

big cross of violets at a little flower shop, and a spray of beautiful roses, real ones, and then we went back to the Hotel to wait for the car to take us to the cemetery, two or three miles from Arras. The town looked battered and grim in the bright light of morning. Soap sudsy water was running over the cobble stones as if many housekeepers had already finished their washing and turned the suds loose in the open drains.

When the car came we started with Mr. Morrell, our driver and guide, on the way to the cemetery. It lies on a northern slope facing red-roofed farm buildings in the lowlands across the road and on this day it was bathed in the hazy amber sunshine. An edge of young oaks ran around it inside the fence and on the hill above, outlined against the sky were beautiful trees of uniform height standing close together, so even, so symmetrical, and dark against the sky, they looked like an elaborate mourning border for the field of crosses below.

At the east of the field were the French graves where, Michel, Jean, Peter, Paul and Francois lie. Then come the Scottish and English heroes. At the west were the Canadians, many of them C.M.R.'s.

The grass was growing green on their graves, and yellow and white poppies were blooming as well as snapdragons and sweet clover. Many of them had fresh wreaths of flowers, showing that their friends had lovingly remembered them.

Mrs. Leonard had no trouble in finding the grave she was looking for. Its number and row was stamped on her mind. She tied on the beautiful cross of violets and lovingly laid the roses below. We did not speak and walked away, leaving her alone with her dead though I think she knew our hearts were mourning with her.

Many of the French graves had not even grass growing on them. Only the pale, yellow lumpy clay, and