

3 1761 05503239 5

LE  
3  
T815  
A25  
1919







ACTA  
VICTORIANA  
WAR SUPPLEMENT



*S*







TO THE MEMORY OF THE  
STUDENTS, GRADUATE  
AND UNDERGRADUATE,  
OF VICTORIA COLLEGE, WHO LAID  
DOWN THEIR LIVES IN DEFENCE OF  
THEIR COUNTRY'S HONOUR AND FOR  
THE MAINTENANCE OF THE LIBERTIES  
OF THE WORLD, THE OFFICERS AND  
STAFF OF

## Toronto General Trusts Corporation

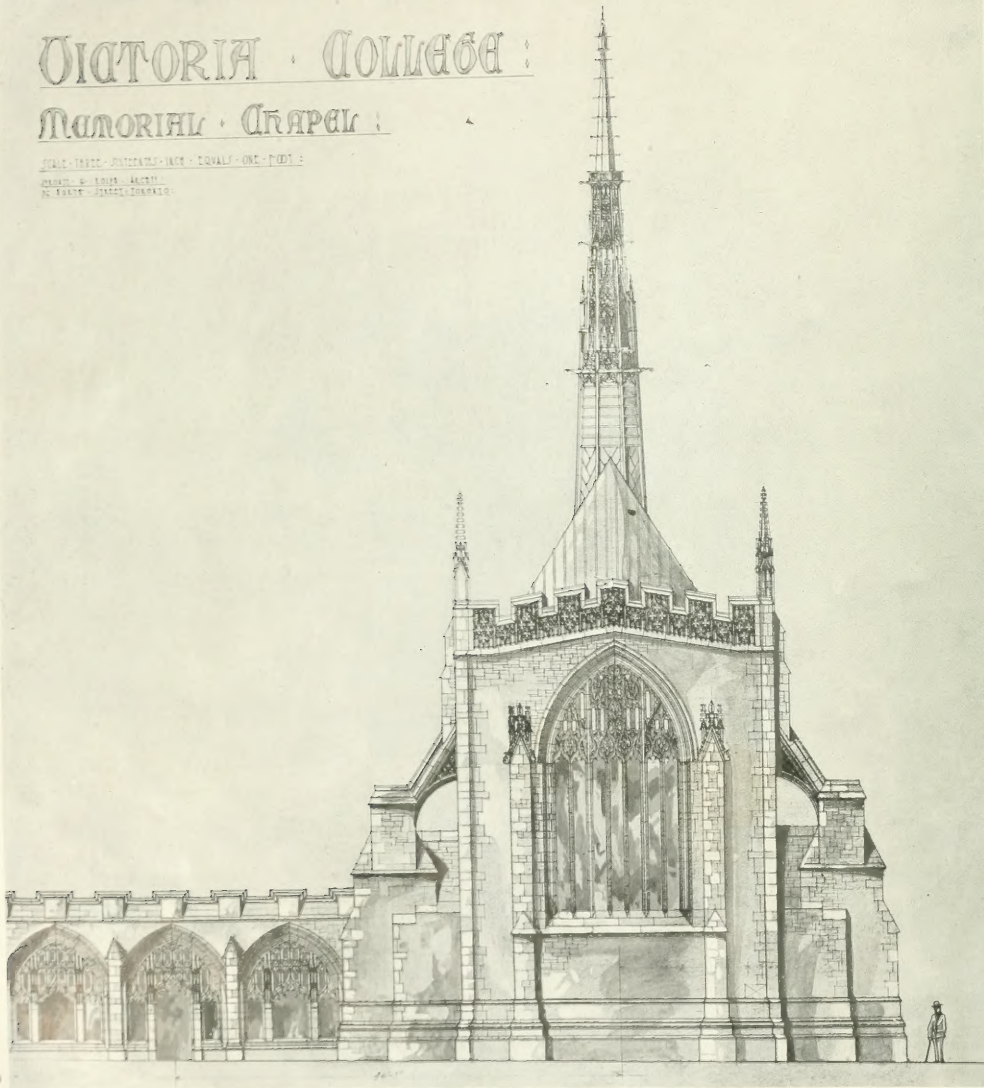
ADD THEIR TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

VICTORIA COLLEGE :

Memorial Chapel :

PLANS - SECTIONS - ELEVATIONS - INTERIORS - AND - DETAILS :

DESIGNED BY JOHN RUSSELL  
IN ASSOCIATION WITH J. H. STUBBS



(See Page 29)



ACTA VICTORIANA  
WAR SUPPLEMENT



PUBLISHED BY THE UNITED LITERARY SOCIETIES OF THE  
MEN AND WOMEN OF VICTORIA COLLEGE AS  
A MEMORIAL OF HER SACRIFICES  
AND A RECORD OF HER  
PART IN THE  
WAR

*DECEMBER, 1919*

LE  
3  
TB15A25  
1919

# CONTENTS

Frontispiece—The Memorial Chapel	Page 2
----------------------------------	-----------

## PART I.

The Memorial Service	5
"In Memoriam"	7
The Records—	
The Fallen	8
Two Short Poems— <i>From "Music"</i>	24
Sonnet	24
Honours	25
The Memorial Chapel	29
"A Tribute"	30
The Roll of Service	31—65

## PART II.

The Influence of the War on Canadian Politics	66
Re-unions	68
Editorial	70
The German Universities and the War	71
The Overseas Universities	73
"Missing"	76
The Women Undergraduates and the War	79
English Pictures	80
The Irish Pilgrimage	82
Welsh Romance	84
France and Flanders	86
Across the Rhine	91
Italy	92
Salonica and the East	94
The Navy	95
North Russia	96
The North Slavs	97
The Canadian Cant-hook Overseas	101
The Chinese Labour Corps	102
Extracts	103
Some Experiences of a Surgeon	107
War Anecdotes	108
Impressions	109
"The Road to Armenteurs"	112





## The Memorial Service

The Religious Memorial Service in the College Chapel on the morning of October 17 was sad but not depressing. Indeed, it was difficult to repress a feeling of solemn joy that our boys, students of every class in the College, Arts and Theology, had played the game, had stood the test. College membership, until recently regarded in some quarters as a proof of pedantry or priggishness, and in others as an initiation into the courts of fashion, had come at last to be a badge of honour, since we were privileged to be counted as colleagues of those, the fallen and the survivors, who had given such signal proofs of their courage and unselfishness in the stern test of war. There seemed little to be said or done in view of the completeness of their sacrifice. They were not to be consecrated; it was rather we who were to be dedicated to unselfish aims and resolute action if their high standard was to be maintained.

Naturalness was the pervading note of the whole service. Certain men who had been our friends and comrades were absent. Boys had left their play. They were not to return. But we were not without consolation. In the Scripture reading by Dean Robertson we were reminded that shortness of life was no proof of immaturity, since intelligence, an unspotted life, and acceptableness with God were proofs of ripeness surer than that of old age. It was foolishness to think that their journeying away from us was their ruin; the souls of the righteous were in the hands of God, and they were in peace. The prayer of Dean Wallace was a solemn thanksgiving for victory and an enlistment for continued service. The Chancellor's address which follows expressed regret and hope, farewell and greeting, and interpreted our feeling of resignation to the will of God.

*But lo; there breaks a yet more glorious day,  
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;  
The King of Glory passes on His way—Alleluia!*

The service concluded with the roll call of the well-remembered names, without answer, except for our instant recollection of their gallantry and their friendship; and afterwards, a bandsman in full military costume sounded the weird yearning notes of the *Last Post*.

### THE CHANCELLOR'S ADDRESS

THE part taken by Victoria in this war makes one of many similar stories to be told of all our English-speaking colleges in Canada and throughout the Empire. It is the story of a great patriotic duty nobly accepted and nobly done. Without stint these colleges gave their young manhood's life. No community or class of young citizens gave so large a proportion of its members as did the university men of Canada. Perhaps this is what might have been expected. Is not a college the peculiar home of great enthusiasms and high sentiments? Almost every great movement for the benefit of the nation's life has been fostered in College Halls. Thither go up the more adventurous minds. There dwell your dreamers and idealists. There can be found the prophets of great reforms and even the chivalrous champions of forlorn hope. I think so, and yet such a generalization and such a description of colleges and college men will appear to you, like most general descriptions of complex things, quite extreme. Certainly many of our students, perhaps most of them, who heard and answered this call could best be described as healthy, every-day boys, with a boy's love of fun and sport, with a boy's idle, care-free laughter. For a realistic description you recall the little verse:

The years go fast in Oxford,  
The golden years and gay.  
The hoary colleges look down  
On careless boys at play.  
But when the bugle sounded war  
They put their games away!

We have no hoary colleges—but perhaps these lines tell better what actually happened than more high-sounding words about enthusiasms and visions and adventurous spirits. Some, it is true, could not very suitably be called careless boys at play. They were older and more familiar with the stern things of life. The iron had already entered their souls. Of the

authority of duty, of life's final law of sacrifice, of life's inevitableness and mystery, they knew something. But others, very many others, stood only on the threshold of their experiences. As yet they were, as we know and as they will testify, best described as "careless boys at play." Their going away mightily disturbed us. The calling away of such young fellows gave some of us our first revelation of the grim terribleness of war. We feared for them as they went out from the genial, happy life here to hold high consort with suffering and danger and death! But what a splendid and worthy part they have played—those of maturer years and graver spirit, and those who at their going had scarcely rounded a score of years. In all these numbered about six hundred, of whom sixty-seven did not return! These reached the place of supreme sacrifice and there made their souls an offering for the peace and justice and freedom of the world.

We are here this morning on an occasion which shall never be forgotten in the history of Victoria, to pay in the name of the College our tribute of respect and reverence to the memory of those brave and gallant soldiers and comrades who for their country died.

Memory is very active to-day. The great events of four years of war on the most stupendous scale crowd the canvas. We see the swift onset of the mightiest army that ever had trodden the earth, its sweep westward beyond its own borders, death and destruction, terror and anguish going before and following after—the turning back of these hosts at the Marne—then the siege of great armies on far-flung battle lines such as the most war-mad imagination had never dared conceive, the lifting of the siege here and there in colossal battles which made insignificant the greatest battles of history—the appalling roll-call of the dead and wounded—and flaming against the blackness of it all, deeds of bravery and heroism, and nations stirred and thrilled with sublime passions. Above the tumult of it all we hear the great voices of Justice and Liberty and Humanity calling men and nations to their service,

even unto death. To-day these gigantic events form the background for our more intimate and familiar memories. Particularly do we see the bright faces of the men who once had their places in these halls and classrooms, but who will not return. We hear their voices as they hail one another and their shoutings on the campus. And some of you have vivid memories of these men as you saw them last in Flanders or France, in Italy or Egypt or Mesopotamia or India. In the light of such memories we think to-day of these our immortal dead.

Our first reflection, the one to which we most naturally turn, is that they died in a high and worthy cause. There are some things worth dying for. These men fought in such a cause, and the victory they helped to win was a victory for righteousness and freedom—a victory essential to the welfare of humanity. We believed this when the war began, and every month of the war, and every month since fighting ceased has fortified and deepened this conviction. Never since the moral ideal emerged in humanity and the courses of history were set toward its realization were the issues in any great struggle of the nations so clearly drawn. These were surely great days of Divine judgment when nations and their ideals were tested and revealed. Pitiful indeed is it not to see the inner meaning, the interior and spiritual significance of this great agony of our civilization. To such how wasteful, how sordid, it all must seem. But it was not a struggle of commercial rivalries. Nor was it a welter of blind instinct and passion. No biological law of struggle and survival compasses its meaning. Nor was it a convulsive upheaval of mysterious forces such as cause the volcano to belch forth its destruction. It was on the one hand, and in the persons of its leaders, a wilful and deliberate assault on the rights and liberties of men, and it was made possible by the wicked teaching that might is right and the state is immoral. On the other hand, it was a testimony valuable because of its costliness to the worth of liberty and the inviolability of right and justice. And it was a declaration written in blood of the essential and imperishable humanity of our race. All coming history will make it clearer that in this war all moral ideals, all fine and good things which lie in the heart of Christianity, were at stake. If men had not had the devotion and passion and sacrificial spirit to stand and endure and die for these things, then these things had perished from the earth.

After the Civil War in the United States, Henry Ward Beecher, who had been so mighty a champion of the North, addressed a gathering of citizens in the South. He called on them to re-unite with the citizens of the North to rebuild the nation on one condition, namely, that you were wrong and we were right. To-day it is on this one condition and understanding that the nations in this great struggle can proceed to the fellowship of a newer day and a nobler civilization. They were wrong. Our cause was just and right. The fighting passion which won the war, the morale that remained with the army and the nation was born and nurtured in this consciousness of the righteousness of our cause. The precious lives given for such a cause were not wasted. They were not as waters poured on barren sands. The darkness is lightened, the gloom is relieved. Into the heavy shadows which fall on us are woven rich colors of light and beauty.

Again, we reflect that the spirit in which these men responded to the call, in which they endured the discipline and hardness of the soldier's life, and finally died for this cause, was worthy of it. They went freely. Long before the nation conscripted men they had sworn allegiance to this cause. They hated war. For the pomp and pageantry and military glory of it they had no taste. They damned the men by whom this offence had come. They went forth men of war to fight for what was fair and reasonable, for what was right and good, and they hoped and prayed that this might put an end to the ghastly tragedy of war upon God's earth and among men who should brothers be the world o'er. In their hearts they were peacemakers. The atmosphere they had been raised in in this country—its teachings and ideals—made them haters of war and lovers of peace. But much as they hated war they hated wrong and oppression more. Much as they loved peace they loved liberty and justice more.

Listen to this from a letter written by one of our men the evening before a great engagement: "My eye is fixed on to-morrow with hope for mankind and with visions of a new world. . . . A blow will be struck to-morrow which will definitely mark the turn of the tide. I have no misgivings for myself. . . . It does not matter whether I survive or fall, a great triumph is certain, and I shall take part in it." . . . Then he notes that he is near consecrated ground where already his three brothers had died in the cause, and adds: "I trust to be as faithful as they. I have no regrets and no fears for to-morrow. I would not choose to change places with anyone now, except" (and then the inevitable touch of humor) "perhaps General Foch." And I do not think that Hedley Goodyear who thus reported his soul was different from the other men of our college. They, too, endured because they saw the triumph of a great cause, and had visions of a new world and hope for mankind. As the cause was worthy, so was the spirit of these men who for it died.

Men and women of the College, students and teachers, we are entering this year upon a great heritage of fine example and inspiring memory. Being dead these speak—speak to us in stirring tones and with persuasive power. This institution has henceforth its greater history, its own more enriched tradition, and its own higher life standards. We have our own choir invisible of immortal dead. Indeed than these memories we have here no greater treasure, no better inheritance. Often we shall stop in our work and in our play to think of these men, and as often as we do our hearts will be strengthened and purified. We cannot live meanly and selfishly. We cannot forget this country and its need. We cannot refuse to bear the burden of the weak or defend the cause of the oppressed. We cannot refuse to say in our hearts:

"O Cross that liftest up my head  
I dare not ask to fly from thee."

Let me make more definite and concrete my meaning. Some of these fallen comrades (you will recall them) were leaders on the campus. There they played the games with skill and prowess and with a clean and chivalrous spirit, fair and generous alike in defeat and victory. To lose self-mastery in speech or in action, to take unfair advantage, to show a grudging or envious or boastful spirit, I ask you, would it not be to violate the sacred memory of some of these men who so well represented you on the athletic field?



True to them, keep always on the campus the ideals of clean speech and clean sport.

Some of these were our scholars. They won honours for themselves and their college in the exacting, if less spectacular, competitions of the Examination Hall. Some of them had won the highest prize in the gift of the University. If ever these standards fall, and we as a college are content with second rate, mediocre scholarship, we shall have forgotten these men who forsook their brilliant university careers, gave up their scholar's ambition to fight and die for honour and freedom.

And some of these men were known as leaders in the religious life of the college. Of some of them you were accustomed to say, "If there is a Christian among us he is one." There was about them the indescribable touch, the grace and charm, the authority of the spirit of Christ. Such men were the salt of your common life, and the memory of them will abide a spiritual inspiration—a benediction upon the college for years to come. Cold, calculating rationalism, cynical indifference to religious feeling and conviction would pour contempt upon these sacred memories.

Indeed, as I think of it, while none of our men were perfect (for which we thank God), I am sure I may

say there was nothing pure or true or of good report—there was no praise and no virtue which did not find its exemplification in some of these several men who died.

It is told of one soldier that to his friend, whom he rescued and for whom he gave his own life, his message was, "You must live for both of us." He wished for his friend life so complete and so rich that it would be as the life of two. May it not be true that there is no cause in our land which shall be the poorer, and no ideals which shall suffer because, and inasmuch as you, upon whom come these memories, shall have lived your lives richer and nobler by that much the more. Let us put away depression and unbelief. These men, your fallen comrades did help to vindicate and establish Justice and Honour; they did this on this scandalized and disgraced earth; they did this amid the weaknesses of the flesh. In the New Land and morning to which they have gone not less but greater will be the tasks assigned them—and so

At noon day in the bustle of men's work-time.

Greet the Unseen with a cheer!

Bid him forward! breast and back as either should be,  
"Strive and thrive," cry "Speed—fight on—fare ever,

There as here!"

---

## "In Memoriam"

---

### I.

The Dead! Upon a purple bordered scroll  
We wrote their names; then gazed awhile,  
and said—  
"These are the Fallen; these, our Honoured  
Dead,

The silent ones in Death's vast muster roll.  
This one was strong and ruddy; that one frail,  
Though fleet of foot and keen. The first  
one met

His fate in that fierce fight at Courcellette,  
The other died of wounds at Passchendaele."

And thus we mused, pointing from name to  
name

With sad, slow count. We spoke of things  
like grass,

And withered leaves, and faded flowers,  
birth,

Old age, decay and dust, glory and fame,  
And other strange mortalities that pass  
At length into the all-insatiate earth.

### II.

Then suddenly through the mist that wrapped  
our sight,

An utterance fell as of great waters flowing,  
Slow, but with mightier accent ever growing  
Around a blazing shaft of central light.

"Fallen! There is no downward plunge. The  
estate.

Is high. Go, roll thy plumb-line up, and ask  
Thy Master for His measures, as the task  
Is one that would the heavens triangulate."

And so were compassed life's fine agonies;

By ranging hopes, and longings cut adrift  
From earth's unstable shores; by faiths  
that spanned

Illimitable wastes and wrecking seas;

By noble strands of nature, scattered swift  
From the white fingers of God's spacious  
hand.

*E. J. Pratt*



COLLEMAN ROYD ADAMS

Born June 13, '95. Son of Mr. and Mrs. James H. Adams, Hanover, Ont. Ed. Hanover P.S. and Owen Sound C.I. Ent. Vic. '12. Member of Vic. Rugby team. Undergrad. III. (Pol. Sc.).

Lieut. 147th Bn. Oct. '15; O.S. Oct., '16; France Dec. '16 (1st Bn.); Killed in Action Aug. 15, '17; Buried at Bully Grenay, France.

There are some lines in Reg. Adams' last letter to "Acta" that tell what we all thought of his cousin, "Coley."

"I think you saw enough of good old Coley to know how mighty near perfect he was, so you can understand how much I, who was with him constantly, miss him; and the rest of his numberless friends will feel the same. My brother hit the long, long trail last May, but I really felt it no worse than I do this loss. I can hardly hope to find a friend like him again."

All who knew him feel the same way. He was a fine specimen of humanity.

JOSEPH REGINALD ADAMS

Born June 9, '96, Toronto. Son of Rev. G. K. B. Adams and Mrs. Adams (now Saskatoon, Sask.). Ed. Brantford and Victoria, B.C., P.S.'s, Victoria, B.C., and Winnipeg H.S.'s, and Wesley College, Winnipeg. Ent. Vic. '12. Winner of College tennis tournament '16; rugby and hockey team. B.A. '16 (Pol. Sc.).

Lieut. 141st Bn. May, '16; Rev. to Pte. (a/c reduction of personnel); Prom. C.S.-M. Fall, '16; O.S. Apr., '17; Rev.; France June, '17 (8th Bn.); Wound. Nov. 11, '17 (Passchendaele); Died of wounds Nov. 26, '17. Buried at Etaples.

"Reg." Adams made a name for himself when he was at Victoria College. He held the high honour of senior stick; he was a keen and clean athlete, and a fine type of the "all-round College man." His comrades say that he displayed great courage in moving forward with his machine gun, and splendid endurance after his wound had been temporarily dressed, in walking off the field.



FREDERICK STANLEY ALBRIGHT

Son of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Albright. Ed. Beamsville P.S. and Model School. Ent. Vic. '02; Editor-in-Chief of Acta Victoriana, Leader of Literary Society; B.A. '08 (Pol. Sc.); Barrister-at-law, Calgary, Alta. Married Miss Evelyn Kelly, B.A. '11 (c/o Rev. S. Judson Kelly, 709 Colbourne St., London, Ont.).

Pte. 191st Bn. June, '16; Prom. Sgt. Oct., '16; O.S. Mar., '17; Rev. to Pte. to go to France; France Sept., '17 (50th Bn.); Killed in Action Oct. 26, '17 (Passchendaele).

"Canada can ill afford to lose young men of the type of Fred Albright," says the Calgary Herald. "A rising barrister who gave promise of going far in his chosen calling, popular with a legion of friends, esteemed by the members of his profession, an energetic and zealous church worker, a loving and devoted husband, above all a good Canadian citizen, his death leaves a void that will truly be felt in this community."

ELTON CULBERT ALLIN

Born Nov. 24, '86. Son of Mr. Allin (lately deceased) and Mrs. Allin, Lindsay, Ont. Ed. Lindsay P.S. and C.I. Cl. of '11 and '13 at Vic. Prominent Member of Literary and Social organizations. Law Student, Regina, firm Barr. Sampson and Stewart (final year).

Lieut. 103rd Bn. May, '16; O.S. Oct., '16; France May, '17; Killed in Action May 30, '17 (GivENCHY).

His influence in Toronto found its best voluntary expression in the splendid work that he did at the Metropolitan Methodist Church, in connection with the young people's activities. Possibly those who knew him best were his Regina friends of the DeKa Club. He was admired for his manliness, his keen interest in men, and his splendid ambition to give himself to Canadian life through the opportunities of his profession as a barrister.



**WILBUR FAWCETT ANNIS**

Born Scarboro, Feb. 14, '95. Son of Mr. Levi E. Annis and Mrs. Annis, his mothers address now 25 Fairview Blvd., Toronto. Ed. Queen Alexandra P.S., Scarboro and Riverdale C.I., Toronto. Ent. Vic. '15, Arts (Gen.).

Lieut. 76th Bn. Dec., '15; O.S. Sept., '16; France Oct., '16 (58th Bn.); W. Dec., '16; Inv. Eng. Jan., '17; Rec. by the King, Buckingham Palace, Feb. 17 '17; Sec. R.F.C. Apr., '17; Flt. Cmdr., Instrl. Staff, Camp Borden, Jan., '18; Died in Hosp., Camp Borden, May 4, '18 (result of an accident).

Death caused by Wilbur Annis in Canada, but only after he had some months of dangerous service in France.



**JOSEPH ALBURN BASSETT**

Born Listowel, Aug. 26, '88. Son of Mr. Elias Bassett and Mrs. Bassett (next of kin Miss M. Bassett, Gen. Hosp., Guelph, Ont.). Ed. Listowel P.S. and H.S. Ent. Vic. '13.

Pte. R. Can. Regt. Fall, '14; O.S.; France. Prom. Cpl.; Missing Oct., '16; Died of Wounds as Pris. of War Dec., '16.

Corporal Bassett was the first man to leave Victoria for overseas in the fall of 1914. He was a probationer in the London Conference and had served in the fields, Bervie and Whitechurch, with great acceptance. He was very popular among the young people, and his influence over them was splendid.



**WILLIAM JAMES BEATTIE**

Born Apr. 23, '97, Caistorville, Ont. Son of Mr. A. A. Beattie and Mrs. Beattie, Stratford, Ont. Ed. Stratford P.S.'s and C.I. Ent. Vic. '16 (Nat. Sc.).

Pte. U. of T. O.S. Tr. Coy. Dec., '17; O.S. June, '18; Flt. Sub-Lieut. R.N.A.S., trained in England for some months; France; Killed in air raid, London.

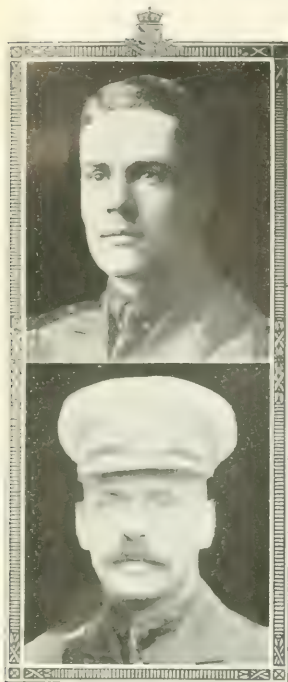
He was attached for some time to an infantry battalion, but as he saw little chance of an early departure overseas, rejoined the training company to go over in the R.N.A.S.

**EWART ARTHUR BLATCHFORD**

Born May 17, '93, Lambeth, Ont. Son of Rev. T. W. Blatchford and Mrs. Blatchford, Ed. Wheatley and Hamilton P.S.'s, and Essex H.S. Ent. Vic. '14, Arts (Gen.). Member of Glee Club, Vic. soccer team (inter.) Inter-Faculty Champions '14-'15; Vic. Ath. Union Ex. '14-'15.

Pte. 182nd Bn. May, '16; O.S. May, '17; France Mar., '18; Prom. A/Sgt.; Killed in Action Aug. 27, '18.

No member of the class of '18 entered more whole-heartedly into the spirit of College life than Ewart Blatchford. His good nature, his good fellowship and enthusiastic activity made him a general favorite.



**HAROLD STAPLES BREWSTER**

Born July 15, '93. Son of Mr. W. S. Brewster, B.A. '84, and Mrs. Brewster. Ed. Victoria P.S., and C.L. Brantford. Ent. Vic. '10. Member of water polo team. B.A. '14 (Mods.—Pol. Sc.).

Lieut. 36th Bn. May, '15; O.S. June, '15; Trans. R.C.R. and France Oct., '15; Trans. R.F.C. Aug., '16; Killed while flying Dec., '16 (Dover).

Mr. Brewster was a quiet but earnest and successful student in Victoria, always gentlemanly and courteous, and making a few firm friendships rather than many acquaintanceships.

**GEORGE WILLIAM BRUCE**

Born '62, Simcoe Co. Ed. Collingwood P.S. and H.S. B.A. '85 (Mods.) with gold medal. Called to Bar '89. K.C. '08. Bruce and Fair, Collingwood, till '12, then Coldwell, Bruce and Coleman.

Lt.-Col. O.C. 181st Bn. (Brandon). Broke down, met with an accident while proceeding home on leave. Died on train near Chapleau, Ont., Apr. 22, '16. Lt.-Col. Bruce was an ardent Imperialist, and ten years ago earned the long service medal.

As a student at Victoria he was one of the most popular men who ever entered the College, being noted for the vivacity of his wit and the brightness of his spirits. He was a distinguished editor of Acta Victoriana. He was a well-known writer on historical subjects, and had attained high standing in the Masonic Order and in the L.O.L.



**WILLIAM JAMES GORDON BURNS**

Born May 7, '90. Son of Rev. R. N. Burns, B.A. '79, and Mrs. Burns (now 486 Jarvis St., Toronto). Ed. Orillia and Brampton P.S.'s, Brampton H.S., and U.C.C. B.A. '15 (C. and M.).

Lieut. 30th Bty., C.F.A., Aug., '15; Trans. 41st Bty. Dec., '15; O.S. Feb., '16; Prom. Capt. June, '16; France July, '16; 30th Bty. Mar., '17; 32nd Bty. Aug., '17; Major Dec., '17; Wound, Apr., '17 (Vimy); Killed in Action Sept. 28, '18 (Bourlon Wood). (See Honours.)

Lt.-Col. J. S. Stewart, O.C. 8th Bde., C.F.A., wrote: "All the officers and men of the brigade mourn a gallant, fearless officer, and a true and dear chum. I might state here that he was one of the best battery commanders I know, always looking out for the good of his battery, his men's safety and comfort, regardless of his own."

**WARREN KNIGHT CAMPBELL**

Born Aug. 28, '93, Mitchell, Ont. Son of Mr. F. A. Campbell and Mrs. Campbell. Ed. Mitchell P.S. and H.S. Ent. Vic. '13, Arts (Gen.). Won rugby colours (L) Dec., '14; lacross team '13-'14.

Lieut. (Super.) 19th Bty. Amm. Col.; France, Trans. R.F.C.; Prom. Major; Injured, iny. Can. and refused to accept discharge; Died in Buffalo Sept. 8, '16 (result of fall).

It is reported that he was one of the ablest aviators in the British service.



ALLEN CHARLES MACKENZIE CLEGHORN

Born '72 (London, Ont.) Son of Mrs. Cleghorn, Brantford, Ont. M.D., C.M. '92, L.R.C. P. and S. Edinburgh. Med. Supt. Toronto Home for Incurables; Med. Instr. at Harvard.

Capt. C.A.M.C.; O.S.; Died of Pneumonia Mar. 22, '16 (Bramshott), while awaiting orders to proceed to front.

He published a number of papers on medical subjects. As a teacher he was clear, pointed, selective and sympathetic.



CARLETON MAIN CLEMENT

Born May 15, '96 (Toronto). Son of Hon. Mr. Justice Clement and Mrs. Clement (2001 15th Ave. W., Vancouver, B.C.) Ed. Lord Roberts P.S., Vancouver, and Vancouver-H.S. Attend Vic. '12-'14 (Math. and Phys.) Member of Theta Delta Chi Fraternity.

Gave up commission in B.C. Horse to enlist as Pte. 47th Bn.; O.S. June, '15; 2nd Lieut. R.F.C. Mar., '16; Lieut. June, '16; France June, '16; Capt. Jan., '17; Missing Aug. 19, '17; Rep. killed while flying over German lines; "Canada" Nov. 17, '17. (See Honours.)

Nearly 14 months' continuous flying.



GORDON WILLSON CROW

Born May 9, '94 (Welland, Ont.). Only son of Mayor J. W. Crow and Mrs. Crow. Ed. Welland P.S. and H.S. Ent. Vic. '10. Member of Students' Council, member of swimming team; B.A. '15, Meds. '19.

Gnr. 26th Bty., C.F.A., Mar., '15; Lieut., O.S. Nov., '15; France Feb., '16 (7th Bty., 2nd Bde.); Killed in Action Sept. 17, '16. (See Honours.)

Gordon was a manly man, a fine athlete and a brave soldier.



MELVILLE ALLEN DUFF DAVIS

Born Aug. 26, '90 (Tara, Ont.). Son of Mr. W. H. Davis and Mrs. Davis. Ed. Tara P.S. and Owen Sound C.I. Ent. Vic. '11 (Pol. Sc.). B.A. '15.

Pte. U. of T. O.S. Tr. Coy. Jan. '17; O.S.; 2nd Lieut. (Imp.); France; Wound. Sept. 4, '17 (Mezieres), leg amputated; Died of meningitis May 28, '18, Blackpool Mil. Hosp. (See Honours.)

Few of the students came to know him well on account of his reserved nature. He showed remarkable aptitude for study.





CLESSION JOHN DICKINSON

Born Dec. 17, '97. Son of Mr. John Dickinson and Mrs. Dickinson (St. Mary's, Ont.). Ed. Anderson, Ont., P.S., and St. Mary's C.I. Ent. Vic. '15 (Math. and Phys.).

Spr. Div. Sig. Coy., C.E., June, '17; Trans. Kingston Nov., '17; Prom. Sgt. Dec., '17; Sgt.-Maj. Feb., '18; Died Oct. 16, '18, of influenza, at Belleville.

He was highly respected by his comrades, who found him always willing to do his duty with cheerfulness.

DOUGLAS DICKSON

Born May 18, '83 (Glasgow, Scot.). Son of Mr. Douglas Dickson and Mrs. Dickson. Came to Canada '05. Prob. Bay of Quinte Con., Coe Hill Circuit. Vic. '15-'16 (Theol.). Mrs. Margaret Dickson (his wife) lives with her father, R.R. No. 4, Norwood, Ont.

Pte. 80th Bn. Nov., '15; Prom. Sgt.; O.S. May, '16; Rev.; France Nov., '16 (47th Bn.); Prom. Cpl.; Wound. (1) Nov. 24, '16, (2) Died of Wounds Apr. 14, '17 (Vimy).

He had offered himself to the Ministry with a view to taking up work in the Mission fields of the Church, but before this was accomplished he heard and answered the call that meant laying down his life for his country.



HUBERT SAMUEL DOWSON

Born Dec. 13, '91 (Perth, Ont.). Only son of Mr. Samuel I. Dowson and Mrs. Dowson. Ed. N. Elmsley P.S., and Perth P.S. and C.I., and Model School, Kingston. Ent. Vic. '14, Arts (Gen.).

Spr. 5th Div. Sig. Coy., C.E., Apr., '16; O.S. Sept., '16; France Apr., '17; Killed in Action July 31, '17. Buried in Nocux-les-Mines, France.

Hubert was not only a soldier; he was a *man*. His kindly and gracious manner gained the esteem and respect of all who knew him.

GEORGE WHEATLEY DUNDAS

Born Oct. 22, '90 (Wheatley, Ont.). Son of Mr. W. J. Dundas and Mrs. Dundas. Ed. Wheatley P.S. and Albert College. Ent. Vic. '12 (Arts, Gen.).

Gnr. Eaton M.G. Bty., Feb., '15; O.S. June, '15; 2nd Lieut. (Imp.) Nov., '15; France, Prom. Capt.; Gassed Sept., '17; Killed in Action Aug., '18. (See Honours.)

He was a favourite on account of his good nature and kindness.



**NORMAN OLIVER DYNES**

Born Mar. 31, '95 (Toronto). Son of Mr. Oliver Dynes and Mrs. Dynes, 26 Bellefair Ave., Toronto. Ed. Toronto P.S. and Riverdale C.I. Won several medals for oratory, including Royal Templar Cups presented by late Premier of Ontario, Sir James Whitney. Ent. Vic. '14 (Arts Hon. Phil., for the Ministry). Cadet R.A.F. Fall, '17; Died Oct. 15, '18 (of pneumonia, Toronto).

All who knew him will remember the manly life which had won their admiration and praise.



**HUBERT JEFFERSON FENTON**

Born Aug. 2, '84 (Hamilton, Ont.). Son of Mr. D. J. Fenton and Mrs. Fenton. Four years Supervisor of Wilcox Playground. Ordained Meth. Min. '09. (Special ordination, Barton Street). Ent. Vic. '10 (Arts, Gen.). Member of Dramatic and Glee Clubs; member of Univ. Rifle Club; helped to organize C.O.T.C.; B.A. '15.

Lieut. 84th Bn. (M.G. Offer.) May, '15; O.S. June, '16; Trans. 54th Bn.; France Aug., '16; Killed in Action Oct. 17, '16.

He had no love for war and had a presentiment that he would not come back alive—but he went, nevertheless, willingly.



**HEDLEY JOHN GOODYEAR**

Born Ladle Cove, Nfld., Aug. 18, '86 (his mother's address now, Grand Falls, Nfld.). Son of Mr. Josiah Goodyear and Mrs. Goodyear. Ed. Ladle Cove P.S. and Meth. College, St. John's. Ent. Vic. '09. Prominent in Lit. Society, outstanding debater. B.A. '13. Attend. F. of E. '14. M.A. '15.

Pte. 201st Bn. '16; Prom. Sgt.; Trans. 198th Bn.; Lieut.; O.S.; France (102nd Bn.); Rep. Killed in Action Dec. 4, '18. (See Honours.)

Hedley was the fourth son of the family to sacrifice his life at the front. During his College course he was one of the best-liked members of his class.



**THOMAS SETON GORDON**

Born Nov. 29, '90 (Owen Sound, Ont.). Son of Mr. Charles Gordon (Town Clerk) and Mrs. Gordon. Ed. Owen Sound P.S. and C.I. Ent. Vic. '08 (Pol. Sc.). Trans. Univ. College. Pres. of his class. Chief organizer of Unionist Party in U.C. Lit. Society. Psi Delta Psi Fraternity. B.A. '12. Ent. Osgoode '14.

Pte. 2nd Univ. Coy., P.P.C.L.I., '15; Prom. Sgt.; O.S.; 2nd Lieut. 11th (Lonsdale) Border Regt. (Imp.); France; Prom. Lieut.; Died of Wounds Jan. 22, '16.

Gordon was "one who had never learned the art of making enemies." As an active worker and a congenial companion he was a real loss to his fraternity and to the host of his friends.





WILLIAM ROBERT GREEN

Born '89 (Moose Jaw, Sask.). Son of Mr. F. W. Green and Mrs. Green. Ed. Boharm (Sask.) P.S. and Moose Jaw H.S. Ent. Vic. '07 (Phily.). Pres. of Union Lit. Society. B.A. '11. Had charge of Book Bureau, and was assistant pastor of Elm St. Church. Studied law, Moose Jaw and Osgoode; called to Bar '15.

Capt. 203rd Bn. Mar., '16; Maj. Sept., '16; O.S. Oct., '16; France Apr., '17 (44th Bn.); Killed in Action June 3, '17, while in command of a company in attack on electric light station near Lens. (See Honours.)

Bill Green was possessed of a buoyancy of spirit that nothing depressed or discouraged. He was found with his men around him, all having refused to surrender.

ORVILLE DWIGHT HAIST

Born Mar. 3, '94 (Fonthill, Ont.). Son of Mr. Jacob M. Haist and Mrs. Haist. Ed. Fonthill P.S. and Welland H.S. Ent. Vic. '15.

Cadet R.F.C. Jan., '17; O.S. Jan., '17; Flt. 2nd Lieut. June, '17; Died July 5, '17, of wounds sustained in aeroplane accident.

He was exceedingly popular and everyone had a good word for him. His attitude to life is well expressed in the following sentence from his last letter home: "If only we had higher ideals and nobler aspirations there would be better men and women in the world."



DOUGLAS KIPP HAMILTON

Born Apr. 15, '93 (Port Stanley, Ont.). Son of Rev. R. D. Hamilton and Mrs. Hamilton. (Hamilton Meth. Conf.) Ed. London and Petrolia P.S.'s, Petrolia and Listowel H.S.'s, and Brantford C.I. Ent. Vic. '12 (Gen. Course). Member of Bob Committee '13; memb of Class Executives; B.A. '16.

Lieut. 125th Bn. Oct., '15; O.S. Aug., '16; France Apr., '18 (54th Bn.); Killed in Action Aug. 8, '18 (Beaucourt-en-Santerre).

He and his friend, Laurence Rehder, met death on the same day. Of Douglas Hamilton his O.C., Lt.-Col. Carey, wrote: "He was most popular and extremely efficient, and I have no hesitation in saying that he was one of the best and most conscientious officers in the battalion."

WILLIAM NEIL HANNA

Born Jan. 18, '95 (Sarnia, Ont.). Only son of the late Hon. W. J. Hanna and Mrs. Hanna (Wychwood Park, Toronto). Ed. Sarnia P.S. and C.I., and St. Andrew's College, Toronto. Ent. Vic. '13 (Gen. Course). Asst. Bus. Mgr. Acta Victoriana '14-'15.

Cdr. 26th Bty., C.F.A.; O.S. Sept., '15; 2nd Lieut. R.F.A., France; Prom. Lieut.; Wound, July 22, '16 (Mametz Wood); Inv. home; Rejoined Arty. Jan., '18; Trans. R.A.F., to Italy; Killed Nov. 20, '18.

His life gave promise of great usefulness. He was already deeply interested in Canadian and Imperial problems, and his letters showed a very wise discernment in all matters of public interest. He has the melancholy distinction of closing the long line of Victoria's losses in the war, and there is the added touch of sadness that death came after the armistice had been signed, and when he might confidently expect soon to return home. His father did not long survive the death of his only son.



**ALFRED HALL HENRY**

Born July 1, '98 (Drayton, Ont.). Son of Mr. O. B. Henry and Mrs. Henry, Ed. Drayton P.S. and Continuation Sc. Ent. Vic. '15 (Gen. Course).

Comdr. 67th Bty., C.F.A., Mar., '16; O.S. June, '16; France Mar., '17 (21st Hwr Bty.); Rep. died of wounds Sept. 4, '18, at No. 2 C.C.S., France.

No one who lived in Middle House during 1915-16 can forget Alf. Henry's jovial good fellowship and readiness for wholesome fun.



**ASA MILTON HORNER**

Born '93 (Shawville, P.Q.). Son of Mr. W. J. Horner and Mrs. Horner (Charteris, P.Q.). Ed. Jarvis C.I. Ent. Vic. '12. Member of Union Lit. Society; Pres. Vic. Col. Ath. Union, and Capt. Sifton Cup basketball team '14-'15; I. Vic. rugby team (Mulock Cup champions); colours for rugby '14; B.A. '16.

Lieut. 74th Bn.; France (4th C.M.R.); Died of wounds Sept. 16, '16 (the day after Courcellette).

Asa was one of the best-liked men about College, a fine, stalwart fellow, a splendid athlete, clean and wholesome, good-natured and kind-hearted.



**GEORGE EDWY CALDWELL HOWARD**

Only son of the late E. S. Howard, B.A. '92, and Mrs. Howard (3 Vermont Ave., Toronto). Ent. Vic. '13 (Pol. Sc.). B.A. '17, with First Class Honours.

Pte. U. of T. O.S. Tr. Coy.; Sub-Lieut. R.N.A.S. Jan., '17; Trans. R.A.F. Lieut.; Wound. Sept. 3, '17 (near Ostend); Ret. on sick leave; Ret. to duty; Missing; Killed in Action Sept. 26, '18; aged 21.

Few students were regarded with more affection by their fellows.

**LINCOLN GEORGE HUTTON**

Born Mar. 17, '93 (Windsor, Ont.). Son of Mr. Frank Hutton and Miss Hutton, Ed. Windsor P.S. and C.I. Ent. Vic. '11. One of Victoria's most brilliant students, prominent member of Independent Party in Union Lit. Society; Pres. fall, '14; Sec.-Treas. Inter-Coll. Debating Union '14-'15; clever debater; B.A. '16, Staff.

Lieut. 99th Bn. Dec., '15; O.S. June, '16; France July, 16 (1st Bn.); Wound Sept., '16; Ret. to duty same day; Died of wounds Dec. 13, '16 (received while reconnoitering near enemy lines). Buried in Villers-au-Bois.

Gen. Currie, in writing to a friend, after telling of Lieut. Hutton's last brave act, says: "Isn't it a splendid story? The officer's pluck and devotion to duty. . . . Do you wonder that I often thank God I am privileged to serve with such men?"



FREDERICK ARTHUR HUYCKE

Born May 8, '97 (Cobourg, Ont.). Son of His Honour Judge Huycke and Mrs. Huycke (Peterborough, Ont.). Ed. Cobourg and Peterborough P.S.'s and Peterborough C.I. Ent. Vic. '15.

Gnr. 74th Bty., C.F.A., Mar., '17; Lieut. July, '17; O.S. Nov., '17; Trans. R.N.A.S. Dec., '17; France and flying patrol over Eng. Channel, Mar., '18. Missing since Sept. 3, '18.

He was naturally quiet and retiring, yet his true worth was soon recognized by his fellow students, and he became one of the most popular and prominent men of his year. He was the youngest of four boys, all of whom went to the war.

JAMES HARVEY JACKSON

Born June 9, '94 (Kendal, Ont.). Son of Mr. A. Jackson and Mrs. Jackson. Ed. Kendal P.S. and Port Hope H.S. Ent. Vic. '12 (Math. and Phys.). B.A. '17, granted while on active service.

Gnr. 18th Bty., C.F.A., May, '16; O.S. June, '16; France June, '16 (18th Bty.); Prom. Bdr., Cpl.; Killed in Action Oct. 16, '18.

He was recommended for the Military Medal for carrying out a wounded comrade under shell-fire.



ERIC FRANKLIN JOHNSTON

Born June 11, '89. Son of Mr. J. R. Johnston and Mrs. Johnston (509 Palmerston Blvd., Toronto). Attend. Western University, and ent. Vic. '06 in 2nd year; B.A. '13, M.A. '14. Asst. Pastor Elm St. Church; B.D. '16.

Lieut. 201st Bn. Feb., '16; Capt. 198th Bn.; O.S. Feb., '17; Hon. Capt. (Chap.); France Aug. 3, '18 (C.M.G.C.); Died Nov. 8, '18 (of pneumonia). Buried at Etaples.

Dr. Chown bears testimony to the devotion of Capt. Johnston to his work: "The nursing sisters said that they never heard the Canadian 'Tommies' coming out of the trenches speak so much about anyone as of this wonderful chaplain. In his delirium he talked of nothing but his work with the boys." Besides his parents, a young wife survives him.

REGINALD HEBER MANNING JOLLIFFE

Born Nov. 24, '93 (Campbellford, Ont.). Son of the late Rev. T. W. and Mrs. Jolliffe (who now lives at 88 Walmsley Blvd., Toronto). Ed. Cannington and Bowmanville Schools.

Pte. 19th Bn. Fall, '14; Ill (14 weeks); Sig. O. 182nd Bn.; O.S. Sept., '16; France (38th Bn.); Killed in Action Apr. 9, '17 (Vimy).

Major MacDowell, V.C., D.S.O., wrote of him: "He showed conspicuous devotion to duty. His men thought everything of him. He won their esteem by his conduct. He holds the unique distinction of being the only officer we know of who, on his first night in the line, entered the German trenches and brought back a German helmet. This feat immediately revealed to the men under his command what type of man their new officer was."



**ALBERT CATON JOURDAN**

Born July 9, '93 (Newmarket, Ont.). Son of Rev. P. A. Jourdan. Ed. Meaford and Markham H.S. Ent. Vic. '14 (Phily.), preparation for Ministry. Student-pastor at New Toronto during his course.

Sgt. 157th Bn. Jan., '16; O.S. Oct., '16; Rev.; France Feb., '18 (54th Bn.); Killed in Action Aug. 8, '18 (Beaucourt), while leading a M.G. Sec. in the great advance. He was due for a commission.

He had a deep and abiding admiration for his Alma Mater. His acts brought her the highest honour.



**NELSON CLARKE KENNY**

Born Guelph. Ed. New Westminster, B.C.; Matric. '07. Attend. Columbian College, New Westminster (affiliated with Vic.) '09-'11 (Gen. Course). Diploma land surveying '15.

Pte. 67th Bn. Oct., '15; France '16; Lieut. 54th Bn., in command of party of Can. Composite Corps (construction of light railway to front line trenches); Killed in Action May 18, '17.

(See Columbian College records.)

NO PICTURE  
AVAILABLE

**LILY DENTON KEYS**

Born July 12, '90 (Toronto). Second daughter of Mr. Frank Denton, K.C., and Mrs. Denton. Member of Kappa Kappa Gamma Sorority; B.A. '11. Studied two years in Munich and Paris. F. of E. '13-'14, in library work, Toronto.

Massage course, Hart House, '17. Married Lieut. Norman A. Keys, M.C., Aug., '17; Nursing Sister at Sir Sandfield Fleming Mil. Hosp., Ottawa; Died Sept. 28, '18 (of influenza) at Ottawa.

Although of a quiet, unobtrusive disposition, her unselfish and happy temperament won Lily Denton many friends in her undergraduate days.



**SIDNEY JAMES LUCK**

Born Henley-on-Thames, Eng. Son of Mr. John Luck and Mrs. Luck (now 89 Dingwall Ave., Toronto). Ent. Vic. '15.

Pte. 4th Univ. Coy., P.P.C.L.I., Sept., '15; O.S. Oct., '15; Wound, Apr., '16 (St. Eloi); Died of Wounds Apr. 9, '17 (Vimy).

One of his comrades pays this tribute in a letter: "Sid. was a very refined Christian gentleman, and was highly respected as a true man and a valiant soldier."



JOHN GORDON LUMSDEN

Born Jan. 21, '91 (Hamilton). Son of Mr. F. H. Lumsden and Mrs. Lumsden (107 Erie Ave., Hamilton, Ont.). Ed. Hamilton C.I. Ent. Vic. '12.

Lieut. (Super.) 77th Bty.; Pte. 5th Fld. Amb. Mar., '15; O.S. Apr., '15; France Sept., '15; Prom. L/Cpl.; Att. 4th Bde., C.F.A., as Y.M.C.A. worker, Jan., '16; Killed in Action May 9, '16 (Dickebusch).

"Jack" Lumsden was another of the best-liked men who ever came to the College, a fine, big, upstanding, large-hearted, friendly man. He was interested in every department of College activity, Y.M.C.A., rugby, debating, and yet was a hard-working student. In the army he was a tireless worker in the interests of his comrades, and he died at his post.

AUBREY MILTON MARSHALL

Born Aug. 3, '89 (Strange, Ont.). Son of Mr. E. Marshall and Mrs. Marshall (King, Ont.). Ed. at Aurora H.S. Prob., Toronto Conf., Jacksonboro (Cochrane Dist.). Ent. Vic. Oct., '15.

Pte. 5th Univ. Coy., P.P.C.L.I., Dec., '15; O.S. Apr., '16; France June, '16; Killed in Action Sept. 15, '16 (Somme).

The story of Marshall is well told by the fact that he entered College in October and enlisted in December. The intervening months revealed him as a man of unusual ability, whose ruling passion was devotion to the duty of the hour.



THOMAS ALLAN McCOMB

Born '85 (Melancthon, Ont.). Son of Mrs. McComb. Planned for Ministry '06; delayed by circumstance. Preaching, Trout Creek, '12; Orville '13. Ent. Vic. '14 (Theol.).

Pte. 170th Bn. Apr., '16; O.S. Oct., '16; France Nov., '16 (58th Bn.); Prom. L/Cpl. Spring of '17; Ordated by Dr. Chown, July, '17, at the front; Rep. Killed in Action Aug. 30, '17.

One reads the story of Thos. McComb's life with deep respect and regret. It was a life of unflinching effort and determined perseverance.

AUBREY THOMAS McFADDEN

Born Feb. 19, '96 (Burk's Falls). Son of Mr. C. A. McFadden and Mrs. McFadden (Penetanguishene, Ont.). Ed. Prot. Sep. School and Penetang H.S. Ent. Vic. '13.

Pte. 157th Bn. Oct., '14; Spr. Div. Sig. Coy., C.E., Feb., '15; O.S. May, '16; France Oct., '16; Gassed while voluntarily leading a section in the work of laying wires; Died Nov. 25, '17.

His Minister pays him this tribute: "He was one of the very best I have ever known. His ability was quite exceptional and a large place awaited him in the world of human things; but Freedom and Right demanded a huge price, and only such as he could pay it."

**REUBEN DELEMME MILLYARD**

Born Sept. 22, '93 (St. Thomas, Ont.). Son of late Rev. R. W. Millyard and Mrs. Millyard. Ed. Exeter, Lucknow P.S., and Woodstock C.I. Ent. Vic. '11 (Math. and Phys.). Pres. Math. and Physicl. Society '14-'15; B.A. '15 (first class honours).

Pte. 5th Univ. Coy., P.P.C.L.I., Nov. '15; O.S. Mar., '16; Lieut. Apr., '17; France June, '17 (P.P.C.L.I.); Att. 38th Bn. Oct., '17; Rep. Wound. Oct. 31, '17 (Passchendaele); Killed in Action Sept. 30, '18.

As a student he was capable and painstaking, and his intercourse with his fellows showed that happy blending of dignity and cordiality which characterizes the perfect gentleman.

**CHARLES WESLEY DEEPROSE MOONEY**

Born Aug. 31, '98 (Inverness, P.Q.). Son of Mrs. S. W. Mooney (15 Biggar Ave., Toronto). Ed. Inverness Acad. P.S. and H.S., and Standard College School. Ent. Vic. '15 (Gen. Course); I. Rugby.

Gnr. 67th Bty., C.F.A., Mar., '16; O.S. Oct., '16; France May, '17 (1st Can Hvy. Bty.); Wound. Oct. 3, '18 (Cambrai); Died of Wounds Oct. 8, '18, No. 22 G.H. (Camiers).

There was no more cheerful spirit about the College, whether on the campus or in the class-room.



**JAMES HENRY OLDHAM**

Born '85 (Manchester, Eng.). Son of Mrs. S. Taylor (264 Dupont St., Toronto). Ed. Cobourg, Ont. Ent. Vic. '04 (Pol. Sc.); 2nd Vice-Pres. Union Lit. Society Ex. '06; Phi Delta Theta Fraternity; Sec.-Treas. Varsity Rink; Hockey Rep. Vic. Ath. Union Ex. '06-'07; B.A. '08. Theol. one year for mission field, declared medically unfit. '08; Osgoode LL.B. '12. Worker in Evangelia Settlement.

Lieut. 83rd Bn. Aug., '15; Prom. Capt.; O.S. Apr., '16; France July, '16 (3rd Bn.); Killed in Action Sept. 24, '16 (Courcellette). Buried at Pozieres.

His was a nature ruled by generous impulses, who already wielded a great influence in a quiet way.

**BALFOUR MALCOLM PALMER**

Born Aug. 22, '94 (Toronto). Son of Mr. D. F. Palmer and Mrs. Palmer (34 Hewitt Ave., Toronto). Ed. Fern Ave. P.S. and Jamieson Ave. C.I. Ent. Vic. '13 (Gen. Course).

Lieut. 198th Bn. Feb. 4, '16; O.S. Feb., '17; France Apr., '18 (2nd C.M.R. Bn.); Killed in Action Aug. 10, '18.

His kindness and generosity won the affection of his men. They shared in the genuine sorrow of all his friends when he fell in the great advance.







GEORGE LEWIS ROBERTS PARRISH

Born Mar. 6, '99 (Paisley, Ont.). Only son of Mr. A. W. Parrish and Mrs. Parrish (Caledonia, Ont.). Ed. Caledonia P.S. and H.S. Ent. Vic. '16 (Pol. Sc.). Good student and keen athlete.

Cadet R.F.C. (Imp. May, '17; O.S. Oct., '17; 2nd Lieut.; Accidentally killed in England Jan. 11, '18.

His marked ability fitted him to be an instructor, but after winning his wings he chose to go directly overseas rather than to train in Texas for the winter.

CHARLES FORREST PATTERSON

Born Aug. 4, '96 (Nelles Corners, Ont.). Son of Rev. J. R. Patterson and Mrs. Patterson (28 Simpson Ave., Toronto). Ed. Thorold West Side P.S., Brantford Central H.S. and C.I., and St. Catharines C.I. Ent. Vic. '14 (Phily.).

Spr. 4th Div. Sig. Coy. Dec., '15; O.S. Mar., '16; Cpl. Aug., '16; Rev.; France Jan., '17; Killed in Action Nov. 13, '17 (Passchendaele).

His officer, Lieut. Burns, wrote of him: "He carried out his duties in an exemplary manner, being steady, conscientious and absolutely fearless in the face of the enemy." He met his death while repairing wires under heavy shell-fire, and was deeply regretted by his comrades as a general favorite.



ROY IRVINE POST

Born Mar. 29, '97 (Omeme, Ont.). Son of Mr. Richard Poast and Mrs. Poast. Ed. No. 11 Emily P.S., Omeme H.S., and Lindsay C.I. Ent. Vic. '14 (Mod. Hist.).

Pte. 4th Univ. Coy., P.P.C.L.I., Sept., '15; O.S. Nov., '15; France May, '16 (P.P.C.L.I.); Killed in Action July 18, '16 (Mt. Sorrel).

In the intrepid defence of an advanced sap, he met his death while digging out a comrade who had been buried by a shell explosion. As their trench had been blown in this was done in full view of the enemy.

LAURENCE HENRY REHDER

Born July 3, '92 (Paris, Ont.). Son of Mr. Henry Rehder and Mrs. Rehder, Ed. Paris P.S. and H.S., Ent. Vic. '12 (Comm. and Fin.). Prominent in class organizations and in athletics. B.A. '16 (granted for military service).

Lieut. 125th Bn. Nov., '15; O.S. Aug., '16; France Apr., '18 (54th Bn.); Killed in Action Aug. 8, '18 (Amiens), with the Tanks.

Throughout his College course he was exceedingly popular on account of his great faculty for making friends. His most intimate friend was Douglas K. Hamilton. They enlisted together and were killed on the same day.

**WILLIAM PERCY RICHINGS**

Born Jan. 6, '93 (Crookston, Minn.). Only son of Reeve George T. Richings and Mrs. Richings (Box 271, Thorold, Ont.). Ed. Grantham P.S., Niagara Tp. H.S. and St. Catharines C.I. Ent. Vic. '13 (Classics).

Gnr. 67th O.S. Dep. Bty. Apr., '16; O.S. July, '16; France Nov., '16 (16th Bty., C.F.A.); "E" Bty., Can. Anti-Aircraft Arty., Jan., '17; Died of Wounds June 3, '17. Buried Communal Cemetery, Aubigny.

He was a modest and industrious student, and loyal and generous in his friendships.



**FREDERICK GUNDY SCOTT**

Born Nov. 9, '95 (Toronto). Son of Mrs. F. W. Scott (33 Rathnally Ave., Toronto). Ed. Grimsby P.S. and H.S., and Harbord C.I. Ent. Vic. '12 (Comm and Fin.). Member of Psi Delta Psi Fraternity; B.A. '16.

Lieut. 40th Bty., C.F.A., Apr., '15; O.S. Feb., '16; France July, '16; Killed in Action Apr. 20, '17 (Vimy Village, while leading his men to a new position).

Fred took a good standing throughout his course and made an excellent soldier. For his work at the capture of Vimy Ridge he was recommended for the Military Cross.



**COLIN SIMPSON**

Born Mar. 6, '95 (Toronto). Son of Mr. Douglas Simpson and Mrs. Simpson (311 Kendal Ave., Toronto). Ed. Rose Ave. P.S. and Jarvis C.I. Ent. Vic. '12 (Comm. and Finance). Member of Phi Delta Theta Fraternity; Rugby (Argonauts, Dom. Champs.) and Jr. Championship Rowing Eight, Can Henley, '14; II. colours for basketball '14.

Gnr. 33rd Bty., C.F.A., Aug., '15; Prom. Sgt.; O.S. Oct., '15; Sgt.-Maj; 2nd Lieut. (highest standing Imp. Schl. of Gunnery); France Mar., '16 (179th Bde., R.F.A.); Killed in Action Aug. 8, '16. (See Honours.)

Lieut. Fred Scott, himself later killed in action, wrote of him: "He was a wonderful friend of mine, one who always kept one's best thoughts to the front and who helped one to keep straight and right." He won his way into universal admiration for his superb manliness and friendly qualities.

**HARRY ROY SMITH**

Born Aug. 3, '90 (Leamington, Ont.). Son of Mr. Walter J. Smith and Mrs. Smith (his mother's address now, 48 Yorkville Ave., Toronto). Ed. Toronto P.S.'s and Jarvis St. C.I. Ent. Vic. '09 (Biol. and Phys. Sc.); Meds. '11. Circ. Mgr. of Varsity, member of Y.M.C.A. Cabinet; I. colours Varsity gym. team '14; M.B. '15.

Pte. C.A.M.C. Feb., '15 (No. 2 C.C.S.); Prom. Sgt.-Maj. Mar., '15; O.S. Apr., '15; Alexandria June, '15; Soudan Aug., '15; Capt. June, '16; France July, '16; Wound, Dec. 8, '16 (severe); 2nd i/c Re-education work, Hart House, July, '17; Died of pneumonia, Toronto Gen. Hosp., Jan. 14, '19.

He devoted himself unsparingly to the welfare of sick and wounded soldiers. He worked with great success and had a most promising future.



THOMAS VINCENT SPARLING

Born Oct. 23, '95 (Caledonia, Ont.). Son of Rev. W. W. Sparling and Mrs. Sparling (6 Ferndale Ave., Toronto). Ed. Conn and Courtland, Ont., P.S.'s, and North Toronto H.S. Ent. Vic. '14 (Chem. and Min.). Pres. of his year.

Pte. 13th Bde., C.F.A. Amm. Col., Mar., '16; Prom. Sgt.; O.S. (with 52nd Bty., C.F.A.) Aug., '16; France Aug., '17 (52nd Bty., C.F.A.); Killed in Action Oct. 31, '17 (Lens, during an intense bombardment).

A Victoria College chum in France said of him: "He was the straightest, cleanest Christian that I knew in the army. He was a good soldier, well liked, and respected by both officers and men."

JOHN HERBERT ADAMS STONEMAN

Born Mar. 29, '93 (Hensall, Co. Huron, Ont.). Son of Mrs. M. A. Stoneman (215 Albany Ave., Toronto). Ed. Exeter Continuation Cl. and Clinton C.I. Ent. Vic. '13 (2nd yr. Pol. Sc.). Prominent in year activities and in dramatic work.

Lieut. 220th Bn.; Trans. 204th Bn. Mar., '17; Rev. (Halifax); Prom. Sgt.; Rev. on joining C.M.G.C. Crowboro'; Prom. Sgt.; Rev. to go to France Aug., '17; Lieut. Jan., '18; Ret. France July, '18 (4th C.M.G.C.); Killed in Action Sept. 29, '18 (Cambrai). Buried at Bourlon.

He was a general favorite as a student, being one of the most genial of men. He won the admiration of all his comrades by his willingness to revert and his determination to proceed overseas.



WILLIAM ALEXANDER DENISON SUTTERBY

Born Feb. 19, '97. Son of Mr. W. J. Sutterby and Mrs. Sutterby (26 Rutherford St., Hamilton, Ont.). Ed. Hesse St. P.S. and Hamilton C.I. Ent. Vic. '15 (Pol. Sc.).

Gnr. 67th Bty., C.F.A., Mar., '16; O.S. July, '16; Cpl. (Instr.); Rev.; France Aug., '17 (1st Can. Motor M.G. Bde.); Killed in Action Oct. 29, '17 (Passchendaele).

"Bill" was one of the most popular men of his year. He was killed while performing his duty in the hottest corner of the battle.

ALFRED LIVINGSTONE TAYLOR

Born Dec. 9, '93 (Chatham, Ont.). Son of Mr. Wilson Taylor, B.A., and Mrs. Taylor (9 Salina St., St. Catharines, Ont.). Ed. Chatham P.S. and C.I. Ent. Vic. '12 (Eng. and Hist. Cl.); B.A. '16.

Cpl. 182nd Bn. Feb., '16; Trans. 116th Bn. July, '16; O.S. July, '16; France Mar., '17; Killed in Action Aug. 28, '18.

His admiration for and interest in the beautiful, the good and the noble in the world around and in his fellows was an inspiration and an uplift to all who associated with him.



**ROSS MALCOLM TAYLOR**

Born Dec. 29, '95 (Chatham, Ont.). Son of Mr. Wilson Taylor, B.A., and Mrs. Taylor (9 Salina St., St. Catharines, Ont.). Ed. Chatham P. S. and C.I. Won Prince of Wales' Scholarship, and ent. Vic. '12 (Phys. and Biol.).

Bdr. 4th Bde., C.F.A. Amm. Col., Jan., '15; O.S. May, '15; Belgium Sept., '15; Trans. 13th Bty., C.F.A., Jan., '16; Killed in Action Jan. 8, '16.

At the College he was modest and unassuming, but exceedingly well liked. He was the first student to enlist from Victoria, and the first to fall.



**JOHN WILLIAM TRIBBLE**

Born Nov. 7, '94 (Shelburne, Ont.). Son of Mr. Adam Tribble and Mrs. Tribble (his mother's address now, Shelburne, Ont.). Ed. Honeywood P.S. and Meaford H.S. Ent. Vic. '13 (Math. and Phys.).

Spr. 4th Div. Sig. Coy., C.E., Dec., '15; O.S. Mar., '16; Prom. L/Cpl.; Rev.: France Oct., '16; Died of Wounds Oct. 23, '17. Buried at Poperinghe.

All the quiet, unassuming pluck of his nature was never shown better, they say, than during the last fighting he was through, the third great battle of Ypres.

**HUGH JARMAN WATSON**

Born Aug. 2, '96 (Toronto, Ont.). Son of Mr. W. G. Watson and Mrs. Watson (77 Roxborough Drive, Toronto). Ed. Toronto P.S.'s, Parkdale C.I. and University Schools. Ent. Vic. '12 (Gen. Course and Pol. Sc.). Member of Theta Delta Chi Fraternity.

Lieut. 124th Bn.; O.S. Aug., '16; France Mar., '17; Wound. Apr. 9, '17 (Vimy); Died Nov. 28, '17 (Empire Hosp., Vincent Sq., London, Eng.).

His faithfulness, cheerfulness and quiet humour made him a most efficient and popular officer. He bore great pain with admirable fortitude.



**JAMES SYMINGTON WEAR**

Born Aug. 14, '90 (Windsor, Ont.). Son of Mr. Thomas J. Wear and Mrs. Wear (242 Ouellette Ave., Windsor). Ed. Windsor P.S. and C.I., Detroit Central H.S., N. Vancouver H.S. Min., Lynn Valley, B.C., '11 (built a church there). Albert College '12. Ent. Vic. '13 (Phily.). Good student and athlete.

Lieut. 99th Bn. Dec., '15; Prom. Capt.; O.S. Bde. Int. Offcr., July, '16; France Aug., '16 (20th Bn.); Killed in Action Sept. 15, '16 (Courcellette). (See Honours.)

He was killed after capturing and holding with his company a new position. His strong character and marked ability inspired the confidence of his men. Amid his duties he retained a tender solicitude for his family at home.



EDWARD ALFRED WEBB

Born Mar. 28, '96 (Brighton, Eng.). Son of Mr. E. H. Webb and Mrs. Webb (St. Mary's, Ont.). Ed. No. 4, East Missoury, and St. Mary's C.I. Ent. Vic. '15 (Pol. Sc.). Won field day championship '15.

Pte. 4th Univ. Coy., P.P.C.L.I.; France; Died of Wounds Apr., '16 (Camieres).

The month that he was with us was sufficient for us to recognize the fine young manhood that was in him.



GEORGE ROY WEBER

Born Nov. 20, '91 (London, Ont.). Son of Mr. Jos. E. Weber and Mrs. Weber (431 King St. W., Hamilton, Ont.). Ed. Queen Victoria P.S., London, Cannon St. P.S. and C.I., Hamilton. Boys' Secty., Y.M.C.A., Niagara Falls. Ent. Vic. '11 (Gen. Course and Math. and Phys.).

Lieut. 120th Bn. Aug., '15; Capt. July, '16; O.S. Aug., '16; Rev. to Lieut.; France May, '17 (116th Bn.); Missing; Rep. Killed in Action July 23, '17 (Avion).

He left nothing undone that tended to the comfort of his men, and enjoyed their confidence and respect. By his brother officers he was esteemed as a capable and conscientious officer, and the "soul of honour."



WILLIAM KENNETH WHITE

Born. Oct. 23, '97 (Spencerville, Ont.). Son of Mr. Nathaniel White and Mrs. White (R.R. No. 2, Spencerville). Ed. Roebuck P.S. and Spencerville H.S. Ent. Vic. Sept., '14 (Gen. Course).

Pte. 59th Bn. Nov., '15; O.S. Apr., '16; France Aug., '16 (31st Bn.); Wound. Sept. 25, '16; Rep. Died of Wounds Oct. 1, '16.

Amid the temptations of the army his life stood out clean and wholesome in every way. In the attack of Sept. 15th he proved himself to be a good man.

THE UNRETURNING BRAVE

We that are dead our books laid by and passed  
 From college halls to win no selfish gain;  
 We steeled our hearts and faced the fiery blast,  
 Nor, shrinking, fled death's agony of pain.  
 No lust of blood, no greed for warlike fame  
 Called us to arms when arms alone availed;  
 We loosed the stoutest friends, and saved from shame  
 Our own and yours, by tyrant hosts assailed.  
 Ye that survived, with noble deeds maintain  
 Our honour in the land we died to save;  
 No guerdon claim while guerdon due is vain.  
 Freedom is won; let this be the brave:  
 May no unseemly brawl prove to our sleep  
 Or mar the sweetness of our slumber deep.

Lyman C. Smith.

FROM "MUSIC"

\* \* \* \* \*

Now, but now, on the chill wind of night,  
 Faint, like the murmur of the distant sea,  
 Over fair fields strewn with war's hopeless blight,  
 Steals a new, inexpressive harmony.  
 No earthly sound is this, beyond compare.  
 For all in all it seems. Youth's voice is there,  
 And, strangely blended, Love's impassioned strain,  
 War's numbers, all transposed into a hymn  
 Of victory of triumph over pain  
 And mortal throes. That face, no longer grim  
 With Death's intelligence, smiles from the ground.  
 Lost is Death's dirge, in heavenly music drowned.  
 Could I repeat that all-harmonious tone—  
 Youth, love, war, death—to man, methinks, were one.

(Anonymous).



MAJOR T. W. MacDOWELL, V.C., D.S.O.

*(Portrait by J. T. ...)*

## Honours--

*Honour and shame from no condition rise;  
Act well your part; there all the honour lies.*

*Pope—(Essay on Man)*



## Honours

(We regret that we have been unable to secure, in all cases, full particulars of the actions of Victoria College men for which they have received official recognition. The accounts given will serve as typical instances. We think of others whose valour and faithful service are called to mind by no visible token. But they share with the former the high reward of the Spirit. The records of all are written in the minds of comrades and will shine forever in the steady light of their confidence and friendship.—Ed.)

### THE VICTORIA CROSS

MAJ. (then Capt.) T. W. MACDOWELL, 38th Bn.

For most conspicuous bravery and indomitable resolution in face of heavy machine-gun and shell-fire. By his initiative and courage this officer, with the assistance of two runners, was enabled, in the face of great difficulties, to capture two machine guns, besides two officers and seventy-five men. Although wounded in the hand, he continued for five days to hold the position gained, in spite of heavy shell-fire until eventually relieved by his battalion. By his bravery and prompt action he undoubtedly succeeded in rounding up a very strong enemy machine-gun post. (Canada, July 28, '17).

(It may not be generally known that Lieut. Samuel Lewis Honey, D.C.M., M.M., 78th Bn., whose most conspicuous bravery during the Bourlon Wood operations, Sept. 27th to Oct. 2nd, '18, brought him the award of the Victoria Cross, and who died of wounds Oct. 30th, was a son of Rev. George E. Honey, B.A., a graduate of Victoria College.—Ed.)

### COMMANDER OF THE BATH

BRIG-GEN. V. W. ODLUM, C.M.G., D.S.O.  
June 3, '18

### COMMANDER—ST. MICHAEL AND ST. GEORGE

BRIG-GEN. V. W. ODLUM, D.S.O.  
June 4, '17.

### COMMANDER OF THE ORDER OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE

MAJ. F. N. G. STARR, R.A.M.C.

### ORDER OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE

HON. MAJ. J. H. WALLACE, C.E., Y.M.C.A.

LT. COL. T. F. PERRETT, C.R.I.

\*H. Died for Freedom and Honour.

### DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ORDER

CAPT. G. W. ARMSTRONG,  
R.A.M.C.

For work Sept. 20, '17.

He worked in the open under continuous heavy shell-fire, dressed and evacuated 117 stretcher cases from his aid post in 27 hours, and later volunteered to go in aid of an officer and orderly.—(Official account).

\*MAJ. W. J. G. BURNS, C.F.A.

New Years Honours Lists, "Canada," Jan. 4, '19.

MAJ. G. A. CLINE, Div. Sig. Co., C.F.

New Years Honours Lists, Jan. 2 '18

LIEUT. W. W. COTTON (Imp. Inf.)  
Dec. '18.

MAJ. T. W. MACDOWELL, 38th Bn.

Won on Nov. 18, '16, for his quick decision and determined action in an attack made by his battalion on the British front, south of the Ancre, against Desire Trench and Desire Support Trench. With "B" Company, of which he was Captain, he advanced to within throwing distance and bombed the German machine-guns which had been holding up the advance, capturing, after severe hand-to-hand fighting, three officers and fifty of the enemy crews. It was this enterprise which cleared the way for the advance to the final objective.—(From an official account).

LT.-COL. T/BRIG-GEN. V. W. ODLUM

Gazetted Dec. 23, '15.

Bar to D.S.O. gazetted Dec. 2, '18.

He personally superintended and carried out a difficult operation under heavy shell-fire, inspiring his battalion by his continuous resource and intrepid leadership. When the advance was temporarily held up, he organized the details of the successful final attack. He has always shown marked gallantry and initiative. ("Canada").

CAPT. J. S. REID

(Capt. R. J. Stallwood (B.A. '91) is also a holder of the D.S.O., which he won in South Africa.—Ed.)

### THE MILITARY CROSS

CAPT. A. D. BANTING, R.G.A.  
(Kemmel).

CAPT. F. G. BANTING, C.A.M.C.  
Gazetted Feb. 15, '19.

CAPT. (then Lieut.) N. V. BUCHANAN, C.F.A.

For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty when, as F.O.O. of his battery, he maintained his post in a forward sap continuously under heavy shell-fire of every description, on several occasions having to go out into the open under fire to prepare his line. He furnished very valuable and constant information to his battery and was able to bring effective fire to bear upon the enemy when they came forward to occupy trenches which had been cleared by our raiding parties. His great coolness, courage and resource contributed very largely to the success of our operation. June, '17 (Avion).

T/CAPT. R. C. COATSWORTH,  
R.A.M.C.

Awarded June 7, '18.

For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty during an enemy attack. He early led his regimental stretcher-bearers through very heavy shell-fire to remove all wounded that could be found. He organized the removal of wounded, and by his perpetual cheerfulness and coolness set a fine example to his men, and effected the successful evacuation of many wounded.

\*LIEUT. G. W. CROW, C.F.A.  
Awarded Aug. 28, '16, for Zillebeke, June, '16

For conspicuous gallantry as Forward Observing Officer. He repelled with his revolver a party of the enemy who tried to bomb him out of his observation post. He then reconnoitered and sent back information of the enemy's new position, and at daybreak registered his battery on their new line. ("Canada").

\*LIEUT. M. A. D. DAVIS (Imp. Inf.)  
Earned Sept. '17. Presented by Sir William Hearst, Prime Minister of Ontario, to his parents, Mr. W. H. Davis and Mrs. Davis, Tara, Ont., Jan. 18, '19.

CAPT. F. S. DENT  
Awarded 1917.

\*CAPT. (then Lieut.) G. W. DUNDAS  
R.F.A.

Presented at Buckingham Palace, Oct. 4, '16.

For conspicuous bravery under heavy fire in the Battle of the Somme. Bar Aug. 1, '17.

CAPT. H. P. EDGE, 15th Bn.  
 Birthday Honours Lists, "Canada," June 7, '19.

LIEUT. E. W. EDWARDS, Can. Inf.  
 Nov. 9, '18 (Mons).

LIEUT. A. B. FENNELL, P.P.C.L.I.  
 Earned Aug. 15, '17; gazetted Sept. 24, '17.

For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty as Brigade Signalling Officer. All of his forward linesmen except one having become casualties, he personally, with the remaining linesman, went out with reels of wire under intense artillery and machine-gun fire and got communications through at a critical time. During the operations he took no rest, but remained continually on duty in the shelled area. He accomplished splendid work all the time at great personal risk and under tremendous disadvantages. ("Canada").

\*LIEUT. H. J. GOODYEAR, 102nd Bn.  
 Gazetted Dec. 2, '18.

Totally regardless of danger, this officer led his platoon forward to the capture of a wood which was stubbornly defended by machine-gun posts. When the other platoon commanders had become casualties, he re-organized their platoons and took charge of the skirmishing line, which he finally led in a charge, ensuring the success of the day's operations. He set a fine example of coolness and determination.

LIEUT. S. R. GREER, C.F.A.  
 Gazetted Dec. 2, '18.

When in command of a detached section closely supporting the infantry advance, he engaged many hostile machine-guns, which were retarding progress, destroyed anti-tank guns and fired on parties of the enemy in the open. He showed great determination, and was constantly exposed to enemy fire while observing.

CAPT. C. H. HEWSON, R.F.A.

HON. MAJ. (then Capt.) J. B. HUNTER, Can. Chap. Serv.  
 Earned Sept. 27, '18 (Bourlon).

MAJ. H. B. JEFFS, C.A.M.C.  
 Awarded Jan. 13, '18.

For gallantry and devotion to duty. Although wounded himself, he tended the wounded under very heavy fire with great courage and determination. Later, being again wounded, he remained on duty until relieved.

LIEUT. A. P. JOHNSTON, 20th Bn.  
 Earned Aug. 8, '18 (Amiens); gazetted Dec. 2, '18.

Prior to an attack, he made a valuable reconnaissance under shell-fire, and during the operation as Scout Officer he directed the progress of troops through the heavy mist, en-

abling them to keep on to their objective. He was wounded, but continued to carry on for a considerable length of time.

MAJ. (then Lieut.) J. A. LANGFORD, C.E.

July, '17.  
 For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. He surprised a party of the enemy and dug four posts in "No Man's Land." He displayed great daring and resource in rapidly completing his task in the face of an enemy patrol and heavy hostile fire. ("Canada").

LIEUT. J. A. McCAMUS, C.M.G.C.  
 Earned at Hill 70; gazetted Oct. 9, '17.

At great personal risk this officer made three daring daylight reconnaissances for the purpose of selecting forward machine-gun positions. The locations selected proved most satisfactory, and the fire brought to bear from them was of the greatest service to the infantry. Throughout the operations this officer made daily visits to his guns, which often necessitated his going through the enemy barrage. His courage and utter disregard of danger were a splendid example to the men of his company.

CAPT. (then Lieut.) A. P. McKENZIE, 4th Bn.

Earned Aug., '18 (Amiens); gazetted Dec. 2, '18.

This officer established an observation post on high ground near a wood, from which he could see the whole attack, but the spot was under heavy machine-gun fire. On seeing that the left of the advance was held up, he rushed across 400 yards of ground which was swept by machine-gun fire, and directed a tank to where it was needed. He then returned to his observation post and remained there, sending back most valuable information.

LIEUT. C. G. E. RALEY, 47th Bn.  
 Lens, Aug., '17.

During the three days' heavy fighting, he led his men with the greatest gallantry and determination, and when held up by an enemy strong point, rushed it, with one man, and captured the machine-gun and two of the crew, killing the remainder. He accounted for many of the enemy himself and was continually to the fore in encouraging his men to repel hostile counter-attacks, cheering them on and setting a fine personal example.

CAPT. J. S. REID, (Imp. Inf.)

For service in France, Jan. 1, '18.

LIEUT. R. H. RICKARD, R.G.A.  
 Earned at St. Quentin Mar. 21, '18, "Times," Jan. 2, '19.

LIEUT. G. M. SMITH, P.P.C.L.I.  
 Earned at Courcellette (Somme), Sept. 15, '16.

For conspicuous gallantry in action. He fought his machine-gun with great skill and courage. He set a

fine example to his men, and his contribution to the success of the attack was highly appreciated. (Can. Gazette, Dec. 23, '16).

MAJ. W. McL. WALWYN, 11th C.I.B.  
 New Years Honours Lists, "Canada," Jan. 4, '19.

LIEUT. R. H. WILLIAMS, P.I.C.  
 Nov. 3, '16.

For conspicuous gallantry in action. Although wounded, he continued to lead his men in the attack, and, after again being wounded, continued to command his men until the position was made good. He displayed great bravery throughout. (Can. Gazette, Dec. 23, '16).

**DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS**

LIEUT. (T./Capt.) J. H. FORMAN, R.A.F.

Awarded May 28, '18.  
 A skilful patrol leader, who has displayed on all occasions a high standard of courage, endurance and skill. In a period of ten months he has been engaged on 77 offensive patrols, and has brought down three enemy aeroplanes in flames and five out of control.—("Canada," Aug. 10, '18).

CAPT. H. V. OAKS, R.A.F.

For work Aug. and Sept., '18.

**AIR FORCE CROSS**

LIEUT. J. A. R. MASON

**DISTINGUISHED CONDUCT MEDAL**

SGT. M. J. AIKEN, 1st Bn.

Earned at Langemarck, Apr. 23-24, '15.

SGT. R. W. HARDY, M.M., Sig. Coy., C.E.

Earned at Valenciennes, awarded Jan. 3, '19.  
 Bar

CPL. R. L. SEAMAN, C.F.A.

Earned at Koshish (N. Russia), gazetted May 27, '19.

He was in command of the forward signallers and advanced with the infantry engaged in the attack on Koshish Dec. 30. He was responsible for communication with front line and company headquarters, and several times went forward in front of the infantry under heavy fire to establish his line. It was due to his untiring energy and splendid example that communication was kept up. Throughout the operations he behaved admirably.

\*He Died for Freedom and Honour.

# ACTA VICTORIANA

## THE MILITARY MEDAL

SGT. R. C. BENNETT  
Apr. 7, '17 (Vimy).  
GNR. L. W. DIPPELL, C.F.A.  
Oct. 8, '16. Awarded Dec. 21, '16,  
for bravery in the field.  
Bar Nov. 9, '18 (Archangel).

SGT. R. W. HARDY  
Awarded Oct. 5, '18, for work at the  
Drocourt-Queant spur.

SGT. F. HILLIARD, Sig. Coy., C.E.  
Nov. 27, '18. Awarded for mending  
telephone wires in a barrage in ac-  
tion at Arras, Sept. 2 '18.  
Bar Nov. 1, '18 (Valenciennes).

SGT. F. T. MABSON, P.P.C.L.I.  
See Can., July 21, '17.

SPR. E. R. MAY, Div. Sig. Coy., C.E.  
Oct. 21, '18.

CPL. H. E. MAGEE, C.E.  
June, '17.

SGT. E. H. MOSS, Div. Sig. Coy., C.E.  
March, '19.

L/CPL. L. M. RICHARDSON, C.E.  
Aug., '17 (Hill 70).

SPR. W. B. RIRIE, Div. Sig. Coy., C.E.  
London Gazette Supp., Jan. 24, '19

GNR. G. M. SHRUM, C.F.A.  
Earned at Cambrai Div. Orders,  
Nov. 18, '18.

CPL. R. E. STEWART, Can. Inf.  
Sept. 2, '18 (Canal du Nord).

SPR. B. S. SUMMERS, Div. Sig. Co.,  
C.E.

For good work at Passchendaele,  
especially in the establishing of visual  
communication between the front  
line battalion and brigade H.Q., un-  
der heavy shell-fire and gas shelling,  
when the S.O.S. went up on the night  
of November 13, '17.

## MERITORIOUS SERVICE MEDAL

GNR. A. HAMPSON, C.F.A. Amm.  
Col.  
July 8, '18.

## MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES

LIEUT. J. E. ALLEN

LIEUT. M. J. V. ALLEN  
April, '15.

MAJ. G. W. ARMSTRONG  
Haig's, Dec. 28, '17.

\*MAJ. W. J. G. BURNS  
Nov. 8, '18.

MAJ. G. A. CLINE  
New Years Honours Lists, Jan., '18.

CAPT. G. M. DALE  
Haig's, Dec. 28, '17.

CAPT. F. S. DENT  
Haig's, Mar. 17, '19.

\*LIEUT. W. R. GREEN  
For work May 11, '17.

LIEUT. G. L. HAGGEN  
Salonica; London Gazette Jan. 30,  
'19.

SGT. A. HARDEN  
Gen. Milian's, Salonica.

LIEUT. P. K. HEYWOOD  
Haig's, Jan. 1, '18.

MAJ. H. B. JEFFS  
(1) Apr., '16, (2) Nov., '16.

LIEUT. A. C. LEWIS  
For last three months of war.

MAJ. T. W. MACDOWELL,  
Haig's, June 1, '17.

CAPT. E. R. C. MEREDITH  
Nov. 8, '18.

HON. MAJ. I. W. MOFFITT  
(1) June 1, '17 (Haig's), (2) Jan.  
1, '18.

BRIG.-GEN. V. W. ODLUM  
(1) June 3, '15, (2) Jan. 1, '16, (3)  
June 13, '16, (4) June 1, '17, (5) Dec.  
28, '17, (6) May 28, '18, (7) Dec. 30, '18

CAPT. T. H. PARKER  
June, '18.

CAPT. J. S. REID  
Jan. 1, '17 (for Irish Rebellion).

\*2ND LIEUT. COLIN SIMPSON  
Haig's, Nov., '16.

MAJ. F. N. G. STARR  
Haig's, Mar. 16, '19.

HON. MAJ. J. H. WALLACE  
Dec., '17.

\*CAPT. J. S. WEAR  
Courcellette.

LIEUT. A. R. WILMOTT  
Haig's Victory Des., July 16, '19.

## MENTIONED FOR VALUABLE SERVICES

LIEUT. H. W. CHENEY  
Eng., London Gazette Aug. 7, '17.

COL. F. H. DEACON  
War Off. Commun., Feb. 20 '19.

MAJ. H. B. JEFFS  
(1) Oct., '17, (2) Oct., '18.

L.T.-COL. V. MASSEY  
War Off. Commun., Feb. 20, '19.

CAPT. C. B. PARKER  
For service rendered in R.A.F., Aug  
29, '19.

## FOREIGN DECORATIONS

### Order of Danilo, 3rd Class (Montenegro)

BRIG.-GEN. V. W. ODLUM  
Dec. 19, '16.

### Croix de Chevalier, Legion of Honour

MAJ. G. A. CLINE  
Feb., '16.

### Croix de Guerre

\*FLT. CMDR. C. M. CLEMENT  
"Canada," July 21, '17.

CAPT. A. E. McCULLOCH

### Croix de Chevalier de l'ordre Royal du Lion

MAJ. A. Y. MASSEY

### Libro d'Oro (Italy)

LIEUT. M. C. E. CATALANO

### Italian Riband

CAPT. N. CACCIAPUOTI

### Italian Bronze Medal for Valour

LIEUT. A. L. HUETHER  
London Gazette, Sept., '18.

## SUPPLEMENTARY LIST OF HON- OURS WON BY STUDENTS NOW REGISTERED FOR THE FIRST TIME AT VICTORIA

### The Distinguished Service Order

MAJ. E. E. GRAHAM, M.C., 13th Bn.  
Sept., '18 (Arras).

### The Military Cross

CAPT. E. E. GRAHAM  
Nov., '17 (Passchendaele).

### The Military Medal

COY. SGT.-MAJ. F. L. BARTLETT  
Cambrai, '18.

COY. Q.-MSGT. C. H. THORNTON

\*He Died for Freedom and Honour.



## The Memorial Chapel

WE are living in an age of memorials. Private individuals, corporations, municipalities, everywhere are erecting in one form or another permanent monuments to the memory of men who fell in the war. Some of these possess real charm; others are unlovely in design, but all are genuinely beautiful in their sacred significance and the devotion which they express. It may be pointed out, of course, that the truest memorial is the spirit of emulation which the heroism of the last five years should have stimulated in every Canadian, and that even the most permanent monument is an ephemeral thing compared to the unseen influence of great deeds. Let us concede this point, but at the same time admit the importance of some physical action in honour of the fallen which may serve as the token—the ritual—of our feeling of reverence for their memory. For this reason, if for no other, Victoria must have a memorial to the sixty-five members of the College who laid down their lives in the war. The inspiration from such a tangible monument would be imperishable; it would have a lasting influence on the lives which it is the great duty of a College to mould and direct.

It is not difficult to decide what form the memorial should take. A College like Victoria finds itself in a more fortunate position than an institution which for obvious reasons cannot subscribe officially to a single faith. A Collegiate chapel would serve in the fullest measure the high purpose. It would express the community spirit in its finest form and would represent that element in the College life which, if rightly understood, should at once dominate and underlie the others. Its influence would be profound, and the impression derived from its services enduring.

For the first time there is published here a drawing of the proposed chapel, prepared by Mr. Henry Sproatt. This has been the outcome of many months of patient and devoted work. In detail there may be many changes before the final building comes into being, but in general its form is probably accurately foreshadowed. We seem to have been given an almost perfect example of what our College memorial should be. It is unquestionably beautiful, and that in itself is the first essential; for we are creating a symbol of the tribute we owe to the dead, and the essential feature of a symbol is that it should have genuine beauty. The design has all the finest qualities of a noble style. The facades of the building, as they are drawn, are simple with a true economy of ornament, but they on examination show both delicacy of balance and perfection of design. The drawings, too, exhibit the successful effort to keep the closest relation between mere ornament and the actual structure—the “bones” of the building; every piece of carving or bit of tracery—according to the best traditions of the style—will mean something. The building shows, too, the lofty soaring qualities, which is one of the finest features of Gothic. All the prevailing lines are vertical and spring upward, until they culminate in the leaden spire or *fliche* which dominates the building.

The size of the chapel has wisely been kept within reasonable limits. If such a building be allowed to exceed certain dimensions it must lose what one might almost call the “family” quality which should be characteristic of College life. The Victoria College chapel, as foreshadowed, is an intimate building. It will seat only five hundred persons. A place of worship for the membership of the College, it will be expressive of the unity and comradeship in work which have been true of Victoria since its inception.

The natural question arises: When will the chapel come into being? The answer is simple, perhaps obvious; it will come into being when Victoria men and the friends of Victoria College—the Victoria community in the widest sense—wants it to come into being. Its cost will not be inconsiderable—good materials and fine workmanship must be paid for, and, in these days, dearly; but if the achievement be worth trouble, as few will deny, can we not look forward as a certainty to the early accomplishment of this work, and, to quote the familiar lines,

“high Heaven rejects the lore  
Of nicely calculated less or more.”

A TRIBUTE

"A rose! A rose to the living is more  
Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead."

PART I.

A wreath we bring, a fragrant, beauteous wreath,  
And place it here above these honoured names  
Tis our heart-tribute to the eager souls  
Who sought Victoria's Halls in earlier days,  
And, by her skill in training, were equipped  
For earnest life-work at some chosen task.  
And they, by force of brain, and hand, and heart,  
Blazed straighter paths for later feet to tread.

Where are they now, these students of old days?  
Some in the whitening fields are working still,  
And some are calmy resting, full of years,  
Yet failing not in faith or gracious zeal.  
And some have heard the Master's summons home  
To that fair land beyond death's boundary line,  
Where earthly best to heaven's perfection grows  
On through the ages of unending life.

PART II.

Victoria heard our country's call,  
Her ready answer was her men,  
Who marched, and fought, as brave men fight.  
For justice, honour, manhood's right.  
Grim thoughts of death might well appal,  
But war's dark horrors faced again

And yet again, showed life's true worth—  
The power to bring love's peace to earth.

Weave we another chaplet now,  
Around these names we know so well,  
Forget-me-nots and ivy spray  
With maple leaves and rosebuds gay,  
While here in loyal grief we bow—  
Our recreant grief for those who fell.  
On through far years shall each proud name  
Adorn Victoria's Roll of Fame.

PART III.

Bring now a rose, a glorious, crimson rose  
That on its breath wafts Eden's fragrant air.  
Its royal beauty and its garnered sweets  
Shall give Victoria's daughters, and her sons,  
Soul-moving inspiration fraught with power  
To measure life by standards high and true,  
And fashion each new growth of studious thought,  
Each noble purpose, into helpful deed,  
Until in shadowed places love shall dwell,  
And men redeemed, uplifted into light,  
Shall revel joyously in truth revealed  
By torches lighted at Victoria's fires.

CAMILLA SANDERSON.

With the exception of those of the fallen, whose records begin on page 8, accounts of all Victoria College Students known to have taken part in the war are to be found upon the following pages, arranged alphabetically and by classes in the order indicated below:

Pictures and Records of:

Women Graduates, page 31.

Members of the Staff and Graduates in Arts prior to 1909, page 32.

Men of the Classes of 1909-1921 (classes arranged in numerical order), page 35.

Other members of the College, including Theological Students, Occasional Students and a number of Graduates whose pictures were not available in time for them to be included with their years, page 55.

Men registered for the first time after the close of the war, page 61.

Records only, arranged in the same order as above, of those whose pictures were not available, page 62.

Members of the Sub-Staff, page 65.

(Following the valuable suggestion of T. H. Parker, B.A. '07, addresses are given, where known, at the end of each biography, except where present attendance is indicated.—Ed.)

Owing to the lack of space we have adopted the following abbreviations:

- |   |   |  |
|---|---|--|
| A.B.—Able Seaman.                                   | Dep.—Depot.   | Canadian Red Cross Hospital.   |
| Amm. Col.—Ammunition Column.                        | Diet.—Dietitian.  |  |
| Aptd.—Appointed.                                    | Dis.—Discharged.  |  |
| Att.—Attached.                                      | Div.—Division.  | Prob.—Probationer (for Methodist Ministry), or Probational Sub-Lieut. etc. |
| Ede.—Brigade.                                       | Div. Sig. Coy.—Divisional Signal Company.                                 | Prom.—Promoted.  |
| Bdr.—Bombardier.                                    | Dr.—Driver.   | Q.M.G.—Quartermaster-General.  |
| B.S.H.—British Stationary Hospital.                 | Ed. Offcr.—Educational Officer.   | R.C.—Red Cross.  |
| C.A.D.C.—Canadian Army Dental Corps.                | Emb. Cl. Serv.—Embarkation Clearing Service.                              | Rej.—Rejected.   |
| C.A.M.C.—Canadian Army Medical Corps.               | Fld. Amb.—Field Ambulance.  | Res. Bn.—Reserve Battalion.  |
| Cas.—Casualties.                                    | Fld. Coy.—Field Company.  | Ret.—Returned.   |
| C.A.S.C.—Canadian Army Service Corps.               | For.—Forestry.  | R.G.A.—Royal Garrison Artillery.   |
| C.C.S.—Casualty Clearing Station.                   | H.M.M.L.—His Majesty's Mine Layer.  | R.C.N.V.R.—Royal Canadian Naval Volunteer Reserve.                         |
| C.D.A.C.—Canadian Divisional Ammunition Column.     | Hvy.—Heavy.   | R.N.V.R.—Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve.                                    |
| C.E.R.D.—Canadian Engineers Regimental Depot.       | Hwr.—Howitzer.  | R.S.D.—Railhead Supply Detachment.   |
| C.F.A.—Canadian Field Artillery.                    | Imp. Imperial.  | San. Sec.—Sanitary Section.  |
| C.F.C.—Canadian Field Company.                      | Instl.—Instructional.   | S.B.—Stretcher Bearer.   |
| C.G.A.—Canadian Garrison Artillery.                 | M.D. (No. 1-13 M.D.)—The Military Districts into which Canada is divided. | Sec.—Seconded.   |
| C.G.H. (Can. Gen. Hosp.)—Canadian General Hospital. | Meth Min., etc.—(See Year Book).  | Sq.—Squadron.  |
| C.I.B.—Canadian Infantry Brigade.                   | Mil. Conv. Hosp.—Military Convalescent Hospital.                          | Tr. Coy.—Training Company.   |
| C.S.H.—Canadian Stationary Hospital.                | M.G. Sec.—Machine Gun Section.  | Tr. Dep.—Training Depot.   |
| C.R.T.—Canadian Railway Troops.                     | O.S.—Overseas.  | Trans.—Transferred.  |
| D. of C.L.I.—Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry.     | Pion.—Pioneers.   | W.O. (2)—Warrant Officer, 2nd Grade.                                       |
|   | Pris. or P.O.W.—Prisoner of War.  | Wound.—Wounded.  |
|   | P.P.C.R.C. Hosp.—Princess Patricia's                                      | Y.S. Bn.—Young Soldiers' Battalion.  |

VICTORIA WOMEN IN WAR WORK

**MRS. N. W. ROWELL (née MISS NELLIE LANGFORD)**  
 B.A. '96; during the war Chairman of Dom. Y.W.C.A. Commn. re hostels for women farm workers and fruit pickers. Now at home, 134 Crescent Road, Toronto.

**MISS MAE BAGSHAW**  
 '13; Nurs. Sister; O.S. May, '17; France Apr., '18 (No. 7 C.G.H.); served during bombing raids; Trans. Bonn, Germany; Ret. May, '19. Now Los Angeles, Cal.

**MISS MARY GLADYS BURNS**  
 '17, B.A. '19; Y.M.C.A. Canteen, Witley, Nov., '16 (No. 7 C.G.H.); served during bombing raids; Trans. Bonn, Germany; Ret. May, '19. Now at home, 486 Jarvis St., Toronto.

**MISS LOLA R. SMITH**  
 B.A. '17; Asst. Dict. R.A.F. (Wy-cliffe).

**MRS. W. D. FERRIS (née MISS GRACE SWANZEY)**  
 B.A. '98; Superintendent during War of Food Arrangements of one of Britain's 15 Home Army Divisions. Now home, Edmonton, Alta.

**MISS MARGARET PROCTOR**  
 B.A. '06; Secty. of Economic Committee of Natl. Bd. of Y.W.C.A. in U.S.A. (equipping hostess houses all over United States, information huts). Now Secty. of Economic Work, Central Y.W.C.A., 600 Lexington Ave., New York City.

**MISS ELSIE McINTOSH**  
 B.A. '08; with American Y.M.C.A. in France.

In addition to the war work of Victoria College women described above, many other graduates and almost all the undergraduates identified themselves with military service of some kind in most cases taking the place of the men who had gone overseas. Some acted as supervisors of women's farm labour, scores were soldiers of the soil during the summer months, and a few women graduates bought and managed farms of their own. Many of the undergraduates gave up their vacations to become fruit pickers, canners,



**MISS MARGARET KEAGHEY**  
 B.A. '07; Missionary in Tokio, Japan, with Japan. R.C. unit to Russia. For 9 months did R.C. work in Siberia and N. Russia. Now on furlough at her home, Dundas, Ont.

**MRS. T. L. C. CURTIS (née MISS IRENE HYLAND)**  
 B.A. '09. See page 35.

**MISS BRENDA SUTHERLAND**  
 B.A. '16; in charge of Household Science work, Melbourne, Australia. During war did valuable work along lines of food conservation and substitution.

**MISS IRENE STITT**  
 B.A. '12; Asst. Diet. Officer; Mil. Hosp., Calgary; Chief Diet. Soldiers' Conv. Home, Whithy (a part of London, Ontario) for all Western Mil. Hops. Now at home 160 Dundas St. W., Ottawa, Laren St., Ottawa.

**MISS MARION WALWYN**  
 '16; V.A.D.; O.S., Asst. Soc. Offcr. Can. Y.M.C.A. Beaver Huts, Strand, London, in charge of arrangements for soldiers' recreation. Now in charge Eaton's Girls' Club, McGill St., Toronto.

**MISS ADAH MAUS**  
 B.A. '17; Asst. Diet. R.A.F. (Wy-cliffe).

**MISS LILIAN SHAVER**  
 B.A. '18; Diet. Frank Sanitorium, Frank, Alta, July, '18-May, '19. Now at home, "Applewood," Eslington, Ont.

**MRS. F. S. RUTHERFORD (née MISS CLARA PENNINGTON)**  
 B.A. '11. See page 37.

**MISS KATHLEEN TUCKER**  
 B.A. '16; Pupil Diet. in Mil. Hosp.

**MISS EULALIE JEFFES (now MRS G. D. JEFFES)**  
 B.A. '18, Diet. Discharge Depot, Quebec.

**MISS FLORENCE McDONALD**  
 B.A. '18, Diet. Invalid Soldiers' Commn. Hosp., Regina, Sask.

**MISS EULALIE WATSON**  
 B.A. '18, Diet. Invalid Soldiers' Commn. Hosp., Guelph, Ont. Now at home, 16 Euclid Ave., Toronto.

bank clerks, civil servants, etc. Some worked in munition factories, aeroplane engine factories and military offices; others acted as chauffeurs in the R.A.F. One was a chemical analyst of high explosives, another in the work of soil analysis; while it is safe to say that almost every woman graduate and undergraduate of Victoria College not otherwise engaged in war work, knitted socks and mufflers, rolled bandages, sent parcels, and rendered every assistance possible in the work of the Red Cross.



WILLIAM COCKER BRYDEN  
CASWELL

B.A. '98, Staff; Hon. Capt. (Chap.) 203rd Bn.; O.S. Oct. '16; Trans. to Reserve of 8th Bn. (Eng.); Trans. Hosp. Circuit Deal and Canterbury; Ret. Oct. '17; 60 St. Clair Ave., Toronto.

CHARLES NORRIS COCHRANE

B.A. (U) '11; Staff U. and V.; Capt. H.Q. M.D. 2 (School of Musk.), Jan. '16; Trans. U. of T. Co'y 1st Can. Tank Bn. April, '18 (Lieut.); O.S. May, '18; Ret. and Dis. March, '19; 27 Linden St., Toronto.

VINCENT MASSEY

B.A. (U) '10, M.A. Staff U. and V. Capt. (S.M.O.) H.Q. M.D. 2, O.C. Sch. of Musk. '15-'18; Temp. Lt.-Col. Oct. '16; Secty. War Comte. Fed. Cab. Ottawa, Jan. '18; 71 Queen's Park, Toronto. (See Honours.)

RALPH WILFRED HODDER  
WILLIAMS

B.A., M.A. Oxon., A.M. Col., Staff U. and V.; Pte. 2nd Univ. Co. P.P.C.L.L. June, '15; O.S. June, '15; 2nd Lieut. (Imp.) Aug., '15; France, Lieut. (Can.), Oct., '15; T/Capt. in U.S. Oct., '17; R. Wound. Sept. 21, '16; Ret. April, '17 (duty); Dis. May, '17 (Med. Unfit); Staff U. of T. (See Honours.)

PERCY WEEKS BARKER

B.A. '08, M.A. '10; Lieut. R.A.M.C., and O.S. Nov., '15; France Dec., '15; Trans. C.A.M.C. Dec., '16; Prom. Capt.; Trench Fever Oct., '16; Ret. and Dis. Aug., '19; Practising Medicine; 743 Granville St., Vancouver, B.C.

EDWARD MOORE JACKSON  
BURWASH

B.A. '93, M.A., B.D., Ph.D.; Hon. Capt. (Chap.) 12th Bde. C.F.A.; Trans. Can. Mil. Hosp., Bramshott; 26 Albion Ave., Toronto.

WILMOTT GEREAU CLARKE

B.A. '90; Hon. Capt. (Chap.) 235th Bn. May, '16; O.S. May, '17; Trans. Woodcote Park Mil. Conv. Hosp., Epsom; Trans. France, 12th Bn., C.R.T.; Trans. 2nd Bn. C.M.G.C.; Ret. and Dis. May, '19; Box 177, Trenton, Ont.

GEORGE CLINGAN

M.D., C.M. '92; Lt.-Col. O.S. '97; Bn. July, '15; O.S. April, '16; Trans. C.A.M.C. Sept., '16; O.C. Can. Conv. Hosp., 12th Bde. C.F.A.; France, 12th Bn., C.R.T.; Ret. and Dis. May, '19; Practising Medicine; Virden, Man.



SAINT-ELME DE CHAMPI

B. ès L., Lyons; O. A., Staff; French Army; 1 Willcock St., Toronto.

OSCAR PELHAM EDGAR

B.A., Ph.D., John Hopkins; Staff; Lieut. Kapuskasing Internment Camp; 286 St. George St., Toronto.

GEORGE MALCOLM SMITH

B.A., M.A. Oxon; Staff; Lieut. 2nd Univ. Co. P.P.C.L.L., May, '15; O.S. June, '15; France June, '16; Att. Intell. Corps and Counter Bty. Staff 1st Corps, '17-'18; Burwash Hall. (See Honours.)

HERBERT WILLIAM BAKER

B.A. '07, M.B. '09; Capt. C.A.M.C. No. 2 M. D., June, '18; O.S. Sept., '18; Trans. No. 4 Can. Gen. Hosp., Basingstoke, Eng., Oct., '18; Ret. and Dis. July, '19; Practising Medicine; 606 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

ROBERT NEWTON BURNS

B.A. '79, D.D.; Hon. Capt. (Chap.) 124th Bn., Feb., '16; O.S. Aug., '16; Trans. C. E. March, '17; France April, '18; Ret. and Dis. Nov., '18; 486 Jarvis St., Toronto.

NESTORE CACCIAPUOTI

M.A. '13, B.D.; 2nd Lieut. 16 Arty. (Ital. Army) Feb., '16; Prom. 1st Lieut. Secty. to G.O.C. Mil. Hosp., Rome; Interpreter of Hosp. of H. M. the Queen of Italy; Prom. Capt.; Ret. and Dis. Oct., '18; Italian Meth. Mission Rooms, 56 Elm St., Toronto. (See Honours.)

ERNEST EDGAR CLEAVER

B.A. '04, M.B. '06; Lieut. R.A.M.C.; Trans. C.A.M.C.; Prom. Capt., No. 11 Can. Gen. Hosp. Shorncliffe; 127 Westminster Ave., Toronto.

JAMES WILFRED COHOON

B.A. '06, Ed. '07-'08, M.A. '08, Ph.D. Princeton '14; Gnr. 73rd Bty. C.F.A., Dec., '16; O.S. June, '17; France Oct., '17; Prom. a/Sgt.; Ret. Mar., '19; Dis. Aug., '19; Prof. of Classics, Mt. Allison Univ., Sackville, N.B.

**WILLIAM GARFIELD CONNOLLY**

B.A. '05; Capt. C.E.F.; Watford, Ont.

**WILLIAM WARREN DAVIDSON**

B.A. '08; Lieut. 50th Bty., C.F.A., Mar. '16; O.S. Sept. '16; Trans. 55th Bty., C.F.A., France, Aug. '17; Trans. H.Q. 13th Bde., C.F.A., Sept. '18; Wound (Bourlon), Sept. 27th, '18 (right arm amp.); Ret. Jan. '19; Law-Donald, Mason, White and Foulds, Toronto; 100 Tyndall Ave., Toronto.

**ARTHUR BERTRAM FENNEL**

B.A. '06, M.A. '10, Ad. Staff U. of T.; Lieut. 5th Univ. Coy., P.P.C. L.I., Dec. '15; O.S. April, '16; France June, '16 (Sig. O., P.P.C. L.I.); Trans. to C.E. Sig. Coy., 2nd Can. Div.; Sick Dec. '17-Mar. '18; to 6th Can. Div. Sig. Coy., Siberia, Oct. '18; Prom. Capt.; Ret. and Dis. May, '19. (See Honours.)

**ARCHIBALD HENDERSON**

B.A. '01, M.B. '06; Lieut. R.A.M.C.

**ELDON COULTER IRVINE**

B.A. '03, M.A. '04; Lieut. 117th Bn. (Sig. O.); Trans. 22nd Res. Bn., to Signal Base; Stanstead, Que.

**CLIFFORD BENJAMIN KEENE-LEYSIDE**

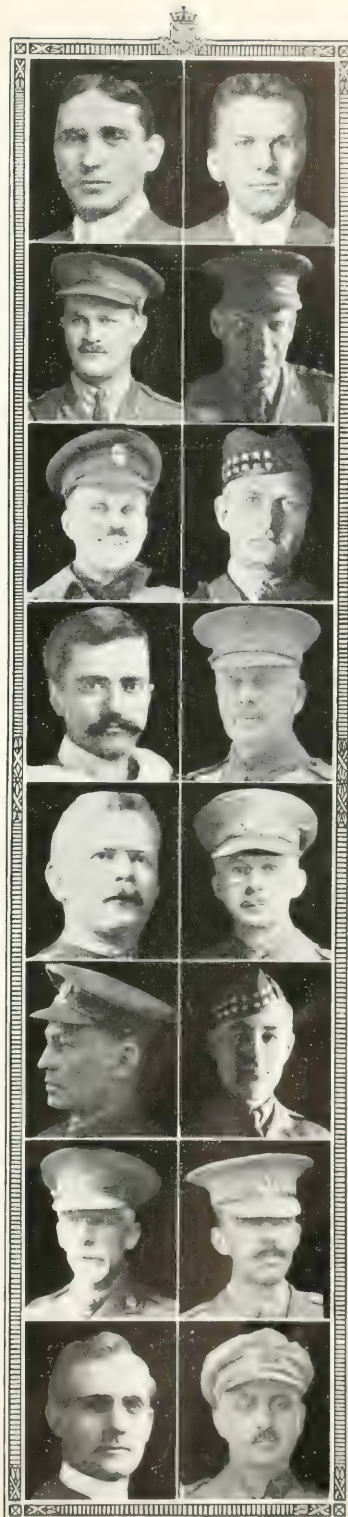
B.A. '92, B.D.; Capt. 195th Bn. Feb., '16; Lt.-Col., O.C. 249th Bn., Sept., '16; 2340 McIntyre St., Regina, Sask.

**GEORGE W. KIRBY**

B.A. '88, D.D.; Hon. Maj. (Chap.) No. 13 M.D. (Chief Recruit. Offr.), Dis. Mil. Rep. No. 13 M.D.; Dis. Feb., '18; Mount Royal College, Calgary, Alta.

**WILLIAM LEVI LAMBLY LAWRENCE**

B.A. '07; C.Q.M.S., 122nd Bn., Apr., '16; Prom. B.Q.M.S.; O.S. May, '17; Hon. Capt. (Chap.) Apr., '18; Typhoid Fever Apr., '18 (Endel St Hosp., London); Ret. Dec., '18; Dis. Jan., '19; Meth. Min., Box 839, Newmarket, Ont.



**MATTHEW ENGLISH CONRON**

B.A. '02; Lieut. 94th Bn., Sept. '15; Lieut., Trans. 140th Bn., Feb., '16; Hon. Capt. (Chap.) June '16; O.S. June, '16; Lieut. 12th Bn., C.R.T., Sept. '17; Trans. P.P.C.R.C. Hosp. Ross Hill June '18; Ret. Dec., '18; Dis. Apr. '19; 344 Tenthredine, Toronto.

**ALLAN CATON FARKELL**

B.A. '01; Hon. Capt. 17th Bn.; France, No. 3 Can. Div.; Miss Latter, 32 Avenue Road, Toronto.

**GEORGE ARTHUR FERGUSON**

B.A. '00; Lieut., 241st Bn., Sept. '16; O.S. Apr., '17; Trans. 15th Bn., France, May, '17; Wound, Aug. 9th, '18 (Amiens); Ret. Dec., '18; Dis. Jan., '19; Teaching, Britannia H. S., Vancouver, B.C.

**RIEL HILLIER**

M.D. '86; Capt. 7th C.M.R. Bn. Mar., '15; O.S. July, '15; Dardanelles Aug., '15; Egypt Winter '16; Att. C.A.M.C. No. 3 C.S. Hosp., 8th B.S. Hosp., 1st C.G.H., Etaples; Trans. to 38th Bn., to 10th, 11th and 12th Fld. Coys., C.E.; (1) Sick '15 (Dardanelles), (2) Trench Fever, '17; Ret. Dec., '17; Dis. May, '18; Leamington, Ont.

**ERNEST HOWARD JOLLIFFE**

B.A. '03, Ed. '07-'08; Lieut. 201st Bn. Apr., '16; O.S. Sept., '16; Trans. 75th Bn., France, Mar., '17; Gas. Offr. 4th Can. Div. Apr., '17; Gas. Offr. Can. Corps Reinf. Camp Apr., '18; Ret. and Dis. July, '19; Director of Chemistry, Central Technical School, Toronto

**WILLIAM TAYLOR KEOUGH**

B.A. '93, M.A. '07, Lieut. 154th Bn. Jan., '16; O.S. Oct., '16; Hon. Capt. (Chap.) Oct., '16; France Oct. 16; Ret. Apr., '19; Dis. Aug., '19; Meth. Min., Montreal Conf.; Elgin, Ont.

**MILTON CORNELL LANE**

B.A. '06; Pte. 92nd Bn.; Trans. 95th Bn.; Trans. U. of T. O.S. Tr. Coy., Lieut. 235th Bn. (Asst. Adjt.), Prom. Capt.; Ret. Apr., '18; Dis. May, '18.

**HAROLD LISTER LAZIER**

B.A. '01, M.A. '02, L.I. B. '04, Lieut. 147th Bn. Dec., '15; O.S. Aug., '16 (draft); Trans. 19th Bn., France, Oct., '16; Ret. May, '17; Dis. Sept., '17; Barrister, Room 204 Spectator Bldg., Hamilton, Ont.

DAVID HEGGIE MARSHALL  
 B.A. '04, M.A. '05; Capt. 122nd Bn.;  
 St. George, Ont.

FRANCIS OWEN  
 B.A. '07, M.A. '08; Former Staff;  
 Pte. 14th Bn. Aug. '14; O.S. Sept.  
 '14; France Feb. '15; Prom. Sgt.;  
 Lieut. France (2) Sept. '16;  
 Wound. June 3, '16 (Mt. Sorrel);  
 Ret. Dec. '18; Dis. Jan. '19; 600  
 Concord Ave., Toronto.

ROBERT PEARSON  
 B.A. '04; Lieut. 89th Bn.; Capt. Att.  
 Y.M.C.A.; Wound.; Ret. Jan. '19.

WILLIAM D. SHARPE  
 B.A. '91, M.B.; Capt. R.A.M.C. (Br  
 Admiralty), Serbia; Trans. C.A.M.  
 C. (234th Bn.).

EBER EGERTON SNIDER  
 B.A. '90; Maj. (2nd i/c) 139th Bn.  
 Nov. '15; Trans. 188th Bn. Oct.  
 '16; O.S. Oct. '16; Trans. 15th Res.  
 Bn. Perm. Cadre.; France Mar.  
 '17; (R.C.R.) Camp Condt. and  
 Range Offcr. with 7th C.I.B.;  
 Trenc Fever (twice); Ret. and Dis.  
 Sept. '17; Pub. Schl. Inspector  
 Durham Co.; Port Hope, Ont.

GEORGE ALBERTUS STEELE  
 B.A. '08; Pte. U. of T. O.S. Tr. Coy

RONALD PICKARD STOCKTON  
 B.A. '08, LL.B. '11; Capt. R.A.F.  
 June, '18; Prom. Sub-Lieut.; Tay  
 lor, Meyers, Stockton and Smith,  
 601 Rogers Blvd., Vancouver, B.C.

JAMES HILL WALLACE  
 B.A. '03; Hon. Capt. with Y.M.C.A.  
 (with 8th C.M.R.) Oct. '15; i/c  
 Y.M.C.A., France; Prom. Hon.  
 Maj. Jan. '18; Sec. for Duty with  
 War Office Mar., '18; Ret. Jan.  
 '19; Dis. June, '19. (See Honours)



STANLEY GORDON MILLS  
 B.A. '06, M.B. '08; Capt. 35th Bn.,  
 Sr. M.O. 4th Bde.; Asst. X-Ray  
 Special Offr., Moore Barracks  
 Hosp.; Chief X-Ray Specialist,  
 Kitchener Hosp., Brighton, Eng.;  
 89 Glen Road, Rosedale, Toronto.

THOMAS HAROLD PARFEE  
 B.A. '07, M.A. '10; Spr. 2nd Can.  
 Pioneers Regt. '15; Lieut. Sept.  
 '15; O.S. Dec., '15; Belgium and  
 France Mar., '16; Capt. Mar., '17;  
 Trans. 5th Bn. C.E. June, '18;  
 Wound. (eyes) Apr., '16 (St. Eloi);  
 Ret. and Dis. May, '19; Geodetic  
 Survey of Canada. (See Honours.)

THOMAS BEDFORD RICHARD-  
 SON  
 M.D. '90, C.M. (Trin.) '90, Staff;  
 Maj. C.A.M.C. (O.C., S. Hosp., No.  
 2 M.D.); Prom. Lt.-Col.; Trans.  
 Tr. Depot No. 2 M.D. to Base  
 Hosp. No. 2 M.D.; with Br. Re-  
 cruiting Mission, Chicago, July,  
 '17; to Bd. of Pension Commsrs.,  
 Ottawa, Oct., '17; 128 Bloor St. W.,  
 Toronto.

JAMES WALLACE SMUCK  
 M.D., C.M. '92; Capt. C.A.M.C.  
 (B. H., M.D. 2); 74 Beaconsfield  
 Ave., Toronto.

ROBERT JABEZ STALLWOOD  
 B.A. '91; Lieut. 228th Bn. (M. G.  
 Sect.) Oct. '16; Prom. Capt., '16;  
 O.S. Feb., '17. (See Honours.)

FRANK JOSHUA STERNBERG  
 B.A. '06; Pte. 5th Univ. Coy. P.P.C.  
 I.I., France.; R. Wound. July  
 19, '16; 22 Roxborough St. West,  
 Toronto.

EDMUND SWEET  
 LL.B. '86; Capt. 215th Bn.; Prom.  
 Maj. Dec., '16; O.S. Apr., '17; 2nd  
 Can. Res. Bn. May, '17; Trans. 2nd  
 C.O.R.D.; Special Duty H.Q.,  
 Shorncliffe; Det. to High Comm.  
 for Can. as Offr. i/c Passports;  
 Ret. and Dis. Nov., '18; Practising  
 Law; Brantford, Ont.

EDWARD ARTHUR WICHER  
 B.A. '95, Ph.D., D.D.; U.S. Y.M.C.A.  
 Offcr., Special Relgs. Secty. of  
 Natl. War Work Council of Y.M.  
 C.A. in U.S.; O.S. May, '18; with  
 Amer. Force, France; with Brit.,  
 Malta, Egypt, Palestine; Inj. tor-  
 peding of "Australian," July,  
 '18; Ret. U.S. Mar., '19; San Fran-  
 cisco Theol. Sem., San Anselmo,  
 Cal., U.S.A.



FRED ARMSTRONG YOUNG

B.A. '97, M.B. '99; Major C.A.M.C. (No. 3 C.C.S.), June, '15; O.S. July, '15; France Feb., '16; Trans. to H.Q., Bramshott, Feb., '18, 3rd C.C.S., O.C.; Lt.-Col. June, '18; Ret. May, '19; 96 Roslyn Road, Winnipeg, Man. (See Honours.)

GEORGE ALTON CLINE

B.A. '09, M.A. '10, Ed. '10-'11, Staff; Capt. Div. Sig. Coy. Aug., '14; O.S. Sept., '14; France Feb., '15; O.C. 2nd Can. Div. Sig. Coy. Aug., '16; Prom. Major Feb., '17; O.C. 1st Sig. Coy. Mar., '17; O.C. Can. Corps Sig. Coy. July, '18; Ret. and Dis. June, '19; Teaching, Univ. of Toronto Schools. (See Honours.)

IVAN DWIGHT HAYES

B.A., '09; Lieut. C.A.M.C. Aug., '14; O.S. R.A.M.C. July, '15; Attd. to 99th Field Amb., France, Nov., '15; Feb. 13, '16, stroke (Adv. Dr. Stn.); Dis., Medy. Unfit, May, '16; Ret. June, '16; Capt. A.M.C. H.Q. R.F.C. June, '17; Armour Hqs. June, '17-Mar., '18; Inv'd to Base (Heart); Dis. Nov., '18; Prac. Med. Mar., '19; Died, Sept. 12, '19.

WALTER JAMES KIRBY

B.A. '09, M.B. '11; Capt. C.A.M.C. (84th Bn.) Nov., '15; C.C.S. Niagara and Camp Borden, May, '16; 198th Buffs Bn. Sept., '16; O.S. Mar., '17; France, 5th Field Amb. July, '17; Invalided Dec., '17; Dis. Mar., '19; 363 Pape Ave., Toronto

JOHN VERNON MCKENZIE

B.A. '09; Cpl. 87th Bn.; Pte. 4th Univ. Coy. P.P.C.L.I.; Lieut. 198th Bn.; 118th Bn., Camp Borden, July, '16; 160th Bn., R.F.C.; R. Wound, Nov. 30, '18; Ret. Dec., '18; 145 Warren Road, Toronto.

MILTON HOWARD STAPLES

B.A. '09; Pte. 2nd Univ. Coy. P.P. C.L.I., Salonica; Prom. 2nd Lieut. 11th E. Surreys; 10 St. George St., St. Thomas, Ont.

RICHARD COLLIER COATS-  
WORTH

B.A. '10, M.A. '13, M.B. '15, Staff; Pte. C.A.M.C. No. 2 C.C.S.; Lieut. R.A.M.C. (53rd Fld. Amb.), Attd. S. Midland Field Corps; Prom. Capt., R.A.M.C. (1/5 D.C.L. Inf.); B.E.F., France May, '18; Ret. Sept., '18 (leave); 296 Parliament St., Toronto. (See Honours.)

WILLIAM HOWEY

B.A. '10, B.D.; Spr. 4th Div. Sig. Coy. Jan., '16; Cpl. Feb., '16; Sgt. May, '16; Revtd. to go O.S. May, '16; France Aug., '16; Injured, Hernia (Somme), Sept., '16; Inv'd to Eng.; Ret. to France Jan., '18, 2nd Operation After Dis.; Ret. and Dis. April, '19; Meth. Min.; Orillia, No. 3, Ont.



OLIVER HERBERT MILES

B.A. '09, M.A. '11, N., Halifax Naval College, H.M.C.S. "Niobe."

HUGH DUFF WATSON

B.A. '09; Lieut. 147th Bn.; Trans. 15th Bn.; Prom. Capt.; R. Wound, (1) Aug. 21, '18, (2) Sept. 11, '18; Ret. Dec., '18, 297 Bloor St. W., Toronto. (See Honours.)

MRS. T. L. C. CURTIS (née  
IRENE HYLAND)

B.A. '09, Lieut. R.A.M.C. (Dietitian Harvard Unit), No. 22 Gen. Hosp., Camiers, France

HENRY GORDON MANNING

B.A. '09, Ed. '09-'10, Staff Univ. of T., 2nd Lieut. 1st Northamptonshire Rgt.; Wound Sept. 9, '16, S.S.C. Leave Apr., '17; Dis. Jan., '18, Oshawa, Ont.

NOBLE CARMAN SHARPE

Capt. No. 4 Gen. Hosp., C.A.M.C., Salonica; T/Maj., "Canada," Apr., '18; Mil. Hosp., Basingstoke, Eng.; 43 Murray St., Toronto

GEOFFREY WALTERS ADAMS

B.A. '10, LL.B.; Gnr. 67th Bty. C. F.A. June, '16; O.S. July, '16; France, 48th Hwr. Bty. C.F.A., Mar., '17; Prom. Bdr. Aug., '17; Prom. Sgt., Trans. O.T.C., Witley, Oct., '18; Ret. Jan., '19; Dis. Feb., '19; Gassed (slight) May, '17, Sept., '17; Wound, May, '18; Pract. Law; 74 Mountview Ave., Toronto

ALLAN BOWMAN HOBBS

B.A. '10; Pte. 61st (Winnipeg) Bn. June, '15; Wound Nov., '16, 35 Bowden St., Toronto.

OLIVER VICTOR JEWITT

B.A. '10, Ed. '11-'12, Capt. 33rd Bn.; Trans. 1st Can. Bn.; Prom. Major; (on field); Springfield, Ont.

ACTA VICTORIANA

**HENRY FREEBORN JOHNSTON**  
 B.A. '10; Pte. U. of T. O.S. Tr. Coy. Aug., '16; Lieut. R.N.V.R.; O.S. Oct., '16; Trans. Br. Adlty. (Compass Dept.); Dis. Apr., '19; 36th and Broad Branch Rd., Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

**WILLIAM JAMES ELMORE MEREDITH**  
 B.A. '10; New Westminster, B.C.

**HENRY ALBERT GEORGE WILLOUGHBY**  
 B.A. '10, M.A. '11, Ed. '12-'13; Capt. 33rd Bn. Feb., '15; O.S. Mar., '16; Trans. 8th Res. Bn., 2nd Entr. Bn., Aug., '16; France Aug., '16; 4th C.M.R. Sept., '16; Inv. Jan. 22, '17; 8th Res. Bn. Apr., '17; Secty. Min. of Mun. Dec., '17; Prom. Major. Ret. and Dis. Oct., '18.

**JOHN FREDERICK POPE BIRNIE**  
 B.A. '11; Lieut. 11th Hwr. Bde. C.F.A., 81st Bty.; France March, '17. Now A. Adj. Witley Camp. Eng.; Wound. (severe) Apr. 8, '18

**JOHN REGINALD GUNDY**  
 '07-'11; Lieut. 125th Brant Co. Bn. Apr., '16; Prom. Capt.; France Dec., '17 (4th C.M.R. Bn.); Ret. April, '19.

**SAMUEL RALPH LAYCOCK**  
 B.A. '11; Spr. C.E. (Sig.) Nov., '16; O.S. Mar., '17; France July, '17; Attd. 1st Can. Inf. Bde. H.Q.; Ret. and Dis. May, '19; Alberta College. University Grounds, Edmonton, Alta.

**CLARKE E. LOCKE**  
 B.A. '11; Cadet 67th Bty.; Trans. R.F.A., '16; O.S. '17; France Mar., '18; Prom. 1st Lieut.; Gassed (2nd Battle of Cambrai); Ret. and Dis. Mar., '19; 159 Walmer Road, Toronto.

**ALBERT ERNEST McCULLOUGH**  
 B.A. '11, M.B. '13; Lieut. R.A.M.C. Apr., '15; O.S. Jan., '16; France Apr., '16; Prom. Capt.; Trans. K. A.F. Feb., '19; Dangson B. 11 Mar. 29, '17; Dis. Jan., '19; Ret. June, '19; 96 Walmsley Ave., Toronto. (See Honours.)



**HENRY LUTHER KIRBY**  
 B.A. '10, Ed. '14-'15; Pte. U. of T. O.S. Tr. Coy.; Oshawa, Ont

**FREDERICK LEMON TILSON**  
 B.A. '10; Pte. 151st Bn.; Prom. Sgt.; Skaro, Alta.

**FRANK CLARKE ASBURY**  
 B.A. '11, M.A. '13, Ed. '14-'15; Pte. U. of T. O.S. Tr. Coy.; Special Work, Admiralty; 7 Redwood Ave., Toronto.

**WILBERT HAROLD EBY**  
 B.A. '11, M.B. '13; Capt. C.A.M.C.; Asst. Sr. Med. Offcr., Armouries Feb., '18; 536 St. Clair Avenue, Toronto.

**JOHN BRUCE HUNTER**  
 B.A. '11; Hon. Capt. (Chap.) 208th Bn. Aug., '16; O.S. Apr., '17; France Mar. '18; Prom. Maj. May, '19; Ret. and Dis. Sept., '19; Central Meth. Church, Toronto. (See Honours.)

**FREDERICK JOHNSTON LIVINGSTONE**  
 B.A. '11, M.B. '13; Lieut. C.A.M.C. Oct., '14; O.S. May, '15; Trans. R. A.M.C.; Serbia May, '15; 31st and 32nd Fld. Amb., Gallipoli, Salonica, France; 104th Fld. Amb., M.O. 34th Div. R.E. June, '16-'17; Ret. June, '17; Davisville Hosp.; Dis. Mar., '19; 53 College St., Toronto.

**RUSSELL PIERCE LOCKE**  
 B.A. '11, LL.B. '14; Lieut. C.A.S.C. (M.T.) Sept., '15; Adj. M.T. Depot No. 2, M.D. (Fort Garry Horse); O.S. May, '17; Lecturer, Shorncliffe, Apr., '18; Prom. Capt.; Ret. June, '19; Dis. July, '19; 159 Walmer Road, Toronto.

**LEWIS MELVILLE RICE**  
 B.A. '11, M.B. '13; Capt. C.A.M.C.; Lieut. R.A.M.C.; Ret. May, '18; St Andrew's Hosp., Rosedale.

**LORNE MELVILLE RICHARDSON**

B.A. '11, Ed. '14-'15; Spr. Div. Sig. Coy., C.E., Mar., '16; O.S. May, '16; France, Sept., '16 (Can. Corps. Sigs. Cable Sect.); Prom. L.-Cpl. May, '17, Cpl. May, '18; Ret. and Dis. Apr., '19; 661 Water St., Peterboro. (See Honours.)

**HOWARD ORUAN ROGERS**

B.A. '11, M.A. '13; Pte. 129th Bn. Feb., '16; Prom. Cpl. Mar., '16, Sgt. Aug., '16; O.S. Aug., '16; Trans. 123rd Can. Pioneer Bn. Oct., '16; C.E.R.D., Scaford, Sussex; France Mar., '17; Lieut. June, '18; Gassed Sept., '17 (Lens); Ret. and Dis. Mar., '19; Meth. Min., Sask. Conf., Cantuar, Sask.

**MRS. F. S. RUTHERFORD (née CLARA ALICE PENNINGTON)**

B.A. '11; R.C. (Chicago Nurses); O.S. June, '15 (Dietition No. 23 B. G. Hosp., Etaples); Ret. Mar., '16; 160 St. Clemens Ave., Toronto.

**GORDON McINTYRE DALE**

B.A. '12, M.B. '15; Lieut. R.A.M.C., Base Hosp., No. 2 M.D., Jan., '18; Prom. Capt.; 358 Sumach St., Toronto. (See Honours.)

**HUGH DANIEL TAYLOR**

B.A. '12; Spr. 3rd Div. Sig. Coy.; c/o Mrs. Martha Taylor, Owen Sound, Ont.

**HENRY WILLIAM MANNING**

B.A. '12; Cnr. 67th Bty., C.F.A.; Prom. Cpl.; 79 St. Clair Ave. E., Toronto.

**HERMAN BROOKFIELD VENEWYCK**

B.A. '12, M.B. '15; Sgt. No. 4 Gen. Hosp., C.A.M.C., Apr., '15; Prom. Capt. and Adj.; Wellsboro Apts., Toronto.

**ARTHUR DIGBY BANTING**

B.A. '13; Pte. U. of T. O.S. Tr. Coy. July, '16; O.S. Aug., '16; 2nd Lieut. Siege Bty. Dec., '16; France, 177th Siege Bty., Jan., '17; Lieut. June, '18; Capt. (250th Siege Bty.) Aug., '18; Gassed Nov., '18; Ret. and Dis. May, '19; Teaching, Britannia H. S., Vancouver, B.C. (See Honours.)



**HOWARD PARKER ROBINSON**

B.A. '11, M.B. '13; Capt. C.A.M.C. Apr. '17; France, 17th Field Amb. Co., Dec., '17; Dep. Lt. Col. Dis. Aug., '19; Kleinburg.

**JOHN RUDD RUMBALL**

B.A. '11, M.A. '12; Lieut. 220th Bn. March, '16; France, 4th Bn.; Ret. Apr., '19; 65 Charles St. W., Toronto.

**WILLIAM HUGHES BEATTY**

B.A. '12; Sub-Lieut. R.N.V.R. (Motor Boat Patrol Service, English Channel); Prom. Lieut.; Ret. Feb., '19.

**WILLIAM CREIGHTON GRAHAM**

B.A. '12, M.A. '13; Hon. Capt (Chap.) 148th Bn. Dec., '15; O.S. Sept., '16; France (Can. Cav. Bde.) Feb., '17; Att. Fort Garry Horse; Ret. and Dis. Aug., '17; Wesleyan Theol. College, Montreal, Que.

**HAROLD ERNEST MANNING**

B.A. '12; Lieut. 49th Bty., C.F.A., Feb., '16; O.S. Sept., '16; France, 2nd D.V.C., Mar., '17; HQ 6th Bde., C.F.A., May, '17; 22nd Bty., C.F.A., June, '17; Educat. Officer, 6th Bde., C.F.A., Dec., '18; Ret. and Dis. Aug., '19; Practising Law, 152 Warren Rd., Toronto.

**HAROLD OSBORNE HUGHES**

B.A. '12, M.A. '14, B.D. '14, O.S. (as civilian) Sept., '14; Hon. Capt. Imp. Y.M.C.A., Att. 17th and 48th Div.; France Dec., '14; Trans. to Cans. Jan., '17 (Y.M.C.A., 3rd Div., H.Q.); O.C. Hut, Shorncliffe Camp, Mar., '18; Ret. and Dis. June, '19; Min., Elmsdale, Ont.

**GORDON WILSON ARMSTRONG**

B.A. '13, M.D. '16; Lieut. R.A.M.C. 8th R. Staff. Rgt.; O.S. June, '16; Mesopotamia July, '16; Egypt, '16 (Mesop.); Wound 14 June 7, '17 (Messines); (2) Sept. 20, '17 (Passchendaele); Ret. Dec., '17; Adj. Base Hosp., No. 2 M.D., Mar., '18; Maj. Jun., '19 (O.C. Tr. Dep.); Dis. July, '19. (See Honours.)

**WILLIAM WRAY BARRACLOUGH**

B.A. '13, M.A., M.B. '16; 65th Bty., N.E.F.V.; Trans. C.A.M.C. Field, '16; Lieut. Dec., '16; 16th Fld. Amb. C.E.F.; O.S. Mar., '17; Capt. Pay master and Adj.; 202 Princess St., St. John, N.B.



**MICHELE CARLO EMMANUELE CATALANO**

B.A. '13, M.A., Staff; 2nd Lieut. M.G. Sec. Inf. Italian Army, Italy; Lieut. 243rd Reg., 1st Bn.; Wound. Apr., '16. (See Honours.)

**JAMES CHENEY DEMPSTER**

B.A. '13; Gnr. 67th Bty., C.F.A.; Trans. 39th Bty., C.F.A.; Ret. May, '19; 38 Grove Ave., Toronto.

**HARRY MILLS FORD**

B.A. '13; Gnr. 48th Bty., C.F.A., Jan., '16; O.S. May, '16; France; 6th Bty., C.F.A. (Sig.), Sept., '16; Kicked by horse before leaving Toronto; Wound. Apr. 9, '17 (Army); Ret. Dec. '18; Law, 410 Kent Bldg., Yonge St., Toronto.

**HENRY ARTHUR FROST**

B.A. '13; Hon. Capt. (Chap.) C.A. M.C. Sept., '14; O.S. Sept., '14; Mediterranean, Lemnos, Egypt. Trans. C.A.M.C. No. 3 S.H., France, Aug., '15; Prom. Maj. Aug., '16; Trans. Crowboro Camp Dec., '16; Trans. Vernon Park Hosp., Manchester, Jan., '18; Ret. Sept., '18; Dis. Feb., '19; Meth. Min., Toronto, Conf.

**THOMAS EARL GREER**

B.A. '13; Lieut. 68th Bn. Sept., '15; Trans. 128th Bn., Prom. Capt.; O.S. July, '16; France May, '17 (1st C.M.R.); to R.A.F. Aug., '18; to 115th Sq. Indep. Air Force Aug., '18; Wound. (1) Oct. 3, '17 (Passchendaele), (2) Sept. 14, '18 (Air Force); Ret. and Dis. Jan., '19; Box 933, Moose Jaw, Sask.

**WILFRID FIELD HUYCKE**

B.A. '13; Lieut. M.G. Sect. 59th Bn., '15; Trans. 39th Bn., Sandling, '16; France, 18th Bn., '16; Trans. to 19th Bty., C.F.A., '17; Engleboro, Peterboro, Ont.

**JOHN DANIEL ROBINS**

B.A. '13; Staff; Sgt. Instr. No. 2 M.D. Div. Schl. of Musk.; Sgt.-Maj. Feb., '17; 268 Wellesley St., Toronto.

**JOSEPH REGINALD SMITH**

B.A. '13, M.A. '14, M.B. '18, Prom. 24th Bn. (S.B. Sec.) Mar., '15; Trans. C.A.M.C. No. 3 C.S.H., June, '15; O.S. July, '15; Gallipoli Aug., '15; Staff-Sgt. (Rev. for Act. Serv. Aug., '15); Ret. May, '16; C.A.M.C. No. 2 M.D. Toronto G.H.; Prom. Lieut. May, '18; Attendance Unit T. '17-'18; Dis. June, '19; Practising Med., Harrow, Ont.



**WILLIAM COUTTS**

B.A. '13 (and Knox); Gnr. 43rd Bty., C.F.A., Jan., '16; Bdr. Feb., '16; O.S. Feb., '16; France July, '16; Cpl. July, '16; Trench Fever Apr. 10, '17; Inv. Eng. Apr., '17; Hon. Lieut. (Y.M.C.A.) Feb., '18; Uford, Ont.

**ROBERT BRODDY DUGGAN**

B.A. '13; Lieut. 36th Bn. Jan., '15; O.S. June, '15; France June, '15; Musk. Instrtr., W. Sandling; Asst. Bde. Musk. O.; Prom. Capt., 199th Bn., Witley; 2nd Bn. C.M.G. Corps; Ret. and Dis. May, '19.

**HARVEY GEORGE FORSTER**

B.A. '13; Gnr. 6th Hwr. Bde., C.F. A., Oct., '15 (in Eng.); France and Belgium Oct., '15; Wound. Feb. 13, '16; Ret. act. serv. June, '16 (1st H.T.M. Bty., 3rd Div. Arty.); Prom. Sgt.; Ret. and Dis. Apr., '19; Union Theol. Seminary, Broadway at 120th St., New York City, U.S.A.

**FREDERICK TAYLOR GRAHAM**

B.A. '13; Hon. Lieut. Jan., '15; Hon. Capt. (Chap.) and Y.M.C.A. Secty., Kapuskasing Camp; West End Y.M.C.A., Toronto.

**GEOFFREY LOOSMORE HAGGEN**

B.A. '13; Enl. in Eng.; 2nd Lieut. Manchester Regt., Oxford and Bucks L.I.; Salonica, Lieut. Dec., '16; Prom. Capt.; Ill. No. 4 G.H., June, '16; Ret. Jan., '19. (See Honours.)

**ARTHUR PEARSON MCKENZIE**

B.A. '13, M.A. '14, Staff '14-'15; Lieut. 124th Bn. Feb., '16; H.Q. Niagara Camp June, '16; O.S. (draft) Sept., '16; C.M.S. Oct., '16; 189th O.S. Bn., Shoreham, Dec., '16; 3rd Can. Res. Bn. Jan., '17; France Oct., '17 (4th Can. Inf. Bn.); Scout O. Feb., '18; Int. O. Apr., '18; Capt. Sept., '18; Adj. Jan., '19; Cottam, Ont. (See Honours.)

**JOHN AUSTIN DUFFERIN SLEMIN**

B.A. '16; Lieut. 125th Bn. Sept., '15; 215th Bn., Capt., Aug., '16; O.S. Apr., '17; 54th Bn. Lieut.; Wound. Aug. 8, '18; Ret. Nov., '18; 30 Lorne Cresc., Brantford, Ont.

**JAMES JEROME STILLWELL**

B.A. '13, M.A. (O.), Sgt. 249th Bn.; France Oct., '18, 5th (Western Can.) Bn.; 6 Athabasca St. E., Moose Jaw, Sask.

NEWTON OSCAR THOMAS

B.A. '13, M.B. '16, Staff; Lieut. C.A. M.C. (Base Hosp.) No. 2 M.D., Westenhanger Camp; 118 Metcalfe St., St. Thomas, Ont.



ANDREW MILFORD WISE

B.A. '13; Pte. C.A.M.C., Base Hosp. No. 2 M.D.; 161 Church St., St. Catharines, Ont.



JOHN BAMBER ALLEN

B.A. '14; Lieut. 58th Bn.; Wound, June, '16; 51 Rosedale Rd., Toronto. (See Honours.)



WALTER FLETCHER BOWLES

B.A. '14, Staff; Pte. U. of T. O.S. Tr. Coy.; Sgt.; Lieut. 1st Can. Tank Bn. Apr., '18; Ret. Dec., '18; 22 Biggar Ave., Toronto.



ARNON WYLES BURT

B.A. '14; Lieut. C.A.S.C.; 197 Dunn Ave., Toronto.



GEORGE DOUGLAS JEFFS

B.A. '14, M.B. '17; Lieut. C.A.M.C. Tr. Dep. H.M. Hosp. Ship "Araguaya" (Liverpool); C.A.M.C., Capt. Dec., '17; i/c Surgical Ward; Prom. Major; Eglinton, Ont.



FREDERICK JAMES THOMPSON MAINES

B.A. '14; Hon. Capt. Can. Y.M.C.A. Feb., '16; France and Belgium Oct., '17; Ret. and Dis. July, '19; Tweed, Ont.



JAMES ARTHUR RYERSON MASON

B.A. '14; Gnr. 67th O.S. Dep. Bty., 82nd Hwr. Bty., C.F.A.; Prom. Bdr. 58th Hwr. Bty., C.F.A., Mar., '17, Witley; 157 Water St., Stratford, Ont.



HENRIUS DIGBY WHEELER

B.A. '14, M.B. '15, M.A. '16; Lieut. C.A.M.C. (Base Hosp.) No. 2 M.D., C.A.M.C. Dec., '16; Risboro' (Ont.) Shorncliffe; Granville (Ont.) (Canada) Dec., '17; 5 St. Mary's Place, Winnipeg, Man.

LELAND SANFORD ALBRIGHT

B.A. '14, M.B. '15, M.A. '16; Lieut. C.A.M.C. (Base Hosp.) No. 2 M.D., C.A.M.C. Dec., '16; 228 Havelock St., Toronto.

ERDMANN DOANE BEYNON

B.A. '14, M.A.; Pte. 198th Bn. Jan., '17; Cadet Imp. Army, Gen. List for service with Indian Army Reg. of Officers; Ret. Nov., '18; c/o Wilson Black, Stroud, Ont.

JAMES ENOS BRETT

B.A. '14; Gnr. 68th Depot Bty., C. F.A.; 518 Dovercourt Rd., Toronto

HOWARD DANIEL HOWELL

B.A. '14; Lieut. 201st Bn., Can. For. Bn., Starcross Camp, Chudleigh, Devonshire (O.C. Lt. Col. Pemberton); 380 Indian Rd., Toronto.

FRANK WENDELL MACDOWELL

B.A. '15, M.A. '19; Lieut. 38th Bn., Prom. Capt., Leave Aug., 17-Mar. '18, M.O. "Canada," Mar., '18, O.C. Sub. Depot No. 3 M.D. (Ottawa), Demobilization Scheme, Air H.Q. London, Mar., '18; Wound 11 Nov. 18, '16 (Somme), (2) Apr. 9, '17 (Amiens); Ret. Dec., '18 (See Honours)

HUBERT STANLEY MARTIN DALF

B.A. '14, Pte. Dec. '17, O.S. July, '18, Pl. Cadet July, '18, 2nd Lieut. R.A.F. 1918, '19; Ret. and Dis. May, '19

WILLIAM ROSWELL McCAMUS

B.A. '14, B.A. '14-15, Gnr. 67th O.S. Dep. Bty. June, '16, O.S. Oct., '16, France Dec., '16 (5th Bty. C.F.A. 2nd Bde. C.F.A.); Wound, June, '17 (Amiens); Ret. Nov., '17, Dec., '17; Collegiate Institute, Ottawa.

JOHN CURRIE MILLIAN

B.A. '14, B.D.; Pte. 30th Siege Bty. May, '16; Prom. Cpl. Dec., '16; O.S. Mar., '17; Lieut. Aug., '17; France Oct., '17; Ret. and Dis. July, '19; Attend. Vic. for Meth. Minsty.

GEORGE DWIGHT LINCOLN RICE

B.A. '14; Pte. 3rd Bn. Aug., '14; O.S. Sept., '14; France Feb., '15; Trans. 2nd Can. Fld. Amb. Aug., '15; Trench Fever Nov., '15; Operation, Inv. to Can., Feb., '17; Dis. Aug., '17; St. Mary's, Ont.

GARNET LEROY RODD

B.A. '14; Gnr. 67th Bty., U. of T., May, '16; O.S. July, '16; Trans. 2nd Res. Mde., C.F.A., Shorncliffe, July, '16; 82nd Hwr. Bty., Shorncliffe, Oct., '16; 2nd Hwr. Bty., 1st Div., C.F.A., France, Mar., '17; Prom. Bdr.; Wound. Oct. 2, '18 (Epinay-Cambrai Offensive); Ret. and Dis. May, '19; Pract. Law, Windsor, Ont.

WILLIAM MORLEY SMITH

B.A. '14, M.A. '16, LL.B. '17; Pte. O.T.C. Mar., '18; Trans. 1st Can. Tank Bn. May, '18; O.S. June, '18; Trans. 2nd C.C.D. May, '19; Prom. a/Sgt.; Ret. and Dis. July, '19; Practising Law with Osler, Hoskin and Harcourt, Toronto.

CHARLES WALTER SMYTH

B.A. '14; Pte. C.A.M.C.; France (Can. S. Hosp. No. 2, Boulogne) Jan., '17; Inv. to Eng. Jan., '18; Ret. Apr., '18; Dis. Aug., '18; Practising Law in Toronto.

DR. F. N. G. STARR

M.B., M.D., C.M., F.A.C.S.; Major R.A.M.C. Sept., '18; O.S. Aug., '18; France, Sept., '18; Trans. No. 53 Gen. Hosp., No. 14 S. Hosp., No. 55 Gen. Hosp., No. 63 C.C.S.; O.C. Surg. Div., No. 8 Stat. H.; Ret. May, '19; Dis. Feb., '19; Practising Medicine, Gen. Hosp., Toronto. (See Honours.)

CLIFFORD LEROY TRELEAVEN

B.A. '14; Cadet R.F.C.; Prom. Flt. Lieut.; Trans. Brit. Bd. of Invention and Research; Ripley, Ont.

CLARENCE ELLIOTT WILLOWS

B.A. '14; P.P.C.L.I. May, '15; O.S. June, '15; France Aug., '15; 2nd Lieut. 8th Bn. London Rgt. (Imp.) Jan., '16; Lieut. July, '17; Trans. R.F.C. Feb., '18; Wound. Sept. 15, '16 (Somme); Ret. and Dis. Oct., '19; Actuarial Work, Industrial Life Assur. Co., Toronto.



JOHN SPENCE REID

B.A. '14, Med. '17; Pte. C.A.M.C. (No. 2 C.C.S.) Feb., '15; O.S. Apr., '15; 2nd Lieut. July, '15 (5th Bn. South Staff. Rgt. Imp. Territorial Force); 1st Lieut. Apr., '16; France Aug., '16; Capt. May, '17; Wound. Apr., '17 (Havrincourt Wood); Dis. May, '18; Ret. June, '18; Attend. Meds. (See Honours.)

HARTLEY GRANT ROBERTSON

B.A. '14; Spr. 5th Div. Sig. Coy. C.E.; 409 Brunswick Avenue, Toronto.

ROSCOE SHERMAN RODD

B.A. '14; Pte. A.M.C., No. 10 M.D., Camp Hughes, Man.; Troop Transport Serv. bet. Can. and Eng.; Trans. A.M.C., No. 6 M.D., Halifax, Oct., '16; Prom. Staff-Sgt.; Dis. Dec., '18; Practising Law, Windsor, Ont.

WILLIAM EWART STAPLES

B.A. '14, M.A. '15, Ed. '15; Spr. Div. Sig. Coy., C.E.; O.S. Feb., '16; St. George St., St. Thomas, Ont.

ROY PERCIVAL STAFFORD

B.A. '14, B.D. '16; Pte. 148th Bn. Feb., '16; O.S. Sept., '16; Lieut. 42nd Bn. R.H.C. Aug., '17; France Nov., '17; Trans. 17th Res. Oct., '18; R. Wound. Aug. 27, '18; Ret. Apr., '19; Dis. June, '19; Meth. Min., Montreal Conf.; Mt. Royal Church, Montreal.

EDMUND SWEET

LL.B. '86; Capt. 215th Bn.; Prom. Maj. Dec., '16; O.S. Apr., '17; 2nd Can. Res. Bn. May, '17; France, 2nd C.O.R.D.; Special Duty H.Q. Shorncliffe; Det. to High Comm. for Can. as Offcr. i/c Passports; Ret. and Dis. Nov., '18; Practising Law, Brantford, Ont.

THOMAS WILLOUGHBY WALKER

B.A. '99, M.B.; Capt. C.A.M.C. June, '16; O.S. Oct., '16; France Mar., '18; Trans. 2nd in Med. No. 15 Can. Gen. Hosp.; O.C. Med. No. 4 C.C.S.; Ret. Feb., '19; Dis. Mar., '19; Practising Med., Saskatoon, Sask.

WALTER B. BARNES

'15; C.A.M.C.; 71 Elm Grove, Toronto.





ACTA VICTORIANA

MARMADUKE PRITCHARD PEARSON

B.A. '15; Gnr. 25th Bty., C.F.A., Mar., '15; O.S. July, '15; France Dec., '15; Lieut. 4th Res. Bn., C. E.F., July, '17; R.N.A.S. Flt. Sub-Lieut. Sept., '17; R.A.F. Mar., '18; Wounded Jan. 24, '17 (Belgium); Ret. and Dis. Sept., '19; 70 West Ave. S., Hamilton, Ont.

ELMER SAMUEL SINCLAIR

B.A. '15; Pte. 1st Can. Tank Bn. Mar., '17; Sgt. Instr. Mar., '18; Rev. to go O.S.; O.S. May, '18; Cpl. May, '18; Ret. and Dis. July, '19; Pastor, Olivet Union Church, Hamilton, Ont.

JOHN ALVIN SURERUS

B.A. '15; Spr. 5th Div. Sig. Coy., C.E., France; Can. Corps Sig H.Q., Wireless Section.

PAUL ANTHONY WILSON WALLACE

B.A. '15; Spr. 5th Div. Sig. Coy., C.E., Aug., '16; O.S. Nov., '16; D.R., H.Q., Shorncliffe, Feb., '18; R. Injured Feb. 25, '18; Ret. Oct., '18; Dis. Nov., '18; Lecturer, Dept. of English, Univ. of Alberta.

WILLIAM ALVY WILKINSON

B.A. '15; Bdr. 4th Bde., C.F.A., Amm. Col., 13th Bty. (Sig.); Courtland, Ont.

ERNEST MERRILL WILSON

B.A. '15; Gnr. 74th Bty., C.F.A., Sept., '16; Prom. Sgt.; O.S. Apr., '17; 2nd Res. Bde., C.R.A., Shorncliffe; Gnr. 1st Siege Bty., C.G.A.; 1085 Wellington St., Ottawa, Ont.

HARWORTH ATKINSON

B.A. '16; Spr. 4th Div. Sig. Coy., C.E.; O.S. Mar., '16; France Oct., '16; Ret. and Dis. July, '19; Law Student at Osgoode Hall.

WILHELM EMET BLATZ

B.A. '15, M.A. '17, Staff Sgt. C.A. M.C.; Engaged in Functional Re-education since May, '17; i/c Physiological Lab., Hart House.



ROY HURLEY RICKARD

B.A. '15; Cpl. U. of T. O.S. Tr. Coy. May, '16; Lieut. 235th Bn. June, '16; O.S. June, '17 (with draft for Imp. Army); Cadet No. 1 R.G.A. Cadet Schl. (Trowbridge, Eng.), July, '17; 2nd Lieut. R.G.A. Dec., '17; France Jan., '18; Ret. and Dis. May '19. (See Honours.)

WILLIAM MILTON SKILLING

B.A. '15; Pte. 81st Bn. Oct., '15; 40th Bty., C.F.A., Dec., '15; 48th Bty., C.F.A., Feb., '16; O.S. Mar., '16 (Offrs. draft for Imp. Army); 2nd Lieut. Nov., '16; 180th Bde., R.F.A., B.E.F., France, Jan., '17; Teeswater, Ont.

JAMES McINTOSH TUTT

B.A. '15; Pte. Tr. Dr. Dr. No. 2 O.S. Sect., C.A.S.C.; Prom. Cpl.; 167 Dalhousie St., Brantford.

GEORGE BROOKS WHITE

B.A. '15; Gnr. 68th Dep. Bty., C. F.A., Aug., '16; O.S. Dec., '16; 1st Res. Bty., C.F.A.; Trans. R.C.H.A. Mar., '17; France Oct., '17; Prom. Bdr. June, '18; Ret. and Dis. May, '19; 1334 Mitchell St., Victoria, B.C.

MANTON ANDERSON WILSON

B.A. '15; Gnr. 14th Bty., C.F.A., Feb., '15; O.S. May, '15; France Sept., '15; Lieut. July, '17; Att. 9th Bty., 1st Bde., C.G.A., Oct., '18; Ret. and Dis. Aug., '19; Law Student, Osgoode Hall.

JAMES WILSON YOUNG

B.A. '15; Pte. U. of T. O.S. Tr. Coy.; 2nd Res. Bn. (P.P.C.L.I.); 6th Res. Bn., C.E.F.; Hatchley Station, Brant Co., Ont.

ROBERT CARMAN BENNETT

'16; Gnr. 4th Bde., C.F.A., Amm. Col., Jan., '15; O.S. Apr., '15; France Sept., '15; Bdr. 15th Bty., 6th Bde., C.F.A., Oct., '15; Lieut. Can. Res. Arty. June, '18; Wound. June, '17 (Yimy); Ret. Apr., '19; Dunnville, Ont. (See Honours.)

WILFRED GEORGE DEVITT BOWLES

B.A. '16; Lieut. 67th O.S. Bty., C. F.A., Nov., '15; O.S. July, '16; France Sept., '16; Wound. Oct. 1, '16 (Somme); Ret. Nov., '16; Dis. Apr., '17; 598 Huron St., Toronto

**EDWARD FREDERICK CHURCH**  
 B.A. '16; Hon. Capt. (Chap.) 1st Bn. C.R.T., July, '16; O.S. Sept., '16; France and Belgium Oct., '16 (No. 1 Construction Bn. C.R.T.); Ret. Dec., '18; Dis. Apr., '19; Min., Elm St. Methodist Church.

**JOHN CULHAM**  
 Occ. Vic. '11-'13, 3rd Yr. '13-'15; Pte. C.A.S.C. Sec. 2; 1st C.C.B.A. P., B.E.F.; Prom. L/Cpl.; 39 Gloucester St., Toronto.

**LOUIS WILLIAM DIPPELL**  
 B.A. '16; Cadet 25th Fld. Bty., C. F.A., Mar., '15; O.S. Aug., '15; France Jan., '16; Trans. 67th Bty., 16th Bde., C.F.A., Aug., '18, Russia; Ret. and Dis. July, '19; Attend. Vic. (IV). (See Honours.)

**GORDON WESTOVER DOOLITTLE**  
 '16; Pte. Eaton M.G. Bty. Feb., '15; O.S. June, '15; France June, '16; 2nd Lieut. 11th Gloucestershire Regt. Jan., '16; 14th Royal Welsh Fusiliers June, '16; R.F.C. Oct., '16; Prom. Lieut. Apr., '17; Ret. Dec., '18; Dis. Mar., '19; 619 Sherbourne st., Toronto.

**SAMUEL ROY GREER**  
 '16; Gnr. 14th Bty., C.F.A.; Trans. Lieut. 19th Bty., 4th Bde., C.F.A.; Wound. Oct. 22, '16; Trench Fever May, '18; Ret. to duty May 17, '18; Ret. May, '19; Box 933, Moose Jaw, Sask. (See Honours.)

**WILFRED CROSSAN JAMES**  
 B.A. '16; Lieut. 124th Bn. Dec., '15; Toronto Mob. Centre July, '16; 1st Can. Tank Bn. Apr., '18; O.S. June, '18; Ret. Dec., '18; Dis. Jan., '19; '18; Ret. Dec., '18; Dis. Jan., '19.

**HENRY EDEY MAGEE**  
 B.A. '16; Spr. Div. Sig. Coy. Dec., '15; O.S. Mar., '16; France and Belgium Oct., '16; Trans. C.E., Cable Sec., Aug., '16; Cpl. Aug., '16; Sgt., '18; Supervising Prin. Toronto Classes, Soldiers' Aid Comm. (See Honours.)

**WILLIAM MOSS McDONALD**  
 B.A. '16; Spr. Div. Sig. Coy.; Chesley, Ont.



**PERCY DANIEL**  
 B.A. '16; Gnr. 25th Bty., C.F.A. 2-7-16

**PERCY DANIEL**  
 B.A. '16; Spr. Div. Sig. Coy., C.E.; O.S. France '16; France, '18; 29 York Ave., Toronto.

**JOHN FRANKLIN DOCHERTY**  
 B.A. '16, Med. '19; Surg. Sub-Lieut. R.N. Surgeon Prob., Apr., '17; O.S. Apr., '17; Mediterranean Sea, Bay of Biscay, North Sea, Ret. Apr., '18; Attending Meds.

**STANLEY HERBERT GREENSLADE**  
 B.A. '16; Lieut. Y.M.C.A. (Eng) Dec., '16; Att. Can. Hosp. Nov., '18

**CHARLES WILBUR HARRIS**  
 '16, Meds; Pte. (Lab. Asst.) No. 4 Gen. Hosp., C.A.M.C.; R.N.V.R., H.M.S. "Red Gauntlet," Surg. Prob. Sub-Lieut.; Ret. Nov., '18; Completing Course; 1276 King St. W., Toronto.

**THOMAS MAX KERRISH**  
 B.A. '16, Lieut. Att. 75th Bn., O.S. Aug., '16; France Oct., '16 (124th Bn.); Trans. 52nd Bn. Oct., '16; R.F.C. June, '17; Lieut. Oct., '17, a/Flt. Cmdr.; Gassed Apr., '17 (Vimy); Trench Fever; Ret. June, '19; 386 John St. N., Hamilton, Ont.

**FREDERICK MANNING**  
 B.A. '16, Capt. Y.M.C.A., R.M.D., Gowanstown, Ont.

**WILLIAM WEBSTER McLAUGHLIN**  
 B.A. '16; Lieut. 166th Bn., Med. Unit for O.S., School of Musk No. 2 M.D., 82 Bedford Row, Toronto.



HAROLD PERCY HERINGTON

B.A. '16; Pte. 4th Coy., P.P.C.L.I., Dec. '15; O.S. July, '16; France Aug., '16; Spr. 3rd Div. Sig. Coy. Apr., '17-Oct., '18; Ret. Mar., '19; 38 Nina Ave., Toronto.

GEORGE ADAMS McMULLEN

B.A. '16; Spr. Div. Sig. Coy. Feb., '16; O.S. May, '16; France, Jan., '17; Prom. Cpl., Aug., '17; Sgt. 8th Bde. Army F.A. Sig. Sub-Sec.; Para-typhoid Oct. 8, '17; Inv. to Eng. Nov., '17; Ret. Feb., '19; 23 Norwood Road, Toronto.

EZRA HENRY MOSS

B.A. '16; For. Staff; Spr. Div. Sig. Coy., C.E., 5th Div.; L/Cpl. Sept., '16; Cpl. Nov., '16; Sgt. Feb., '17; France; Thorndale, Ont. (See Honours.)

JAMES PLINY SYLVAN  
NETHERCOTT

Ed. '10-'11, B.A. '16; Sgt. U. of T. O.S. Tr. Coy. Mar., '16; Lieut. 1st Can. Tank Bn.; O.S. June, '18; Ret. and Dis. July, '19; Bothwell, Ont.

DAVID HALLIDAY PORTER

B.A. '16; Secty. Imperial Y.M.C.A. May, '17; O.S. June, '17; Mesopotamia Sept., '17; Ret. June, '19; Min., Donlands Ave. Methodist Church, Toronto.

GUIDO ROSSI

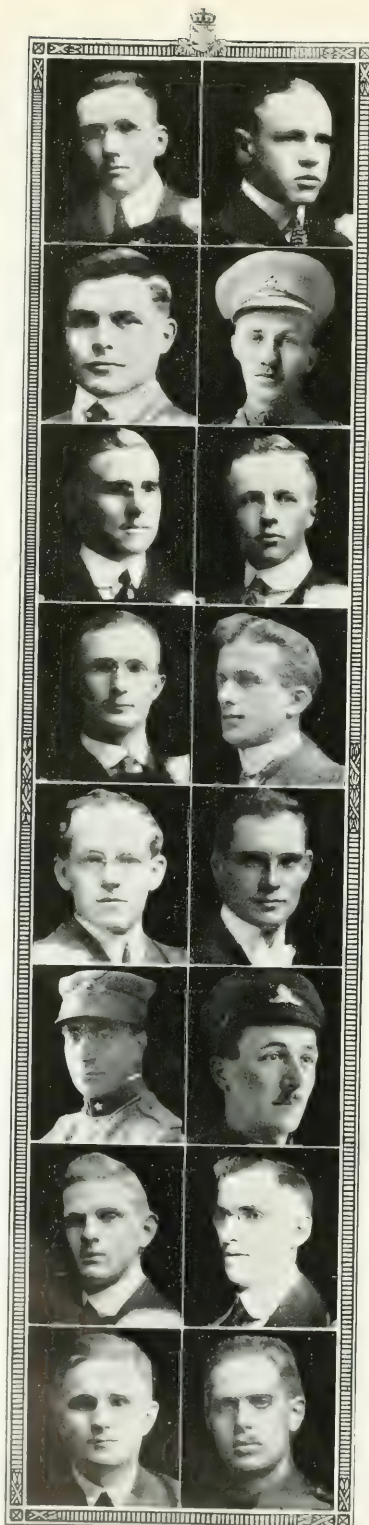
B.A. '16; Sottolotente 2 Regg. Genio, Italy; 112 Zappatori, 44 Divisione; Wound. (Caporetto); Dis., '19.

KENNETH VERN STRATTON

B.A. '16; 2nd Lieut. 12th Res. Bn., Royal Warwickshire Rgt; Flt. Sub-Lieut. R.N.A.S., H.M.S. "Nimrod," Sept., '16; Flt. Lieut. 10th Naval Sq.; Injured in crash Jan., '17; Inv. to Canada Mar., '17; Attending Osgoode Hall.

CLARENCE LEAR WHITE

B.A. '16; Sgt. 156th Bn. Feb., '16; O.S. Oct., '16; France Mar., '18 (Pte. 21st Can. Bn.); Lieut. 21st Can. Bn. Oct., '18; Ret. Jan., '19; Dis. Feb., '19; Sun Life Assur. Co., Toronto.



ERNEST CYRUS McLEAN

B.A. '16; Spr. 5th Div. Sig. Coy., C.E., Feb., '16; O.S. May, '16; Ret. and Dis. July, '19; Spencerville, Ont.; Attend. F. of E.

EDWIN ROY CLIFFORD  
MEREDITH

B.A. '16; Lieut. 62nd Bn. (Sig. O.); 29th Bn., 2nd Div., B.E.F.; H.Q. Staff 2nd Can. Inf. Bde.; T/Capt. "Canada," Jan., '18; Ret. Apr., '19. (See Honours.)

WENDELL MELVILLE  
MUSGROVE

B.A. '16; Lieut. 176th Bn. Feb., '16; Capt. Jan., '17; O.S. Apr., '17; Att. H.Q. Staff 51st (Highland) Div., July, '17; 4th Corps H.Q. Apr., '18; Ret. May, '19; 12 Huron St., Niagara Falls, Ont.

GEORGE HAROLD POLDON

'16; Pte. C.A.M.C. (No. 4 Can. Gen. Hosp. U. of T.); Norwich, Ont.

DeWILLET STANLEY PUFFLER

'16; Pte. No. 4 Can. Gen. Hosp. Mar., '15; O.S. May, '15; Cpl. Sept., '15; Sgt. Nov., '15; Greece Nov., '15; Staff-Sgt. Sept., '16; Trench Fever (Balkans), Dysentery (Egypt), Malaria (Salonica); Ret. and Dis. Nov., '17; 49 Grenadier Road, Toronto.

ROBERT LLOYD SEAMAN

'16; Gnr. 14th Bty., C.F.A., Mar., '15; O.S. Aug., '15; France Sept., '15; 26th and 18th Bty., 16th Bde., C.F.A., Archangel Ex. Force, Sept., '18; Prom. Cpl.; R. Gassed Nov. 13, '17 (Passchendaele), Feb., '18 (Lens); Ret. and Dis. July, '19; Attend. Vic. (See Honours.)

WILLIAM FITZGERALD WARD

'16; Pte. 12th Res. Bn., W Sandling Camp.; Wilton Grove, Ont.

ARTHUR ROY WILLMOTT

B.A. '16; Pte. U. of T. O.S. Tr. Coy. Sept., '16; O.S. June, '17; Lieut. (Imp.); France, No. 6 Area Sig. Detach., Mar., '18; No. 5 Area Sig. Detach. May, '18; O.C. 84th Motor Airline Sec. Sept., '18-Jan., '19; Dis. July, '19; Law Student, Osgoode. (See Honours.)

DAVID BRUCE WILSON

B.A. '16, Med. '19; Gnr. 67th Bty., C.F.A., Mar., '17; O.S. Apr., '17; 119th Bn. June, '17; Surg. Prob. Sub-Lieut., R.N.V.R., Sept., '17, H.M.S. "Afridi"; Ostend-Zeebrugge Patrol (Dover and Dunkirk); Ret. May, '18; Dis. Sept., '19; Attend. Meds. '20.

WILLIAM ZIMMERMAN

B.A. '16; Lieut. Depot Regt., C.M. R., Apr., '17; Dis. Aug., '18.

THOMAS GORDON WILLIAM ASHBOURNE

B.A. '17; Pte. U. of T. O.S. Tr. Coy. Apr., '16; Cpl. May, '16; Sgt. Aug., '16; O.S. Mar., '17; 2nd Lieut., R. G.A., Aug., '17; France Oct., '17; Lieut. Feb., '19; Gassed Oct., '17; Ret. and Dis. Mar., '19; 435 Palmcrston Blvd., Toronto.

BRUCE CLEMENT BEASLEY

'17; Pte. Div. Sig. Coy., C.E.; O.S. Sept., '18 (Imp. Draft U. of T. O.S. Tr. Coy.); 198 Sherman Ave. S., Hamilton, Ont.

EDMUND CHARLES BELL

'17, Meds '20; Gnr. 50th Bty., C.F. A., Apr., '16; O.S. Sept., '16; France Mar., '17 (4th Bty., C.F.A.); Dis. Nov., '18; Attend. Meds. (III).

HAROLD EDWIN BOWES

Arts '13-'15-'17; Pte. U. of T. O.S. Tr. Coy.; O.S. Jan., '18; Cadet Royal Arty.; Prom. 2nd Lieut.; Lieut., Trans. Tank Corps; Box 375, Ingersoll, Ont.

HAROLD DUKE BROWN

'17, Ed. '11-'12; Gnr. 14th Bty.; C. F.A., Feb., '15; O.S. May, '15; France Sept., '15; Lieut. June, '17; 5th Bty. Res. Bde., C.F.A., Shorncliffe; Ret. and Dis. July, '19; Attend. Vic. (III).

NORMAN PERCIVAL CAVEN

B.A. '17; Spr. Div. Sig. Coy., C.E., Jan., '17; O.S. Apr., '17; France May, '18; Can. Corps Tramways, C.E.; Prom. I./Cpl. Sept., '18; Ret. Apr., '19; Attend. Vic. (Theol.).



DAVID WILSON WRIGHT

B.A. '16; O.S. Sept., '16; Capt. and Bn. A.I. Sept., '18; France; 133 Elmwood Ave., London, Ont.

JOHN JAMES ADDY

'17, Spr. 4th Div. Sig. Coy., Mar., '16; O.S. June, '16; Bdr. Arty. Apr., '17; France Sept., '17; 321 Rusholme Road, Toronto.

DALLAS WETMORE BATFS

'17; Cadet Amer. Army C.O.T.C., City College, N. Y.; Dis. Dec., '18; Attend. Vic. (IV).

ALFRED HANNAN BELL

B.A. '17; Spr. 5th Div. Sig. Coy. Feb., '16; O.S. May, '16; France Apr., '17; Prom. Cpl., Att. Can. Corps Heavy Arty., May, '17; Ret. and Dis. July, '19; 90½ Queen St. Niagara Falls, Ont.

R. G. BIRRELL

B.A. '17; Pinkerton, Ont.

ARTHUR HUNTINGTON BROWN

'17; Gnr. 25th Bty., C.F.A. Mar., '15; O.S. Aug., '15; France Aug., '15; Wound. 1) Oct. 12, '16 (Somme), (2) Nov. 10, '17 (Passchendaele), (3) Sept. 28, '18 (Somme); Ret. and Dis. Mar., '19; 2302 Scarth St., Regina, Sask.

STEPHEN BUTT

B.A. '17; Pte. U. of T. O.S. Tr. Coy. Apr., '16; C.S.M., O.T.C., Mar., '17; Set. Mar. Jan., '18, Lieut. 20th M. G. Coy., C.E.F. (Siberia), Oct., '18; Siberia Jan., '19; Ret. May, '19; Dis. June, '19; Attend. Vic. (I); 107 L. Burwash Hall, Toronto.

HARRY WALLACE CHENEY

'17; Lieut. 4th Univ. Coy., P.P.C. I.I., Sept., '15; O.S. Nov., '15; Bde. Sig. Offr., C.E., Shoreham, Dec., '17; France June, '18 (2nd Div. C.E. Signals); Attend. Vic. (IV). (See Honours.)

HERBERT SULLIVAN COBB

'17; Pte. 3rd Can. Div. Train. Dec., '15; O.S. Dec., '15; France Jan., '16; Trans. to 2nd Can. Inf. Bn. Nov., '17; Lieut. Aug., '18; Ret. and Dis. Apr., '19; Attend. Vic. for B.D.

LESLIE ALBERT CONN

'17; Pte. C.A.M.C. No. 4 Gen. Hosp., Mar., '15; O.S. May, '15; Salonica Nov., '15; Prom. Cpl., Ret. and Dis. July, '19, Thornbury Ont.

WILLIAM SPAFFORD DYER

B.A. '17; Pte. U. of T. O.S. Tr. Coy Oct., '16; O.S. Mar., '17; 2nd Lieut. R.F.A. Sept., '17; France Nov., '17; Ed. Offr. 152nd Bde. R.F.A. Nov., '18; Gassed (Hazebrouck) May, '18; Ret. and Dis. July, '19; Post-Grad. Work. Geol., U. of T.

CLARENCE BRADEN FISHER

B.A. '17; Gnr. 67th O.S. Depot Bty Oct., '16; O.S. Mar., '17; 2nd Lieut. R.F.C.; France and Belgium July, '17; Lieut. 56th Sq. Apr., '18; Ferry Pilot, Hosp. (Eng.), Nov., '17; Ret. and Dis. Mar., '19; Publisher; Y.M.C.A., St. John, N.B.

WILFRED H. GOODMAN

'18; Spr. Div. Sig. Coy., C.E. '15; Howland Ave., Toronto.

ARTHUR HAMPSON

'17; Gnr. 4th C.F.A., Bde. Amm. Col., Feb., '15; O.S. May, '15; France Sept., '15 (No. 2 Sect. C.A. D.C., C.F.A.); Prom. Cpl.; Lieut. Dec., '18; Ret. and Dis. Aug., '19; R.R. No. 5, Fenwick, Ont. Attend. Vic. (III). (See Honours.)

W. G. HARDY

B.A. '17, M.A., Staff; Pte. U. of T. O.S. Tr. Coy.; Dis. Med. Unit; Staff U. and V.

W. E. HENRY

'17, Markham, Ont.



EDWARD PIERCE CONGDON

'17; Pte. C.A.M.C. No. 4 Gen. Hosp., Mar., '15; O.S. May, '15; Salonica Nov., '15; 2nd Lieut. 20th Bn., King's R. Rifle Corps, Sept., '17; France Nov., '17; Prom. Lieut. Mar., '19; Trench Fever Jan., '18; Ret. and Dis. June, '19; Attend. Vic. (III)

ROBERT FRANCIS B. COOLEY

B.A. '17; Cadet; Attend. Vic. (Post. Grad.).

ERNEST WALTER EDMONDS

'17; Spr. 5th Div. Sig. Coy., C.E., May, '16; O.S. Sept., '16; France June, '17; 3rd Div. Sig. Coy.; Gassed (Hill 70) Night of Sept. 4-5, '17; Ret. and Dis. Mar., '19; Attend. F. of E.

JOHN HENDERSON GARDEN

B.A. '17; Pte. 98th Bn. Mar., '16; U. of T. O.S. Tr. Coy. Dec., '16; C.F.C. Mar., '17; Prom. Sgt.; C.S.M. Apr., '17; B.S.M. Aug., '17; Lieut. Feb., '18; France, Att. Y.M.C.A. (Supervisor Y.M.C.A. work with C.F.C.), Mar., '18; Capt. Oct., '18; Injured, Red. of Category; Ret. and Dis. June, '19; Meth. Min., Attend. Vic.

JOHN FREDERICK GUENTHER

'17; Gnr. 67th O.S. Depot Bty., C. F.A., Apr., '16; O.S. June, '16; 2nd Res. Bty., C.F.A., 83rd Hwr. Bty., C.F.A., 51st Hwr. Bty., C.F.A., Mar., '17; France Aug., '17; Ret. and Dis. July, '19; Attend. Vic. (IV.).

RALPH WILLIARD HARDY

'17; Spr. 12th Can. Inf. Bde., Sig. Sect., Feb., '16; Prom. L/Cpl.; O.S. Mar., '16; France Aug., '16; Cpl. Feb., '18; Sgt. Sept., '18; Slightly Gassed Dec., '17; Ret. and Dis. July, '19; Attend. Vic. (III). (See Honours.)

THOMAS WETHERILL

HAZLEWOOD

'17; Pte. 234th O.S. Bn. Apr., '16; Prom. Staff-Sgt. Apr., '16; Dis., Medy. Unfit, Dec., '16; Meth. Min., Wallace Circuit, Listowel, Ont.

PERCY KILLBOURNE

HEYWOOD

'17; Lieut. 4th Univ. Coy., P.P.C. L.L. Sept., '15; O.S. Nov., '15; France May, '16 (1st Can. M.G. Coy.); Trench Fever Oct., '17; Inv. to Hosp. (Etaples, then Prince of Wales Hosp., London); Ret. Dec., '17; 184 Oakwood Ave., Toronto. (See Honours.)



FOSTER HILLIARD

'17; Spr. 4th Div. Sig. Coy. Jan., '16; O.S. Mar., '16; France Oct., '16; Trans. Sig. Coy., 12th Can. Inf. Bde., Feb., '17; L/Cpl. Feb., '19; C.E.R.D., Seaford, Mar., '19; Ret. and Dis. July, '19; Attend. Vic. (III). (See Honours.)

WILLIAM JOHN HENRY HUSTON

'17; Spr. 3rd Div. Sig. Coy., C.E., Jan., '16; O.S. Mar., '16; France Aug., '16; to C.E.R.D., Seaford, Jan., '18; A/Cpl. Sept., '18; Gassed (Passchendaele) Nov. 18, '17; Ret. and Dis. July, '19; Attend. Vic. (IV.).

ERNEST WILLIAM JEWITT

'17; Pte. 2nd Fld. Amb. Depot Oct., '15; O.S. Mar., '16; France May, '16 (10th Fld. Amb., 3rd Can. Div. Arty); Ret. and Dis. Mar., '19; Attend. Vic. (III.).

SEIZABURO KIMURA

'17; Pte. C.A.M.C. (4th Gen. Hosp.) Mar., '15; O.S. May, '15; Salonica Oct., '15; (1) Malaria twice in Salonica, (2) Malaria in England, Dec., '17, (3) Sick in Hosp., Jan., '19; Attend. Vic. (III.).

ROY WALTER LENT

'17; Pte. M.G. Sec. 20th Bn.; Lieut. Jan., '17; 5th Can. Res. Bn., W. Sandling, Kent; 106 Alexander St., Toronto.

JOHN CARLISLE POMEROY MAGWOOD

'17; Pte. Eaton M.G. Bty.; 2nd Lieut. R.A.F.; "A" Bty. 110th Bde. Feb., '18; (1) Wound. Aug. 23, '16, Trench Fever Dec. 13, '17, (2) G. S.W., rt. shoulder, severe, Mar. 28, '17, (3) Wound. Aug. 20, '18; Attend. Osgoode.

LESTER BOWLES PEARSON

'17, B.A. '19; Pte. C.A.M.C. (No. 4 Gen. Hosp.) Apr., '15; O.S. May, '15; Salonica Oct., '15; Cpl.; Lieut. 4th Res. Bn., C.E.F., Aug., '17; R. F.C. Oct., '17; Invalided Can. Apr., '18; Instr. in Can. R.A.F.; Accident, injured (Hendon), Dec. 15, '17; Unfit Apr., '18; Dis. Apr., '19; 37 Liverpool St., Guelph, Ont.

JOHN FREDERICK REED

B.A. '17; Spr. Div. Sig. Coy., C.E., Jan., '17; O.S. Apr., '17; Prom. L/Cpl.; Ret. Mar., '19; Attend. F. of E.



GORDON ROY HUKINS

'17; Gnr. 63rd Bty., C.F.A.; Prom. Sgt.; 66 Dawes Road, Toronto. Attend. Vic. (III.).

GEORGE MEREDITH HUYCKE

'17; Lieut. 2nd Bn., 1st Can. Div. Res. Bde., C.F.A., Shorncliffe; France 3rd Hosp. 11th Div. Wound. May, '17; Ret. Sept., '17; Engleboro, Peterboro, Ont.

STANLEY ROGERS JOHNSTON

'17; Dr. C.A.S.C. Dec., '15; O.S. Dec., '15; France Feb., '16 (3rd Can. Div. Train); Lieut. May, '17; Trans. 78th Bn. Sept., '17; Y.M.C.A. Sept., '18; Wound, gas shell, July 29, '18 (near Arras); Ret. and Dis. Sept., '19; Attend. Vic. (III. and C.T.).

DANIEL AUSTIN LANE

B.A. '17; Pte. U. of T. O.S. Coy. Apr., '16; O.S. Aug., '16; Persia Mar., '17; Censor S. Persian Rifles; 1st Lieut.; Interpreter, Bunder Abbas, Persia; Capt. Mar., '18, India; Now Attend. Cambridge; 40 J. A. Lane R.R. No. 1, St. Ann's, Ont.

NORVILLE EDWARD LUCK

'13-'16; Hon. Capt. Y.M.C.A.; O.S. Jan., '17; France Aug., '17; 1st Can. Corps, France, May, '18; Ret. and Dis. Sept., '19; Attend. Vic. (IV.).

CLARENCE ROBERT NIMMO

'17; Gnr. 63rd Bty., C.F.A.; Prom. Sgt.; 66 Dawes Road, Toronto.

MERRITT PRICE

'17; Pte. 2nd Univ. Coy., P.P.C.L.I., Apr., '15; O.S. June, '15; France July, '15; 2nd Lieut. 12th Essex Regt. Sept., '15; Lieut. July, '16; Trans. Instl. Staff as Topog. Instr. and Capt. June, '17; Mar. Oct. '18; Ret. Apr., '19; Dis. Aug., '19; Meth. Min. Whitevale, Ont.

NORMAN WESLEY RYLANDS

B.A. '17; Spr. 5th Div. Sig. Coy. C.E., May, '16; O.S. Aug., '16; Shorncliffe, Injured (lost sight of left eye); Ret. Winter, '17; Attend. F. of E.

**GEORGE ARTHUR RICHARDSON**  
 '17; Gnr., O.S. Sept., '16; Prom. Bdr. Jan., '17; France Aug., '17; Cpl. Feb., '18; Sgt. Mar., '19; Ret. and Dis. June, '19; Attend. O.A.C. Guelph, Ont.

**JOHN ROSS ROBERTSON**  
 '17; C.A.S.C. (M.T.) May, '16; O.S. Nov., '16; France Feb., '17; Dr. 1st Bn., C.R.T., M.T.; Prob. Flt. Officer. R.N.A.S. Jan., '18; 2nd Lieut. R.A.F. June, '18; Wound., left knee (Ypres), Aug. 15, '18; Ret. Nov., '18; Dis. Mar., '19; Engaged in Electrical Work, Gravenhurst Ont.

**ALBERT ROGER SELF**  
 B.A. '17; Spr. Div. Sig. Coy., C.E., May, '17; O.S. Nov., '17; Dis. and Trans. Admiralty for Scientific Research, Nov., '17; Ret. May, '19; Attend. U. of T.

**HAROLD NELSON SHEPPARD**  
 Vic. '17, Ed. '11-'12; Pte. C.A.M.C., Tr. Depot No. 2 M.D., Aug., '17; Dis. Dec., '18; Teaching in Toronto Pub. Schls.; 54 Denison Ave. Toronto.

**ANTONY GEORGE ALLEN SPENCE**  
 B.A. '17; Flt. Sub-Lieut. R.N.A.S. Nov., '15; O.S. Nov., '16; France May, '17; Trans. No. 1 Naval Sq. June, '17; Staff, England, May, '18; Wounded. (near Nieuport, Belgium) Nov. 6, '18; Leave Dec., '17-Jan., '18; Ret. and Dis. Apr., '19; Finance, 60 Victoria St., Toronto.

**BENSON SMITH SUMMERS**  
 '17; Pte. 4th Can. Div. Sig. Coy. Jan., '16; O.S. Mar., '16; France Aug., '16; Hon. Lieut. Can. Y.M.C.A. May, '18; Rep. Wounded and Gassed (Passchendaele) Nov. 16, '17; Ret. and Dis. Aug., '19; Attend. Vic. (IV.). (See Honours.)

**ROBERT GARNER THOMPSON**  
 '17, B.A. '19; Cadet C.O.T.C. Nov., '15; O.S. Jan., '16; 2nd Lieut. Jan., '16; France July, '16; Lieut. July, '17; Accident while flying in Norfolk, England, 28, 17, Ret. May, '18; Dis. Mar., '19; Attend. Vic. for B.D. (See Honours.)

**NORMAN WESLEY WHITMORE**  
 '17; Spr. 4th Div. Sig. Coy. Jan., '16; O.S. Mar., '16; France and Belgium Aug., '16; Ret. and Dis. July, '19; Attend. Vic. (IV.).



**WILLIAM WRAY RIDGE**  
 '17; Meds.; Pte. 35th Bn.; Prom. L/Cpl. June, '15; Cpl. Sept., '15; Sgt. Mar., '16; France Apr., '16; (58th Bn.); L/Cpl. May, '16; Sgt. Sept., '16 (Somme); Lieut. Apr., '17; Wound. Sept. 16, '16 (Sugar Trench, Somme); Ret. Mar., '19; Attend. Meds. (I.).

**HAROLD FERRIS SANDERS**  
 '17; Pte. C.A.S.C. Oct., '16; O.S. Nov., '16; Cpl. M.T. Stores Q.M.G., London, Dec., '16-Mar., '18; Rev. to Pte.; France Apr., '18 (2nd Can. R.S.D.); Ret. July, '19; Dis. Aug., '19; Attend. Vic. (III.).

**ERNEST WESLEY CUBITT SHARPE**  
 B.A. '17; R.F.C.; 15 Lonsdale Road, Toronto.

**GORDON MERRITT SHRUM**  
 '17; Gnr. 67th O.S. Depot Bty. Apr., '16; O.S. Oct., '16; France Dec., '16 (29th Bty., 11th Bde., C.F.A.); 36th Bty., C.F.A., Apr., '17; Wound. (Passchendaele) Oct. 25, '17; Ret. Mar., '19; Dis. Apr., '19; Attend. Vic. (IV.). (See Honours.)

**ROBERT EDWARD STEWART**  
 '17; Pte. 208th Bn. July, '16; O.S. May, '17; France Feb., '18 (54th Bn.); Ret. and Dis. July, '19; Attend. Vic. (IV.). (See Honours.)

**HAROLD FRANK SWANN**  
 '17; Gnr. 14th Bty., C.F.A., Feb., '15; O.S. May, '15; France Sept., '15; Prom. Lieut.; Wound. Feb., '18 (Lens); Attend. Vic. (III.).

**HAROLD ABERDEEN TIMMINS**  
 B.A. '17; Gnr. 67th O.S. Depot Bty. May, '16; O.S. Oct., '16; France Dec., '16 (20th Bty., C.F.A.); Prom. Bdr. Dec., '17; Lieut. Oct., '18; Wound. May 3, '18 (Neuville Vitasse); Ret. Feb., '19; Dis. Mar., '19; Attend. Osgoode (II.).

**RALPH LEEMING WHITNEY**  
 B.A. '17; Pte. 201st Bn. Mar., '16; Trans. 198th Bn.; Prom. Sgt. Aug., '16; O.S. Feb., '17; France Apr., '18; Cadet Nov., '18; Attend. Vic. (for M.A. and B.D.).

**ELMO LINFIELD ASHBOURNE**

'18; Prob. Offcr. R.N.C.V.R. July, '17; Sub-Lieut. Aug. '17; Atlantic Patrols: Dis. Apr. '19; Attend. Vic. (III.)

**JAMES WILLIAM AUSTIN**

'18; Spr. 4th Div. Sig. Coy., C.E., Feb. '16; Trans. 1st Div. Sig. Coy., C.E.; Attend. Meds. (I.); Renfrew, Ont.

**GEORGE GORDON BROWN**

'18; Gnr. 26th Bty. Mar., '15; O.S. Aug. '15; France Jan., '16; Trans. 17th Bty., C.F.A., Mar., '17; Wound. Sept. 27, '18 (Canal du Nord); Ret. May, '19; Dis. Sept., '19; Attend. Vic. (II.)

**ROSCOE T. CHAPIN**

'18; 2/Air Mech. R.F.C. (89 C.T.S.) July, '17; Prom. 1/Air Mech. Jan., '18; R.A.F., Cpl/Mech. Jan., '18; Sgt/Mech. Sept., '18; Dis. Jan., '19; Attend. Vic. (Theol.)

**JACK HARVIE CREIGHTON**

'18; Lieut. Super. 134th Bn. Dec., '15; O.S. Aug., '16 (draft); France Sept., '16 (15th Bn.); Temp'y Unit Jan., '18; Att. 1st. Dep. Bn., 1st C.O.R., Niagara; 2nd Can. Tank Bn. Sept., '18; O.S.; Wound. (1) July 29, '17, (2) Nov. 9, '17; Ret. and Dis. Apr., '19; Attend. Vic. (III.)

**ROY M. GEIGER**

'18, B.A. '19; Spr. Div. Sig. Coy., C.E., July, '16; O.S. Nov., '16; France May, '17; R. Wound. Sept. 13, '17 (Lens); Ret. Apr., '18; Dis. Sept., '18; Zurich, Ont.; Meth. Min., Toronto Conf.

**RICHARD SANFIELD HOSKING**

'18; Spr. 3rd Div. Sig. Coy. Jan., '16; O.S. Mar., '16; France Oct., '16 (4th Div. Sig. Co., C.E.); Cadet Schl. of Gunnery; Ret. and Dis. Feb., '19; III (Lens), my to Eng. June 11, '17; Attend. Vic. (IV.)

**FREDERICK CECIL JENNINGS**

Ed. '08-'09, '18, B.A. '19; Lieut. M.G. Sec. 153rd Bn. Jan., '16; Maj. i/c "A" Coy. Sept., '16; Trans. Cas. No. 1 M.D. Apr., '17; Dis. June, '17; 54 The Lindens, Bain Ave., Toronto.



**ALLAN McNIECE AUSTIN**

'18; Lieut. 130th Bn., C.E.F., Nov., '15; Gnr. Jan. '16; France, 5th Queen's Light Inf., '16; France, Aug. '16; 1st Light Inf., '16; 1st Can. Exp. Coy. 1st Div., '18; in India; Adm. Capt. Nov., '18; Prom. Capt.; Wound. Nov. 3, '16 (L. Transl.); Ret. Aug. 29, '19; Attend. Vic. (III.)

**GEORGE ERNEST BOTT**

'18; Spr. Div. Sig. Coy., C.E.; Trans. 5th Div., C.E.; Prom. Cpl.; Sgt.; Attend. Vic. (II.)

**ROY CROOKER CALDER**

'18, B.A. '19; O.S. Mar., '17; 2nd Lieut. Imp. Army, R.G.A.; France Oct., '17 (24th Siege Bty., R.G.A.); Wound. Oct. '17 (Hazel); Dis. Oct., '18; Grimby, Ont.

**NORMAN DWIGHT CLARKE**

'18; Pte. 5th Univ. Coy., P.P.C.L.I., Nov., '15; O.S. Apr. '16; France, June, '16; Wounded, Aug. 27, '17 (Lens); Hosp. in Eng. Oct. '17; Ret. Feb., '18; Dis. Mar., '18; 90 Glen Road, Toronto.

**PERCIVAL HENRY GALIWAY**

'18; Pte. 182nd Bn. Feb., '16; Prom. Cpl. Jan., '17; Orderly Rm. Sgt.; O.S. Apr., '17; Estevan, Sask.; Attend. Oxtord.

**LEVI HALFYARD**

'18, B.A. '19; Gnr. 67th U. of T. Bty. May, '18; Sgt. 2nd Can. Tank Bn.; O.S. Sept., '18; Ret. and Dis. Dec., '18; Meth. Min., Thornloe Mission, New Ontario.

**ROBERT JOSEPH IRWIN**

'18, Pte. 227th O.S. Bn. May, '16; Prom. Sgt. June, '16; Hon. Capt. (Clap) Oct., '16; O.S. Apr., '17; France June, '18; Ret. Sept., '19; Attend. Vic. (IV.)

**JOHN HAROLD KERR**

'18; Lieut. 19th (Western Univ.) Bn. Mar., '16; O.S. Nov., '16; Trans. Can. Sig., C.E., July, '17; France Jan., '18; 2nd Can. Div. Sig. Coy., C.E., as Wireless Officer; Ret. and Dis. June, '19; in business with Kerr-Mitg. Co. Vancouver, B.C.



WILLIAM WARNER LANG

'18; Sgt. C.A.S.C. June, '15; Lieut. R.F.C.; O.S. Nov., '15; France Jan., '16; Injured by fall May, '16; Inv. to Eng. June, '16; Inv. to Eng. Mar., '17; Ret. July, '17; Dis. Dec., '18; Instr. N. Western Univ.; Attend. Osgoode (II).

WILLIAM FREDERICK LANG-FORD

'18; Spr. Div. Sig. Coy.; L/Cpl. Jan., '17; Sgt. Apr., '17; France; Att. Arty.; Attend. Vic. (III).

DOUGLAS W. S. MCKENZIE

'18; Pte. 92nd Bn. July, '15; France (42nd Bn.); (1) Shell shock (Somme) Oct., '16; (2) Wound. (Vimy) Apr. 9, '17; Inv. to Can. Mar., '18; Attend. Vic. (II).

RAYMOND HART MASSEY

'18; Lieut. 30th Bty., C.F.A., Aug., '15; O.S. Nov., '15; France Feb., '16; Instr. M.G. Depot. No. 2 M.D., '16-'17; A/Capt. June, '17; Instr. Yale Univ. O.T.C. Oct., '17; Lieut. 85th Bty., C.F.A. (Siberia), Sept., '18; (1) Wound. (St. Eloi) May 14, '16; (2) Shell-shock June, '16 (Evac.); Ret. and Dis. May, '19; Attend. Oxford.

WILFRED BERRY ANDERSON

'18; Pte. 1st Can. Tank Bn. U. of T. Apr., '18; O.S. June, '18; Ret. and Dis. May, '19; Studying Law. Winnipeg; Add. Lucknow, Ont.

HENRY GEORGE MINGAY

'18; Spr. Cable Sec. Corps Sig. C.E., France; Box 98, Warren, Ont.

RALPH JAMES NEELANDS

'18; Spr. Div. Sig. Coy., C.E., Apr., '17; O.T. Course (London), '16; 1495<sup>th</sup> Bn. Prom. Sgt.; Cadet R.A.F.; Attend. Meds. (II)

ALFRED EVERETT CULLEY PENTLAND

'18; Gnr. 67th Bty., C.F.A., Mar., '16; O.S. June, '16; France Nov., '16 (HQ. 2nd C.D.A.C.); 4th Sec. 2nd C.D.A.C. Mar., '17; 20th Bty., C.F.A. May, '17; Inv. Eng. Jan., '18 (Bronchitis); Ret. France '18; Ret. and Dis. July, '19; Attend. Vic. (III).



HOWARD DAVID LANGFORD

'18; Lieut. Sig. Offer, 227th Bn. Apr., '16; O.S. Apr., '17; France Nov., '17 (4th C.M.R. Bn.); Att. 8th Lt. T.M. Bty. Dec., '17; Wound. Sept. 29, '18; Ret. and Dis. Dec., '18; Attend. Vic. (IV).

DANIEL MACLEAN, JR.

'18; Pte. U. of T. O.S. Tr. Coy.; O.S. Jan., '16; Surrey Regt., France, July, '16; Inv. Eng. Nov., '16 (Somme); R.A.F. May, '17; France Sept., '17; Lieut. Nov., '17; Wound. Apr. 1, '18; Indef. Leave Nov., '18; Dis. Jan., '19; Attend. Vic. (IV).

ISAAC CLAYTON MERRIT

'18; Spr. 4th Div. Sig. Coy., C.E., Jan., '16; O.S. May, '16; France Aug., '16 (Sig. Sec. 11th Bde., 4th Can. Div.); Ret. and Dis. June, '19; Attend. Bor.

ERNEST RUSSELL MAY

'18; Spr. Div. Sig. Coy., C.E., Apr., '16; O.S. Sept., '16; France Oct., '16; Ret. and Dis. May, '19; Attend. Vic. (II). (See Honours.)

JAMES VERNER McNEELY

'14-'15; Pte. 252nd Bn. Mar., '17; Trans. A.M.C. Kingston, Jan., '17; 72nd (Queen's) Bty., C.F.A., Apr., '18; O.S. Apr., '18; 126th Coy. C.F.C. Jan., '19, and Prom. Sgt. Y.M.C.A.; Ret. and Dis. July, '19; Attend. Vic. (II).

WALLACE H. MOSS

'18; Pte. W. Ont. Regt. Apr., '18; L/Cpl. Jan., '19; Attend. Vic. (IV).

HAROLD ANTHONY OAKS

'18; Spr. 1st Div. Sig. Coy., C.E., Aug., '15; O.S. Dec., '15; France Mar., '16; Prom. Cpl. Sept., '16; Trans. R.F.C. July, '17; France Mar., '18; Prom. Capt. July, '18; Wound. (bomb. raid, Amiens) Aug. 24, '18; Dis. Apr., '19; Ret. May, '19; Attend. S.P.S. (II). (See Honours.)

JAMES THOMPSON PHILLIPS

'18; Knox; Gnr. 40th Bty., C.F.A., Sig.; Attend. Vic. (II).

**WILLIAM BEE RIRIE**

'18; Spr. 2nd Div. Sig. Coy., C.E.; L./Cpl. Fall, '15; France (1st Can. Div. Sig. Coy.); c/o China Inland Mission, 507 Church St., Toronto (See Honours.)

**RICHARD WORTHY RYAN**

'18; Pte. U. of T. O.S. Tr. Coy. 2nd Lieut. R.F.C.; Wound, N. Russia; Ret.; Attend. Vic.

**HAROLD MORREY SMITH**

'18; Spr. Div. Sig. Coy., C.E.; Trans. Corp. Sig. School, France; Ret. and Dis. June, '19; Attend. Vic. (IV).

**ARTHUR BERTRAM STEVENSON**

'18; Spr. Div. Sig. Coy., C.E., May, '17; O.S. Dec., '17; Sig. Instr.; Prom. L/Cpl.; Ret. and Dis. Mar., '19; Attend. Vic. (IV).

**ROY WELDON**

'18; Sgt. Instr. C.E. Sig. Feb., '16; O.S. Dec., '17; Medy. Unfit; Sig. Instr., Seaford; Ret. Jan. '18; Dis. Jan., '19; Attend. Osgoode (II).

**ROBERT GORDON AGNEW**

B.A. '19; Gnr. 67th Bty., C.F.A., May, '18; Dis. Dec., '18; Attend. Dents. (III).

**RICHARD ORME ALLEN**

'19; Wireless Opr. R.N.C.V.R., Sable Island, Apr., '16; Point Riche, Nfld., patrol boats on E. Coast; Dis. Dec., '18; Attend. Vic. (III).

**PERLEY BANBURY**

'19; Gnr. 67th O.S. Depot Bty. Mar., '16; O.S. July, '16; France Jan., '17 (2nd D.A.C.); Ret. and Dis. Mar., '19; Attend. Vic. (II).



**MILTON ROY ROBINSON**

'18; Spr. Div. Sig. Coy., C.E., May, '16; O.S. Sept., '16; France Apr., '18; Ret. and Dis. July, '19; Attend. Osgoode (I).

**NORRIS EDWARD SHEPPARD**

B.A. '18; Pte. 1st Can. Tank Bn.; O.S. June, '18; Ill. Woolwich Mil Hosp., Nov., '18-Feb., '19 (Appendicitis); Ret. and Dis. Aug., '19. Dem. and Post-Grad. Work. U. of T.

**JOSEPH LAVELL SMITH**

'18; Sgt. Instr., No. 2 M.D., Jan., '16; Sgt. Mar. Mar., '16; Pte. U. of T. O.S. Tr. Coy. Sept., '17; O.S. Sept., '17; 2nd Lieut. 3rd D. of C. L.I. Mar., '18; 1/5 Devon Regt. Aug., '18; France Aug., '18; Capt. '19; Ret. and Dis. June, '19; Attend. Vic. (III).

**ARTHUR WHALEY SWITZER**

'18; Pte. 35th Bn.; O.S. Oct., '15; France Apr., '16 (58th Bn.); Prom. Cpl., Sgt., Recom. for Lieut.; Wound (severe) and gassed (Courcellette) Sept., '16; Ret. July, '17; Dis. Oct., '17; Attend. Vic. (III) and Meds.

**JAMES ERNEST WHITE**

'18; Spr. Div. Sig. Coy., C.E., May, '17; O.S. Dec., '17; C.E.T.D., Seaford, Feb., '18; Ret. and Dis. July, '19; Actuary Dept. of Mrs. Lyle Co.

**PERCY CLIFFORD ALLAN**

'19; Spr. 4th Can. Div. Sig. Coy., C.E., Mar., '16; O.S. May, '16; France Nov., '16; 1st Div. Sig. Coy., Ret. and Dis. May, '19; Attend. Vic. (II).

**GEORGE ELMER ATKINSON**

'19; Gnr. 56th Bty., C.F.A., Trans-66th Bty., C.F.A.; Prom. Bdr.; 319 Hospital St., New Westminster, B.C.

**WILFRED REESE BINCH**

'19; Pte. 4th Can. Div. Army Park May, '16; O.S. May, '17; France Dec., '16; Lieut. R.A.F., France, Aug., '18; Dis. June, '19; Ret. July, '19; Attend. Osgoode



**HAROLD OSCAR BULL**

'19; Pte. 1st Can. Tank Bn.; O.S. '18; Dis. May, '19; Attend. Vic. (IV).

**NORMAN SAMUEL CLARK**

'19; Pte. Motor Sec., C.A.S.C.; O.S. May, '16; France Dec., '16 (Troops Sup. Col.); Ret. Oct., '18; Dis. Nov., '18; Attend. Vic. (III).

**EDWARD JOHN LANGDON COLES**

'19; Pte. 168th Bn., C.E.F., 240th Bn.; Lieut. 156th Bn., Rev. to Sgt.; France (2nd Bn.); Pte., L/Cpl. Sgt., Lieut. Nov. 22, '18; Ret. Dec., '18; Attend. Vic. (III).

**AMMON VICTOR DAVIS**

'19; Spr. Can. Div. Sig. Mar., '17; O.S. Jan., '18 (Prob. Flt. Offer. R.N.A.S.); 2nd Lieut. R.A.F. Apr., '18, France; Ret. and Dis. July, '19; 176 Queen St., Toronto

**JAMES ARTHUR EYRES**

'19; Pte. U. of T. O.S. Tr. Coy.; O.S. Oct., '17; Cadet Imp. Army. Eyremore, Alta.

**ALFRED EDWARD TUCKER GILROY**

'19; Gnr. 67th Bty., C.F.A., May, '16; O.S. July, '16; France Mar., '17 (82nd Hwr. Bty., C.F.A.); Lieut. Dec., '18; Wound, shell gas (Bill 70), Aug. 17, '17; Ret. and Dis. Apr., '19; Attend. Vic. (II).

**JOHN RUSSELL HAMILTON**

'19; Spr. 2nd Div. Sig. Coy., C.E., Feb., '16; O.S. May, '16; France Oct., '16; Prom. Sgt.; Cadet R.A.F. Aug., '18; Ret. and Dis. Mar., '19; Attend. Vic. (I).

**LANCELOT CARLTON IRVINE**

'19; Pte. 67th Bty. Apr., '16; O.S. Aug., '16; France Oct., '16 (149th Bn.); Gassed (Dugout) Oct. 12, '18; Ret. Jan., '19; Dis. Feb., '19; Attend. Vic. (III).



**LINDLEY BELL CALMAN**

'19; Pte. U. of T. O.S. Tr. Coy. Mar., '17; O.S. Sept., '17; Sub-Lieut. R.N.A.S. Dec., '17; Devonport Destroyer Patrols, Grand Fleet, North Sea, Jan., '18; Lieut. R.A.F.; Ret. and Dis. May, '19; Picton, Ont.

**CLARENCE WILFRED CLINE**

'19; Spr. Div. Sig. Coy. May, '16; O.S. Sept., '16; Att. 5th Div. Sig. Coy., Witley, Jan., '17; Sgt. Y.M.C.A. Dec., '18 (Farnham, Surrey), Ret. and Dis. Apr., '19; Attend. Vic. (II).

**ARTHUR KENDAL COLLEY**

'19; Mil. Secty. Y.M.C.A.; 159th Bn. Feb., '16; Cadet R.F.C. Dec., '17; Lieut. Sept., '18; Instr. Oct., '18; Dis. Apr., '19; Attend. Vic. (II).

**JOHN BURTON MUNRO EFRICK**

'19; Pte. No. 2 Fld. Amb. Dep., C.A. M.C., Feb., '16; O.S. Dec., '16; France Feb., '17 (2nd Can. San. Sec.); Cadet R.A.F. June, '18; Ret. Feb., '19; 121 Culp St., Niagara Falls, Ont.

**FORD WEBSTER FREDENBURG**

Pte. U. of T. O.S. Tr. Coy.; 2nd Lieut. Imp. Army; Lieut. 201st Bn.; Cadet Inspectr. No. 1 M.D., 2nd Dep. Bn., C.O.R.; 246 Withrow Ave., Toronto.

**CLARENCE FRANCIS WILLARD HAMES**

'19; Gnr. 67th Bty., C.F.A., Mar., '16; O.S. July, '16; Trans. 5th Div. Sig. Coy. Feb., '18; France Feb., '18 (Sig. Sub-Sec., 3rd Bde., C.G. A.); Ret. Oct., '18; Dis. Nov., '18; Attend. Vic. (III).

**GEORGE FOREST HANMER**

'19; Spr. C.E.; Dis. Medy. Unit; Burgessville, Ont.; Attend. Vic. (IV).

**WILFORD LORNE KEELING**

'19; Spr. Div. Sig. Coy. May, '17; O.S. Dec., '17; Prom. Sgt. Y.M.C.A. Jan., '19; Ret. and Dis. June, '19; Attend. Vic. (III).



OCTO GERALD LAWSON

'19; Pte. C.A.M.C., No. 2 Tr. Dep.,  
Sept., '17; Trans. No. 1 Tr. Dep.,  
Nov., '17; Dis. Medy. Unit July,  
'18; Attend. Vic. (II).

ROBERT KENNETH LOGAN

'19; Spr. 4th Can. Div. Sig. Coy.  
Feb., '16; O.S. May, '16; France  
Oct., '16; Ret. and Dis. June, '19;  
Attend. Osgoode.

HAROLD ETHELBERT MASON

'19; Gnr. 67th Bty., '16; Trans. 4th  
Res. Bty., C.F.A.; Attend. Vic.  
(II).

LAWRENCE WOOD MISKELLY

Pte. 150th Bn.; Trans. 156th Bn.;  
Attend. Vic. (II).

VAUGHAN WHITTIER PEARSON

'19; Gnr. 67th Bty., C.F.A., Apr.,  
'16; O.S. July, '16; France July, '17  
(6th Can. Siege Bty.); Att. Corps  
H.Q. Signals, Wireless Sec., Apr.,  
'18; Cadet Sept., '18; Ret. and Dis.  
Jan., '19; Attend. Vic. (III).

HAROLD WARNICA PRICE

'19; Pte. U. of T. O.S. Tr. Coy.  
Oct., '16; O.S. Nov., '16; 2nd Lieut.  
R.A.F., 63 Sq., July, '17; Mesopotamia,  
Persia, Aug., '17; Lieut.  
Apr., '18; Wound. Oct., '18 (Terk-  
rit); Ret. and Dis. Sept., '19.

CLIFFORD ENSLEY SCARROW

'19; Pte. 6th For. Draft Sept., '17;  
O.S. Dec., '17; France Sept., '18;  
Wound. Sept. 29, '18 (Cambrai);  
Ret. and Dis. May, '19; Attend.  
Vic. (III).

LEWIS GORDON SMITH

'19; Spr. Div. Sig. Coy., C.E., June,  
'17; O.S. Dec., '17; Sgt. For. Corps,  
Eng.; Att. Y.M.C.A. H.Q. Sigs.,  
Seaford; Ret. and Dis. June, '19;  
Attend. Vic. (III).



LESTER SIFTON LOCKE

'19; Spr. Div. Sig. Coy. May, '17;  
O.S. Dec., '17; France Apr., '18;  
2nd Div. Sig. Coy. (F) and Dis.  
July, '19; Attend. Vic. (III).

THOMAS PAUL RENNING

Pte. Gnr. 67th Bty., O.S. June, '16;  
France Oct., '16; 18th Bty. (I  
A.); Attend. Vic. (II).

WALTER GORDON MILLIGAN

'19; Gnr. 67th Bty. Mar., '16; O.S.  
July, '16; France Nov., '16 (22nd  
Hvy. Bty.); Prom. 4th Apr., '18;  
Wound. (Vimy) May 10, '17;  
Gassed (Valenciennes) Nov. 1, '18;  
Ret. and Dis. July, '19; 2231 Lorne  
Ave. Regina, Sask.

CLIFFORD LATIMER MULLETT

'15-'16; Gnr. 67th Bty., C.F.A., Mar.,  
'17; O.S. Dec., '17; France (7th  
Bty.); Wound. Sept. 28, '18; Ret.  
Jan., '19; Dis. Feb., '19; Attend.  
Vic. (II).

WILLIAM JOHN PELTY

'19; Pte. U. of T. Coy., 1st Can.  
Tank Bn., Apr., '18; Attend. Os-  
goode.

NORMAN RAWSON

'19; Spr. Div. Sig. Coy., C.E.; Cpl.,  
Sgt. Oct., '16; Lieut. Y.M.C.A.,  
Witley, Jan., '17; Wound. severe;  
Dis. Jan., '17; Attend. Vic. (I).

CHARLES CLIFFORD SLEMIN

'19; Lieut. 125th Bn. Nov., '15; O.S.  
Aug., '16; France (4th Mn.) Feb.,  
'18; 30 Lorne Crescent, Brantford,  
Ont.

WILFRED LAURIER SWANSON

'19; Spr. Div. Sig. Coy. C.E.,  
France, St. Mary's Ont. Attend.  
Vic. (III).

ACTA VICTORIANA

RODERICK de la PIERRE  
STEWART

'19; 1st Sgt. 13th Regt., F.A. Replacement Depot, Camp Jackson, S.C., U.S.A.; Attend. Vic. (II).

STANLEY M. SWEETMAN

'19; Spr. Div. Sig. Coy., C.E., Mar., '17; O.S. Apr., '17; France (3rd Can. Div. Sig. Coy.) '18; Ret. and Dis. Mar., '19; Meth. Min., Coatsworth, Ont.

RALPH LEROY WILSON

'19; Spr. 5th Can. Div. Sig. Coy., C.E., June, '16; O.S. Nov., '16; France May, '17; Trench Fever Aug., '17; Ret. and Dis. July, '19; Attend. Vic. (II).

WILLIAM HAROLD CAMERON

'20; Lieut. R.F.C. Apr., '17; O.S. Apr., '17; France Nov., '17; Injured while flying (Winchester); Ret. and Dis. July, '19; Attend. Meds. (I).

ERNEST PERCY CROSSEN

'20; Prob. Flt. Offer. R.N.A.S. Mar., '17; O.S. Apr., '17; Trans. R.F.C.; France (Somme) May, '17; Ret. and Dis. Mar., '19; Attend. Vic. (II).

WILLARD MEREDITH GORDON

'20; Pte. U. of T. O.S. Tr. Coy. July, '18; Dis. Nov., '18; Attend. Vic. (IV).

JOHN EDDINGTON KERR

'20; Pte. U. of T. O.S. Tr. Coy. May, '18; O.S. Nov., '18 (Imp. Comm.); Dis. Nov., '18; Ret. Jan '19; Attend. Vic. (IV).

LEO CARL MUTART

'20; Pte. 2nd E.O.R. Regt. May, '18; 74th Bty., C.F.A., May, '18; Pte. U. of T. O.S. Tr. Coy. Sept '18; Dis. Dec. '18; Attend. Vic. (III).



GEORGE EDMUND FOSTER  
SWEET

'19; Lieut. 215th Bn.; Ill (Appendicitis), Trans. to Cas.; 62 Dufferin St., Brantford.

LEWIS CALVIN WALMSLEY

'19; Pte. C.A.M.C. Sept., '17; Trans. U. of T. O.S. Tr. Coy. Sept., '18; Dis. Nov., '18; Attend. F. of E.

WILFRED JOHN ARCHIBALD  
WRIGHT

'19; Sgt. Bde. H.Q., No. 2 M.D., Sept., '16; Lieut. 248th Bn.; Pte. U. of T. O.S. Tr. Coy.; Cadet Imp. Army; 2nd Lieut. R. Sussex Regt.; Dis. Mar., '19; Attend. Vic. (II).

WILLIAM EARL CHANTLER

'20; Spr. Div. Sig. Coy., C.E., Feb., '17; O.S. Apr., '17; France Jan., '18 (2nd Div. Sig. Coy., C.E.); Ret. and Dis. May, '19; Attend. Vic. (II).

JAMES CLEAVE EASTCOTT

'20; Gnr. 75th Bty., C.F.A., May, '17; Prom. A/Bdr. July, '17; A/Cpl. Dec., '17; O.S. Feb., '18; to 4th C.D. A.C. France, Aug., '18; to C.A.R.D. Nov., '18; Injured Sept. 6, '18 (Wancourt); Ret. and Dis. May '19; Attend. Vic. (II).

WILLIAM HAROLD HUNTER

'20; Sgt. C.A.D.C. Feb., '17; Dis. Feb., '19; Attend. Dents. (III).

WILLIAM RUSSEL FERGUSON  
LUKE

'20; Gnr. 67th Bty., C.F.A.; 505 Dovercourt Road, Toronto.

HAROLD BAKER NEAL

'20; Pte. U. of T. O.S. Tr. Coy.; O.S.; France; Attend. Vic. (Theol.).

**HOWARD JOSEPH PHILP**

'20; Pte. C.A.S.C., M.T., No. 2 M.D., Mar., '17; R.F.C. Cadet Oct., '17; R.A.F. Lieut. May, '18; O.S. May, '18; France Aug., '18; Ret. and Dis. May, '19; Attend. S.P.S. (II).

**LLOYD LENNOX BAKER**

'21; Cadet 44th Wing R.A.F. (Borden); 238 Crawford St., Toronto.

**ALBERT CLARENCE HUNTER**

'17-'18; Pte. 1st Can. Tank Bn. Apr., '18; Inglewood, Ont.

**JOHN GEORGE HALL LINTON**

'21; Pte. July, '18; Dis. Nov., '18; Attend. Vic. (II).

**JAMES ALFRED AIKENHEAD**

'15; Pte. 5th Univ. Coy., P.P.C.L.I.; Wound. Nov., '16; Richmond Hill, Ont.

**R. G. ATKINSON**

Lieut.

**ELMER ALMAN BELKNAP**

'18; Pte. 201st Bn. Apr., '16; Trans. 170th Bn.; O.S. Oct., '16; France Nov., '16 (75th Bn.); Y.M.C.A., London; Prom. Sgt.; Ret. and Dis. July, '19; Attend. Vic. (Theol.).

**FREDERICK MARLETT BELL-SMITH**

Pte. 204th Bn. Feb., '16; Prom. Hon. Capt. (Chap.); Dis. Apr., '17; Mono Road, Ont.



**CHARLES WESLEY SHERIDAN**

June, '17; O.S. Dec., '17; 2nd Lieut. 2nd Bn. 1st Can. Trench Bn. Dec., '18; Dis. Dec., '18; 240 Dundas St. W., Toronto.

**DONALD**

'18; Pte. 1st Can. Trench Bn. Dec., '18; Attend. Vic. (II).

**FRANK JOSEPH JUSTIN**

'21; Cadet R.A.F. Apr., '18; 1st Cadet Sqdn. '18; Dis. Dec., '18; Attend. Vic. (II).

**MILTON JOHN ALLENFORD**

**AIKEN**  
'16; Pte. 1st Bn. Aug., '14; O.S. Sept., '14; France Oct., '14; Prom. Sgt. June, '15; Lieut. May, '16; Trans. 160th Bn. May, '16; M.C. School Instr. Feb., '17; Capt. June, '18; Wound. (Weitge); Ret. 1 May, '16; (2) Nov., '17; Dis. Aug., '19; Box 14, Allenford, Ont. (See Honours.)

**EDWARD BLAKE ARCHIBALD**  
Occ. '05-'07; Hon. Capt. Phys. Dir. Can. Y.M.C.A., June, '15; O.S. July, '15; France July, '15; Trench Fever Oct., '17; Ret. Jan., '19; Dis. Feb., '19; Organ. Recreation and Sports Program, '15; Origin. use of Tomphine in Can. and Imp. Armies; 273 St. George St., Toronto.

**LAWRENCE SAMUEL BEATTY**

'17; Sub-Lieut. R.N.V.R., and O.S. Aug., '16; Portsmouth to Malta; June, '17; Prom. Lieut.; H.M. M.L. 164; Ret. May, '19; Dis. June '19; 109 Dowling Ave., Toronto.

**RICHARD LLOYD BELL**

'18; Pte. 1st Depot Bn., W.O.R. May, '18; O.S. July, '18; Ret. Sept. '19; Dis. Oct., '19; Ingersoll, Ont.

**HAROLD C. BETTS**

'08-'09; Pte. Oct., '15; O.S. July, '16; France Feb., '17; Trans. 11th C.M.R. to C.A.M.C. Sept., '16; to 2nd Can. Fld. Amb. Mar., '17; Ret. and Dis. May, '19; Pharmacist; New Westminster, B.C.



ACTA VICTORIANA

JOSEPH MOORE BISHOP  
 '10-'12 Class '15; Pte. Can. Inf.,  
 Box 12, Belleville, Ont.

P. R. BRECKEN

ROBERT KNOX BURNSIDE  
 Occ. '14-'18; Pte. 1st Can. Tank Bn.  
 Apr., '18; O.S. June, '18; Ret. and  
 Dis. May, '19; Meth. Min., Toronto  
 Conf., Webbwood, Ont.

NATHANIEL ALFRED BUR-  
 WASH  
 Vic. '98-'99, B.A. Sc. '05; Spr. 6th  
 Fld. Coy., C.E.; Wound. May 14,  
 '16; Inv. Can.; 26 Alvin Avenue,  
 Toronto.

JOHN COBURN  
 '97; Hon. Capt. (Chap.) 201st Bn.  
 Mar., '16; Trans. to 176th Bn. Oct.,  
 '16; O.S. Apr., '17; Trans. 12th Can.  
 Res. Bn. May, '17; Ret. and Dis.  
 June, '17 (unfit for combat. serv.  
 and Chap. Serv. over strength);  
 209 Crawford St., Toronto; Meth.  
 Min., Midland, Ont.

BRADFORD ALEXANDER  
 COOKE  
 '14; Pte. Alta. Regt.; Lieut. R.F.C.  
 No. 8 Sq.; Wound. (severe) Mar.  
 10, '18; Box 112, Beachville, Ont.

BEAUMONT SANDFIELD  
 CORNELL  
 '10-'12, M.B. '16; Lieut. C.A.M.C.,  
 Mobile Lab. No. 2 M.D., Apr., '17;  
 Capt., Trans. R.A.M.C., France,  
 Feb., '18, i.e. Path. Lab., Moore  
 Barracks, Can. Hosp., Shorncliffe;  
 Gassed Apr. 18, '18; Ret. to duty  
 July, '18; Dis. Sept., '18; 99 Glou-  
 cester St., Toronto.

ROSS ALLEN COURTNAIG  
 '15, For. '17; Pte. G.G.B.G. Oct.,  
 '14; Trans. 4th C.M.R. Nov., '14;  
 R.N.A.S. Plt. Sub-Lieut. May, '15;  
 Injured in accident May, '16; Dis.  
 Summer, '16; 148 Sheridan Ave.,  
 Brantford, Ont.



ALBERT JAMES BRACE  
 Occ. '01-'04; Lieut. Chinese Labour  
 Corps May, '17; O.S. July, '17;  
 France Sept., '17; Prom. Capt;  
 Ret. Oct., '18; Dis. July, '19; Doing  
 Y.M.C.A. work, China Can. Meth.  
 Mission, c/o 405 Carlton Street,  
 Toronto.

FRANCIS ALVIN BUNT  
 '22; Pte. 148th Bn. (Montreal);  
 O.S. Sept., '16; Trans., France,  
 Mar., '17 (42nd Bn. R.H.C.);  
 Wound. (Vimy) Apr. 9, '17, se-  
 vere; Ret. Mar., '18; Dis. May, '18,  
 Attend. Vic. (I. and Theol.).

LACHLAN TAYLOR BURWASH  
 '90-'93, Dip. Sc. '96, M.E. '10; Lieut.  
 16th Cav.; Trans. 1st Pioneer Bn.;  
 Prom. Capt. Nov., '16; A/Maj.  
 Aug., '18; 26 Alvin Ave., Toronto.

ALAN COATSWORTH  
 '10; Pte. 2nd Div. Cyc. Corps; 296  
 Parliament St., Toronto.

NATHANIEL COLE  
 '14-'16; Pte. C.A.M.C. (9th Can.  
 Fld. Amb.) Feb., '16; O.S. Mar.,  
 '16; France Apr., '16; Ret. and Dis.  
 Mar., '19; Meth. Min., Nfld. Conf.,  
 English Harbour, Nfld.

D. CORCORAN  
 M.B.; Capt.; 687 Dupont St., To-  
 ronto.

WALTER W. COTTON  
 Occ. '12-'14; Cadet (for Imp.  
 Comm.) 20th Lances, Fus.; 2nd  
 Lieut.; Prom. Lieut.; Wound. (se-  
 vere) Aug., '18; Meth. Min., To-  
 ronto Conf.; Elliston, Ont. (See  
 Honours.)

FRANK ALFRED CRIGHTON  
 Occ. '15-'16; Pte. C.A.M.C. (74th  
 Bn.) July, '15; O.S. Feb., '16;  
 France June, '16; Att. 1st Can. Inf.  
 Bn. Aug., '16; Prom. Cpl. Feb., '17;  
 Lieut. Aug., '18; Ret. and Dis. Apr.,  
 '19; Attend. Vic. (Theol.).



H. B. HETHERINGTON  
M.B.; Capt.; St. Catharines, Ont.

SYDNEY JOHN HILLIER  
Occ. '15-'16; Spr. 5th Div. Sig. Coy. Jan. '16; Prom. L/Cpl., Seaford, Apr. '18; Leamington, Ont.

HOWARD BROWN JEFFS  
'08-'09. M.B. '14; Lieut. C.A.M.C., No. 2 Fld. Amb., France; Prom. Capt., D.A.D.M.S.; Emb. Cl. Serv.; Maj. Jan. '18.; A.D.M.S., Halifax, Aug. '18; Wound. (1) Sept. 14, '16. (2) Sept. '16; Ret. Apr. '18; 2491 Yonge St., Toronto. (See Honours.)

GORDON ROSEBRUGH JONES  
B.A. Sc. '07, Vic. '10; 2nd Lieut Chinese Labour Corps, B.E.F. May. '17; O.S. May. '17; France and Belgium July. '17; Prom. A/Capt. Oct. '17; Ret. and Dis. Aug. '19; Sailing Dec. '19, for China Can. Meth. Mission, Szechuan Prov.

JOHN ALEXANDER LANGFORD  
'13-'14, Sc. '18; Spr. Div. Sig. Coy., C.E., Dec. '15; O.S. Mar., '16; France, Lieut. 2nd Army Troops, C.E.; 3rd Fld. Coy., C.E.; 3rd Bn., C.E.; Prom. T/Capt., A/Maj.; R. Wound. Apr. 26, '17; Ret. and Dis. Apr. '19; Attend. S.P.S. (II). (See Honours.)

V. E. LAVELL  
F.A., D.D.; 135 Brant Ave., Brantford, Ont.

FRANK T. MABSON  
O.C. '15; Pte. 2nd Univ. Coy., P.P. C.I.L., June, '15; Prom. Sgt.; Wound. May 9, '17; 19 Cumberland Road, Acton, London, Eng. (See Honours.)

HERBERT KENT MANNING  
'06, M.B. '11; Capt. C.A.M.C. (1981. Bn.); Trans. 205th Bn.; 2 St. Clair Ave. W., Toronto.



JOHN RIDLEY HEWITT  
B.A.; Spr. Div. Sig. Coy., C.E., Apr. '17; O.S. Dec., '17; France Aug. '18 (9th Bn., C.E.); Ret. and Dis. Mar., '19; Minister, United Church, Anyox, B.C.

RAYMOND E. IVES  
'16; Gnr. 48th Bty., C.F.A., Jan., '16; O.S. Aug., '16; Trans. 13th Bty. with complete "Section" Mar., '17; France, Mar., '17; Ret. Oct., '18; Dis. Nov., '18; Attend. Meds. (III).

ALEXANDER PELAN JOHNSTON  
'13-'14; Pte. 20th Bn. Oct., '14; O.S. May, '15; France Sept., '15; Prom. W.O. (2) Oct., '16; Lieut. Mar., '18; Wound. (1) Aug. 9, '18. (2) Nov. 10, '19; Ret. Feb., '19; Dis. Mar., '19; 15 Hurdale Ave., Toronto. (See Honours.)

IVAN E. KENNEDY  
B.A.; Attend. Vic. (Theol.).

HERBERT LATIMER  
Occ. '11-'12; Pte. 109th Bn. Feb., '16; O.S. Sept., '16; France June, '17; Hon. Capt. (Chap.) July, '17 (14th Ede., C.F.A.); Ret. and Dis. June, '19; Meth. Min., Manila, Ont.

PETER HAROLD LAWSON  
Pte. C.A.M.C. Sept., '17; Dis. July, '18 (Med. Unfit); Attend. Vic. (Theol.).

JOHN WESLEY MAGWOOD  
Occ. '93-'94; Hon. Capt. (Chap.) 216th Bn.; O.S.; Ret. June, '17; 29 Euclid Ave., Toronto

HERBERT CARL MARTIN  
'08-'11, M.B. '15; Pte. C.A.M.C., 2nd C.C.S., Feb., '15; O.S. Apr., '15, Egypt (Hosp. Ship) May, '15; Lieut. R.A.M.C. May, '15; Salonica Fld. Amb., R. Innis. Fus., Eng. May, '16; Prom. Capt., Mesopotamia; France Sept., '17; Pris. Apr., '18; 132 Hughson St. North, Hamilton, Ont.



**WILLIAM GEORGE MARTIN**

Occ. '14-'16; Capt. 205th Bn. Mar., '16; O.S. July, '18; France; Ret. and Dis. Aug., '19; 504 Main St. E., Hamilton, Ont.

**HARRY SANDFIELD McDONALD**

Occ. '14-'16; Pte. C.A.M.C. (10th Can. Gen. Hosp., No. 2 M.D.), July, '16; O.S. Jan., '17; Prom. Cpl.; France Mar., '17; S.B. 1st Bn., C.R.T., May, '17; Trans. No. 7 C.S.H. Dec., '18; Ret. and Dis. Apr., '19; Attend. Vic. (Theol.).

**GEORGE W. McINTOSH**

'07-'10; Pte. P.P.C.L.I. Aug., '15; O.S. Sept., '15; France Sept., '15; Trans. C.E. Oct., '15; 2nd Lieut. (Imp.) May, '18; Ret. and Dis. June, '19; Ed. Work in Alberta.

**WILFRED LAWRENCE McKENZIE**

'09-'13, For. '10-'12, Med. '18; Pte. C.A.M.C. No. 5 Fld. Amb.; Prom. L/Cpl.; Ill Dec., '16; Ret. Apr., '18; 145 Warren Road, Toronto.

**LESLIE HOWARD MILLER**

'10-'12; Pte. 5th Can. Bn. Nov., '14; O.S. Feb., '15; France Nov., '15 (5th Bn. Sig. Sec.); Can. Corps Wireless Jan., '17; Prom. Cpl. Aug., '17; Sgt. Dec., '17; Lieut. Sept., '18; France Sept., '18 (Wireless Offic. 3rd Can. Div.); Ret. and Dis. Mar., '19; Milliken, Ont.

**ROYAL EGBERT NEWMAN**

Occ. '12-'15; Pte. C.A.M.C., No. 4 Gen. Hosp., Mar., '15; Salonica May, '15; Prom. Cpl. July, '16; Sgt. Aug., '17; Ord. Meth. Inf. Bde. in Greek Prot. Ch., Salonica, Feb., '17; Ill, malaria (Salonica), May-June, '17; Attend. Vic. (Theol.).

**VICTOR WENTWORTH ODLUM**

Occ. '00-'03; Maj. 7th Can. Inf.-Bn. (1st B.C.) Aug., '14; O.S. Sept., '14; France Feb., '15; Prom. Lt.-Col. and O.C. 7th Bn. Apr., '15; Brig.-Gen. G.O.C., 11th Can. Inf. Bde., June, '16; Wound. (1) (severe) Aug. 8, '15 (Messines), (2) May 26, '16 (Zillebeke), (3) Sept. 5, '18 (Canal du Nord); Ret. July, '19; Dis. Aug., '19; Dir. and Pres. Ryl. Fin. Corp., Ltd., Vancouver, B.C. (See Honours.)

**CHARLES BANISTER PARKER**

B.A. '04, M.B. '09, Med. Staff; Lieut. C.A.M.C. June, '17; Sec. Med. Serv., R.A.F., and O.S. Aug., '18; Dis. May, '19; Ret. June, '19; Surgeon, 52 College St., Toronto. (See Honours.)



**JOHN ARTHUR McCAMUS**

'13; Lieut. 81st Bn. Sept., '15 (O.S. Apr. '16, France); and Belgium July, '16 (6th M.G. Coy.); Trans. 4th M.G. Coy. Oct., '16; Prom. Capt., '17; Maj., '18; Ret. and Dis. May, '19; 150 Dundas St. W., Toronto.

**WILLIAM ARTHUR McCREARY**

'19; Pte. 1st Univ. Coy., Can. Tank Bn.; Ret. May, '19; Windsor, Ont.

**GEORGE FRICKLETON McKEATY**

B.A. Pte. 1st O.S. Tr. Coy. Mar., '16; Lieut. 213th Bn. Aug., '16; O.S. Mar., '17, 2nd Inst. R.C.A. Sept., '17; France, Mar., '18; Ret. and Dis. Mar., '19.

**JOSEPH J. McLEOD**

Occ. '10-'13; Pte. 235th Inf. Bn. June, '16; Prom. Sgt. Aug., '16; Lieut. Apr., '17; Phy. unit to proceed O.S.; Rev. to Pte. For. Corps, Ottawa, June, '17; Prom. Sgt.-Maj. July, '17; Dis. Aug., '17 (Phy. unit), Northport, Ont.

**WILLIAM ALBERT MORRISON**

'08-'12; Pte. Railroad Constr. Bn., Shawville, Que.

**FREDERICK JAMES NICKELL**

'11-'13, Meas. '20, Surg. Poole R.N.V.R. Apr., '18; O.S. May, '18; H.M. S. "Stork" Surg. Sub-Lieut., Malton, Ont.

**JOHN WILLIAM OLIVER**

Occ. '14-'16, Third Lt., Pte. 139th Bn. Dec., '15; Prom. Sgt. Dec., '17; Sgt. Mar. Jan., '16; O.S. Sept., '16; Rev. to Pte. to reach France, Apr., '17; Ret. July, '19; Dis. Aug., '19; Attend. Vic. (Theol.).

**DOUGLAS R. PETERSON**

Occ. '14-'15, B.A. (Man), Pte. U.S. 1st O.S. Tr. Coy., Dis. med. unit, Mar., '17; 4 Cluny Ct. S. E., Toronto.

ACTA VICTORIANA

THOMAS ALLAN PATERSON  
 '95-'96; Hon. Capt. (Chap.) Nov. '15; O.S. Nov. '15; Att. 11th Res. Bde. Hosp., Shorncliffe, Feb. '16; Belgium Aug. '16; Att. 8th Bde C.F.A. Feb. '17; 2nd C.C.C.S.; Ret. June, '17; S.O.S., C.E.F., June, '17; Exemption Board, M.S.A., Nov. '17; 20 Maitland St., Toronto.

LORNE ALBERT PIERCE  
 M.A., B.D. '16; Pte. Queen's Fld. Amb. Mar., '17; Prom Sgt. May, '17; N.C.O. i/c "Ongwanada Mil. Hosp."; Dis. Mar., '18; Meth. Min. Brinston, Ont.

ERNEST EDGAR PUGSLEY  
 Occ. '14; Hon. Capt. (Chap.) 35th Bn. Oct., '15; O.S. Oct., '15; France Oct., '15; Trans. No. 3 C.S.H. July, '16; Att. 25th Bn. Aug., '17; Att. 20th Bn. July, '18; Prom. Hon. Maj. Sept., '18; Ret. and Dis. May, '19; Min., United Church, Iroquois Falls, Ont.

W. J. RUSTON  
 Sgt.

FRED SMITH  
 Occ. '15-'17 (Theol.); Can. Y.M.C.A.; O.S. June, '17; Mesopotamia Nov., '17; Malaria (Mesop.) Dec. 31, '17; 2nd Lieut. 2/56 Punjab Rifles, Imp. Indian Army, Mar., '18; Prom. 1st Lieut. Afghan Frontier July, '19; To ret. at end of year to be Min., Sault Ste. Marie

ROBERT ALMON SPENCER  
 Occ. '99; Lieut. 147th Bn.; Prom. Capt.; Trans. 8th Can. Res. Bn.; France (4th C.M.R. Bn.); Hon. Capt. (Chap.); Ret. Mar., '19; Meth. Min., Toronto Conf.; Hailybury, Ont.

C. E. TREBLE  
 M.D.; Capt.; 229 Russell Hill Rd., Toronto.

J. W. STANLEY VANDERBURGH  
 '15; Sig. 63rd Bn.; France (25th Bn.); Wound.; Norwich, Ont.



THOMAS LAWRENCE PECKITT  
 Occ. '12-'14; Sub-Lieut. R.N.V.R. (H.M.M.L. 430); Lieut. Aug., '17; Clinton, Ont.

ARTHUR HERBERT PLANT  
 B.A. '12; Seaman R.N.C.V.R., "Niobe," July, '17; O.S. Aug., '17; H.M. Aux. Patrol and Mine Swpr., Brit. Isles, Sept., '17; Prom. A.B. Jan., '18; Lead. Seaman Jan., '18; Petty Offer. (1) Jan., '18; Sub-Lieut. R.N.V.R. May, '18; Ret. and Dis. Mar., '19; Practising Law, Windsor, Ont.

GEORGE GILES EMSLEY RALEY  
 '14-'16, '17; Pte. 131st Bn. Oct., '15; O.S. Oct., '16; France Nov., '16 (47th Bn.); Lieut., A/Capt. Oct., '17; H.Q., C.T.S., Apr., '18; Wound (sever) Oct., '17 (Passchendaele); Gassed June, '17 (Avion); Ret. Oct., '18; Dis. Sept., '19; Sardis, B.C.; Attend. Vic. (III). (See Honours.)

ALEX. J. SMALE  
 Pte. C.A.M.C. May, '18; Dis. Dec., '18; Attend. Vic. (I).

EVERETT EARL SNIDER  
 '13-'14; Pte. 13th Can. Fld. Amb. Feb., '17; O.S. Apr., '17; France and Belgium May, '17; Ret. and Dis. June, '19; Vice-Prin. Cent. Pub. Schl., Ladysmith, B.C.

ARTHUR LLEWELYN SPRACKLIN  
 Occ. '15-'18; Cadet R.F.C. Nov., '17; Flt. Lieut.; held as Flying Instr., Camp Borden; i/c "B" Flt., 87th Sq., Summer, '18; Meth. Min., North Malden, Ont.

JOHN RYERSON TRUMPOUR  
 Occ. '15-'17; Secy. Y.M.C.A. June, '17; O.S. June, '17; Mesopotamia Sept., '17; Dis. May, '19; Ret. June, '19; Meth. Min., Bay of Quinte Conf., Queensboro, Ont.

WILLIAM McLEAN WALWYN  
 '12-'13; Capt. 198th Bn. May, '16; Prom. Maj. Sept., '16; Trans. 102nd Bn. Mar., '17; O.S. Mar., '17; France Mar., '18 (Capt.); Maj. Oct., '18; Ed. Offer. 11th C.I.B. Dec., '18; Ret. June, '19; Dis. July, '19; Attend. Meds. (IV). (See Honours.)

HARTLEY W. WATTS  
'18.

LESLIE EARL WILLMOTT  
'11-'12, S.P.S. '17; Lieut. 170th Bn. Feb., '16; O.S. Oct., '16; 124th Bn. Pioneers Feb., '17; France Mar., '17; R.F.C. Dec., '17; Injured July 26, '18; Ret. and Dis. Jan., '19; 71 Crescent Road, Toronto.

EDWIN E. GRAHAM  
B.A., M.A. Theol.; Capt. 25th Bn. Mar., '15; O.S. May, '15; Medit. and No. 1 Can. S.H., Aug., '15; Trans. No. 7 C.G.H. Nov., '15; France Har., '17 (13th Bn. R.H.C.); Prom. Maj. June, '18; Wound Oct., '18 (Cambrai); Ret. Mar., '19. From N. S. Conf. (See Honours.)

ARTHUR CROSS  
'22; Cadet R.A.F. Jan., '18; Injured in Crash Sept. 26, '18, Camp Borden; Dis. Mar., '19; Prob. from Sask. Conf.

MURRAY ALEXANDER CAYLEY  
'23 and Theol.; Cadet June, '18. Dis. Jan., '19.

GEORGE HENRY HAMBLEY  
'23; Pte. 10th C.M.R. Oct., '15; O.S. May, '16; France Oct., '16 (Cav. Sig.); Ret. May, '19.

SAMSON LITTLEWOOD  
Pte. C.A.M.C. July, '17; Trans. No. 11 S. Hosp. Oct., '18; O.S., Siberia, Oct., '18; L/Cpl. Dec., '18; Cpl. Mar., '19; Ret. and Dis. June, '19. Theol.

ALLEN LLOYD THOMPSON  
'23; Pte. 205th Bn. July, '16; O.S. Apr., '17; France and Belgium Nov., '17 (13th M.G. Coy.); Trans. 1st Bn., C.M.G. Corps, May, '18; Ret. and Dis. July, '19.



COL. GROSVENOR WILLIAMS  
'15-'16; Hon. Capt. (Chap.) 109th Reg. A.S.F. (Cass.) 1915-1916; Chief Rec. Offcr. for Dominion; Lt.-Col. O.C. R.R. Constr. and For. Dept., Ottawa; Kingsley Mansions, Toronto.

I. R. WOODS  
Lieut.

WILLIAM ARTHUR IRWIN  
'21; Gnr. McGill Siege Arty. Draft, May, '17; O.S. June, '17; Trans. 10th Can. Siege Bty. July, '17; France May, '18; Ret. and Dis. May, '19.

AUSTIN GRANT GAY  
'22 (F. of E. '16-'17); Pte. 2nd Bn. C.O.R. May, '18; Trans. R.A.F. Aug., '18; Dis. Jan., '19.

CHARLES DELBERT DANIEL  
'23; Lieut. 252nd Bn. Mar., '17; Resigned Comm. June, '17; Pte. A.M.C., No. 2 M.D.; Cpl. Oct., '17; Sgt. Feb., '18; Trans. to D.Q.M.S. Office Oct., '18; C.Q.M.S.; Dis. Sept., '19.

MALCOLM JAMES HAVER  
'23; Pte. 249th Bn. Dec., '16; Cpl. Dec., '17; O.S. Mar., '18; France May, '18 (1st C.M.R.); Trench Fever (Canal du Nord) Sept. 23, '18; Ret. and Dis. Mar., '19.

ROY MACDONALD  
Theol.; Pte. 2nd Can. Bn. Aug., '14; O.S. Sept., '14; France Feb., '15; L. Cpl. May, '15; Wound Oct. 28, '15; Ret. Sept., '17; Dis. Jan., '18.

ARTHUR G. WALWYN  
'23; 2nd Lieut. R.F.C., No. 3 Sq., Mar., '16; O.S. Nov., '16; Dismissed Apr., '17; Lieut.; Fever (Somme) Oct., '17; Ret. and Dis. July, '19.



# ACTA VICTORIANA

## STAFF AND GRADUATES BEFORE 1909

- EDWARD CHARLES ARTHUR  
B.A. '80, M.A. '83, M.D., C.M. '88.
- V. AYLESWORTH  
B.A., M.B. '90; Staff A.D.M.S., No. 1 M.D.; Capt.; 22 Jennett St., Windsor, Ont.
- WALTER CAMEY BELT  
M.D., C.M. '92 (Vic. and Trin.); Capt. (M.O.) 62nd Regt. Inf. (Amer. Army), '17, Siberia; Ret. and Dis., '19; Gresham, Ore., U.S.A., or c/o Canon C. E. Belt, Stamford, Ont.
- HOMER GRANT BROWN  
B.A. '06; 2nd Lieut. B.E.F., Chinese Labour Corps, July, '17; France and Belgium Sept., '17; Prom. Lieut.; Ret. and Dis. Apr., '19; 520 Church St., Toronto; Chung King, Szechwan, W. China.
- EDWIN WESLEY EDWARDS  
B.A. '99, B.D. '01, M.A. '08; Pte. 91st Bn., O.S. May, '16; France and Belgium, Trans. to 21st Bn., Aug., '17; Prom. Capt. Sept., '18; Wound, Aug. 11, '18; Gassed Nov. 9, '18; Meth. Min., London Conf., Seaforth, Ont. (See Honours.)
- JOHN VERNON FRAZIER  
M.D. '88; Capt. C.A.M.C., 213th Bn.; Lapeer, Mich., U.S.A.
- CLAUDE WESLEY FREEMAN  
B.A. '96, M.B. '03; Lieut. R.A.M.C., July, '17; O.S. July, '17; Trans. Chinese Gen. Hosp., France, July, '17; Trans. C.A.M.C. as Capt. July, '18; Ret. and Dis. May, '19; 28 Hillsboro Ave., Toronto; Chentu, China.
- THOMAS HENRY HALSTEAD  
B.D. '87; Maj. (Amer. Army); Ret. Spring, '19; Syracuse Univ., Syracuse, N.Y., U.S.A.
- I. E. HUGHSON  
B.A., D.D.; Capt. C.E.F.; 273 Elice Ave., Winnipeg, Man.
- A. Y. MASSEY  
B.A., M.D.; Maj.; c/o Library, Brit Med. Assn., 425 Strand, London Eng. (See Honours.)
- GEORGE A. McDIARMID  
M.D. '86; Capt. 29th Bn.; 1422 Jackson Ave., New Orleans, La., U.S.A.
- V. W. MILLER  
B.A., B.D.; Armstrong, B.C.
- HARRY MORELL  
M.D.C.M. '92 (Trin. and Vic.); O.A. '97; 19, c/o Massiac Temple, Regina, Sask.
- GEORGE SUTTON PATTERSON  
O.S. '12, B.D. '12, Pte. U. of T. O.S. Tr. Coy., Trans. No. 1 Sec. Depot 5th Div. Amm. Col.; Prom. Sgt., 52d M.A. Battalion; 16, Japan (See Honours.)
- THOMAS EDWIN PERRILL  
B.A. '91; Lt.-Col., O.C. 68th Bn., July, '15; Trans. C.R.T. May, '17; Wound, Sept., '17; Rep. Blinded Nov., '17; Ret. Oct., '18; Dis. Nov., '18; Prin. Normal School, Regina, Sask. (See Honours.)

- ARTHUR BENNETT RANKIN  
B.A. '04, M.B. '06; Capt. C.A.M.C.; 571 Church St., Toronto.
- HAROLD DEEKS ROBERTSON  
B.A. '05; Hon. Lieut. (Chap.) Chinese Labour Corps; c/o Mrs. G. Deeks, 140 Farnham Ave., Toronto.
- ISAAC ALBERT RUMBLE  
B.A., C.A.; Pte. 133rd Bn. Sept., '16; Trans. No. 1 Spec. Serv. Coy., 1st Bn., Can. Gar. Regt.; Dis. Dec., '18, Instr. Slaw's Business Schools, 64 Isabella St., Toronto.
- ARCHIBALD GORDON SINCLAIR  
B.A. '96, M.A. '98; Amer. Y.M.C.A., France; Min., 23 Park Place, Bloomfield, N.J., U.S.A.
- JOSEPH GORDON SUTHERLAND  
M.D. '85; Capt. C.A.M.C. (Ont. Mil. Hosp.), c/o Miss H. L. Sutherland; St. Catharines, Ont.
- NORMAN RICHARD WILSON  
B.A. '99, M.A. '02, Ph.D. '08; Capt. 196th Bn.; Prom. Maj.; Univ. of Manitoba, Winnipeg, Man.

## THE CLASS OF 1909

- HARRY LESLIE DOUGAN  
B.A. '09; Pte. U. of T. O.S. Tr. Coy.

## THE CLASS OF 1910

- ALFRED LEROY BURT  
B.A. '10, M.A. (Oxon.) '16; Lieut. 1st Can. Tank Bn. Apr., '18; Univ. of Alta., Edmonton, Alta.

## THE CLASS OF 1911

- ERNEST RUSSELL COLWELL  
B.A. '11; Exeter, Ont.

## THE CLASS OF 1912

- KENNETH BRUCE MACLAREN  
B.A. '12; Lieut. 92nd Bn. Aug., '15; Capt. May, '16; O.S. May, '16; France June, '17 (15th Bn.); Gassed Mar. 23, '18; Ret. Dec., '18; Dis. Jan., '19; Practising Law, 80 Roxborough St. E., Toronto.

## THE CLASS OF 1913

- GEORGE COYNE  
B.A. '13; O.S. with C.E.F.
- AURDY BENJAMIN HOLMES  
B.A. '13, M.B. '18, Lieut. C.A.M.C. (Tr. Dep., No. 2 M.D.), July, '18; Siberia; Ret. June, '19; Box 253, New Westminster, B.C.
- WILLIAM E. SLOAN  
B.A. '13

## THE CLASS OF 1914

- ARTHUR EDWARD ROSBOROUGH  
B.A. '14; Cadet R.A.F.; Mount Royal College, Calgary, Alta.
- CHARLES BRUCE WOOD  
B.A. '14; Pte. U. of T. O.S. Tr. Coy. Sept., '17; O.S. June, '18; Household Bde., O.C.B., Aug., '18; Lieut. Mar., '19; Ret. and Dis. June, '19; Prin. H.S., Cumberland, B.C.

## THE CLASS OF 1915

- JOSEPH EARLBY BELFRY  
B.A. '15; Pte. U. of T. O.S. Tr. Coy.; O.S. May, '18; c/o Rev. J. P. Belfry, Meth. Min., Toronto Conf.
- ROBERT RUSSELL FLEMING  
B.A. '15; Lieut. 67th Bty., C.F.A., May, '17; Ret. Feb., '18 (leave); Cor. Bathurst St. and St. Clair Ave., Toronto.
- HARTLEY HERMAN SANDERSON  
'15; Lieut. R.F.C., Equip. Offer.; Caledon East, Ont.

## THE CLASS OF 1916

- FREDERICK C. HENDERSON  
'16; Gnr. H.Q. Staff 4th Bde., C.F.A.; Flt. Sub-Lieut. R.N.A.S. Sept., '15; Italy Fall, '17; Flt. Lieut. R.A.F.; Prom. Capt., Egypt; Ill. May, '16; Ret. Oct., '18; St. George Apts., Toronto.
- B. J. ROBERTS  
B.A. '16; Dept. of Finance, Ottawa, Ont.
- WILLIAM HAROLD WATSON  
B.A. '16; Lieut. 75th Bn.; France, 16th C.M.G. Coy.; 77 Roxborough Drive, Toronto.

## THE CLASS OF 1917

- J. N. BICKNELL  
B.A. '17; c/o Osgoode Hall, Toronto.
- WILMOT CHARLES DEWITT CLARKE  
B.A. '17; R.R. No. 1, Stoney Creek, Ont.
- CHARLES HARVEY HEWSON  
'17; Pte. Eaton Motor M.G. Bty. Feb., '15; O.S. May, '15; 2nd Lieut. R.E.A. Nov., '15; France Feb., '16; Lieut. Aug., '16; Capt. Jan., '17; Maj. Nov., '18; Wound, Nov., '17 (Passchendaele); Ret. and Dis. July, '19; R.F.D. No. 4, Brampton, Ont. (See Honours.)
- ROBERT BREMNER CUMMING  
'17; Pte. 182nd Bn.; O.S. Apr., '17; Prom. Sgt.; Oshawa, Ont.
- JAY BRUCE GRIFFITH  
'17; Pte. U. of T. O.S. Tr. Coy., 1st Can. Tank Bn.; O.S. June, '18; Ret. Dec., '18; 88 Delaware Ave., Hamilton, Ont.
- JOHN ERNEST HOOVER  
'17; Seaman H.M.C.S. "Niobe" (18 months); 136 Geoffrey St., Toronto
- H. L. HUMPHREY  
'17.

## THE CLASS OF 1918

- WILLIAM GARNET NOBLE  
'18; Pte. C.A.M.C., No. 5 Fld. Amb., Mar., '15; O.S. Apr., '15; France Sept., '15; Wound, Sept. 17, '16 (Courcellette); Ret. Sept., '18; At tend. Vic. (III).
- CLARENCE EDWARD THOMPSON  
'18; Pte. 129th Bn.; Stoney Creek, Ont.

**THE CLASS OF 1919**

- REGINALD MEREDITH DALY  
'19; Cadet R.A.F.; 89 Ridout St., London, Ont.
- COLIN B. FAULKNER  
'19; Spr. C.E.; O.S. Sept., '18; Ret. Jan., '19; Jenner, Alta.
- N. B. LAUGHTON  
'19; Attend. Vic. (III)

**THE CLASS OF 1920**

- ARTHUR CLIFFORD CHELEW  
'20; Pte. U. of T. O.S. Tr. Coy.; 23 Rosemount Ave., Toronto.
- STEWART RANDALL FELKER  
'20; Y.M.C.A. Offer. (Imp.) May, '17; O.S. Jan., '17; India Aug., '17; Ret. and Dis. Apr., '19; Meth. Min., Tobermory, Ont.
- WILLIAM VICTOR JOHNSTON  
'20; Pte. U. of T. O.S. Tr. Coy. May, '18; M.G. Coy., Siberian Ex. Force, Oct., '18; Dis. Nov., '19; Attend. Vic. (IV.)
- DOUGLAS GRANT MOUNTEUR  
'20; Pte. C.A.S.C.; Prom. I/Cpl.; Box 23, Lindsay, Ont.

**THE CLASS OF 1921**

- ALBERT ERNEST ROBERTS WESTMAN  
'21; Flt. Cadet R.C.N.A.S. Sept., '18, O.S. Oct., '18; Ret. and Dis. Feb., '19; 52 First Ave., Ottawa, Ont.

**OTHER MEMBERS OF THE COLLEGE**

- WALTER WINTER CORRIE ALMACK  
'17; Cobourg Hvy. Bty. Aug., '15; Prom. Sgnt.; Pleurisy Feb., '16; Dis. (Med. Unfit); Ret., '16; Hebworth, Ont.
- THOMAS WESLEY FERGUSON GEE ANDREWS  
'12-'13-'14; Hon. Capt. (Chap.) July, '18; O.S.; Ret. May, '19; Att. Christie St. Orth. Hosp.
- WILLIAM JAMES ARMS  
C.T. '06; Meth. Min., Toronto Confl., South Porcupine, Ont.
- FREDERICK GRANT BANTING  
M.B.; Pte. C.A.M.C. Mar., '15; O.S. Mar., '17; France (13th Flt. Amb.); Prom. Capt.; Wound, Sept. 28, '11 (Cambrai); Ret. Mar., '19; Dis. Sept., '19; Alliston, Ont. (See Honours.)
- EDMUND BARNES  
Rimbey, Alta.
- W. H. BATSTONE  
Sr. Matric. Albert College, '13; Pte. Can. Cycle Corps; Prom. Sgnt.
- CLIFFORD ETHELBERT BISHOP  
'09-'10; 110th For. Bn.; Nethley Bridge, Scot.; 48 College St., Toronto.

- JAMES H. BROWN  
'12-'13.
- PANAMA BROTHERS  
Oct. '07-'09; Hon. Capt. (Chap.) 2101 B. Coy. (A.I.) Dec. '16-'17; 5, MacDuff Ave., Toronto; Calgary, Alta.
- LUTHER BROWN, BULL  
Oct. '17-'18; Sgt. (Chap.) (M.D.); 323 St. John's Rd.
- CHARLES D. CLARK  
Sr. Matric. Albert College, '12
- J. M. COLLING  
C.T.; Talbotville, Ont.
- SYLVESTER EDWORTHY  
Sr. Matric. Albert College, '16
- ALBERT EDWARD ELLIOTT  
'11-'14; Sgt. 227th Bn.; Brantford, Ont.
- WILLIAM HENRY FAIR  
'12-'14; Sgt. 210th Bn., Pte. U. of T. O.S. Tr. Coy., Cadet R.C. Div., '16; 134 Park Ave., Brantford, Ont.
- JAMES A. FINLEY  
Attend. Vic. (Theol.)
- H. FISHER  
Sr. Matric. Albert College, '16; 780 Bn., C.F.A.
- ROBERT RUSSELL FLEMING  
B.A. '15; Lieut. 67th Bty. May, '17; Dis. Nov., '19
- LESTER MARSHALL GREEN  
'05-'08; Lieut. 83rd Bn.; Trans. 164th Bn., Mar., Ontarioville, Ont.
- ERNEST HARTSON  
B.D. '16; France; 7th Bn. C.K.T.
- ARTHUR HAROLD JOHNSTON  
'18-'19-'20; Attend. Vic. (Theol.)
- GEORGE F. KELLY  
Sr. Matric. Albert College, '15; 1st Tank Bn.
- HENRY BRUCE KENNY  
Oct. '03-'05; Hon. Capt. (Chap.) 139th Bn.; Campbellford, Ont.
- G. KETTVLS  
'15
- ROBERT KERR LAMBERT  
Oct. '10-'12; Hon. Capt. (Chap.) 97th Bn. May, '16; Meth. Min., Copper Cliff, Ont.
- JAMES ROBERT LOWERY  
'09-'10; Maj. (I.L.) Bn. Nov., '15; O.S. Oct., '16; France; Mar., '17; 496th Bn.; Wound, Aug. 30, '17; Army Inv. Can. July, '17; Dis. Mar., '18; Attend. Osgoode (final year).
- WILLIAM G. OWEN MANSON  
'11-'16; Sgt. Wg. Med. Ex. M.P.P., Vancouver, B.C.
- I. C. MARR  
Sr. Matric. Albert College, '11; Can. Div.

- JOHN FERGUSON GERMON MORRIS  
Oct. '09-'12; Pte. 24th Bn.; 573 Bathurst St., Toronto.
- JAMES V. McNEELY  
Sr. Matric. Albert College, '16; C.A. M.C., Flt. Amb.
- WILLIAM EDWARD OGDEN  
'09-'11; M.B.; 2nd Lt. M.C.; 103, Spadina, Mt. Hope, Ont.; Capt.; 9 Spadina Road
- DOMENICO PAPA  
Oct. '14-'15; Pte. 23rd Bn. (14th Bn.) Army, '15; Wound, '16 (Montreal); Ret. '19; 56, Bala, Mt. Hope; 56 Elm St., Toronto.
- MAXWELL COLBERTNE PARR  
C.T.; Pte. 1st Dep. Bn., W.O.R., Oct., '18; Dis. Dec., '19; Attend. Vic. (Theol.)
- FRANK PARRY  
B.A., M.B.; Hamilton, Ont.
- C. A. PROCUNIER  
Revelstoke, B.C.
- DOUGLAS EDMUND SCOTT  
Sr. Matric. Albert College, '17; 1st Cobourg Hvy. Bty., 3rd Can. Svc. Bty.
- H. STANTON
- A. E. STEWART  
Lieut.
- CAMERON SULLY  
Sr. Matric. Albert College, '13; N. 5 S.H., Cairo; No. 7 G.H., Etaples.
- ... VANBLARICUS  
Sr. Matric. Albert College, '07; 52nd Bty., C.F.A.
- EARL HASTINGS WALKER  
Oct. '17-'18; Pte. 1st T. Coy., 1st Can. Tank Bn., Aug., '18; Brantford, Ont.
- WILLIAM WALSH  
Oct. '11-'13; Hon. Capt. Chap. Petawawa
- ROBERT WILLIAMS  
Sr. Matric. Albert College, '10; Capt. Imp. Inf.
- GEORGE HENRY WILLIAMS  
D.D.; Hon. Maj. (Chap. Serv.) July, '15; Prom. Chap. Serv., '15; Prom. Lt.-Col. Aug., '16; O.C. Brit. Recruiti Mission to U.S.A. June, '17; O.C. Organization Chap. Serv. (Can.) June, '18; A.D.C.S., Eastern Can., Sept., '18, O.S. Oct., '18; Ret. Mar., '19; Dis. July '19; Meth. Min. 41 Wellesley Cres., Toronto.
- STUDENTS REGISTERED SINCE THE WAR
- EDWARD ROBERT HALL  
'21, III; Spinal Meningitis; Dis. Phys. Unfit.
- J. HAROLD LINDSAY  
'22; Pte. R.A.F. May, '18; Dis. Dec., '18.

## ACTA VICTORIANA

W. H. MOONEY  
'22; Pte. 67th Bty. Nov., '16; France

GORDON NOBLE ANDERSON  
'23. Prob. Flt. Offr. R.F.C. and O.S. Sept., '17; France, crash Jan. 21, '18 (Vendôme); Nervous breakdown; Ret. Jan., '18; Dis. Aug., '18.

WILLIAM THOMAS ARMSTRONG  
'23; Cadet R.F.C. Sept., '17; O.S. Feb., '18; R.A.F. Apr., '18; Ret. and Dis. Aug., '19.

DALE SYDNEY ATKINSON  
'23; Pte. 222nd Bn. Jan., '16; Prom. L/Cpl. June, '16; Cpl. Oct., '16; O.S. Nov., '16; Prom. Sgt. Mar., '17; 2nd Lieut. R.F.C. Dec., '17; Lieut. R.A.F. Apr., '18; France Aug., '18; Ret. and Dis. Apr., '19.

ALEXANDER EARLE BAKER  
Theol.; Pte. 139th Bn. Apr., '16; O.S. Nov., '16; Prom. Sgt., Lieut.; Rev., Prom. Cpl., Sgt., Staff-Sgt.; Ret. and Dis. July, '19.

FRED LAMBLE BARTLETT  
'23; Pte. C.E. Sept., '16; O.S. Nov., '16; France Apr., '17 (2nd Can. Div. Sig. Coy.); Prom. Coy. Sgt.-Maj.; Ret. and Dis. July, '19. (See Honours.)

HENRY COTTON  
Theol.; Pte. 148th Bn. Jan., '16; Prom. L/Cpl. Apr., '16; O.S. Sept., '16; Cadet Dec., '16; Lieut. Feb., '17; Att. R.F.C. Mar., '17; France Apr., '17; (1) Shot down Apr., '17 (Vimy), (2) Shot down (wound.) May, '17 (Somain); P.O.W. till Dec., '18; Ret. and Dis. May, '19.

GEORGE SPARKES DAY  
'23; Pte. 4th C.M.R. Nov., '14; O.S. June, '15; France Sept., '15; Wound and P.O.W. June 2, '16 (Zillibeke); Ret. Mar., '19; Dis. Apr., '19.

JAMES E. R. DONSEE  
'23; Pte. 2nd Bn., C.M.G.C., Oct., '16; O.S. May, '17; France Nov. 14, '17; Ret. and Dis. May, '19.

HERBERT CYRIL ELFORD  
'23; Pte. W.O.R. May, '18; Prom. L/Cpl. June, '18; Dis. Nov., '18.

FREDERICK MARK ELLIS  
Theol.; Pte. June, '18; O.S. June '18; Ret. and Dis. July, '18.

JAMES GARETH ENDICOTT  
'23; Spr. Div. Sig. Coy., C.E., Jan., '17; O.S. Mar., '17; France Jan., '18 (1st Can. Div. Sig. Coy.); 2nd Bde., C.F.A., Mar., '18; Ret. and Dis. July, '19.

DUNCAN MORVAN GUEST  
Theol.; Pte. 1st Dep. Bn., W.O.R., Aug., '18; Dis. Dec., '18.

ERROS WILLIAM HART  
Theol.; Pte. 70th Bn. Nov., '15; O.S. Apr., '16; France June, '16 (5th C. M.R.); Wound. (1) Sept. 15, '16 (Somme), (2) Mar. 15, '18 (Meri-court); Ret. Dec., '18; Dis. Feb., '19.

HARVEY EATON HAZLEWOOD  
'23; Pte. 201st Bn. Apr., '16; Trans 67th Bty., C.F.A., Oct., '16; O.S. Nov., '16; France Apr., '17 (23rd Bty., C.F.A.); Ret. and Dis. July, '19.

WILLIAM HOOKER  
'23; Bugler 201st Bn. Feb., '16; Trans. C.A.S.C. and O.S. Dec., '16; France Dec., '17; Ret. and Dis. May, '19.

JOHN AMBROSE C. KELL  
'23; Seaman R.N.C.V.R. Mar., '17; left Can. Apr., '17; North Sea, etc.; Prom. Leading Seaman; Ret. June, '18. Dis. June, '19.

WILLIAM JOHN STUART KNOX  
'23; Pte. 33rd Bn. Feb., '15; O.S. June, '15; France June, 15 (1st Bn.); Wound. Oct. 13, '15 (Messines Ridge); Shell shock Mar. 6, '16 (Ypres); Ret. Sept., '16; Dis. Apr., '17.

FREDERICK G. MACTAVISH  
Theol.; Pte. C.A.M.C. (No. 2 M.D.) Oct., '17; O.S. Oct., '18 (Siberia); Ret. and Dis. June, '19.

JOHN FRANKLIN NELSON, '23.  
BARETT OSCAR PARTRIDGE, '23.

ROBERT WESLEY PHILP  
'23; Pte. R.A.F. Aug., '18; Dis. Jan., '19.

BERTRAM SHELTON  
'23; Pte. C.A.M.C. (No. 2 M.D.) May, '17; Trans. R.N.C.V.R. (Radio Br.) Mar., '18; Prom. Warrant Offr.; Dis. Feb., '19.

LEWIS VINCENT SMITH  
'23; Spr. C.E. Apr., '18; Dis. May, '19.

FREDERICK B. STRANGWAYS, '23.

CHARLES ELMER TAYLOR  
Theol.; Pte. C.A.M.C. May, '17; O.S. Aug., '17; Trans. C.M.G. Dep. Sept., '17; Ret. and Dis. July, '19.

CARMAN HUBERT THORNTON  
'23; Pte. 168th Bn. Apr., '16; O.S. Oct., '16; France Feb., '17 (2nd Bn.); Ret. and Dis. Apr., '19. (See Honours.)

ROBERT FORBES TREWIN  
'23; Pte. 220th Bn. June, '16; O.S. Apr., '17; Trans. 134th Bn. June, '17; France Aug., '18 (3rd Bn.); Ret. and Dis. Apr., '19.

HARRISON WADDINGTON  
'23; Flt. Cadet R.F.C. Jan., '18; 2nd Lieut.; O.S. Aug., '18; Ret. and Dis. May, '19.

WILBERT J. L. WESTON  
'23; Gnr. R.C.H.A. Apr., '16; O.S. Sept., '16; France Jan., '17 (45th Bty. C.F.A.); Ret. and Dis. Mar., '19.

THOMAS GEORGE WILLIAMS  
Theol.; Pte. 10th (Winnipeg) For. Bn. June, '17; O.S. Dec., '17; Ret. and Dis. Apr., '18.

ELDON BLAKE WILTSE  
'23; Pte. R.A.F. June, '18; Dis. Nov., '18.

## MEMBERS OF THE SUB-STAFF

ALBERT JAMES WHITLAM  
The Porter, Burwash Hall; Pte. 3rd Bn. Aug., '14; O.S. Nov., '14; France Feb., '15; Wound. Apr., '15 (St. Julien); Ret. Dec., '16; Dis. July, '17.

ALFRED CATTON—"ARCHIE"  
Burwash Hall; Pte. 124th Bn. Jan., '16; O.S. Aug., '16; France Mar., '17; Trans. C.E. Apr., '18; Wound Oct. 26, '17 (Passchendaele); Ret. and Dis. Aug., '18.

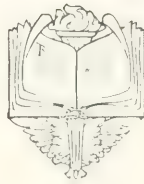


CHARLES STEWART  
The Caretaker, Victoria College Library; Pte. 1st Can. Pioneers Mar., '15; O.S. June, '15; France June, '15; Prom. L/Cpl. Sept., '15; Cpl. Feb., '16; Wound. (1) Nov., '15 (Zillibeke), (2) June, '16 (Sanctuary Wood) (severe); Ret. Sept., '17; Dis. Dec., '18.

PERCY GEORGE SLEIGH  
Burwash Hall; Pte. 238th Bn. Aug., '16; O.S. Sept., '16; France Sept., '16; Trans. Arty (5th Can. T.M.'s) Mar., '18; Ret. and Dis. June, '19.



ACTA VICTORIANA  
WAR SUPPLEMENT



*PART II.*

## THE INFLUENCE OF THE WAR ON CANADIAN POLITICS

THE word politics shall be used. In deference to popular prejudice, which has nearly ruined a perfectly good word with an ancient and honourable reputation, one might substitute some hitherto untarnished phrase, such as public affairs. But even Job was not deserted on his ash pile, and it is ungracious to abandon a word simply because it has fallen on evil days. Its eclipse is temporary, surely, and may be traced to a tendency amongst us to mistake things of secondary importance for things of primary importance. In an era of expansion and material prosperity North America forgot simple truths patent to the world of Aristotle. Hence it is possible for a Secretary of the Treasury to resign in order to become the opulent solicitor for the movies merger, while a Finance Minister resigns to return to his beloved Trust company. Presently our standard of judgment may be revised. Then we shall know that society suffers from a fatal malady unless it consists of citizens who are prepared, at the public call, to set aside personal preferences and devote themselves to the study and pursuit of politics.

In a measure the war has assisted in bringing about this adjustment. Its demands were imperative. They were unprecedented in British practice. They took men from their place in the family and in the economic life of the community with small consideration for private ambitions or claims of business. All but some sixty thousand of these men whose lives felt the definite shock of social demands have returned to their homes and their tasks. They look about them on their return. They see their own affairs and the affairs of their neighbors in a new light. They cannot refrain from asking whether the Military Service Act is to be the last Service Act, whether a country worth dying for is not a country worth living for. They are inclined to distinguish also between living for and living on a country. This reasoning marks the beginning of political and economic wisdom. It marks also the raising of politics from the mire and the submerging therein of the man whose interest never wanders far from his personal ambitions or his private bank account.

It must not be supposed that the new era is to be free from all the evils of the old. We shall not be rid of the man to whom criticism is more congenial than co-operation. We shall still have amongst us rich men and poor men who succeed in living as social parasites. We shall still have ignorance and the unlovely vice of intolerance, which feeds partly on ignorance and partly on the want of the fundamental virtue of Christianity. A certain section of the returned soldiers may be amongst the chiefest sinners. The war has not affected every one as it did with Rupert Brooke's "Swimmers Into Cleanness Leaping." The Greek restaurant keepers of Toronto, the Community Doukhobors of Grand Forks, and more recently certain would-be settlers of Austrian origin in

the Okanagan were made painfully aware that the war has not afforded a liberal education to all returned men. Speaking generally, however, the men who have seen service in France have come back with a wider horizon and a greater concern for the welfare of the State. And to a degree the awakening has extended to all classes.

The recent elections in Ontario bear clear testimony to certain changes which have been taking place. A silent revolution has been achieved. The older political parties have been taken in hand by the sovereign bourgeois, admonished in the most approved fashion, and asked to be seated decorously in a corner. A good many people think that they will never be restored to public confidence. The new Premier appears to hold this view. It is an open question, however, whether just as in nature there is an alternation of forces—flow and ebb, growth and atrophy, summer and winter—so in politics it may not be that the forces of progress naturally separate themselves from those of conservatism, each having its proper place in the scheme of things, its due season of popularity and its natural adherents; whether, after all, bifurcation is not more appropriate to the Anglo-Saxon as a political animal than any nice division into groups. However this may be, it can confidently be predicted that never again shall we abate so far in reason as to give the blind adherence to party we have shown in the past.

An excellent result which will flow from the eclipse of partisanship is a revival of interest in the study of public questions. The press has not always served us well in this respect. When it is unduly interested in the success of a party, or the hero of a party, it has failed to discuss public questions on their merits. The documents necessary to a complete understanding of the case are not presented, or they are given to the reader in a predigested form with a generous infusion of flavouring. One recalls an amusing instance of this. One of the greatest questions we have discussed in recent years was that of reciprocal trade with the United States. A brilliant graduate of the University of Toronto was chosen to debate the subject with a sister University. After spending a week with the newspaper files, he called on a friend for a talk on the question. Some gaps in his argument were discovered, and on enquiry the friend discovered the amazing fact that in all his reading our debate had not unearthed the terms of the reciprocity pact. A comparison of the reports of Parliamentary debates as they were reproduced in the press of twenty years ago with the reports as now printed reveals the decline in exact information on political matters procurable through the newspapers. An awakened citizenship of the future may be expected to demand from the press more plain facts and less propaganda.

In journalism, then, we may hope to escape the staccato editorial and the news item consisting mainly of scare headlines. On public platforms we must also



have a revival of free and enlightened discussion. Many of the greatest Canadian thinkers were developed in the forum of the temperance lodges so common throughout Ontario a half century ago. The surprising strength of the agrarian and Labour movements at the present time is due to the solid reading imposed by the necessity of clear expression in the farmers' clubs and labor unions. The business man must turn from his golf and his motor to his study if he is to uphold his cause before the Canada of to-morrow.

Closely connected with the decline of partisanship is a further effect of the war, which is likely to reveal itself in coming elections. I refer to the emphasis which will be laid on the economic appeal, and the minimizing of racial and religious issues. For two reasons this happy relief is to be expected. Our men overseas have seen other races, have heard other languages, and have observed the common and elemental in religious experience. The wares of the demagogue who appeals to prejudice rather than reason will fail to attract the man whose understanding has been broadened in the great crusade. Then, again, we shall be poor for a time. We have probably floated our last large loan. We must now begin to meet the interest on our huge national debt, and think also of the principal. In a word, we shall be compelled to study economics.

Already one sees definite signs of a change in this direction. In the course of the last provincial election the white horse was kept in the stable. I do not recall a single reference to race or religion in any of the Toronto dailies, and I doubt if much talk of the sort was tolerated in ward smokers or on the sidelines. The Farmers' movement had its origin in an economic theory, while the labour unions never allow the capitalist, so-called, to escape very far from their thoughts. It would be rash to contend that the farmer and the

again shall we have a National Labour Conference of the complexion of that which recently was assembled at Ottawa, where the representatives of Labour were confined to delegates of the trades unions. However,



even this conference was an indication of a growing interest in the serious economic questions which confront us. And the discussion doubtless assisted in clearing the economic views of those present, employers quite as much as employees. It is not contended that economic considerations are more important or more fundamental than moral or religious considerations, but they seem to fall more naturally within the purview of governments, and ordinarily to be debatable without those appeals to passion which in the past have served to divert attention from serious social abuses.

Of such a character are some of the tendencies in our political life which appear to have developed from the war. As the survivors of the struggle find their place in the community—and in the great majority of cases they are quietly taking up the old life—each brings to his work an experience which for the time may unsettle, but which inevitably widens the outlook. And the communities to which they return have been altered by the war. Conventional notions have



city labourer have common views on economics. Their attempt to co-operate in the new Administration is one of the most interesting experiments in government. Indeed, it is perhaps unique in history. The significant thing about the coalition is the fact that it gives a sane interpretation to the term Labour, which too often has been applied to a mere fraction of working people. It is quite time that such a misleading use of the term should be abandoned. Let us hope that never

been shattered; petty interests have been forgotten; long-cherished plans have been dislocated; impossible tasks have been accomplished. With it all has come a fresh confidence in human achievement. In the clear vision of a new era some of the gilded images which have long been the objects of our political worship will be found to have stood all the while on feet of clay.

C. B. SISSONS.





THE REUNION, OCT. 17th, 1919.  
(For an account see Acta Victoriana, Nov. 1919)

(Continued on Page 8, 4 Bulletin)

### THE LONDON REUNION

The spirit of Old Vic. has persisted magnificently throughout the great war, and her sons and daughters have brought honour to her wherever they have gone. The writer had the privilege of addressing thirty-four of the former students in 1917 on a knoll at Witley Camp. There and then, it is said, that the conception of Khaki University was born. On January 31st of this year, in the Connaught Rooms, London, a reunion of Victoria graduates and undergraduates was held. The setting of the scene was gorgeous compared with the usual surroundings of the boys. The dinner was recherche to a degree unusual in London in the days of war and recovery from its many stringencies. "The King" was honoured in a brief but happy address by the Rev. George Jackson, B.A., whose heart is at least half in Canada, and who retains a warm admiration for things Canadian and Victorian. Then followed the reading by Lieut. Benson Summers, M.M., of the names of fifty-four sons of Old Vic. known to have been killed in action or to have died of wounds. Their names were received in moving silence, but with unbounded pride in the record of our alma mater. Equality of sacrifice forbids special mention of the name of any one of these heroes, though they included a lieutenant-colonel and others of rank in the army.

The health of Old Vic. was drunk to a toast proposed by Sergt. Percy Galloway, and seconded by Major Merritt Price, in forceful and appropriate addresses. The Rev. T. Albert Moore, D.D., in broad outline and with patriotic fervor, proposed the toast of Canada, the land we love the best; while it fell to the lot of the writer, in proposing "The Church," to reveal the remarkable programme of Canadian Methodism as sufficiently broad in mental, social and spiritual vision as to challenge the most consecrated and enthusiastic service that can be rendered by her returning sons.

Then followed a transference of a Victoria conversat into a splendid literary and musical programme by London ladies and gentlemen, arranged with great skill and success by Miss F. Marion Walwyn, of the Y.M.C.A. Beaver Hut, and rendered with distinguished ability.

The whole event was a social oasis amid the drab desert of military routine, and quickened in the hearts of all love for the dear old college to which we owe so much. To Captain Garden is largely due the credit for the efficient execution of a very happy thought.

S. D. CHOWN..

Extract from diary of R. J. Irwin, 178—May 25, 1917:

This afternoon the whole camp was C.B'd as a result of the German air raid on Folkestone yesterday. From what one gathers, the town suffered rather heavily. It seems a pity that helpless women and children must continue to live with this constant threatened terror hanging over them.

In spite of the order we managed to pull off our Vic. reunion as arranged. Thirteen Vic. stalwarts succeeded in making the grade, and we sat down to a sumptuous repast at the Norfolk Hotel in Sandgate. The fellows present were Hal Hutchison, Norv. Luck, Lew Moffitt, Hugh Taylor, Roy Greer, Cap. McLaren, Howard Langford, Bill White, Matt. Wilson, Stan. Johnson and Hal Brown. Blatchford, Galloway, Congdon, Pearson and a host of others were prevented from rallying by the C.B. order. After the customary toasts the good old Vic. yells were given. They carry new significance over here. The imminence of the war menace and the grim reality of the struggle makes one feel how precious the old College days have become in retrospect. The fellows who have been over the Channel seem a little subdued and more thoughtful. They must be awfully fed up, but, by George! they're game.

THE BAROON CLUB

Regularly the steel clank of hob-nailed Kitcheners announced the approach of some mud-ridden Canadian, groping his way, peering for the brass plate "Baroon."

Inside all was merry. Mud and incessant rains and the inky darkness of Seaford faded before a bright grate fire. The change from the atmosphere of camp and the presence of very congenial companions caused such merriment that it was a task to write letters.

Many Vic. men frequented this and the sister club next door. The members were ever changing—some going to France, others returning wounded, gassed, or to take cadet courses. To a Vic. man, Stan Sweetman, credit for founding this club, although he had many eager helpers.

Good though the eats were when shared there, and pleasant the bright fire, these were only incidentals. The real purpose of the club was to keep alive and foster a deeper, truer life. Many called it "the power house." It was a help under unusual conditions, a re-union of home, and a bright spot in the dreary routine of camp life.

CAPTAIN CHURCH RENEWS AN OLD ACQUAINTANCESHIP

A peculiar thing—nobody ever talks on trains. Not even persons who know each other. Dreadful thing to do, in their estimation. What do they do? Why, they sit there like mummies and look as solemn as owls, and if anybody laughed at them they would put him off the train.

Arrived at Willesden at 11.25. Recognized many places I had seen before. Got down in front of the Baptist Chapel, at which the Glee Club sang on the occasion of its last visit, and from there it was comparatively easy to find Lawn Villa. I was trying to get in at the gate when Tom Proud called to me from his trap in the street. I was glad to see him. The last time we met we did have a fine drive to Harrow-on-the-Hill.

Glee Club, don't you dad?" "'Course, I do. But you're fat. Army's good for you, ain't it? Here's the old woman."

She did not know me at first, but she well remembered me in a minute or two. Then Daisy came, then Billie, and last of all, the baby—May.

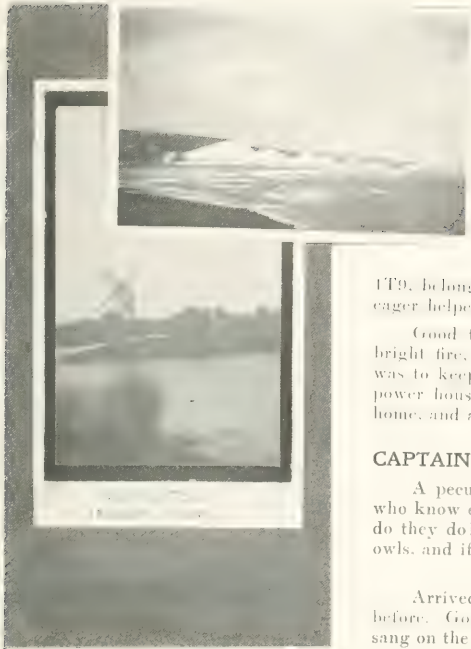
I had to stay for dinner in that old dining-room with its stove built into the fireplace, and the dog asleep

in the old man's arm chair, and cats everywhere. A goodish place, clean and bright. The bluff kindness, or rather, the kindly gruffness of the old man always amused me, and it always seemed to put him in good humour when I laughed at his funny speeches.

During a silence at the dinner table he suddenly turned to his "old gal," as he likes to call her, and said: "Stop your winking at me. If you hadn't been here, Captain, she'd a' winked at me. She was just a-goin' to."

And he knows a horse from the roots up. He loves them and they love him. He has one 32 years old, which he was wishing would die.

After dinner he hitched up the pony to the trap and took me and another old gentleman out to Hendon to see his fat cattle. He has two heads there, and he fiddled away the whole afternoon counting them and watching them get fat. He likes money, next to a good horse—and he has lots of both.



TWO FAMILIAR SCENES AT SEAFORD. The Seven Sisters Above.

"Dad's down in the yard, but he will never know you."

I went down and, sure enough, there was the old man, looking much feebler than before, but with the same roguish look in his eyes.

"I know your face, but I don't know your body. You've got awful fat. What's your name?"

Tom says: "Why, you remember Mr. Church of the



A CORNER OF THE ABBEY. (Courtesy of H. S. Webb.)



BIG BEN. (Courtesy of H. S. Webb.)

## Editorial



¶ In presenting this publication the Editorial Staff wish, on behalf of the two Literary Societies, to acknowledge with profound gratitude the co-operation of those friends of the College who have so materially assisted in its production.

¶ For the cover design, executed by Mr. J. E. H. MacDonald, A.R.C.A., we are indebted to Prof. S.H. Hooke.

¶ The considerable task of preparing the records was made much easier by the action of Prof. G. O. Smith, Editor of the University of Toronto Roll of Service, who placed his information entirely at our disposal, and continued to supply us with additional items as they became available.

¶ The work of collecting material for the Women's page was voluntarily undertaken by Mrs. E. J. Pratt, B.A.

¶ We desire to express our appreciation of the counsel afforded by members of the Faculty, and are especially grateful to the Registrar, Prof. A. L. Langford, and his Staff, who constantly lent their assistance during the revision of the records.

¶ To all our contributors we are indebted for their loyal response to our requests for material, and to certain members of the College not on the Committee, who assisted in the work of collecting.

¶ The Business Manager, Mr. E. H. McKinney, wishes to express, through this column, his appreciation of the enthusiasm and loyalty shown by certain of the graduates and undergraduates who have untiringly assisted him in the strenuous canvassing operations of a last minute advertising campaign. The co-operation of the year executives in securing subscriptions is also gratefully acknowledged.

¶ As a committee working independently of the regular Acta, we are free to thank for their moral and physical support the Board which is this year responsible for the maintenance of that venerable institution.





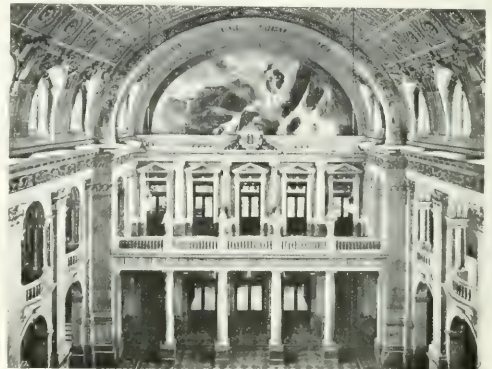
somewhat crude and superficial; but the American knew thorough and genuine excellence when he saw it, and the ease and power shown by the German scholar in his use of Latin and Greek could not fail to impress him. The matriculant who could at sight turn the morning editorial into elegant Latin, who could rise and deliver an impromptu address, who made constant use of the Latin language in his *seminar*, evinced a skill in the Classics that made an immediate and irresistible appeal to the practical American. When science was in question, there lay to hand the resources of the new continent; and the Universities that excelled in the application of science to useful technical service were naturally those that most attracted the inventive Yankee. Nor were the German Universities opposed to liberty; for the first half of the nineteenth century they were its enthusiastic champions. It was not the Prussian King nor the Prussian Court that kindled and maintained the fiery patriotism that hurled Napoleon out of Germany in 1819; it was the Burschen who, round their campfires, sang the patriotic songs springing fresh from the burning souls of a Körner or a Moritz Arndt. True, the King of Prussia, who in response to the enthusiasm of the academic youth had promised his citizens a free constitution, proved false to his promise. But their flaming zeal for liberty did not yet die down. When Ernest Cumberland, Queen Victoria's unlovely uncle, on his accession to the crown of Hanover in 1837, abrogated at once the free constitution of his new kingdom, seven professors of Göttingen, the foremost German University of that day, amongst them Jakob Grimm and Dahlmann, Gerwinus and Weber, at once abandoned their chairs in protest. German students and professors led the agitation for liberty and union; and when in 1848 thrones came crashing down on every hand, foremost among the Liberals, who in Parliament at Frankfurt framed a constitution for a free Germany, were University professors like Dahlmann and Strauss, Gneist, Sybel and Virchow. They fixed their hopes for deliverance from Austria and its alien hordes of Czechs and Magyars on Prussia and the royal mystic, Frederic Wm. IV. And again Prussia, swayed by its Junkers with Bismarck among their leaders, blasted the hopes of the academic patriots. Grant Robertson seems justified in his belief that "had the unification of 1848 been given a fair trial it would have moulded the German mind and directed German destinies and ambitions into paths of self-development of incalculable benefit to Germany and the world." But for more than seventy years the Junkers have exulted over the failure of "academic amateurs," and under the leadership of an able cynic like Bismarck, who with his contempt for honour and conscience swayed the political thought and faith of his time, have brought the Empire to the plight in which it finds itself to-day.

The zeal for truth and freedom that inspired the older academic leaders was reflected in the teaching and government of their Universities. The professor was master in his department, and no matter how sacred his subject or how important in its results to Church or to State, he was left perfectly free in the conduct of his researches. To this *Lernfreiheit* corresponded the *Lernfreiheit* of the students, who were free to choose their University, their professor or professors, and the subjects on which they wished instruction. Of course, before they graduated from the University of their choice or entered an office

in the State they had a graduating or State examination to pass; but no other examination intervened to disturb them during the five or six years of their academic course. But the poison of Bismarck's successful career, which infected the conscience of all Germany, could not but affect the Universities. Soon we had the eloquent Treitzchke claiming for the State freedom from all moral bonds; such a freedom as had marked the plans and policies of Bismarck in his unification and extension of the Empire. Bismarck himself found at last the autocracy he had maintained and confirmed a monster too strong even for him; the shallow Emperor dropped the pilot and set sail for universal domination; and Bismarck was left to lament in his retirement at Friedrichsruhe the ruin which the absolute ruler he had dreamed of directing was sure to bring on the Empire he had created. The new Napoleon began to set aside the old humanities and insist on the higher usefulness of the physical and natural sciences, whose study was to provide him with submarines and poison gases in his struggle to crush the liberties of mankind. The vain and ambitious character of their monarch, to whom the professors looked for place and promotion, began more and more to affect their writing and teaching. The State set itself free from all regard for honour or pledge; its treaties were but "scraps of paper"; and when, in 1914, the neutrality of Belgium was violated, its priests murdered, its women ravished, its libraries and Universities burned and devastated, it was some ninety-seven leading teachers of the same German Universities, that the world had honoured so long as shrines of liberty and intellectual honesty, that came to the support of rampant tyranny, and denied in the strongest terms what all must see and feel was the awful truth. So strong was the poison that held, and still holds, we fear, the institutions of which Germany had most cause to be proud. True, there were exceptions like Förster and Nicolai, whose courage and veracity give some ground for hope. And German Universities still treasured the humanities, concerning which one remembers Ovid's couplet:

*Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes  
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros*

A. J. BELL.



WANDELHALLE, UNIVERSITY OF LEIPZIG.  
Reprint from "Acta" Christmas, 1908.

## The Overseas Universities

### VICTORIA AT EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY

AMONG the hundred and twenty Canadians who attended Edinburgh University during the spring and summer terms of 1918-19 were fourteen sons of the scarlet and gold. Practically all the Faculties and Colleges of the University of Toronto, as well as McMaster and the other Universities of Canada were represented. Three hundred of Uncle Sam's soldiers were also in attendance during the latter term. The Faculties of Arts, Theology, Forestry and Medicine received most of these four hundred students from across the Atlantic.

The names of the students from Victoria College are L. W. Moffit and G. Kettlys of class '15; J. P. S. Nethercott, E. C. McLean and H. Atkinson of '16; S. Kimura, L. A. Conn, N. W. Whitmore, R. L. Whitney, R. W. Hardy, F. Hilliard, J. F. Guenther, R. G. Hukins and H. Brown of '17. Several Victoria men were in Edinburgh for a few days during our stay there, among them being Cummings, Congdon, Wright, Garden, Summers, Huston and Prof. Greaves, so that we had frequent reunion festivities.

The Khaki University arranged with the army authorities for our leave, and we were permitted to dress as civilians and forget military discipline until our return to camp.

Sir Richard Lodge, the Dean of the Faculty of Arts, was chiefly responsible for the welcome accorded to us by the University, and he took a deep interest in our work. Those of us who attended his lectures on European and British History found them intensely interesting; his survey of the eastern question is especially masterful.

Prof. Nicholson of the Department of Political Economy was a classmate of Prof. Mayor in their younger days. He and several other professors helped to fill our lecture hours with good things. Dr. Mackintosh of New College was very popular, there being about twenty Canadians and ten Americans in his summer theological classes. In New College a number of us also attended the lectures given by Dr. Kennedy, formerly of Knox College, Toronto. Drs. Kennedy, Mackintosh and Paterson and all the professors at New College were especially hospitable toward us during our very enjoyable term in Edinburgh.

No degrees were granted to overseas men, as the University considered the five months we spent there too short a time to justify putting their stamp on us.



EDINBURGH.

Above—Princess Street and the Castle.  
Below—The Quadrangle of the University.

A number of students remaining in Scotland, among them being Louis Moffit, who intends taking his B.D. degree before returning to Canada.

Attendance grew rapidly as the spring advanced and the relative number of students dwindled. A number of the Scotties appeared to be a little disconcerted because the ladies had been able to fill the halls and keep the societies going in their absence; but with a majority of their own sex, good humour returned. Edinburgh has, I believe, a larger number of students than has any other University in Great Britain or Ireland—and, normally, their attendance is over a thousand less than is ours in Toronto.

There is no Bachelor degree granted in the Faculty of Arts. Three years of three terms each is spent in preparing for the M.A. examinations. Two or three subjects are taken each term, and at the end of the three years examinations must be passed in practically all of these subjects.

We organized to form a Canadian Club, and through this club we kept in touch with home Universities, and let Edinburgh know we were there. Our team won the Irish Cup in the rowing contest held in Lifford. Rowing, tennis, golf and baseball were the chief athletic attractions.

Prof. Wrong was good enough to come up from Ripon in May to speak at a club meeting. Sir Richard Lodge was with us on that occasion. When our history professor rose to address us we gave the good old Toronto yell. He spoke of Canada's standing among the nations; he suggested that a solution of British political difficulties might be found by modeling Scottish, Irish, Welsh and English home parliaments something after the style of the Provincial parliaments in Canada. Sir Richard also addressed the meeting. He said he was glad his students didn't greet him in such an uproarious manner and went on to answer Prof. Wrong's suggestions. He thought some other solution must be found for the problem of the government of the British Isles, for the Scots, though absolutely confident of their own ability to manage a parliament in Edinburgh, were unwilling to entrust to their southern neighbors the task of governing themselves. The Scots are a very modest people.

Two of our men succumbed to the attractions of the Edinburgh lassies during our stay in their city. Kettlys and Wright have both returned with their brides and are preaching in Western Canada. It is





THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.  
*(The House of R. A. B. Theobald, 291)*

impossible to tell how many of our number will return to Edinburgh in the near future, or how many hearts will be broken if they do not return. A few, from other Universities, are strongly suspected of having left their hearts in the Hielan's, and at least one engagement was announced. Of course, most of the Victoria men attended strictly to business, waiting until their return to Canada to attend to these other matters.

We were able to hear Dr. Kelman before his departure for the United States, and for three weeks after his return. It was, indeed, a privilege to hear Dr. Kelman and Drs. Slater, Hughes, McLean, Paterson and others. Dr. Paterson preached at our farewell service, held in St. Giles' Cathedral. He told us John Knox had preached from that same pulpit for twelve centuries! But he corrected himself and changed "centuries" to "years."

It was Dr. Paterson who, upon one occasion when travelling north to preach, forgot where he was going. He left the train and phoned to his wife for the necessary information. She, too, had forgotten, but a happy inspiration struck her: she bade him look at his ticket!

The Pentlands, the Trossacks, the Hielan's and the western coast were not far from us, and happy memories connected with Oban, Skye, Loch Katrine, Ardcheanochrochan Hotel or Beinn-Mheadhon-Mhonaigh will long remain with us.

The laureation of Sir Douglas Haig took place on May 28, and most of us were present in McEwan Hall, the Convocation Hall of Edinburgh University.

Scotland has a splendid history, and Edinburgh has much to do with the history of Scotland. The land of Wallace, Knox, Scott, Burns, Stevenson, Livingstone, Gladstone and Haig, the land of the Clans and Covenanters can never fail to win our admiration and respect. The capital city is teeming with points of interest, not least among them being the continual presence of a section of the Fleet that won in the Great War. It was surely good to be able to pay it a visit.

Altogether, the four or five months at Edinburgh was time well spent, for not only did we have a fine visit in Midlothian, but we escaped the monotony of the period of waiting for demobilization, and began to relearn the ways of college halls. Doubtless,

though our ain countrie is most dear to us, we would all be glad if some day we could respond to the warm invitation so kindly extended to us at our Farewell Dinner:

"Will ye no come back again?"

R. L. W.

## THE KHAKI UNIVERSITY OF CANADA

The first Khaki University was organized at Witley, in 1917, and won immediate popularity. Students came from nearly every unit in camp and were so unexpectedly numerous that the staff could scarcely carry on effective work. At first the teachers were some men from Queen's, McMaster and Toronto, who happened to be on the strength of the Ambulance Companies and the Divisional Signallers. However, the chaplains soon took up the work, and the infantry and artillery found many instructors, so that within a few weeks the school was well under way.

The idea was taken up rapidly in other camps, both Canadian and Imperial, and Capt. McKinnon, who in civil life was President of Pine Hill College, N.S., was sent to France to help organize the educational work in the Corps. His school became famous as the "University of Vimy Ridge," and survived the vicissitudes of war until April, 1919. Before the armistice, educational work in France went on under great difficulties, but after November 11th it flourished wonderfully from Boulogne to Cologne. In almost every unit students were exempt from guards and other duties. This in itself proved a powerful stimulus to attendance, but the majority of the men were in earnest and took their work seriously. Many were fortunate enough to "wangle" a course at a British University or at Ripon, but even those who were less fortunate could find in their own area books and tuition for almost any subject from Greek to Gaelic, from Agriculture to Gas Engines. No effort was spared to add to the efficiency of the organization, and to the end the schools continued to be popular with all ranks.

QUINTUS.

## THE KHAKI THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE

Military camps have been historic seed-beds of religion, but only recently have they offered an environment for theology. In connection with the Khaki University of Canada, the Joint Board of Theological Training in McGill University made possible courses of study which were open to enlisted men of all communions. These courses proved so successful that they may suggest reform in the ways and means of theological research throughout the educational institutions of our country.

For the past six years a co-operative scheme has been followed by the four sectarian colleges affiliated with McGill University, which has been very satisfactory from the viewpoint of efficiency and economy, and has encouraged Christian amity, breaking down many sectarian prejudices. When educational work was being undertaken among the troops during the months following upon the armistice, it was found that there were a large number of theological students from the different churches of Canada who wished to continue their studies. The co-operative scheme was the



## "Missing"

I WAS not at home when Ed. Garwood was reported missing. Examinations were over, but I had to go back to hospital for a while afterwards to get rid of some more of that old Somme shell I had brought back with me. So it was July before I reached Leston, with an uncertain leg, and a geology star. I was not expected until the next day at noon, so I had to walk out home. It is a trick of mine to drop in unexpectedly.

If I had not felt just a bit unsteady I should have gone a mile and a quarter around by the back road, so as to avoid passing Ed's old home. I could not meet Mrs. Garwood yet. To-morrow, next week, any other time—but not just now. However, I hobbled off down the road, walking as close to the fence as possible. I might slip past, since the house stood a full hundred yards back from the concession.

But she saw me as I came opposite the little old gate. It had to be lifted into place every time, for Ed. and I had ruined its hinges long years ago. I saw her standing on the verandah, shading her eyes with her apron and clinging with one hand to a post while she leaned forward. For a moment the magic of old familiar experience whisked away a dozen years. I fully expected to hear her call back into the house, and involuntarily I turned toward the corner to see a boyish figure come swinging round the walk. Then I looked again at the peering form, and all the ecstatic illusion had gone. For all I saw was the ghost of that joyous scene, so often rehearsed. The spirit was gone, and in its stead, even at that distance, I could see in her bearing the drear suspense of a hope deferred, if not destroyed. I felt faint, sick—but she had seen me and I must go in.

She watched me for a few moments, then she came hurrying down the gravel walk with the old carpet-covered camp stool that had served in our play days so many purposes.

"Sit down on this and rest a minute!" she called out, as soon as I was within hearing. Then she opened it and set it beside the path, digging a little hole in the uneven ground for one leg of the stool.

That almost finished me. It was so characteristic of her. Another might have done it because of a full heart that could not speak, but she did it because she was a mother, whose function is to do for others only.

I sat down, mumbling some words of thanks. We didn't even shake hands. She stood there, and I watched her face. I had been startled at the dreadful downward lines that the anxiety and suspense had brought to her features, but not more so than when now I saw the sudden ruddy shining-through of the gladness of the home days. Then I understood. She was having her momentary illusion, too. With an aching heart I watched it pass away.

"They didn't know you were coming," she said.

"No, Mrs. Garwood. They didn't expect me until to-morrow. I wanted to surprise them."

Then the pain came at last into her voice.

"I wouldn't do that, Joe. I wouldn't do that. It hurts too much. You boys don't see it, but it hurts

too much. Oh, Joe, I think that is what Ed. is doing. I'll be so glad when he does come—but oh! it would shorten the days and nights so if he would only tell me he is coming."

She paused and looked at me, wild-eyed, appealing to me to confirm her poor little hope. But there was nothing I could say. I felt sure he was dead.

"Joe!" she cried, "Joe! you don't think he's gone?" she continued quickly, as if she knew what I would say, and would not hear it.

"You think I am just passing the buck, as you call it."

She almost smiled as she said it, and I smiled too, until I remembered with a pang from whom she had acquired her sports vocabulary.

"You think I'm just fooling myself, but I'm not, Joe, really and truly, I'm not. Do you know what I've done? I have gone over all the back files of the Toronto papers for four months, and I have counted a hundred and thirty-two that were reported missing and then turned up and had to be reported alive. It's those silly, cruel casualty list people that are in such a hurry. I just know that Ed. is all right. Now, don't you think he'll be home any time?"

I could not tell her what I thought. I knew, however, that there was a bare possibility of his being a prisoner, and I spoke of that. Her query was too insistent for silence.

"No, no, Joe!" she cried, more sharply than I had ever heard her speak before. "No, he isn't a prisoner. I just know he isn't. Why, you know about Jim Horwood's boy, over in Ancaster. He was missing for months, and the War Office or the colonel or somebody reported him at last as Officially Presumed Dead, or something, and the next day the boy walked in for breakfast. And I've prayed about it, Joe, and I just have the feeling that it's going to be the same with Ed. He'll just come. And, Joe, I'll not keep you from your mother, but you must come in and have a cup of tea before you go on. I have the strangest feeling sometimes, Joe, as if Ed. was home now and just out somewhere. I had it only a minute ago. I believe that is just God cheering me up till he does come. Do you think he'd let me feel that way if Ed. was gone? And, Joe——"

She stopped abruptly and looked out to the road.

"Oh, there's Mr. Melnaac going out with the mails. He'll give you a lift right to the door. So I won't keep you. Don't bother with the gate."

She came out with me and herself hailed the mail-carrier. Then, as I climbed in, I heard her again:

"Oh, Joe, will you come over as soon as you can? I got Ed.'s fishing tackle and baseball things out yesterday, and I wish you'd see if they're all right. I want to have them right ready."

I looked back in the slowly fading light of the glorious summer day, back to where that brave and pathetic mother, with her slight and prematurely-bent form, struggled with the old gate.

Three days later I went back to hospital.



## II.

It was mother who thought I ought to go over to see Mrs. Garwood.

"Poor old soul!" It sounded so ludicrous to hear mother speak of Mrs. Garwood as a poor old soul. I think it wouldn't hurt a bit for you to go and see her for a little while. I don't care what the doctor says. I don't think she'll ever be right in her mind again, anyway, and for the life of me I don't see where *your* going there will spoil her chances, if she has any, which she hasn't. And she's all the time asking for you to go over. You haven't seen her since a year ago last July, the night you sneaked in on us with your bad leg—and paid for it with four months in bed."

So I went over. Mrs. Garwood came out to the verandah, as she had done in the old days, as she had done last year. She turned and called back into the house. Then she hurried down to meet me, both hands outstretched. As I saw the radiance of her face, and thought of the last time I had seen it, I almost thanked God that she had lost the reality of this sorry world.

"So you thought you'd come over to see us at last!" she cried.

Her voice was pitched perhaps a little higher than of old. It was slightly louder. Her gaze was not so direct nor steady, and there was more color in her face than I had seen for quite a number of years. Otherwise my dull eyes could detect no difference between this deranged woman and the glad mother of our boyhood time.

She looked back, and a momentary distress came into her voice.

"I called Ed. when I saw you coming—Oh, I forgot, he isn't here yet. But come in and sit down. He'll be along any minute."

I followed her into the house and started toward the old low chair that always stands by the bay window. But Mrs. Garwood called out quickly, peremptorily:

"Not that one, Joe. That's the one Eddie always sits in, didn't you know. He'll be along any minute. Here, take this rocker."

She seated herself by the table and, with her elbows resting on it, she regarded me with a half-quizzical smile.

"Mary said she was going over home for a little while." Then she called out, "Mary!"

Quietly she rose, walked over to the side door and threw it open. From my seat I could catch a glimpse of Mary's hat, as the girl crossed the fields. Mrs. Garwood resumed her seat.

"Do you think I'm crazy?" she asked in a low tone, but with the most winsome and wistful of smiles.

"I thought maybe you mightn't. But the rest do. That is the reason why Mary is here so much. I used to be annoyed, but I don't care now. Only it is strange, isn't it, that they don't understand. And it's funny the way they try to make out that they don't think I'm crazy. Even Mary does it. Oh, say, wouldn't you like to see Eddie's room? If he comes in while we're up there he won't mind, seeing it's your. Just wait a second while I scribble a note to tell him we're upstairs. He may come in any moment, you know."

We climbed the old creaking stairs to the room that had been Eddie's. His mother knocked before entering.

"He might have slipped in quietly," she explained. The room was almost exactly as I had seen it last. The same group pictures hung on the walls, together with the snowshoes and his shotgun and a 1915 calendar, torn off at September 27th, the day he left for college. There were the two Scripture texts and the three old prints he liked so well. On the bed were laid out his carefully pressed civilian clothes and pajama suit. His slippers were by the little table, with its Bible, its bracket lamp, and the three university calendars, 1917-18, 1918-19, 1919-20. Folded up on his box was his ragby suit.

"I took them out last week," she said, and I put the baseball things away. I kicked his ragby boots when he went away, but I dusted them off again a few days ago. He'll want to take them down with him. This is the end of August, you know.

So simple, so natural, so convincing was her absolute belief in her delusion that, for the moment, I, too, half believed in it. Mrs. Garwood, who had begun a close inspection of the little wardrobe—probably the hundredth it had received—paused, listened a moment and then cried out:

"Dear me! We must go down. That boy will be downstairs waiting."

In a flutter of anticipation she hurried down. I followed, leaden-hearted. Once down, she glanced quickly round the room, and looked hopefully out of the window. She turned to me, and I saw the working of the gnawing care had robbed her of her reason, but had, by overreaching itself, almost given her peace.

"He hasn't come in yet." Then she brightened: "But sit down, won't you, Joe? He'll be along any minute."

Had I sat down then I should have wept.

## III.

I told mother this fall that I shouldn't be home for Thanksgiving. The week would be all broken up with the Re-union, and I thought I could not afford to lose any more time. But when Saturday morning came and I saw the boys with their suitcases bulging with the accumulated laundry that was to go home to be washed, I wandered about, disconsolate—as long as I could. Then I gave in and caught my old train, the 1.58.

The 1.58 reaches Leston, as you know, some time before dark in the summer months, but by October it has become an evening train. So I swung briskly off down the road in the clear, cold night. The moon had not yet risen. In the exhilaration of this stolen visit I had forgotten Ed's mother, but I remembered with all the more startling vividness as I came past the old elm to which the end of the Garwood line train was anchored. "Poor Mrs. Garwood!" I muttered here as I had seen her last, and when the cheery little slits of light peeped slyly at me below the almost drawn blinds I could not help a feeling that was very close to fear, an alternation of creeping chills and flushes that came insistently over me. Behind those blinds a mother waited confidently the imminent home-coming of a slain son, was perhaps even now performing one of those wonderful little services of anticipation that are the jewels of unselfishness. Drawn blinds, a crazed heart that listened ever for a footfall, a plea-

tom son forever coming, always just outside the door! Pity was lost in the horror of the scene I imaged.

So it is not much to be wondered at that I literally jumped at hearing my name called. I was just opposite the gate. I turned and, for a moment, was chilled to absolute suspension of all conscious thinking or action. It was Mrs. Garwood, and she had apparently crossed the road as I came up. Her voice was gruesomely vivacious and natural and homely.

"Did I scare you, Joe?" she asked. Then she continued:

"Up to your old tricks! Coming home on the sly. Don't do it, Joe. Don't do it. But you'll have time to slip on into the house for a minute." I shuddered and was silent. "I'll tell you why. I sent out Ed's skates with Bertie Dolan to be sharpened. I wanted it done for a surprise for Ed. And I want you to come in and see if they're done right. Won't you? Ed. isn't in just now, but he'll be back any minute, and we must hurry and get them put out of sight."

So we went up the path together. I thought I could detect in the tones of her voice the encroachment of her malady, and when we opened the door it seemed still more plainly evident. The last time I had interpreted the fearful expression that at unexpected times made her face and eyes so tragic as the protest of her dying sanity. But now there was a pitifully consistent serenity, as though peace reigned, as though reason had died and been buried. The whole situation—her cheery, constant references to Ed., the familiar objects of his old-time daily life, perhaps even the comparative isolation of the house, all these enhanced the nervous tension from which I strove in vain to free myself. I remember how strong was the impulse to raise the blinds. I did leave the door the least bit ajar. A ghostly unreality pervaded the whole atmosphere, and it seemed as if the very table and chairs and walls had caught that weird expectancy. I felt it overpoweringly, but for me it took the form of a wild, unreasoning fear of some impending horror, as though the thousand voices of the place in this awful perversion of faith must call back that flown spirit from its unknown battle grave.

"I am going to the woodshed to see if Ed. has split me wood enough," said Mrs. Garwood, smiling brightly at me.

"Won't you let me split some?" I cried.

"Oh, no. Ed'll be back any minute. You see if those skates are all right."

She thrust them into my hands as she spoke and walked briskly over to the woodshed door. It closed behind her. The skates were Ed's old "Automobiles." They were the same as mine, for we had bought them together. I remembered we had tossed up to see whether we should buy them, or dearer ones. Then, after all, we had been compelled to take the less expensive skates, because we had lacked a necessary seventy five cents. I stumbled across to the low box seat in the dark corner of the room, overwhelmed by the re-awakened sense of bitter loss.

"Mother!"

I felt as I did when that bullet caught my shoulder, the first time I was hit. I felt as if I were being whirled round and round interminably. At last I was able to look up. I had fallen under the reason-robbing spell

of the house, for as far as my senses were concerned, Ed. was standing in the room. I could not see his face, but I knew him. Slowly he turned in my direction—and I could only stare. I had no power to speak, no power to flee. I waited for the awful spectre of his face to be disclosed.

"Why, great guns! It's Joe! You old scoundrel!"

In the next second the other world was gone and my poor hand was being shaken with exceedingly corporeal vigour. But in the midst of it he stopped.

"Where's mother?" he demanded.

I pointed to the woodshed.

"Oh, yes. Now listen. I'll tell you the details later. Prisoner in Germany. Bad case of aphasia. Woke up and found myself in Bolshevik Russia. Lord only knows how. Escaped. Got back here last night. Saw Dr. Hurd at the station. He told me about poor mother. But he says she'll get better, even at her age. She isn't old, really. So don't let on any surprise. You know. You knew I was here all the time. So did mother. Get me?" I nodded. He went on hurriedly. "We're going down to Toronto after Christmas. I want to make my place again on the Jennings Cup team for old Vic. Eh, what, old stiff? Get my summary?"

A door opened.

"Oh, here's Ed. now," said his mother, as quietly as ever she had said it in the old, idyllic, provincial days. Then she laughed. "Now, Ed., you go out and split some wood, and Joe will carry it in. I've an apple turnover apiece for you when the wood box is full."

"Hurrah!" we cried.

J. D. R.

## TO MY OLD HOME

I haven't seen you long years, but I see you in my mind  
Every day, Old Home,

And I wonder as I wander of the friends I left behind,  
How they be, Old Home,

Each night I see the moon rise, I just wish that I could  
hang

A little silver basket on its horn,

That would take a message to you and reply to me by  
morn

Then I'm sure I'd be less lonely over here,  
Old Home

Is mother's brow more wrinkled, her hair more silvery  
grey?

Is father's step more feeble than when I came away?

Are sisters now young women, young brothers nearly  
men?

Do you think that I shall know them when I see them  
all again?

Are all the nooks and corners round the old house just  
the same?

Do friends and neighbors come each night to join the  
evening game?

Do the roses in the garden still bloom beneath the wall?  
Do the woods look just as lovely when the leaves begin  
to fall?

Oh, I'm lonely for you, Old Home, how I wish that I  
could go,

But Duty calls me yet awhile to save you from the foe.

That it won't be long, I'm hoping, till once more I cross  
the foam,

To greet again my loved ones and you my dear Old Home,

France, 1918.

W. HOWEY.

## THE WOMEN UNDERGRADUATES AND THE WAR

(These short accounts and pictures given by members of the war classes are merely an indication of the active part taken by the girls then attending the College in assuring the success on the "home front," which was so vital to the cause overseas.—Ed.)

### THE GIRLS OF SEVENTEEN IN WAR TIME

**F**AR be it from the girls of '17 to think to add to the glory of the year by the enumeration of bits of war work, which came their way to do, while seventy of the men of '17 covered the year with honour in the field of Flanders and of France. To my mind, however, comes a series of pictures which probably are worth recording, just to keep alive in future years the memory of the spirit of willingness of the girls to do anything whatever to further, even microscopic ally, the cause of the Allies.

First in order comes a picture of the two white-clad dietitians of the year, Lola Smith and Adah Maus, pouring coffee for the R.A.F. billeted in Wycliffe College. Reports of the excellent service on a large scale rendered by these girls have reached the writer from various quarters.

Now comes a more humorous picture. The scene: the Niagara fruit district, Winona and Beamsville. The cast: Ethlyn Greenaway, Flo Irwin, Elsie Lattin, Hilda Collins, Edna Ash, Beatrice Corrigan, Beatrice Winters, attired in the regulation National Service Workers' bloomers, middy and broad hat. They are leaving the camp at 6.30 a.m., still a little sleepy and not a little achy. As the day settles away the cooks hear the club house yells or a familiar refrain:

"I'd rather eat nice ripe red cherries."  
"I'm tired of hulling strawberries;

The dray rattles on. Perhaps it may deposit its passengers in a hay field, perhaps at E. D. Smith's canning factory, perhaps in a turnip field or a vineyard or cherry orchard. Oh! anywhere where there is work to do.

Meanwhile, the cooks of the year, Adah Maus, Carlotta Harwood and Hazel Carscadden, taxed their resources with an inadequate equipment to soothe sixty aching voids. By the way, Carlotta liked Winona so well that she spent a second season in the district as Camp Secretary—not as cook.

Harking back to our College days comes a memory of the Patriotic Tea Room in the Ladies' Study. Here we recall the professors, their wives, the students, in cozy groups, drinking tea and eating cinnamon toast for patriotic purposes. Here and there through the tea room moves the lady in charge, in 1917, Marguerite Kempthorne.

Another picture of College days in war time, either in homes of our students or at Annesley Hall between courses at meals, while waiting for prayers; yes, even in lectures, one always heard the busy click of knitting needles, while round balls of grey yarn became long woollen socks. 'Tis true, their formation was slow at first and the socks had queer distorted heels and toes. But soon perhaps every girl in '17 was well in the way to knit as well as her grandmother.



IT8 at Work.

Still another scene recurs to my mind. One cannot term such as war work, rather it was the pleasure afforded us by the war. Around a large table in Muriel Manning's home at one time, in the Students' Union at another, gathered familiar groups of girls and men, to peck the Christmas boxes to go across the seas. Real fun this was, but not more than was experienced when we gathered to read the letters, some serious, more often humorous, which came back to the year from overseas. These letters gave evidence of that old-time class spirit, peculiar to '71, which since the men returned has manifested itself as a strong reality.



'18 Ready for the Fruit-Picking.

H. L. C., '17.

### THE GIRLS OF '18

When IT8 came down to Victoria, the first thing she heard was, "Quiet now, freshies, there is a war on, you know. You must economize and not be too frivolous." After the first shock was over, of course, this wore off a little and things settled back pretty well into their old ways—that is, IT8, never having known anything different, thought they did. Other years knew better and mourned the good old time of College functions every night, with a reception every week, and no ban on expenses. IT8 listened to tales of past glories with wide eyes, but found life quite busy and exciting enough with only three receptions instead of nine or ten. Besides, she was seriously getting ready to take a real part in the war in opportunity offered. "First Aid" classes were started in Annesley Hall, and most of the IT8 girls were earnestly learning all about compound complex fractures and how to apply bandages. About this time knitting had started, too, and knicker shorts and dropped stitches were the topic of the day.

The second year began much the same, only a little more so. Knitting had graduated from shorts and socks and calls for Red Cross work became more urgent. However, a very large and lively class of freshmen kept things exciting at first, and it wasn't until after Christmas and before the spring finals that the real flood of enlistment began, and socks began to assume College colors and become more interesting than the grey of the Red Cross variety. In the summer which followed the girls became more restless in

Continued on Page 24





Top, Left and Right—Bolton Abbey. Centre—Window of the Five Sisters, York Minster.

Typical English Village Church at Elhamborough.  
Showing Interior Below.

Tanfield, Yorks.

All Saints' Church, Pontefract.  
One of the Approaches to York Minster.

*Illustrations by H. G. Brown and R. A. Blackburn, 1901*

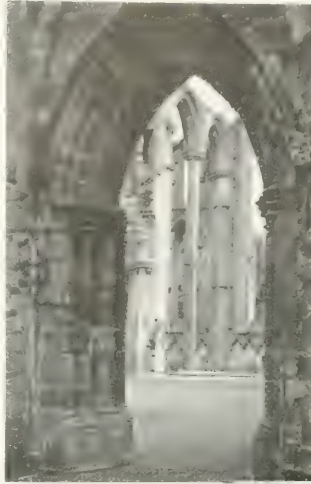
## ON YORKSHIRE PHOTOGRAPHS

THE editor of this "Memorial Acta" has asked me to write something descriptive of some very fine photographs taken in England last summer by R. A. Blackburn. It seems a case of the article illustrating the picture, but the pleasure of lingering again over the memories of lovely English places and of the characteristically happy hospitality of English people causes me to hazard the attempt.

Though the pictures are largely of abbeys and cathedrals and village churches, they awaken memories other than ecclesiastical. In the first place, they recall a certain night last spring when I sat in a barn-like room in Ripon correcting examination papers that had been sent from Toronto. The night was cold and raw. Our little ration of fuel was as aggravating that night as it had been all winter.

It simply made faces at me and refused to warm. The hawthorne hedges had been in tiny bud for weeks and, being accustomed to the usual rush of a Canadian spring, I had been looking daily for their bursting into bloom. But nothing had happened. Those "little groups of sportive wood run wild." They made faces at me, too, and said, with so many other things in England, "Don't get excited. What's the use of hurrying? Give us time, man, give us time!"

And the ravens in the horse chestnut tree outside my window kept up a raucous cry that grated on my nerve more than the fire that would not warm and the buds that would not bloom. Thus I plodded on, when, at the end of one paper, my homesick eye fell on this happy appendage: "I'm sailing for England in May and my home is in Pontefract, which is not far from Ripon. Can't you come over and visit me? R. A. Blackburn." Could I? Well, "rawther!" Later on, in May, came a letter from Pontefract renewing the invitation, and I went. I was met at the station by our genial friend, and I have visions of the two of us getting into a two-wheeled gig with as much poise and dignity as the tippy cart and an impatient horse and our frail forms would allow. Then the long drive through the village to another of the quiet, lovely English homes with its walled gardens and its hedges, its roses and violas. The next day we visited the ruins of the old Pontefract Castle and the Church of All Saints, which date back to the 13th century and are rich in historical associations.



FOUNTAIN'S ABBEY.

Upper View Shows the Chapel of Nine Altars.

Photographs by R. A. Blackburn.

The chapel at Pontefract is typical of hundreds which we see in England—small and old and grey, with a quiet and simple loveliness which radiates reverence and devotion, and makes one long for quietness and meditation. How many times, as we come across these little sanctuaries in quiet places, have I seen Canadians stop and look at them with longing, and wish that such a bit of old England could be transferred to the homeland where, especially in country places, God's houses have been built so frequently with tragic indifference to the influence of a church-building for piety and reverence and worship.

But the building is not everything, and one realizes this as he lingers and meditates in the English cathedrals, of which York

Minster is one of the noblest. What happy memories this photograph awakens! First, there was the visit we made in the jolly company of "Jimmy" Bott, Bert Stewart and John Garden. With other Victoria men we had been at Newcastle on Tyne, putting a touch of Canadian colour to the wedding of Benson Summers, and arrived at York near midnight on a Saturday. We were awakened in the morning by the merry ringing of the Minster chimes and, looking out the window, saw

the great grey towers of the Minster standing high beyond the gardens and the Roman wall and the old, shambly buildings with their roots of stone and tile.

When viewing these cathedrals and the ruins of even more splendid structures such as Fountain's Abbey, one is very likely to feel like bursting forth in a paean of praise over the zeal and piety of the people who built them, and finish with a lament over the lack of intolerance of those days and the indifference of the Church; when he sees evidences of pillage and desecration that were carried on in the very buildings, he finds himself putting the soft pedal on his enthusiasm over ancient piety, and admitting with profound gratitude that he lives in an age of finer, truer piety which attaches more importance to social problems than to church architecture. For surely an era that broadens and quickens the spirit of brotherhood and expresses its superior to one whose zeal is centered in ecclesiastical buildings.

W. H. G.



KILLARNEY—THE GAP OF DUNLOE AND THE LAKES.

Our Two Boatmen.

The Bugler.

Rocks and Hills.

A Specimen of the National Vehicle in Front of Kate Kearney's Cottage.

*Collection of R. H. B. Ford, B.A.*

## THE KILLARNEY LAKES AND HILLS

MY mother and father are not Irish and, indeed, there is not, as far as I know, the smallest drop of Irish blood in my veins, but from the pictures I had seen, the books I had read and the stories I had heard, even as a small boy, a great desire sprang up within me to see "the Emerald Isle," and especially the lakes of Killarney. Lack of transportation back to Canada after the armistice and a very decent adjutant gave me the privilege of spending a few days "by Killarney's lakes and fells."

The pleasure of any kind of expedition depends largely upon the company with which one travels. At first I thought my trip was to be an excursion for one only, and that the beauty of the scenery would be entirely responsible for my enjoyment. On the way from Winchester to London, however, it was Dame Fortune, no doubt, who put it into the head of a young Australian officer, also serving with the Imperial forces, to step into the same compartment as the one in which I was riding. In the course of conversation we discussed the trips we intended to take before returning to our respective homes, and curiously enough he wanted to see "Killarney" as well. I suggested that we make the trip together and he answered, "right you are." Accordingly we caught the Fishguard Express from Paddington Station the next afternoon at five o'clock. Dame Fortune again smiled, and this time on the both of us, for whom should we meet on the train bound for the same spot as ourselves, but a party of four Canadian Sisters. One of these sisters

had been a frequent visitor in my home town in Canada, and this was sufficient to promote a feeling of good comradeship among us all. We were not long in deciding that it would make the party much more pleasant were we to travel together. And we did.

We went to Cork first and removed a few of the travel stains. We soon forgot then that we hadn't much sleep the previous night on the Irish Sea, for "shure and we were in ould Ireland." Blarney Castle is only about seven miles from the city of Cork, and, of course, we all wanted to kiss the "Blarney-stone." Perhaps anyone who heard some of the remarks which were being made by some of the members of our party would have doubted very much the necessity of any such procedure. However, we looked about for some means of covering these seven miles in the quickest possible way. We naturally thought of a jaunting car. Canada is not the only place where profiteers exist, however. The driver of a jaunting car wanted to charge us one pound ten shillings each to take us this comparatively short distance, so we decided that it would be better to go by train. Now, Irish trains are perhaps the most easy going things in the world. One tourist tells of an Irish conductor who was heard to call out on a slight grade one day: "First class passengers, keep your seats; second-class passengers, get out and walk; third-class passengers, get out and push." Rather than risk the necessity of getting out to push we decided to hunt for a motor car. After a fruitless search we were told that it would be impossible to pro-



ure such a thing in the city. Just then, however, we saw an American Y.M.C.A. car come to a halt just outside a saloon. The driver went in to get some water or the radiator, I think. We put a proposition up to the driver, and when he knew we were colonials, he said: "Shure and I'll be after drivin' ye out if the secretary says the wurrd." We saw the secretary and he came across like a real gentleman.

I have often wondered if we told him that there were going to be six of us besides the driver. It was a very pretty drive from Cork to the castle. On either side of the winding roads were little fields divided off by hedges. In the bright sunlight all the colours of the landscape seemed to take on even a more beautiful shade. The whole countryside was a perfect example of nature's most exquisite handiwork. One might wonder why people come from the ends of the earth to see this old castle. Is it not but a heap of ancient masonry supported only by modern buttresses? No, it is more. It has a tradition, which makes its appeal to even the most fastidious lover of ancient things, or who would think of missing an opportunity of bestowing upon the "blarney-stone" this time-honored sign of endearment, thus reaping the reward of forever furnishing friends with flattering remarks.

Following the advice of our Y.M.C.A. friend, we went that evening from Cork to Bantry in order to motor from there to Killarney the following day. From Bantry to Killarney is a distance of about sixty miles. Our road was a winding one through the hills and overlooking the upper, lower and middle lakes. The whole trip was wonderful, but the climax was reached when we arrived at Killarney. About half way along this road we passed the dividing line between the counties of Kildare and Kenmare. This dividing line is marked in a very unusual way. In the huge tunnel through which the road passes a tremendous hole is bored from the surface of the ground to the roof of the tunnel beneath. This hole is the exact boundary line between the two counties. The people of Ireland, especially the peasants, need to feel no anxiety whatever about coal strikes and the corresponding high price of coal. All along our road that morning could be seen many huge piles of peat, which was being gathered for fuel. I was informed that most of the country people use this as a substitute for coal and wood, and that it is very satisfactory. In a little cottage in Killarney which we were privileged to visit this peat was being used on a grate fire, and was a most cosy little home.

To describe the beauty of the lakes and hills of Killarney as we saw them just outside of Killarney village that morning one would need the pen of the poet, the rush of the artist and the sweetest of musical instruments. Even then one could but imperfectly express the beauty and wonder of it all—hills, lakes and dells, a one glorious panorama—the azure blue of the skies, the purple of the hills and the emerald green of the lakes all blending into one exquisite picture.

Anyone who visits Killarney does not fail to go through the "Gap of Dunloe." This gap is really a winding road wending its way through the valley in which the lakes are nestled—just below the hills and on a level with the lakes. The day on which we went through the gap our party consisted of an officer from Queensland and one from New Zealand; also two U.S. Caval officers, besides our own little party. We left

Killarney about ten o'clock in a char-a-bancé. The "Emerald Isle" was represented on the driver's bench by a typical Irishman. In about an hour's time we had arrived at the entrance to the gap and our horses were waiting for us. Some were real horses, while others were only a frame, and it was no doubt the scarcity of hay and oats which prevented the contractor from going on with the building. All the superlatives in the English language would inadequately express the real beauty of that ride—seven miles through the hills, with an excellent view of the hills and lakes at the same time. Great pinacles of rock, hard as adamant, which the weathering processes of time have failed to conquer, stood out in bold relief against the blue background of the skies. The lakes nestled there at the foot of those hills with not a ripple to disturb the quiet scene, content not to fret, but resting secure in the presence of the lofty hills. At one particularly beautiful spot in the gap stood a man of the hill country, and to him all tourists fall a prey. One attempts to pass on, but is arrested by his pleading tones. He places a bugle to his lips and plays a few notes of a scale. In a moment there comes back from the hills the answering echo, and in those answering notes there seems to be woven all the beauty of the hills. But listen! A second echo reaches our ears—not so distinct as the first, but even sweeter still. I am sure I shall not soon forget the perfect sweetness of those echoes.

To come from the sublime to the ridiculous we next encountered a very garrulous old lady, whose speech, manner and dress all proclaimed her to be a product of her mountainous environment. She beseeched us to have a drink of "Mountain Dew," which she claimed would cure all human ills. Not wishing to cause any offence we partook of the "dew," and were told afterwards that it was none other than a mixture of goat's milk and some other liquid which would probably not be allowed under the "Ontario Temperance Act" at least. All too soon we came to the end of the gap, however, and waiting at the head of the upper lake were two boats, each manned by two husky rowers, to take us down the lakes to Killarney. One of the rowers was a demobilized soldier and had served with the Munster Fusiliers in Palestine. It was a unique coincidence that he should have happened to be in the very same hospital as one of the sisters in our party.

The lakes were becoming quite rough now, but we felt quite safe in his hands. He was strong and experienced. Over a narrow neck of water where the middle lake flows into the lower lake stands a little stone bridge. Our demobilized friend informed us that if we were to dip our first finger in the waters of the lake, rub our teeth and say "Yah!" three times, that it would forestall any possibility of ever having a toothache. We did this religiously and I am sure that as far as we are concerned, the R.C.D.S. might as well close down.

For one day our world had been Killarney and things outside had not entered our minds. But just as soon as we had taken our places in the char-a-bancé to go back to Killarney the driver, who also wore the map of Ireland on his face, said: "Sister, did you hear that President Wilson had been arrested?" Sister replied, "Why, no! What for?" Answer: "For carrying arms up his sleeves." It was the end of a perfect day.

R. H. R.

NORTH

WALES



Old Mill, Bedd-gelert. Old House, Rhuddlan. Gwynant Valley.

(Courtesy of R. I. Wilson, '19)

IN THE HEART OF OLD WALES

APPRECIATION, especially of Nature, depends upon two things—conditions of weather and a sympathetic knowledge of surroundings. On my first visit to North Wales both these factors were faulty. It is true my plans had been made with care—the month of June had been chosen as the most likely to provide ideal weather and a view of the country at its best, and my route led through some of the finest scenery to be found. I was soon to learn, however, how completely all these fine plans and anticipations could be dispelled, and brought to naught by the whims of a capricious climate.

Picture my feelings then, when on arriving at Bettws-y-coed I found it raining. Thousands have praised North Wales for its beauty, but that morning on the walk to Llanberis I failed to see it. The dark gloomy rocks, the dull and desolate hillsides, the forsaken sheep pens and straggling fences, had little in them to cheer. Even the rough stone houses with their grey slate roofs presented no relief to that eternal sameness of color. In all that dismal valley the same bleak and bare picture met the eye. From every side the wind seemed to swoop down, searching each crevice and hollow; nothing was secure from its fury, not even the little lake, whose pitted surface here and there was lashed to whiteness on some submerged rock. Above, on the heights, the jagged peaks of Snowdon and her sisters showed occasionally through a low hanging cloud, only to be shut off again as the driving mist and rain swept across the valley.

Little interest it was then to know that somewhere in the obscurity of these mountains the great Merlin slept, or that these slopes had been the scene of struggles as countless and wild as the rocks themselves. Cold and rain seemed far more material than the romance and glory of a half-forgotten past, and, like Job, in my wretchedness, I bewailed the folly of even entering upon such an expedition, and classed the

flowery description of the Guide Book writer as the work of a visionary.

It was not until six months later, when stationed at Rhyl, that I realized the freshness and variety of color that Wales under ideal conditions is able to reveal. It was a clear cool morning in December when I climbed for the first time the steep road above Llandulas, and paused at the summit, surprised at the contrast which those same mountains now presented. In the sheltered valley beneath the bright red houses of Colwyn stretched out like a crimson fringe along the shore, backed by the dark green of the vales around. On the right, tinged with red by the morning sun, lay the rugged peninsula of Llandulas, while to the south a range of hills more modified arose. Beyond these the white peaks of the Blue Mountains appeared—back seamed where the perpendicular rocks lay bare of snow. Beneath these again, through a sheen of light mist, the rocky slopes covered with shrubs and heather were reflected in many tints of purple, grey and brown. From that moment, if not before, my impression of Wales was changed.

To the stranger Wales is pre-eminently a land of beauty, but to those who learn to know it better it is a country rich in castles and legends. Perhaps at first sight these relics of feudal days are not always visible, but hidden away in some remote pass, perched upon some lofty crag or situated along some river bank little frequented by the outside world, somewhere, the remains of 170 strongholds exist. It may be a picturesque pile like Conway or Beaumaris, or a stately Carnarvon, which owns but one superior in Europe; or it may be a confused mass of masonry like Dyserth or Deganwy; each has a history which, regardless of appearance, justifies its position as a landmark in this home of romance. Here and there we find some hill-top crowned with a sloping wall of earth and stones—once used as a camp by Briton or Dane. But old as these ruins are, however, still older remains are to be

found in the Cromlech and Druid Circles, with which the highlands are so lavishly dotted.

One is not long in Wales before they are struck with the intensely historic atmosphere that seems to pervade every locality. Especially is this so in the lowlands and the Vale of Clwyd, which for centuries, as the main passage to the interior, has been the scene of battles without number. At the mouth of the valley the strong fortress of Rhuddlan, once the headquarters of Edward I., but now a vine-covered ruin, served as a base from whence the English launched their attacks on the Welsh, usually only to be beaten back at the entrance to the hills. Evidence of the stubbornness that marked the defence of these passes is to be found in the narrow defile of Cefn-yr-Ogof, where alone four battles took place. But numerous and fierce as these border skirmishes were, none may compare with the bloody battle fought on the marshes below Rhuddlan in 795 between King Offa and Prince Carodac—a struggle to which the plaintive air of "Morfa" Rhuddlan still bears memory.

Nor is the Vale of Clwyd noted only for its battles. It also boasts St. Asaph, the smallest city in Britain, and the little village of St. George, which legend associates with the struggle between England's patron saint and the Dragon. Further up the valley are the mellow remains of Ruthlin, and the bold ruins of Denbigh which bestride a slice of rock, rising abruptly from the plain, as if formed by nature to guard the country beyond. Here the last conference of the Welsh chiefs was held by Llewellyn, and here the last blow was struck for the Royalist cause in 1646. Such is the nature of the borderland which proved an effective barrier to all influences from without.

But while the Clwyd abounds in tales of foreign strife, the valleys and passes of the interior have an interest more purely Welsh. Surrounded by waterfalls, fairy glens, caves, wooded ravines, and rushing streams with their picturesque stone bridges, one is able to feel something of the spirit which entered into the legends of Arthur and of other great leaders, about whom the fertile imaginations of the people have woven so many beautiful stories. In the quiet valley of Llyn Gwynant, the rack of Dinas Cymrys is pointed out as the place where Merlin slew the dragons that nightly hindered the building of Vortigern's Castle. At Beddgelert, but a mile below, we are attracted by the grave of Gelert, Llewellyn's famous wolf hound. Other traditions no less wild and fanciful exist in abundance, illustrative of the former power of superstition and magic on the minds of the people; in fact, go where you will, there is hardly a scene but is animated by some story real or imaginative; no glen, but which elves and fairies haunt.

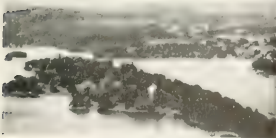
Castles, too, are not wanting in these inland retreats, but not of the period of Edward I. The fortifications of Norman and Plantagenet are recent, compared to the venerable Celtic works which one finds here. The round slate tower of Dolbadarn has watched over the Pass of Llanberis for 1400 years, and though pored with holes and covered with lichen, except on walls, durability that well might warrant its origin being traced back to Caractacus. No less ancient than Dolbadarn is Dolwyddellen, whose square machicolated tower rears itself above the rock and slag of the wild Lledr river. Here in the shadow of Moel Siabod where primitive nature reigns unchallenged as ever, Wales' national hero—the great Llewellyn—was born. The lustre of that name is still strong in the fastness of these mountains, but with it, and no less glorious, are linked the names of Glendower and of Einion, whose brave defence of Harlech will live in poem and story for all time.

With the defence of Einion a pretty story is connected, which throws a bright spot on the savage and cruel scenes so common in the troubles and wars of that period. During a protracted siege in which Dafyd ap Einion defended Harlech against the Earl of Pembroke, the former was asked to surrender. Though hard pressed, he replied that, having defended a castle in France until the old women of Wales talked of it, he would now defend Harlech until it came to the ears of the old women of France. Finally he agreed to surrender on condition that all lives should be spared. Afterwards, Edward IV., disregarding the terms of surrender, ordered Einion to be executed, at the same time offering Pembroke anything he might wish, as a reward for his services. The latter asked for the release of Einion—a request which the angry king granted, but nothing else.

Perhaps no part of the British Isles has been affected as little by outside influence as Wales. Even to-day, in the region of Chirk and Llangollen, there is a division in language and customs, as distinct as the line which forms the boundary with England. It is true, the national costume and the tall hat are no longer used except for show, but the conditions and nature of living are much as they used to be. For the most part the people lead a simple and secluded life, wrapped up in the interests of their own cycle and the care of their sheep and farms. The straw thatched cottages, the low rambling farm sheds, the pointed haystacks, and the crumbling mills with their mossy waterwheels, maintain an old world atmosphere unimpared by modern innovations. The grey-haired minstrel is still to be seen in the village street surrounded by a crowd

[Continued on Page 88.]

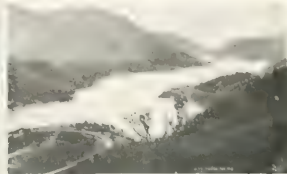
#### THE LAKE DISTRICT.



A View in Cumberland and Westmoreland.

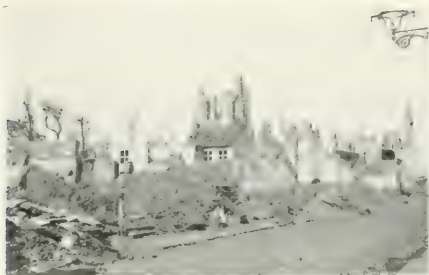


Dove Cottage, the Old Wordsworth Home.



Thrummore (Cumberland), The Hill on the Left is Helvellyn.





YPRES.



THE CLOTH HALL, YPRES (Taken in 1916).

To walk among ruins like these gives one a feeling of desolation impossible to describe.

(Courtesy of H. S. Webber)

## IN FRANCE AND FLANDERS

### GREAT GUNS!

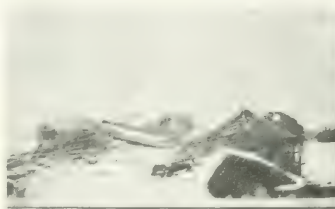
BILL was rudely awakened one morning from a deep dream of peace by the echo of reveille. What could it mean? With a great effort he mustered his still half-dormant faculties and tried to think. Was he still dreaming? No! it was all too true. His country was at war and the trumpet was sounding everywhere for help. He could scarcely realize it all, but he was sure that that call was for him, and hurriedly he got up and hiked for the "Ex."

On his arrival at the camp Bill blundered into an artillery orderly room and was at once ushered away to a medical officer, who, after making him stand on his toes, hop around on first one foot and then the other, say ninety-nine and go through various other stunts, pronounced him a full-fledged rookie with the guns. Of course, as yet Bill was not aware of all the advantages the artillery offered over other branches of service, but he was soon to learn.

"Stables" was the next call he heard, and off he went to make his acquaintance with his long-faced friends-to-be (?). Bill didn't know much about horses, but he was bound to learn, in spite of the fact that they didn't always take kindly to his loving care. Just to show their appreciation of his kindness they would occasionally plant a steel-protected toe on his foot, and away would go some of Bill's understanding. During such operations Bill summoned up all he had ever said in his life except his prayers. He was soon fed up with that job and didn't see, for the life of him, why a gunner should be pestered with horses. On setting sail for England he thought he would now surely leave them behind for ever; but alas! when he arrived at the Riding School at Shorncliffe there they were. The horses were padded for their task and bounced Bill up and down unmercifully, and at frequent intervals smothered him in the peat of the school. On

such occasions, as the dust would clear away, a sergeant's voice would come roaring, "Who gave you orders to dismount, you blankety-blank idiot?" And in sheepish bleats from Rookie would come the answer, "Hindquarters, sir." It was some time before he could discover the purpose of the leather pad, but he eventually learned that, instead of its being a shield to protect the horse's back from his assaults, it was really intended as a chair to be used at stated intervals, the horse doing the stating.

Bill at last got on the good side of the sergeant and managed to catch a place on a gun crew, and was delighted to be away from his equine friends. 'Twas great for him to hear, "Section—tell off!" He wasn't quite clear the first time or two as to whom he should "tell off," but he soon discovered that Sergt. Ruff-nek was the official teller-off of his crew, and often found himself the target for Ruff-nek's epithets. That gun drill stuff was great, and when Rookie learned that No. 3 didn't number himself 2 to avoid walking backwards, he thought he had made great strides. "On the double" was all he could think of for days, and his feet were continually getting tangled up, and he was often a grandstand spectator from No. 9's post. At length he mastered all the fancy stunts of a Japanese acrobat and was able to keep up with the rest of the crew. "Halt, action front" was a signal for the whole crew to do all the stunts they knew all at once. The McGill rugby XYZ formation wasn't in it for a minute. One man could be seen leaping for the muzzle, another flying to the trail, a third plunging to a wheel, and so on.



A VILLAGE IN FLANDERS.



7-INCH HOWITZER IN ACTION.

(Courtesy of P. C. Allan, and '22)

and after a few seconds the report would come, "No. 1 ready, sir."

Army life seemed to be going better. Bill was learning something, was getting somewhere, and looked forward to manoeuvres which had been posted in orders for next day. What were manoeuvres? The drivers were becoming quite efficient with the makes and the gunners thought they knew the last word in gunnery; so they joined forces and went on manoeuvres. The gunners were comfortably perched on wagons and limbers and when the battery reached a particularly rough spot in the field the O.C. signalled "Trot." No ground was too rough for the drivers, but oh! the gunners. Bill frequently found himself in mid-air looking like a large pair of flying scissors, but he at length learned to ascend arm in arm with his pal and, since misery loves company, he began to think he enjoyed manoeuvres. The sergeant happened to be galloping by on his charger when there was about ten feet of daylight between Bill and the wagon, and he asked him how he liked the wagon. "Oh, I wouldn't miss it for the world," came the reply. After many such days the fellows were all anxious to get to France, and at length the opportunity came.

The channel was rough, but the outfit arrived in France without suffering many casualties, and Bill didn't mind being seasick if he could only get at the Huns. And he did get at them. Ypres came first, and all the gas in the world couldn't stifle our friend, because the sergeant had gotten him accustomed to that, and he survived the shock. Festubert, Givenchy, Zillebeke, the Somme, Vimy, Passchendaele, Amiens, Arras and all the other important centres of action saw Bill throwing over iron rations to Heinie. Through Bourlon, Cambrai, Valenciennes he stuck with the gang, and November 11th, 1918, saw him dancing in the Grand Place of Mons avec les "demoiselles" when Fritz told all the world that he had had enough. "Great guns! It was a great war if you didn't weaken," said Bill, as he received his discharge certificate at the "Ex" some months later.

A. C. L.

## "CANADIAN ENGINEERS"

CANADA at war proved a reservoir of magnificent manhood. Right well her sons proved that Canadians and men are terms synonymous. She gave that quick thought, swift action and ready brawn which works automatically in emergency and considers afterwards. She treasures up Lord French's tribute after Ypres: "Canadians have saved the situation." She glows at the homely praise of the British Tommy who fought his way to their relief at the time of desperate need. In that fight Victoria had her share, and in all the later actions of the war.

Proudly each man wears his unit's crest. Nor would we belittle any one of these emblems when we faint would gather a few leaves of laurel from the common crown of victory, and weave them through the maple wreath of the Canadian Engineers.

War had become largely a work of engineering. The mechanical preparation for action and the actual waging of modern warfare, with its multitude of attendant activities, directly and necessarily demanded

engineering skill. Booby and you have your men added to such telling service, and marked advance in agencies almost indispensable in carrying out operations as Nemesis.

Most sons of Victoria were added to this branch of service. Not those that could be put to rest, but the activities which seemed so numerous and attractive on the recruiter's poster proved less varied, if far less pleasant, on the fields of fire. Even "behind the line" these college men found play for ready wit, trained reason, stubborn courage, such as knows not defeat, and even for football brawn. One needed to know men and to rule well himself when the working party got the wind up— or the officer, "don't you know," raved when the lines were "down" or "buzzy," and busy, too. How tender then seemed Marullus' words: "You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!"

Space could not contain the record of their deeds. While in fitting mood the veteran will tell you, "Scraps of dreams and deeds of daring." Tongues best will let you feel the peculiar delight of bridging, of its safety, too. A word will then recall past deeds and victories won—the ills that marked those days have "folded their tents like the Arabs," and as silently stolen away. Memories of maps and mails; visions of roads and borrows, of railways, carriages, dumps, horse-lines, duckboards, buzzers, barbed wire, caps and mines—they crowd one's mind. Will ever signify forget "Charlie" Shergold on parade, his valiant steed astride his voice of terror, raging? Even those unfinished cable wagons rushed madly at last to equal those last strides to the Rhine. You will see, in the deep of night, light railways pushing even through "no man's land" and, over that rough bed, man-propelled cars of gas tubes move up, and wait the electric shock which gave Heinie back his own. The secret light man will tell of nerve and skill. How the French at the Somme sought to detain the Canadians who found so unerringly the Locker of the Hun. How, despite the bombs and bullets, they watched o'er land and sea.

Tommy, in "good old Blighty," with envious pride, speaks still of our "Hello! Girls." There were mud holes, test boxes we groped in, horses that balked and cycles that stalled. But all was cleared; it had to be, for the orders must go through. There was the "Booby" to hunt, and to the engineer you should get to hear of these clever satanic devices found in the captured town. Innocent relics, yet charged with swift death till thwarted by the sapper's cool, rare skill. And even a lowly "Lucas" well-manned in a crisis, and, hell, brought great honour to Victoria through her son.

Could Caesar have had a gang to build bridges up in Gaul? Could Peleus, King of Persia, have waked from his ages of sleep and seen his line of sentinel signifiers become a service such as ours. He had such wireless stations speeding messages away and wires of copper bearing an air, earth and air trench commands which clicked with martial precision. Had the ancient Chinese warrior or more modern Decimus Brutus have dreamed their swift-winged pigeons would do, through a hail and fire of arrows, to carry their messages home. Saul's Hebrew eyes would start to see his "fleet-of-foot" speed forth now, on roaring motor to "burn up" the road with his fire. The

fire signals of Agammemnon, which announced the fall of Troy! These, too, are a prototype of the "Lucas" and the "Morse."

So might the mind wonder mid exploits and progress, and men, ever reviving old places, old times, old faces and feelings, too. Yet amid these varied memories there will ever arise those more solemn and grand. Some fell in honour. Thousands of our own blood sleep in "Canada's Little Maple Grove" at Ypres, while in graves silent and lonely, sons of Victoria rest. Sappers, mayhap, but men!

"Bravely you marched to battle, nobly your life laid down."

Now "somewhere" 'neath alien flowers and alien winds that weep.

Even "could we glance through the golden gateway, whose keys the angels keep,

Yet love, our love that is deathless, can follow you where you roam.

Over the hills of God; the beautiful hills of home."

F. W. REED.

## THE DAY OF AMIENS— AUG. 8th, 1918

The following letter, contributed by H. A. W. Timmins, B.A., '17, was among the first real accounts of the great battle to reach Canada.

France, Aug. 12, 1918.

DEAR Mother: This is real warfare. For the time being we are engaging the enemy as we were trained to do away back at Petawawa, in the open. For the past four days there has been a big stunt on. You know that already. Fritzie is on the run, with the Canadians, Australians and Imperials after him. Open warfare is the order of the day.

This is how it happened. Under cover of a heavy artillery barrage our infantry slipped over after Fritz and caught him napping. Wave after wave swept over in quick succession. Closely following the first waves of infantry came the field artillery marching along in column of route, vehicle behind vehicle, as on parade. Our battery was leading, and the major at the head of the column riding as calm as fate itself. By this time Heinie was awake to the situation and was putting up an infernal barrage along the road we were advancing on.

Of course, we had casualties—it was impossible for anything to go through such an inferno without casualties. Men and horses fell on all sides, but still the column advanced. A matter of minutes and we were through the barrage, took up a position, and were firing on Heinie from his own side of the line.

Meantime the infantry were pouring over, wave after wave. Tanks shuffled up, hundreds of them, waddling over shell holes and trenches alike, and sweeping the country in all directions with machine gun fire. It was amusing to watch the tanks. Previous to the attack I saw them coming up and assembling behind the line. In some of them were officers sitting reading the newspapers and smoking cigars, taking life as easy as though they were riding down the Strand on the top of an omnibus. A few minutes later they were in the thick of it.

After the tanks came the cavalry. They swept past us in hordes, overtook the fleeing infantry, cut them down, and away out of sight. A little later they were

up to his artillery, his guns silenced and his gunners taken prisoner.

In the meantime successive infantry waves kept advancing. Artillery kept moving up and taking new positions, until Heinie got beyond range altogether. The cavalry and tanks were miles ahead of us riding everything down. The battle had turned into a rout—prisoners kept pouring down past us—and we miles into the Hun lines.

Of course, we didn't gain all this without opposition, without casualties. We paid heavily at first. The first barrage we went through was infernal; how any of us managed to pass through it unscathed is beyond imagination. After we got through his front line everything was plain sailing. It was just a matter of advancing.

The weather has been ideal and the country is exactly suited to cavalry and tank action—no barbed wire and few trenches—just plain open country with a few forests and villages here and there. It was wonderful to watch the cavalry sweep across country after the retreating Hun. The way they handled their lances was a marvel. Nothing could be more complete.

The Hun has a queer way of fighting. He'll fight hard and stubbornly and machine-gun you till you are right on top of him, and then shove up his hands and shout, "Mercy, kamerad." But that kind of stuff doesn't go with our boys.

I mustn't forget the Flying Corps. They surely worked overtime. From early morning till late at night they flew overhead in hordes—bombing, reconnoitering and machine-gunning the Hun. Their work was tireless, and not till the shades of evening fell did they cease from their work of dealing death.

## IN THE HEART OF OLD WALES

(Continued from Page 85)

of children, who pay their penny to hear him play his harp. Singing is the pride and recreation of every community; each district has its Eisteddfod, at which the sad and prophetic songs of the bards find as full expression as of old. Perhaps in this reviving of the sentiments, the romance and the aspirations of their great past, we find the key to the strong patriarchal feeling of the Welsh people.

When one considers the many influences to which Wales has been subjected and the tenacity with which she has retained her distinct individuality under all conditions, there is called to mind that far-off prophesy of the sixth century voiced by the bard Taliesin:

Their Lord they will praise,  
Their speech they will keep,  
Their land they will lose,  
But not wild Wales.

And when, as if exulting in the vision of that charge-faithfully kept, he again broke forth in song; his words were such as might well express the condition in Wales to-day:

Their God they still worship,  
Their language remains,  
Though the children of strangers  
Dwell on their green plains;

Yet the mother of mountains still claps to her breast,  
Of her offspring the eldest, the bravest, the best.

R. L. W.





THE LORETTE RIDGE NEAR LENS



GUN POSITIONS BEHIND VIMY RIDGE

## A NIGHT AT THE "Y"

MIDWAY up the Souchez valley on the Carency-Souchez road is situated a Canadian Y.M.C.A. hut. At a short distance to the north the commanding Lorette ridge rises up before us and forms a picturesque background for the ruins of Ablain St Nazaire and its beautiful cathedral situated at the base. A few minutes' walk along the road eastwards and we arrive at the foot of Vimy Ridge, that height of land, now of immortal fame because of Canada's contribution to the cause of freedom in April, 1917. Through this valley the German hordes pushed their quick advance in 1915, and here, too, sixty-five thousand French comrades in arms found their last resting place after driving the enemy back over the brow of the ridge. The Canadians have since driven him beyond that to the city of Lens, and the Carency valley is now one large military camp.

The "Y" hut is centrally located, surrounded by the activity of camp life, as seen in an area occupied by Canadian artillery horse lines and rest billets, infantry brigade lines, labor battalion camps, and the manifold auxiliary agencies of military organization.

During the day hundreds of the boys have read the big bulletin posted at the main entrance of the "Y." There will be given the typical evening's programme in that large double hut, which accommodates about four hundred men in each section. In the theatre section the 13th Field Ambulance Concert Party is scheduled for an entertainment at six-thirty, and the 75th Battalion Band is to assist in the programme. In the recreation hut the 85th Battalion Bible Class will meet at five-forty-five, at six-thirty Captain B. will give an educational lecture, and at eight o'clock, immediately after the concert, the good night song service will be held. Everyone will be welcome. The hut cannot accommodate all who will seek entrance to the evening's programme, and any late comer will be doomed to disappointment.

Supper is served throughout the camp at four-thirty, and after partaking of that dainty repast the boys can soon be seen coming from all directions to attend the "doings" at the "Y." All units in the area have a reservation of seats for the theatre each evening in turn, but in spite of this a long line up can be seen night after night at the theatre entrance, each man in the crowd hopeful of gaining the odd seat.

The recreation hut is already crowded and it is just five o'clock. At one end of the hut is situated the

canteen, and a busy place it is. The boys crowd around it to purchase a package of biscuits, a bar of chocolate, a few cigarettes, to change a library book, or perhaps await their turn as writing paper and envelopes are being distributed.

Passing through a curtain partition one enters the reading and writing room. Every chair is occupied. The boys are reading, answering letters, or sitting chatting and smoking while waiting for the evening's programme to commence. Passing through the room and beyond another curtain partition we enter "the quiet room," so called, or the study section of the hut. Here a dozen or fifteen boys from the 85th Battalion soon assemble for their weekly group study.

Outside it is just beginning to grow dark. The rattle and rumbling of supply wagons can be heard as they start again on their nightly trips, carrying supplies up the line. The ration limbers halt in front of the "Y," while in each one is placed a bundle of newspapers or magazines for distribution among the boys in the line.

At six-fifteen the theatre doors open. A parade of men from some one unit has arrived and they soon fill every seat in the hall. The band is already seated in a real orchestra pit in front of a real stage, which is bordered along the front with real footlights. One familiar air after another is heard while the boys are settling themselves down for the night's fun. "Good old band!" they shout, amidst the applause. "Carry on," "give us another," "wind her up again." The footlights are soon switched on, the curtain goes up, and in two or three minutes the concert party has rivetted the attention of four hundred eager, happy faces.

In the recreation hut the canteen has closed, curtain partitions have been pulled back to the walls, and the hut is crowded to the doors. All tables are used to increase the seating accommodation and, seated or standing, the boys listen intently to a lecture on current events, agriculture, Wellington and Waterloo, hypnotism, the planes of consciousness, or what not.

At the close of the programme and during the intermission in the theatre it is announced that a short, bright song service will be held in the recreation hut immediately at the close of the concert programme. Everybody is invited to come and sing three or four of the old home hymns and to hear a word from the

padre or from the "Y." It is five minutes past eight. The singing, the band playing, the shouting, the cheering and clapping have all died down and the hut is nearly empty. The men are wending their way back to camp and soon will have turned in for the night.

Twenty or twenty-five men have gathered in the quiet room of the recreation hut and are singing the old familiar hymns. Passing along the road no lights can be seen from the hut. The heavy green curtains on all windows have long since been drawn and all lights inside are shaded. A passer-by halts as he hears voices from within the dark outlines of the hut. They are singing, unaccompanied, "Rock of Ages Clef for Me." Before the hymn is finished a young officer has quietly entered the hut and taken a seat at the back of the little room.

The hymn is finished and the one in charge says: "Boys, before you go I want to leave a message with you—something to think about to-morrow." Another five minutes; the Scripture has been read and commented upon, and a short prayer from three or four of the boys in turn has brought the little service to a close. The hut leader is shaking hands with the boys as they pass out. The young officer waits behind.



"Good night, 'Y,'" he says. "Pardon me for coming in late. I hope I did not interrupt your meeting. I have been down to H.Q. to-night and was just returning to camp. As I passed your hut I heard the singing and had to come in. It was great—makes a fellow think of home." The chap receives a smile and a warm handshake. "We are glad you came in, friend. Come again. Good night, and good luck to you."

The "Y" man sits down to think of his programme for to-morrow, or is soon trudging along the plank road, up over Vimy and down into Givenchy, to visit the boys on night duty at the tea stalls in Clucas Trench, Cyril and the old Laollote Brewery. The day has been a busy one. It had perhaps its discouraging moments.

He stands for a moment on the brow of old Vimy, listening now to the rumbling of the supply train as it rolls along the narrow gauge track from Lens Junction and across through the valley; now watching the star shells and flares as they go up over "No Man's Land"; now hearing the guns as they roar out from around Lievin, and he resumes his way. He is thinking of the laughing, the cheering and the singing he has heard during the evening, and looks forward to the visits ahead of him when he will meet the fellows at their night's task. They will be carrying iron stakes, putting up wire, unloading the supply train, working on the road or resting in billets in close support. It all means dirty work, rotten billets and perhaps mud to the eyes, but if a fellow now and again can have a night to laugh, to cheer, to shout, to sing and to be reminded of home—such nights make a difference.

N. E. L., '17.

## WORDS FROM THE WARDS

(We print the following from *La Vie Canadienne*, the Canadian G. H. Q. magazine in France, of which the author was an editor.)

The hospitals have been full of our wounded warriors since this last "Great Push" started, and I have talked and laughed and prayed with scores of them, and have yet to meet a pessimist.

There they are, some bound for Trouville, some for the Base, some for "Blighty" and a few for that longer journey from which none may return.

One feels the thrill of real manhood here and feels like taking off his hat to these heroic boys. "Padre," says a horribly mutilated lad for whom I am writing, "tell mother"—a gasp for breath—"that I'm coming on fine and not to worry." Fifteen minutes later his eyes are closed in death. He has fought a good fight and finished his course.

Here is a big husky Australian between two "Canucks." "You're a Canadian, aren't you?" I ask. "No. Padre. I haven't had a shave for over a week and that makes me look like one." A stroke was chalked up in "Aussie's" favor. Further down the war is an "Aussie" and an American. "Well, 'Aussie,' what do you think of the 'Yanks'?" "Oh, they're all right as fighters, Padre, but don't you think they're a bit rough?"

It's a sweltering afternoon and on first entering the ward one would think he had been dropped into Central Africa. Every man has dispensed with all unnecessary clothing and is as free from wearing apparel as decency will permit. Sundry remarks are dropped concerning the advantages of "birthday suits," and one big Scotch lad is brilliantly discoursing on the merits of "The Naked Truth," when the lad next to him, in the act of removing a superfluous shirt, remarks: "Oh, I guess I'll have to bear with him, Padre." Pungent, eh?

In Ward 12 a group of Blue Boys are gathered around a bed which is simply littered with souvenirs—razors, jack knives, watches and photographs are on exhibition, whilst the proud possessor tells of his adventures. "I had quite a time getting these," he says, as he holds up a fine pair of gilt epaulettes "pinched" from a German staff officer. "He didn't want to come through with them," says our twenty-year-old boy, "so I had to bring my No. 7 into rather close proximity with that portion of his anatomy which is most convenient." Those are not his exact words, but the meaning is the same, and perhaps more fit for publication.

"Our country," says "Aussie," "is typified by the kangaroo, which goes ahead in leaps and bounds." Canada interjects: "In other words, you are a lot of beastly bounders, eh?" "Whereas, Canada," says a 58th man, "is typified by the beaver, which animal digs for himself a good deep dugout and then proceeds to dam everything in sight."

So it runs, pathos and comedy, pain and laughter, side by side, and one begins to realize how the heart that will laugh through suffering is making history, and how these boys are writing Canada's name large on the fields of France, and when they do cross the "Great Divide" we feel, indeed, convinced that "He never fails who dies in a great cause."

R. J. IRWIN, Padre.

1914.



1918.



MOSS.

## DIARY OF A CAVALRYMAN

(The cavalry were prevented by the conditions of trench warfare during the weary years of waiting from taking that part which made them famous in the past. But while engaged in less romantic, yet indispensable duties, they remained vigilant and ready for their hour. At the first battle of Cambrai, in the final effort of the Germans, and in the last phase of the war their work was as strenuous and as glorious as of old.—Ed.)

Dec. 4th—Crossed frontier into Germany.

Dec. 4th to 10th—Spending nights in small villages on our way to the Rhine.

Bruhl Dec. 11, 1918—Arrived here in Bruhl quite a large place about ten kilometres from Cologne and some twenty from Bonn. We see some very good people here, though none speak English. In Enskirchen we had good beds—orders call for one bed for each man. Here we have our horses out in the shed that adjoins our house. We have the best they can give us, both for ourselves and our horses. Old Nix likes the best as well as I do—and gets it.

Dec. 11—These cities are rich in art and architecture. We notice, however, a great scarcity of food. There is none to be sold in the stores along the streets. One queer custom these people have is that of displaying ready-made coffins in the windows of the undertaker's establishment. I would prefer a good healthy soldier's grave for mine. The storkeepers have a unique art of display by which they make their trivialities appear quite presentable.

We are now near our long march. Poor old Nix's feet need shoeing badly, and he needs a rest. However, he doesn't start out on the day's march any more without rations. We can steal, borrow or buy now and our horses get fed.

Passed a peat mine to-day; operations held up. The people burn peat cakes here all the time instead of coal. The farmers have very few horses; whether they were taken for the army or not I do not know. They seem to till the land almost wholly with huge yellow oxen that are slower than molasses on a cold winter's day. They scarcely move at all, pulling the plough by their heads. The ploughs are the French type of double ploughs that turn over at the end—one plough in the air all the time.

The people here tell us that of all the Allies they feared the Canadians most, but are surprised that we are not barbarians, because evidently the stories which they heard of us were gruesome enough. Last night in the room where Max and I slept there was a long young fellow who had fought for four years in Belgium and France. He does not seem to have any hatred in his heart and we don't seem to have either, so we get on all right. He plays the mandolin.

Dec. 13th—To-day it rained as we left Bruhl and we were all feeling rather blue. Stopped on the road to feed early, for soon after dinner we came into Cologne, taking our places in the columns of the Second Division, which was then going through the city. The Germans spell this city Köln, and the cathedral is known as the Koelner Dom.

We rode through the city's streets with swords at the "slope," and I was impressed by the gaze of awe and wonder upon the faces of the thousands of people who lined the streets to watch us. The First Division of Canadians began to cross the Rhine at about 6.30 this morning over the great central bridge. As we rode in our places I hoped that we would pass close to the mighty spires of the cathedral as they loomed through the mist, towering high above. However, we turned to the right in the city square and found ourselves on the bridgehead. Passed the huge statues of mounted men who guard the bridge in vain, and out upon the Hangebrücke over the lordly Rhine. Below and about us spread the noble river, the pulse, the heart of the German race, and the object of their songs. A low mist hung heavily over the murky water. On either side, at some distance up the river and down, two other bridges were pouring enemies into Germany, and the moving columns of men made a striking scene in the dim distance. On the bridge we rode with swords at the "carry," and gave the salute to General Plumer, a striking figure, who reviewed the troops as they passed.

As I viewed the river from the bridge it appeared much like the Thames from the Westminster or London bridges—ships, barges, bateaux, skiffs, canoes and various other kinds of floating objects rode lazily at anchor or were moored along the quay, upon the surface of the Rhine—erstwhile busy boats, ships throbbing to the tune of war with England—now silent and still, conquered.



In front of us and behind lay the city—all but the towers of the cathedral being in resigned submission to our presence. But they towered high into the air above us with a majestic grandeur which seemed torown upon us armed foemen on the river, its special care. We passed on.

We were impressed by the feeling of a victorious moment. Never had Caesar, when riding into Rome, more right to feel the spirit of victory than we Canadians as we crossed the Rhine. I think our horses felt it as well, though they, too, were tired with a march of many days. During our years of war—the days of enlisting when we sang the old songs of marching to Berlin, the grim hard days in France—we little thought that the reward of victory would be such a ride.

Coming off the bridge we were again among the crowded streets of the city, winding our way along until we came to our billeting place for the night. It had been a long, hard day, but we had crossed the Rhine and were happy.

G. H. H.

### LEAVE IN ITALY

(The following is an extra from a letter by P. C. Allan '19, who was a member of the first party of Canadians to go on leave to Italy from the Western front (Oct.-Nov., '17). This party consisted of thirty-eight men picked from among all the units of the First Division and six officers, including Colonel (Canon) Scott, called "The Prince of Red Patch Padres" who was in charge. They arrived at a very opportune moment, at the time of the Austrian drive, and were received by the Italian Government and welcomed by the people of Italy as the forerunners of that British army which was afterward to lend such powerful aid in checking the advance of the foe and hurling him back in the last great advance to victory.—Ed.)

Naples, Thursday, Nov. 1, 1917.

Dear

Since writing my last letter I have had more adventures; am certainly enjoying this trip and only hope it lasts a month. It looks as if we will be able to overstay our leave anyway, as the reverse on this front took place just a few days ago, and since then the frontier has been closed. Would have come down here before but, as I mentioned in my last letter, we were waiting to have that private audience with His Holiness the Pope. Arrangements were made finally, and on Tuesday we marched to the Vatican in a body. As usual there was much excitement among the spectators who lined the thoroughfares, as our being here just at this time has led to the idea that we are an advance guard of the British forces on our way to the Italian front. However, we finally reached the entrance to the palace, and there we were much amused by the surprised looks on the faces of the Swiss guards. They were too astonished to conform to discipline, and those who were not on guard were soon on the spot to have a look. After going up a marble staircase and passing through several rooms, which had different dressed guards in each and pages dressed all in crimson, even to their shoes, we entered the reception room and lined three sides. Some time elapsed and then His Holiness came in and passed around, giving each one his blessing, and each knelt and kissed his ring. He then made a short speech in French wishing everybody good

luck when they should return to the front again, and it was all over.

In the evening, then, we got away on a late train, just the four signallers and two officers, both from Toronto, of whom I told you before, and arrived here early yesterday morning. We got away as soon as possible and were in Pompeii before half-past ten. We wandered about this interesting place for the next three hours, and we were surprised at the marvellous state of preservation of the various buildings. Watched some of the excavators at work in one of the theatres, and evidently they are no mean experts at this, as they spend hours clearing away a very small portion of the lava in order not to harm the original pieces underneath. One of the officers decided to go back to Naples at noon, but the rest of us were determined to go to the top of Mt. Vesuvius. So after a substantial dinner (not as you would call it at home, perhaps, but when you know that at present here, even in the best of hotels, you can get only dried toast sans butter and coffee minus the milk and sugar for breakfast, you will understand the appetite for the noon-day meal) at the Hotel Suisse, just outside the walls of Pompeii, we boarded an electric car and were whisked away to a town at the foot of the mount. Some carriages which had seen better days met us here and we drove up to what was once a hotel, about half way up, I should say. Here we were equipped with saddle horses, or rather the poor beasts that pulled the carriages. They were the only means of conveyance since the light railway formerly run by Cook's was discontinued owing to the scarcity of sightseers during the war.

And it was then the fun began. Several stirrup leathers collapsed under the strain for a start; in fact, I broke both, they were so old, and then the guides had to practically push the beasts along. At last they applied switches freely and also let the animals pull them along as they hung on to their tails. (If they had done that to some of the horses used at the front, I wager they wouldn't have found it necessary to come down on foot). Then it began to rain, and although we stopped in the shelter of a ruined building farther up for a considerable time, it still poured, and as we wanted to reach the summit before dark, we ventured forth and, incidentally, got soaked through. We had left our overcoats behind on account of the weight. The path became narrow now and zig-zagged, as it was so steep. Progress was slow and poor "Doc," who is as broad as he is long, got left in the rear. To help matters I traded horses with him, as mine was faster, but that only made matters worse. One touch of the spurs and mine was off for the record, and as we were now travelling on a rather narrow defile, I soon overhauled "Doc." Unfortunately my nag was determined to pass, but was wise enough to choose the side nearest the wall or slope, with the result that his horse was crowded to the edge. He only managed to crawl over its neck on to the path before it went over for a fifteen-foot drop. However, it got up unhurt after turning a complete somersault, and we were on our way again. Soon we had to leave our horses and proceed the rest of the way on foot. Progress was slow, as the lava dust or ashes is about six inches deep, and one keeps sliding back. "Doc" got fagged out and had to sit down and rest several times, until at last one of the guides, with true business acumen, offered to pull him the rest of the way for ten lire. Finally we reached the top, just before dusk, and the sight was

certainly worth the pains of getting there. One guide mentioned the fact that before the war it had been a frequent occurrence for anyone wishing to depart from this life suddenly to come up to the crater and jump in. If he was expecting any one of us to vary the monotony of his existence by doing so I am afraid he was disappointed; there are other ways than that.

Coming down was an easy matter, for the first stage at least, as one could keep jumping and sliding. It was dark by the time we reached our horses again, and they had to take us back. It was so dark you couldn't see your hand in front of you, and all one could do was leave the reins free and hang on to the saddle. Every few minutes you would feel the horse sliding down a slope or going up a bank, and one could only imagine what the surroundings were like. Eventually we found the hotel again, and two hours later were on the train coming back here. Poor looking soldiers we were on arrival, as we had taken off our tunics and put on our overcoats to have something dry, and looked as if we had been through a war, no doubt. However, everything was O.K. this morning again, and as it is a holiday to-day, we went out to join in the celebrations. Incidentally, we had to go to the Embassy to get passports back to Rome. Expect to be back there late this evening and, as I do not know just where we will be going then, I will have to close for the time being. As ever,

## FLYING WITH THE BRITISH ADRIATIC FORCE

Let us hunt on our war map for the Adriatic Sea, and now that we have found it let us study it for a few moments. We notice that where it joins the Mediterranean Sea it is about forty miles across from the eastern shore of the heel of Italy to the mountain range on the western shore of Albania and the Island of Saseno.

Now, if we turn to the war records, we will find that the greatest loss to shipping by enemy submarines during the war took place in the Mediterranean. These submarines had their base on the eastern coast of the Adriatic at the Gulf of Cattaro and at Pola.

With the idea of stopping, or at least hindering, the activity of these submarines, the Royal Naval Air Service sent two wings to southern Italy in the early part of 1917 to co-operate with the Italians. To assist in this work were various kinds of surface craft such as trawlers, motor launches and destroyers. On land at various strategic points on both sides of the Adriatic were lookout stations equipped with competent wireless crews, consisting of Italians, Frenchmen and Englishmen. One of the few difficulties met with was the organization of these different units so they could work together.

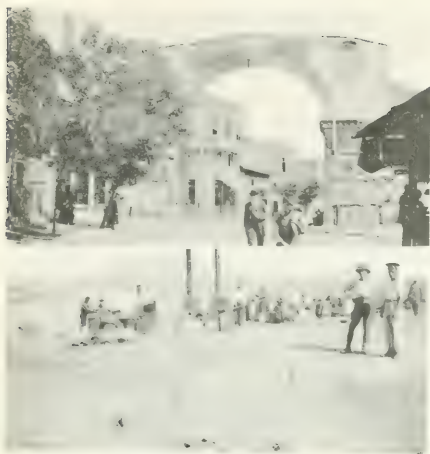
The R. N. A. S. consisted of an aeroplane and a seaplane station, which were about five miles apart by road. At the aerodrome we had light bombing aeroplanes, while at the seaplane base were both light and heavy bombing machines. We both carried out regular daily patrols, except when the sea was too rough for the seaplanes to take off, and then the work fell on the aeroplanes. Besides these patrols certain duty machines were always ready to set out at a moment's notice in pursuit of any submarine sighted by any one of the lookout stations.

Suppose you set out from Cattaro on a patrol, which is headed for the Mediterranean. As you come down the Adriatic, on the surface, you will be sighted by one of our lookout stations. Your position and direction are sent to headquarters, and all telephoned from there to the seaplane base and the aerodrome. Then there is some talk with the duty machines can get away first. I may say the aeroplane pilots held the record by having a machine clear the ground in 1½ minutes. While the message is being received the submarine alarm signal is being sounded, and then everyone is moving at once. The mechanics rush to the duty machine, take it out of the hangar, and place it "head to wind" on the aerodrome, and stand by ready to swing the propeller. The armourers examine the bombs and remove the safety pins, holding them ready to hand to the observer. The duty pilots and observers have been jumping into their flying clothes and race to their machines. The duty officer, on the first alarm, has rushed to the office and worked out on the chart the direction and distance you are away, and has handed this information to the observers. "Contact," shouts the pilot and the propeller is swung, and if you are lucky the engine picks up on the first swing. The engine is tested, the chocks are waved away, and we are off on your trail. As we are duty pilots and observers for the day we know the approximate rate and direction of the wind, and guiding our machine by compass we set a course for you. As we approach you we keep a close lookout on either side of the machine, and suddenly my observer hits me on the head and points to your white streak of foam on his side of the machine, maybe ten miles or more away, if the sea is calm. Immediately we turn toward you, and suddenly your lookout hears our engine and, in spite of the fact that we are between you and the sun, he sees us at last. How can we reach you before you submerge. Down goes the nose of the machine, speed increases, wires hum and the wind whistles in our ears, but usually you are under or just submerging as we pass above, and our bombs do nothing more than shake you as you go down. My observer drops a phosphorous flare to mark your vanishing point, and then releases a pigeon with a message for headquarters. Now where are some of these surface craft? If we are lucky we may see three or four motor boats, miles away, so off we go toward them and drop a "message-dropper" containing our information and fly back to you and our phosphorous flare. We circle this point with a five or ten-mile radius till the surface craft arrive, and then we leave you to their tender mercies.

By means of their hydroplanes they detect your movements, and by obtaining cross bearings fix your position, and heave over a depth charge, which is much more effective than our bombs.

For a long time our surface craft were not sufficient in numbers to be on patrol over the area our machines could cover, and even if we did drive you down we could not follow you. However, we bothered you so much that finally your friends began bombing us in retaliation. Then real war began, for we were supplied with fighting scouts and long-distance bombers, which regularly put holes in your base at Cattaro. Besides this the scouts were able to go across to Albania in their spare time, and, along with the Italians and French, help push back the Austrians. However, that is another story.

A. I. H.



Above—The Roman Arch in Salonika.  
Below—Our Incinerators at Work.

## BABA, THE BULGARIAN GRANDMOTHER

Friendships can be made the wide world over. Week after week for two years the Vic. men at Salonika were entertained by our good American friends, Dr. and Mrs. House, at the Agricultural School for Macedonian boys. One evening a few of us were invited over, and after tea I had the special honor of assisting in the kitchen. A Serbian soldier dropped in from the hot, dusty road for a drink of water, and he was promptly waited on by "Baba," the old Bulgarian woman who acted as cook to the household. As the Serb drank he noticed a little lad in the room. Baba's three-year-old grandchild. He picked up the boy, dandled him high-sky, and then did a thing very surprising for one whose pay was two cents a day—he put a penny in each of the boy's hands. He spoke a few words to the laddie in his own strange tongue. Just then Baba began to cry.

I asked the missionary for an explanation of the incident. She reminded me that the Serbs hadn't had a single line from their home folk for many, many months, and cruel rumor told them that half the people had died of cholera. Our thirty soldier saw in the little boy of the kitchen the likeness of his own child away back in desolate Serbia, and his love of home and country was awakened. So he said to the boy: "not knowing that he was the child of an enemy who was then actually fighting with the Bulgars): "Grow up big and strong and some day you'll be able to fight for Serbia." No wonder Baba cried.

We, who know what we were fighting for cannot understand the anguish of some of the benighted peoples who were forced into the fighting. Baba was a true mother-heart, and when I asked her why she treated her enemies so kindly, she answered: "You English are our friends and we have no spite against the Serbians, but our king declared war and my boy had to go. I love all soldiers. I like to give the tired Serbs a drink of water because I can always see my own boy marching along with his heavy pack, and I hope someone will give him a drink when he is thirsty. E. P. C.

(We regret that we are unable to reproduce here a number of interesting views of the Island of Lemnos and its inhabitants sent by J. R. Smith, M.A.; two unique pictures from German East Africa presented by P. N. Caven, B.A.; and a number of valuable snapshots taken by J. R. Trumppour, '19, who served as a Y.M.C.A. officer with the Mesopotamia Expeditionary Force. Among these is one showing the grave of Gen. Maude, the hero of Bagdad.—Ed.)

## WOMEN UNDERGRADUATES AND THE WAR

(Continued from Page 79)

their desire to do "something real." Many who had never worked before found "jobs" simply in order to be useful.

The third year left no doubt whatever of the war. Men were going away every day and khaki was the whole color scheme. IT8 girls did their share with the rest in regular hours at the University Red Cross rooms, winding bandages and making pyjamas. They did their part in the "Lit" patriotic tea rooms. About this time, too, they began to realize that there was such a thing as "overseas mail." Indeed, being IT8 girls, they decided to do something on their own which could be counted in hard cash for the Red Cross, as well as yield a certain amount of fun in a gloomy world. Accordingly, they gave a play which resulted in great satisfaction to themselves and \$40.00 to the Red Cross. At Christmas the year sent their first "box" to the members overseas. That spring exams were quite eclipsed by the importance of the great question, "Are you going fruit picking this summer?" The fruit season found that a goodly percentage of the IT8 girls had answered "yes." Those who spent the whole summer or even over a month in the fruit lands and lived through the flies and the food and the long hours are certainly entitled to tell with pride in the years to come of their "share in the great war." The rest of us know that, in spite of the light way they talk of it, it wasn't all fun.

The last year was the worst of all. The war was going badly and almost every day it seemed people were saddened by the old flag at half-mast for some Victoria man gone. IT8 was getting old and war weary. Nothing seemed to matter much but the war, and it seemed hopeless. However, that was no way to look at it, so letters had to be as cheerful as ever and old traditions kept up as best they could till "the boys came home." At Christmas the year again sent boxes to their absent members overseas. The boxes weren't much as boxes go, but they were from IT8 to IT8, and somehow the year spirit seemed to "get across," for the returned boys have expressed appreciation far in excess of the value of the little boxes. In the spring the small remaining class of '18 Victoria quietly graduated and went on its way.

Several of the girls again went out on the fruit farm, and others went into dietetics with the hope of getting into military hospitals. There were many resolutions made to get into "real" war work now that College was over. However, with November came the armistice. One more box was packed and sent to the soldier boys. Then IT8 was free to try to realize with the world that peace had come at last.

D. V. S.





THE NAVY.

H.M.S. Matchless off Calais—Waiting for Convoy—Later Participated in Skirmishes at Zeebrugge and Ostend.

Chief Engineer and Navigator of H.M.S. Hydrogeon—Coaling Day in Marseilles—The Navigator is a Typical Scotch Sailor.

British Motor Torpedo Boats on the Rhine—Patrol Duty.

H. M. S. AJAX, NOV. 22, 1918

(H.M.S. Ajax is a super dreadnought, King George V. class, occupying the second place in battle line of Second Battle Squadron.)

Naval censorship is now abolished. It seems unbelievable. The atmosphere of repression has been so sustained that it seems sacrilege to make open statements of what have been cherished secrets.

When the *Konigsberg* anchored outside Inchkeith Rear Admiral Meurer was taken to Fleet Flagship *Queen Elizabeth* by the Commander-in-Chief's guard, destroyer *Oak*. He was piped over the side, as befits a foreign naval officer, but his guard of honour were without arms, as befits a vanquished enemy. He was received, not by Admiral Beatty, but by the Captain of the Fleet, Commodore Brand.

Admiral Meurer wished Admiral Beatty to guarantee the safety and honor of the crews when the German ships should be surrendered, the statement to be in writing. The Commander-in-Chief requested him to repeat the statement. This was done. Admiral Beatty then made the following reply: "I will guarantee the safety of your crews; their honor is in their own hands. I will have nothing to do with a statement in writing to this effect."

Two days ago the King inspected the Fleet. Ship-companies "manned ship." Bands played the National Anthem, followed by cheering as the destroyer *Oak* came abeam flying the Royal standard.

Yesterday was possibly one of the most epoch-making days naval history has ever known. Long before daybreak the Grand Fleet weighed anchor—some four hundred ships—and steamed seaward to meet the surrender of the second naval power. Signals announced that our scouts were in touch with the Hun line. The Grand Fleet formed up in two parallel lines separated by six miles. Ships' companies went to "Action Sta-

tions." There were shells and charges in the gun-loading trays. Turrets were trained fore and aft, but on the slightest suspicion of double play we were ready.

I was fortunate enough to be in the foretop with the gunnery lieutenant, and so was one of the first to see through the mist a balloon bearing two points on the starboard bow. A few seconds later it could be seen that this was carried by our own light cruiser *Cardew*. Following her the Huns were in "single line ahead." This conquered line steamed between our lines, so that three miles on either hand they saw an escort more powerful than themselves.

One by one they came out of the mist, five battle-cruisers, led by the *Seydlitz* with Admiral's flag; nine battleships, the Kaiser class first, the *Bayern*, and lastly three of the *Konig* class. Astern were the light cruisers and destroyers, escorted by our ships of the same class. Shortly our squadrons "turned in succession" sixteen points. Thus our ships were steaming in the same direction and on a parallel course with the enemy, and thus we escorted them to a point of Inchkeith, where they anchored and were searched by us. They were found to have carried out the conditions of the armistice as to disarmament.

Shortly before the last event the Fleet flagship, *Queen Elizabeth*, had fallen out of line and was given rousing cheers by each ship as she passed.

A signal had been made from the Commander-in-Chief, Grand Fleet, to Commander-in-Chief, High Seas Fleet: "At sunset, 3.57 p.m., you will strike your colors, and will not rehoist them without my permission. So at sunset, as our bugles blared out throughout the Fleet, their colors flattened down with ours. But this morning at nine our colors were again flying. Theirs were not and will fly no more." F. B. CALMAN.

## ACTIVE SERVICE WITH THE NORTHERN RUSSIA EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

FEW people are aware that throughout the preceding winter and spring there was an active Canadian force fighting in North Russia. Canadians are better acquainted with the Siberian Expeditionary Force which went to another part of Russia and, though on a similar mission, enjoyed a vastly different time. Beyond the casual knowledge that the "British were doing something around Archangel," the great majority of people failed to penetrate the obscurity surrounding the N.R.E.F. So a narrative sketch of the work of the Canadian troops who served with that force may be of slight interest and remote instruction.

The brigade of field artillery, which comprised all the Canadians in the expedition, was formed in England in August, 1918. It was composed chiefly of men who had been returned from France as casualties and who welcomed this opportunity as a change from the deadly monotony of trench warfare on the western front and the endless routine of camp life in England.

After a brief period of intensive training, the brigade sailed from Dundee on one of the most characteristic of troopships, where accommodation was at a premium and physical comfort an impossibility. A rough trip, bleak weather and the constant prospect of an encounter with the *Untersee Boche* gave to the barren northern coast and to the uninspiring city of Archangel the welcome aspect of a promised land. The demand for troops was urgent, and after a two days' rest in Archangel, the brigade was sent up the main Dwina river in barges.

The original purpose of the expedition was the establishment of an eastern front against the Germans and, later, the protection of loyal Russians and British interests in that area from the marauding Bolsheviks. At that time fighting fronts were being effected on the main river and its tributaries, as far as possible



The Lucky Star of the Canadians  
in Russia.  
(Courtesy of A. A. Outram)

from Archangel. With unconscious levity a point some four hundred miles distant was given as the immediate objective to be captured before the winter set in. The small Allied force, some twenty thousand in number, embracing British, Canadian, French, Serbian, Italian, American and Russian units, were distributed sparingly over some nine isolated fronts on a radius of one hundred miles, and opposed by vastly superior numbers of well equipped and more or less organized Bolsheviks. The closely wooded country and the almost entire absence of roads compelled new methods of fighting and demanded prompt adaptation to the enemy's warfare in his own backyard.

The scarcity of artillery rendered it necessary that the Canadian batteries be split up and apportioned to the respective fronts, in some cases gun by gun. With the aid of this artillery further advances were made at different points, but the long nights, the approach of winter, the stiffening opposition, and the super-muskeg all tended to temporarily stabilize the fronts, and October found the Canadians well into the vast forest constructing log fortifications against a winter campaign.

The coming of winter disclosed an alarming series of difficulties to be overcome, and with the inevitable lack of organization and the handful of men available, it is remarkable that any semblance of order appeared from the chaos. The lines of communication were readily assailable by enemy patrols over a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, the attitude of the Russian was never to be relied upon, and indefinite support and vague orders from the authorities at home rendered any direct offensive policy impracticable. By the end of November the enemy had effectively precluded any such policy by vigorous attacks on the various fronts. The fall of morale among the Allied troops consequent on the signing of the armistice promptly disappeared.



THE GREAT WHITE WAY.



LINESMEN ON PATROL.

(Courtesy of A. A. Outram)

and a new back-to-the-wall fighting spirit was inaugurated, which continued until spring.

The work of the Canadians was not confined to manning the guns, for the nature of the fighting demanded the most of each man, and on occasion the artillerymen found themselves cavalry, machine gunners, engineers or, most often, infantrymen. The usual form which the fighting assumed was the defence of some village on the bank of a river. The garrison was distributed in block-houses around the village, with the artillery position in the fringe of the forest to the rear. The river provided some protection on one flank, while the semi-circle of block-houses was a guarantee for the other. The artillery position was strongly fortified with block-houses and machine guns, as it was from this quarter that most of the enemy attacks developed. The far bank of the river was garrisoned by Russian partisans, who, superlative in the national attributes of dirt, odoriferousness and whiskers, rivalled the Bolsheviks in appearance and fighting efficiency. They were dependable in defense of their own homes, but useless for offensive activity, though later, when organized and properly trained under Allied supervision, they proved for the most part effective and reliable fighting men.

The Bolsheviks were well equipped as regards rifles, ammunition, artillery and aeroplanes, and lacked nothing essential excepting an adequate supply of food. Their artillery outnumbered and outranged the field pieces of the Canadians, and the astonishing accuracy of its fire was attributable to the German officers in command. Their forces were composed of nuclei of revolutionary fanatics distributed among large numbers of conscripted peasants and imported Asiatics. Upon these latter the burden of the fighting and heaviest casualties usually fell. Throughout they proved an unscrupulous and savage enemy, as the butchery and mutilation of two brave Canadians testified.

The enemy's tactics were chiefly of a harassing nature, usually carried on by large scouting patrols against solitary posts, and by irregular artillery strafing. Periodically, when he became emboldened by success, an organized attack would develop, supported by systematic artillery bombardment. A lack of good officers, uncertain discipline, coupled with the intense distaste of the Bolshevik for casualties, many times saved the small Allied garrisons from annihilation, for quarter was rarely given and never expected.

In November, 1918, the Allied forces on the Dwina river were driven back, and the 67th Canadian battery were surrounded for twenty-four hours. In January, on the Vaga river, the 68th battery, with a force of some two thousand men, were surrounded for twelve hours, escaped by night through the forest, fought a rear-guard action for three days with the Canadian guns constantly in action, and finally halted the enemy, after having withdrawn some forty-five miles. Both batteries were driven into a tight corner on these and several other occasions, but the final *coup de grace* was never given by the enemy. From January onward fighting was intermittent on all fronts, with the defenders yielding ground grudgingly and awaiting the coming of spring with the long-promised relief. As more and more Russians were trained and confidence inspired in the civilians the task of the Allies became easier, and in May, with the appearance

of monitors and patrol boats on the rivers, the ultimate safety of the expedition was assured.

In such a guerilla warfare blunders were inevitable, and though they were frequently irritating, never led to fatal results. It was not an uncommon experience for the Canadians to be bombed by the Allied aeroplanes; the smallest of the winter boots for the expedition were size ten; in the spring the sixty pounder guns manned by Russians were first sent to the firing line without breech blocks and with a large percentage of six-inch ammunition, and lastly, the susceptibility of the Russian troops to enemy propaganda and resultant mutiny might have been avoided by more appropriate literature from the Allied authorities.

Early in June, 1919, the relief arrived from England and for the Canadians the fighting was over. Throughout, a lucky star had shone upon the whole expedition and casualties as compared to France were small. The brigade was given a brief period of rest, and in the intense heat of a Russian summer the men enjoyed to the full their first respite after nine strenuous months. The sun shone brightly twenty-four hours of the day, but it never shone brighter than on the eleventh of June, when the Canadians turned their backs upon Archangel and for the first time in five years commenced to sail west.

R. L. S. and L. D. D.

## THE NORTH SLAVS

### The Complement of "The Everlasting Balkans"

L. E. HORNING

IT is all but inconceivable to anyone who has not studied carefully the ethnology of Europe that within the confines of such a small continent so many different languages should be spoken. This great diversity is due to race movements reaching back into a very remote past, and represents a long series of struggles in which some peoples have suffered serious diminution and others have expanded greatly. The breaking up of the Roman Empire in the early centuries led to great changes, involving the disappearance to a great extent of the Keltic peoples, except as they formed the substratum for Spain, France and part of Britain. It contributed also to the great expansion of the Teutonic peoples, who built upon the ruins of that empire, especially the western part.

While the Teutons were migrating west and south another people was also expanding in a very rapid fashion. This people was the Slavic. If a line be drawn from Hamburg to Ragusa on the Adriatic Sea, and another from Memel, at the extreme northeast of Prussia, to Constantinople, these lines will be found to enclose a territory which between the third and seventh centuries was settled by the Slavs.

From the Far East, from Asia, other peoples, beginning with the Huns, were in movement across the southern steppes of Russia. The Huns devastated Europe under Attila and their name became a by-word for cruelty. The Avars also left no trace, though they were to be reckoned with by the great Charlemagne. The Bulgars have given their name to part of the Balkans, though they gave up their language and adopted that of the conquered Slavs of that por-



tion of Europe. The Magyars, in the final stages of their progress westward, drove a permanent wedge into the Slav territory and still remain in Hungary. This wedge made the division between the southern Slavs, "the Everlasting Balkan" problem, and the north Slavs of Bohemia and Moravia, the Czecho-Slovaks, and the other Slavs north to the Baltic sea. The names Mecklenburg, Serb, Prussia and Silesia are Slav, and testify to the occupancy of this northern territory between the parallel lines referred to and drawn as suggested. Expansion beyond the western line was impossible because of the Teutons, so that later the expansion took place over Russia at the expense of the Finno-Ugarian family at the east and north.

As the net result of the changes wrought in the many centuries, Europe is now divided among the great families speaking the Romance tongues, those of Teutonic speech, those of the Slavic tongues, the Magyars, and on the outer fringes are the Kelts, the Lapps, Finns, Tartars, Greeks, Arabic tribes and the Basques.

To return to the north or, as they are now called,

Under the Jagellon dynasty (1386-1572), Poland had become a strong kingdom, exercising sway over Lithuania which, for part of the time, extended to the Black sea. But after the Jagellon house ceased reigning, the internecine quarrels of the Polish princes gradually became more intense and, as there was no middle class to stand between the nobles and the peasants, disorders grew. All the while the German "peaceful penetration" into these Slav districts kept on apace, so that there arose plenty of opportunity for interference. This condition was very noticeable at the beginning of the eighteenth century, the Polish nobles showing less and less capacity for self-government and less and less regard for the interests of the peasant class.

The eighteenth century is often referred to as "The Age of Partition," as it was in truth. Sweden, the dominant Baltic power at the beginning of the century, was soon to suffer at the hands of its rivals, Denmark, Saxony, Poland, Prussia and Russia. The latter's aim was an outlet on the Baltic, and Prussia was determined to bridge the gulf between East Prussia and the main body of her territory. Austria suffered mainly



THE ALLIED TRANSPORT.



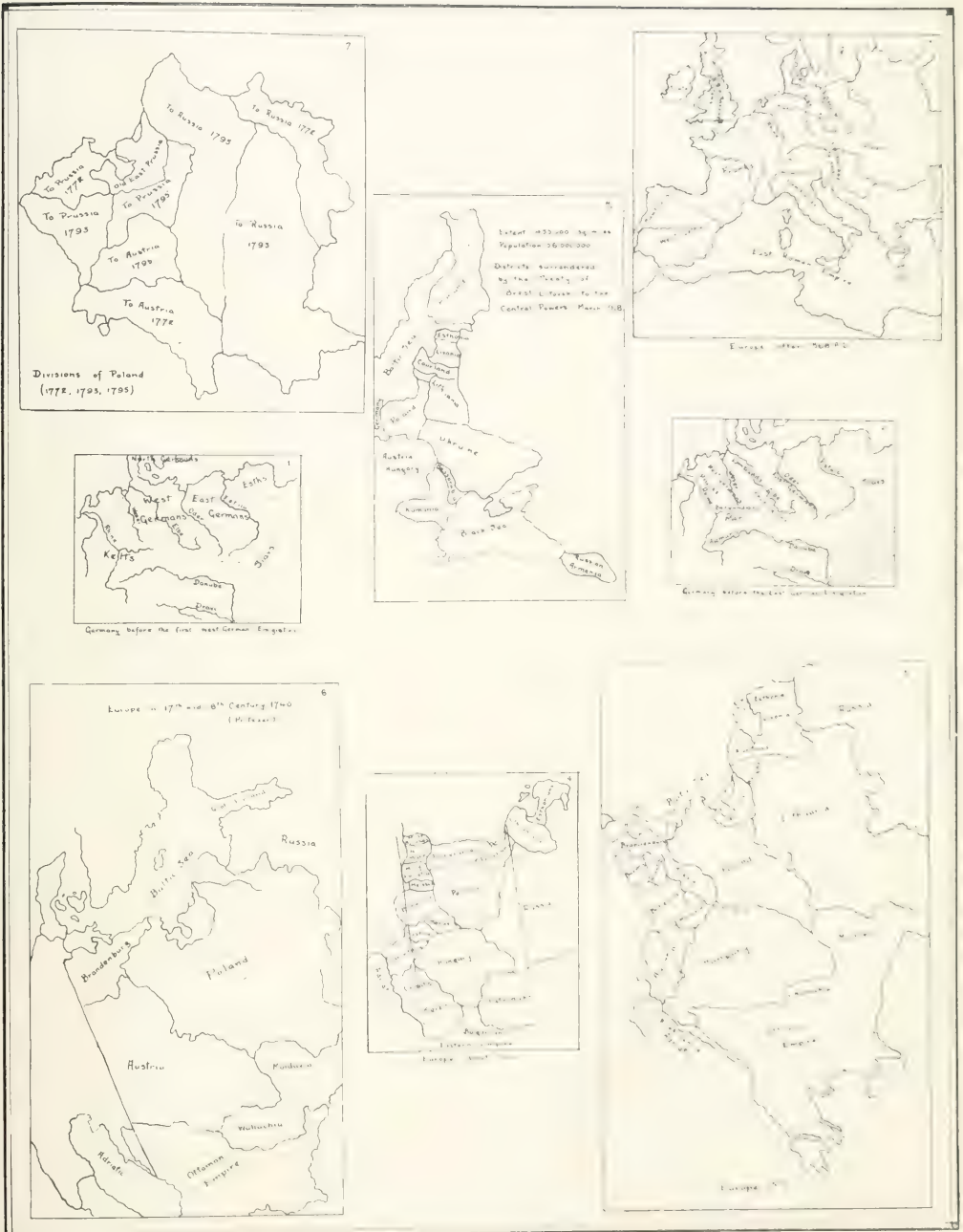
BOLSHEVIKS—WISHING THEY WEREN'T.

(Courtesy of A. A. Ontario)

the west Slavs. Along the western line already drawn we find, in the tenth, eleventh and twelfth centuries, the following marches, beginning at the north, viz.: the march of the Billings, east march, Thuringian march, Meissen march, Bohemia, the Bavarian east march or Austria march, and then, swinging off to the Adriatic, the march of Carinthia, the Styrian march, the Crain and Istrian marches. These were established as bulwarks made up of German settlers to defend the eastern boundaries of the German territories against encroachment by the Slavs. From these centuries on, and from these marches as bases, the Germans directed colonizing efforts which resulted in much territory being won, especially down the Danube and at the north end in the old Teuton home districts, which had been evacuated during the migrations to the west and south into the Roman Empire. At the north these efforts were very successful because of the work of the Teutonic knights, who laid the foundations of East Prussia and made German influence paramount there and in the Baltic provinces of Courland, Livonia and Esthonia. It will be remembered that Chaucer's knight "sat at the head of the table above all 'nations' in Prussia" when campaigning "against the heathen in Lithuania." The weak spot was the strip, Pommern and Pomerellen, between Brandenburg and Prussia, on the Baltic. This, after much fighting, became Polish territory in 1466 and remained so until 1772.

at the hands of Prussia in the next struggle and lost Silesia in the wars of 1740-42 and 1743-45. Prussia herself was the subject for partition in the Seven Years' War, 1756-63, but, by the brilliant work of her king and by virtue of the capable army left by the king's father, she, with the aid of England, escaped that fate. Poland's turn came next and she had little chance, in between her three powerful enemies, Russia, Prussia and Austria. Three partitions were made, in 1772, 1793 and 1795, and Poland disappeared from history. Prussia satisfied her desire to connect with her eastern province and also her *Drang nach Osten* (push to the east) by getting control of Great Poland as far as Warsaw and new East Prussia as far as a line following the Niemen river to Grodo and then south to the Bug river. West Galicia (Little Poland) and Galicia proper (Red Russia) went to Austria. Russia increased her Baltic shoreline as far as Memel. Partitions of Poland had been proposed by Sweden in the time of the great Elector, three different times during the Northern War in which Sweden suffered so, and even by the King of Saxony when ruler of Poland. It was nothing new, as will be seen, but its effective accomplishment was to make Prussia and Austria supreme over the northern Slavs in the district bounded by the lines drawn at the beginning of the article.

The Napoleonic partitions and reconstructions produced some kaleidoscopic changes, but the Congress



of Vienna settled affairs by assigning to Russia new East Prussia and the part of Great Poland bounded on the west by an irregular line from Thorn to the junction of the Warthe river with the Proсна, and then following that river down to the Silesian line. That is, the Slav line now pushed its way west again, and south to the Vistula and east to the Bug river, because Russia gained West Galicia at the expense of Austria.

Posen remained Prussian and has been a great thorn in the flesh of that kingdom. The Poles were now to feel not only the heavy hand of the Russians in their policy of "Russification," but also the brutal policy of the German government. East Prussia, Posen and Silesia were thought of as "outer marches" which must be protected by a further push to the east, the aim being to get control of Russian Poland and make it a buffer state. This rivalry of Russia and Prussia led, during the Great War, to counter-proclamations and large promises to the Poles and to a German propaganda in the Ukraine, the southern part of the once mighty Poland. The terms of the Brest-Litovsk treaty with Russia after its collapse (March, 1918) were all in favor of Germany, and its triumph seemed complete. The Teuton line had moved far east. But its own collapse has thrown all the fat into the fire, and now there is nothing but dire confusion in that part of the world.

What the Entente Allies will finally do is a question, but difficulties untold seem to be ahead. The proposed opening of a corridor to the Baltic puts the whole question back into the eighteenth century. The enforced separation of East Prussia from the rest of Prussian territory will not be satisfactory and will provide a problem for Europe for years to come. There is, moreover, the weakness of the Poles themselves to be considered. They have never shown a capacity for self-government, nor a democratic instinct, nor have they had practice in government. What hope is there that the decisions of the Peace conference can have a lasting effect for order and peaceful development? Little, it is to be feared.

"Nationality," the rallying cry for so many peoples seems to be dangerous to peace and provocative of war when pushed to the extreme by enthusiasts. This is seen all over the world in various forms, and the fact that the Poles (West Russians) are nearly akin to the other Russians does not ease the difficulty.

Another movement is now looming large, tending to complicate matters still more. This is the "common man" movement, felt in all countries, shaking the present foundations of society, antagonizing Labor and Capital, breaking down the old class relations of the present order of civilization, disturbing Church and State in every direction. Race antagonism, national aspirations, the "common man" movement of economic insecurity are all combining to make the outlook dark and the need for "self-knowledge, self reverence, self-control" is the great need of the times. This, if ever, is the opportunity of the truly educated man and woman, and because of the imperative call to intelligent thinking the University student cannot avoid the responsibility. Study, patience and hopefulness are prerequisite to a successful solution of the difficulties ahead. And let the look be forward, "following the gleam." Not alone the Poles, the whole world is in travail.

Extract of letter written by Capt. John H. Garden, at Cologne, Germany, after the signing of the armistice.

"The life of Cologne at the present time is a most interesting study. To see the British, French and Allied soldiers jostling and mixing with the Germans on the narrow streets is a striking object lesson on the adaptability of human beings. The Germans are most anxious to get into the good graces of their victors; hence they are most courteous and obliging. As a rule they are unwilling to talk about the war, but one can get some inkling of their point of view from unpremeditated replies and occasional statements. Many do not realize that their army was beaten in the field; but practically all are glad that the war is over and the Kaiser gone. They attribute the loss of the war to the fact that the civilian population of Germany were at the point of starvation, a fact which is not only apparent in the wan and pinched faces that one sees, but also in the scarcity of supplies in the stores.

"My chum and I made a special tour of the shops to find out what they really had. Nick-nack stores, jewellers, tobacco and chemist shops had a good display of goods, especially in the window, but this certainly could not be said of baker, grocer and fruit stores. A few black loaves of most unappetizing bread were the usual baker's supplies, while the grocery stores fared little better. We visited several fruit shops in the main street, but only two of them had



any supplies. One had a basket of lemons and several good pictures of apples, peaches, etc., while the other had a sack of onions and a few heads of cabbage. Being unaccustomed to categorize such items as fruit, we were absolutely unable to satisfy our natural Canadian appetite for it.

"It is not very gratifying to the Germans to see the Allied troops riding free on all their street cars and other public conveyances, but in spite of this they try to maintain an outward spirit of good-will. There are standing orders forbidding the Allied troops to interfere in any way with the civilian population, but, as one would expect, there are occasional breaches of these orders, and the British A. P. M. has his worries listening to and adjusting German stories of outrage. The other day a German complained that a Canadian had held him up and threatened to take his watch. 'Are you absolutely sure the soldier was a Canadian?' asked the A. P. M. 'Yes,' replied the German, 'for I saw his maple leaf badges.' 'So, he took your watch then, did he?' continued the A. P. M. 'Oh, no, he only threatened to do so.' 'That settles the matter,' said the A. P. M. 'He certainly was not a Canadian, for they never threaten.'





## THE CANADIAN FORESTRY CORPS

(With grateful acknowledgment of our indebtedness to the author and to J. H. Garden, B.A., 17, from whose brochure "The Camera With the Canadian Forestry Corps in Great Britain" both this article and the accompanying illustrations are reprinted.—Ed.)

**T**HE Canadian Forestry Corps! A name wrapped in the whisperings of tall trees, the silence of deep forests, the isolation of great distances, the pantings of hard labor. A unit that has strode to victory through strange channels—an invisible force born of the straits of war, that helped to defeat the submarine with no weapon but its industry, but that spelled its doom more surely than a fleet of ships—that even built those ships.

A great silent engine of war inextricably woven into the fabric of Britain's wooden walls—into every trench and dug-out and tunnel, into the huts that house the army, into the mines that backed the Allies, into the railways that fed the front, into the aeroplanes that brought a new element into the struggle, into the sinews of commerce that needs must carry on, into the hoardings that talked to us from the walls.

The very wheels of war, turned from a Forestry Corps mill, ran on a Forestry Corps road. The eyes of war, its fists and muscles, its legs and arms, once slid down the timber shoot of a mill working in the heart of a forest that had stood unmarked by man for centuries.

There is something strikingly dramatic when you look at it that way. And that is the right way to sum up the work of the Canadian Forestry Corps. The germ of it started with the struggle on the seas, the threat to Britain's supremacy in her peculiar element. It is not the product of war so much as of illegal war. Perhaps its record has been the more grateful for that. It is the flash of thought that evolved the solution of the world's greatest peril in history. Without a special organization of foresters Victory would have been

spelled with a small "v," because the other fellow would have had it. There would have been no ships to carry the food. The submarine that strove to gird the shores of Old Albion in chains of steel has to its credit the evolution in England of a small weapon that has struck it down—the cant-hook. The U-boat did a fine thing for the Empire when it added another jewel in Canada's crown of glory in this war in the shape of a Corps of Lumbermen. It never did a grander thing for Victory than to open the eyes of Great Britain to the resources lying untouched within its borders.

The story of the inception of the Canadian Forestry Corps is not new; but there is nothing old about the way the Corps has gone about its duties ever since. The body of men who produced sawn lumber in England in a week less than three months from the time the call came to Canada has gone on to bigger things with each month. An organization little larger than a division of soldiers has enabled the whole Allied Army to fight on without worrying about one of its most vital supplies. A hundred camps of Canadian foresters in Great Britain and France have stood for more than two years and a half between the fighting men and starvation, between an army unconquerable in battle and defeat.

This Corps, by its efforts and success in reducing the import of lumber, has left free for other purposes enough ships to feed a third of the population of Great Britain. Seize that, and even the layman may realize what the Canadian cant hook has brought across the ocean.



A REPRESENTATIVE CANADIAN FORESTRY CAMP

## THE CHINESE LABOUR CORPS

IT is a far call from the mud flats of Flanders to the rice paddies of Szechwan, that most westerly of China's eighteen provinces. But in 1916 the call for men and more men for the various fronts was insistent. Hundreds of thousands of fit men were employed behind the lines in the various supply services. China has millions of coolies doing the work done in other lands by draught animals and by machinery. These coolies could replace the fit men and release them for actual fighting. Late in 1916 the Chinese Labour Corps was formed. Officers must be found for the new corps, preferably men able to speak Chinese. So it came about that missionaries from the Canadian Methodist Mission in Szechwan and the Canadian Presbyterian Mission in Honan found themselves in France and Flanders as officers in Chinese Labour companies. The first Chinese got to France early in 1917, and eventually one hundred thousand were working with the British army. Only lack of ships prevented twice that number being there.

Recruiting depots were formed at Wei Hai Wei and at Tsingtau, recently captured from the Germans. Both these ports are in the province of Shantung, so most of the coolies were secured from Shantung and the neighboring province of Chihli.

As a prospective officer in the Chinese Labour Corps I reported for duty at Wei Hai Wei on May 1st, 1917. Two weeks later, with seven other officers-to-be, I was aboard the Empress of Russia with coolies en route for France.

The two weeks at Wei Hai Wei had been busy ones, organizing the coolies into companies, getting them washed, clothed and shorn, and teaching them some elementary drill. The depot staff, meanwhile, had caused each coolie to undergo a careful medical examination and had registered each by means of finger prints, giving each a number, which is henceforth to be his official designation.

Li Yen Tien enters the depot dirty, ragged and with a queue (for the queue was still being worn in this portion of China). Mr. Li is examined by a doctor, is found to be in excellent physical condition. He passes to the registration office. He is photographed and an impression of each of his fingers is secured. He is given a number and has a brass bracelet with his new number fastened around his wrist. He is given his contract, which he signs by rolling his inked thumbs over the place reserved for signature. His photograph is attached to the contract, and it states that Mr. Li Yen Tien, coolie number 15,432, undertakes to work for the British Government for a period of three years. He is to receive one franc per day in France, and ten dollars Chinese currency is to be paid monthly to the credit of his account at the depot in China. Should he prefer this \$10 a month may be collected by a relative or friend. He is not to be employed in actual military operations, and the British Government must feed and clothe him and provide him with shelter.

Let it be said right here the British Government more than fulfilled its part of the contract. The coolies received the same food as the British troops, with an extra amount of rice which the Tommies did not get.

The contract called for ten hours' work a day, but the actual work seldom amounted to that. Indeed, it was found that to work coolies so many hours a day was a poor policy. Instead they were given "task work" for the day. Worked in this way the coolies were unrivalled in France.

But I am getting ahead of my story. Mr. Li Yen Tien was supposed to be still in Wei Hai Wei. Washed and newly clothed, and with a kit bag full of extra clothing, he was one of the 2,000 which embarked on the Empress of Russia on May 14th, 1917. After an uneventful voyage Vancouver is reached and the 2,000 coolies entrained on five trains are soon speeding across Canada. At Montreal they embark again on a ship, which proceeds to Halifax, where it forms one of a convoy which crosses the Atlantic, and arrives without mishap at Liverpool. Once more Li and his friends disembark and entrain. Travelling south in the night Folkestone is reached in the early morning of the next day, and in the afternoon of the same day the journey ends at Noyelles-sur-mer, near Abbeville, in France, a trip across the channel from Folkestone to Boulogne and a railway journey from Boulogne to Noyelles having been part of the day.

At Noyelles we prospective officers leave Li and his friends, return to London, report at the War Office, secure our commissions, buy our uniforms and return to France as second lieutenants of the Chinese Labour Corps. Quite a come-down to the man who had been in entire charge of 2,000 coolies to find himself wearing only one pip. But everyone must start at the bottom, and in a short time most of the party had secured command of companies and the right to wear captains' badges.

Returning to Noyelles we were assigned to different companies, for not more than one Chinese speaking officer is allowed to a company. A company, we find, consists of 500 coolies with 20 British N.C.O.'s, four subalterns and the O.C., who is usually a captain, but may be a major. The N.C.O.'s do not speak Chinese, nor do any of the other officers, but an English-speaking Chinese boy accompanies the company is interpreter. It is wonderful how quickly the coolies and N.C.O.'s get to understand one another.

The company I am with is No. 52 and we are sent out to work on roads and supply dumps near Doullens. At the time this was a very quiet part of the line. It hadn't been during the Somme offensive in 1916, and it wasn't in the German offensive of March, 1918, but we used to wish we could see more of the war than troops out for a rest marching by with bands playing. Someone in authority must have heard of our wish, for we were moved up in the neighborhood of Ypres. German shells en route for Poperinghe and for an ammunition dump near us used to pass over our heads. At first the coolies thought that these shells were meant for their amusement and they became very efficient in imitating them. But one night one of the shells landed in a tent where thirteen coolies were asleep. The coolies in the tent were all killed instantly. Fortunately the floors of all the tents were sunk below ground and no others were injured. But from that time forward the shells were treated with more respect.

Bombs were never the subject of joking. One can hear the enemy plane coming closer and closer. All ways it appears to be coming directly for one's own locality. Then the bombs are heard nearer and nearer. Now the next one is due and the plane must surely be directly overhead, but the bomb drops to one side or beyond, and there is a respite till the next plane comes along. The coolies didn't like the bombs, and nothing gave them greater pleasure than to be called out to load up lorries with bombs for our own armies. They felt as if they were to some extent getting their own back.

The work 52 Company had for the longest time was on a large ammunition dump where incoming trains from the ports had to be unloaded and trains for the forward area had to be loaded. This dump was near Abbeville, and during the German offensive in the spring of 1918 was the object of a lot of attention by German night bombing planes. On one occasion several hangars of cordite were set afire and burned so brightly that the whole dump showed up as bright as day. Fritz took full advantage of this and during the night dropped nearly 300 bombs on the dump. Though our camp was near by there were no casualties.

To name the different kinds of work done by the coolies would be to name every kind of manual labor that was done behind the British lines. Mending roads, laying water pipes, working on railways, assisting Forestry companies, doing odd jobs around hospitals and depots—these were some of the things done. But

the bulk of the work was at various supply depots. Unloading boats and loading trains at Boulogne and other ports, and then when these supplies, whether of food, ammunition or engineers' materials got to the depot concerned in unloading and filling of bags, drums or in large sheds or magazines, and goods of these sorts which were located at various points behind the lines all along the British front, loading on to trains of light railways or lorries, which would take the supplies further forward until eventually the front line was reached.

Chinese Labour companies were scattered over the whole area occupied by the British army. The "Chink" got to be a familiar sight on French and Belgian roads, and many wore the boughs the British Tommies had at his quaint costume. Mr. Coolie liked to wear as much clothing as possible in cold weather, and the effect of a brick red canvas raincoat worn over, but not concealing, a green or blue greatcoat was ludicrous, to say the least. Then Mr. Coolie managed to lose his summer hat in winter time and his winter one in summer time, and would buy any kind of headgear that caught his fancy. This added to the grotesqueness of his appearance, and his broad grin added to the effect. The broad grin typifies his good nature. Properly handled he was very easy to manage and gave very little trouble, and his contribution to the success of the Allies, if a humble one, was not in any way a mean one. Here's to you, John, you didn't win any V. C.'s but you did your bit.

GORDON R. JONES

## EXTRACTS

### OUR LAST NIGHT IN VALCARTIER

It was our last night in Valcartier Camp before pushing off toward Europe for the great adventure. All day the camp had been one wild scene of disordered preparation, but now that evening was come



chaos disappeared and all stood in readiness to march off at daybreak. About eight o'clock I made my final visit to the hospital where I saw all our sick boys for the last time. I told them how sorry I was to leave

them behind, and hoped that they would soon get over, too. These duties done and having an hour to spare before last post, I rambled out across the plateau that stretches for miles along the edge of the valley and away to the Laurentian Hills. The night was as fair as a Canadian September night could possibly be. A full moon swung across a clear deep night blue sky. Only one cloud, and it drifted lazily along, curled up and went sound asleep, tired from its long day journey. Sounds from a great distance could be heard, and the lights of a distant village in the shadow of a mountain side sparkled like an earthly Pleiad. The air was so clear. The camp on my left quite filled the valley, while through the centre ran the silver ribbon of the Cartier River. Bands were playing, men were cheering and bugles were sounding. Over in our lines a fire broke out and silhouetted the figures of my comrades who were engaged in burning the rubbish that remained from our packing. Then I looked away from the excited camp to the quiet hills, above which floated the golden moon and the sleeping cloud, and I wondered how Mother Nature could be so unconcerned when her noisy children were so excited. Perhaps, after all our noise, the inner peace of the world has not been disturbed. At least the silent hills could look with calmness and even pity at this restless fever which we call our World War.



When Pay and I left the hospital it was past nine o'clock and a full moon was sailing high, making the night murderous in its brightness. The wind had fallen to a zephyr. We were so interested in our talk, however, that we never thought of Heimic until the sound of wings just overhead brought us to standstill. Almost at once the lights broke out and we watched with wonder the great beams feeling in the sky for the bombing birdman. He passed over toward the aerodrome and a moment later the earth shook beneath us with the crash of the bombs.



BOULOGNE—THE QUAY.  
(Courtesy of H. S. Wilson)

Extract from Diary of R. J. Irwin:

October 4th., 1918.

Rouen is a hustling, bustling city on the Seine, a place situated, like most other cities of France, in a valley, to be near the only available water supply. It is to-day perhaps the most cosmopolitan city in the world. Ships of all nations are anchored down the river. As I crossed the bridge this evening I met Algerians, African Negroes, Turbaned Hindus, Chinese coolies, Japanese sailors, New Zealanders, Austrians, German prisoners, Russian Infantry, French Poilus, British Tommies, and the last addition, stalwart American Sammies. Here they are, men of every race and creed, united in this awful agony of the nations. What a priceless gem is liberty! Lord, God of Hosts, be with us yet, lest we forget!

January 22, 1919.

From Monte Carlo we journeyed to Mentone, just on the border of sunny Italy, and from here commenced the return journey. We gradually wound our way up through the hills by the old Roman road. We passed ancient mountain fortresses and went through quaint hillside villages. Away off to our left the afternoon sun was sinking over the blue waters of the Mediterranean, painting them in a wealth of gold; while to the right a river twined its way through a great deep valley. Suddenly we rounded a curve and came to the highest point in the road. Never shall I forget the scene that greeted us. At our feet lay a huge basin through which a stream tumbled its way down into the sea, along whose banks was spread an abundance of flowers. Away in the background rose the rugged snow-capped peaks of the Alps. The setting sun was turning the white snow to a greyish pink, and a soft twilight mist began to screen the scene in its folds. It was cold away up here, but the mighty majesty of the scene enthralled us and we were loth to

depart. I caught something of the spirit of the Transfiguration Scene. These mountains are such a cold, peaceable expression of God in an anger-heated world.

This is the record of "Bill the Grouser's" comments on life and other things during the war. Beyond a trifling expurgation here and there they are set down pretty much as the Padre heard Bill utter them. You will notice a certain soft change of emphasis, a sweet alteration of cadences, or something of that sort, stealing into William's description, each time he is compelled to pitch his tent in a new field.

In Valcartier, for instance, this was the gist of his remarks: "Damn such a life, nothing but rain and mud and cold and curses, and revalley and fall in. If I though I had enlisted for this I would have let the Kaiser have the old war. If they would even send us to England now that would be all right. England is heaven, France is glory and death is good luck compared to this."

In England after a brief sojourn, mostly in the clink, he observes as follows: "Damn such a country. It's a wonder Kitchener got anybody to fight for it. The sun never shines here and the rain never takes a holiday. The beer is good, but the Captain is bad and the clink is full, and I don't blame it. You have to be full to enjoy this place. I enlisted to fight the Huns, not to spend four lifetimes in a dead place like this. In Valcartier, now, we did get leave once in a while, but here—After all, Padre, them was happy days in old Valcartier, when the Sergeant-Major didn't know a crime sheet from an attestation paper."

In course of a few cons of time he is moved with his battalion to France, and his deliverance upon actual warfare conditions is about as follows: "Damn such a war and such a life and such a country. Who ever named this Sunny France. Why, they don't know what the sun looks like in this country. The man who has a bivvy in England is sure cushy, and I'm for it as soon as I can coax a blighty. Canada would look good to me now and Valcartier would be a valley of Paradise. If ever I get home no more I'll roam, you can bet your life on that, Padre."

One would naturally infer from the foregoing that once the war was over and Bill was safe home in good old Canada, a long period of contentment would begin. I met Bill in London, Ontario, about six months after his return, and this is what he confided in me: "Did you ever see anything like this, Padre? After a man, a honest man, has fought, bled and died for this blinking country, to come home and find that they wants to make us all work for our living, while profiteers, foreigners, munitioners and slackers generally are comfortably housed and clothed and fed, and riding in Ford cars, while we have to go beerless to bed. Give me the good old days in France again. A long road, a light load, a day's ration, a fag to smoke, and a glass of wine from Madmoiselle in the estaminet, and eight days' rest at the end of the march. Give me these and a good pal and you can have Canada and everything else." Here he turned and looked away down a poplar-lined road such as does not exist in Canada, and when he turned to me again he sighed wistfully, "Gosh, Padre, I wish there was another world to be made safe for democracy."

PADRE SOX.

## EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS TO SISTER MAUD

(Being some generalizations on the puzzling subject, *Nationality*).

VERY early in the morning, just as the light of dawn began to show through the mist, there was a general stir. Nearly all the troops were gathered upon the deck, to view a town nestling under high cliffs. For most of us it was our first glimpse of France. We were lying in the roadstead of Havre. We spent all that morning and three hours of the afternoon sailing up the Seine to Rouen. I have never enjoyed a more delightful excursion. At the villages all along the river the people flocked out to cheer. I should think they would get tired of that, as troopships are going past everyday. But they seem to keep it up well. The older people wave Union Jacks from the windows. *Les mademoiselles* respond to the loud greetings of the khaki boys by a silent, but very expressive, movement—far better understood than mere language could be. It consists in bringing the tips of the fingers to the lips and then extending them in the direction of the boat. This is repeated continuously until the boat has passed out of sight round a bend. Thus, among all the flourishes, each British visitor feels that one is particularly meant for himself, and is certain that he has been heartily welcomed to France.

The French people are intensely patriotic. How that Alsace-Lorraine question has burned into their hearts! The restoration of these provinces has behind it the support of all France, with a zeal which would ordinarily express itself as religion. In fact, if religion means for them obedience to the Pope, their patriotism has superseded religion. For from the Pope's point of view, the Roman Church has a freer hand in Alsace-Lorraine under German than under French rule. The Pope secretly would like to see the French aims defeated, and the French know it. They simply defy his wishes, and he is afraid to protest.

\* \* \* \* \*

The French still think a great deal of Napoleon, especially those who have served in the army. He yields place only to Joan of Arc in their esteem. The old veteran of the Prussian War, who led me around Les Invalides and the Emperor's tomb, said with a sigh, "Ah! if that fellow could rise from his grave, he'd give the Kaiser a drubbing." I smiled in assent, though I didn't really think Napoleon would cut any such figure in modern warfare as was expected. He might not do so well as Nivelle or Joffre.

Here in Paris the French soldiery are immaculately dressed. This is in strange contrast to the reports I heard in England, that the French soldiers were poorly equipped, slovenly in dress and careless in discipline. Some troops I saw in the Somme area seemed to justify that criticism; but then, are not the British troops the same at the front? I understand that among the French we have a reputation of being slovenly, especially the young officers. All of which goes to show the danger of hasty generalizations!

However, Rev. Allan pointed out to me some differences between the French and English which are worth pondering over. The other morning as we were walking down the Champs Elysees we met a respectable

looking old man, dressed in plain black, walking along with a book under his arm. "That's the Duke of Orleans," Mr. Allan said. "Oh, and does he still keep the title?" I asked, staring round for some visible signs of rank. "To himself and his nearest friends he is still a duke," explained my friend. I then exclaimed: "What peculiar people these Parisians are!" To which Mr. Allan replied that they were very interesting people, and he went on to point out some further peculiarities.

The French newspapers never gossip about so-and-so taking tea with somebody else, or spending a few days at the seaside. They have no use for a personal column. They especially disapprove of the custom some English weeklies have of catching snapshots of Lady D— taking her exercises in Rotten Row, or young Lord M— taking the air in the park. The titled people surely can't appreciate the publicity, especially when there are premature announcements such as the following: "According to rumor, the charming heiress whose portrait appears above will be married to Sir John — in the autumn." But many a subscriber to the weekly would drop it at once if denied this means of getting acquainted with the aristocracy.

I think the most striking difference between the English and French is in their ideal of a home. The Englishman likes a snug little house, substantially but plainly built, with a flower garden and a hedge or wall high enough to give a sense of privacy. The Frenchman can dispense with the hedge and flowers, but he must make up for the lack by ornamentation of some sort on the house. Perhaps he cares less for the former because he wishes nothing to conceal or detract from the latter. It may be only some floral design in glazed tile around the windows and doors, or under the eaves, but there must be something to set off the plainness. In this respect Canadian and American houses are more like the French than like the English. When the building is complete the Frenchman straightway loses interest in his home. He doesn't worry much apparently when decay sets in. Even in majestic ruins the masterly design of the builder is displayed. We admire them, not for what they are, but for what they have been. All the Frenchman's pride is in original conception and invention. Is it not so in the fashions? The English surpass the world in dress, but we wait upon the Parisian for our designs. On the other hand, as soon as a crack appears in the masonry of his house the Englishman seems very sensitive about it, until it is chinked up with mortar. If necessary a section of the wall must be torn out and rebuilt. Repairing is a science in England. The attention given to flowers and hedges is a species of repairing which would be tedious to a Frenchman, but gives an Englishman endless enjoyment.

This same national distinction is very plainly marked in the larger architectural schemes of the two countries. I suppose the National Gallery is a fair sample of English architecture. No building in Paris is so plain. Again, it may be said that no building in London rivals the rich beauty of L'Opera Grande.

But before we finished discussing the matter that morning we came upon a better illustration of the point than either of the above. It was a building which Mr. Allan said had been in use for two years, and the scaffolding had never been removed. Though just an office building it was one which Canada might be glad to use as a National Treasury or other public building. The carving was beyond praise; but even if further decoration was intended after the war, why leave the unsightly scaffolding there so long! There were even fragments of stone and mortar on the strip of ground between building and pavement. A Londoner would have felt it a reproach if his premises had presented such an appearance a fortnight after being wrecked by a Zeppelin.

I am indebted to another English resident of the city for an observation which seems like a contradiction of the foregoing. In the matter of rural landscapes it is England that is ornamental, with her hedges, parks and winding roads. In France much more of the land is under cultivation, and the different patches of grain join one another without hedges or other barriers. This is more practical, especially in war time, but it is not so picturesque as the English countryside. Of course, the French like their landscape best, just as the English prefer their cathedrals to those more ornate. Mr. Goodwin once asked a French friend if he didn't think Surrey and Warwickshire more beautiful than any part of France. The reply was, "Pour une affaire du theatre." In other words, he thought English landscapes "very good for show."

My Rhodesian friend's most striking trait is his persistent calling for *sundowns*, and the philosophy with which he seeks to justify them. Of course, you won't know what *sundowns* are. I'll explain. On that plateau of tropical Africa which Rider Haggard has clothed in such romantic dress there is a very peculiar climatic change at sunset. The mercury drops from ninety degrees to freezing point within an hour. Now, what merely white man's constitution could stand that without an artificial aid? At least you will admit that one seldom meets with a better excuse for a small stimulant. The favored artificial support is a whiskey and soda. In fact, this is the only preparation which has earned the title *sundown*. And while people may have their own notions as to how the *sundown* should be mixed, Mr. Fennell insists that, for himself, good spirits must not be drowned in bubbling diluents.

Mr. Fennell deploras the havoc wrought by the missionaries in Rhodesia. No sooner does a man get a native trained to be a useful servant than the missionaries get hold of him and fill his head full of foolish ideas. Then he might as well be dismissed at once. Such is the mournful complaint. But occasionally my friend lets fall some hints of the rule of fear and terror which must be maintained for the safety of the whole population, which is outnumbered six to one. The United States is not the only place where lynch-law is practised. I argue, then, that the sooner these natives are Christianized, the better for the world. Of course, he doesn't see what advantage Christianity would be. His one reserve argument is that the Christian follows a losing cause, and he points to France. In his opinion, Atheism is the national religion of France. It must be the established Church in England that gives rise to

such an absurd notion. The disestablishment of the Church in France has certainly not made the nation less Christian. Indeed, Canada, like France, has no established religion. Strange to say, France is the one country in the world in which foreign missionaries are supported by the Government.

\* \* \* \* \*

There's an Australian in the bed just opposite mine. I've met many other *Anzacs*, as they are called, and you may have heard something of the spirit of rivalry between these colonials and the Canadians. But I never had such a good chance to get acquainted with one of them. Of course, *Anzac* is the abbreviation for the Australia-New Zealand Army Corps, and is properly applied only to that first contingent that landed at Gallipoli. But any soldier with a slouch hat and bloused tunic is commonly called an *Anzac*.

Of course, there is a decided difference between the New Zealander and the Australian, and both are very different from the Canadian, or the "Little Islander." South Africa is producing still another type of Britisher, whose most striking outward characteristic is his harsh bass voice, which seems to come from somewhere in the nether regions. I suppose this is due to his life in the clear dry air of the veldt. Everybody has a good word to say for the New Zealander, but the Australian and Canadian must say the good word for themselves, and each must prove to the world that he is doing most towards winning the war.

To the Canadian the Australian at first seems like a very English Englishman, speaking Cockney, and warmly attached to cricket, horse racing and beer. I fancy the census would show considerably less of the Scotch-Irish element in the Australian population than in the Canadian or South African. But the Londoners assure us that the Australian is fully as distinct from the Cockney type, in language and habits, as the Canadian. You may remember my mentioning that when I wandered into the Canadian Corps area in France I saw a similarity in facial features which I had never noticed while living among Canadians. Their eyes were paler in color, especially when blue; their moustaches lighter, and a further indescribable something which suggested home—all this before I had heard any of them speaking. Well, the Australian of the second generation has a peculiar dark cast in his eye, and a bronzed complexion, which at once tells you he has lived nearer to the Equator than the 49th parallel. I know of no better illustration of the evolutionary theory of environment.

I am convinced that neither chains of super-dreadnoughts, nor cleverness in Imperial organization (or lack of organization) will hold together permanently such a heterogeneous people as the British Empire is fast becoming. Although we may remain under one king, our inclusion within the British family will mean little more than our inclusion within the larger community of peaceful nations. Even if the influx of other nationalities did not alter our outlook the process of emigration has separated out the more adventurous spirits from the population of the United Kingdom, and has left behind the most conservative; various environments have further widened our differences, so, though we may all be Britishers, we must travel our own roads to whatever future may await us in the evolution of nations.

R. G. T.



## SOME EXPERIENCES OF A SURGEON

F. N. G. Starr, C.B.E., M.B. (Tor.), M.D., C.M. (Vic.), F.A.C.S.

It may interest some of the readers of *Acta* if one relates some of the trials, as well as some of the joys and privileges, when one volunteers for service in an army.

Late on a Saturday night I was notified that I should sail from New York on the following Thursday, and present necessary passport, etc. This was the first I had heard about the necessity of a passport, though many months had elapsed since a correspondence had been entered upon. I wired the Department of External Affairs at Ottawa and awaited a reply by Tuesday's mail. As nothing came I then wired a friend, who saw the passport people and wired me that it would be necessary to apply in person. This gave me just one hour and twenty minutes in which to pack my trunk for an indefinite stay abroad, and catch a train to Ottawa. Arrived there the passport people felt it would take a day to get it ready, but by hustling them a bit they were to have it ready within an hour. When I returned the whole staff seemed so exhausted by overwork that the necessary document, though ready, was lost. After a desperate search, in which five people were engaged, it was recovered and I took my departure, leaving a trail of exhausted civil servants behind! This was not to be the end of passport trouble, for at the British Customs in New York it was necessary to have the passport vized, and this took from 9.50 a.m. till 3.50 p.m., and then only after threats of bodily violence to a clerk who was supplied with more "side" than "brains."

I sailed in an American convoy of thirteen ships (British), carrying in all about 40,000 to 50,000 American troops. On our particular ship there were, in addition to 2,000 white troops, 2,000 negro troops. The negro is inherently a joy-loving chap, and we were much entertained by his pranks, his singing and dancing—even extra drilling for the fun of drilling. Then one morning a submarine was sighted in unpleasantly close proximity and the joy went out of the life of those black troops, and they became as silent as the tomb. But later in the voyage they paid one of the greatest tributes, unconsciously, to the efficiency of the British Navy possible. One morning I awakened and heard the negroes again singing. I turned to my room-mate, calling his attention to it, and suggested that the British destroyers had arrived to give us company, and sure enough when we came on deck there were thirteen of the busy little chaps circling, twisting and racing about.

We reached the Mersey on a Friday, the 13th, after 13 days at sea, 13 ships in the convoy, 13 destroyers escorting. Who can say that 13 is an unlucky number!

Upon arrival at the War Office it was suggested that before signing up with the R.A.M.C. I should see for certain whether the C.A.M.C. required my services. They professed to need me so badly as a consulting surgeon that I was requested to go to a training camp to "form fours" and "lift" and "lower" stretchers for six weeks! This when doctors were needed in France in the worst way, for the "Big Push" was at last on

I returned to the War Office, signed up with the British, and was on my way to France (in *possession* short) hours after I secured my uniform.

Going as a reinforcement I acted as a sort of mustard poultice, being placed where relief was needed, moving from hospital to hospital as the need seemed greatest about the Boulogne base, where there were approximately 30,000 beds; and later to a casualty clearing station a few kilos from Lille. During that first week in France the casualties were terrific. It made one's heart ache to see these splendid fellows coming to hospital all smashed to pieces, yet with a smile on their faces and a confidence that they would get a square deal.

One of the duties of the officers was the censoring of letters, and while it was a heavy task after a wearisome day, yet one often realized the spirit of the men from the tone of their letters—rarely a grumble, often the spirit of optimism. I came across this one: "Dear Mother, I hope this finds you well, as it leaves me in the pink. I was operated on yesterday by a famous Canadian surgeon, so I shall be sure to go on all right. I trust God is caring for you as He is keeping me. Your affect. son." When I read that letter I felt sure that no enemy could win against such spirit as that, coming, as it did, from a poor chap who had been horribly smashed. This spirit of the men was perfectly marvellous, and times without number, after an all-day session in the operating room, I would make a tour of the wards to make sure the boys were comfortable and that none were bleeding, and would be comforted with "Cheerio, doctor!" "Thank you!" "I'm in the pink."

One cannot pay too high a tribute to these noble fellows, for unless one has seen them have no conception of the hell they have endured, and won; nor can I close without paying a tribute to the British Medical Service. They were ever ready to do their full duty to the men and gave of the best that was in them. I shall ever feel it a privilege to have been so closely associated with such a large noble family of British doctors.

112 College Street,

Toronto.

Our men were working along the Yser canal at Boesinghe, just north of Ypres. On our left—hundred yards or so, in a tangle of splintered trunks and blasted oaks, sad remnants of what once had been a fine woods, some of our six-inch howitzers were doing counter battery work. To these Jerry took a sudden and spiteful scunner, if we are to judge by the number of shells that exploded in that wood during the next hour. But, being of a generous nature, Fritz remembered the batteries on our right, too. He also said "Good morning" to us, and then sent the rest over our heads into Elverdinghe. I spent most of the morning in a dressing station near by helping with the wounded.

PADRE SON.



# WAR ANECDOTES

## THE POINT OF VIEW

One of our Chaplains (who tells the story) was dining with two English officers and an American. When the latter was called to the phone one of the Englishmen remarked that he was a "topping" chap, but uncouth. While our Padre was walking home a little later with the American, the latter remarked casually: "These English fellows mean well, but they're so d——d effeminate, aren't they?"

During a fireside conversation in the mess at Witley Camp one Sunday morning after church parade the Adjutant remarked, in his most casual manner: "O, I say, Padre, I noticed that McClelland remained for the communion service this morning. He even handed out hymn books. Is he one of your regulars now?" "He is," I replied, without lifting my eyes from a copy of Punch which I was reading. I knew what was coming. Mac was considered one of the unredeemable characters of the Battalion and the thought of his becoming in any way religious was to be treated as a joke. I confess that I was gaining a little faith in him

He had been painfully sober and sentimentally religious for nearly three weeks, and in my estimation that performance entitled him to some solid backing by the Padre. At any rate, when the next remark arrived I was ready for it. "He'll likely be up for orderly room in the morning." "Do you think so?" I asked. "Of course, I do. You simply are wasting time on a man like him." "Well, I don't at all agree with you. I think that any man, no matter how bad he may be, is capable of redemption, and I sort of look upon Mac as a proof of my statement." Unfortunately for me, just at this moment an orderly reported that McClelland was at the door and wished to see me. "Captain," he said, "I told you that I would tell you when I wanted to quit, and it is right now. What has being good ever got me? I been expecting at least two stripes for near a month now, but what th'ell's the use, a good man can't get anything around here." I felt liking him a few stripes right there and then, but instead I turned back to the mess with a chastened spirit, and greeted the Adj. with more brotherly love than formerly. Mac was up for orderly room next morning.

## THE HIELAN'MAN'S PRAYER

Oh, Lord—Lord o' the Glens an' the Bens, an' the hills an' the stills an' the gills, an' hauf-mutchkins—hear oor prayers. Pless a' the pig Floras an' the wee Floras, an' the pig Archies an' the wee Archies, an' the Ronals an' Tonals an' Tugals, an' the rest of us, moreover. Pless a' oor wee coos and wee soos, an' oor prave polismins specially, and sen' them plessins, too. An', Lord, don't forget to sen' us some whusky, an' after that some more whusky, an' sen' us hills o' joy an' mountains o' love, an' rivers o' prose, an' oceans o' whusky more especially. An', Lord, pless a' oor ponnie pagpipers, an' oor ponnie pagpipers, too, moreover; an' sen' them win', Lord, gales o' win' to fill their pipes an' soont them in Thy praises. Lord, pless oor pig coos an' oor wee coos, an' oor pig soos an' oor wee soos, an' oor polismins pertik'ler. Mak' them prave, Lord, an' always ready wi' their patons to knock tannation oot the Lowlanders.

An' ton't forget, pless us a' to-day an' to-morrow, an' the mornin' pefore, an', Lord, do not forget the whusky, an' the glory be Thine for evermore.

AMENS.

There is no doubt but what my French teachers would receive an awful shock if this incident ever reached their ears, but the war has been responsible for developing some excellent remedies for overcoming shocks, and so it may be safe to tell this joke on myself.

On the first day that I arrived at the base in France I set out to find a chum of mine who was in one of

the English hospitals. Walking up to a Frenchman who looked quite intelligent I said in my best French: "Ou est l'hospital pour les officiers Anglais, monsieur?" He looked at me in bewilderment a moment and replied, "Je ne comprends pas l'Anglais, monsieur," and walked on, not knowing what he had done to me.

AT SEAFORD

Young Snapper (a victim of feminine deception): "Never run after a woman or a street car. Sometime there'll be another along in a minute."

The next evening, and for many succeeding evenings, it is reported the same young Snapper was seen shivering up to dazzle the same young woman.

WITH THE "BLUE BANDS"

"Oh, nurse, am I first again? It isn't fair. I was first yesterday morning."

"Indeed and you were not; you were third. So get up now and let me make the bed."

"Nurse, may I have breakfast in bed this morning?"

"No, you cannot. You must go up to the mess."

"May I have an egg this morning, nurse?"

"And where do you think I shall be getting an egg, and them at six pence each?"

"Nurse, somebody has put a hair brush in my bed."

"Serves you right for putting a curler in somebody's pyjamas."

"Nurse, can I get up to-day?"

"And you with a temperature of 103! Is it a corpse you want me to be looking after?"

This is not the irresponsible chatter of a nursery, but a typical early morning conversation in Star Ward, 2nd Eastern Military Hospital, Dyke Road, Brighton, where all good Maresfield artillery men went when they were sick, maimed or lucky.

Star Ward merited its name. It was the jolliest, most pleasant and most comfortable ward in the hospital. The secret of Star Ward's popularity was its nurse—an Irish girl from the wilds of Galway, a black-haired, blue-eyed colleen, who ruled us, soothed us and made us well with that wonderful medicine laughter. We were afraid of her, but we worshipped her. We would be sooner scolded by her than fussed over by others who lacked her vivacity and the charm of her brogue. She understood the temperament of every patient, while the mere doctor knew only his temperature.

Every sick man was a boy, usually a sulky boy with a pain in his stomach, and our buoyant Irish nurse treated us like children. Some had to be humoured, others scolded; and there were a few she would liked to have spanked. And so we succumbed to the power of the maternal instinct.

One of the patients was afflicted with a combination of influenza, malaria and trench fever, and he had worn out half a dozen clinical thermometers. He was conceited over his temperature and was unhappy if he failed to score a century. We told him he was breaking the nurse's heart, but he went on eating thermometers and trying for new records.

As she tucked him up prior to taking three hours off the nurse, with an admonishing pat, remarked: "Now don't you dare shiver while I'm away. Go to sleep like a decent person and, for heaven's sake, hold your temperature down."

An hour afterwards he surveyed the ward with an unholly grin and whispered: "Say, boys, just watch me shiver. I believe I can reach 103 this afternoon."

Then there was the blase young man of 19 who had been in the hospital three months and was "fed up" with everybody and everything. Also we had several R.A.F. men with cracked bones, sprained ankles and swollen heads. They generally lost their blue bands and returned to the hospital smelling of gasoline.

Altogether the atmosphere of the hospital was excellent. Despite pain and sickness a cheerful optimism prevailed, and it seemed that those who were most afflicted maintained the highest spirits. Men on crutches raced each other round the garden; others with the sweat of pain on their brows contributed the funniest stories; others with wide experience and many decorations extended to the lonely stranger the glad hand of rare comradeship, the brotherhood of the Blue Band.

C. W. S.

Sunday Evening, May 11th

Dear Mater:

Just returned from church at the Mount Pleasant Baptist Chapel. Moved almost to tears by a simple, touching and sometimes humorous sermon on Ruth. "Sweet obstinacy," "faithfulness," "sacrificial," were attributes of this attractive daughter-in-law of Naomi's. The fun came suddenly when this serious, grey-haired Welsh preacher asked his audience (quite half were men) whether they would be prepared to follow a mother in law into exile—and he also thought that their reputation—"interfering and domineering"—"coming too often and staying too long"—was untrue and therefore undeserved. Sometimes they played the slave's part—looked after the children while the young couple enjoyed themselves—or helped financially from slender savings. Well, the serious-faced but quick witted audience laughed and sympathized by turns, and so the minister pointed his moral.

The singing was very hearty and well sustained. The church was packed and they liked to sing. There were five hymns, so the service was worth while for me, in contrast to last Sunday morning's Westminster Abbey experience—resounding organ music and empty, lifeless words, with the swish of skirts of fashionable late-comers or the gentle (?) patter of army boots on stone floors, to jar one's sensibilities and close one's heart to any possible appeal.

Well, to-night was a pleasing and satisfying contrast. Twice before, this past week, I have experienced similar inspiring emotional appeals. Where? In both cases at the theatre. *Cyrano de Bergerac* (at Drury Lane)



depicted the great-hearted, dashing and bold (to recklessness) Gascon captain, poet, philosopher, lover—this last vicariously—the tragedy and glory of his life that he, because of his disfigurement—his atrociously long nose—had always to play the prompter's part: yet a great-hearted gallant, and an exceedingly loveable gentleman.

Well, that was last Monday. On Wednesday at the Hammersmith Theatre, one hour's bus ride from fashionable, west end Drury Lane, I witnessed John Drinkwater's production, "Abraham Lincoln." This was equally inspiring and, of course, far removed from the scene and times made famous by Dumas. Now a modern man, faced with tremendous responsibilities, sensitive to the moral wrong of slavery, holding passionately to the creed of "no secession," even if war in its most horrible form—a struggle between peoples of the same land and blood—should be the outcome.

Alone, lonely, sick at heart, yet man enough to crush traitors in his own cabinet, to dare greatly, having great faith, and helped by a loving wife, to lead—not follow—until the end; and then to be flung violently into eternity by an assassin's hand. Well, having accomplished one great thing in life, not so tragic after all.

So, were not all three experiences splendid ones? We still live in great days—neither romance, nor appreciation of the good, the beautiful, the inspiring are dead when people, everyday people like myself and the thousands who see these plays, hear these sermons, are glad to do so, strive and plan that they may have little glimpses beyond the seemingly sordid, often humdrum, routine of everyday existence.

Enough—not I hope "sentiment degenerating into sentimentality,"—and when one's heart is in danger of becoming stony, a little effusion may be good.

What an interesting world—splendid to be alive, isn't it—and a more precious boon than ever after little glimpses into the valley of the shadow.

ROY.

S. Kimura, '17, is a Japanese student who served for over two years with the C.A.M.C. at Salonica.—Ed.

Burwash Hall, Sept. 26th, 1919.

It has been my privilege to nurse a few men, and I have sat by their bedsides at their last hour, and at this solemn hour of human life I came to this truth:

"The true things were the spiritual, undying things; that grim realities would pass away; that from these dead realities would arise the nobler ideals of the future, which would be symbolized in song and marble; that all he had endured and sacrificed was but a part of the Great Sacrifice we were making for the freedom of the world." And again: "The deed itself may be the work of a moment, but there is always the long long afterwards with which to reckon."

I realized the beauty and goodness of every human soul, which ever craved after the higher and mightier powers of God; and if it be otherwise, then "the man will not believe what he knows from experience to be true, and will not attempt what he knows in his heart to be right, because his intellect cannot find the exact reason why such things are true and right, is making

his intellect his master, when it was meant to be a servant. He is missing freedom, the freedom of the Spirit."

And again, I observed this also is true: "The hand that rocks the cradle has always ruled the world. Behind all progress you will find a woman. In a real sense women are the guiding spirits of the world, whether for good or evil"; and my thought naturally turned to

"The noblest thoughts my soul can claim,  
The holiest words my tongue can frame,  
Unworthy are to praise the name  
More sacred than all other.  
An infant, when her love first came—  
A man, I find it just the same;  
Reverently I breathe her name,  
The blessed name of Mother."

These are my humble possessions which the Great War gave me, and I am sure you will understand when I say that with these thoughts many of us have become better men and women, with nobler and higher ideals of what life means to us.

To gather wealth and fatten one's own pockets is not altogether the aim of life, but beyond this we found something which calls our attention more than ever before; and it is none else but our responsibilities and obligations to our own creations.

S. KIMURA.

## A FEW SAMPLES FROM MY DIARY

Contributed by Sapper W. Howey

(Just as it was written under the difficulties of real war life.—Ed.)

Aug. 25—Gee, but old Fritzie did give us a hot time last night with bombs and shells. Six or eight planes came over singly with bombs, then shells started nearby and kept up till morn. Several officers got up and watched planes in searchlights and A.A.'s firing at them. One brought down. Had parades to-day and cleaned up lines.

Aug. 27—Some of us were sent up through Arras forward to day, and spent day putting up lines in shell-battered area in front of and amongst our field guns. Nerve-racking day with noise of our guns and other stuff coming in, but during our barrage it was positively deafening and stunning. Terrible. Saw several long lines of prisoners coming in, and "beaucoup" wounded carried into field station in big hole at Y.M.C.A. Met Capt. F. Manning there. Few big ones coming in to-night.

Aug. 28—Two beastly close bombs this morning. Was sent up forward again and laid lines and worked on buried cable. Had to carry drum of wire 1½ miles. Staff car and several dead men and horses along road. Met Capt. Eric Johnson at noon. "Beaucoup" prisoners coming in, and terrible gun fire all round as yesterday. Some overhead shrapnel came mighty close.

Sept. 4—Vis-en-Artois. Had parade at horse-lines this morn. Sent two Fritzie caps home. Our pole cable section and cable wagon left at 2 p.m., and marched and rode 20 kilos, up forward by roundabout way through terrible desolation—whole villages obliterated, not frame of roof left, only cellars and ruins—trees all cut, graveyards uprooted, crucifix and statue intact. After horse transport caught us up at Croiselles, got lost at night and roamed around in dark over rough shell-holed roads, with some big shells bursting too mighty close for comfort.

Sept. 5—Our section ran piece poled cable up for ward to-day. Dug holes. Quite a bit big stuff coming in. Saw two of our balloons down in flames. Moved farther forward in afternoon. Went on picket 9 to 12 to-night. Quite a bit shrapnel around. Sleep in little funk hole in old trench.

Sept. 6—Our section finished putting up line from H.Q. to Sigs. here this morning. In afternoon went back to H.Q. and laid wire out on another line. Some stuff coming in, but at fair distance. One man and team hurt when mule put off bomb. Saw another balloon down in flames. Big air scrap. 1 down. To night took walk to shelled wood where many (55?) guns captured. "Beaucoup" kits, rifles, equipment, etc. salvaged. Wet in our little funk hole to-day.

Sept. 7—Our bunch went up to H.Q. and built an other piece of line this morning. Just at tea time Heinie started to shell and, believe me, he did make us do "some ducking." Flopped into shell holes and trenches, but finally got into dugout and heard them bouncing about above. Wood's bivvy got direct hit. This is "no bon" to-night.

Sept. 8 Had couple Gothas over last night, and good bunch shells landing around all day. Ran four



THE MOUND AT WATERLOO.

lines up to where we left yesterday. Division moved there and left us here.

Sept. 9—Very poor night's rest. Quite a few miser able shells kept coming in at intervals, one quite close. Our bunch worked on another line toward Vis-en-Artois under dangerous and nerve-trying shell and shrapnel fire all day. Had to make many a wild dive and flop into shell holes. Several pieces landed very close. At one horse lines got 28 horses and seven men. Ammunition dump at another.

Sept. 26—Front of Queant. Remember sign. "This was Rieneourt." Absolute ruin, shelled flat, very appropriate. Just got lying down under wagon last night when it was ordered up line. Moved out into open by wire. Shelled near three or four times during night, also some shrapnel. Moved up past Rieneourt by noon. In afternoon went with G.S. wagon back beyond it and got load wire, and took up to new division H.Q. Then took another load on up forward

in front of guns. Went back flat for batteries and kits and moved up again in dark to-night. Some shelling and shrapnel close. A A sprayers washed things 10 feet off. Loads of stretchers going up to-night. 1 killed one. Sleep under wagon.

Sept. 27—Gee, oh, gee, what an awful barrage we put over at 4.30 this morning—deafening, terrible. Big guns and field guns all over plain as far as could see. Some monsters all around us. Railway train loaded with rails for extension track pulled in at 8.30. Prisoners down at 9 a.m. This morning found ourselves beside Fritzie wire entanglements over 100 yards in width. Balloon beside us 95 feet long and 10 feet high. Moved up few miles in afternoon through shat tered villages and country strewn with dead men and horses. Located behind wood after crossing Canal du Nord, but were soon shelled out, so moved back little. Some close calls. Great artillery activity. Masses all round us. Heavy transport. Sleep in open in big sand pit under boughs, edge of blasted wood. No supper.

Sept. 28—Our artillery kept up heavy fire all night, and this morning terrific barrage. Guns all round us shook ground and blasted air something fierce. Fritzie sent over some. This morning moved up again to C.Y.C., near Bourlon Wood, and laid cable lines to brigade. In afternoon repacked G.S. wagon. Our guns kept busy, but very little retaliation. Lots dead Fritzies and horses lying around, and some our men. Enormous transport far as can see. Sleep under wagon in open.

Sept. 29. My, oh, my, but Fritzie did bomb us fair all round last night. Big daylight flares and then let the bombs come. Some pretty close. Fierce explosions. Our guns kept up incessant din. Terrific bombardment on in morning. Drew poles for air line to Report Centre near Cambrai. Men and horses lying about, 12 in one place. This afternoon drew more poles for line toward Bourlon, and extra load from lucky. Met Lieut. C. Lewis. Hedley (Gardner) killed. Amiens. Farewell! One of my best chums. Coming back saw 100 Canadians (47th) dead awaiting burial, and 30 just burying. Terrible sights. Sleep in open trench. Sunday! What a day!

IN COLOGNE

"Last night Trel and I went for a midnight stroll in the city, which is the best time to get around, as all civilians, except those holding a permit, have to be off the street by nine o'clock. The city was very quiet, with the exception of the noise of many kitchen boots that resounded upon the pavement, and re-echoed along the narrow streets and among the closely huddled houses. In one fairly quiet street we happened upon a fully armed German policeman with his hands above his head while two soldiers, clothed by potato wine, replenished their purses and added to their collection of souvenirs. The expression on the policeman's face was one that would be hard to describe."

J. H. G.

## THE ROAD TO ARMENTEERS

This is the tale the poplars tell  
 On the road to Armenteers,  
 When we marched right up to the gates of Hell  
 Off and on for a couple of years.

One weary march o'er the cobble stones,  
 When we nearly died of heat;  
 And we cursed our luck with blistering tongues,  
 And we cursed our blistering feet.

We passed by a little latticed house  
 With some ivy on the wall,  
 And a Flemish maid who waved her hand -  
 God! how it cheered us all!

A long way back o'er the cobble stones,  
 Through the blasted poplar trees  
 And the cold grey mist of an autumn dawn,  
 And the whiff of a rancid breeze.

But the latticed house was all shattered now,  
 And the ivy was bruised and torn,  
 And no little maid waved a bright "Good-bye"  
 Through the mists of an autumn morn.

That is the tale the poplars tell  
 On that road of cobble stone,  
 When Bill and I marched side by side  
 And I came back alone.

—Reprint from an English Journal,  
*(Courtesy of Rev. E. F. Church, B. A.)*

## WOMEN UNDERGRADUATES AND THE WAR

(Continued from Page 94)

### 1T9 GIRLS AND THE WAR

Nineteen entered College saturated with the spirit of the war. For over a year fighting had been going on overseas and, young and green though we were, we could not escape from the heavy cloud which seemed to envelope everything. We girls were horribly anxious to do something worth while, but the most we could do was really so small. We were strong in numbers and enthusiasm, and as time when on more opportunities came our way.

From the first we were industrious knitters, and fearful and wonderful were the socks we made, gaily trimmed with scarlet and gold. We haunted the patriotic tea room and consumed piles of sandwiches and toast; we gave two or three afternoons a week to the Red Cross work at the University Library; we went out tagging on some of the many, many tag days; and we bought as many Victory Bonds as we could. We joined First Aid and Home Nursing classes and became adepts in the art of bandaging anything from our roommate's head to the leg of a chair. We sacrificed sugar and butter and meat when the call came for food conservation, and lived up to the "Gospel of the Clean Plate" with a vengeance! We packed overseas boxes collectively and individually, and tried all sorts of experiments on the keeping qualities of different foods. We wrote letters industriously and nearly drove the "Postie" distracted asking for overseas mail.

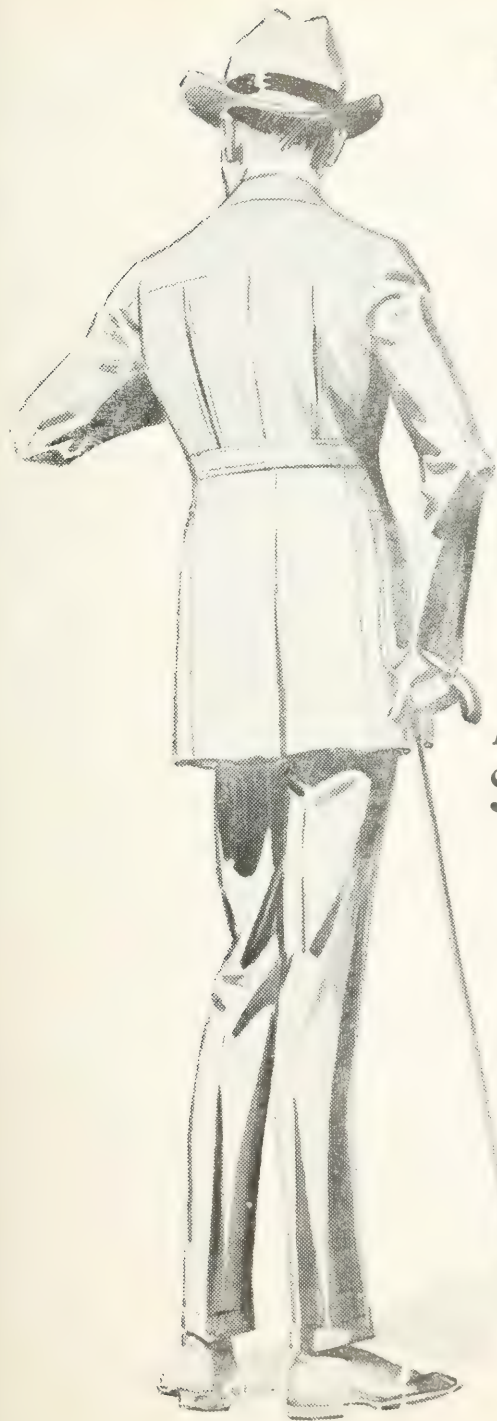
However, it was during the long summer holidays that the most concentrated efforts at war work were made. The first summer was more or less an apprenticeship; any kind of work was welcomed. Some

went into offices, others to teaching school, a few picked fruit at Clarkson or worked on farms near their home; one or two worked in canteens at different military camps. By the summer of 1917 more definite organized work was opened for the girls. In the Y.W.C.A. camp for farmerettes at Winona nearly two dozen 1T9 girls spent a long or shorter time hulling strawberries at E. D. Smith's jam factory; hoeing endless rows of tomatoes and onions; or picking fruit under the blazing sun. A half dozen or so of the girls went into munition plants and gained a goodly store of knowledge about factory hands, as well as factory methods. Several who were especially adapted for it went into chemical laboratories and experimented for their king and country.

The summer of 1918 found us on the verge of being Seniors and already feeling the cares of the world on our shoulders. It affected some differently than others, fortunately for everyone concerned. About a dozen felt they must Canadianize the foreign element out West, and started forth fearlessly to face the unknown joys and sorrows of a "western school marm." Some had the courage to go on the farm again, and the chemical laboratories claimed some of our scientific members. A couple of girls went into a military pay office and became entangled in the huge military machine—not so hopelessly, however, but that they were able to get away in the fall when '19 gathered for its final plunge. Our last year at College, an outstanding one of us in many ways, was notable above all others as marking the close of the great war.

J. O. S.





**W**E are constantly adding to our thousands of customers who have come to this **Upstairs Clothes Shop, 2nd floor, Kent Building**, since we opened for business more than five years ago.

It proves that the men are finding out, when comparing our clothes values with those of ground floor stores, that in our **Upstairs Clothes Shop** they get more clothes value for the same money, or the same value for less money—which is made possible by our low Upstairs rent and selling expenses.

If you are not familiar with our low "overhead" values **TAKE THE ELEVATOR AND SEE THESE**

## Suits and Overcoats

AT OUR UPSTAIRS PRICES  
\$20 TO \$45

You will find here everything new in Suits and Overcoats, and we can satisfy your taste in fabric, style and pattern—all the best ideas are here. And you save the difference between our low Upstairs rent and selling expenses and those of ground floor stores.

N.B.—Remember, it was proved at the Board of Commerce investigation that we have for more than five years been selling Clothes at lower prices than the Board now requires.

**PASCOE & HERN**  
Second Floor Kent Building  
Corner Richmond and Yonge Street.

# NEWCOMBE PIANOS



## FOR NEARLY HALF A CENTURY

The exquisite tone of the Newcombe Piano has been thrilling the ears of music lovers in Canada by its purity and sweetness. It is the only Piano equipped with Howard patent straining rods, which ensures permanence of tone.

## Newcombe <sup>7</sup>/<sub>8</sub> Player Pianos

with human-like control contain all the latest improvements and devices. They are perfect in tone, artistic in design, and capable of giving life-long service.

We are sole Toronto Agents for

**KNABE PIANOS**—The world's most famous Piano

**CHICKERING PIANOS**—The oldest Piano in America

**WILLIS PIANOS**—A high grade Canadian Piano

Call and examine these wonderful instruments. Prices are right, terms reasonable. We pay special attention to mail orders.

### COLUMBIA GRAFONOLAS AND RECORDS

Playing all the music of the world. Call and hear them demonstrated.

*The Newcombe Piano Co. Ltd.*

*442 Yonge Street, opposite Carlton - Toronto*

# A Milepost *in* Canada's Industrial Development



To-day, Canada is growing in the world of Commerce at a rate never approached in her history. Perhaps the best evidence of this can be found in the number of her new industries and the high standard of their modern, spacious, well lighted, well ventilated factories.

Even the casual observer, travelling over the Toronto-Hamilton Highway, is greatly impressed with the sight of the vast, new plant of the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. at New Toronto.

The occupation of this immense factory marked a new mile-post in the commercial development of New Toronto.

Occupying a commanding position, just a few hundred yards back from the blue waters of Lake Ontario and facing directly on the Highway, the site of the Goodyear plant presented unusually fine opportunities for excellent architectural treatment. The appearance of the plant to-day, with its white walls, dazzling windows and beautified surroundings, is evidence that the most was made of these opportunities. There are few finer examples of factory buildings anywhere in America than this plant; among Canadian rubber plants it stands alone.

The acres of floor space, scores of colossal machines, with shining white walls, ceilings and floors, present a picture of factory area and efficiency undreamed of by the average man.

The atmosphere of healthfulness, light and cleanliness alone is worthy of a separate chapter; the most modern bakery or biscuit factory would hardly excel it in this. The "Sun-light" idea has been carried out in everything—almost everything but the machines themselves—being painted white.

One of the most noticeable characteristics of the Goodyear plant is the attention that has been given to the comfort and convenience of the employees. That a genuine interest is taken in their welfare is most apparent to even the casual visitor. The most noticeable evidence of this is found in the model "Cafeteria," as well as in the athletic field.

The "Cafeteria" is indeed a model. It is said that 200 men can be fed in ten minutes without the least confusion. The food is of the best quality, plentiful, and served in a clean way. The "Cafeteria" has proved a boon to all "Goodyearites," as it permits a hot meal at noon, and this at cost.

New Toronto may well be proud of this modern factory. Not only has the factory itself been the means of beautifying the town; creating new business for the stores; bringing in new home-seekers; but also spreading New Toronto's name as the home of the largest pneumatic tire factory in Canada; a factory with a capacity of over 3,000 completed automobile tires per day.

About 1,500 men are employed in this one plant alone, and at present plans are complete for the erection of new additions—truly a sign of greater industrial development in Canada—and a tribute to the high quality products of the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. of Canada.



RUSKIN, IBSEN, BROWNING,  
THOMPSON, MORLEY, MASEFIELD

All in a New Light

Think of the spirit of the best work of these writers being picked out and set in front of you with most helpful present-day applications. Exactly that is done—and done delightfully—in

DR. TREVOR DAVIES'

*"Spiritual Voices in Modern Literature"*

You know, of course, that Dr. Davies is the most successful preacher of the Metropolitan Methodist Church, Toronto, and that he has a somewhat unusual acquaintance with the best things of good literature. The fact that the book has been published simultaneously in New York and London is an evidence of its quality. It's a beautiful book in type and binding, 315 pages, illuminated paper boards, cloth back. The price—\$1.75.

*May we introduce to you  
our new department of*

**ART PHOTOGRAPHY**

recently opened, to supply a long-  
standing demand in the church for

**STEREOPTICIANS  
LANTERN SLIDES  
PHOTOGRAPHIC GOODS**

In addition to these we are developing films, making prints and enlargements, indeed everything that is called for in photography.

The department is in charge of REV. S. T. BARTLETT, whose experience and unusual ability in such work is widely known.

Write us about your requirements. Drop in at our new galleries in Wesley Buildings—the store east of the Main Entrance, and see our stock and facilities.

**THE METHODIST BOOK AND PUBLISHING HOUSE**

QUEEN AND JOHN STREETS

**TORONTO**

*Bigger, Better Value  
Than Ever Before!--All One Price*

Men who paid their tailor \$50  
and more are now buying our  
clothes--they find equally good  
quality combined with Style  
and Perfect Fit.

Our Money Back Guarantee  
with every garment we make.



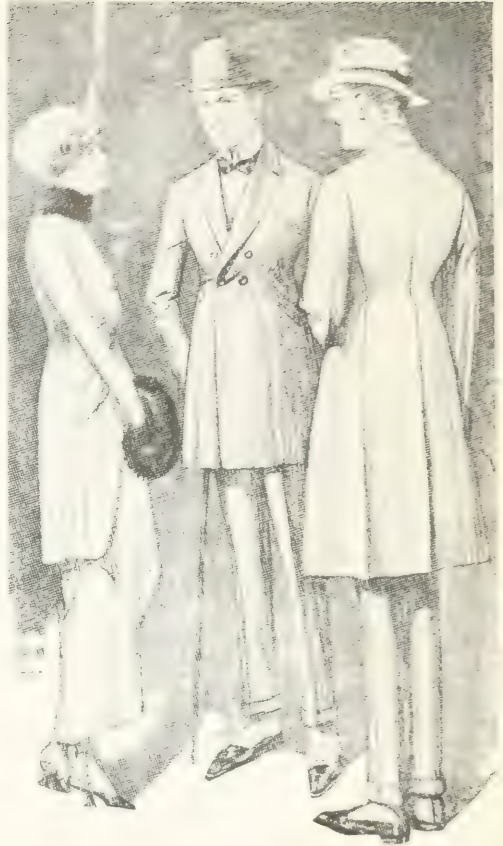
### Tip Top Clothes

*Greatest Value  
in Canada*

From our own whole-  
sale tailoring plant--  
direct to you, with just  
two profits--- yours and  
ours---no middleman's.

*Tip Top Tailors* 245 Yonge  
Street

*The Largest One Price Tailors in Canada* TORONTO



# VICTORIA COLLEGE

IN THE

# UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

*President:* REV. R. P. BOWLES, M.A., D.D., LL.D.

*Faculty of Arts:* DEAN: PROFESSOR J. C. ROBERTSON

*Faculty of Theology:* DEAN: REV. PROFESSOR F. H. WALLACE

*All enquiries as to men's or women's residences should  
be addressed to the respective Deans of Residence.*

*THE REGISTRAR.*

# Oil, Curb, Industrial and Mining Stocks

*Bought for Cash or Carried on  
Conservative Margin*

**CHARLES A. STONEHAM  
& CO.**

(ESTABLISHED 1903)

*STOCK BROKERS*

23 MELINDA STREET,  
TORONTO,  
ONT.

Private leased wire system connecting all our offices in the  
following cities:

New York  
Boston  
Milwaukee

Chicago  
Hartford

Philadelphia  
Detroit  
Cleveland

"NO PROMOTIONS"





*Publishers of The Toronto  
Memorial Number, and distributors  
of a complete and efficient print-  
ing service.*

**206 SIMCOE ST., TORONTO**  
Telephone ADE. 791

## Consider the Woodpecker

Did you ever watch a woodpecker as his head bobbed up and down while he tapped away at a roadside telegraph post?

And did you ever stop to think what his pecking is all about?

He doesn't beat his bill against posts merely for the fun of the thing.

Insects are concealed in some seasoned timber. They are not in all timber and they are not in every spot of any timber.

But the woodpecker adopts the theory that all of the seasoned wood within his flight-zone belongs to the broad field from which his living must be gained.

So he just keeps pecking and pecking, here, there and everywhere, until his little craw is filled and his appetite is satisfied.

He doesn't sit on the top of a pole and say to himself:

"Oh, I'm sure there isn't a bug here, so what's the use of wasting my energy?"

To him the unexplored wood is **OPPORTUNITY**.

Instead of him waiting for opportunity to knock at his door, he knocks at the door of opportunity and—sometimes—he finds a bug.

If he doesn't, he tries again.

His instinct tells him that, some place in world, are bugs. That's all the information he wants. He just goes out and finds them.

Never see him sitting on a limb and asking:

"Don't know where there's a bug, do you?"

The moral of all which ought to be:

### **"STOP KICKING AND HUNT BUGS"**

No matter how dull business conditions may be generally, you'll find a few cheerful souls who have no complaint to make. They are the woodpeckers of the business world, and they keep pecking away while their drowsy competitors sit blinking at the sun and complaining of hard times.

The most effective way to keep pecking is by the judicious use of Printer's Ink. A well-designed, well-written and properly-printed Brochure Catalogue, Booklet or Mailing Folder is bound to uncover some fat, juicy "bugs" in the way of profitable business. We produce just that kind of pecking ammunition and will be pleased to place the benefit of our broad experience at your disposal when you require any.

*Have You Ever Realized  
that the finest entertainment  
in the city is provided  
in your College Halls*



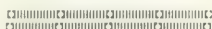
Show your appreciation of undergraduate  
endeavor by attending the performances of

**THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY**

**THE WOMEN'S  
CHORAL CLUB**

**THE MEN'S GLEE CLUB**

*See Announcement of Dates Later.*



COME ONCE--COME EVERY TIME

# LOOSE I-P LEAF

## *Price and Memorandum Books*

*Irving-Pitt Books are known to users and dealers the world over for quality, utility and durability.*

Memorandum Books

Price Books



Physicians' Note Books

Students' Note Books

ASK YOUR LOCAL DEALER FOR THEM

**BROWN BROTHERS, Limited**  
**CANADIAN AGENTS**

SIMCOE & PEARL STREETS

TORONTO

## GENTLEMEN:

If You Have a Cough That's Hanging on,  
That Seems to Stick in Spite of All You do, Try

## **ROBERT'S SYRUP**

*OF COD LIVER OIL AND TAR*

It is positively not oily or greasy, but is pleasant  
to the taste.

IF YOU TRY IT ONCE  
YOU WILL NEVER BE WITHOUT

INSIST UPON HAVING IT—TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE



# YOUR EYES

ARE PRICELESS

*You Cannot Afford to Neglect  
Your Eyes for Any Reason*

FOR PERFECT SATISFACTION AND COMFORT

*See R. T. WHITE*

OPTOMETRIST AND OPTICIAN

698 YONGE STREET      PHONE N. 4246

"FOR BETTER SIGHT SEE R. T. WHITE"

## Individual Effort

To-day individual effort is of national importance. Every person who practices thrift and saves, helps the Government to overcome the great problems of reconstruction and unemployment.

Canada is prosperous---keep her so. Do not waste. Put your surplus earnings in a Savings account with this Bank. Interest paid twice yearly.

## THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

CAPITAL PAID UP \$15,000,000

RESERVE FUND \$15,000,000

507 Branches—25 of which are in Toronto

# UPPER CANADA TRACT SOCIETY

JAMES M. ROBERTSON, Depository

**W**E are now located in our new and spacious premises at Nos. 8 and 10 RICHMOND STREET EAST, TORONTO, and invite your patronage. Call in and inspect our splendid stock of Religious Books, Devotional Books, Bibles, Hymn Books, Juvenile Books, Missionary Literature, Sunday School Supplies, etc.

**Spiritual Voices in Modern Literature**

By Dr. Trevor H. Davies. The author, pastor of the Metropolitan Methodist Church, Toronto, has picked out the special principles from a score or more of the best bits of current authors, and has incorporated these in a series of splendid human interest addresses. Net \$1.50.

**The Heart of a Soldier**

By Lauchlan Maclean Watt, Chaplain to the Forces. The author writes with touching eloquence of the hearts of the soldiers, as one who shared their sorrows, eaten their bread, and fought their fights. Cloth Edition, SPECIAL OFFER, \$1.35 for 75 cents; postage 8 cents.

**The Battle Nobody Saw**

What Was It? By the Rev. Byron H. Stauffer. This book presents the author in most of his phrases, and the material is chock full of the witty turn and epigrammatical phrase for which his writing, talking and story-telling are famous. Cloth. Net, postpaid, \$1.50.

**"Smiles"**

A Keen and Comprehensive History of Humour. An utterly interesting and most instructive piece of writing. Net \$1.00.

**A Labrador Doctor**

Autobiography of William E. Greenall, M.D. The narrative is vivid and interesting, and the book will take a prominent place among the important biographies of men who have done things. Cloth, Gilt Top, Frontispiece, and a large number of Illustrations. Net, postpaid, \$1.00.

**Peake's Commentary on the Bible**

Edited by Arthur S. Peake, M.A., D.D. A Staff of 61 Contributors. Some of the leading features: The Latest Scholarship; numerous special articles supplementing the Commentary Proper and amounting in themselves a complete companion to the Bible. Text over 1,000 double column pages. Maps—Full Index—Biographies, etc. Net, postpaid, \$3.00.

AS OF DECEMBER 31st, 1918

## The Central Canada Loan and Savings Co.

Owed to depositors and debenture holders

\$5,468,206.61

For this purpose we had

1. CASH	On hand and in banks	426,344.17
2. MORTGAGES	Secured by improved farm and city property.....	1,348,944.33
3. REAL ESTATE	Including Company's offices, corner King and Victoria Streets, Toronto	179,432.58
4. SECURITIES	Consisting of Government and Municipal Bonds and Stocks of best quality and easily salable	5,523,382.79
5. LOANS	Re-payable on demand and all secured by high grade Bonds and Stocks.	1,625,926.86
6. CAPITAL	Subscribed and subject to call	750,000.00
<b>Total to meet indebtedness</b>		<u>\$9,851,030.73</u>

\$4,385,824.12

This leaves a surplus of

on which we solicit your business.

**DEPOSITS RECEIVED** in sums of \$1.00 and upwards, subject to cheque withdrawal without notice.

**INTEREST** at rate of 3½% per annum is added and compounded each half year, on 30th June and 31st December.

E. R. WOOD, President  
A. B. FISHER, Asst. Manager

H. C. COX, Vice-President  
G. A. MORROW, Vice-President

**Offices:**  
CORNER KING AND VICTORIA STREETS, TORONTO

QUALITY



*FINE CLOTHES FOR MEN AND  
YOUNG MEN*

The Lowndes Company, Limited

144 WEST FRONT ST.

TORONTO

FARMER BROS.

LIMITED

*PHOTOGRAPHERS*

PHONE COLLEGE 2869

492 SPADINA AVE.  
*North of College*



# Victoria College Pin

We have been awarded the contract for the Victoria Pin. Have you bought one yet? Fashioned in 10k. Solid Gold and set in pearls. You can get jewelry for all occasions, watches, and repairs at the lowest cost. We'll welcome a call at any time.

A full line of Waterman's Ideal Pens and Ink always in stock.

### At Your Service —

Eyes are too precious to neglect. Consult the expert optician in charge of our optical department.

**W. W. MUNN** JEWELER and OPTICIAN  
800 Yonge St., Toronto First Door North of Bloor St.

## Canadian Government and Municipal Bonds

WE DEAL IN GOVERNMENT AND MUNICIPAL BONDS

\*\*\*

## WOOD, GUNDY & CO.

C.P.R. BUILDING,  
TORONTO

New York Montreal Saskatoon  
London, England

*Best Values.*

# DIAMONDS WATCHES JEWELRY

## Scheuer's

131 Yonge -- Opposite Temperance

## JOHN STARK & CO.

Members Toronto Stock Exchange

ROYAL BANK BUILDING, TORONTO

Corner King and Yonge Streets

STOCKS BONDS MORTGAGES  
REAL ESTATE INSURANCE

We specialize in all kinds of  
Investment Securities such as

Standard Railway, Public Utility and Bank Shares,  
Government and Municipal Bonds, Mortgages  
on First Class Toronto Residential Property  
Correspondence Invited

Compliments of

**CAMPBELL, THOMPSON  
& CO:**



BONDS AND INVESTMENT

SECURITIES



CANADA LIFE BLDG., TORONTO

## Charles Street Barber Shop

4 Charles Street West

FIRST CLASS WORK

MODERATE PRICES

BRITISH WORKMEN

Hours 8 a.m. to 8 p.m.

Saturdays 8 a.m. to 11 p.m.

JOHN A. SULLIVAN  
Proprietor

A TRIAL IS ALL WE ASK

## CANADIAN HISTORY

### "Canada's 100 Days"

By J. F. B. LIVESAY  
Canadian War Correspondent

A book every Canadian should buy. This book contains full details of "the hundred days" when Canada made history for the world.

PRICE \$5 00  
At all Booksellers

THOMAS ALLEN  
219 Victoria Street TORONTO

## McKenna Costume Co.

*"Costumers to People  
of Preference"*

THEATRICAL AND  
FANCY COSTUMES

79 Spadina Ave. Toronto  
TELEPHONE ADE. 1849



THE ELIAS ROGERS CO., LTD.  
ALFRED ROGERS, PRES. GENL.

## OUR INTERPRETATION OF OPTICAL SERVICE

Service requires more than the rapid execution of an order. It implies also the maintenance of a high standard of excellence that has been responsible for the rapid growth of this business. So thoroughly has the spirit of this Superior Service idea been adhered to that our craftsmen themselves insist on this standard being maintained. Remember, "Work well done and completed on time" our motto.

Your Oculist will be pleased to have us fill your prescription.

TORONTO OPTICIANS  
*Limited*

6 Bloor Street East Toronto

## The Imperial Press

153 Victoria Street - Toronto

J. T. SHILTON, B.A., '09, Manager

THE HOME OF FINE JOB  
PRINTING AT FAIR PRICES

COLLEGE PRINTING IS OUR SPECIALTY

Phone Main 1289

*Hunt's*  
"THE BETTER AND THE CHEAPER"

## Candies and Ice Cream

MAIN STORE  
YONGE & BLOOR  
(Tea Rooms and Grill in Connection)

OTHER STORES  
245 AVENUE ROAD  
500 BLOOR ST. WEST  
1200 ST. CLAIR AVE. WEST

*"Hunt for Hunt's"*

Get the Best of Literary Values

Buy

## The "Rebel"

SHORT STORIES  
LITERARY ESSAYS  
A Magazine of: CANADIAN VERSE  
BOOK REVIEWS  
EDITORIALS ON CURRENT TOPICS

Published by the Staff and Students of the University  
Also Articles by Non-University Contributors

Subscriptions:

1 YEAR (6 issues)	\$1.00
3 ISSUES	.50
SINGLE COPY	.20

Address the Editor of The "REBEL,"

University of Toronto, Toronto.

JOIN THE "REBEL" READERS ON OUR MAILING LIST.

YOU ALWAYS HAVE A GOOD  
TIME

AT

## VICTORIA COLLEGE RINK

Special attention paid to private parties. Decide now to have your skating party here and please for rates.

Our skating surface is large and not crowded.

GORDON GRAYDON,  
Manager

W.M. GORDON,  
Sec.-Treas.

## The Book Bureau

VICTORIA COLLEGE

TORONTO

Canadian, American and Foreign  
Books Supplied.

## The CECILIAN COMPANY LIMITED

MAKERS OF THE

Famous Cecilian Non-Corrosive All-Metal

PLAYER PIANOS, CECILIAN PIANOS

and THE CECILIAN CONCERTPHONE

Head Office and Salesrooms:

247 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

## COLLEGE OUTFITTERS

FOR ALL SPORTS

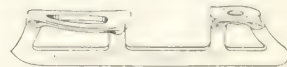
Also

SHOES

For All Occasions

J. BROTHERTON

580 YONGE ST.



Skates, Boots and Hockey  
Outfits, Jerseys, Sweaters,  
Sweater Coats, Toboggans,  
Skis, Snowshoes, College  
Crests, Cushions and  
Pennants.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

Percy A. McBride

343-45 Yonge St., Toronto



## *They Increase Office Efficiency*

Even from your most capable and loyal clerks you do not get really efficient work if your office systems are poorly organized. Their time—your money—is wasted in useless and unnecessary effort. When you stop to think of it, you can't help realizing the importance of having the work of your office force efficiently organized.

"Office Specialty" Filing Systems have been developed during 30 odd years' study of office systems and filing problems in every kind of business. They are designed to enable clerical workers to do more and better work in less time. Their keynote is efficiency with simplicity. All unnecessary work is eliminated and every system must supply the desired information with a minimum of effort.

It will be worth your while to call on our System Experts at any one of our service stores. They will gladly assist you in solving your office problems.

### **THE OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. CO., LIMITED**

Home Office, **NEWMARKET, Canada**

Filing Equipment Stores at:

Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa, Hamilton, Halifax, Winnipeg,  
Regina, Edmonton, Calgary, Vancouver.

# OFFICE SPECIALTY

## FILING SYSTEMS



## *INDEX TO ADVERTISERS*

	Page		Page
Pascoe & Hern	113	Wood, Gundy & Co.	125
Newcombe Piano Co., Limited	114	John Stark & Co.	125
Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.	115	Scheuer's	125
Methodist Book & Publishing House	116	Campbell, Thompson & Co.	125
Tip Top Tailors	117	Charles Street Barber Shop	125
Victoria College	117	Thos. Allen	126
Chas. A. Stoneham	118	McKenna Costume Co.	126
Strathmore Press	119	Elias Rogers Co., Limited	126
Victoria College Clubs	120	Toronto Opticians, Limited	126
Brown Bros., Limited	121	Imperial Press	126
Northrop & Lyman Robert's Syrup	121	Hunt's	126
R. T. White	122	The "Rebel"	127
Canadian Bank of Commerce	122	Victoria College Rink	127
Upper Canada Tract Society	123	Victoria College Book Bureau	127
Central Canada Loan & Savings Co.	123	Cecilian Company	127
Lowndes Co., Limited	124	J. W. Brotherton	127
Turner Bros.	124	Percy A. McBride	127
W. W. Mann	125	Office Specialty Co.	128







LE  
3  
T815A25  
1919

Toronto. University.  
Victoria College  
Acta Victoriana

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

