

to the Canada that he loved so well. Placed beside a photograph taken just before he went away, it makes an interesting study. Less than three years separate the two pictures, but they seem at least a decade apart. The one shows a boyish face, eager, wide-eyed, wondering; the other the face of a man, stronger, sadder, gentler. The boy is ready to set out on the Great Adventure; the man has come through that adventure, and is about to fare forth on the Greater Adventure that lies ahead.

Since that fateful April 22, 1915, and most of all since that more fateful August 8, 1918, a cloud, growing ever larger and blacker, has overspread our once serene Canadian skies. To none of us can life ever be the same as it once was; and many there be who now turn longing eyes towards that Land of Heart's Desire that lies, we hope, beyond the setting sun. We take comfort in the thought that there are for us only

"A few more years at most, and then
Life's troubles end like summer's rain;
The pattering on the leaves will cease,
And we shall meet our boy again."

If only some more daring and successful Columbus could voyage forth on a wide Sea of Discovery, and, returning, link this little planet up forever with the great Spirit World! Perhaps the lads who "go west," these young Captains Adventurous of ours, do return to visit