

still men in the mortuary waiting to be carried out; we were continually carrying men to the hospital with Spanish Grippe. The Russian doctor who volunteered did all he could to help us boys and never seemed tired."

The extent of the heroism of these men will never be known. \$2 monthly was not much to give to help one of them to bear trials as just described, and there were hundreds—aye, thousands—of similar cases, and yet "the trader" with his tongue in his cheek says: "Forget and forgive." As christians we may try and forgive but it is beyond the power of a true Britisher to forget. We owe it to OUR GLORIOUS DEAD to GUARD against a recurrence. "We look bad enough," said one of the Prisoners, "but YOU SHOULD SEE OUR CEMETERIES!"

Many men's names were distributed to subscribers who in turn wrote and kept the lads thinking of other things than their prison surroundings. In one instance a letter written to a sailor in Brandenburg Camp was not only read by the recipient whom "the boys flocked around like a swarm of bees with a smile that was a smile, but some of the men asked who the writer was, others wanted to hear the jokes, then they called for it to be read aloud to the Camp. And, as if that were not sufficient, every man in the Camp insisted upon having it in his own hands and read it to himself." What a revelation! What starvation and heart-hunger for news is portrayed! How many of us could and would have sent a letter very often had they realized the joy it would have been to the Camps!

Nor was the War merely an incident to be forgotten, for the men since their transfer to Holland or Switzerland, have written and kept up—desultorily maybe—a correspondence and after repatriation have sent mementa in gratitude or benefits received. At "Spadina and