

visited great cities and met many men, my happiest and most vivid memories are of the parks. In Stanley Park, Vancouver, I sat under the giant firs and cedars and wondered if the world would ever again know the leisured centuries needed to bring such trees to their royal perfection. In Lethbridge, Regina, Saskatoon, and other cities of the plains I sat under transplanted trees that are struggling for beauty in spite of inclement winters. I have enjoyed the sunshine and shade on Boston Common and in Madison Square Garden, and all have left me memories of the tonic and healing powers of sunshine.

My most vivid recollection is of a park in Regina, and that is because of a glimpse I caught of far-away sunshine. A letter from France had caught up with me at Regina and I read it in the park. It was from a boy in the trenches, and among other gossip of the battle-line he told me how he and a chum were sunning themselves by a muddy dugout one morning when the German drive was at its