

tally wounded. The bullet had lodged in one of his lungs and nothing could be done by the Surgeons who wrought unceasingly, caring for the long stream of wounded that now poured back to the dressing station. "Back to the base" was the verdict and again Jock was lifted up and carried back to where the ambulances waited for their human freight.

So it happened that when Jock McGregor opened his eyes, that were soon to close for ever in death, it was to gaze into the face of one he had known years before in Scotland, one he had cruelly deserted, now standing by his bedside clad in the garb of a nurse. "Jean," he gasped, "Ye here lass?" "Aye, Jock, I'm here, I waited for ye long, but lad I've been true tae ye, I kenned ye'd come back to me Jock, I hae the ring ye gae me yon nicht afore ye left." With a mighty effort the wounded man raised himself up in bed only to sink backward again. He tried to speak but his tongue would not respond, at last it came, "Jean, Jean lass," he said, "Ye say ye've been true tae me, me worthless Jock McGregor, me wha sae cruelly forgot ye oot there in Canada, true tae me." "Hush, Jock," she whispered, "Ye manna excite yersel, I'm here richt wi' ye, an I'm gaun tae nurse yo back tae yer auld sel', back tae health and tae me." She laughed hysterically as she rearranged the blankets, and placed her gentle hand on his fevered brow. But Jock was not to be silenced, again he tried to speak. "I'm nae worthy lass, I'm nae worthy," he cried, "I'm nae worthy o' yer great love, forget me, leave me tae dee, for I'm worthless, I dinna deserve it." "Jock yer nae tae dee," she cried, "I hae waited for ye, an ye're no tae leave me noo."

But the grim hand of the reaper was near, the internal loss of blood, the surprise at seeing the girl he had deserted here by his side had proved too much for Jock, an ashy pallor overspread his face, while beads of cold sweat poured from his brow, nervously he clutched at his

throat, as if to tear it, gasping for breath, he muttered "Jean, Jean my ain, kiss me lass, kiss me tho' I'm nae worth o't."

She stooped and kissed him, but as their lips met, his poor torn body gave a convulsive shudder, and worthless Jock McGregor lay still in death.

Faithful Jean had found her false lover, but to lose him again, he had gone, slipped from her arms down the long dark trail from which none return. Worthless Jock McGregor had made the supreme sacrifice.

Pte. Herb Lloyd of A. Sec. 15th Fld. Amb. wishes to contribute the following recipe regarding Hersute facial ornaments. The Ambulance, already have several beautiful moustaches on parade, but for the benefit of the amateur we reprint the following:

PT. PAUL'S MOUSTACHE

Upon retiring place a glass of water on a small table close to the bed and sprinkle a teaspoonful of salt on the upper lip. The moustache parched with thirst, will reach out to the water—and now is the psychological moment; Seize the moustache firmly and before it has time to recede, knot it in six small knots and fasten it with baby-blue ribbon. Leave it like this for 20 minutes and undo knots and behold—a moustache!!

"Each night before retiring soak both feet in a bucket of boiling water, thus stimulating the circulation. At the same time make a noise like a rabbit calling to its mate. On hearing this the "hairs" will naturally creep out from their shelter. Then before they have time to escape it should be an easy matter to pin each individual hair firmly to the upper lip.



Who was the Bugler that sounded "First Post" when the guard presented arms to the Brigadier?