

Aug. 3, 1923.

They sleep today in the peace that is unending beneath the Poppies of Flanders or the Roses of France. They wore their "Canada" badge without a blush and they met the challenge of death with a smile, for they were young Canadians of our founder's vision, and they justified our fathers' faith. They are separated from us today by the cold obstruction of the grave, but their sacrifice remains with us, a sacred possession until the end of time.

"No whisper from that far and silent land
Where now they dwell can reach your longing ears,
But it may be they see and understand
All you achieve in thought and action here.
Deep in their debt you stand. The name you bear
Is glorious with the honour they have won.
So hold it all your days, that you may dare
To meet them proudly when your work is done."

In conclusion let me recall to the minds of some old comrades the custom of the old ladies of France who used always to say to those who were going to the battle line after their training or their rest "Bon chance, mon ami, Que là bon Dieu vous protege ."-"Good luck, my friend. May the good God protect you." And so I say to all assembled tonight, do to the end the duty that lies nearest wherever the pathway of life may lead you, and may, not the God of Mammon, or even the God of Comfort, but may the God of Love be with you always.

With my sincere good wishes to all, I am
dear General Panet,

Ever yours faithfully,