

smoke-blue, steel-capped ranks of the French soldiery, and on two sides the khaki ranks of the Canadians, and around all the French women and children and British fighting men; French sisters in their great white head-dresses; the faces of men and women at the crowded windows aglow with pride and friendliness, and over all and through all, thrilling the mild Flemish afternoon and hundreds of valiant Canadian hearts, the music of our Canadian Anthem:

"O, Canada! we stand on guard for thee!"

The ceremony ended soon after this. The guards of honour, the bands, the trumpeters and the pipers marched away. The generals, the heroes, the officers and the crowds dispersed, and as I moved towards the nearest

tea-room with one of the winners of glory, the thought came to me that it was in the old, dead days, when France and England used to fight one another on land and sea, that the phrase "our friend the enemy" was created. It is a phrase that shall never again be used by Frenchmen or by Englishmen, for now and for ever our friends are our friends, and our enemies are our enemies.

The ceremony is passed, but the spirit of it lives on.

Behind Canada's battle-front in France, within sound of Canada's guns, we had received honour and love at the hands of France. The cub of the old lion had been crowned, with the old lion looking proudly on.

Canada had lived a great day!

T. G. R.



By A. Chantrey Corbould

Wounded Canadian: "As I was being carried away in the ammunition wagon——"

Visitor: "Surely you mean the ambulance wagon?"

Wounded Canadian: "No, I don't! I was so blamed full of bullets they put me in the ammunition wagon!"