



standing which he had at first nursed had drifted away. Neither did he feel any of the self blame with which he had loaded himself in the beginning. Augusta had not done this thing to them. Neither had his foolish doing effected it. Destiny working with its dull tool, chance, was fashioning out their lives. He did not understand. But it seemed that Augusta understood. So, then, he should not go until he heard her voice calling him.

Then there had come the long looked for call of his own country. He had gone gladly back across the ocean and they had at once given him work in the training of student officers. He gave no thought to the commission which might have been his for the asking. He was not looking for the high adventure of war as these boys and men strained toward it. He was heartily sick of war and all that went with it. He had come back to help raise the posse which would put the ramping beast in pound. When that should be done, and he knew that it would be done quickly and properly, his work would be finished. But first he would see Augusta.

He had submitted to his loss of Augusta much as a maimed man submits to the loss of a member. He could undoubtedly live on without Augusta. But it is years before a man, who has, for instance, lost a right arm, can remember that the arm is no longer there. He was forever turning to her mentally, and in every crowded street he saw the sweet girlish figure of Augusta just slipping from sight away from him. He had submitted passively to the decree of fate, or whatever it was that had taken her from him, but the living delight of her presence never left him. It was not memory, nor, in any sense, imagination. It was a fact. In those wonderful months which they had had together, Augusta had not merely lived with him. She had so lived herself into his life that she had become an indefinable, but vital, part of the being that was called Jimmy Wardwell. Without her this Wardwell did not exist.

It was out of this feeling of Augusta's persisting presence with him that there grew up in him a conviction.

Sometimes it seemed mere impudence. Again it seemed entirely reasonable—reasonable and possible only, of course, in connection with Augusta.

He remembered the night when he had lain out alone in a shell hole at Messines. He was wounded in the chest and there was no hope of help coming to him. He could feel the life running out of him, as one after another of the conscious and unconscious grips of life slipped away from him. He was dying, so it was plain. But even as he was coming to that point where he finally surrendered consciousness, he was aware of a force of life within him which was not being dimmed. That part of him which he had come to think of as being of Augusta, that much of him was still living and untouched by death. It was not that he dreamed Augusta was there with him. Nor did his groping senses conjure up for him a vision of her. She was there, in him, a living part of him, which did not and would not die.

From that night he had known that he would not die so long as Augusta lived.

But his thought sometimes went further than this. At the oddest moments, often when hands and body and brain were busiest with the surface of things, more than once when he was actually fighting for his life, there had come to him a flash of something—he did not know whether it was of foreknowledge or of crazy presumption. But it came to him.

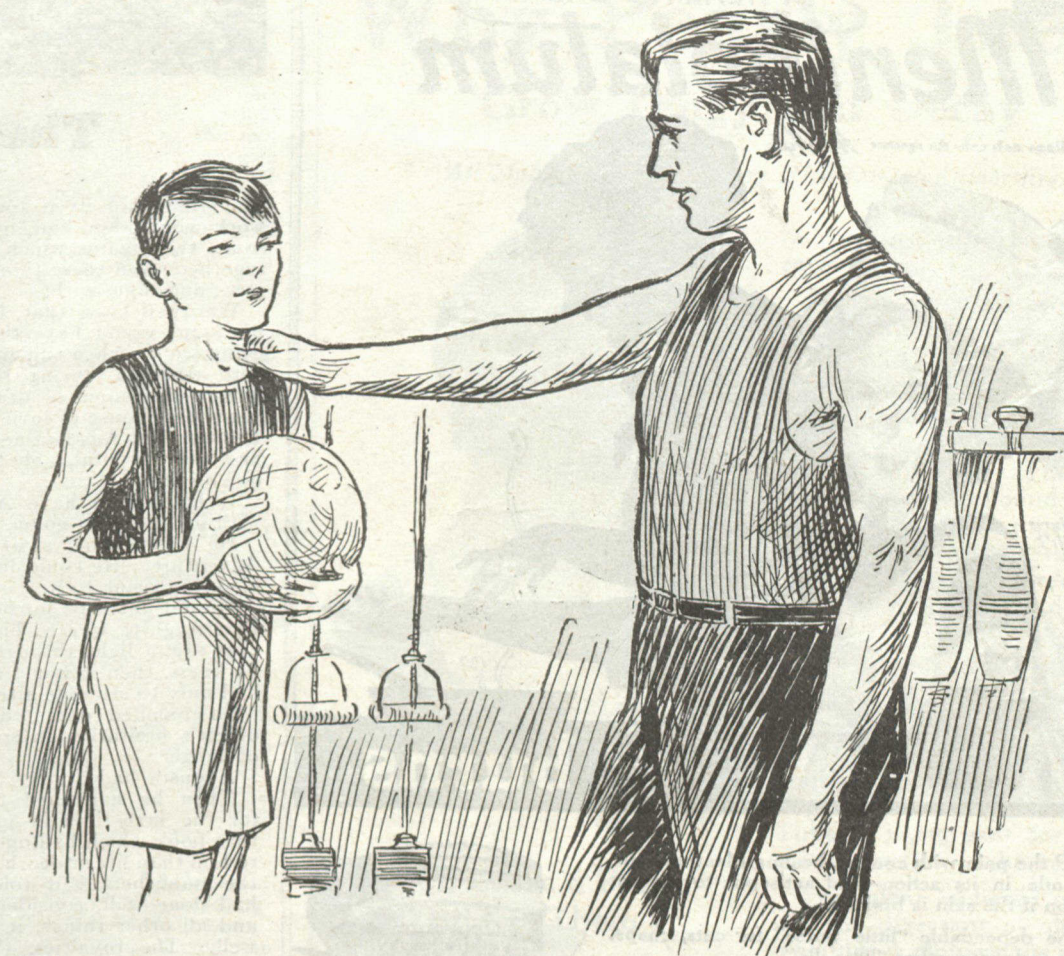
Might it not be that Augusta and he were actually coming to the adventure of death together—to survive it!—to hold to each other beyond it!

If he had believed that the thought was his own, he would have given it no heed. But he was sure that it was not his own. Augusta had given it to him. Of that much he was sure. And in that much he did not reject it.

In the last three weeks Jimmy's feeling that Augusta was living in his life in every moment of the day's work, had been growing so strong that he knew it could not go on. The end must be near. He would soon see Augusta. He began to look for it hourly.

It was peculiar that he now no longer thought of the original cause of his losing Augusta. War and life had ground all that away. He knew that he would find Augusta looking only to the future. They would keep only the memory of those months of dear love

(Continued on page 48)



"You Are Under Weight, My Boy"

"YES, sir."

"Do you know what that means?"

"No, sir."

"It means that your body is not properly nourished. You are not getting the right food, or else not obtaining full benefit of the food you eat! Are you easily tired?"

"Yes, sir."

"How are you getting along at school?"

"Not very well."

"Now, I am going to send a report to your parents, so that they may know your condition, and I want you to do what I tell you, so as to regain your normal weight."

"All right, sir."

"You can never expect to get far in athletics, or school either, so long as your blood is thin for lack of proper nourishment and your nerves starved and exhausted."

"We shall go a little easy on exercise, and I have asked your parents to see that you eat plenty of plain, nourishing food. I have also suggested the use of Dr. Chase's

Nerve Food, so as to enrich the blood and tone up your nervous system."

"Is that a medicine?"

"Yes, I suppose you might call it that, but it is entirely different to most medicines, because it builds up tissue instead of tearing it down. It is what is called a restorative. It sharpens the appetite, improves digestion and helps you to obtain full benefit of the food you eat. We are not much on medicines around here, but Chase's Nerve Food has helped so many under-weight boys whom I know that I never lose an opportunity to recommend it."

"I hope it helps me, for I would like to be able to do 'stunts' like the other fellows, and I don't seem to have the strength now."

"You are ready to do your part then? That is what I want to know."

"Yes, sir, I am."

"We will weigh you every week, and I am sure we shall soon have you all right."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 for \$2.75, all dealers, or Edmansons, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.



The Proper Food for Baby

Unwholesome and unsuitable food causes most of the diseases of infancy.

The bottle fed baby should receive the best substitute for human milk,—cows' milk, properly modified and diluted with barley water made from ROBINSON'S "PATENT" BARLEY.

Robinson's "Patent" Barley

is the best for making barley water.

For older children use ROBINSON'S "PATENT" GROATS which is also excellent for invalids and nursing mothers.

Sold by all druggists and grocers.

Write for our booklet "Advice To Mothers" containing information about feeding and care of children. No mother should be without it. Free on request.

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