

WHAT CANADIANS ARE DOING AT THE FRONT



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(1) Where the Canadian narrow gauge track crosses the rails of a French railroad station on the Lens front.

(2) Canadian Railway troops passing through the ruins of a town after laying the track.

(3) Canadian troops on their way up the line. Gas masks are worn at the alert.

(4) A Canadian siege gun being fixed before it puts its nose into Frit's movements.

(5) Canadian cavalry after the fighting on the Cambrai front waiting to vote. A man taking the oath can be seen in the doorway on the right.

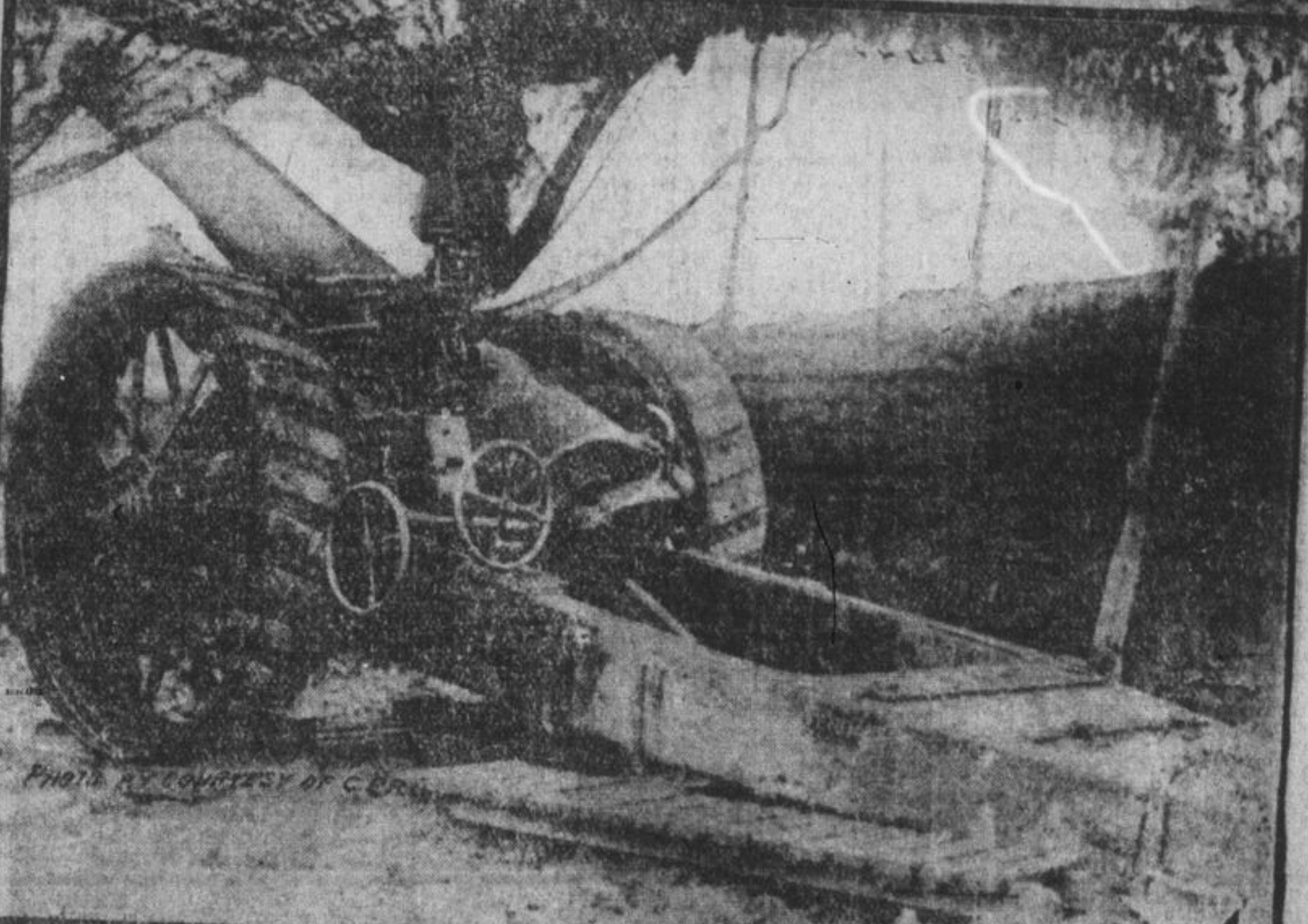


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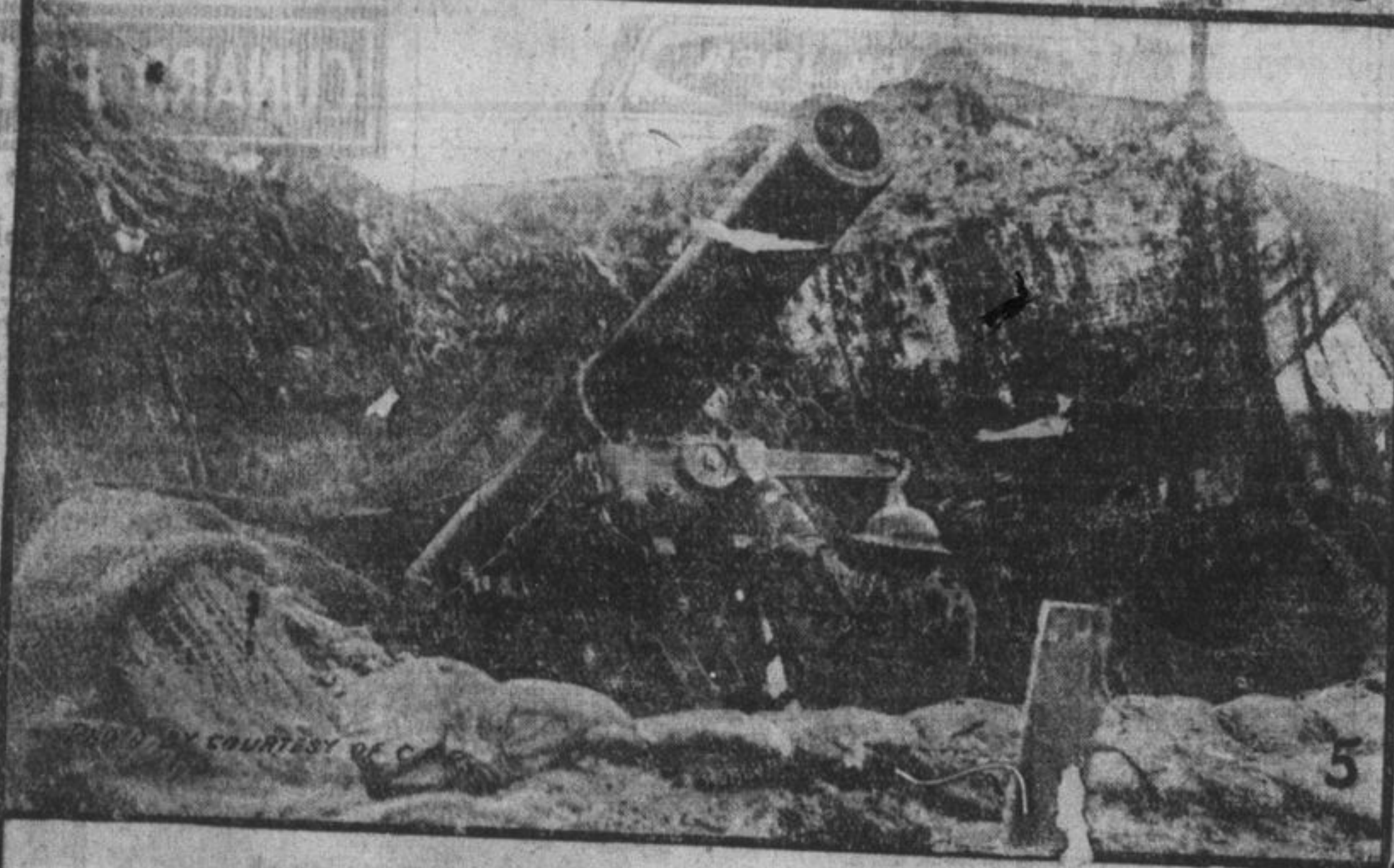


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(6) Canadian cavalry after the fighting on the Cambrai front waiting to vote. A man taking the oath can be seen in the doorway on the right.

(7) A large water tank being filled within shell range. The tank is pulled up the line by the armoured tractor. The Canadian Corps front is one mass of Canadian light railroads, which do away with the slow horse transports.

(8) French Generals with Prince Arthur of Connaught and other Canadian officers on Vimy Ridge. On left are men at a Y.M.C.A. coffee stall, where coffee is served free to men going to or coming from the trenches.



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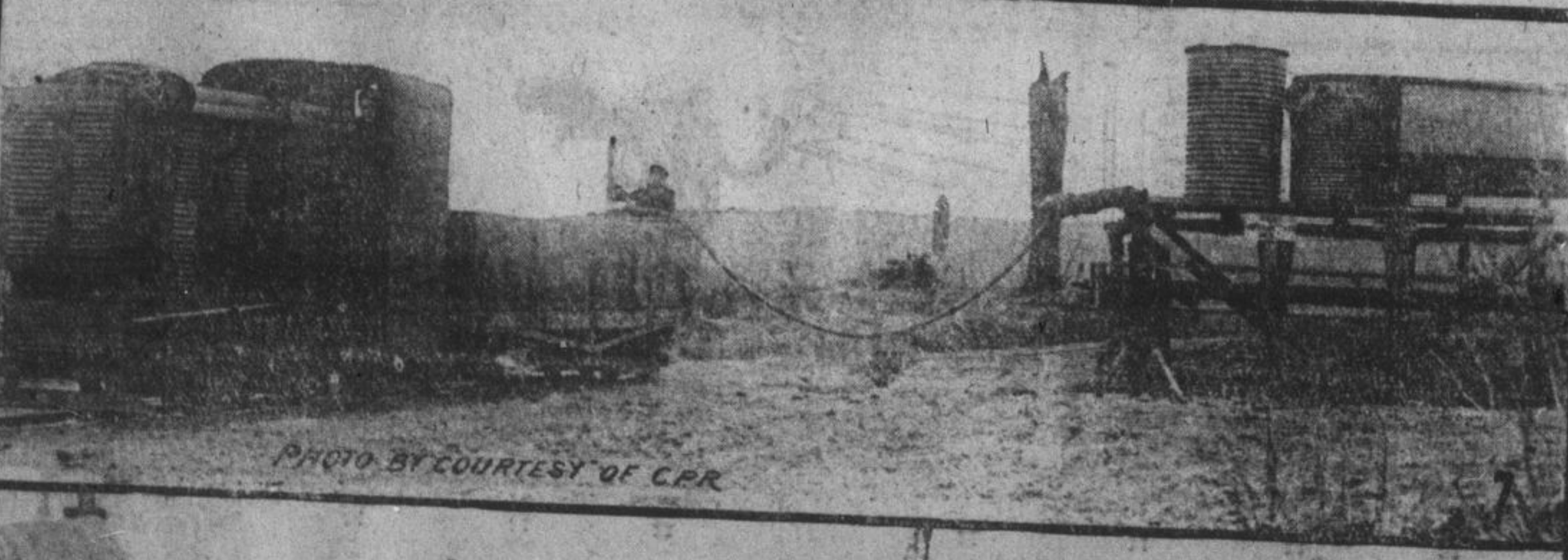


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The Wolves Were Hungry



Angus McGregor and his collie dog left the Canadian Pacific Railway main line at Kamloops and went north and west for six days to get into good trapping and hunting territory for a winter's work. They made several trips before the snow came down there was much cold weather and not an excessive amount of snow. The rabbits drifted north to the thicker brush, and McGregor and his dog extended their lines twenty miles further. Big snow came and the wolves found hard work to get a living, though the rabbits and partridges were not contented. McGregor took a lot of fur, mink, lynx, marten and fox.

One day while on the trail of a mink he saw a big black wolf looking down. The collie saw it too and dashed to the collie. The wolf turned and fled, and when the man topped the rise he saw his dog nearly a half mile away still fiercely pursuing the wolf which had just entered the mouth of a steeply sloped draw. Half way up the draw the wolf stopped, and down from either bank swept two more wolves. The first brute had acted as decoy for the dog. The collie, realising his danger, wheeled and ran toward his master, pursued by all three of the pack. He led them by a few yards, and threw himself finally against the feet of McGregor, while the wolves, gaunt, hungry and unusually fierce, came right on, and only swerved aside to circle when the man yelled. One he shot before the others fled, and a few days later, having placed out "baits" he had the satisfaction of picking up the other two big black bodies.—L. V. K.

