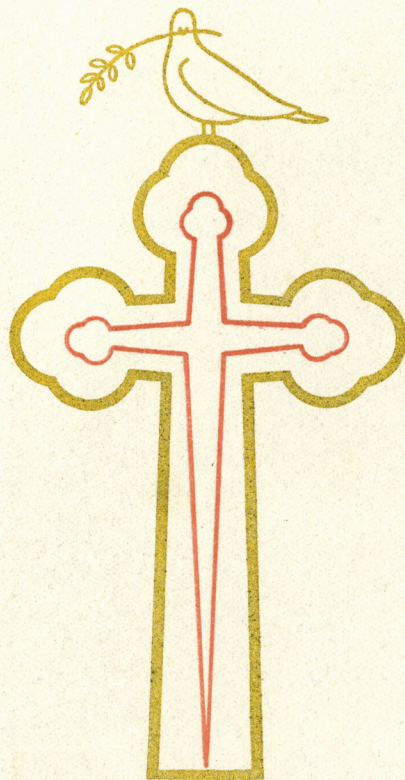


"Their Name Liveth  
For Evermore"



SOLDIERS

CEMETERY



REGINA, SASKATCHEWAN  
CANADA





"They shall not grow old,  
as we that are left grow  
old . . . .  
we will remember Them."





## FOREWORD

When the World War ended, His Majesty the King, upon a certain occasion, said: "In proud and lasting memory of those who rest within."

The people of Regina kept the faith they promised to those who answered when the drums rolled and the bugles called.

In perpetual memory of those who gave their all, there is set aside in the Regina Cemetery, "The Soldiers' Cemetery."

Here, tended with loving and reverend care, rest in peace men and women who served their Empire. Guarding their sleep stands the Cross of Sacrifice, pointing the way to eternal rest.

They await the final bugle call as comrades who walked down the narrow path of duty. Forgotten is rank, race and creed. They played their part on the high seas, on land, in the air, the nursing services, to gain freedom for the world.

Leaves from the trees fall upon the green sward of their home; birds twitter softly as they hurry from branch to branch; sounds from the outside world come softly on the breeze.

But to those who sleep and wait, there comes in ever rising tones the chant of those who gave their promise; "Their Name Liveth for Evermore."

—Gaston J. Johnson.





CROSS of  
SACRIFICE

By  
Sir Reginald Bloomfield

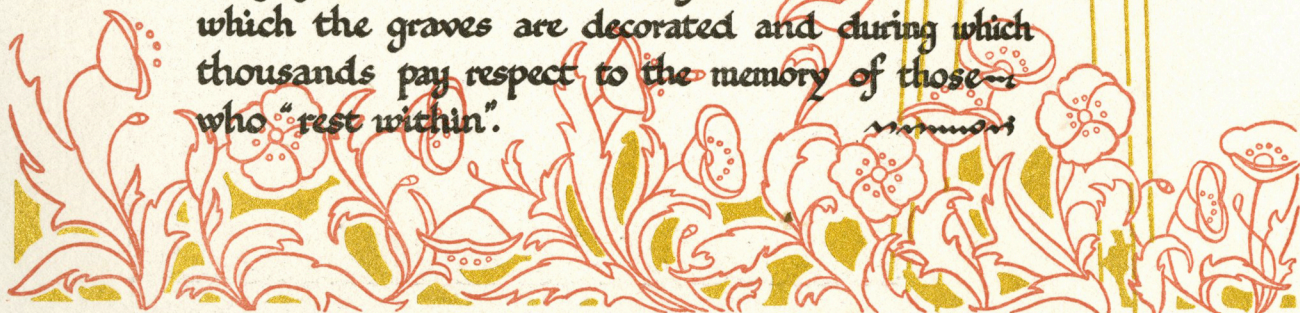


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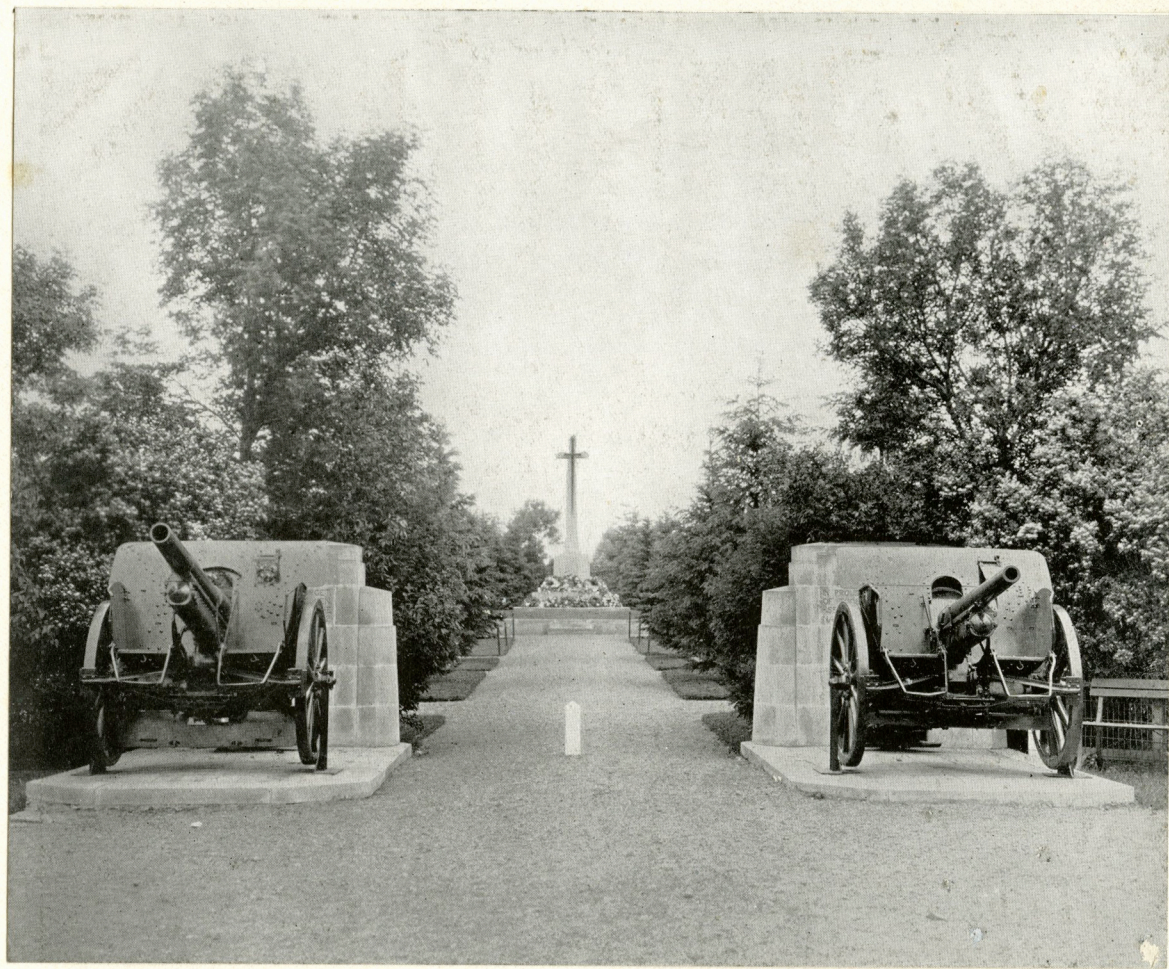


"In Proud and Lasting Memory of Those who rest within - see to it that their names be not forgotten."

In "The Soldier's Cemetery" within the Regina Cemetery, rests 350 men and women who gave their lives in the service of Empire. They represent all ranks of the sea, land, air and nursing services. They are of all nationalities and creed. Headstones of each grave are uniform, each containing the name, rank, number, unit, age and date of death, Poppies grow on each grave and every year a Decoration Day service is held at which the graves are decorated and during which thousands pay respect to the memory of those who "rest within".











\* Grave of Sgt. James Wright.  
Plot 33 Section "B"  
Soldiers Plot - Regina, Cemetery.













## IN • FLANDERS FIELDS

In Flanders fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place, and in the sky:  
The larks, still bravely singing fly,  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.  
We are the dead. Short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved and were loved, and now we lie  
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!:  
To you from failing hands we throw  
The torch; be yours to hold it high!:  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
In Flanders fields.

Lieut. Col. John McCrae.





## CROSSING THE BAR

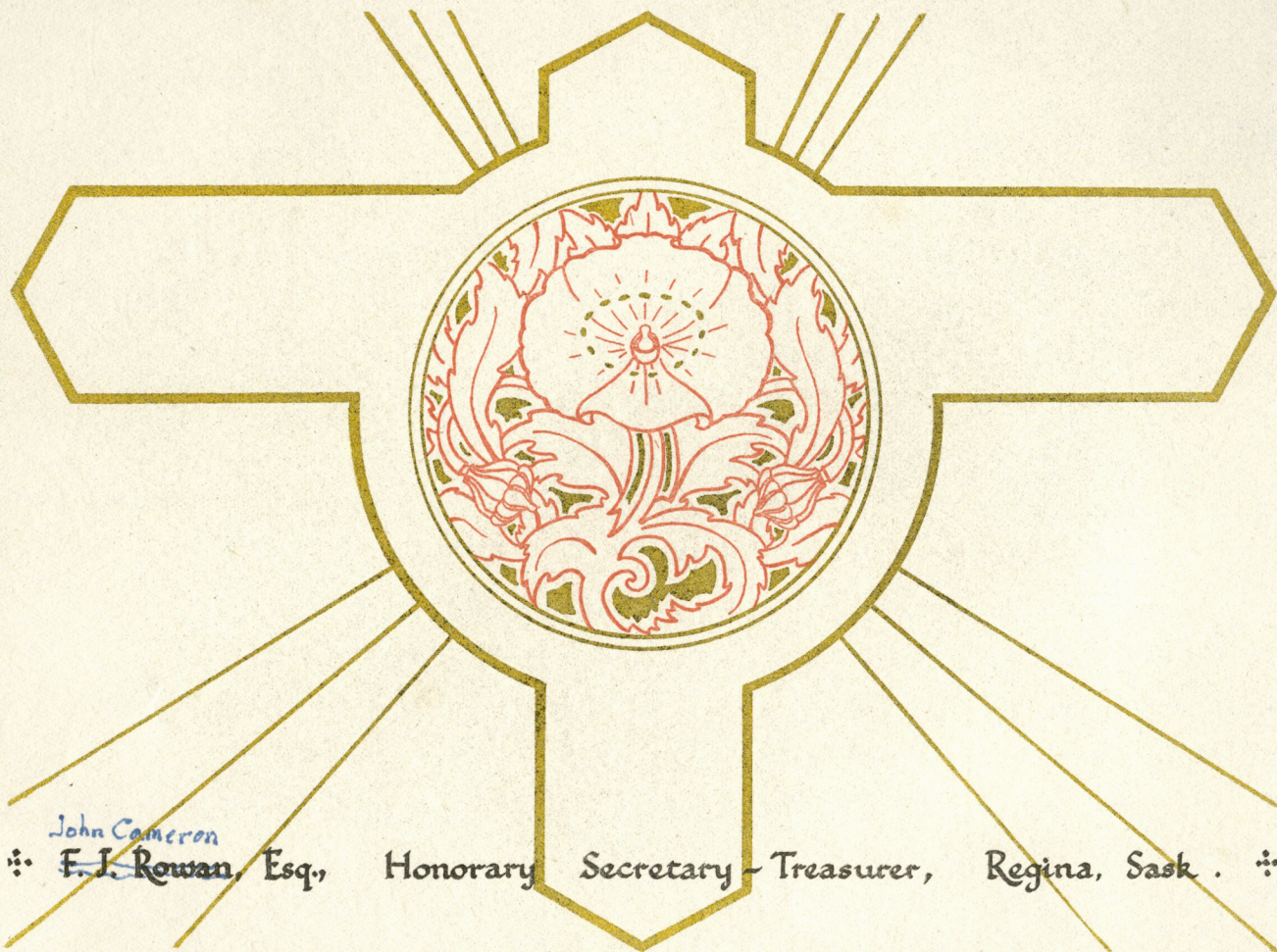
Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
When I embark,

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crossed the bar.





*John Cameron*  
✠ ~~F. I. Rowan~~, Esq., Honorary Secretary - Treasurer, Regina, Sask. ✠