

A SURGEON IN ARMS

not see each other in the blackness, but with that spirit of camaraderie so common out there two of the men sitting next each other begin to chat. After exchanging the numbers of their battalions, which happen to be both Canadian and in the same brigade, one says,—

"But you're not a Johnny Canuck; you talk like a Englishman."

"That may be; I was born in England. But I am a Canadian. I've been out there for seventeen years,"¹ the other returned a little proudly.

"Hindeed! I was in Canada only three years. W'ere'd you come from in old England?"

"Faversham, Kent."

"Faversham! Well, I'm blowed! That's my 'ome! What the 'ell's yer name?"

"Reggie Roberts."

"W'y, blime me, I'm your brother Bill!" Affectionate greeting followed, then explanations: The elder brother had gone out to Alberta seventeen years before while the younger was still at school. Correspondence had stopped, as it so often does with men.