

beloved memory), a hero if ever there was one, who went to the war at seventeen and returned a scarred but decorated veteran, only to have to fight all his battles over again in the delirium of pneumonia, and, worn out with the double struggle, to lay down his arms at last. There was Max—but no, I will not speak of him or of others now. There is not room on my canvas for so many figures; I must keep to my one sketch.

I have been going through two bundles of letters received from Alan: the one covering the year that elapsed till his Canadian furlough; the other the year and more since his return to the front. The early letters, written in England, are brimful of enthusiasm—everything was so fresh and interesting. One letter—a long one—describes a review of the Fourth Canadian Division by the King shortly before its departure for France. After speaking of the preliminaries, the boy goes on: "Then came a blast on a bugle, and you could hear the mutter, 'The King is coming!' Finally came another blast, and the Division sloped arms. First a big car rolled up with the Queen in it, and then we could see the Royal Standard coming over the hill. The King rode up to the saluting base with his staff grouped round him. . . . The command came: 'Fourth Canadians—Royal Salute—Present Arms!' and the Division came to the present, while the massed band played the