

"I am quitting, George," he said to the boss carpenter, as he pulled his cap down on his head and started up the bank.

That night he began to drill us in the skating-rink.

I worked on for about a week, but from the first I determined to go if any one went from Canada. I don't suppose it was all patriotism. Part of it was the love of adventure, and a desire to see the world; for though I was a steady-going carpenter chap, I had many dreams as I worked with hammer and saw, and one of them was that I would travel far and see how people lived in other countries. The thought of war had always been repellent to me, and many an argument I had had with the German baker in whose house I roomed, on the subject of compulsory military training for boys. He often pointed out a stoop-shouldered, hollow-chested boy who lived on the same street, and told me that if this boy had lived in Germany he would have walked straighter and developed a chest, instead of slouching through life the way he was doing. He and his wife and the grown-up daughter were devoted to their country, and often told us of how well the working-people were housed in Germany and the affairs of the country conducted.

But I think the war was as great a surprise to them as to us, and although the two women told us we were foolish to go to fight — it was no business of ours if England wanted to get into a row — it made no difference in our friendly relations, and the day we left