enterprises in the future. Such as it was before the war it will never be again. It will be one great coherent unit which will do more to mould and direct the destiny of the world than it has ever done in the past.

“Ah! As I saw these magnificent battalions march past to-day I was filled with pride in their prowess, their strength, their promise of what will be done. I know what they will do. I know the victories that they will help to bring to the cause of humanity and freedom, and from the bottom of my heart I congratulate you, Sir, who will command them; and in the struggle which is in front of you may the Lord of Hosts be with you.” (Cheers.)



**Mr. Lloyd George Inspects the Division**

# Our Immortal Dead



*These held thy high tradition in their keeping,  
This flower of all a nation's youth and pride,  
And safe they hold it still in their last sleeping.  
Who heard thy call, and answered it, . . . and died.*

WHEN on that October morning of 1914 the grey transports, carrying to the Great War the first regiments of Canada, glided into Plymouth Sound, a new chapter was opened in the history of the world. Aforetimes from the coasts of the British Islands, ships had sailed to the West; they had put forth first to discover new regions, afterwards to build new cities, to till lone lands, to win from mountain and valley fruits for the service of man. And so the tide ebbed westward.

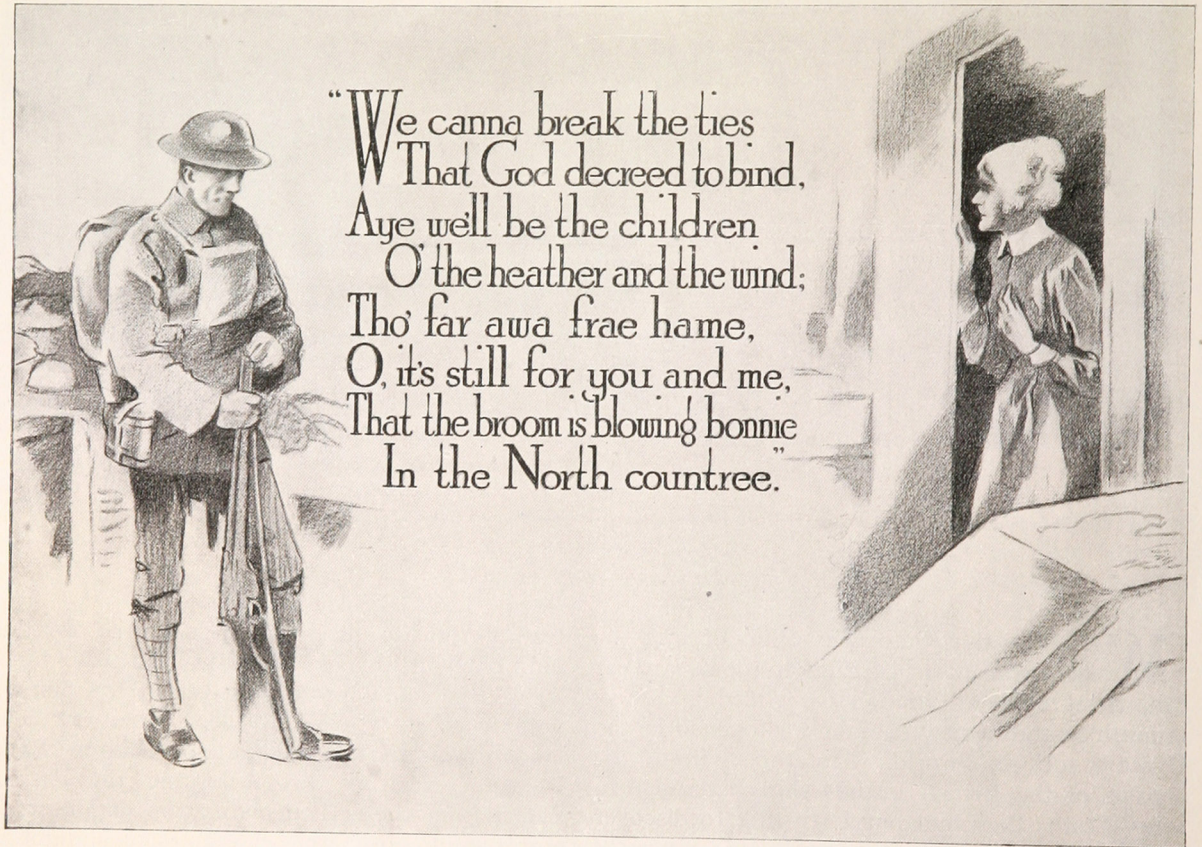
Now, behold its flow. Those pioneers and adventurers had carried deep in their hearts the fire of freedom, that sacred unquenchable flame. The danger came; the Empire whose highest boast was peace was in peril; freedom was threatened. Without a thought of self, their sons turned in their tracks; they left the pleasant homes their fathers and their fathers' fathers had built for them, they forsook the fields, the gardens, the orchards, which with no small toil had been called to life in the wilderness. The

tradition held; the blood responded. To the old battle-fields of Flanders, Picardy, and Artois, the young men marched eagerly, willingly, volunteers every man of them, from the new lands—from the Klondyke and Hudson Bay, from the Maritime Provinces and the Pacific Slope, from the settled civilisation of Montreal and Toronto, from the wide acres of Manitoba, from the rough pioneering of the Far North-West. Round Ypres, in the valley of the Somme, on Vimy Ridge, before Albert, Amiens, and Arras, their lives were surrendered without stint or grudge, that peace on earth, goodwill toward men should be no idle mockery, the empty vision of Christmas wassailing, but a living, concrete blessing for mankind.

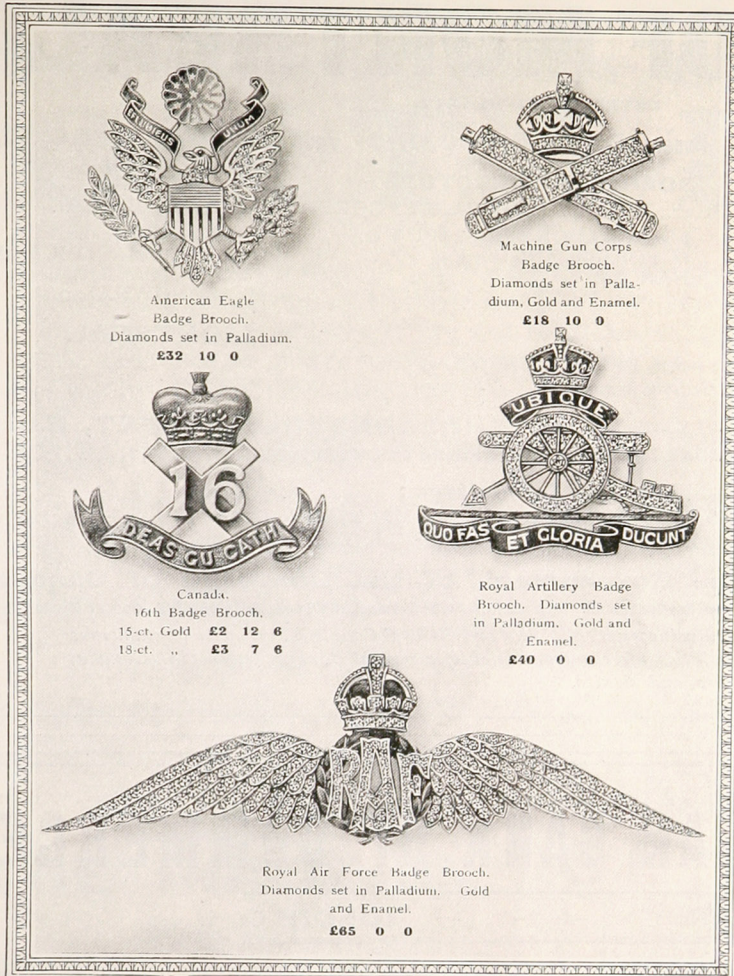
There is a new harvest in those old provinces to-day, vast acres of wooden crosses, the most glorious symbol of man's triumph over death. The human heart will grieve, but if these words may be written in sympathy, the sorrow that may dwell in any heart this Christmas for one

who sleeps beneath such a cross, should be an uplifting, an exaltation, illumined by gratitude, radiant with pride. "For the old things are passed away and all things have become new. And these mortals in dying have put on immortality; being dead they live, being silent they speak, and leaving behind them an imper-

ishable memory they need no memorial." For they are corner-stones in the everlasting temple of Freedom, they are the morning stars that herald the day of Victory—of the victory of good over evil, kindness over cruelty, justice over tyranny; they are the sons of God, whose deeds shout for joy through all time and eternity.



"AND it was always said of him that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us and all of us. And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God bless Us, Every One!"



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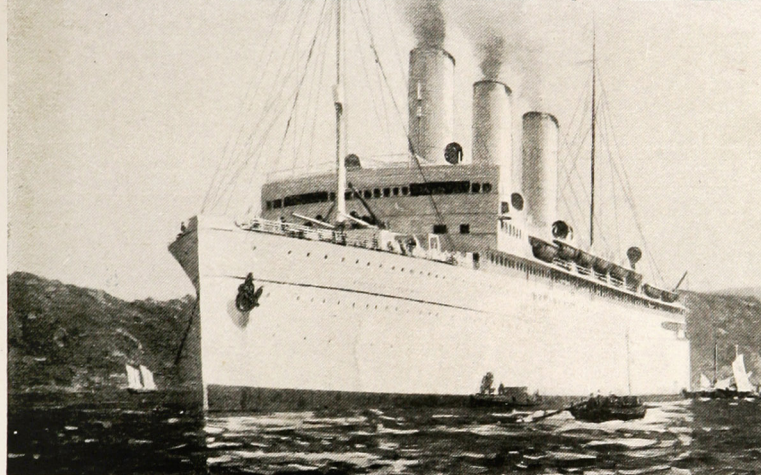
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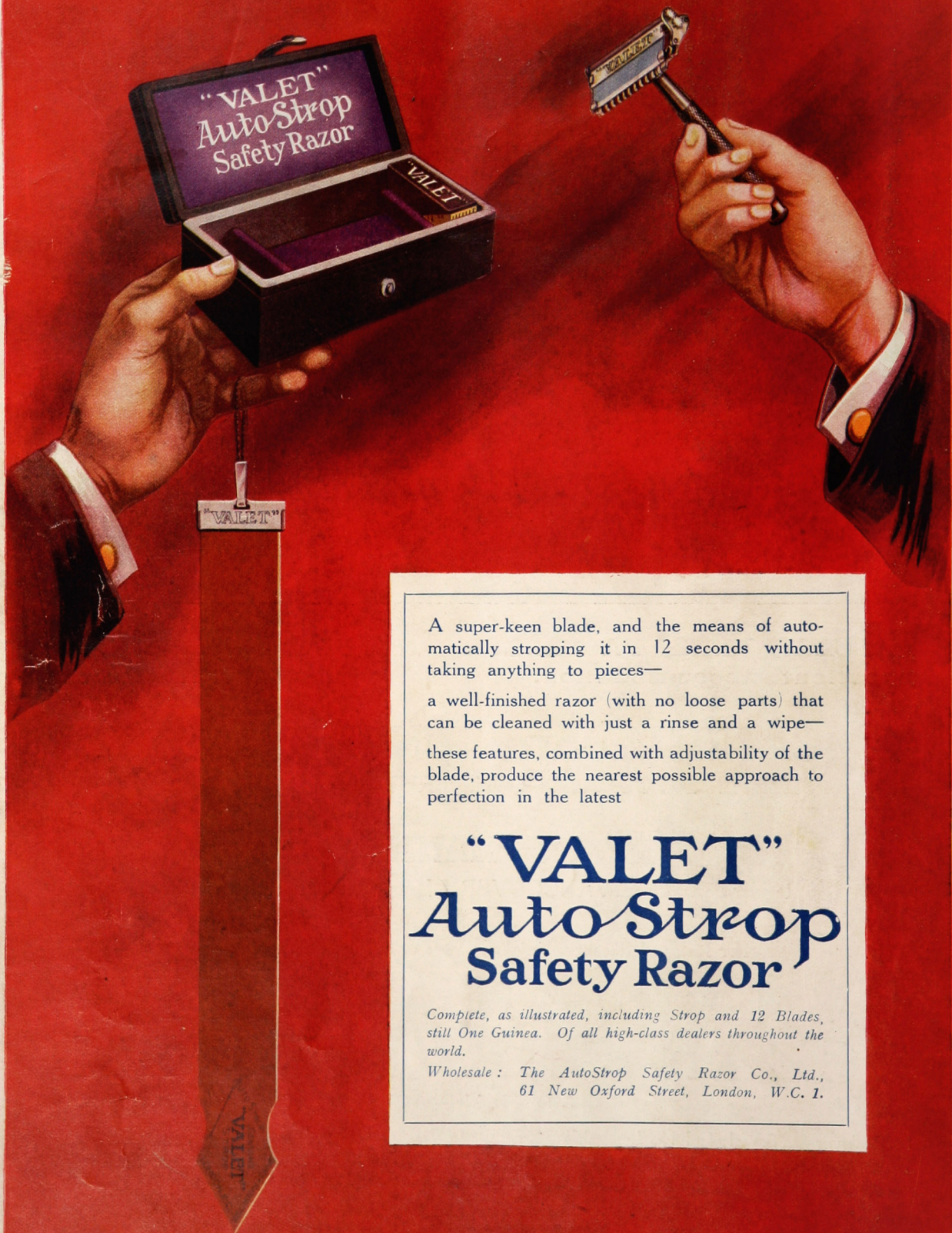
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