

Yes; today, we'll think of those who sleep,
'Neath the cannon's deafening roar.
The hands we shook, the tongues we heard
That we'll shake, and hear no more.
God bless their martial spirit, and the land that gave them birth.
The breed of the brand,
Who, on foreign strand,
Wrought deeds that astonished the earth.

J. P. STUBBS.

CANADIANS ARRIVAL IN FRANCE.

FEBRUARY 1915.

We left England on February 11th. 1915, and after four days stormy voyage landed at St. Nazaire (Loire-Inférieure) on the Bay of Biscay. After a pleasant stay of one night and day in this town, during which we were treated with every consideration by the inhabitants, we commenced our journey to the front. This was by no means a pleasure jaunt. We had two days and two nights train travel, forty men in a box car. If you stop to consider it, you will not be surprised, when I say that we were glad to reach our destination. — Hazebrouck, as French box cars are not by any means as big as the C. P. R. type.

The journey was uneventful, during the day time the railway trip through southern Brittany and Normandy was very enjoyable, and with the help of cards, songs and music, the time passed quickly. But at night, it was the limit. There was not room for us to sit down, let alone stretch out and sleep, and not five minutes passed without someone requesting someone else to kindly take his feet out of his stomach, or face as the case might be.

On the night of the third day we reached Hazebrouck, and had our first sight of the ravages of war, as a German aeroplane had a few days previously paid the town a visit, and the results of the visiting card it left were plainly evident.