

"A Thousand Went in—and a Few Returned"—That's the Story of the Princess Pats
Scenes at Quebec on September 27th, 1914, When the Princess Pats Sailed Away. The Smaller Picture is of Practically the Only Remaining Members of the Original Draft, Now Residing in Toronto

It is a long step back to the days of August, 1914, when Britain called on Canada for men, when the Dominion, eager to give its best, formed that regiment of war veterans which went forth under the banner of the Princess Patricia, a standard worked by the hands of a princess of the blood and presented on a bright autumnal day on Parliament Hill, at Ottawa, to 1,100 of the finest men who ever went forth to battle. In that time events of world-wide import have transpired. Kings and princes have come and gone, kingdoms have been trampled under foot, blood had been poured like fire on the battlefields of Europe, but, amid all the carnage, the devastation and debris of the world, the standards of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry.

Of this gallant little band of men, of its short but glorious career, Canadians have but little to learn. All the world knows how these 1,100 Canadians, veterans all of former wars, responded to the Empire's first call; how they were equipped and sent out to the front, at the expense of Major P. C. L. I. Cook, the Montreal millionaire, one of whose early part of January, 1915, they took the field, and how they fought, side by side with the seasoned warriors of France and Egypt, in that terrible May Day at St. Eloi, when they made their last glorious stand, and how the pitiful remnant fought on unceasingly until at last, the stalwarts of the original unit being beneath the sod or in hospital, the second call was sent out for university men to carry on the name of the Princess' Immortals.

As long as time lasts the glory of the brave boys of the P. C. L. I. will endure. Long after the Kaiser has been beaten, for centuries after civilization has triumphed, will be told how Col. "Fanny" Farquhar, the regiment's first commander, fell, and how his successor, the gallant Buller, died on the parapet waving his cane and cheerfully shouting to his men to press on. For centuries, too, coming generations will be told how Major Stanley Jones, wounded on four occasions, stuck to it until he fell; how little Lt. Col. "Fanny" Farquhar, a humble elevator boy, remained by his machine gun at St. Eloi until the last minute, as the commandant of the Military Cross and the D.S.O., and how the intrepid young Papineau, lieutenant of the 1st Battalion, once rebelled in Canada against the British Crown, was the first to leap into the captured Teuton trenches in the salient where so many of the "Pats" went out. Books could, and will, be written of the self-sacrificing heroism of the men who made up the unit, but very, very few of the heroes will ever read the historian's tribute says that the present time only five back in Toronto. Sgt. Major Brauball and Ptes. "Jack" M. and "Tom" W. Stevens and R. Codrigo. It might also be said that there are six for whom "Jack" W. Stevens returned to Canada he had as his companion the collie dog which went into the trench with him, and who, as a mascot, and lived through bloody months to see a thousand of the Dominion's best men, and—Pr. Vets, blinded at St. Eloi, is another Toronto man home, in addition to the others mentioned above.

