

BEHIND THE LINES

The Joys and Sorrows of the Base.

I. — Work at Canadian Section G.H.O.

Contributed Exclusively to the Whig by A.M.L.

When people in far-off Canada read of the boys in France they as a rule think only of the army in the trenches. The large majority of the troops, it is true, are on the firing line, and they are the men who are in continual danger and hardship...

when casualties are heavy, for through it all casualty reports are sent to the home offices. Then in other rooms are found the records of the other units and services of the C.E.F. No detail is lacking. A complete record is kept of all positions, casualties, punishments, furloughs and transfers of all the men in France. There is a department which replies to all enquiries regarding the men. Another section receives the effects of all men killed or wounded and sends them out either to the man himself or his next of kin. This section looks like a general store, for all kinds of articles pass through its hands.

At the offices at Rouen is kept a record of every movement made by every individual officer, N.C.O. and man of the Canadian army in France. In one big room are the Infantry Records. There is found a clerk in charge of the records of every infantry battalion, and he can tell, at a moment's notice, just where every man is. It is a tremendously busy section, especially

BLIGHTY. Comes From Ancient Indian Word "Wilyaut."

Canadians have always recognized the quality of sportsmanship as being an essential part of the fighting man. The German press used to explain away such remarkable events as Mons, when the British under terrific bombardment, with nothing but their rifle fire, held off a brigade of Prussian Guards, as being due to the Englishman's aptitude for hunting. But nowhere has the shikar or chase been practised by races more consistently than from ancient times in India. How many realize that every-day words like khaki, gymkhana, puttee, nummah (the felt saddle that takes the place of a saddle-cloth), and the Jodhpur breeches used by polo players, all had their origin in India, where stick-hunting and polo are considered, from ancient times, to be ideal training for cavalry officers.

In passing let us note two other Indian words that the war has made familiar. They are "Blighty" and "Wilyaut." The British Tommy has never been satisfactorily explained this side of the Atlantic. Blyaut is the vernacular word for Europe, and is derived from the Urdu or north-Indian word Wilyaut, which in turn had its origin with the Arabic Wilyat, meaning a province. In the mouth of Tommy Atkins it readily corrupted to "Blighty." Now the sentimental hope of every English soldier is to return, after his service, to Blighty or England. When the war broke out more than a division of General French's "contemptible little army" was made up of time-expired soldiers, who were thrust out of their well-earned returns to Blighty. And soon they were to learn that nothing less than a serious wound—a Blighty wound—gave them their heart's desire. The other word is now fortunately less used than when the first trench battles were fought after the Marne. At Dum-Dum, the arsenal of India, it was found necessary to invent a bullet that would stop Kipling's Fuzzy wuzzy in the Sudan, or the charge of a lot of gazis or fanatics gone amuck on the north-west frontier of India.

Scandal Ruined Brilliant Career

Few men have entered British politics with brighter prospects of eminence in public life than did Charles W. Dilke. He was endowed with talents of a high order, including literary gifts of rare quality and rare personal charm. His failure in early middle life to continue in the course that had opened so auspiciously, while due to perfectly natural causes, was a bitter disappointment to his many and influential friends.

Descended in direct line from three ancestors of the same name as his own, Charles Wentworth Dilke was a highly favored youth. Educated at Cambridge, he began, as early as the age of twenty-three, to attract attention. In that year (1866) he wrote a book called "Greater Britain," which was the fruit of a tour around the world. In Boston he met Emerson, Agassiz, Holmes, Lowell, Asa Gray, and others of eminence. In his book he wrote of these men as "undoubtedly the most distinguished then collected in any city in the world." The young man's idea of a future "Greater Britain" is expressed as "a conception, however imperfect, of the grandeur of our race, already girding the earth, which it is destined perhaps eventually to overspread. But political ambitions were soon to give way to other thoughts. At the age of twenty-four he entered the lists for election to Parliament and spoke vigorously and persistently in his own behalf.

As a radical he was elected by a close vote, less than one hundred votes over the next highest candidate in a total of four constituencies. His parliamentary service was not conspicuous. He disregarded party allegiance in many notable instances. His campaigns were not brilliant, and even threatened by riots. Labourers were led to warn the young man of his political perils. He suffered social isolation but gained the renewed friendship of a young woman, Miss Katherine Shell, whom he married in 1872. An interesting and unfortunate marriage. His diary expresses substantial agreement with the judgment of a mutual friend, a Miss Courtney, that "though neither of them was in love with the other, they were not admirably suited to each other or not they did so in haste. Lady Dilke's health was poor, and after giving birth to a son, she died in 1874.

Like many other public men of his time, Dilke was a persistent and prolific diarist. An interesting glimpse of the lighter side of Gladstone's character is revealed by Dilke's biographer. It reveals a not generally known tendency of Gladstone's mind at infrequent times. "It would be impossible to give a true account of Mr. Gladstone without recalling the manner in which, however absorbed he might be in his subject, he would break off to discuss some amusing triviality. When we were talking of the real inner views of French statesmen with regard to our occupation of Egypt, some chance expression suddenly directed Mr. Gladstone's mind to the subject of rowing, and he began recalling in his own Eton days of some 45 or 60 years previously, shivering at the thought of his sculling in cold weather against strong stretches of the stream near Monkey Island.

But it was Disraeli who really fascinated Dilke. He had no many other men. "Lord Beaconsfield told me that he had been very anxious to meet me, since he had taken the liberty of writing about me without my leave in his novel, 'Endymion.'" At dinner, Dilke said a good many rather good things—such, for example, that he should like to get married again for the purpose of comparing the presents that he would get from his friends with the beggary ones that he had got when he had married.

As president of the Local Government Board in Gladstone's Cabinet, Dilke served for two years and eight months, being only thirty-nine when he entered the cabinet. This was the climax of his career. In 1884 he became privately engaged to Mrs. Mark Pattison, widow of the rector of Lincoln College. In the following spring they were married, not in Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford, as originally planned, but in the parish church of Chelsea, with Joseph Chamberlain as best man. Between the dates of the engagement and the marriage the blow fell which practically ended Dilke's political career. The wife of a Liberal member of Parliament was considered by the husband that she had been unfaithful to him with Sir Charles immediately after marriage. Dilke's fiancée was, at the time, recovering from illness in India. Dilke protested his innocence, and in reply to Chamberlain's letter to her Mrs. Pattison telegraphed back full assurance of her loyalty and trust and at the same time telegraphed to the Times her engagement to Sir Charles. The divorce suit, which named Dilke as co-respondent, severed the marriage tie, but as the court had ruled that he was no party to the suit he could appear only as a witness and could not be represented by counsel. Dilke worked for years in the effort to get the marriage annulled. In 1886, at the general election, Dilke was beaten and so left Parliament, where he had served for eighteen years. In 1885 he had married Mrs. Pattison. He died in 1911.

National Service. Out of 8,000 students who passed through a course of training, under the auspices of the Education Committee of the London County Council, in order to qualify for entry into munition factories, 5,750 are now employed on work of national importance.

At Escot on Dec. 18th Rev. J. Leach united in marriage Miss Edna Hodge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Hodge, Mallowtown, to Charles V. Powell, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Powell, Escot.

Howard G. Huff, a successful farmer and Holstein breeder, died suddenly on Tuesday morning of heart trouble. He was born in the township of Amelshburg, being the second son of the late Gilbert Huff.

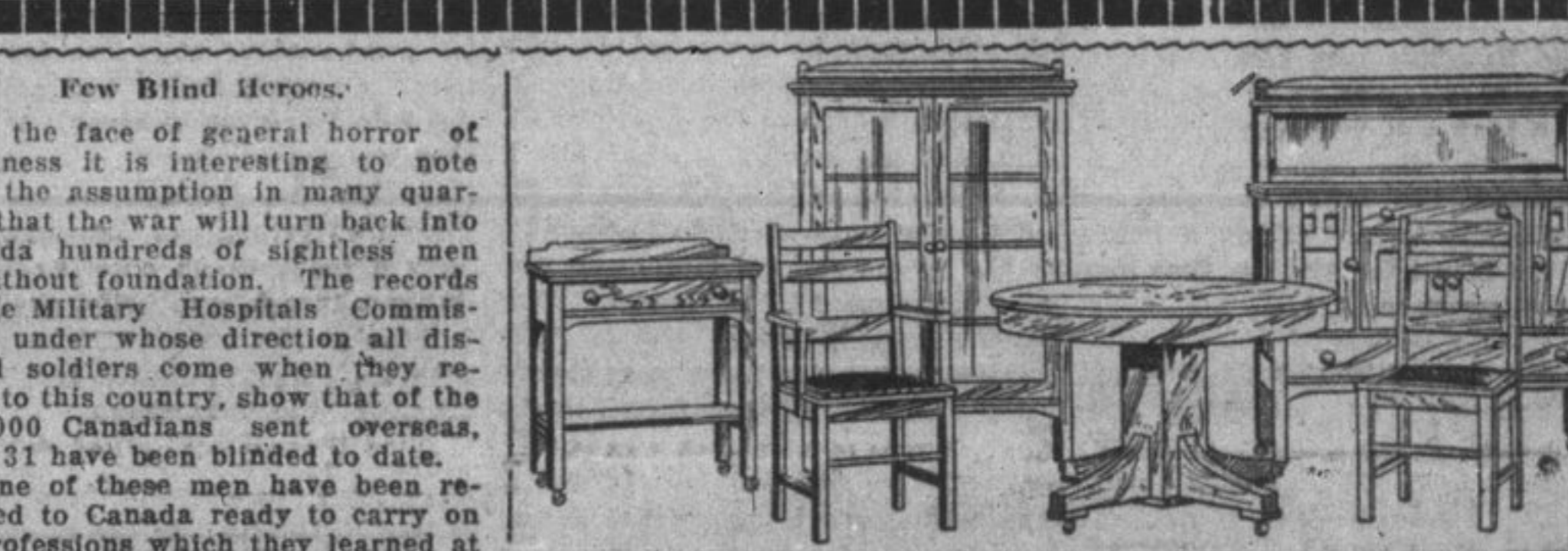
Probs: Wednesday, fair and decidedly cold.

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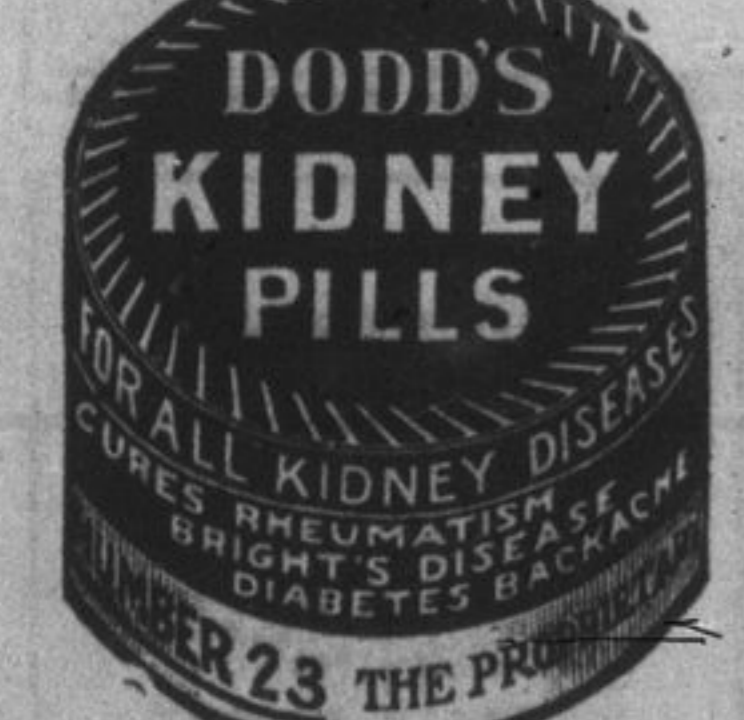
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Sarcasm Fell Flat.

A good story is being told of Lord Bowen by Mr. Austin Dobson in his recently published "Bookman's Budget." The judge was one day sitting up a case, and he was caustic. "If, gentlemen," he said to the jury, "you think it likely that the prisoner was severely indulged at the prison, I fancy for sundry exercise on his neighbor's roof; if you think it was simply consideration for that neighbor which led him to take off his boots, and leave them behind him before descending into the house, and if you believe that it was the innocent curiosity of the prosecutor which brought him to the silver paper and caused him to borrow the teapot, then, gentlemen, you will acquit the prisoner." To the judge's dismay the jury did acquit the prisoner, and that instantly. The judge had made out too good a case, and the jury had no idea that his remarks were "intended sarcasm."

His Happiest Day. We have always insisted untriflingly that every human word or action constitutes a point of view. We are confirmed in this by reading an answer to a question set to some smaller Eton boys some thirty-five years ago by Dr. Lyttleton. The question, which he frankly admits was intended to give scope to the greatest ingenuity amongst them, was "What has been the happiest day of your life?" The answer Dr. Lyttleton particularly treasured was that of a boy, positively determined to give satisfaction, who replied, "My baptism."

For a Rainy Day. It is said that the ex-Czar of Russia still has on deposit in the Bank of England \$35,000,000, placed there years ago in provision for the rainy day which now has come.

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