

These memories are written of things which happened, as it now seems, long, long ago. The summer has gone, and after it the winter has followed in its course, bringing with it in its train mud and cold and discomfort. To-day the Pacific Pompadours are still at the first line, pacific only in name. They are now a war-worn regiment, but they are just as keen, just as cheerful, just as useful as when they met the gas at St. Jacques and fought through the days at St. Albert. Few who are mentioned here remain with them, but there is still one there—one whose every thought has been with the regiment and every wish for its welfare. Just as earnestly as he has fought the Germans so he has fought the doctors, and returned from spells of rest, induced by wounds, more earnest for the fray than ever before.

We who have known the Pompadours through all their ups and downs, in periods of rest and during the hurricane of war, can never think of the regiment, never speak of the days gone by, without at the same time remembering with a feeling of pride to have served under him, honour to have known him, and pleasure to have been with him, our leader, chief and friend, the Colonel.