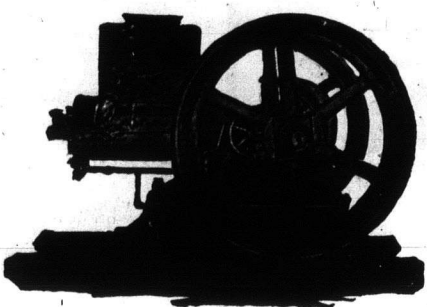


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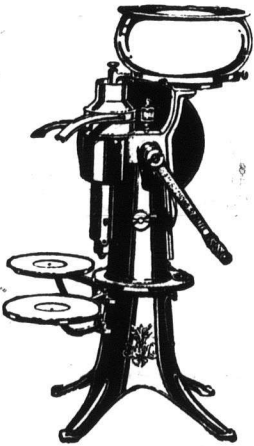
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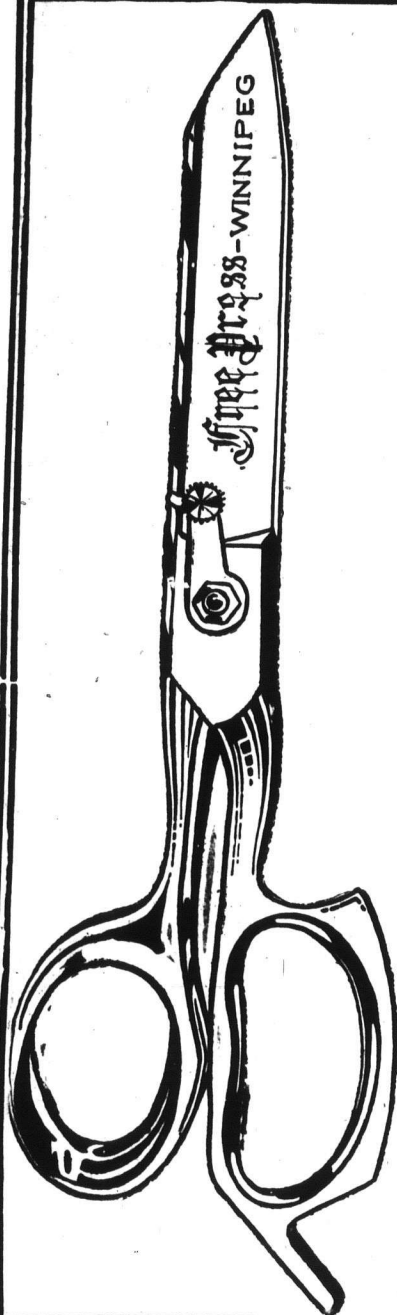
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Who, being Dead, yet Speaketh

By Hugh S. Eayrs

The lad lay there, tired out. One arm was thrown carelessly above his head and his curls spread curiously over the dirty khaki sleeve. He slept. An hour before—less than that—the great battle had softened and died away till naught but a rumbling aftermath of sound and symbol remained. It was the end of an eight-day conflict. Stretching for five hundred miles the battle-line of the Allies, far-flung with a vengeance, took in its radius Quatre, Bras and Waterloo. Indeed, hard by the first named place the armies of the gallant French and the hardy British joined. So had they joined one hundred years before, but not in alliance. Neighbors were French and English then, as now. But enemy-neighbors, not friends.

The quickly vanishing sunlight lay in ashes over the hills and ridges. In a blare of blood, but also of glory, the

Valcartier and Salisbury. But of the grim work, which had meant thousands more who had passed—but not of this camp—which this lad amongst others had helped along, nor he nor they thought anything. It did not trouble them. Their faces, as their hearts, were happy. Canada had indeed done her bit. Langermark, Ypres—these sinister memories were resurrected as inspiration for the action which had just closed. Canadians, happy testimony to the junction of French and English into one nation for peace as they were now one for war, had helped to win the day. This lad had cried with the rest, "Remember Ypres, fellows, remember Ypres!" And remembering, the artillery had swept the infantry into the German trenches, and the infantry had swept the Germans out with a terrible broom. The dust lay all around.....Dust to dust.....in a new sense, in an awful sense, my masters! And the dead Teutons, as the dead Allies, were made in the image of the living God!

The lad with the curls and the happy face slept. And as he slept he dreamed

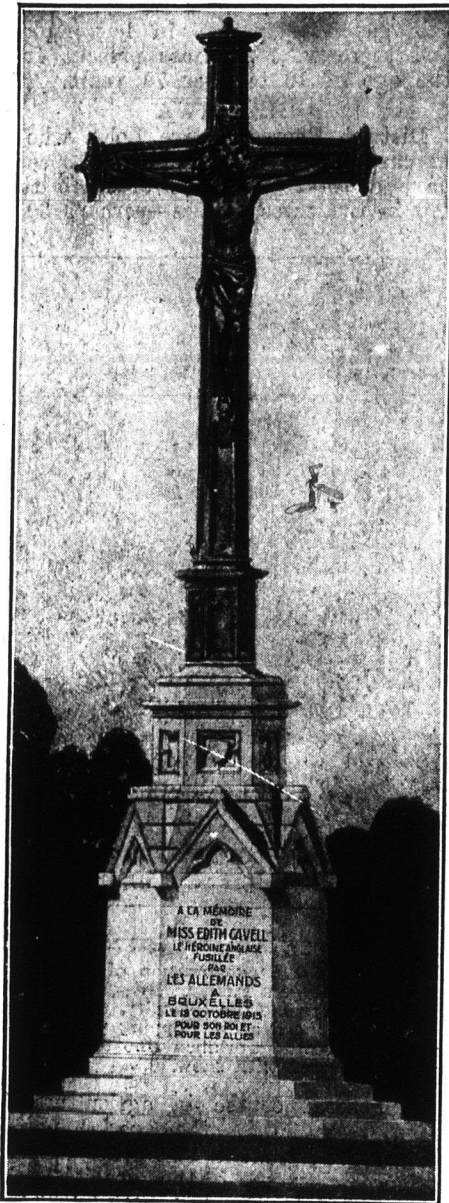
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He saw dimly, so that he could only just make them out, the forms of the great motor ambulances as they sped on and on, from station to station. He heard their rumble mixed with the jingling of harness; horses, who had grown tired in a glorious day's work, were being watered, groomed, looked after. Then the ground suddenly appeared to clear. A midsummer moon—for this was the night of the seventeenth of June—shone luminous, clear and clean. Fields stretched themselves out in its white light and the sleeper made out the forms of riders, yet only specks in the distance, so that the dreaming watcher could not make out how many there were. But gradually, as they came nearer, they became lined sharply and ever more sharply against the blank whiteness of the unclouded sky and he made them out as two. Nearer and nearer they came and the dreamer raised himself, shook back his curls from his eyes and lay upon his elbow. The riders were not very far away now and they were riding straight in the direction of the watcher. He stared, astonished as their detailed appearance broke upon him. He rubbed his eyes. They were queerly garbed. One, the tall one, who sat his splendid horse straight as a young poplar stretches, was wearing a cloak. It was open at the front and displayed gold lacing upon a blue uniform, ornate to a degree when compared with the officer's dress of to-day. But it was not the uniform so much as the face which impressed the watcher. Strong, firm, hard, the jaw was that of a man whose creed was summed up in one word—action. The eyes, kindly, frank, fine, fearless, and such as looked anyone and everyone in the face, were lit up now with the light of enthusiasm as their owner talked away to the man at his left. It came to the watcher that that face had something in it which he knew. He was puzzled.....where had he seen those features before?

"Egad, sir," said the Duke, for this indeed was Wellington, "one hundred years ago since we whipped an enemy and on this very field. And to-day that enemy is our friend, staunch and true."

His companion nodded assent. The Duke mused as he rode. Nearer he and his companion came to the watcher, nearer and then passed him, halting his horse a few yards away. The two of them were silent, gazing over the landscape. Far, far away the light of the moon showed on the one side fields of waving corn, spotted and patched with black dots that were corpses. On the other a ridge seemed to stretch interminably. Dots of red glowed ever and anon; they signified the waiting and resting troops, the rest was woods, thick and continuous. The Duke glanced above clear into the sky and beheld, faintly yet indubitably, some quick moving object. "They had not such things in my time," he muttered as the aeroplane fluttered swiftly this way and that and then out of sight.

The watcher turned, for he heard



The Memorial to Miss Edith Cavell to be Erected in Paris by American Subscription.

This monument which is to be placed in the Trocadero Gardens, Paris, to the martyred nurse, Edith Cavell, who was shot to death by the Germans in Belgium, is the design of the Gorham Company, and will be of American granite and bronze. It is said to be paid for by American subscriptions. The Edith Cavell Memorial Fund headquarters are at the National Park Bank, 214 Broadway, New York. On January 23rd at the Hippodrome, for the memorial, M. Lucian Henry heads the fund in the U.S.A.

sun had gone down. Soldiers, French and English, slept where they dropped, ready to waken at any moment. Others slept.....but they would not hear the call to arms again.

One among many, the lad with the curls and the bonny face, was fast asleep. Grime covered his face, but it could not obscure the happiness which came from the consciousness of work, terrible haphazard, awful.....yet well done. Nor he nor the rest of his companions in the "—th Battalion" of the Canadian Expeditionary Force had thought of the enemy-dead that lay in thousands not so far away. The voices of this lad and his companions had grown gruff and suspiciously husky over the passing of friends who had stood beside them at