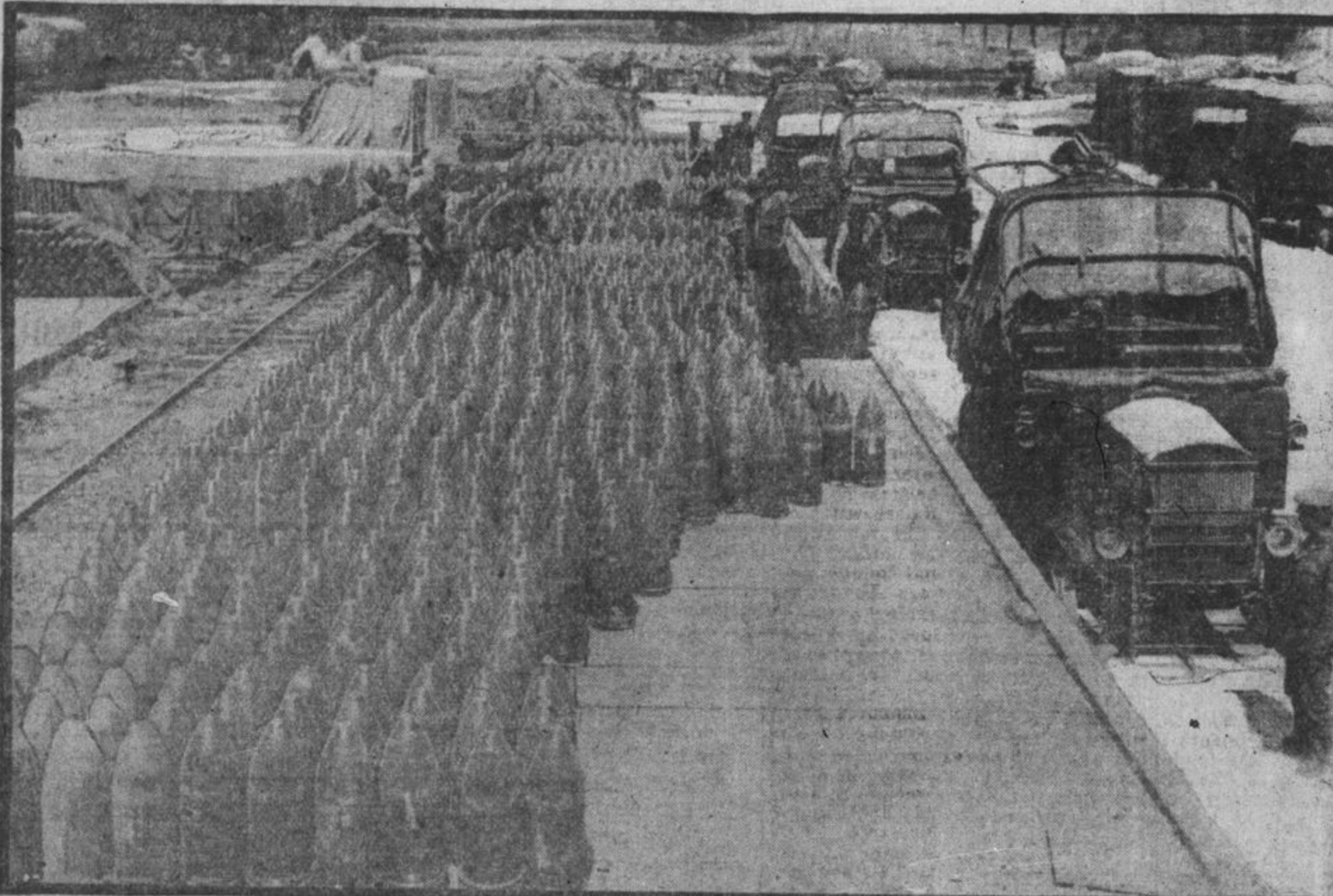


# Dressing Wounded During Battle — Tommy Popular In Italy



Photograph taken on the Western Front in France.—A scene at an advanced dressing station during the battle.  
—Photo by Courtesy of C. P. R.



Ammunition stacked on the British Western Front ready to be sent up the line by motor lorry.  
—Photo by Courtesy of C. P. R.



British Official Photo From Italy.—A scene on the roadside.  
—Photo by Courtesy of C. P. R.



Jack, the mascot, stops playing to watch the departure of a lorry and wonders why he is not there, as he always takes his trip to the front every night.  
—Photo by Courtesy of C. P. R.



On the British Western Front.—Cold work in the snow filling cans at a water point.  
—Photo by Courtesy of C. P. R.



Guarding his master's kit.  
—Photo by Courtesy of C. P. R.



Tommy is very popular with the Italians, and is here seen drawing water for the girls.  
—Photo by Courtesy of C. P. R.

## NOT A TOTEM POLE

THIS figure is neither a totem-pole nor a snow figure. It is the body of a great mountain goat shaggy in his hard-weather clothing. On the higher slopes of the mountain, the lower approach of which is seen in the background, this goat ranged and rustled in the fall of 1916. On his right, as he peered down over the cliffs, he often spied the ribbon of trail which passed through the Vermilion Pass, on its way to link the Columbia Valley with the Canadian national park at Banff, Alberta.

But one day when the blinding blizzard of these peaks whirled and roared around the immovable cliffs of the goat's range he drifted down into the edge of the spruce forest. It was more pleasant there. A gun cracked, and he knew no more. Down through the timber the ski-wearing hunter skidded his catch by the horns, the passage drawing the limbs back as shown in the picture, and the weather freezing it rigid. At the camp, in a desire to get a proper perspective of the biggest goat of the season the hunter stood the body in the snow, close beside the trail, and there it remained until more meat was wanted. For weeks its frozen eyes stared fixedly at the peaks where once it roamed, and where even then its mates were browsing and rustling, doubtless having already forgotten him. For in the hunting country it is always the survival of the fittest, and no one worries about the other.

—L. V. K.

