

and the efforts of French trumpets were seconded by the best endeavours of Canadian pipes and drums. French civilians and English and Canadian soldiers crowded the sides of the square and surveyed the scene from the windows of houses, shops, and estaminets. The fathers of the town stood grouped in one corner, arrayed like Solomon in all his mourning. From some of the commanding windows particularly pretty girls looked forth.

The cause of all this ceremonious, martial, and affectionate display stood in single rank in the middle of the square with their backs to the Headquarters of the Canadian Corps and their faces to the musty hotel and one wing of the French guard of honour. They were Canadian officers and men who were to receive French orders and medals from the French General, in recognition of distinguished services and heroic deeds.

The exact sequence of events is not very clear in my mind. General D'Oissel inspected the Canadian guard of honour, accompanied by General Sir Edwin Alderson and a mixed staff. Then General Alderson inspected the French guard of honour, pausing frequently to question the wearers of decorations. The French band played "The Marseillaise," and all the spectators cheered. The French colours advanced, carried by a lieutenant and guarded by a colour-party with fixed bayonets, and took up a position facing the centre of the rank of Canadians to be decorated. It was just then, I think, that the French trumpets did some fine work.

On the right of the line stood the officers who were to become Officers and Chevaliers of the Legion of Honour—two brigadier-generals, a lieutenant-colonel, a major, and several captains. One by one they were addressed by the French General and struck on both shoulders with the sword. Then each was decorated and kissed on both cheeks. The Médaille Militaire and the Croix de Guerre were next pinned on, and all the officer-recipients received the salute of brotherhood on both cheeks.

Glory is not won here without risk of death. We were sharply reminded of this fact during the presentation of the Crosses of the Legion of



By J. Hassall, R.I.

Mr. Miggs (sternly): "Weren't you kissing my daughter when I disturbed you?"

Reggie: "Yes, sir. Have you any apology to make?"

Honour, when the General Officer commanding the First Canadian Division stepped forward and received the Cross so valiantly won and so dearly paid for by Captain George Richardson, late of the Second Canadian Infantry Battalion.

In the meantime a British aeroplane circled high above the crowded square, on guard in the soft grey sky.

The Canadian band, hidden somewhere in the neck of a little side street behind a flank of our guard of honour, struck up "O, Canada!" I know nothing of the musical value of this composition; but it always stirs in me the tenderest emotions. I have heard it many times, and in many places, since my last sight of Canada; and here, in the old French town, I was more deeply moved than ever by the familiar strains. Picture it—and if you are a Canadian by adoption, by service, or by many generations of citizenship, you will understand. The spring sky had dulled, since noon, to a soft grey. In the centre of the square were the French and Canadian generals, the Canadians whose breasts had been so recently decorated, and the French colours. On two sides of the square were the