

of Amiens. Like a jack-in-the-box they have sprung from nowhere—miles on miles of gay and serried ranks, led by the Canadian Cavalry Brigade; Lancers too, and many famous British regiments. This is the day so long awaited; surely this is their chance to pass through the broken enemy line, to harry and raid his back area. As is the cavalry way, they do reckless and incredible things, and heavy is the price they are to pay. They pass south of Villers-Bretonneux—Villers-Bretonneux of bright memory in darkest days of the March retreat, now in the hands of the stout Australians, neighbors on our left.

Already prisoners are coming back, in little knots, in squads, in whole detachments, sometimes under guard, oftener left to their own device, mounting soon into the thousands—slouching figures in field-gray, among them grizzled veterans and mere striplings, but for the most part in the prime of life and of good physique. With them a number of officers, some swearing bitterly, others, jaunty and spruce, still rubbing the sleep out of their eyes, in good spirits. "You Canadians have no business down here," says one in excellent English. "We were told you were in Flanders; how I would like to hang our fools of Intelligence officers!"

Intermingled with them come our walking wounded. "A good blighty!" cried a grinning lad, wounded in the wrist. "How is it going? Fine. You can't see his heels for the dust!" He is in kilts, a Highlander from the Pacific Coast, one of the 3rd. Brigade. He tells us how a piper, atop of the tank "Dominion," led into action his battalion, the 16th. Canadian Scottish.

The battle has streamed away to the east and the battlefield of a few hours ago is as peaceful as an Ontario landscape after storm, whose bolts and flashes still play over the distant horizon. The most striking thing about the battleground is the extraordinary good target our gunners made. This was particularly so along the enemy front line and support. In our north-

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