

"Courage - 'Tis the mysterious soul which never yields,  
But hales us on and on to breast the rush  
Of all the fortunes we shall happen through,  
And when Death calls across his shadowy fields,  
Dying, it answers 'Here - I am not dead'".

Galsworthy.

This book has been conceived, executed and sent forth as a tribute to those "gentlemen unafraid" of the Bank of Montreal who deliberately closed their ledgers, laid aside pen and pencil, left the calm routine of a great institution, and the security of a well-ordered business life, and went forth with sublime courage, not only to endure the disheartening and glamour-dispelling weeks of preliminary training that was necessarily the portion of our noble volunteers, but to face the most relentless and ingeniously evil foe that ever menaced civilization.

For over one hundred years the Bank of Montreal has expanded without weakening in the process of expansion. Its great growth has been characterized by an individual spirit of unselfish devotion to duty and by the subordination of personal ambition, - traits which have long since become traditional. When the time of national trial arrived it was these qualities developed in the quiet days of peace, which, united with a fearless patriotism and a hatred for evil, sent forth the members of our staff to battle, as if inspired, for King and Empire.

To-day there are two hundred and seventeen missing from the Roll Call. Some lie afar. "Our Dead" is proudly graven on the tablet placed to their memory in the atrium of our great hall. Others, - war-worn, broken, recovered and recovering from grievous wounds, will come at time to look at this enduring tribute to their brother heroes; but this book is mainly intended to be a sympathetic record for those who are not able to view that dignified memorial to the fallen whom they loved and who loved them; it is for the sorrowing whose agony of grief is sacred and whose proud loneliness will end only "when our battalions reunite"