

"Amen," said Larry solemnly, taking her hand in his.

Never was such a wedding in Winnipeg! Nothing was lacking to make it perfectly, gloriously, triumphantly complete. There was a wedding dress, and a bridal veil with orange blossoms. There were wedding gifts, for somehow, no one ever knew how, the morning *Times* had got the news. There was a church crowded with friends to wish them well, and the regimental band with a guard of honour, under whose arched swords the bride and groom went forth. Never had the Reverend Andrew McPherson been so happy in his marriage service. Never was such a wedding breakfast with toasts and telegrams from absent friends, from Chicago, and from the Lakeside Farm in response to Larry's announcements by wire. Two of these excited wild enthusiasm. One read, "Happy days. Nora and I following your good example. See you later in France. Signed, Dean." The other, from the Minister of Militia at Ottawa to Lieutenant-Colonel Waring-Gaunt. "Your suggestion approved. Captain Gwynne gazetted to-morrow as Major. Signed, Sam Hughes."

"Ladies and Gentlemen," cried the Colonel, beaming upon the company, "allow me to propose long life and many happy days for the Major and the Major's wife." And as they drank with tumultuous acclaim, Larry turned and, looking upon the radiant face at his side, whispered,

"Jane, did you hear what he said?"

"Yes," whispered Jane. "He said 'the Major.'"

"That's nothing," said Larry, "but he said 'the Major's wife!'"

And so together they went to the war.

THE END