

stayed with the Regiment which had adopted him, and being taken on the strength of that Unit, the 14th Royal Montreal Regiment, he carried his pack and rifle with the others. Then the time came to go to France and it was planned to leave Antony behind.

But this lad did not sneak across the Atlantic and become a soldier to stay in England when the testing time came. On the day of departure Antony was missing. A thorough search failed to locate him, so the boys left England without saying « Goodbye » to their Regimental Pet. But a surprise awaited them when they fell in for roll-call on arriving at . . . , somewhere in France. For there on the parade ground with his Battalion was young Antony Ginley, now almost 15 years old.

So eager was he to remain with the Battalion that the O. C. finally allowed him to go up the line with them. And so this boy stood the test all through the second battle of Ypres, and came out of it unscathed. Then the 14th Battalion was ordered into action at Festubert.

The Company to which he belonged was ordered to make an attack on the enemy's line. They advanced in face of terrible rifle and machine gun fire across a stretch of shell-torn country. It was a dark stormy night, and after a time they found that they had lost their bearings and were in a trench with Germans on either flank. The position was desperate and it became necessary for the Company Commander to send a message back to the O. C. to let him know of their precarious position. So he called for a volunteer to carry a message back to the Battalion Headquarters. Then it was that little 15 year-old Antony came forward and offered to go back with the message. Major Warburton, his Company Commander, was unwilling to let him go, but the lad insisted and soon he was on his way.

« Did you realise what a brave thing you were doing ? » asked the writer, in conversation with Antony.

« Not a bit of it » he replied » I figured that it would be safer to go back than to stay where I was and as I am pretty small, I thought I had a good chance of getting through ».

So off he went over that mile of bullet swept territory and made good, reaching the Battalion Headquarters almost completely exhausted. He handed over his message and began to pat himself on the back and to think that he was safely out of the fight. But the O. C. considered that it was necessary that an answer be taken back to that little band of heroes