

Hail Canada.

(These lines were written by Rev. H. J. Fair, Arkona, Ont. His youngest son, Lance-Corporal Roy Nichols Fair, after fighting in the battle of Langemark, was killed in action on June 15. Another son of Mr. Fair's is in one of the battalions that recently crossed the sea. The eldest son is a lieutenant in the force that is now preparing in London, Ont.)

Have you heard the call from the heights above Which has come to you to-day? A call made pure by the hearts of love In the homes of humble clay.

Your noblest sons have paid the price Of highest devotion known— The price of life as a sacrifice, And love placed in the home.

Your name is now enrolled on high In nation's immortal fame Of those whose sons do bleed and die, Its honor to sustain.

No braver sons have ever lived, Or graced a nation's name; No true hearts have ever stirred Its glory to proclaim.

The world, alas! is slow to give To you a new-made place; But the bravery of your sons shall live In each succeeding race.

Your children's children yet shall tell, With hearts made all aglow, The wondrous story how they fell With faces to the foe.

Their silent memory still shall live Within the nation's life, Their deathless spirits do we give To wear the crown of life.

O, Canada, my native land! To you the call is made, With nations high to take your stand, Nor ever be afraid.

Maintain the now exalted place Your sons to you have given; Made radiant by the priceless grace Of Liberty and Heaven.



LIEUT. DOUGLAS NEIL MCCALLUM, who went overseas in command of the 34th Battery draft, was one of Kingston's popular boys. He is a son of Mrs. Neil McCallum, University Avenue, and was born at Glenora, Ont. He later came to Kingston to reside, so that he might complete his education at Queen's University. He began his military career at Queen's University, taking the O.T.C., qualifying as a lieutenant, then he joined the 5th Field Battery, Kingston, taking the fourth course in the Royal School of Artillery in April. Then again in August he took the captain's course in the R.S.A., qualifying as captain. He then transferred to the 24th Battery C.E.F. and has gone overseas in command of the 34th Battery draft. His many friends both in Kingston and surrounding country wish him every success and a safe return.



CANADA!

Song of The Canadian Legions.

By T. R. E. McInnes. From the oldest of our cities From her ramparts worn and grey, Proudly we behold the foremost Of our comrades sail away, For they heard the voices calling Of the kinsman o'er the sea: "Lend a hand, O brother Britons For a Briton's liberty!"

Chorus: Mother England, we are going Where are comrades went before, For the bugles they are blowing, And they summons thousands more, Where the old red flag is flying Foes and freedom still defying, As it did in days of yore.

At the rumor of disaster, At the tidings of retreat, At the cry of fallen cities, And the clamor of defeat, Brief the prayer we made to heaven For the heroes that were gone, Then from sea to sea we answer'd: "Keep our Legions wandering on!"

Chorus: Mother England, if you need us That is all we care to know! Onward into battle lead us Where the foremost bugles blow! Onward where the shells are crashing Where the rifle-fire is flashing, And the bayonets are dashing O'er the trenches of the foe!

Let the skies grow dark and darker! Let there come a sterner fate! While the demons of the Kaiser Hurl on us with hellish hate! From the hearts of all our women, From the rifles of our men, For the honor of the Empire We shall give our answer then:

Chorus: Mother England, we are, heady, As our comrades were before! We are true and we are steady, We are Britons to the core! Give the signal, and we'll rally, Forth from every hill and valley, Round the old red flag to rally, Win or die for evermore!



PTE. ALLEN FORSYTHE, PORTSMOUTH, who left Kingston with the 8th Canadian Mounted Rifles on October 8th.

Some Scenes From Barriefield War Camp



FORCE OF HABIT.

Private Mike Paterson, on meeting the army surgeon, absent-mindedly puts his tongue out, instead of saluting.



LIGHTS OUT!

Sergeant—Now then, how many times do you chaps want telling to put that light out? Voice from Tent—It ain't a light, sergeant; it's the moon. Sergeant—I don't care a tinker's clank blash what it is, put it out!



STARTED ALL RIGHT.

Officer—What the dooce is the matter? Where are your shots going? Recruit (nervously)—Sure I duano, sor; they left 'ere all right!

That war has its humorous side no less than its sterner duties is evidenced from the above scenes, which are typical of everyday occurrences at the Barriefield War Camp. There is always plenty to entertain and amuse for the one who looks at the bright side.

IT'S TIME CANADA SENT MORE SOLDIERS

This Is Canada's War And There Is a Duty None Must Shirk--We Have Lagged Behind Long Enough in Doing Our Part.

But whatever may have been neglected in the past, this is now another day. We can see at last the vivid and even startling clearness that the British Empire is going to need every man that she can get to win this war.

The fifteenth month of the struggle is closing and yet the allied nations have not been able to turn the Germanic hordes out of Belgium, have not been able to wrench from their grasp some of the fairest provinces of France, have not been able to keep them from crushing Russian Poland under their brutal heel, have not been able to hold that portion of East Prussia which the Russians have so pluckily invaded on several occasions, have not been able to destroy the main German fleet or to establish a decisive military superiority at any point.

For months Russia has been pouring out her blood like water. The reckless daring and self-sacrifice of that great Empire has been the marvel and admiration of mankind. For long, long weary months after month, poor France has been holding her

own battle line at a tremendous cost. We are now told that her "reserves" have been abolished—that is have been incorporated with her army and are all now in the trenches.

For many months Britain has been hurrying her troops into the breach; and no man dare think of what might have happened had she been perfunctory in her efforts or tardy in her preparations. Surely it is time for Canada to come up with contributions worthy of her high spirits and her great abilities—with efforts that will prove that she appreciates how complete will be the catastrophe if the forces of freedom and democracy fail.

It begins to look as if we had lagged behind the British Islanders long enough. We have permitted the British-born in our midst to bear vicariously our burden to an extent which we will not like to remember when the war is over.

Let us throw ourselves heartily and loyally into the fray at last; and let the Canadian-born now flock to the colors in such overwhelming

numbers that the Canadian Government will be genuinely embarrassed in preparing them for the front—and the hard pressed men of the old motherland tremendously cheered by our native-born enthusiasm and determination.

The man who says it isn't his war is mistaken, it is Canada's war and whether we go or stay at home there is a duty that none must shirk. Let us be up and doing for the Hun is at the gate, and he seems to be terribly in earnest. Lord Kitchener says "Men, materials and money are the immediate necessities" and that if the call of duty finds no response that it will be superseded by compulsion, and that means compulsion in Canada as well as Great Britain.

"MY LITTLE WET HOME IN THE TRENCH"

Here's the latest "trench song," as sung by our gallant soldier boys in Flanders. It is to the tune of "My Little Grey Home in the West." It runs as follows:

I've a little wet home in the trench Where the rain storms unceasingly drench; There's a sky overhead, Clay and mud for a bed, And a stone that we use for a bench. Bully beef and hard biscuits we chew— It seems years since we tasted a stew. Shells crackle and scare, Yet no place can compare With my little wet home in the trench.

The Hun in that trench o'er the way Soon to know that we've come here to stay, They shoot and they shout, But they can't get us out, Though there's no dirty trick they don't play. They rushed us a few nights ago,



A KINGSTON CAPTIVE.

Bryce Davidson, member of the First Canadian Contingent, from a photo taken while scouring in Germany as a prisoner-of-war. Somebody must be good to him, as it will be noted that he is enjoying a cigar.

But we don't like intruders, and so Some departed quite sore; Others stayed evermore. Near my little wet home in the trench.

So Hurrah! for the mud and the clay, Which leads to "Der Tag"—that's the day When we enter Berlin That City of Sin, And we'll make the black-hearted ones pay. Yes, we'll think of the cold, slush and stench, While from Huns our just payment we wrench. There'll be shed then, I fear, Redder stuff than a tear For my little wet home in the trench.

WHERE WERE THE MEN?

THEY DO NOT ATTEND THE RECRUITING MEETINGS.

It Looks As If the Men Do Not Want To Know the Facts Concerning the War.

Brookville Times. From various parts of Canada, from widely separated points, comes the cry that the men do not attend the recruiting meetings which are composed to a great extent of women and boys and girls under recruiting age. In the press of towns in western and eastern Ontario and in the Maritime Provinces the question is asked, "Where Were the Men?" At the big patriotic meeting in Brockville a short time ago a great portion of the audience was composed of women.

For some time past we have been comforting ourselves with the belief that the tardiness of the native-born Canadians in enlisting was due to the fact that they did not realize the real gravity of the war situation or the grim facts of the case, and that when they did realize the facts they would enlist in numbers quickly.

But it is beginning to look as if the men didn't want to know the facts and were keeping away from the recruiting meetings purposely for that reason. Otherwise, why don't they attend the meetings which are held for the express purpose of presenting the facts and impressing upon the men the imperative demand for an unlimited supply of men to maintain the standard of the great army of Britain.

There is absolutely no reason for ignorance in Canada regarding the facts. Any intelligent man who can read print can read the facts in the newspapers day by day. The lack of enlistment is a melancholy reproach to the character of the democratic spirit so much bragged about in peace and now so wanting in time of war when democracy itself is at stake. Democrats who lack the courage to defend all that they are

supposed to hold dear deserve to lose their democratic freedom and to be held in subjection by an iron despotism.

BRITISH NEARING BAGDAD.

Home of Eastern Romance Expected To Fall.

London, Oct. 21.—Unofficial news from Mesopotamia is to the effect that the British are within a few miles of Bagdad. According to these advices the troops are encamped near the famous Arch of Giesiphon, the only remains of Ctesiphon, the town built by Alexander the Great on his conquering march from Babylon. Quite close to the present British headquarters is a spot dear to the hearts of the Mohammedans, to which they make frequent pilgrimages—the tombs of the chief barber and gardener of Mohammed.

"DO YOUR DUTY BY ME," SAYS LORD KITCHENER

"We Must Have More Men at Once," Says War Minister.

London, Oct. 22.—The Birmingham Post has received the following from Lord Kitchener to the people of Birmingham, with reference to the recruiting campaign in that city: "I need more men and still more if the armies now in the field and armies which will in their turn proceed abroad are to be kept at proper strength. I appeal earnestly to all men who are able-bodied and can be spared to respond to the call, unless they are satisfied to allow the many lives given by their gallant fellow townsmen to have been given in vain. I can only do my duty by the country, if you do yours by me. We must have more men at once." Try and make happiness contagious.

MEN ARE WARNED TO JOIN COLORS

Will Be Given Few Days to Adjust Their Private Affairs—Unmarried Wanted First.

London, Oct. 21.—Lord Derby, whom the Government has entrusted with the task of solving the recruiting problem, in addressing a mass meeting at the Mansion House gave the gist of the plan with which he hopes to meet the situation.

"I suggest," he said, "that every man who recognizes that the state has a right to call on his services for her protection should enlist at once. All those found physically fit and wishing to join the colors at once could do so, and the remainder continue at their usual vocations, subject to call when needed."

Unmarried and married men, Lord Derby explained would be put into respective groups, and the bachelors called first. Married men would be called later, according to age. Under such a system, he pointed out, there would be no sudden, unmanageable number of recruits, but a steady supply as needed by Earl Kitchener.

Some one had asked the speaker, he said, why recruiting was an urgent necessity, to which he replied: "Look at the map."

Lord Derby said that a fortnight would be allowed men who were called to adjust their private affairs. He hoped that with a proper response it would be unnecessary to call the older married men; in any event these elder men would so far as practicable be placed in the medical and transport units.

"This is an honest attempt," declared Lord Derby, "to give every man a chance to do his duty—a last effort in behalf of voluntary service. I believe yet that the voluntary system can be made an unqualified success, but there is no time to lose."