

apply for exemption from military service. I went right over to the Commissaries from the car to get an early place in the line but we had to wait about an hour before the doctors began examining. When they did start they told us to be ready for them so as not to keep them waiting and accordingly we all stripped to a most distressing state of complete nakedness and lined up ready to go through the test. There were about twenty five of us when they started and more kept coming. Some of the boys were cold and put their coats on while they waited, when it came to me I first got on a set of scales and one doctor weighed and measured me in different ways & also tested my eyes, another fellow listened at my heart and lungs and asked me if I had ever had any trouble with my feet or legs so I told him about my knee. He pinched it and said it was a leg spavin and I had better believe it, he then sent me over to a third doctor and he said the same thing, that I had better fire it. I said I didn't think much of firing spavins but he told me he had a little mare once which sprang a couple of facks and he took them off where upon another doctor began inquiring of him

as to the whereabouts of some "little sorrel". Eventually he let me go saying I would have to be put in Class B, as my knee couldn't be depended on. I said I hated to be put down so low and he said he could put me in C which is for service in Canada but that E was where I should be so I said that if any trouble arose in Canada I would go anyway and so he said "that's the way to talk". It makes me feel rather down in the mouth to think I am physically unfit but I suppose I ought to be as they said I was in good shape every other way. I believe I have been half hoping all along that there might be a chance of me becoming a soldier if it but now I know that there is nothing left but "the cool request" of a "order of life" for me and of course in a way it is a satisfaction to know just where I am and what I have to plan for. I was just too late when I got to the L. E. & N. station to catch the four o'clock car so I prowled around town till six and came down with Dr. Cate who had come so far as Brantford from Toronto in his Ford but had got so cold & wet that he left the car in a garage and took the ex-hill. Aunt Alice was waiting for me at the station and said I was to stay there all night as it was such a rotten night. There was a stormy