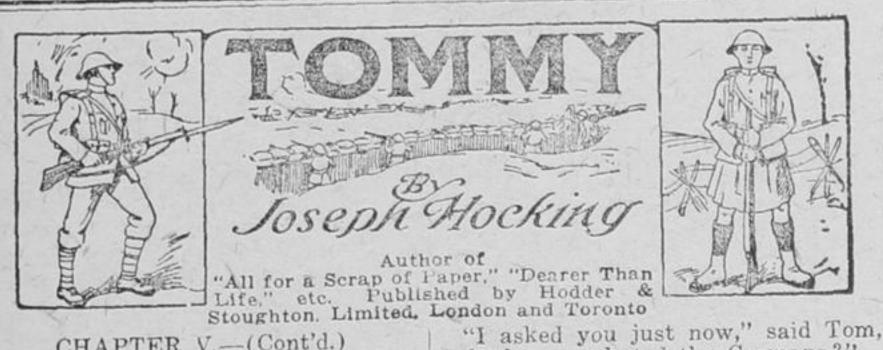
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CHAPTER V .- (Cont'd.)

plucky chaps hook it."

who read the papers and talk about do that." beating the Germans, who strut about "And then?" asked Tom, "thenwith their patent-leather boots and -"Ah well," replied the sergeant fine clothes, and try to make out that grimly, "there were no questions ask- command to halt. He had struck the they are gentlemen, but who won't ed in the morning." Who are we fighting for, I ghastly thing war is!" should like to know? We are fighting "Wait till you have seen it, my lad," for them, and for our women, and for replied the sergeant. the country. They think they can For some weeks Tom was in the stop at home and criticise, and then neighborhood of Ypres without takwhen we have done the work, share ing any part in the fighting. Dur- he who reported Potts's heroism to the the benefits. Great God!"-and here ing that time he got accustomed to captain, and the captain, in turn, laid the sergeant indulged in some un- the constant booming of the guns, and the case before the authorities. printable language-"I would like to to the fact that any moment a shell get hold of them.'

Tom, as another shrieking shell pass- too, he roamed around the ruins of

ed over their heads.

"their shells are falling on the other ing impressed by the ghastly desola- ed his journey about six in the evenmoment."

side of the town. Of course," he ad- tion of this one-time beautiful city. ing, and it was now half-past nine. ded casually, "they may fall here any In many of the streets not one stone Both the wounded men were speed-THE LIFTUP by deadly fire: this was Ypres, not destroyed by the necessities of war, but (Patent) The most effective Corset for ladies who require Abdominal support. If your dealer cannot supply you write us direct for catalogue and selfmeasurement form. Representatives Wanted. A splendid opportunity to make Write to-day for particulars, BIAS COBSETS, LIMITED Toronto 37 Britain St.

"whether you hated the Germans?" "Yes, I have stopped two bullets, "Yes, you did," replied the ser- lines away from their comrades for shoulder, but I quickly got over it. I geant, "and I went off on another two nights and two days." have been wonderfully lucky. You way. At the beginning I don't know have been wonderfully lucky. You way. At the beginning I don't know will get used to it after a bit; you seem a plucky chap; you don't look like the sort that runs away. At the beginning I don't know that I hated 'em so much. Yes, what you call Belgian atrocities were hell-like the sort that runs away. At the beginning I don't know that I hated 'em so much. Yes, what you call Belgian atrocities were hell-like the sort that runs away. At the beginning I don't know that I hated 'em so much. Yes, what you call Belgian atrocities were hell-like the sort that runs away. At the beginning I don't know that I hated 'em so much. 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Yes, what is the oldest and best manuscript of the whole Bible in Latin, copied from the third that I hated 'em so much. Yes, what is the oldest and best manuscript of the whole Bible in Latin, copied from the third that I hated 'em so much. Yes, what is the oldest and best manuscript of the whole Bible in Latin, copied from the third that the code of the whole Bible in Latin, copied from the whole Bi Although, mind you, I have seen they fought fair that was all I cared lines, cost what it might. At first the original Hebrew and Greek. about. But when they got using that Andrews was able to crawl with the To see the book one must be furnish-"No, I'm not plucky," said Tom; poisonous gas they came it a bit too help of Potts but soon was forced to ed with a special permit from the Up! mind thine own aim, and "but I don't think I would run away." strong. No, lad, I never hated 'em give in. As Potts crouched beside highest minister of state in Italy, and "Wait till the shrapnel is falling till then. But when they used that his companion, wondering how he it is then produced with great cerearound you; wait till great pieces of stuff and laughed about it, ay, and jagged shell mow men down on your laughed to see our poor chaps writhright and on your left. Still we ing in agony, I felt I must kill every tion. He had seen near by a number have stuck so far, and we must stick German I saw. Of course, we've got of discarded shovels, and he now known only about thirty years. If you have a cherished photograph to the end. Still, from a military over it now a bit, and we're all sup- crawled over and got one of them. standpoint," and here the sergeant plied, with helmets, but when they spoke judicially, "our holding Wipers used it first we had simply nothing to placing the wounded man on it. Andis a bad policy. You see, it's a sali- defend us. Yes, I have done some rews sat with his back to Potts and, ent and the Germans' guns are all rough bits of work in my time, but I around us; but if we made a straight never met with anything like that. line we should give them Wipers, and When you see your own pals getting grasped Pott's hands. Although he tents of the book to indicate its origin; tempt fate. that would have a bad effect. Just bluer and bluer in the face, and cough- was becoming weaker every minute, look in here," and he pointed to a ing and gasping, oh, I tell you it made Potts braced himself for the heavy house, the front of which was com- us mad! We didn't feel like showing and dangerous task before him. Fixpletely blown away, but the rest of any mercy after that. Besides, they ing the shovel to his equipment, he which remained comparatively intact. have no sense of fair play, the swipes. started, carefully and slowly, to drag "There's the room just as those poor I was in a scrap once, and after a blighters of Belgians left it," continu- hard tussle, and after losing lots of ed the sergeant. "See the baby's men, a lot of Germans held up their journey was risky as well as tedious, shoes, and the kiddy's dress? There hands and shouted, 'We surrender.' for there was the ever-present possiare one or two pictures on the wall, Our officer, a young chap new to the bility that they would be seen or heard not of much value, or those blooming job, and knowing nothing of their by the cunning Turkish snipers, who souvenir-hunters would have got 'em." tricks, instead of telling them to come were always active by night. "Do you think we shall lick 'em?" to us, told us to go to them, they holdling up their hands all the time; but "Lick 'em! Of course we shall," said no sooner did we get near them than the sergeant, who had served nearly they up with their pistols and shot ting him down the hill. As they protwenty years in the Army. "Mind two of our chaps. They thought our gressed painfully the Turks fired at you, it will be no easy job. Up to officer was going to take it lying them; but in spite of the need for now they have had the upper hand of down, and when they were taken pris- haste Potts had to stop about every us, both in men and munitions; but oners they laughed and said every- six yards and lie down, owing to his we are gaining on 'em now. What I thing was fair in war; but our young can't stand is those blooming swipes, officer saw red, and he said 'No my those shirkers who sit at home and lads, you are going to kingdom come.' who call themselves men. I tell you 'What!' shrieked those German, swine, hill and gained the shelter of a wood. I'm for conscription out and out. This 'will you kill men after they have sur- Here he rested for a few minutes, then is no job to be played with; if we don't rendered?' 'You are not men,' said went forward to look for a path put forth our strength we can't beat the lieutenant; 'men don't shoot after through the wood, leaving his com-'em. But just think of those swine, they've surrendered-only Germans

inhabitants who had formerly lived

of pieces of cloth which tradesmen had been in the act of cutting and stitch- ed. ing; children's toys, and thousands of "You could have knocked me down Not a bird sang, not even a street dog anything wonderful." roamed amidst the shapeless desolation; the ghastly horror of it all possessed him. Great gaping holes in the old ramparts of the city; trees torn up by their roots and scorched

by pure devilry. At last Tom's turn came to go up to the front trenches. It was with a strange feeling at heart that he, with Empire twenty years ago when he others, crept along the pave road to- penned the "Recessional." It was poswards the communication trench. They sible then for Britain to talk about had to be very careful, because this her "far-flung battle line." But what German machine guns. Presently, about that battle line to-day. Britain when they came to a house used as a has over two million men in France; first dressing station close to the be- her navy has controlled the sea since ginning of the communication trench, the outbreak of the war. There is a Tom felt his heart grow cold, Still, British expedition in Mesopotamia, a with set teeth, and a hard look in his British expeditionary force at Saloeyes, he groped his way along the nika, another expedition in Palestrench, through Piccadilly, and Hay- tine. British monitors and British ar-

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 i high good spirits too, they laughed and talked and bandied jokes. "There seems no danger here," thought Tom. An hour passed and still all was com-

paratively 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

could carry him, he had an inspira- mony.

In a few minutes he was gently his human freight down the hill. The

One of Andrew's legs was useless, and that added to the difficulty of getweakened condition.

At last Potts reached the foot of the panion seated on the shovel. He had " not proceeded more than twenty yards when suddenly he received a sharp British lines and found himself facing face the music; that's what sickens "Great God!" said Tom, "what a a bayonet. A hurried explanation saved his life. The first man to grasp him by the hand was Sergt. Maj. Stubbing, Sixth Royal Enniskillen Fusilliers, who was on night duty. It was

Meanwhile, the sentry had gone to might fall near him and blow him into the trench and brought back several "Isn't it dangerous here?" asked eternity. On more than one occasion, men. They carried a blanket, and Ypres; and while he could not be called accompanied Potts to the place where "Not just now,' replied the other; an imaginable lad, he could not help be- he had left Andrews. Potts had start-

> was left upon another, not one of the ily conveyed to a field-ambulance dressing station, where their wounds deed a city of the dead. To Tom the were tended. Potts was invalided ruins of the great Cloth Hall and the home at once, and while en route to Cathedral were not the most terrible; England received the news that he had what appealed to him most were the been awarded the great prize so dear empty houses in which things were to every British soldier. He had releft by the panic-stricken people. garded his thrilling exploit as an or-Bedsteads twisted into shapeless dinary incident, and was startled when masses; clothes half burnt; remnants he learned how highly it was esteem-

> other things which suggested to the with a feather," said the "Shovel boy the life the people had been living. V.C.," "for I never thought I had done

> > 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 hall (for in this manner do the tillery are operating with the Italians soldiers name the various parts of the near Trieste, and British armored sigzag cuttings through the clay); cars are supporting the Russian while all the time he could hear the 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

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in Florence is a volume known as the there is but little doubt that the Codex Codex Amiatinus, which is said to be Amiatinus is one of the three Pandects the most valuable book in the world. that Ceolfrid caused to be written in We learn that the Codex Amiatinus these ancient monasteries of England.

on the back of the first leaf, however, Make a bag six or eight inches there is a verse in Latin which sug- square of some soft, porous material gests that it was the gift of one Peter. - a piece of bath-toweling if possible

scholar, discovered about thirty years slivers that invariably come off when ago that several words in this verse a large bar is cut. This not only showed signs of erasure, and had utilizes every bit of soap in the house, evidently been substituted for others. but it furnishes a good means of soap-Both the sense and the meter were ing the entire body when a hot bath altered by this erasure. Professor is taken. A rub-down with this soap-Hort and other scholars have con- bag is invigorating and cleansing, and jectured that this might be the copy the slippery bar is eliminated.

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 In the Mediceo Laurentian Museum volume has remained obscure, but now

> Life is too short to waste In critic peep or cynic bark, Quarrel or reprimand,-

'T will soon be dark: God-speed the mark!

One of our greatest blessings is ap-The origin of this rare book has been petite, and yet nothing is more abused. It was in the possession of the convent of a loved one, better think twice beof Monte Amiati for many years, fore you lend it to some unknown whence it derived its name, but how agent who offers to enlarge or copy it. or when it came there is still a mys- Maybe you'll see it again, maybe you with his hands over his shoulders, tery. There is nothing in the con- won't. You'll feel safer if you don't

Professor Hort, Latin and Greek -and fill it with scraps of soap or the



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