

on. I was about to test the hardness of another with my head when a sympathetic soul seized me by the arm and saved me just in time. I asked him to direct me to the wall bordering the walk. He did so; but I had not taken into consideration the fact that there were stores with goods out for display in front of them. I was first made aware of this by hitting a somewhat flimsily-constructed fruit stand. At this moment a motorcycle a few feet away back-fired viciously. It sounded like the explosion of a shell. Vimy and its horrors came back on the instant, and I involuntarily ducked for safety, or, rather, sprawled forward at full length. Down came the fruit stand, and there I lay among apples, oranges, and bananas. Kindly hands helped me to my feet, and set me on my way. My first experience of solitary walking out had been a rough one, and for a time I felt beaten, and had very much the attitude of this boy towards the future. But my experiences would help him. I had conquered in time, and could journey about freely without even the aid of a stick. I would not let him know that