

of his own inventive fancy. Once during the year the boys put on a wonderful Minstrel Show, in which Alan, with Tartan facings on his coat-lapels and a rich burr in his accent, played the part of one Sandy McTeich in inimitable fashion.

All too soon the year sped away, shadowed toward the close by St. Julien and Festubert. At the latter place Alan's eldest brother, Gordon, was killed. I had never known him personally, but, as Alan often used to slip into my class-room after hours to show me his letters and talk about the war (what an event a letter from overseas was in those days!), I seemed to know him very well indeed. All through the winter Alan was straining at the leash, though he was not seventeen till April; and I was afraid of the effect which his brother's death might have on his intense Scoto-Irish nature. When, as soon as the Matriculation Examination (on which he was writing) was over, I heard that he was going over to Niagara Camp, I hastened out to his home on the little Credit River, carefully preparing on the way an array of arguments to persuade him to wait another year. But my arguments were so many blank cartridges, and my reference to his youth only roused his ire. He was old enough—almost a man—he must go. Oh, the infinite pity and pathos of it all!—the way these boys, little more than children, assumed the responsibili-