

together, and there they lay for days. The worst wound Rayson had got. The surgeons got the bullet out, began to mend, soon getting well enough up.

Shortly after he had advanced to this stage, Poynton was admitted seriously wounded, and along with him was—guess who? Big Dick Curno, no less!

The story came out, of course; such a story had to come out. Curno had been wounded and Poynton had brought him in under the fire of enemy snipers and machine guns. They were both pretty well mused.

The doctor shook his head over Poynton. Rayson had made himself solid in that quarter, and then the doc, too, was a pretty good sort, for a sawbones, and it was he who told Rayson the story. He shook his head gravely.

"He's all in. The wounds are bad enough, and there is the shock, but he doesn't seem to rally," said the surgeon. Presently a nurse came to Rayson.

"Captain Poynton would like to see you," she said. Rayson and Wright had both navigated over to show themselves to both Snell and Poynton several times, but this was the first time either of them had been sent for like this.

"Rayson," murmured Poynton, and his voice sounded mighty thin and weak. "This is my finish, as they would say on the range. No, don't try to tell me different. I know. You were kind to me, and I have a commission I'd like you to do for me—if you would be so kind."

"Cut that out, Poynton," said Rayson, huskily. "I'll do it. Bank on me."

"I knew you would," and a ghost of a smile lighted up his face. "In my pocket you will find a small portfolio. Open it and take out a letter you will find there. I want you to deliver that to the—address on it, when it is all over with me. Promise!"

"Sure," said Rayson. He frankly looked at the address. "It's to a lady—I guess you want it given right to herself?"

Poynton nodded. "Into her hands only."

"Thought so. All right, old-timer; that's settled. Now, stop worrying and get better."

"I want you to understand why I went to—cow-punching." He smiled a bit wistfully. "I wanted to marry that lady, but we quarrelled—"

"And the misunderstanding was not cleared away," said Rayson, filling in the pause understandingly.

Poynton nodded again.

TWO days later Rayson was in England and safely and comfortably housed in what had once been a palatial summer residence on the Thames, now converted by the owner into a hospital for wounded soldiers.

He knew the address on the envelope containing the letter entrusted to him by Poynton. It bore the superscription, "The Hon. Cicely Mordaunt. Mordaunt Hall, Windsor."

"How far is Windsor from here?" he asked a nurse.

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BITS OF BRITTANY NEXT DOOR

The Islands of Pierre and Miquelon have sent soldiers to France, but under the French Flag

By VICTORIA HAYWARD

Photographs by Edith Watson

IF Canada, after the war, finds herself united in many political and commercial relations with the different "Island Colonies" of the North Atlantic and the Caribbean, she will not by any means find the working out of such plans dull work, nor will she find dullness an element in the different habits and customs of the people that go to make up these separate populations.

Not the least interesting islands that may fall to her in the new apportionment which in all minds appears inevitable and advisable are the Saint Pierre et Miquelon group, off the south coast of Newfoundland, and now belonging to France. These islands have been variously described as "A Brittany in America," "A Bit of Old France Transplanted to the New World," "The Last French Territory in America," etc., by enthusiastic writers on the subject.

To Newfoundlanders the St. Pierre fisherman has, till lately, been a sort of thorn in the flesh, since he was not only a foreign rival of no small magnitude, but one who actually took the bait from their own hook. To protect themselves they had to create "The Bait Act," by which bait could not be sold to St. Pierre nor could the islands "poach."

To Cape Bretonians—especially those living "up along" on the peninsula toward Cape North and on the French shore of the Cheticamp region—St. Pierre has been a good market for cattle, sheep, hogs, chickens, hay, potatoes and "beurre frais"—for these French islands are barren rock mostly, though the islands of Langlade and Miquelon would be quite fertile if properly tilled and planted with the crops suitable to the soil and short season.

But in the town of St. Pierre and its suburbs there is not a spare ounce of soil unless made from "blasted" rock or brought over from France by some vessel as ballast. In return, the Cape Bretonian sailing-masters running down to "The Island" with a cargo have been able to purchase for the return voyage many a French delicacy in the way of Paris products and French wines. So it turns out that in times past St. Pierre was pretty well known along the Gulf Coast out-ports and indeed along the whole eastern shore and south coast as far as the Bay of Fundy, but since the war this has all been changed, the romance and individuality of the trade has vanished with the trade itself.

HALIFAX and Sydney know St. Pierre through the S.S. Pro Patria—the little mail, passenger and freight steamer which does so well in making fairly regular trips over a course beset in times of peace by dangers from gales, fog and ice, and now in these dread times by possible appearance of the under-seas leviathans, whose sole raison d'être is—destruction.

But apart from this, the great majority

Forty-three men from these islands arriving in New York on leave from the French army to visit their island homes. Conscription is in force, as elsewhere in French possessions.

of Canadians, especially those living in our big cities of the middle west, the Rocky Mountain region, and the Pacific Coast, by reason of their remoteness, know very little of these islands to which we are likely to fall heir.

From a diplomatic viewpoint there is no estimating what importance it may be to the Canada of the future to have St. Pierre et Miquelon with her, rather than the property of France, a rival, albeit a very interesting and a friendly one—a rival, in the fish trade here and in European markets, and a constant temptation to the men of our coast towns to do a little smuggling on their own account.

Of course the islands coming under Canadian rule would lose all the charm of their foreign French life, for they are "a Brittany in America"—"A Bit of France Transplanted," and everywhere is heard the musical sounds of the charming native French speech. Stepping into the shops prior to the war a customer could ask for almost anything and be served with it bearing the trademark of the best Paris firms. Especially was this true of toilet articles—parfumerie, soaps, face powders, handker-



Brittany Sailors of St. Pierre.