

FRANCE DETERMINED AFTER EIGHTEEN MONTHS OF WAR

The following article which appeared recently in a leading French journal, is of real interest at the present time, showing the attitude of the French nation towards the great world-enemy. Each of the Allies, the forming one whole against a common foe, differs somewhat in general outlook, according to position and experience. France, which has only had too good an opportunity for close study of the enemy, his methods and results, expresses herself with firm restraint, when we consider what she has suffered (though the half is not told), and what she is suffering at the moment, in all the strength of her ceaseless courage.

"They speak everywhere, at home and abroad, of the heroism of our soldiers and the firm determination of the French spirit. All Frenchmen think and feel alike to-day. The chief idea which has exalted us from the beginning, has been the idea of justice. We know that our cause is just and that right is on our side, this certainty is a source of strength and inspiration. The Germans have not got it. It is useless to hide the truth from them. It begins to be apparent already. Their pride is not diminished, their brutality is not softened, but their confidence is shaken—they suspect those who have deceived them. We know it by the confessions or reticences of their newspapers, by the letters found on their soldiers, dead or prisoners—we know it also from neutral witnesses, who tell us faithfully what they have heard and seen in different regions and towns of Germany. Also the idea is dear and indispensable to our people—the cult of honor has been an hereditary religion for the French, from earliest times to Napoleon's day, when in founding his order for military chivalry, he called it simply the Legion of Honor. Added to the sentiments of honor and justice, are those of anger and pity. French anger to-day is cold, resolute and patient. We do not waste it in vain gestures and useless words. We do not cry it from the house-tops, we keep it in our souls as a sacred heaven.

"Our anger grows on all that we have seen with our eyes, of the murderous and truly barbarous behaviour of our enemies, of their inhuman way of conducting war, of their schadenfreude, their joy of injuring that we do not understand, of their massacres their rapine, and the sad lot of our prisoners. The Germans flatter themselves that our anger will pass and that the war over, they will cajole us again. They are mistaken, our anger will not pass. Our pity is not stupid enough to weaken our hearts, at the very moment when it is necessary to strengthen them, but it will prevent us from becoming ferocious even in reprisal, or from wishing to compete with our enemies in this art of injury which has been one of their joys. A reason for which we hate them is that they have taught us this hatred. That is the feeling in the best and finest souls to-day.

"Their joy of destruction, is a joy known neither in England nor in France. It is to-day the delight of the Germans, not (I wish still to believe) of the entire German people, but of the Gothic soul, at once sullen and ferocious; it is one of the proofs, one of the elements, perhaps, of the Imperialism weighing on modern Germany, and of the militarism which has ruined it. This joy of destruction and injury, of which we have had such convincing proof, is not merely a state of soul with the Germans; it is a doctrine, a system, a method. No, indeed; war is not that, except for them. It is they who have conceived it, have wished it, have made it thus. They tolerate the existence of neither free souls nor free cities. The revenge themselves on women, children and churches, for the harm that men have done them in fair fight. Their vengeance is that of cruel gods and irritated barbarians. But this war will last to its natural end, which can only be the triumph of Right and the defeat of Pride. This barbarous joy of injury will be followed by the most bitter and just repentance."

April Report Of Dome School

The following is the report of the Dome School for the month of April.
IV. Class—Annie Smith, Sadie McDougall, Wm. Haughton (equal), Viola Johns, John Fell, Jas. Fell, Winnie McDowell, Violet Turner (equal).
III. Class.—Hattie Johns, Violet McEwan.

II. Class.—Jas. McWilliams, Ida McDowell, Diana Smith (equal), Willie Porter, Elma Furtin (equal).

I. Class.—Geoffrey Cossar, Ethel Frame, Joseph Thomas (equal), Alfred Cornwell.

Primer, B. Class.—Clyde Philipps, Isabel McWilliams, and Alma Johns (equal).

B. Class.—Ledy Milliken, Blanche Philipps, Katy McDougall, Mildred Frame (equal), Kathryn Grant.

B. M. C. Shaw, Teacher.

WHEN, WHERE, OR WHY?

Written by Pte. Reuben Price, 7th Batt. York and Lancaster Regiment, 23rd November, 1915.

You went out at the call of duty; you didn't question where or why; You knew something wanted doing; it was up to you to try; All you knew, the foe wants thrashing; there was then no need to ask Who would go or who would do it; you considered it your task:

So you packed and left old England, anywhere your fate might lead; Life and limb were yours to offer in your country's hour of need. Just a handshake of your comrade, a mother's, wife's or sweetheart's kiss, A weeping, cheery, crowded station, you're off where bullets scream and hiss.

You didn't know where you were going; what was more you didn't care; You knew that train, boat, truck or wagon would surely sometime get you there;

How you got there does not matter—wreny tramps with heavy pack; Hitching up to get them flatter on your sore and tired back.

On you plodded, sweating, swearing, still resolved to do your best; Each mile seemed to be a dozen, till at last you got a rest.

Sometimes in a field or farmshed, thro' glaring sun or inky night; You marched until the big guns' rattle told you you were near the fight.

Then you marched out to the trenches knee deep with sludge and rain, While the star shells up above you lit up the wood, the hill, the plain.

"Keep your head down," is the order; shot and shell fall thick and fast; A lad he staggers—"Stretcher bearers, he's hit"—they've found a mark at last.

Piece of shell or sniper's bullet; no one knows from whence it came; Just another score to settle when you meet the German Hun.

Jaws just set a little tighter; home's bright visions cross your view; On you go thro' slush and darkness; will the next to fall be you?

Till at last you reach the dug-out—a hole made in a piece of dirt; There you crouch, with rats for company, and thank your stars you've not been hurt.

Now the star shells don't expose you, but the danger still remains—Sapper, shells and high explosives, poison gas or aeroplanes;

Then ensues the weary waiting; each

side waiting for the chance, Just to catch the other napping, while Tommy waits the word "Advance." So the days or weeks pass over; now and then you lose a chum, Till sick of hiding in your funk holes you wish the time to charge would come.

Then at last there comes the message, words that thrill you thro and thro— At five, lads, we bombard their trenches; at nine, boys, you must all stand to;

For to-night we're going to charge them; each will be put to the test; Then to yourself these words you mutter, "Live or die, I'll do my best."

Then the big guns start bombarding, making holes both small and large, Smashing trenches, wire fences, then there comes the order "Charge!"

No time now for hesitating; with flashing eyes, jaws tightly set, Without another second's waiting, you're springing o'er the parapet.

Then it's Hell, with more Hell added. Brave and gallant lads are lost, But our lads press ever onward, chance whatever be the cost.

Words fail to describe the picture, British blood the ground does drench, Every kind of weapon meets them as they strive to take the trench;

Only those who see such actions realize how brave they are, Realize the fearful meaning of the dreadful word of "War," So they fight with desperation, till the foe are put to flight,

Then grimly mud and blood bespattered stand the victors of the fight.

And the fallen, killed and wounded, here tis better we should pause, In mercy let us veil the anguish they've endured in honor's cause; And what about the price we're paying, is it worth it, you may ask, That so many lives be forfeit in this grim and awful task?

Is it worth it? Think of Belgium, women outraged, children slain; Then ask yourself, if you're a Briton, if at home you can remain, Hanging back behind excuses, while a comrade gives his life

To guard and shield some dearly loved one—Mother, Sister, Child, or Wife.

Worth it? Yes, and ten times o'er, to our last man, if needs must be, To keep the flag of freedom flying for honor, justice, liberty;

So we will fight on, ever fight on, till the Germans' power is broke— Better far death than dishonor, and

slavery 'neath the German yoke; So here's to Tommy in the trenches, here's to Jack upon the waves, We'll fight till victory crowns our efforts, "Britons never shall be slaves."

IN THE MAIL BAG

From the Front and Elsewhere

D Co., No. 166340, 2nd Can. Pioneers, Canadian Contingent, B.E.F., Army Post Office, London, Eng.

Miss M. Baker:

Dear Maggie,—I received your welcome letter just after we had come out of the trenches, and of course was pleased to hear that everybody was well at home. Ed Carmichael, Fred Hodges, and most of the boys from Timmins who enlisted with our bunch, were left in England—they got the measles. I am sending you my bomb-thrower's cheviot, which I won as first prize when I received the highest points in seven battalions. I hope you will like it.

We sure have been going some here the last two weeks. It's hard work, but the Huns are getting the worst end of it around here.

Well, I am not dead or wounded yet; I've not missed any roll-call up to now. Say, you ought to see the German rifle I grabbed, it's the only one around here, its a dandy, I hope I can get it back to Canada with me

when I return, to show all the boys. Well, so long, and don't forget to write soon. From your old friend,

"Slim" Ralph Halliwell.

Mrs. and Mr. Pete Chapman, Timmins.

My dear friends,—Just a few lines in answer to your very welcome letter and you don't know how glad I was to get a line from you. I was pleased to hear that you were in your new house and I hope you will have the verandah finished by this summer as you never know what will happen and I may want to sit under it this summer. I am sure you must have some rare old chats about the boys, and believe me we have some rare talks about the old times. All the boys are doing well and wish to be remembered to you; as for myself I am in the pink of condition.

I can't write you very much owing to the censorship or I could make a very interesting letter. Sufficient to say that I am not exaggerating when I say that I think the North country boys are the finest men I ever was with and I know a little about soldiering. They are all right on the job all the time and I know that they are appreciated at headquarters.

"Smoke" is a full corporal and Scotty Gardner is in line for a couple of stripes, so I hear, and others of the boys have been offered promotion but would not take it.

I don't think I have any more to say just now so I will conclude with my best wishes and remain,

Yours sincerely,
Sergt. Jack Carey.



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"Canada First" Custard Pie.

1 can "Canada First" Evaporated (unsweetened) Milk.

4 Eggs, pinch of salt, sugar to taste, little grated nutmeg or ground cinnamon. Dilute the milk with three times as much water, add eggs well beaten, salt, nutmeg, sugar. Line two small or one large pie plate with pastry (deep pie plates are preferable), fill and bake in hot oven for 1/2 hour.

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To the Men who are able to Enlist:

**Wont
You
Enlist
Now**
Ask the ☐ in Khaki

You are Proud of Canada and Canadian women and Children.
Do you know what happens to the women and children of Belgium and Serbia.
Do you know that the Germans are far from being Beaten and that with each success they are growing more confident.
Do you know any friends who have enlisted.
What will your answer be?
Reason or only an Excuse

There is room for you in
**The Cyclists
Machine Gun,
Pioneers and
Army Service
Corp in this
Battalion**
Come and help us to win your fight

Join the 159th Fighting Battalion