

# "I AM AMONG YOU AS ONE WHO SERVETH"

The Story of the Life of One of Canada's Greatest and Noblest Soldiers

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ed that an acceptance meant another agonising parting in the years to come. He remembered his sorrow on leaving his splendid cavalry regiment, Lord Strathcona's Horse in 1915; his Gethsemane when saying goodbye to the wonderful 7th Brigade in 1917, and at that moment he was dumbly suffering from the breaking-up of "The Old Red Patch" division. An acceptance meant that in a few years he would love the dear old college so much that it would be agony to leave—and he was no longer young.

Thinking the matter over very carefully in his mind, however, and viewing it from every angle, he saw a vision of the wonderful opportunities which the appointment offered to bring up young Canadians along proper lines, making them loyal, manly, resourceful citizens, and making them realise the splendour of their country and the grandeur of the British Empire. He saw the advantage of impressing upon these young men the principle that all that Canada wants she can best find within the British Empire. He saw a wonderful chance to do a little more work for his country, and he accepted.

**His Greatest Service**  
Looking back over the past five years, one can appreciate that General Macdonell's greatest triumph and his greatest service to his country has been done at the Royal Military College of Canada. His previous achievements were but in the nature of studies in the school of experience to fit him for the work he has accomplished at our national military college. The changes for the better which have been effected there have astounded Kingstonians. The grounds of the institution have been extended to include many additional acres of land, the buildings have been improved, the staff has been enthused, and the progress made by the cadets under the new systems of education introduced has been such as to draw the commendation of all the Canadian universities. Indeed McGill, Queen's and Varsity offer exceptional concessions to cadets who, on graduating from the R.M.C. wish to proceed to a degree from a university. A graduate of the Royal Military College whose work has won the approval of the college educational staff can now proceed to one of these universities and in one year receive a degree.

Through his amiable personality and spirit of happy camaraderie, the general has brought the college and the townspeople together. Kingstonians feel that the R.M.C. is a part of them. Sir Archibald is the president of the local Historical Society, a member of the Kiwanis Club, an officer in the St. Andrew's Society, belongs to the Kingston Great War Veterans' Association and has been a welcomed visitor to almost every other club and society in the city. A typical instance of his happy way with men occurred

when he attended a regimental reunion at a little Ontario town only a year or two ago. One bronzed old soldier to whom he chatted was feeling the effects of his efforts to re-establish himself in civil life and in his depression told the general his troubles. He closed by saying defiantly, "So I'm a Bolshevik now, Sir, a real Bolshevik." The grand old chief grasped his hand and said, "And if the British Empire is in danger again, all that I ask is just a thousand Bolsheviks like you behind me and we'll ride to Hell if necessary." The old soldier stared for a moment and then, with eyes beginning to glisten gulped out, "By God, Sir, you're right."

It will perhaps interest many to know that General Macdonell could have retired in 1919 with his thirty-four years service to a pension within \$250 of his salary as commandant of the college. It may therefore be reasonably advanced that his salary for the past five years has been just \$5.00 a week, since, had he not accepted the appointment at the R.M.C., he would have received the remainder as a pension in any case.

**Currie and Macdonell**  
His service at the college brought him once more in touch with General Sir Arthur Currie, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., who is the chairman of the college advisory board. This board meets every year at the college to discuss the work accomplished during the term ended and the policy to be followed during the coming term. In accordance with an established custom at the college, the chairman of the advisory board is the guest of the commandant in his quarters and as may be imagined the chief of "The Old Red Patch" division is happy at the opportunity to act as host to the chief of the wonderful Canadian Corps. The best is none too good! But on one occasion, when Henderson overslept himself—well, that is still a popular story at the R.M.C. when the general isn't listening. It was too bad that Henderson, General Macdonell's valet, should choose to oversleep the very morning when the advisory board were to meet; nevertheless, the fact remained that at 7 a.m. there was no Henderson. Scottish courage and Scottish hospitality came to the rescue, however, coupled with that strategy which made the 1st Canadian Division famous. Shortly afterwards, General Macdonell might have been seen creeping up the stairs to General Currie's room, giving a knock at the door, and saying in what he imagined was an imitation of Henderson's voice, "It's time to get up, Sir."

"Thanks, Henderson," came a sleepy voice, and, delighted with the success of his plan, General Macdonell went into the dressing room, secured General Currie's boots and uniform and went downstairs, where he spent a busy ten minutes with bootbrush, button stick, Brasso, and other implements dear to the heart

of Private Thomas Atkins. His task finished, the general once more proceeded upstairs and placed the uniform and boots in the dressing room. He could not resist the temptation to once more imitate Henderson's voice, so, knocking at the door of the bathroom, where vigorous splashing could be heard, he said, "Your boots and uniform ready, Sir." "Thanks, Henderson," came the cheery voice of the corps commander, and General Macdonell went blithely downstairs conscious of a task well done.

The climax came at the breakfast table, when Henderson, who had now arrived, passed by. "Oh, Henderson," said General Currie, "what was your battalion in France?" "The 2nd Battalion," replied Henderson. "Louder, man," said the corps commander. "The 2nd Battalion, Sir," shouted Henderson. "I thought so," said General Currie, turning to Sir Archibald, "Mac, don't play any more of your silly tricks on me. You can't imitate that voice."

**Kingston's Loss**  
And now, all too soon, the beloved general is to leave military life and take up civilian tasks. What will be Kingston's loss? Will be the rich gain of some other city. General Macdonell carries with him into civilian life the best wishes and the prayers of thousands who have served under him and who would gladly serve under him again. He will always have their loyalty for those who have served with him are tied with golden cords of affection to their old chief. Only a short year ago when he was troubled and worried over certain matters which had achieved publicity, countless telegrams poured in to him. One staff officer of war days wired: "Please don't forget that there are hundreds of us here who wore the 'Old Red Patch' and still wear it who stand ready to do your bidding." Another old general officer telegraphed: "Don't forget, old man, there are thousands of the old corps who are ready to come to your assistance." One telegram was addressed to "General Macdonell, for whom we would again form fours and march as of yore." From all over the Dominion, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from little villages and from mighty cities came messages of hope and love to the chief who had (and who will always have) their constant affection. The old spirit is not dead. To have been at some time or other a "Macdonell's man" is still a proud boast with thousands, and deep in the heart of each one is the hope that the opportunity may come to once more serve under him.

Dear old General Macdonell! They who have been "Macdonell's men" believe in you. Though you go into civilian life, they feel that you have more to do for Canada and the Empire in the future than you have done in the past, and they want you to realize that every "Macdonell's man" in Canada "stands by" as in the days of old.

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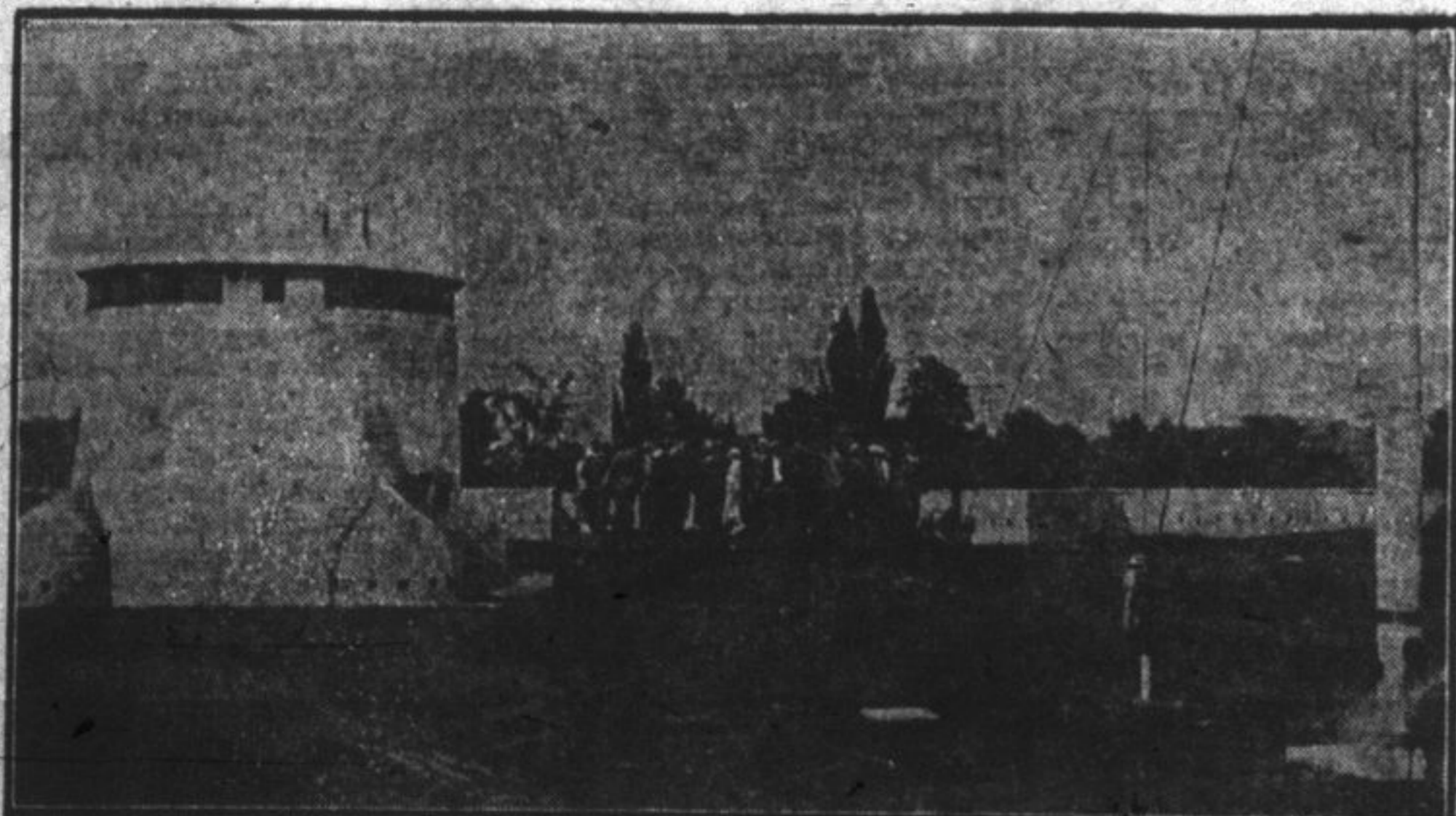
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## A LONDON LETTER

By Sylvia Mayfair.

London, Eng., June 1.—For some reason which nobody can quite explain the chaperone has made a distinct reappearance in London this season. Of course, she is not a bit like the chaperone of 15 years ago who, in dove-grey and velvet neckbands used to sit like a cameo on the edge of a ballroom, for today they are as jazz mad as any of the young people they bring. But they are chaperones all the same.

Quite a number of young American debutantes have "adopted" a London chaperone when their mothers have not been able to come to Europe with them, and impoverished duchesses and needy countesses are thinking it well worth while to take an attractive young girl to the Opera with them for the sake of a few thousand dollars. Introductions, of course, to a few people well worth knowing and a visit or two to the smartest country houses parties are thrown in with the arrangement.

The chaperone is really a quaint reaction and survival of the intense freedom of the last two or three years, so it is said. To take a chaperone to a dance is becoming as

"smart" as it was to take a fantastic doll under the arm twelve months ago. Even in great public ballrooms there are signs of the chaperone, but oh, not in dove-grey now. Her skirt will probably just reach her knees and if her charge asked her to sit out a dance she would probably be told not to be lazy.

**Will Entertain at Henley.**  
Mrs. Harry Brown's houseboat, "Nirvana," will be about the only floating house of any size when Henley Regatta opens on July 1st. King George and his consort, who do not usually go to Henley, have decided to do so this year, and Princess Mary, who has taken a house near Newmarket, will visit the regatta every day with her husband, Viscount Lascelles.

Mrs. Brown, who of course is now safely and splendidly installed at Spencer House, rents the "Nirvana" for the four days' Regatta at some fabulous rental and entertains about 20 guests on board. The "Nirvana" is a dream of houseboats and every little cabin has its telephone and bathroom. It even has a small ballroom with a spring floor, and is equipped with a large radio set so that her guests can dance to the music of the big orchestras.

**Bobs At Court.**  
To set a long controversy at an end it may now be announced that bobs, bingles and shingles were brazenly shown at this week's Courts. And there was one Eton crop on the head of a young London girl. Strange to say the Royal smiles did not lessen when the Eton Cropper came before the Thrones, and there was even the suspicion of a twinkle in King George's eyes.

**Sandwiches in Theatre.**  
For the first time in the history of Grand Opera at Covent Garden, the season opened brilliantly this week,—sandwiches were eaten unashamedly in the Boxes during the long performance of "Der Rosenkavalier" on the "first night." It was said that some of the sandwiches were done up in crested paper and stamped with dual arms but there is no verification for this. The im-

portance of the sandwich will be realized when it is said that the performance started at a quarter to seven and there was no interval to speak of until nearly midnight.

Prince Henry, the only one of the Royal Family to brave the demands of long German Opera, found the calls of hunger strangely acute about half past eight, dashed across the Strand with his querry and ate a quick dinner in twenty-five minutes and was back in his box in half an hour.

Great sensation in London this week. It was found that the statue of George III in Cockspur Street, is in a dangerous state.

There has been a procession of visitors to see it, though to outward appearances the third George looks as comfortable and satisfied as for the last 193 years.

The policemen on duty nearby, however, have been very careful to see that the sympathetic American visitors do not get too near the statue, for if George III fell down on one of them,—well, there would be a lot to say.

Forgetting an injury is sometimes a harder task than forgiving it. The frowner of the family may be beautiful and also useless.



**A RARE ONE**  
For the first time in ten years the London Zoo has managed to secure a specimen of the Tamandua ant eater, an extremely rare animal. He is distinguished by his long sticky tongue with which he can scoop up hundreds of ants at a swoop, and by his prehensile tail.

**Work and Worry Weaken Many Women**

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