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He strode over to the barn, found his haversack, took out the little package and returned to the tree, where, seating himself comfortably, he broke the string and unwrapped the mouth-organ.

An ordinary post-card was wrapped round it and upon examining it he found on one side a S. W. London street address and on the correspondence side the words, "Please acknowledge receipt to Miss M. E. Allerton."

"Well, that's reasonable enough" he laughed to himself, "the poor kid was probably trying to do something to cheer up someone and it's only fair for her to know that her little present arrived, so here goes," and on the card "Dad" wrote a warm and grateful little note, not forgetting to praise the sweet tone of the mouth-organ, which he had never heard as yet.

He mailed the card an hour or two later, after having made some of the strangest attempts at music that ever were heard in the First Battalion; he was propped up with his back to the tree making vain efforts to reproduce the "Long, long Trail," when voices behind him caused him to look around quickly. He was just in time to hear a corporal answer a question which had evidently been asked him by a comrade who was



with him—"Music!—I've seen a man shot for less than that." That settled it, an hour later Miss Allerton's little gift had changed owners but the card of thanks and appreciation had gone on its way.

Three days passed, beautiful clear days, days which men could better have spent in peaceful, progressive occupations than in killing one another—and then war in unmeasured horror burst upon the battalion; no one knew just how it all started and the story has been told and retold too often for me to attempt to relate it now; there was a tremendous bombardment, a hundredfold greater than any other that the Canadians had hitherto experienced, and with it came gas, the new and dreadful weapon, leaving death and agony in its wake.

Day after day the battle raged, while Langemarck, St. Julien, Wieltje and other tiny hamlets, formerly unknown, suddenly leaped upon the pages of history and became famous in the annals of war, and through it all "Dad" MacFarlane fought unscathed, friends and companions died all around him, men cried out in agony, but "Dad" and a few others came through crisis after crisis unhurt.

(To be continued)

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