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months. And the same, I fancy, is true of every little unit, and of the whole Canadian Corps. The price of victory was high, indeed!

On one of those days of fiercest fighting Basil was badly wounded. For hours he lay out in the open, unable to move, expecting each minute that another machine-gun bullet would come his way and complete the work of the one that had laid him low. A sergeant crawling to his help was killed. Rescue was impossible until nightfall. Then he was brought in, more dead than alive; and, by sheer force of will-power, I believe, he finally recovered. "You have no business to be alive, you know", said his physician. "By all the rules you ought to have died."

But instead of the sturdy boy who had merited the name of "Buster", there came back to Canada a pale and badly-shaken and much older-grown man. A few months, however, and he began to be himself again; even his gaiety returned, mingled, as I imagine it always will be henceforth, with a gravity born of tragic experiences and fateful days.

Of the next boy, Morton, I dare not say much. When he won a Military Medal and the inevitable press-item appeared, Morton served notice upon two or three of us who, he sus-