

ex-free. The joy had passed from his life when he had left Montreal. Then the conversation became general and raged over "the inhuman dearth" of plausible red whiskey under the Stars and Stripes.

Presently the breezy Westerner began to speak of his fellow-passengers on the Canadian trip. From Vancouver to Calgary he had associated mostly with two Canadian officers. Here, I thought to myself, is where I need to get a grip on my emotions, so I camouflaged myself behind a morning paper and pretended to read. But the precaution proved unnecessary. He showed an almost pathetic pride in telling his fellow-countrymen that those officers had told him that the Yankees were more like the Canadians than any other soldiers they had met in Europe. They had the same initiative, resourcefulness, and courage. This was received with approval, for all in the little group were willing to concede that there was no question about the war record of the Canadians. To my surprise no mention was made of