

der, not even that his was a superb and absolutely unselfish courage, but that somehow he called out the best that was in men, and in sending them to duty strengthened them for the doing of it. He came from the farm to serve his country. He had neither taste nor inclination for war, but he had a tremendous sense of a man's duty to the Empire, and in the strength of it he greatly served. He has gone back to the farm, and one may suppose is to-day surrounded by the kindly sights and sounds of the land, but wherever he is, he carries with him, to the end of the day, the honour and affection of the men who were proud to follow him from Passchendale to Amiens and back.

"Eyes right!"—for he is at the saluting base this New Year season, and in our "march past" of memory we do him all honour.

This page of recollections would not be complete in any sense without a word of Colonel Cantlie, to whom we all owe so much. Careless young "Subs" who felt certain that their own particular platoon was the key unit in the Army, probably never realized how unceasing was Colonel Cantlie's concern for the honour of the Battalion. From the day of mobilization to the hour of the return to Montreal—in France and out of it—all his thought and labour centred in maintaining and advancing our traditions. As some of you know, there is not much glamour about a Reserve Camp in England, but to the work of Colonel Cantlie in the 20th Reserve, R.H.C., we owe the steady stream of reinforcements who came over to France already imbued with a sense of pride in the Royal Highlanders. To reject the inferiors and secure the right calibre the Colonel dared anything. Little he cared for Red Tape or the ultimatums of Argyle House, London—so be it that he got men of the right stuff for the R.H.C. It ought to be recognized and acknowledged by all of us that in no small measure the foundation of the Battalion's success in 1917-18 was the devoted labour of Colonel Cantlie in England. All over Canada there are men who think of the 42nd as Colonel Cantlie's Battalion, who have with them still their kilt of the Cantlie Tartan, and who would wish, were it possible, to greet again their first C.O.—as we do now with all affection and honour.