

morrow on an innocent little scheme of mine or will you not?"

"What's the lay-out?" he asks. 'Last time you took one of these mystery fits ye trotted me all over Barriefield after a red-headed girl you were afraid to speak to.'

"Is it doubting me you are, you potato-lipped Irishman?" I answered scornfully. 'Does the District Officer Commanding inform you of the nature of the inspection? No! As sure as you prepare for a review he will order a field day, and if you pray for manoeuvres he will order parade. Will you come or will you not?'

"I'll come," he says finally, 'for anything that will make you talk sensible for ten minutes must have some special attraction.'

"So when we came off duty we hustled over to the dry canteen and dug up the book and studied it up.

"For the first time in six months, I guess, we missed the moving picture shows, and when the battery boys tried to sing the chorus of 'Meet me in Rosetime, Rosy,' they fell flat without me and Mickey's tenor voices to guide them.

"Well, sirs, next afternoon we was down at the bridge, the whole three of us (we had took on Hank Moore because he could talk Cockney, which was my idea), and I'll be hanged if we didn't think we'd been hoaxed. At last he came, rounding the bend in a little livery skiff, and, faith, when we crowded in we had to hold some of the refreshments in our arms to make room.

"Where to?" says Mickey, as he rolled up his sleeves. 'Whisky Island,' says the boy, 'there's a fine nook there.' 'Faith, and I know that one,' says Mickey, and he landed us in a shady little spot near the old tower there.

"Say, when we carried up the stuff it near broke our hearts by making us think of Christmas festivities. Everything a man could want except a corkscrew. We showed him

how to open a bottle without breaking the neck or pulling the cork, though, and, man alive, but he was tickled.

"*Carpe diem*,' he says. We never could find the regiment that motto belong to; maybe you chaps would know, heh?

"Well, anyway, '*Carpe diem*,' he says, 'we might as well enjoy the day before *tempus* has *fugited*. So we fell to.

"Presently he notes the bits of ribbon we had sewed on our pockets. 'What's those,' he says, 'I don't recollect them.'

"Oh,' I said, careless, 'strike dooty, Hamilton, ask Mickey. He's got the silver tongue.'

"But Mickey didn't seem to hear him. He says to 'Flannels' (for such we called him for his clothes), 'was you ever crossed in love?' and the boy says 'No.' 'Then,' says Mickey, 'you've never been in love,' and the boy allowed as he hadn't.

"Well, sorr,' said Mickey, 'there was a gurrll up in Hamilton as nigh broke my heart in that strike affair, an' 'twas no fault of mine. To think that by now I might be rockin' a couple of kids to sleep instead of combin' the dust out of a battery hoss.

"She was a peach, sorr, an' I wish you could have seen her. She had red hair, with more or less freckles, but her eyes was as soft an' blue like the water out yonder. She was sellin' books in a de-part-a-mental store when I met her, an' she says to me, "You soldiers must be lonely without your old friends." I took to her at once, an' the next Sunday walks to church with her and had half the detachment jealous.

"We was there a couple of weeks, an' things grew worse, but I didn't care, for as soon as I come off dooty I would round to Kathleen's. Her pa was one of the big guys among the strikers and wore a cork leg. He used to hop up on a box at the corner and preach to the