

We maintain the conflict with all due regard to civilization's highest claims. The British Navy still holds the enemy apart. Time is still enabling us to push forward the necessary preparations for the final overthrow of military autocracy. While the enemy has always maintained that his people can achieve nothing without the domination of strong personalities, we still maintain that the Empire whose unity is founded on true democratic principles must and will prevail.

Reviewing briefly the chief events, we recall the failures: (1) To reach Paris; (2) to reach Warsaw; (3) first Battle of Ypres; (4) Neuve Chapelle; (5) second Battle of Ypres.

Also, we must add the failure of the so-called submarine blockade and the sinking of the *Lusitania*. The latter act was the crowning villany of a nation debauched by the military spirit and despoiled of success from the moment she ignored the neutrality of Belgium. To it, as also to the diabolical practice of asphyxiation, we will only add Shakespeare's words:

"Oh, the offence is rank, it smells to heaven!"

E. A. TUNNICLIFFE.

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#### EXTRACT FROM LETTER OF MAY 1st-2nd, BELGIUM, FROM K. A. CREERY.

"I've had no time until now to write and now don't know how long I will have, as I am now attached to the Brigade, and am the only M.C. here.

"The fracas started about 4:30 p.m. on April 22nd. About this time the French line broke. The 16th were in rest billets and about 5:30 we in the orderly room got the order 'To arms,' and in a short time the battalion was away with the Colonel, the Adjutant, etc. Minchin and I had to stay in the orderly room until ordered to evacuate, but the shelling was so heavy that I was sent to ask permission to move. I had to ride into the shell fire, but was untouched. I made Headquarters, but had to leave my machine, as there was one lone gun, our only support, in the road firing desperately. The men stripped to the waist; Oh! how they worked, and as cool as cucumbers. The fields were swept by a hail of lead, but I was not hit. The wires were all down and the Brigade kept me for despatch work; it was certainly tight, and the gases made your eyes smart and sting like fury. We stuck to it, though, and the good old Canadians forced them back. The 16th charged and cleared the wood, with the 10th as reinforcement. They swept everything, but there were no supports on the left, and they could not hold the position. The casualties seemed enormous, and we worked like fury dressing wounds and

loading the ambulances. I helped while I wasn't riding. The next day it got tighter again, and after that I don't remember what happened on the different days and nights. We got no sleep for five days and nights, and had clothes on until the night of the 28th.

"Things are a bit quieter now, but we are still in the trenches and have had no time for rest. Last night I finished work by 9 p.m., so got a good sleep.

"I had many miraculous escapes, as did everybody, and managed to keep my machine in running order all through, though everyone else either got new machines or stayed out of it. Once I and the machine were blown off the road over a ditch into a field. I felt funny for a while, but on finding the machine intact I rode across a ploughed field and lifted the brute over a huge ditch—how I don't know—and reached my destination safely. The front forks were all bent and the wheel rubbing on one side, but she moved all right. During the night I ran into a new shell hole and snapped my back springs. These I patched with wire and the next day, finding a machine on the roadside, I made a complete change of the damaged parts. This only took me about three-quarters of an hour, and now the old boat is running beautifully considering. Another time I got a bullet through the front wheel, which required extensive patching, and since then I have had two punctures in the back wheel, so you will see it was pretty exciting."