

And writ on history's scroll.  
His comrades now lament for him,  
Who wrapped in folds of the Union Jack,  
And wearing still the Maple Leaf,  
Rests calmly 'neath the fleur-de-lis.  
Canada mourns, aye mourns for him  
While friends lay wreaths around his tomb,  
And cry: "Farewell! good man, good Hero now!"

"Forgive our grief for one removed  
Thy servant whom we found so fair  
We trust he lives in Thee and there  
We find him worthier to be loved."

*(Tennyson's In Memoriam)*

\*NOTE.—"A nation is brave if her army is brave."

—*Nettlehip.*

—*Robert Stothers*—

Ottawa, December 31st, 1916.