

long enough. Something has marked you, Kitchell. Something will reach out and you will never dodge its fingers. Kitchell, you have come to the end of your rope!"

"You—" he said, and then he stopped.

"It ain't me," I said.

"What do you mean?" he whispered. "You've lived alone too much, Pindar. You're seeing things! Confound you! What did you see?"

I never answered him, nowise. I got up and threw a mattress in the corner by the old music cabinet that used to belong to my wife. He looked at me for a long time and then he got up and walked over to it and stretched out. There wasn't any sound but the wind and the ticking of my clock.

Toward morning the weather broke again and the night that came in through the cracks was pink. I got up out of my chair and I looked at the wall where I'd seen the words and wondered if I'd dreamed 'em.

After I'd gone outside and looked at the sun coming up and the water in the channel all filled and coloured with the white mud brought up from the bottom by the dry norther, I took up my glass and sighted it

out toward Rib Rock Bar and I saw the launch was gone. I searched the passes between the Keys for her, but she wasn't there. And I was standing looking when I began to feel as if somebody was watching me from behind.

I turned around and I couldn't see anybody. It was so calm I could have heard a step on the coral gravel a hundred yards away. And nobody was there. And then all of a sudden I saw who was watching me. It was Gus!

HE had shed his skin again and he'd crawled out into his hollow in the sand just this side of that thicket. Only about half of his eight feet was coiled, but his big flat head was up in the air as if he was smelling or listening. It waved to and fro, easy and soft, and the muscles in his body were rolling under the skin, looking as if they were traveling down in slow waves from his neck to his tail. He opened his jaws and just dropped those two long white fangs enough to show 'em. And he seemed to be watching me.

"Gus," I said, "where's Bess?"

He pulled himself out into the sunlight, then, and flattened out his sides and laid his chin on the cocoa-nut husks.

"You want some condensed milk?" I said. "Wait till I've got some breakfast. Lie still there."

So I went back and put the coffee on, and Kitchell got up off the mattress and stretched himself.

"Has Lenora got up yet?" he asked, yawning and pulling his clothes into shape. I didn't answer and he went out. I wished later I'd stopped him. . . .

I'm telling it just as it happened. Let's see. I was turning some cakes in the frying pan when I heard a voice behind me and I turned and looked and saw the girl standing in the door. She seemed like one of those little birds that come there and hop around for crumbs—a timid, pretty little thing. And her eyes were so much eyes! They were so soft and black and round and trusting.

"I—senor—I am Lenora Gonzalez," she said, so soft you could hardly hear her. "I may help you wize the cafe? I ask, where ees Senor Kitchell?"

I shan't forget her, I tell you—a little thing with (Concluded on page 22.)

HOW A CANADIAN HIGHLANDER Dodged the German Watch on the Rhine

A STORY OF FACTS

By HARRY J. WALKER

THAT night he did not sleep. There were many nights that he did not sleep—nights when his fevered mind fashioned strange mirages; nights when he looked in vain for the Goddess of Sleep to come softly through the little windows. Then, gently to close his eyes and lead him out to rest—away from the human bedlam and the babel of Russian, French and Algerian tongues.

Then, always at this time, would come the Jew doctor, harsh and guttural, or the medical student, fidgety and hurried, to jab him with a morphine needle. The process was repeated night after night until even the morphine refused to work, and he would stare and stare at the faded wall-paper pattern, near his head, and babble to the Sleep Fairy to take it away.

For three and one-half months he had lain on one side in this German hospital (such flattery) trying to restore a shattered hip and shoulder.

But that night, Friday, August the 20th, 1915, Pte. J. F. Barlow, of the 13th Battalion, Canadian Highlanders, could not sleep for another reason.

It was his last night in a German prison lager—perhaps? Would it be, though? All night long he was wracked with the possibilities of the morrow.

Why did his mind travel along forbidden scenes now?

WHEN he lay wounded for three days and three nights and watched nine of his chums die beside him on that bit of a cabbage field, hearing them asking for water, or telling of sunshine days back home, he remembered he had prayed, even as the dirty clay ground into his hip, that that splitting German machine gun, just behind him, would finish the job.

He recalled how a German had given him water, and he had said to himself that they were not all bad, these Boches. Shortly after, two Germans had come along and picked him up only to throw him to the ground with a coarse laugh. Then, there had swelled in his heart a great bitterness as the pain stabbed him afresh.

A few hours after (or was it days?) he twisted his head and saw a khaki figure trying to get to a standing position against a tree. The pain was in his boyish features as he leaned and shoved up against that tree. Then he saw a German leap at the helpless khaki figure and lunge with a bayonet. He closed his eyes, and when he opened them the Canadian lay limp on the ground.

He saw again, as if at a moving picture show, the swift tragedy of half a regiment caught in a hurricane of shrapnel and machine gun fire. They were English. With strained, eager faces, they were charging as if in a football game. Then Hell had vomited, and the battalion withered, crumpled and lay in windrows. Back of the peaceful Dover cliffs, he knew that 600 little yellow telegrams would bring anguish.

About him again he saw the shapes of many men. The khaki figures, many of them blue from the gas, were sprawled around him in all sorts of rigid postures—horribly grimacing, horribly smiling, dead. He remembered a weird journey through villages

where he had been exhibited for show to the German sailors who had worked the big guns, and who had never seen a Highlander. There they had stripped him and mocked him and jeered him, and finally gave him a dirty suit of pyjamas.

The journey in a box-car was a nightmare. As he lay in a smelly stretcher on a German station platform, the ladies were giving the German wounded kind words, but they spit on him. And he had been too tired to care.

Again his mind strayed into shadow-land. Now, it was a filthy operating room. Yes, he remembered the sights and smells and sounds with a shudder. They had placed him on a red-stained table. Guttural voices died into a murmur as the fumes from the ether cone penetrated his consciousness. His outraged nerves felt the searching probe. He had cried, but there was no more ether for him. Instead, he heard a growl: "What in H— did you leave Canada for?"

Next, there came crowding in, the vision of a long, high hill. It had been his first day out of hospital, and he had found the crutches so awkward to use, but the German guards "roused" him along from behind, up to the detention camp where he would be put to work—if he could work. He remembered that long climb. His limbs had trembled. He had become dizzy and faint. The sun was so hot and he had fallen down. Always the brutal word and the brutal point behind him. Again he had hoped that the clubbed rifle would descend on his sick, weary head, but it didn't. So he summoned a look of defiance from out his tired eyes and continued on.

BUT to-night he hoped. And because he hoped, he could not sleep.

Yes, it was a chance that there would actually come a morning when he would not be forced to hobble out and see that yellow, red and black flag hoisted in the sunny barracks yard, and then to be told that "the Fatherland would win, you Swine Englander."

He might never again partake of the week's treat (?) of herrings that smelled to high heaven. He held his nose always to pick one from the basket. One day in cleaning the rot he had dropped the filth on the ground and was made to hobble to the incinerator, five hundred yards away, with it in his hand. Also, the cheese, that was alive with maggots, he might never eat again.

There would come days when he would not have to salute every German corporal he met. There would come days, please Providence, when his comrades would not have to carry him out under the trees, there to watch those comrades breaking stone or coming in weary from their work with the guards, always the guards "rousing" them to the feed trough. And how cheery they were! Nothing could break their spirit.

Just think, there would come an evening—some-time—when he would not hear the German bands and the German tongue chant the "Die Wacht am Rhein."

There would come nights when he would not hear the gibberish of the crazy Russians in the mad-house across the way.

There would come a time when he would eat good food and sleep in clean sheets on a soft bed and forget. Perhaps? Again the perhaps.

He was badly disabled, but what if he was not badly enough disabled to be eligible for exchange in the eyes of the German medical board? Well, he would know soon.

That was why he did not sleep on that particular night and watched the dawn filter through the barred windows on the stone floor in the barracks at Ordruft.



PTE. BARLOW, now working in Renfrew at one of the war industries, told the writer something of what he had been through while a prisoner of war in Germany. He did not express himself in the above fashion, but in matter-of-fact, clipped words that said a whole lot.

On that ever-to-be-remembered morning, he and a batch of badly wounded British were taken to Aix-La-Chapelle, there to be finally examined for exchange. There were twelve of them rejected, but Barlow was among the lucky ones, as was Sergt. Wells, who is now lecturing in Canada, to be ticketed for England and comfort.

It was hard saying good-bye to the unfortunate ones who were left behind, Pte. Barlow said. It was a silent, moving scene. The tears were in their eyes, but they smiled gamely, although they could scarcely speak. There was a final hand-grip all around with the twelve, who had to go back to misery and who had come that morning buoyed with hope.

Then, the German guards piled them onto a street car and hurried them out of the city to a way-side station where they took the express for the Holland frontier. Passing through Germany, although they did not see much, Barlow was convinced that Germany could not be starved out. He, too, had occasion to observe the wonderful organization