AT THE POST OF DUTY

OR, THE WATERMAN'S SONS.

CHAPTER XXXII.—Continued.

In the midst of such a scene it was to be expected that there would be damage to life and limb. The firemen, besides being exposed to intense heat for hours, were almost blinded and choked by the smoke emitted from the burning pepper—more especially the Cayenne—of which there was a large quantity in the warehouses. Some of the men who were working the engines fell into the river and were drowned. A gentleman who was assisting the firemen had his hand impaled on an iron spike. A poor Irishman had his neck broken by the chain of the floating engine, and several of the police force and others were carried to hospital badly burned and otherwise injured.

Post of Duty

Some of the casualties occurred in places where only a few persons were there to witness them, but others were enacted on the river and on spots which were in full view of the vast multitudes on London Bridge. A boat containing five men put off to collect the tallow which floated on the water, but it got surrounded by tallow which had caught fire, and the whole of its occupants were either burned to death or drowned. Later in the night a small skiff rowed by a single man was drawn by the tide into the vortex of the boat which was pulled off by a single rower for the same purpose was drawn too near the fire, and its brave occupant perished. So eager were the multitude on the bridge to witness these scenes that some of themselves were forced over the parparet into the river and drowned.

Comical incidents were strangely mingled with these awful scenes, although it is but justice to say the prevailing tone of the crowd was one of solemnity. Itinerant venders of gingerbeer, fruits, cakes, and coffee ranged themselves along the pavements and carried on a brisk trade—especially after the public-houses were closed, many of which, however, taking advantage of the occasion, kept open door all night.

Among these last was the "Angel," belonging to Gorman.

That worthy was peculiarly active on this occasion. He never neglected an opportunity of turning an honest penny, and, accordingly, had been engaged from an early hour in his boat collecting tallow, of which plunder a considerable amount had been already conveyed to his abode.

Besides Gorman, several of the other personages of our tale found their way to the great center of attraction, London Bridge, on that night. Among them was John Barret, who, on beating of the fire, had left his snug little villa and pretty little wife to witness it.

He had already made one or two cheap trips on one of the omnibuses, and about midnight, got down and forced his way to a position near the south side of the bridge. Here he was attracted to a gingerbeer barrow which an unusually adventurous man had pushed through the crowd into a sheltered corner. He forced his way to it, and, to his amazement, found the owner to be his former friend Ned Hooper!

"Halo! Barret." "Why, Ned!" were the exclamations that burst simultaneously from their lips.

"This is a strange occupation," said Barret, with a smile.

"Ah, it may seem strange to you no doubt, but it's familiar enough to me," replied Ned, with a grin.

The demand for beer was so great at this time that Ned could not continue the conversation.

"Here boy," he said to an urchin who stood near, "you draw corks as fast as you can and pour out the beer, and I'll give you a copper or two and a swig into the bargain."

The boy accepted the post of salesman with alacrity, and Ned turned to his friend and seized his hand.

"Barret," said he, in a low, earnest voice, "if I succeed in holding on I owe my salvation, under God, to you. I've tasted nothing but gingerbeer for many a long day, and I really believe that I have got my enemy down at last. It's not a lucrative business, as you may see," he added with a sad smile, glancing at his threadbare garments, "nor a very aristocratic one—"

"My dear Ned," cried Barret, interrupting, and suddenly thrusting his hand into his pocket.

"No, Barret, no," said Ned firmly, as he laid his hand on the other's arm; "I don't want money; I've give up begging. You gave me your advice once, and I have taken that—it has been of more value to me than all the wealth that is being melted into thin air, John, by yonder fire—"

Ned was interrupted at this point by a burst of laughter from the crowd. The cause of their mirth was the appearance of a tall, thin, and very lugubrious-looking man who had come on the bridge to see the fire. He had got so excited that he had almost fallen over the parapet, and a policeman had kindly offered to escort him to a place of safety.

"Why, what d'ye mean?—what d'ye take me for?" cried the tall man angrily; "I'm an honest man; my name is David Boone. I've only come to see the fire; you've no occasion to lay hold o' me!"

"I know that," said the policeman; "I only want to get you out of danger. Come along now."

Just then a thickset man with a red handkerchief tied round his head came forward to the stall and demanded a glass of beer. The moment his eyes encountered those of David Boone he became pale as death and staggered back as if he had received a deadly blow.

"Is that you, Gorman?" cried David, in a voice and with an expression of amazement.

Gorman did not reply, but gazed at his former friend with a look of intense horror, while his chest heaved and he breathed laboriously. Suddenly he uttered a loud cry and rushed toward the river.

Part of the crowd sprang after him, as if with a view to arrest him, or to see what he meant to do. In the rush Barret and Boone were carried away.

A few moments later a deep murmur of surprise rose from the thousands of spectators on the bridge, for a boat was seen to dash suddenly from the shore and sweep out on the river. It was propelled by a single rower—a man with a red kerchief tied round his head. The murmur of the crowd suddenly increased to a shout of alarm, for the man was rowing his boat straight toward a mass of tallow which floated and burned on the water.

"Hold on!" "Look out ahead!" shouted several voices, while others screamed "Too late!" "He's gone!" and then there arose a wild cry, for the man rowed straight into the center of the burning mass and was enveloped in the flames. For one moment he was seen to rise and swing his arms in the air—then he fell backward over the gunwale of his boat and disappeared in the blazing flood.

* * * * * * *

Fiercer and fiercer raged the fire, the night passed—the day came and went, and night again set in—yet still the flames leaped and reared in resistless fury, and still the firemen fought them valiantly. And thus they fought, day and night, hand to hand, for more than a fortnight, before the battle was thoroughly ended and the victory gained.

How the firemen continued to do their desperate work, day and night, almost without rest, it is impossible to tell. Frank Willders said that, after the first night, he went about his work like a man in a dream. He scarcely knew when or how, or where he rested or ate. He had an indistinct remembrance of one or two brief intervals of oblivion, when he supposed he must have been asleep but the only memory that remained strong and clear within him was that of constant, determined fighting with the flames. And Willie Willders followed him like his shadow! clad in a coat and helmet borrowed from a friend in the Salvage Corps. Willie fought in that great fight as if he had been a trained fireman!

On the fourth day, toward evening, Frank was ordered down into a cellar where some tar-barrels were burning. He seized the branch, and was about to leap down the stair when Dale stopped him.

"Fasten the rope to your belt," he said.

Frank obeyed without speaking, and then sprang forward, while Dale himself followed, ordering Corney, Baxmore, and one or two others, to hold on to the ropes. Willie Willders also ran in, but was met by such a dense cloud of smoke that he was almost choked. Rushing back he shouted "Haul on the ropes!"

The men were already hauling them in, and in a few seconds Dale and Frank were dragged by their waist-belts into the open air, the former nearly, the latter quite insensible.

In a few minutes they both recovered, and another attempt was made to reach the fire in the cellar, but without success.

The public did not witness this incident. The firemen were almost surrounded by burning ruins, and none but comrades were there.

Indeed, the public seldom see the greatest dangers to which the fireman is exposed. It is not when he makes his appearance on some giddy height on a burning and tottering house, and is cheered enthusiastically by the crowd, that his courage is most severely tried. It is when he has to creep on hands and knees through dense smoke, and held the branch in the face of withering heat, while beams are cracking over his head, and burning rubbish is dropping around, and threatening to overwhelm him—it is in such circumstances, when the public know nothing of what is going on, and when no eye sees him save that of the solitary comrade who shares his toil and danger, that the firemen's nerve and endurance are tested to the uttermost.

After leaving the cellar, Dale and his men went to attempt to check the fire in a quarter where it threatened to spread, and render this—the greatest of modern conflagrations—equal to the great one of 1666.

"We might reach it from that window," said Dale to Frank, pointing to a house, the sides of which were already blistering, and the glass cracking with heat.

Frank seized the branch and gained the window in question, but could not do anything very effective from that point. He thought, however, that from a window in an adjoining store he might play directly on a house which was in imminent danger. But the only means of reaching it was by passing over a charred beam, thirty feet beneath which lay a mass of smoldering ruins. For one moment he hesitated, uncertain whether or not the beam would sustain his weight. But the point to be gained was one of great importance, so he stepped boldly forward, carrying the branch with him. As he advanced, the light of the fire fell brightly upon him, revealing his tall figure clearly to the crowd, which cheered him heartily.

At that moment the beam gave way. Willie, who was about to follow, had barely time to spring back and gain a firm footing, when he beheld his brother fall headlong into the smoking ruins below.

In another moment he had leaped down the staircase and was at Frank's side. Baxmore, Dale, Corney, and others, followed, and, in the midst of fire and smoke, they raised their comrade in their arms and bore him to a place of safety.

No one spoke, but a stretcher was quickly brought, and Frank was conveyed in a state of insensibility to the nearest hospital, where his manly form—shattered, burned, and lacerated—was laid on a bed. He breathed, although he was unconscious and evinced no sign of feeling when the surgeons examined his wounds.

A messenger was dispatched for Mrs. Willders, and Willie remained to watch beside him while his comrades went out to continue the fight.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

For many months Frank Willders lay upon his bed unable to move, and rarely able to speak. His left leg and arm had been broken, his face and hands were burned and cut, and his once stalwart form was reduced to a mere wreck.

During that long and weary time of suffering he had two nurses, who never left him—who relieved each other day and night; smoothed his pillow and fed to him words of comfort from God's blessed book. They were his own mother and Emma Ward.

For many weeks his life seemed to waver in the balance, but at last he began to mend. His frame, however, had been so shattered that the doctors held out little hope of his ever being anything better than a helpless cripple; so, one day, he said to Emma—

"I have been thinking, Emma, of our engagement."

He paused and spoke sadly—as if with great difficulty.

"And I have made up my mind," he continued, "to release you."

"Frank!" exclaimed Emma.

"Yes, dear. No one can possibly understand what it costs me to say this, but it would be the worst kind of selfishness were I to ask you to marry a poor wretched cripple like me."

"But what if I refuse to be released, Frank?" said Emma, with a smile; "you may, indeed, be a cripple, but you shall not be a wretched one if it is in my power to make you happy; and as to your being poor—what of that? I knew you were not rich when I accepted you, and you know I have a very, very small fortune of my own which will at least enable us to exist until you are able to work again."

Frank looked at her in surprise, for he had not used the word poor with reference to money.

"Has mother, then, not told you anything about my circumstances of late?" he asked.

"No, nothing; what could she tell me that I do not already know?" said Emma.

Frank made no reply for a few moments, then he said with a sad yet gratified smile—"So you refuse to be released?"

"Yes, Frank, unless you insist on it," replied Emma.

Again the invalid relapsed into silence and shut his eyes. Gradually he fell into a quiet slumber, from which, about two hours later, he awoke with a start, under the impression that he had omitted to say something. Looking up he found that his mother had taken Emma's place. He at once asked why she had not told Emma about the change in his fortunes.

"Because I thought it best," said Mrs. Willders, "to have you to tell her yourself Frank."

"Well, mother, I depute you to tell her now, and pray do it without delay. I offered to give her up a short time ago, but she refused to listen to me."

"I'm glad to hear it," replied the widow, with a smile. "I always thought her a good sensible girl."

"Tim! so did I," said Frank, "and something more."

Once again he became silent, and, as an inevitable consequence, fell fast asleep. In which satisfactory state we will leave him while we run briefly over the events of his subsequent history.

In direct opposition to the opinion of all his doctors, Frank not only recovered the use of all his limbs, but became as well and strong as ever—and the great fire in Tooley Street left no worse marks upon him than a few honorable scars.

His recovery, however, was tedious. The state of his health, coupled with the state of his fortune, rendered it advisable that he should seek the benefit of country air, so he resigned his situation in the London Fire Brigade—resigned it, we may add, with deep regret, for some of his happiest days had been spent in connection with that gallant corps.

(To be Continued.)

HOW GORILLAS FIGHT.

They Depend Entirely Upon Their Teeth.

"The prevailing belief that gorillas, chimpanzees or orang-outangs, as they are variously called, use clubs when they attack each other or their enemies is an entirely erroneous one," says a naturalist. "They do nothing of the sort, and how such an impression ever came to exist, or how oldtime African explorers ever came to formulate such a theory, is beyond my comprehension. During a long sojourn in that country I had ample opportunities to learn the truth about them, and what I discovered there was subsequently confirmed during a protracted hunting trip in Borneo. The fact is that in fighting each other, or in attacking or defending themselves from other enemies, they depend entirely upon their teeth, which are abnormally strong and sharp, and cut like a razor, making a wound as smooth and clean as the scalpel of a surgeon. They are clumsy on their feet, but the enormous strength of their powerful arms more than makes up for this deficiency. In fighting they almost invariably attack the faces or the limbs of their adversaries, grasping their opponents with their hands and drawing them close enough to sink their teeth in their flesh. In the case of human beings or other members of the monkey tribe, the gorilla's favorite point of attack is the hand and especially the finger. Catching them by the wrist, the creature, with almost irresistible power, draws the hand within reach of his fangs, and in the twinkling of an eye off comes one or more fingers. This mode of warfare is a very effective one among the orang-outangs themselves, for with fingers and toes gone the animal is not only out of the fight, but is powerless to climb trees, to protect himself or to provide himself with food, and soon succumbs to starvation or falls an easy victim to some other animal."

A POLITE PRISONER.

The lady who was visiting the jail had been much impressed with the appearance and behavior of the prisoners, and she took occasion to express her approval to the warden.

"They seem as courteous as anybody," she said, enthusiastically, "even if they don't say anything."

"Yes, they're polite enough," assented the jailer. "But I'm a little suspicious of too fine manners."

"I don't see how you can be!" exclaimed the lady.

"Well, I am," declared the warden, "and I have been ever since one of the smoothest of them broke out of jail and left a note for me in which he wrote, 'I hope you will pardon me for the liberty I'm taking.'"

"SPRUCIN' UP."

Sudden Changes of Temperature

Bring Hosts of Coughs and Colds—Serious Results are Prevented by the Use of

DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE.

Coughs and colds usually arise from sudden changes of temperature. It may be change of weather, passing from a warmer to a colder room or exposure to a draught.

It is not always possible to prevent exposure in these ways, but it is possible to prevent serious results by using Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

This great medicine has saved thousands of lives by preventing pneumonia, consumption and other forms of lung trouble.

It is mother's favorite remedy for croup, bronchitis, whooping cough, and the coughs and colds to which children are subject. Being pleasant to the taste, the little ones delight to take it.

It is prized by the old people because of the prompt and thorough relief it brings for asthma and other chronic ailments of the bronchial tubes.

The very fact that the sale of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is more than three times that of any similar remedy, and was never so large as it is to-day, is sufficient proof of its merit. In the great majority of homes it is kept on hand for cases of emergency.

Mrs. J. Provost, Renfrew, Ont., states:— "My fourteen-year-old boy had a very severe cold in the chest last winter and I really thought he was going to die. He coughed nearly all the time and sometimes would spit up blood. We had about given up all hopes of his recovery when I heard of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. After using one bottle there was a great change in his condition, and I can positively say that he was completely cured by two bottles and he has not been troubled since. I never saw medicine take such quick effect and can sincerely recommend it."

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, 25 cents a bottle, family size (three times as much) 60 cents, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every bottle.

FOR FARMERS

Seasonable and Profitable Hints for the Busy Tillers of the Soil.

BUTTER MILK.

If cream or milk is apparently all right to taste and smell when fresh, but becomes bitter and otherwise tainted upon standing for some time, it is pretty safe to conclude that the undesirable change is due to bacteria that have to some way gained access to the milk after it is drawn from the udder. This contamination not infrequently comes from milk pails or cans that are not thoroughly cleaned and scalded or steamed. A good deal of the tinware used for milk has open seams and joints from which it is practically impossible to remove all the milk and fat, and the little that remains in, it may be one pail, affords plenty of soil for the growth of bacteria enough to infect a large quantity of milk. Another had most frequent cause of bacterial contamination are the loose hairs and fine particles of dirt and scurf that fall into the pail while milking. These may be harmless of themselves, but they are vehicles for carrying a few bacteria into the milk, where they grow and multiply with almost incomprehensible rapidity. The remedy is to brush the udders and flanks of the cows before milking, and if necessary dampen these parts. It is a common experience that bitter milk is more common in cold than in warm weather, and bacteriologists have found that the cause of this lies in the fact that the bacteria producing this bitter condition can resist a greater degree of cold than other species. In case of an outbreak, we would suggest that samples of milk and cream be taken from different cows, and let them stand, each by itself. It will then be possible to locate source, if not the cause of the trouble, and this will be a long step towards its final eradication. It happened that in some cows, as gestation proceeds, abnormal conditions appear in the milk that develop peculiarly offensive, but not characteristically bitter, tastes. One such cow in a herd is sufficient to taint the whole product. Farrow cows are not affected in this way, and this leads to the conclusion that it is not prolonged lactation, but something connected with gestation, that takes from or adds to the milk some property that produces this taint. A test of the milk of each cow may serve to discover the one or more animals that may be causing trouble.

SHEEP NOTES.

Keep the dog at home. The well-fed dog will remain at home unless coaxed away.

He should be kept in the house or barn at night unless chained in the yard.

The wolf is his ancestor and he is liable to roam at night, the old instinct barking back.

The young dog should be taught to respect sheep and other animals. Such dogs will never chase and worry sheep unless they get in bad company.

It will not pay to build a fence around a stubble field for the sake of eradicating the field of weeds by means of the flock. Much less practical would it be to turn in the flock if the field abounds in cockle and other weeds that will get in wool.

If there is a good fence and no bars turn the flock in and let them destroy the weeds.

Arrange the feed troughs and racks so that the food does not become soiled. Give each ewe eighteen inches of rack room.

Put a board over the feed trough so that the sheep can get in it with their feet.

The man who does not love sheep might better sell his flock and go into something he does like. Sheep know who loves them and who does not, and they will do better for the man whose heart is with them than for one who merely tolerates them.

Are there as many sheep in your locality as there were a few years ago? If not, it is a good time for you to buy a few and work into the business.

FARM TOPICS.

When you stop the team at the margin of the field, and refresh yourself with a drink of water, does it never occur to you that the horses also need a drink? Just try it. Carry a keg of water with you to the field and give them a few quarts at a time.

It will not pay the dairyman any better to swear at the cow and abuse her, than it would to treat his wife and family the same way. It does not improve the quantity and quality of the milk in the one, nor the temper and happiness of the other.

In nearly all cases the best time to sell stock is when it is ready for market. By holding for better prices, there are three chances for loss. One is the extra feed; another is the interests on the money, and the third possibility of lower prices; while there is only one chance for gain.

Good tillage does not consist in stirring the soil only often enough to keep mellow and in a fine tilth, whether there be any weeds to kill or not. The better rule when it can be done, is never to allow the weeds to make their appearance above the ground.

The conformation of the dairy cow is of vital importance. The type of the cow is more essential than the breed as indicating the ability to produce milk and butter economically. Most records show that animals of the spare and angular type remain in good service for a much longer period than cows that have the tendency to lay on flesh.

FEEDING THE PIGS.

Many farmers believe in cooking food for pigs, some even so far as to cook all their [illegible] results of numerous [illegible] show, that as a rule, s[illegible] cooking food, especially [illegible] for cattle, adds nothing [illegible] Potatoes, however, can [illegible] swine in any quantity w[illegible] ing, and other grains w[illegible] jured or damaged in s[illegible] should first be cooked be[illegible] Warming feed must not be [illegible] with cooking it. A [illegible] feed of cooked food wil[illegible] by way of variety. W[illegible] soaking the food may m[illegible] comfortable or agreea[illegible] palate, and, perhaps, in [illegible] easily digestible. In [illegible] warming the feed may [illegible] cous, for increased com[illegible] in economizing the food [illegible] ing the gains.

BRAINS AT FINGER-TIPS

Blind People Are Almost [illegible] See and Think With T[illegible]

The wonderful sensibili[illegible] by the finger tips of blin[illegible] long been a matter of re[illegible] persons thus afflicted be[illegible] were able to see and alm[illegible] with their singers. The [illegible] this is thus explained b[illegible] If you examine the fin[illegible] finger-tips with a magnify[illegible] even moderate power y[illegible] the skin to be in na[illegible] Standing point up beneath [illegible] ridges are the so-called "[illegible] of Pacini." Each "P[illegible] pustle" contains a nerve [illegible] artery, and a vein. It is [illegible] these localities that it p[illegible] function of touch, or, ra[illegible] ceiving these impressions [illegible] objects which, when carried [illegible] different nerves, produce [illegible] tion of touch. Not long [illegible] the opportunity of exam[illegible] a microscope portions t[illegible] the inner surface of the [illegible] middle fingers of the righ[illegible] blind man whose sense of [illegible] been abnormally develope[illegible] folding the highly magni[illegible] ian corpuscle." I was as[illegible] observe, instead of a s[illegible] trunk, artery, and vein [illegible] number of dainty and m[illegible] twigs branching off from [illegible] stem. Extreme and con[illegible] ployment of this sense of [illegible] the blind man, and greate[illegible] finger-tips, cause blood t[illegible] wards the latter in unis[illegible] ties. Blood means growt[illegible] in the blind there is an ex[illegible] development of the "corpu[illegible] cini"—its nerve-trunk, ar[illegible] vein—and this more pe[illegible] means more perfect perfo[illegible] function. This corpuscle [illegible] man's finger-tip brain.

THE BEST MARK[illegible]

Praise For the Canadian M[illegible] turers' Associat[illegible]

On the occasion of the [illegible] of members of the Cana[illegible] facturers' Association to [illegible] west, the Winnipeg Comm[illegible]

"Since the organization [illegible] reorganization of the Cana[illegible] ufacturers' Association, a[illegible] ganized and successful effo[illegible] made to extend Canadian [illegible] at home and abroad. T[illegible] tion is undoubtedly the [illegible] gressive, aggressive and [illegible] business organization th[illegible] has ever had. It is worki[illegible] ly and energetically to e[illegible] adian trade, improve the [illegible] Canadian wares, and [illegible] Canada a patriotic and [illegible] national spirit. Though [illegible] young organization, the [illegible] has already accomplished [illegible] result. It is worthy of t[illegible] of every individual and [illegible] claims to be a manufactur[illegible] work it is doing in buildin[illegible] adian industry.

"And what does the ex[illegible] Canadian industry mean? [illegible] the creation or enlargemen[illegible] home market for the Can[illegible] ducer. It means the prov[illegible] remunerative work at hom[illegible] Steals the whole c[illegible] passages, stops drop[illegible] throat and permanen[illegible] Catarrh and Hay Fe[illegible] free. All dealers, or Dr. A. [illegible] Medicine Co., Toronto.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE ...

is sent direct to [illegible] parts by the Impro[illegible] Heals the ulcers, c[illegible] passages, stops drop[illegible] throat and permanen[illegible] Catarrh and Hay Fe[illegible] free. All dealers, or Dr. A. [illegible] Medicine Co., Toronto.

[illegible]CTORS IN ACTUAL WAR.

[illegible]UTOMOBILES CAN BE MADE VERY VALUABLE.

[illegible] British Commander-in-Chief Says They Will Have to [illegible] Reckoned With.

[illegible] the recent [illegible] British Army in the w[illegible] which were wag[illegible] ambitious scale [illegible] for several [illegible] utilized to an ex[illegible] attempted in [illegible] were found to be [illegible] principally [illegible] staff and [illegible] ly to distant [illegible] trying it for a [illegible] warm discussion [illegible] to whether motor [illegible] British cavalry [illegible] use would extend [illegible] prominent officers [illegible] pressing the opinion [illegible] demonstrated [illegible] tomobile can be made [illegible] indeed.

[illegible] trump card of [illegible] is this declaration [illegible] to the Motor Ve[illegible] inspecting them at [illegible] manoeuvres: "I [illegible] in future wars [illegible] a very important [illegible] not have carried [illegible] ries without you [illegible] other cycles, as [illegible] were used in the [illegible] the motor vehicles [illegible] new Motor Ve[illegible] Lieutenant-Co[illegible] Chow, an enthusiast[illegible]

MILITARY AUTOMO[illegible]

[illegible] since announced for [illegible] periments in the [illegible] think can be accom[illegible] motor car in its pr[illegible] development.

[illegible] first of all, Lieut[illegible] it has been demon[illegible] commanding officer w[illegible] form himself [illegible] accidental either to [illegible] rd action, encumbe[illegible] grounds; need for [illegible] on the part of dete[illegible] possibility of [illegible] for lines [illegible] and immense [illegible] avoiding the te[illegible] mis-approche [illegible] a system of mess.

"This," he says, "m[illegible] objection that the C[illegible] should be in[illegible] be found in all [illegible] undoubtedly in [illegible] this meet [illegible] or in supreme [illegible] with an e[illegible] contingent, w[illegible] are from [illegible] officer of [illegible] and [illegible] sion of [illegible] personally [illegible] dent that such [illegible] ack academy [illegible] the time of [illegible] even time, time [illegible] aside, the [illegible] and will have [illegible] time [illegible] that a visit [illegible] be hard to re[illegible] to him.

Lieut.-Col. M[illegible] the motor [illegible] But the [illegible] of the [illegible]

THE MORE NEW[illegible]

[illegible] them [illegible] motor [illegible] gun, [illegible] and a trooper [illegible] tive use of [illegible] tractors for heavy [illegible] to what [illegible] of dog[illegible] be equal [illegible] danger [illegible] he thinks the [illegible] motor car [illegible] for a cro[illegible] is argued by [illegible] for war pur[illegible] because it carries [illegible] ches. True, [illegible] often go round a [illegible] of rough country [illegible] can it take [illegible] and I have [illegible] all officers and [illegible] service [illegible] a bee [illegible] been riding [illegible] Anyway the motor [illegible] a great many ob[illegible] if the motor car [illegible] these British [illegible] staff, a body [illegible] ing the Duke of C[illegible] Roberts, the C[illegible] was obliged to [illegible] miles of cycles [illegible] have been impo[illegible] Horseback, her [illegible] or cars it was [illegible] the recorded slow [illegible] few small breakdow[illegible] bus accidents.

CRACKLESS GLASS.

A new kind of glass, that [illegible] heat as well as sudden [illegible] of temperature, is made from [illegible] quartz pebbles. The [illegible] are heated red-hot and then [illegible] into distilled water. The [illegible] pieces are next selected, and w[illegible] with the oxy-hydrogen blowpipe [illegible] items like knitting [illegible] from which glass vessels of [illegible] can be made.

At present the quartz [illegible] chiefly employed for making [illegible] apparatus. Into a test-tube made in this way a white-hot coal can be dropped without breaking it. Vessels of other forms can be heated white hot, and then plunged into cold water, without cracking.

JUST WHAT HE NEEDED.

Mr. Noodle—"Clever? Why, she has brains enough for two, Miss Cutting."

Miss Cutting—"Has she? Then she is just the girl you ought to marry, Mr. Noodle."