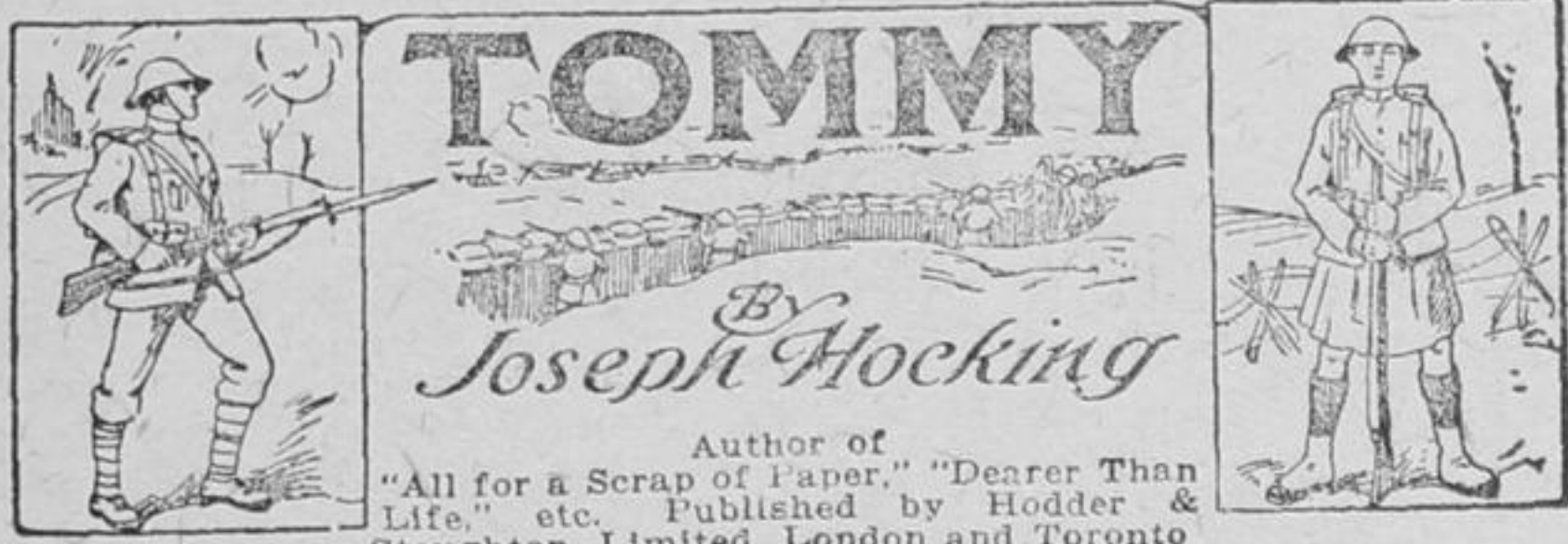


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## TOMMY

By Joseph Hocking

Author of "All for a Scrap of Paper," "Dearer Than Life," etc. Published by Hodder & Stoughton, Limited, London and Toronto

### CHAPTER V.—(Cont'd.)

"Yes, I have stopped two bullets, one in the foot and another in the shoulder, but I quickly got over it. I have been wonderfully lucky. You will get used to it after a bit; you seem a plucky chap; you don't look like the sort that runs away. Although, mind you, I have seen plucky chaps hook it."

"No, I'm not plucky," said Tom; "but I don't think I would run away."

"Wait till the shrapnel is falling around you; wait till great pieces of jagged shell mow men down on your right and on your left. Still we have stuck so far, and we must stick to the end. Still, from a military standpoint," and here the sergeant spoke judiciously, "our holding Wipers is a bad policy. You see, it's a salient and the Germans' guns are all around us; but if we made a straight line we should give them Wipers, and that would have a bad effect. Just look in here," and he pointed to a house, the front of which was completely blown away, but the rest of which remained comparatively intact.

"There's the room just as those poor blighters of Belgians left it," continued the sergeant. "See the baby's shoes, and the kiddie's dress? There are one or two pictures on the wall, not of much value, or those blooming souvenir-hunters would have got 'em." "Do you think we shall lick 'em?" asked Tom.

"Lick 'em! Of course we shall," said the sergeant, who had served nearly twenty years in the Army. "Mind you, it will be no easy job. Up to now they have had the upper hand of us, both in men and munitions; but we are gaining on 'em now. What I can't stand is those blooming swipes, those shirkers who sit at home and who call themselves men. I tell you I'm for conscription out and out. This is no job to be played with; if we don't put forth our strength we can't beat 'em. But just think of those swine, who read the papers and talk about beating the Germans, who strut about with their patent-leather boots and fine clothes, and try to make out that they are gentlemen, but who won't face the music; that's what sickens me. Who are we fighting for, I should like to know? We are fighting for them, and for our women, and for the country. They think they can stop at home and criticise, and then when we have done the work, share the benefits. Great God!"—and here the sergeant indulged in some unprintable language—"I would like to get hold of them."

"Isn't it dangerous here?" asked Tom, as another shrieking shell passed over their heads.

"Not just now," replied the other; "their shells are falling on the other side of the town. Of course," he added casually, "they may fall here any moment."

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pep, pep, pep, pep of the machine guns, and the shrieking of the shells. There was no romance in war now, it was a grim, ghastly reality. After following the lines of the trenches for well-nigh an hour he was informed that he had now reached the front line and was within a hundred or a hundred and fifty yards of the Huns. For the moment there was a comparative quiet, only occasionally did he hear the sound of a gun, while the shrieking of the shells was less frequent. Danger seemed very far away; he was in a deep hole in the ground, and above the earthworks were great heaps of sand-bags. How could he be hurt? The men whom his company was sent to relieve seemed high good spirits too, they laughed and talked and banded jokes. "There seems no danger here," thought Tom. An hour passed and still all was comparatively quiet.

(To be continued.)

### THE "SHOVEL V. C."

Wounded British Trooper Saved Another Wounded Soldier's Life.

In the charge that the British made on Hill 70 during the Gallipoli campaign Trooper Potts and Private Andrews were wounded and, on account of the deadly fire of the Turks, were obliged to lie in a hollow between the lines away from their comrades for two nights and two days.

When darkness fell on the third night, says the author of Heroes of the Great War, the two men determined to make a dash for the British lines, cost what it might. At first Andrews was able to crawl with the help of Potts but soon was forced to give in. As Potts crouched beside his companion, wondering how he could carry him, he had an inspiration. He had seen near by a number of discarded shovels, and he now crawled over and got one of them.

In a few minutes he was gently placing the wounded man on it. Andrews sat with his back to Potts and, with his hands over his shoulders, grasped Pott's hands. Although he was becoming weaker every minute, Potts braced himself for the heavy and dangerous task before him. Fixing the shovel to his equipment, he started, carefully and slowly, to drag his human freight down the hill. The journey was risky as well as tedious, for there was the ever-present possibility that they would be seen or heard by the cunning Turkish snipers, who were always active by night.

One of Andrew's legs was useless, and that added to the difficulty of getting him down the hill. As they progressed painfully the Turks fired at them; but in spite of the need for haste Potts had to stop about every six yards and lie down, owing to his weakened condition.

At last Potts reached the foot of the hill and gained the shelter of a wood. Here he rested for a few minutes, then went forward to look for a path through the wood, leaving his companion seated on the shovel. He had not proceeded more than twenty yards when suddenly he received a sharp command to halt. He had struck the British lines and found himself facing a bayonet. A hurried explanation saved his life. The first man to grasp him by the hand was Sergt.-Maj. Stubbing, Sixth Royal Enniskillen Fusiliers, who was on night duty. It was he who reported Potts's heroism to the captain, and the captain, in turn, laid the case before the authorities.

Meanwhile, the sentry had gone to the trench and brought back several men. They carried a blanket, and accompanied Potts to the place where he had left Andrews. Potts had started his journey about six in the evening, and it was now half-past nine.

Both the wounded men were speedily conveyed to a field-ambulance dressing station, where their wounds were tended. Potts was invalided home at once, and while en route to England received the news that he had been awarded the great prize so dear to every British soldier. He had regarded his thrilling exploit as an ordinary incident, and was startled when he learned how highly it was esteemed.

"You could have knocked me down with a feather," said the "Shovel V.C.," "for I never thought I had done anything wonderful."

### Our Far-Flung Battle Line.

"God of our Fathers known of old  
God of our far-flung battle line,  
Beneath whose awful hand we hold  
Dominion over palm and pine."

Thus wrote Kipling of the British Empire twenty years ago when he penned the "Recessional." It was possible then for Britain to talk about her "far-flung battle line." But what about that battle line to-day. Britain has over two million men in France; her navy has controlled the sea since the outbreak of the war. There is a British expedition in Mesopotamia, a British expeditionary force at Salonika, another expedition in Palestine. British monitors and British artillery are operating with the Italians near Trieste, and British armored cars are supporting the Russian armies on the Eastern front.



It is hard to break the chains of habit. It took one man six months to stop saying "Gee Whiz."

Perhaps habit has kept you ordering "the same tea as before" when you had intended to buy Red Rose.

This will be a reminder. So next time you will order Red Rose. You will be pleased, we are sure.

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### THE MOST VALUABLE BOOK

Oldest and Best Manuscript of the Whole Bible in Latin

In the Mediceo Laurentian Museum in Florence is a volume known as the Codex Amiatinus, which is said to be the most valuable book in the world. We learn that the Codex Amiatinus is the oldest and best manuscript of the whole Bible in Latin, copied from the translation by St. Jerome from the original Hebrew and Greek.

To see the book one must be furnished with a special permit from the highest minister of state in Italy, and it is then produced with great ceremony.

The origin of this rare book has been known only about thirty years. It was in the possession of the convent of Monte Amiati for many years, whence it derived its name, but how or when it came there is still a mystery. There is nothing in the contents of the book to indicate its origin; on the back of the first leaf, however, there is a verse in Latin which suggests that it was the gift of one Peter.

Professor Hort, Latin and Greek scholar, discovered about thirty years ago that several words in this verse showed signs of erasure, and had evidently been substituted for others. Both the sense and the meter were altered by this erasure. Professor Hort and other scholars have conjectured that this might be the copy

of the new translation, which the Venerable Bede speaks of as having been taken to Rome by Ceolfrid on his memorable journey.

For 1,200 years the origin of this volume has remained obscure, but now there is but little doubt that the Codex Amiatinus is one of the three Pandects that Ceolfrid caused to be written in these ancient monasteries of England.

Life is too short to waste  
In critic peep or cynic bark,  
Quarrel or reprimand,—  
'T will soon be dark:  
Up! mind thine own aim, and  
God-speed the mark!

One of our greatest blessings is appetite, and yet nothing is more abused.

If you have a cherished photograph of a loved one, better think twice before you lend it to some unknown agent who offers to enlarge or copy it. Maybe you'll see it again, maybe you won't. You'll feel safer if you don't tempt fate.

Make a bag six or eight inches square of some soft, porous material—a piece of bath-towel if possible—and fill it with scraps of soap or the slivers that invariably come off when a large bar is cut. This not only utilizes every bit of soap in the house, but it furnishes a good means of soaping the entire body when a hot bath is taken. A rub-down with this soap-bag is invigorating and cleansing, and the slippery bar is eliminated.

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