By Harold Begbie

What will you lack, sonny, what will you lack

But what will you lack when your mate goes by

Where will you look, sonny, where will you look

But where will you look when they give the glance

Will you say it was naught to you if France

That tells you they know you funked?

How will you fare, sonny, how will you fare

When you sit by the fire in an old man's chair

And your neighbors talk of the fight? Will you slink away, as it were from a blow,

When the girls line up the street, Shouting their love to the lads come back

Will you send a strangled cheer to the sky

And grin till your cheeks are red?

With a girl who cuts you dead?

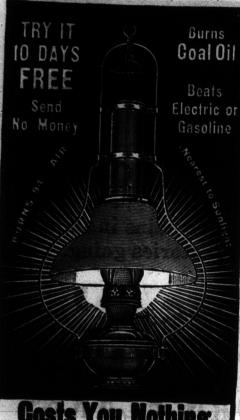
Clamour to learn of the part you took In the War that kept men free?

When your children yet to be

Stood up to her foe or bunked?

In the far-off winter night,

From the foe they rushed to beat?



this wonderful new Aladdin coal oil a lamp 10 days right in your own home. on't need to send us a cent in advance, you are not perfectly satisfied, you may it at our expense.

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"Oh how careless of me. Are you hurt, Miss Dorothy?" anxiously questioned Eric as he quickly bent over the white-faced girl.

She could not answer but she smiled bravely back at him. For a few min-utes she lay very still. Then she tried to move. She couldn't. Helplessly she

looked at her companion.

"It's my ankle," she gasped. He knelt beside her, mute. He wanted to put his arms around her and carry her back to the car.

Presently he held out his hand to help her as she struggled to a sitting position.

"Does it pain a great deal?" Le asked

She nodded, "It will be all right if I sit quietly for a bit. We can see the lake from here just splendidly."

He knew the smile she gave him was a blind to hide the pain she felt, and as she resolutely tried to be enthusiastic over a little yacht that ploughed across the l ke, he told himself she was the

She held out her hand and he helped her rise. Cautiously she stepped on her injured foot. With a little cry she shook her head and looked hopelessly up at

"I'm afraid there is but one way to get you to the car," he smiled hesitatingly. He put one arm around her. A faint red tinged her face.

"I'm sorry I can't walk," she smiled in assent, "but accidents will happen, I suppose."

With a little gasp he gathered the girl in his strong arms. His heart throbbed wildly, painfully. Through his brain rushed the words she had sung an hour

> "To have, to hold, to love you Forever and a day-

Oh heaven, why couldn't he? Almost unconsciously he bent his head and looked longingly into her eyes. It was the psychological moment; each read the other's thought. Instantly two hearts pluckiest woman he had ever met. throbbed together, two pairs of arms clear grit, every inch of her," he thought admiringly. pairs of lips met.



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### Why do they call, sonny, why do they call For men who are brave and strong?

Your old head shamed and bent?

Or say-I was not with the first to go, But I went, thank God, I went?

Is it naught to you if your country fall, And Right is smashed by Wrong? Is it football still and the picture show,

The pub and the betting odds, When your brothers stand to the tyrant's blow And England's call is God's?

He threw himself down in the grass and pretended to watch the gulls dipping and skipping along the water.

Dorothy played with a blade of grass. She felt sick and dizzy and she wished he would put his arm about her. She flushed as that thought came to her.
"Oh dear, I hate him. He has suspected
and scorns me. Well, I don't care. Why
on earth did I ever leave home and Wallie and meet this horrid man? wish I were back at the hotel. How'll I get there? Oh dear."

She dropped her head in her hands and pressed her fingers over her eyes to keep back the tears.

"Does it hurt?" he asked solicitously. She nodded miserably.

"Worse?" Another nod.

Inwardly, he damned things. "Darn it, I wish I didn't care so much," he sighed.

It was getting late, too. He noticed it with uneasiness. Muskoka roads are not the best in the world for a touring car in daylight. At night they are simply out of the question.

He jumped to his feet. "We had better go, Miss Dorothy. The sun is going down and the roads are pretty bad. Do you think you can walk to the car?" he asked anxiously.

Quite overcome, Dorothy closed her eyes. She wanted to laugh and cry both at the same time. But she only prayed. She didn't hate him at all. She never had hated him.

Then he started. She knew he was picking his way to avoid the rough places. How strong, how masterful, how gentle he was. And-best of all, he loved her. At the top of the hill he sat down upon a rock.

"Dorothy," he cried.

Her eyes flew open. "Look at me," he said softly. She looked at him in silence for half a minute.

"Really," he questioned.
"Really," she affirmed soberly.
He held her close. A little later he sat her in the car.

"Tell me," he demanded, "who is Walter?" "Walter? Why he's my dear little crippled brother," she answered with a

comprehensive laugh. Chug, chug, went the machine. She did not hear his answer.

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