



Synopsis of Preceding Chapters
Tom Pollard, a weaver of Brunford, Lancashire, aged 23, has taken to drink largely through the influence of Polly Powell, daughter of the proprietor of the Horn and Thistle. Tom is divided in his allegiance to her and to Alice Lister, a refined, well-educated girl of twenty. On the first Sunday in June, 1914, Alice demanded that he make the choice between them, and Tom yielded to the influence of Polly. Then came the war. Harry Waterman, who had been educated in Germany told Tom that the English would never conquer the Germans. At a New Year recruiting meeting, Tom enlisted. One of his friends was Alec McPhail of the Black Watch who agreed with Tom that Religion and Teetotalism were alike foolish. Robert Penrose persuaded Tom to join the Y. M. C. A. In May the Royal North Lancshires were sent to Surrey Camp, where Tom met Waterman wearing a Lieutenant's uniform.

CHAPTER III.—(Cont'd.)
One thing made Tom feel very sad, and that was the loss of Penrose. He had been in Surrey only a few days when he was gazetted and was removed to another camp about four miles away. Still he made new friends and was on the whole happy. He found, too, that even the men, whose conduct was anything but praiseworthy in Lancashire, were sober here. Only a dozen public-houses existed within the radius of almost as many miles; and as the rules of the canteen were very strict, there were few temptations to drink. Discipline was far easier, and on the whole the men were better looked after.

At the end of the second day in this Surrey camp, he was going with a message to the officers' quarters, when he stopped suddenly. "Ay, can that be you?" he said aloud. "What do you mean, my man?" And then Tom saw that the person whom he recognised wore a lieutenant's uniform. "I beg your pardon, sir," said Tom, saluting, "but—but—yes, sir, it is you." "Oh, is that you, Pollard? I see you have enlisted, then; that's all right. You'll know me another time, won't you?" "Yes, Mr. Waterman. That is, yes, sir. I hope you are well, sir." "Yes, I'm all right. Good night," and the officer passed on. "By George!" said Tom to himself, "I didn't expect to meet Waterman here, but there's nothing to wonder about, after all."

CHAPTER IV.
It is not my purpose to give a lengthy account of Tom Pollard's stay in the Surrey training camp, although much of interest took place, and his daily life there would, if truly reported, gladden the hearts of thousands of fathers and mothers who have given their boys to their country at this time. I, who have been to this particular camp, and have talked with the lads there, can testify to this by personal experience. As I have before stated, Tom found the work hard, the discipline strict, and the duties many; at the same time everything was so well arranged and the spirit of such good-fellowship prevailed that thousands of young men were under much more healthy conditions, both physically and morally, than they were at home. Indeed, many told me that they would never care for the cramped life of the office, the workshop, and the factory again, after the free open-air life of a soldier.

Tom, who had been quick to learn his duties and to master his drill, especially after he had—as he termed it to me—"been disgraced, and turned over a new leaf," found the work easy and pleasant. "Ay," said Tom to me, "it's very funny." "What?" I asked. "The way these greenhorns try to learn their drill." "How's that?" I asked. "Why, yesterday a chap came up to me with tears in his eyes. I asked him what was the matter, and he said, 'Ay, I have not got brains for it.' 'Brains for what?' I asked. 'Brains for this 'ere drill; a man needs to have a head like Shakespeare to get hold on it. That there formin' fours now: I have tried, and I have tried, and I have better tried, but I can't get a fair grip on it. Ay, I shall have to write a letter to the Colonel and tell him I shall have to give it up.'" Tom laughed gleefully as he spoke. "Why, it's as easy as winking, sir," he said; "but some chaps are thick-headed, you know—in fact they have no heads at all, they've just got tur-nips stuck on top of their shoulders. I fair pity the young officers sometimes when they are trying to knock these chaps into shape. But they are doing it fine; and fellows who came a few weeks ago, slack and shuffling, are now straight and smart. It's wonderful what a bit of drilling does." "And do you find the Y.M.C.A. helpful down here, Tom?" I asked. "Helpful, sir! I don't know what we should do without it. You see it's different here from what it is in big towns where the men are in billets. We're away, as you may say, from any town that's sizeable, and there's no place to go to of an evening, except the public-house; and if the Y.M.C.A. hadn't been here we should have nothing to do but fool around. But the work they're doing here is just champion. They have entertainments every night, and if you don't feel like

going to them, there's room where you can read the papers, and write your letters or play games; then they have all sorts of good books for us to read." "And how are you getting on with your French?" I asked. "Tom blushed as he replied, "Would you like to see my report, sir?" and he took it from his tunic proudly. "Why, Tom, this is splendid!" I said, after reading it. "Ay, I have worked fair hard at it," said Tom; "but my difficulty is getting my tongue round the words. You see, they don't know how to pronounce, these French people, and you have to pronounce their way else they wouldn't understand what you wur saying, and you have to get a grip on it or you can't understand what they are saying. I can conjugate the verbs," added Tom proudly, "but when they speak to me in French, that's anything like a long sentence, I get mixed up. While I'm getting hold of the first part of what they're saying, I forget the rest; but I will master it. What a French chap can learn a Lancashire chap can. "Do you know, sir," went on Tom, "that the Y.M.C. has got no less than six huts here; each of them will hold a thousand men, and they are jamful every night. And all the workers are so friendly too." "And do you go to any religious services, Tom?" I asked. "I been to two or three," replied Tom, "but I don't hold much w' religion. Still they're grand people, and you may ask any man in the camp, from the sergeant-major down to the newest recruit, and they will all tell you the same thing. The Y.M.C.A. is a fair God-send to us." I found out afterwards that Alec McPhail had not followed Tom's example. Alec had discovered a way-side public-house about a mile from the camp, where he and several others of his companions spent most of their spare time. "I'm noan religious," said Tom rather boastfully; "but the Y.M.C.A. showed me that I was making a fool of myself, and they have made me see that a soldier ought to be a gentleman. We're not a lot of riff-raff in the Army; we have come at the call of our King and Country to do our bit. And what I say is that a chap ought to live up to his job; we have got a big, grand job, and we chaps as is to do it ought to be worthy of our job." (To be continued.)

UNWITTINGLY A BURGLAR.

How a Japanese Poet Helped to Rob a San Francisco House.

Soon after Mr. Yone Noguchi, the Japanese author, came to America, prompted by the best of intentions he helped to burglarize a San Francisco house. He tells how it happened in his autobiography. While at San Francisco, sometimes I stayed at a Japanese boarding house where I paid nothing, since I made a service of English letter writing for the proprietor, and sometimes at a certain William Street, one of the most insignificant of little alleys, where my friends published a comic weekly. Here I happened to become an actor in a farce that set the whole town to laughing under the heading, How a Japanese Poet Helped a Burglar. One afternoon I was reading a book in the room that was parlor, sleeping room and editorial office by turns (we occupied the lower floor; the upstairs rooms were occupied by a Spanish tailor who happened to be out that afternoon), when a young boy, Spanish, or Mexican, about the same age as myself, knocked at my door and asked for a key that might fit the rooms upstairs. It was his intention, he declared, to move the things away by the command of the tailor, who had engaged some other house. "I lost the key on my way here," he said. How could my mind of innocence doubt him? I helped him to open the upstairs rooms, and also assisted to move down a few things of some importance. I even offered him my service to help him with the large looking-glass. We had walked some seven or eight blocks when we were pursued by a large, fat Irishman, who took us by force to a police station, and duly locked us up there. To clear myself from the charge next day, I made the first and last public speech of my foreign life. I believe that it was a masterpiece. I said that the incident was a case of Japanese etiquette or humanity turned to crime in America by wrong application.

Faith of the right sort consists in always looking for the best whether we are old or young, rich or poor. We have a right to think each day the best day yet, and to try to make it so by living a little better than we ever did on any other day.

HEROES AT REST.

They are not dead, they only sleep,
For death can vanquish only clay,
And kindred spirits should not weep
For more than living dust were they.

They are not dead, they only rest;
So rough the road, so far the goal,
God called the halt and He knows best
When to relieve the weary soul.

So long the march, so fierce the fray
And foul the ways of murderous foe,
That when they tired at close of day,
He gave them rest Who bade them go.

Their toil was hard, their day was long,
But not on earth more envied lot
Than theirs, the brave heroic throng
Who gave to Freedom all they'd got.

Their call was not of earth, oh no,
It was the call of Freedom's God
Unto His son's to rise and show
That man is more than slavish clod.

They left their homes, their children,
wives,
Their sweethearts true, their native sod;
They gave to Liberty their lives,
They gave their souls to Freedom's God.

But they're not dead; they'll come again
When tyrant lords would freemen blind
The sacrifice was not in vain
They'll come again in future kind.

Their hearts were not of common clay;
Their noble deeds in sight of God,
Accomplish'd in the light of day,
Rest not beneath the tortured sod.

The story of their fame shall ring
When wives and mothers cease to weep;
And pens shall praise and tongues shall sing
The glory of the brave who sleep.

Their missionary deeds shall preach
Freedom to slaves in earth's dark parts
Oh, may they too, a lesson teach
In nearer lands to sluggish hearts.

I deem it vain for such as we
For them with Christ to intercede,
Since they, like Him have bled to free
Their fellow-man from hellish creed.

They rest in peace at God's right hand,
They live in ev'ry noble heart;
And true men now should bravely stand
And take each resting soldier's part.

I do believe their only grief—
If grief a place in Heaven hath,
Is this—that we who need relief
Should fear to follow Freedom's path.

They are not dead, they are the guests—
The honor'd guests—of Him on High
Who planted Freedom in their breasts—
They're only dead who fear to die.
Chas. Ethelwold.

NATURE'S TREASURE BOX.

Fairy Grotto in Brazil is Lined With Richly Colored Amethyst.

One of the most curious things in nature is a "geode." It is a ready-made treasure casket. The beginning of a geode is a cavity in rock. Water percolating into it deposits silica in crystalline form. Ages later, perhaps, the rock is broken open and out falls the geode—a nodule of chalcedony lined with beautiful crystals. Sometimes the silica that forms the crystals is stained with oxide of manganese, and in such cases the geodes are lined with amethyst. Occasionally a geode holds a gill or two of water—to be seen through the translucent coat of the nodule—which has been shut up in the little box for millions of years, maybe. The biggest and most wonderful geode ever discovered was found not very long ago near the German settlement of Santa Cruz, in Brazil. It was thirty-three feet long, sixteen feet wide and ten feet high. Embedded in rock, the upper part of it—the roof, as one might say—had been broken through in some accidental way and a palm tree was growing out of it. The whole inside of this fairy grotto—for it deserved no less picturesque a name—was lined with richly colored crystals of amethyst, many of them as big as a man's fist, and with brilliant lustrous facets, as if polished by a lapidary. To remove this gigantic geode was impossible, but it was broken carefully to pieces without blasting.

If your shoe pinches where the big joint comes, take it to the shoemaker and have him stretch the leather a bit. If the shoe is not heavy, you can pack it full of paper, crowded in hard. Leave it so for a few days and you will be surprised to find how much easier it will feel to that sore joint.

RAILROADS SOLD FOR WAR USE

TO TRANSPORT ARMIES AND MATERIAL TO THE FRONT.

About 1,000 Miles of Canadian and American Railways Have Been Laid Down in France.

The long and hungry arm of war has reached out into Canada and the United States in search of surplus and unused railroads and the plains and junkyards of the two countries have been ransacked of the materials required in France.

The tremendous demand for steel rails and rolling stock for the allied armies in France caught the steel trade unprepared, and rather than wait months for the rail and equipment factories to catch up England has gone into the world market in search of old railroads which could be dismantled and transplanted in France.

Hundreds of miles of railroad have disappeared completely from the face of the North American continent, only to appear a few months later in eastern France. Engines, cars, rails, bridges, ties—everything real and tangible in the way of railroad property has been running the submarine blockade for months, and the end is not in sight.

Good Prices for "Junk."
Junk dealers have been scampering about the country buying up all the decrepit railroads they could get their hands on. And as "junk" the road properties have been sold at prices 300 and 400 per cent. above the "junk" market of four years ago.

Within recent months approximately 1,000 miles of Canadian and American railroads, including all rolling stock worth salvaging, have been snapped up and prepared for shipment abroad. Even hungry junk dealers from Japan have appeared in the market.

Canadian railroads sacrificed many miles of track and much rolling stock for the mother country. Side and switch tracks at small stations were shortened or eliminated, in some cases portions of double track equipment being taken up in order that the English armies might not suffer from lack of shells and food. Wherever economy in use of roadbed could be brought about trackage was sacrificed. In a number of cities where street railway

and interurban lines were being relaid with heavier steel the old rails passed into the hands of agents who had been collecting such property for sale to foreign buyers.

Few Narrow Gauge Lines.

The transportation problem back of the allied armies has become one of the most important issues of the war. The maintenance of the English and French armies has required the use of thousands of miles of railroad lines and huge quantities of rolling stock and other equipment. Need for this equipment became more and more imperative each time the allied armies dented the German line.

Despite the popular impression, narrow gauge lines are not the rule at the front. To be truthful, they are the exception, for the huge guns and the tremendous quantities of supplies which must be moved over these lines demand the heaviest of equipment. Miles and miles of standard railroad track run right up to the big guns which are belching death into the German ranks.

Shell-holes must be filled up, the wreckage of German narrow gauge lines moved to one side, bridges installed and equipment brought up, sometimes under fire so galling that the work is even more dangerous than trench fighting.

Gas In The Stomach Is Dangerous

Physicians Recommend the use of Magnesia.

Sufferers from indigestion or dyspepsia should remember that the presence of gas or wind in the stomach invariably indicates that the stomach is troubled by excessive acidity. This acid causes the food to ferment and the fermenting food in turn gives rise to noxious gases which distend the stomach, hamper the normal functions of vital internal organs, cause acute headaches, interfere with the action of the heart, and charge the blood stream with deadly poisons, which in time must ruin the health. Physicians say that to quickly dispel a dangerous accumulation of wind in the stomach and to stop the food fermentation which creates the gas, the acid in the stomach must be neutralized, and that for this purpose there is nothing quite so good as a teaspoonful of pure bisaturated magnesia taken in a little water immediately after meals. This instantly neutralizes the acid, thus stopping fermentation and the formation of gas, and enables the inflamed, distended stomach to proceed with its work under natural conditions. Bisaturated magnesia is obtainable in powder or tablet form from any druggist; but as there are many different forms of magnesia it is important that the bisaturated which the physicians prescribe should be distinctly asked for.

Kindness is a language that the deaf can hear and the dumb understand.

The world seems good, and is good, to the man who is full of goodness himself.

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