

I can say without effort or exaggeration, without throwing any bouquets whatever, that there were no finer men nor better soldiers in the Canadian Corps.

Though we do not talk overmuch of those days, the remembrances of them can never become shadowy; they are a part of life itself; they shall not vanish this side of the grave. It is well that this is so, and in all the urgings addressed to us about the necessity of winning the peace, the conviction becomes more and more deeply rooted in my mind that this can only be done by the evidence and the display of those very qualities which gave us the victory in war. We hear much talk of rival claims of East and West; Over There, men did not care whether their comrades came from British Columbia or from Ontario, whether the cook that served the maconochie was a French-Canadian from Quebec or an Irish Canadian from Toronto. What mattered to us all was that we were men from the same country, bound by a common bond, with the same duty and the same objective, on the same great quest, and ready to give all, if need be, for the same ideal.