

came a-whooping around the knoll driving three cows and two calves ahead of him and just as Curno had finished telling him that the damned fool Englishman wouldn't take his word for it that there was no cattle there, but of course must waste time, etc. Curno turned red when he saw what Poynton had found where there should have been nothing but an abundance of nothingness. Then he scowled and wouldn't say a word all the way to camp. Rayson hadn't sense enough to keep his mouth shut and told the story so that all the boys had the laugh on Curno, who looked as he felt, mad enough to do murder. Poynton ate his supper quietly and paid no attention to the story Rayson told, nor to the effect it had on Big Dick. When the boys were having a smoke Curno spoke up and everybody that knew him smelt trouble in the air.

"THE trouble is that some Jaspers don't know enough to stay in their own country and leave men to do men's work," he said. Nobody spoke and he continued looking at Poynton, a sneer on his lips. "I knew them cattle was there. I just wanted to see whether that boob with the glass eye would have sense enough to go and see for himself. Well, I told him to go get them and he did." "That isn't what you told me, Curno," said Rayson, sharply. Rayson was not afraid of Big Dick.

"You butt out, Rayson; this is between me and Poynton." He stood up and went over to where the Englishman sat, his back against a tree, smoking his pipe. "Tell these boys, Poynton, that I told you to get them there cattle," he ordered.

Poynton went on smoking, but said nothing.

"D'ye hear me? Tell these boys," repeated Curno.

Poynton carefully fixed his monocle in his eye and slowly looked up at Big Dick. "That would not be true," he said, quietly.

"Damn you!" yelled Curno. "So you call me a liar, eh? I'll make you eat dirt for that!"

He leaped forward to carry his threat into execution but stopped short when old Frank Sayre stepped in front of him.

"None of that, Curno," said Frank. "It's like you to try to kick a man when he is down. Poynton is no match for you and you know it."

"Well, let him own up that I told him to get them cattle," roared Curno.

Poynton arose from his seat on the ground, brushed the dirt off his clothes, and stepping forward laid his hand gently on Frank's shoulder.

"Thank you, Mr. Sayre. Let me talk to him."

Frank took a quick look at him and moved away. The others still sat or lay around trying to look as if everything was going along the same as usual, but not succeeding very well; every man had his eyes glued on the two men now facing each other.

"Curno," said Poynton, and although he spoke quietly, his voice cut like a knife, it was so sharp. "You say you told me to go and get those three cows and two calves; that you knew they were behind that knoll. What else was there?"

"Nothing."

"Gentlemen," said Poynton, with a glance all around, "if you will look at the three cows you will see they are all in milk. Each had its calf. I brought in only two calves. The third one is still behind that knoll—dead!"

"No man can call me a liar twice!" snarled Big Dick, and made a rush at the Englishman.

THEN we all found ourselves interested in the performance that followed. Big Dick swung his fists at Poynton, and if he had hit him he would have been down and out for sure, but the blows didn't land. Poynton dodged and as Curno lunged past the Englishman planted a good hard fist in his face and sent him staggering.

"Kindly hold my pipe, Mr. Sayre," said Poynton, handing the briar root to his boss.

"Look out for him. Don't let him clinch," warned Sayre. Poynton nodded and stepped out lively towards Curno, who was getting ready for another rush.

"Curno, I am going to thrash you," said Poynton, and started out to do it, and did it most thoroughly. Curno didn't have a look in. He landed a few smashing blows, but they did no damage, except knocking off a bit of skin here and there. He tried his level

best to clinch. If he could have done that Poynton wouldn't have had a show, for Big Dick was noted as a rough-house man and few could hold him off. Poynton won because he kept out of clinches. He was quick on his feet and the way he could wallop with those fists—! He sure was some boxer. It was a scrap that a ring-side fan would have given his soul to see, but never does see, because prize fighters rarely find themselves up against a real scrap. After about fifteen



"Wore Canadian clothes and even forgot the monocle."

minutes' hard fighting, Curno, with both eyes in mourning, his nose and mouth bleeding, and puffing like a whale, received the knock-out wallop—a dandy! Square on the point of the jaw and with a mule kick behind it. Half an hour later Big Dick opened his eyes, groaned, and after laying another half hour managed to get up and wash his face. Not a man held out a hand to help him. Seeing this, Poynton got up, knocked the ashes out of his pipe and went over to Curno, and without saying a word helped to get rid of the blood and dirt that made Curno look like a stuck pig.

Poynton learned pretty quick for a tenderfoot. By the end of the summer he wore Canadian clothes and even forgot his monocle at times. He made friends with Rayson, a crabbed Scot who had left his native heather and bannocks and oatmeal porridge, to say nothing of the mountain dew, when he was in short petticoats, but no Sandy or Donald that ever lived all their days in the "hielands" was so Scotch as this old hayseed. Nothing that wasn't Scotch was any good; Irish was bad; English was, if possible, worse.

One thing about Poynton: he never butted into anybody else's business, and after that fight with Big Dick nobody cared to josh him very much, either. Always civil to everybody, even the Siwash, he kept pretty much to himself, but read the papers a lot and kept posted on the news, specially that from the old country.

One day he came riding up to Frank's hell for leather. He had been down to The Ferry for the mail. He tied up his horse and when he came in the cabin his eyes snapped with excitement.

"Any news?" asked Frank.

"Hell let loose in Europe!" answered Poynton. "Austria and Germany have declared war on Russia and France. England will be in it next."

They ate supper and after Poynton had filled his pipe he said:

"Will it inconvenience you, Mr. Sayre, if I leave you to-night?"

"What do you want to leave for?" demanded Frank.

"I am going home," he replied, simply.

"Account of the war?"

"Yes. England cannot keep out of it."

"Well, what can you do?"

"Fight! Men will be wanted at once. Do you mind my going?"

"Mind? Pack your grip. Here's your pay."

Half an hour later the two men shook hands.

"Good-bye, Sayre," said Poynton. "And thanks awfully." And he screwed the monocle into its place awkwardly.

"Good-bye, Poynton. Good luck and—God bless you!"

"Thanks, old man," said the Englishman, soberly. The next instant the clatter of hoofs rang out and

soon died away in the distance.

A few weeks later Rayson, Wright, Snell and one or two others from The Ferry enlisted with the First Contingent of the Canadian Expeditionary Force. Then came the training camp at Valcartier, followed by the voyage across the ocean. There came a day when Rayson, Snell and Wright found themselves in the trenches.

"It's a damned dirty business," Rayson defined it. He didn't shirk anything, but he took good care of himself; never lifted his head if there was a chance to hold it down out of sight. He took cover whenever any was available, and even when his company was relieved and they were sent back from the firing line, he hugged mother earth when he moved from point to point and took cover in the reserve trenches.

"This is about as pleasant as hell!" remarked Snell, as a shell dropped a few feet away covering him with earth in addition to sending him flying as though he were a straw. "I guess my leg's broke."

"Look there at that mutt!" cried Rayson, pointing to a farm house less than a hundred yards distant. "There, look at that chap in the doorway!"

NONCHALANTLY smoking a cigarette, standing with his hands in his pockets and his legs spread far apart, in the doorway of the house, used as a depot for supplies, stood the figure of a man, an officer. A shell struck the building sending brisk showers of brick and mortar flying. Unmoved, the officer stood gazing over the trenches to where the German army lay. He fastidiously brushed off with his hands the dust that had covered his coat sleeve, strolled out from the doorway and turned to face the house, inspecting the damage done. A second shell knocked the chimney flying. The officer lighted another cigarette and resumed his post in the doorway. Shell after shell whistled by, some finding the building, and chipping off blocks of brick, others bursting overhead, others exploding all around. The Englishman never budged except to remove his cigarette from his lips, or—

"Well, I'm damned!" cried Rayson, "if the crazy fool isn't polishing his eyeglass!"

Communing with himself he said: "If that damned fool has the grit to stand up in the face of all these flying shells, I ought to be ashamed of my crouching and skulking along. By God, I'll stand up, too!" And he did. At the same moment the officer left his post in the doorway of the house and, cane-swishing, approached the stretcher bearers who were preparing to remove Snell to the hospital.

Rayson looked at him with staring eyes and mouth agape.

"Great Scott!" cried Wright. "If it isn't Poynton!"

"And look at his markin's," cried Rayson. "He's a blooming captain. Why, that's a V. C. he's wearing!"

"Badly hurt?" enquired Poynton.

"Oh, not so bad, but I sure do wish I could have some of Frank's flapjacks!"

"Snell?" cried Poynton. Then, seeing Rayson, "this looks like a—ah, yes, like a round-up! Any more Ferry boys here?"

"Here's Tom Wright and there's several more over in the next trench, but not cowpunchers," smiled Rayson.

"When you are off duty, any of you, I shall be glad to see you any time my own duty will permit," he said. Soon after that he moved on.

SOME days later the Ferry boys, except Snell, were back at the front line trenches. Rayson, Wright and three others were sent out to do a little bomb throwing, but it did not prove a successful expedition. Wright got a bullet in the right shoulder, three others were killed, and Rayson found himself within twenty yards of the enemy trenches alone. He lay down flat on the ground, bullets hailing around him. One struck him in the thigh. He squirmed about and tried to crawl back to shelter. A second bullet lodged in his foot, while a third passed through the fleshy part of his arm. How he got back to the trenches he did not know, but he managed it somehow, and promptly fainted as soon as he found himself among his friends. He and Wright were shipped