

## TWO OF A KIND--By C. S. M. Irving D. Appleby

"No. 4—pay attention a minute; can any of you guys play a mouth-organ?" The sergeant held four little parcels in his hand as he spoke and a smile went round among the men of the section.

"Come on, 'Dutch,' go to it," shouted one, as a stocky-built Hollander stepped forth in quest of one of the little instruments; a lanky youth from the flank drew the second one, a lumber-jack from the rear-rank drew the third, and then for a moment no one came forward. The sergeant grew impatient for time was short: "Come on, take it someone," he called out, "I'm not posing here."

There was a pause for a moment and then a quiet sober-looking man of middle age stepped forward: "I'll take it," he said, "if no one else wants it." A shout of laughter went up from the men as old "Dad" MacFarlane took the little package and returned to his place in the ranks. "What's the big idea, 'Dad'," one called out, but old "Dad" merely smiled and put the little package in his haversack, for the column was already in motion up ahead and a moment later a sharp command of "Form-Fours; RIGHT; Quick-MARCH," started No. 4 section on its way towards new scenes of action.

This was in the spring of 1915 and the 1st Canadian Division was just marching out of the village of Proven, Belgium, on their way to Poperinghe, from which they were to take over the Ypres salient.

A perfect spring day, warm and sunshiny, with the larks singing overhead and a balmy breeze blowing in from the North Sea; just the kind of day to raise the spirits of soldiers on the march, and up the rough cobblestone road, mile after mile the Canadians marched on.

Snatches of song came in unison from many throats; little impromptu bands composed of biscuit-tin drums, mouth-organs and bazoos fairly rent the air with their weird jingling harmonies, causing great laughter and cheering among the troops. The Officers of the General Staff, who from their position at the cross-roads, reviewed the passing regiments, smiled their appreciation as they passed, for what finer promise could they ask for the future conduct of these men than to see them march for the Ypres bat-

tle-front with a song on their lips and a care-free smile on their faces.

"Dad" MacFarlane was not playing his newly-acquired instrument; the truth of the matter was that he had never played a mouth-organ in his life and he certainly did not intend to begin practising then before the crowd, so the mouth-organ reposed in his haversack all that day and the night that followed, while the division plugged on and on toward their new field of operations.

The following morning saw the First Battalion billeted in and around the old barns and out-houses of a convent at Vlamertinghe; they had arrived in the night and, wearied with their march, most of them had slept well into the morning. Some were grouped around an old pump waiting their turn to wash; others squatted around the edges of the ancient moat which surrounded the main building, and washed in its rather questionable contents. A few others who had risen earlier were stretched out on the green grass basking in the full warmth of the morning sun. It was good indeed to be able to relax so, for a few hours after the stiff march of the previous day.

High overhead a "Taube" appeared, flying in wide circles, while the air around her was full of tiny spurts of flame, which a moment later became little balls of white hanging on the still morning air in the wake of the fleeing machine.

The guns were firing too—rather unusual for the morning hours when things were quiet along the front—and yet, somewhere up ahead, only a couple of miles or so, the thunderous crashing of German shells seemed to voice a warning that trouble was at hand.

"Dad" was lying under a tree in the convent orchard watching the work of the airman overhead when suddenly he thought of his month-organ. Now was his chance; he could try a simple tune or two where he wouldn't have any of the younger men to poke fun at his feeble efforts, for he was of a very quiet, reticent nature, and it did not take much to embarrass him. To one of his temperament it would have been easier to make a speech before the House of Lords than to attempt to sing or play before the men of his section.

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