

many occasions, joyous and sorrowful, but never flowers like these!

Jack was anxious to get back to the University, and settled down to his work, gallantly fighting back the restlessness which engulfed some of the other boys. He was soon established in the activities of his class. We had many happy gatherings of the students during this period and we still laugh over their clever impersonations and debates and "Gateway" editorials. They were a gay and happy company. Jim Nicol, Bobby Cameron, Marjorie Bradford, Helen Kerby, Victor Horner, Clyde Smith, Helen Armstrong, George Ferguson

Jack never spoke of his war experiences. He gave me his war diaries and told me he never wanted to see them again. The other boys could tell us incidents of their experiences in the trenches and happenings on their brief leaves, but Jack, the best story-teller of them all, had nothing to say. He sat silent, with a strange tension in his young face.

He had times of depression, too, when he was sharp and irritable with Paul and Horace. Their exuberance and lack of discipline irritated him. He thought I was too easy with them. Behind his back they called him the "Iron Duke," but they were ever ready to please him if they could, and never wavered in their devotion to him and their admiration. With the little fellow and with Florence he was always the adored Big Brother.

We had a big grey cat called the "Jeopard" (so called because, when a kitten, he was found in a place of jeopardy on the street car tracks), and he attached himself to Jack at once, slept on the foot of his bed, and followed him around like a dog.

One day, when Jack had come with me to a Board of Trade luncheon, the speaker, a typical solid business man, full of bubbling optimism, greeted Jack with a resounding slap on the back and asked: