

# Munroe of the Princess Pats

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ualties. Munroe hadn't even a scratch.

There was a brief respite, and then the enemy made another attempt to break the salient at Sanctuary. The greatest bombardment in history was unleashed on the British and Canadian troops. After five hours of intensive, earth-plowing artillery barrage, the best Sturmtruppen of Germany stormed their lines.

They came slowly, firing their rifles and hurling grenades. The air was raw with shouts, with the clatter of explosives and the screams of the wounded. Munroe worked the bolt of his rifle as fast as was humonly possible. The range was almost pointblank.

The waves of grey-green came rolling on. The muddy, bloody ground was literally paved with the sprawling dead, but the shock troops didn't hesitate. They were young, those Germans, fresh from the Eastern front. No one had ever stopped them before. They would not be stopped now.

The coal-scuttle helmets were in top of the Canadians. It was the grimmest sort of hand-to-hand encounter. Bayonet and trench knife and fist. Munroe dived in, tight-lipped, hard of eye. Even he could have no clear remembrance of what happened there in Sanctuary Wood. His bayonet slashed through cloth and flesh until the scarlet shaft broke; the axe cut through helmets with all his terrific strength behind it. He felt men at grips with him and felt smashing blows thud and rip all over his aching body.

The fight went on, and on. His mouth was salty with the taste of blood. His head reeled.

Then, of a sudden, the grey mass melted away. The assault had failed. The Princess Pats still grimly held the line.

Leaning there for a moment against a tree to get back his second wind, Munroe saw bitterly what the terrific cost had been. Losses on both sides were frightful.

Yet, barring a powder burn on his cheek, and a set of badly skinned knuckles, the big Canadian was uninjured. He had gone through the flaming hell of Sanctuary as though he bore a charmed life.

But no experience like that leaves a man unchanged. His nerves are shaken. His entire outlook on life changed. You can't kill unrestrainedly—see others kill—watch the slaughter of friend and enemy for day after day without experiencing an emotional upheaval.

Jack Munroe was a hard man. He had fought his way through a life of danger and hardships. He was not consciously afraid of anything—before Sanctuary Wood.

He learned fear then. He was the first to say so. The man who says he wasn't afraid when the shells seared the sky and soul and eardrums with their hellish clatter—when the putt-putt of machine guns played a ghastly fugue—is a liar. Munroe admitted that he was afraid until the enemy came hand-to-hand. That was something he could understand.

It was a fight between men, even though they were armed with bayonet and trench knife, revolver, and axe and spade. That was down his alley. Even though death was constantly at hand, he felt an exhilaration that was impossible when he crouched in a funk hole with the enemy's barrage raining out of the sky.

That frightful bottle convinced Jack Munroe that he bore a real charmed life. No German shell or bullet had his number on it. He was going through the war. We was going back to Canada—and not in a box!

His battalion had been decimated. Of the twelve hundred men

who had saluted the claret standard in Ottawa less than forty remained unharmed. All the others were dead or in hospitals.

They waited for reinforcements in rest billets. The replacements were young fellows—some still in their teens—a group entirely unlike the hard-boiled men who had come together in Canada in August, 1914. New officers, too,—but they soon absorbed the spirit of the Princess Pats.

After a while the battalion was shifted to Armentieres, which was considered a quiet sector. It was assumed that the Pats were sent there to give the recruits a taste of fire without involving them in serious operations.

"We arrived after daybreak on a June morning," said Munroe. "The sun was still below the horizon. Not a cloud could be seen. The everlasting spit-spit of the rifles drowned out all minor sounds.

"Our snipers had built a place behind the firing line, which overlooked the Germans. It is a sniper's duty to peg away unobserved—and not get pegged himself.

"My mate and I were looking through field glasses, trying to see something moving behind the German lines, when I heard a sound like a whisper of warning in my ear. The ssth was repeated several times, and then the Heinie sniper registered an outer. The bullet hit me in the right chest about three inches below the top of the shoulder.

"There are some fellows who can say they stopped a bullet. Not I. It kept on going just as though I weren't there. It made a nasty opening in my back below the shoulder blade.

"It almost floored me, but I eased myself to the ground. My flesh jettied blood like a high-pressure hose that had been punctured. It squirted over my comrade as he was getting the bandage ready, but he stuffed his finger into the hole and stopped it. "Looks as though you got a blighty, mate," he said. "Lucky guy."

"It does that," I answered. "He bandaged me up like the expert he was. After an hour's rest I walked a mile back to the dressing station, where our medical officer dressed the wound. It seemed queer being hit. I had gone through so much without a wound that this one didn't seem real.

"At ten o'clock that night an ambulance came up and took me, and a number of other fellows, to a field hospital. The next day I was shifted to Belle Isle. Then followed a slow, weary trip to Boulogne in the broiling weather, a ten-hour run to Havre; a five-hour journey across the Channel, another train ride to Netley. "I tossed about for six weeks, and took enough dope to kill every man in New York. For two months I was never without

morphia. It is not an experience a man wants to go through any more than once.

"I had what they called an aneurism. My subclavian artery and some of the nerves of the right arm had been severed. The arm with which I had knocked down Jeffries was useless. I could not even move the fingers. There was continual pain night and day. I hope you'll never know what that means. Every waking moment. To jerk out of a sound sleep in knifelike agony. The wound healed over, but the nerves were still severed. They could not be connected until the subclavian stopped itself. But, I was pretty lucky at that. Only six of our original twelve hundred Princess Pats came back."

Lucky? Well, that was the natural outlook for a man like Jack Munroe. He was used to danger and pain.

When he returned to Canada he was a little shrunken, white of skin and very, very tired. He had never expected to play football or fight again, but he would have liked to go down the Abitibi Rapids or swing an axe against trees instead of human flesh. But those days had gone with the sniper's bullet at Sanctuary Wood and his arm was done for.

But if his days of adventure—his roaming of the wastelands were over—there still remained other interests. These were wide for he was a wealthy man. So his later years were spent in the pursuits of peace—though he longed many a time for the rough and happy days of his youth.

As a prizefighter Jack Munroe was not great, but as a real fighting man was a slasher of the broad highway—no boxer ever quite equaled him. He had strength, courage, the will to do, with a bayonet or an axe storming in the van of an assault, he was a hero the like of which the ring has not produced before or since.

Munroe of the Princess Pats was not a soldier of fortune in the sense that dreamers of empire like William Walker and John Nicholson were. He had no ambition for power. He sought adventure for thrills and gold. He fought for England, because he was patriotic and was willing to die for an idea.

Hitsory will have nothing to say of Jack Munroe. He was a rock-driller, prize-fighter, miner, common soldier, millionaire. He conquered no kingdoms—was the associate of no great men.

Yet he was a soldier of fortune—a man with courage as rugged as his body; a man who lived greatly, and as he wanted to live, a strident, indomitable character who earned his place with the fighters and trail-blazers of the world.

# HEALTH

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## OBEDIENCE

"Doctor, what can I do with my child? He simply refuses to obey me. He won't do a thing I tell him to do."

Such questions are asked frequently in every doctor's office, and sometimes it is difficult to explain to parents the real meaning of obedience and discipline. So many parents believe that their children should "mind" every time a command is given, regardless of circumstances. Such an attitude is bound to bring trouble—for healthy children are too intelligent, too active, and too interested in their activity to do this all the time. The habit of absolute and unquestioning obedience is taught only at the cost of habits of independence, initiative and responsibility.

It is a fact that many commands given by parents are unnecessary. Sometimes they are not even sensible. It is useless for an irate father to keep on commanding his child to "be still" or to "keep quiet." A young and active body cannot do this for more than a few minutes. Constant nagging is not understood by the child any may be downright harmful.

Spanking, bribery, threatening, scaring the child, or arguing with him are not wise methods to use in controlling the situation. A shouting and bullying father may instil fear for the moment, but he will never command confidence and respect.

Good discipline is best developed through the establishment of a regular routine. Such procedure as dressing, washing, eating and going to bed never become an issue in the household where a definite and consistent routine exists. In this way control becomes a question of conforming to definite rules in the home rather than a "battle of wills" between parent and child.

Give only a few commands—

the absolutely necessary ones—clear and simple language. Leave and mean every command. If no doubt that you expect obedience. But you must be sure the child understands exactly what you want. Speak quietly and in get it.

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