

and it took only eight hundred and fifty per gun! To his way of thinking, the two should have been over-subscribed long ago.

Presently he laid the paper down and went out onto the street. Busy in thought, he turned off the busy thoroughfare upon which his hotel faced, passed on toward the residential section. The now familiar, many roaring sounds of the traffic grew fainter as he passed along neatly boulevard walks and the quieter streets unmarred by street car tracks.

Soon, with the dying of the traffic's roar, he became conscious of new sounds around him—women with babes in arms and in carriages went by chatting gravely; tots varying from two to five, played on lawns and in front of many doors, the air filled with their gambols, the noisy cheerfulness of youth. Young boys and girls in the spring time of life, caught his eye as they hurried along, with firm, unweary tread of those within whom the ferment of life is still fresh and vigorous, untouched as yet by rot of coming age.

Yes; it was here—all around him was life; some new budding, some partly matured, it was passing in review before him. Came the memory of recently read heading: "CANADIAN CASUALTIES OVER TEN THOUSAND."

What a funny old merry-go-round life was! Hundreds, thousands, yes millions of men were dying; and yet, ever moving on was life, implacable life, irresistible life, knowing no restraint! And that these young lives might go in, might mature, to live in happiness and freedom, other men were dying over there across the water. Well, that, too, was life—men died that men might live.

Suddenly Morris stopped. He had gone far out, almost to the outskirts of the town. From ahead, beyond the suburbs and coming toward the city, sounded music. "Oh!" he heard a stout, motherly woman cry from her doorstep, "the soldiers are coming."

The music drew nearer. Around a bend of the street Morris saw the first of the platoon come into view. Then more and more, a long, slowly marching line of brown-suited men. The tramp of their feet filled the air with muffled, beating sound; strangely solemn, almost sad, it seemed to the trapper, reminding him oddly of his once watching the passing of a mighty caribou herd upon the Barren Lands far to the north.

Almost opposite him, he heard the commanding officer give the order to fall out. The straight, stiffly-moving line became a formless medley of figures, some sitting, some standing at ease. Presently, from all sides, Morris saw the women of a hundred households coming forward. They carried tin buckets, pitchers, glasses, cups, pots, pans—every kind of utensil that would hold cooling drink. They had been

watching for the soldiers' return, knowing the half-trained recruits would be hot and thirsty after an arduous ten-mile march under a broiling July sun. The soldiers marched homeward this way every day, always stopping at this corner for a moment's rest before continuing their walk to their quarters. Coming



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to know it, the women had made preparation—now served an endless assortment of beverages, varied cooling concoctions prepared with loving thoughtfulness and care.

Morris watched it all in wondering interest. These sweating, dusty men were preparing to do their bit. And these women, in their humble way, were, too, doing theirs. Yes, it was a national thing! Everyone was doing something! Again came over him a

strange feeling of alienism.

Suddenly he caught his breath sharply. "No! No! God, he couldn't do that." The lonely cabin loomed up, gaunt and bare, amid close standing spruce, forbidding, ever dark and gloomy with hanging shade. Again the man saw the swinging door, heard the creaking of the leathern hinges, and the mournful sound against the dead stillness of the wilderness.

Yet that new-come thought persisted. Cold sweat stood out upon his brow furrowed in expression almost of pain. A long while he stood while the fight went on within. At last, after perhaps three long minutes, his face cleared; he drove his clenched right hand vigorously into the open palm of his left, as if thereby clinching some bargain with himself.

Then he went hastily up the street toward his hotel in the heart of the city.

An hour later Jack Laurison, financial editor in charge of the Daily Journal's machine-gun fund, looked up inquiringly to the tan-facced man who moved into the room with strangely titubating gait. Reaching the edge of the editor's desk, the stranger halted, fumbled a moment in his inside pocket, bringing forth an oblong bit of yellow paper. Gravely, in silence, he handed it over.

Laurison accepted it carelessly, then, as he read, became all attention. "What's this for?" he asked, wonderingly, turning a keen, searching look upon the face of the man before him.

"That? Why, that's a check for twenty-five hundred and fifty dollars, to buy three machine-guns"—then, more slowly, almost naively, "it's for the cause—everyone must do their bit, this is mine."

Abruptly Morris turned away. As he did so came now the regretful memory of having left the shack door open. Well, after all, it did not matter; there was no one within a hundred miles to steal what little he had left. Besides, his nine hundred balance would grubstake him for another year.

Got His Answer

THE smart travelling man stood at a corner in the little country village at dusk. He was looking for amusement, and the first object that attracted his attention was an overgrown boy, perhaps fifteen years of age, riding a horse that might have come out of the ark.

"Hello, sonny!" shouted the salesman. "How long has that horse been dead?"

Quick as a flash the boy replied, "Three days, but you're the first bloke that has noticed it."

The travelling man moved on to the hotel.

AN ALPINE AMBULANCE EXTRAORDINARY



Nowhere else in any of the countries now at war could be found an ambulance so peculiar as this donkey-drawn, low wheeled vehicle, used by the Italian Red Cross to get the wounded down from the mountain tops to the hospital. As some of the Italian battlefields are two miles above sea level, this donkey and his driver have some responsibility.