

like a slave to get the patch of long grass in front of the gate on the street cut and levelled like other lawns.
Dick was very different from either of us. His chief delight was to play ball with a crowd of boys and always had some pal with him. For years he & Ferdie Wain were inseparable companions. He was picked at school and went farther on in the High School than we did. He loved to read stories and to spend his money. One time some one gave him five cents so he posted right off to spend it. Auntie cautioned him not to spend it on anything foolish, so he returned with a loaf of bread. He never cared for the tramps in the wood as much as Quint & I and I believe he was half afraid of the horses unless they behaved themselves very nicely. He had the reputation for being a very slick diver and good swimmer, but was noted mostly for his neatness and for being particular to have his clothes just right. I was always an awful rag & muffin. He was a favorite with the girls and could always have a good time with them while I could only wish I could but could never think of anything to do or say when I was with them and I don't believe Quint in those days had any use for them whatever. So there we stood as school boys, with natures very

different although we played in the same old garden learned the same lessons from the same teachers and were entertained by the same fairy tales. Since then old Dick has been trained as a Country man and Artillery man riding on gun carriages at breakneck speed over the roughest of ground with the roughest of men. He has tended horses in the Veterinary Corps and ridden all the way across Canada in a box car with horses for his sole companions, and enjoyed it. He has sailed across the Pacific Ocean and back in troop ships of ancient design and has spent months as a soldier in one of the queerest of foreign countries among people who feel customs, manners & morals couldn't be very much different than we are if they tried. He has experienced all the peculiarities of life in a Prairie village and now finds himself where the commercial pulse of the Nation beats the hardest, the largest of our cities & in constant contact with men to whom world finance is an open book. He still sings and dances and talks the same as of yore but not so much and is gradually assuming the air & manner of a typical business man. Quint's life has been as varied as Dick's and more. For two years he was a sailor on the lakes running from Fort William & Montreal, then he started out to learn