

WORTHLESS JOCK MCGREGOR

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When the drum-beat that encircled the world, called the Sons of the Empire back to defend their home against the treachery of a desperate foe, a foe who had torn in shreds all the sacred rights of humanity. When that drum-beat was heard in the far west and the Sons of Canada responded, with them came Jock McGregor.

Jock, the adventurer, who had left Scotland to follow the long trail, the irresistible call of the mighty west, heard that his homeland was in danger and as he listened to the tales of treachery, his whole being rose in revolt, and he enlisted, one among the many who left their adopted land to pour vengeance on the head of the Hun.

After many months of severe training, Jock with his Battalion set sail for England, where again they were put through a series of hard tests. Then that eventful day came, that day when they were found fit to join the great army of freedom, battling against mighty odds in the trenches of Flanders.

What hopes and expectations thrilled their hearts as they stood on the parade ground listening to the words of advice given them by their O. C. before marching to the train that was to carry them to their troopship, then France.

La Belle France, that magic name, the land of battle for which all soldiers eagerly strive, and learn, so that when their day comes, they may not be found wanting. Jock McGregor felt the blood of the clansmen surging through his veins, so eager had he been for the fray that the days of drill and waiting seemed endless.

In France, Jock with his battalion was sent to the base, there to await the command from headquarters telling them to move up the line. Soon it came and to the skirl of the bagpipes they marched away, throwing a kiss here and there or exchanging a bit of careless

banter with the French lassies, who trooped along the wayside to see the Tommies march past. Near the front all precautions were taken to ensure the safety of the men. The skirl of the bagpipes no longer encouraged them forward, in silence they marched, once in a while some wit would attempt to crack a joke and a feeble laugh would be the only response from his comrades.

Once in the trenches the usual routine of taking cover was gone through and the men settled down to their vigil. Everything was so different from what Jock had imagined. He had thought that war consisted of a sudden dash, a rush across the open, a struggle, then victory. But this cold weary wait, watching for something that struck down a comrade, who a moment before had been living flesh and blood at your very side, unnerved a man.

At last the day came, it had been preceded by hours of ceaseless activity on the part of the artillery. The flash and roar of bursting shells had seemed to Jock like the noise of an inferno. It had been terrific, tremendous and awesome. Suddenly it had ceased, and the crouching men in the trench were up and at 'em. Across the open they charged, slashing and lunging at the grey mass, that were like a wave before them.

When the order had come to charge Jock McGregor had responded. With a rush he had scaled the parapet, but just as he gained the top, he felt it, it stung him sharp and quick. He felt the warm blood gush, the earth seemed to spin around him, then darkness, black and impenetrable settled over him and he toppled backward with arms outstretched as if imploring aid from a God who had turned his back on mankind.

Eager and willing hands however reached forth, hands that provided succor and aid, and staunch the stream that flowed from Jock's wound. Carefully the bearers carried him back to the dressing station. But, alas! the bullet had found its billet, poor Jock was mor-