

but difficulties of transport and supply led to a material reduction in the numbers of British Divisions allocated to the occupation of the Rhine bridgeheads. But even with its representation thus cut in half, the Canadian Corps is liberally treated. Sympathy at this hour is with the gallant 3rd. and 4th. Canadian Divisions thus denied a legitimate ambition. But these, though they remain behind in Belgium, participate nevertheless in spirit in this triumphal march. Their desert is not less; they have proved their valor and tenacity on many a bloody field. They share in the honor common to all and are content in the knowledge that it redounds to the high repute of Canada.

A fine driving rain beats down. The country road is ankle deep in mud. The head of the column comes in sight, the men in full marching order, their oilskin sheets over their shoulders. "Eyes left; e-y-e-s l-e-f-t," runs down the line. Through the mist the figure of the Corps Commander looms, erect, a little stern as is his wont, the familiar figure that on many a battlefield has proved a strength and inspiration to his men. Now, as here in this place he returns the salute, it is surely with the sense of a great task well done.

The band of the 3rd. Battalion strikes up the "Maple Leaf," and the threadbare melody achieves dignity in this windswept space—this frontierland between war and peace—becomes poignant and noble.

We ride a little way into Germany and then turn back to Vielsalm. The rain has stopped and the sun is sinking into the west; into a bed of heather and purple mist. At the same moment he is beginning to cast his pale and horizontal rays over the distant Canadian scene, where children rub sleepy eyes in greeting of a new day.