

we were given two days' leave in Brussels, and it is certainly "some" city. Mons was a very busy place, and seemed to be the centre for shopping purposes of a vast number of smaller places. I expected Mons to show some of the signs of war which so plainly marked the hundreds of other places I had seen, but from appearances, there might not have been a war within a thousand miles of the town.

Brussels was the city par excellence, however. We got there two days after King Albert and Queen Elizabeth had ridden in at the head of their troops. The whole city was one mass of floral arches, and flower decked statues and monuments, but the one which easily took precedence was the noble monument the Belgian people have raised to that truly noble woman, Nurse Cavell. There it stood in the Grand Plaza on the spot where she was foully murdered.

December was now upon us, and I was eagerly looking for my annual pass, which was due the first week in January, and I was figuring on a visit to Paris, but I received a cable from home which put this out of my mind entirely. The cable briefly stated that my eldest girl, aged twenty-three, and my second boy, aged twenty-five, who had been discharged from the army unfit for foreign service, had died within a day of each other of influenza, and a letter following stated that the three remaining girls and mother were also held in the grip of this dreadful disease.

I had but one thought now, to get back home with all speed, and as I had been away from home three years and a half and was over age, I felt quite justified in asking for leave to Canada in place of my usual pass to England, so I put in an application which was granted. My two boys were in England expecting to be sent home, the youngest one had been there since his wound at