

ARMY LIFE ABROAD. JOY OF THOSE RETURNING



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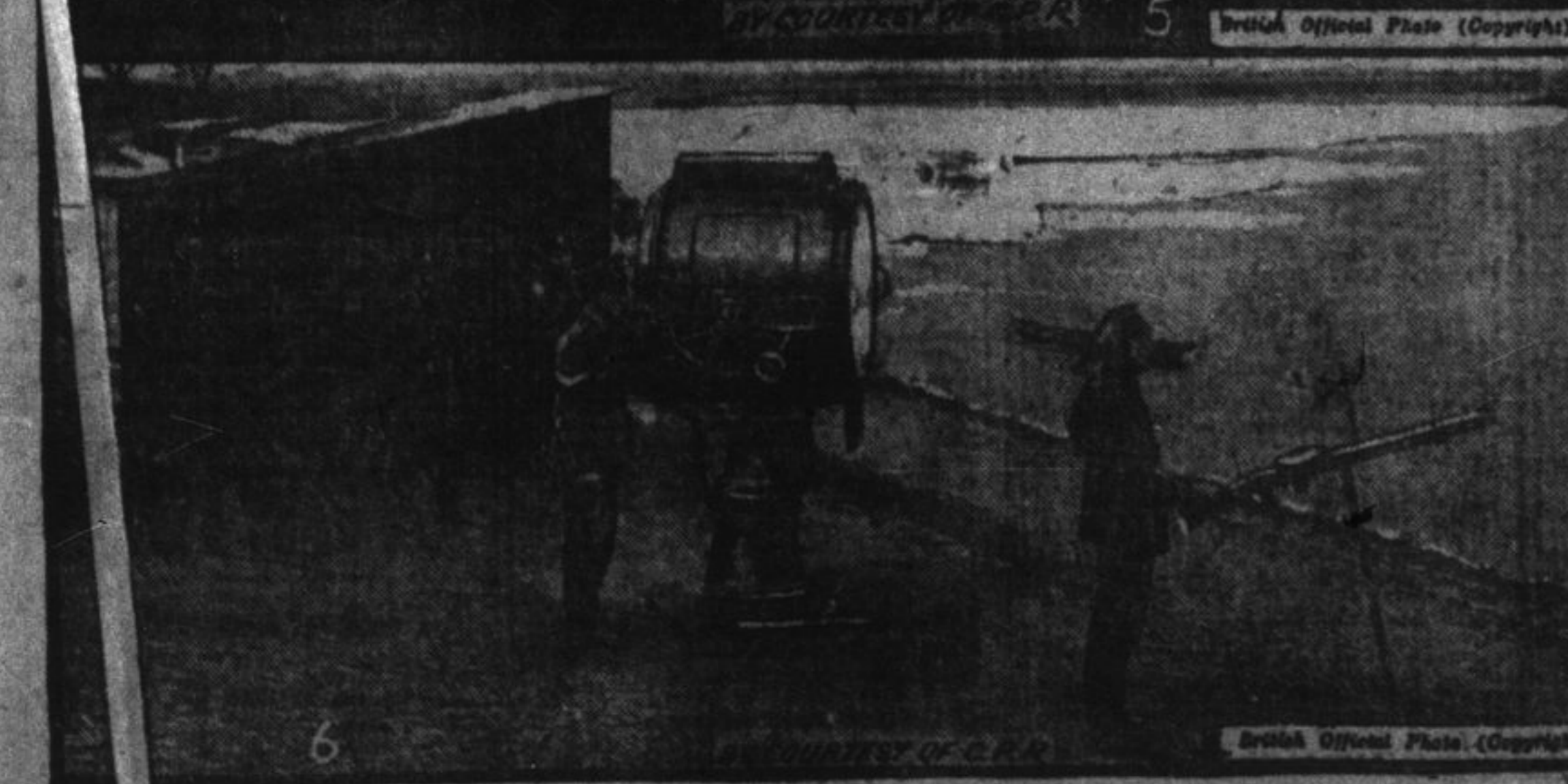
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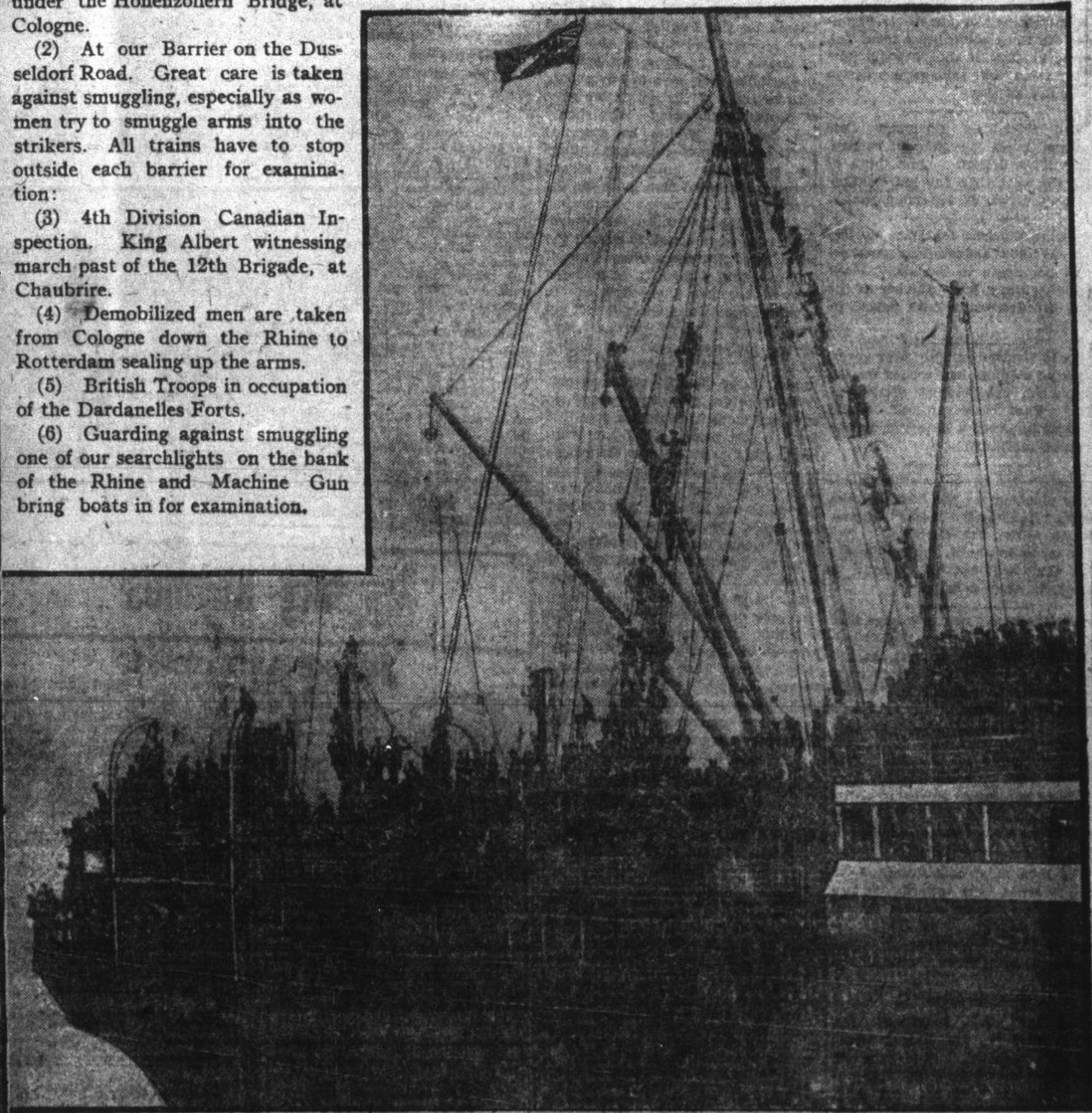
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- (1) The Watch on the Rhine. The Motor Launch Patrol passing under the Hohenzollern Bridge, at Cologne.
- (2) At our Barrier on the Dusseldorf Road. Great care is taken against smuggling, especially as women try to smuggle arms into the strikers. All trains have to stop outside each barrier for examination.
- (3) 4th Division Canadian Inspection. King Albert witnessing march past of the 12th Brigade, at Chaubrière.
- (4) Demobilized men are taken from Cologne down the Rhine to Rotterdam sealing up the arms.
- (5) British Troops in occupation of the Dardanelles Forts.
- (6) Guarding against smuggling one of our searchlights on the bank of the Rhine and Machine Gun bring boats in for examination.

Back to the Homeland



Home On The Empress of Britain—Soldiers Eager to See Their Native Land.

No place takes the place of home. It is pleasant to be going home—going home from the field or the office, a baseball game or the theatre, a party or a banquet—it is nice to be going home from anywhere, for home is better than anywhere else. At home we meet the men, women and children who are dearest to us, and to whom we are the dearest. The home feels welcome us with smiles and laughter and with rejoicing words. Even the friendly old dog greets us with paw shakes and brings a greeting. If we have a rich home it seems to us the most luxurious in the world, and if it is a humble home it is rich in our eyes. And the longer we are away from home and the farther we go wandering, the happier we are to return. The exile is happiest of all when he goes back to the old hearth.

Many thousands of Canadian soldiers have been in foreign lands during the recent war; some of them have been absent for over four years. You would need to be one of them to know the rapture they experience as the ship on which they sail approaches their native soil. Here are a few of the impressions of A. G. B. H., one of a number of soldiers who recently arrived at Quebec on one of the Canadian Pacific ocean liners:

The feet of those returning are very sore, but their hearts are glad; their limbs are full of weariness, but their souls are full of song; the moving finger has written and moved on and they who guided it to write the word "Liberty" upon the scroll of the world's history laugh and forget the years as they see your handiwork upon this old shed.

"Welcome Home."

My heart stings as I write. A man on the vessel is looking through a pair of binoculars as the ship approaches; a tense eagerness draws lines of anxiety in his already furrowed face; he is seeking for a sign he has been told is lettered on the wall—a sign to assure him that Canada is awaiting him—waiting to take him in her mother arms and smooth away the ache of years of separation. Presently his face lightens; as he drops the glasses his eyes are seen to hold a passionate fire. "It's there, boys!" he calls. "It's right there on the shed! Welcome Home!" Immediately the air, surcharged with suspense, becomes jubilant, faces are brighter, smiles radiate the faces of these boys, and then there is a rousing cheer and a babble of conversation. There is a shout, "Home it is boys—they're there awaiting. Welcome home! Hurrah!" And some one says: "Look at that engine—see the smoke. Everything's bigger in Canada—there is even more and blacker smoke from the old engine!"

You who read, if you could see right down deep into the hearts of these men you would understand just how much this homecoming means to them. Their hearts are burning, their arms are stretching out to you, their nostrils distend to catch the odor of the pine woods, their eyes are boring holes in space and in the smoke from that noisy locomotive they conjure up a picture of you, their mothers and fathers, of you, their sisters, their sweethearts and their wives, can't you see them standing at the door, feel their strong arms around you, their kiss upon your lips and hear their hoarse whispered sigh of contentment. "At last—home again!"

How happy you must be, and proud to have them home again. Hold them lightly and try to make up for those hard bitter years—as they will assuredly work their utmost to compensate you for years of equally bitter and agonizing suspense—and prayer.