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he was in England, and soon word came that he was leaving for France. But trench life was too much for him, and pneumonia—of which he had had an attack before leaving Canada—set in. Back in "Blighty", he was restless and unhappy, and presently managed to get to France again. Soon, however, he was wounded, and an amputated leg ended his fighting days. Another tedious experience of hospital life in England was in store for him; but at last he got safely back to Canada, and is, I understand, managing to achieve success and happiness in life despite his serious handicap.

The last boy, Claude, I recently heard of as bound for South America on some business venture. He had only just returned from overseas, when he started off again. I heard little from or about him while he was at the front, but I know that he won a Military Medal and was counted "a first-class fighting man".

And now, as I look back at the picture, I am seized, as, indeed, I often am (and who is not?), with a strange feeling of the unreality of the happenings of the past five years. Surely—the fancy comes again and again—it has been all a dream! Surely there never was—there never could have been—such a war as that of 1914-