

which he had left nearly two years previously to join his battery; with deep emotion he added that he had not since then had any news of his wife or children; he did not know where they were nor if they were still alive, and every day, every hour and every minute of the day, for 15 interminable months, spent in that battery, he could see the ruins of what had been the happy home of those nearest and dearest to him, and anxiously wonder and worry over their fate. And yet not a complaint, not a murmur escaped from his lips. His sense of duty and devotion to his beloved country was as strong and unbroken as ever. His spirit was unalterable. That is the spirit of the whole of the French army.

AT THE BRITISH FRONT.

From the French front we went back to Compiègne and thence to Boulogne, and from there we proceeded, through the Department of Pas-de-Calais, to the British front. On a hill, surmounted by one of those Dutch windmills so familiar to us all, and situated about a mile and a half from the City of Ypres, I was given a full view of the 15 mile sector of which the Ypres salient forms the most conspicuous part. There lay before me the ruins of what were the beautiful cathedral, the Cloth Hall and the remainder of the city, almost wholly destroyed by the heavy German guns and which was then being constantly covered with huge shells. You can imagine, better than I can describe, the feelings of intense sympathy and regret, yet of profound admiration, with which I surveyed there before my eyes, the ground upon which more than 20 000 of the best and bravest Canadian soldiers fell for the sake of civilization and the honour of our flag. Ypres, Poperinghe, Festubert and St. Julien, in ruins and blood-stained, there stretched on our front or nearby, evoking the memory of the tragic and heroic deeds with which Canadians covered Canadian arms and which sent the name and fame of Canada ringing through the world with mingled feelings of sorrow and infinite admiration.

A distinguished Canadian officer from Winnipeg explained with great lucidity the various phases of the first and second battles of Ypres, giving great credit to his brother officers and their brave men, and he related many inspiring or pathetic episodes of the two battles.

The explosion of huge shells all along the 15 mile sector, the constant rattling of machine guns, the deafening roar of the giant guns, the immense columns of smoke darkening the horizon and the hundreds of white spots dotting the skies, the latter produced by the explosion of shrapnel directed against scouting flying machines, amidst the ruined towns, villages and woods, composed a scene which I can never forget and hope to never again witness.

We had the honour and pleasure of meeting nearly all of the superior officers of the Canadian Army, who very hospitably and kindly entertained and informed us; we conversed with the men, answered their inquiries about home and conveyed messages entrusted to us by their friends and relatives. Whilst they could not suppress a longing desire to see their homes and families, there was none who was not prepared and fully determined to do his duty to the end, to give the best account of himself and show the Germans the stuff of which Canadians are built. I was pleased to see that all the men along the battle line were in the best possible physical and moral condition. Nowhere can you find a more robust and healthier looking lot of men and in better spirits, all, conscious of the great task entrusted to them, individually and collectively, imbued with the calm resolve to give up their lives, if necessary, for the sake of Canada,