

civilization. Thousands of them also sleep their last sleep on those very fields of Picardie, whence came Peter-the-Hermit, who roused France and the martial nations of Europe in the cause of the Holy Sepulchre.

Along the magnificent roads, those straight, unending and always beautiful roads of France, many times, on both fronts, I saw miles and miles of motor trucks, lorries and busses going to or returning from the front, performing their part in the marvelous transportation and distribution scheme, so promptly devised and set up and so admirably carried out by Great Britain and France, carrying arms, munitions, food and clothing. On one occasion, I was privileged to see brave and gay "Tom-mies" and "Pollus" on their way to the trenches, but a few miles away, carried on Paris busses, still retaining many of their inscriptions and advertisements, decorated with leaves and flowers, the men, French and English, sitting side by side "*un bouquet au fusil, une chanson aux lèvres*"—all lustily singing "*La Marseillaise*". Never shall I forget the deep emotion which this scene stirred up in me and I can now, months afterward, feel my blood tingle at its mere recollection. How I wish you all could have heard the notes of the greatest of martial airs, sung on the soil of great and beautiful France, by English soldiers and French soldiers, with hearts beating in unison, joined in a common cause and a common interest, that of true civilization, and of true humanity, brothers in purpose, sacrifice, achievement and glory, with but the one heroic resolve—to save France and Great Britain from the horrible fate and martyrdom of Belgium and Serbia! How I wish every Canadian, of English or French origin, could have seen that sublime, inspiring and stirring scene, heard that wonderful music and felt the irrepressible emotions they provoked, certain, as I am, that all would have thereby realized how insignificant, how trivial, by comparison at least, are our domestic quarrels and conflicts; that French and English in Canada, as in France, can and should be brothers, real brothers; that if only a thorough union of "pioupious" and "tommies" can vanquish the Germans, so Canada can live and prosper only by a real union, a cordial entente between English and French, by their sharing fully and constantly a common purpose, a common ambition and a common effort.

THE BRITISH NAVY.

The might of Great Britain and the despair of Germany, it was our privilege to inspect. We first visited the Battle Cruiser Squadron at Rosyth, under the command of Admiral Sir David Beatty, who most kindly entertained us on his Flagship, the "Lion", which the Germans, to my certain knowledge, did not, as they still assert, sink in the Jutland battle, and from which they will again hear in loud and lively tones at the first favourable opportunity. We were also the guests of Admiral Sturdee on his Flagship and it was our pleasure to express to him and his doughty officers and men our congratulations for their daring achievement near the Falkland Islands.

And last, but not least, we had the proud and almost unique honor of being welcomed by the Commander in Chief and to dine with him and his staff on the "Iron Duke". How inspiring and comforting the modest but resolute speech with which he favoured us; his calm yet convincing assurance that when the time comes the Navy will deal its death blow to the German Navy, bottled up and in hiding at Kiel. Most interesting and memorable this privileged occasion to converse freely and confidentially with those responsible for the spirit and the efficiency of the men and