

BOVRIL

Repels Colds, Chills, and Influenza

TOMMY
By Joseph Hocking

Author of
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CHAPTER VII.—(Cont'd.)

As may be imagined, Tom thought a great deal about it. He knew by the Colonel's questions, and by the tone of his voice, that the affair was regarded as serious. Tom, although not brilliant, had a good deal of common sense. He was able to put two and two together, and his Lancashire gumption led him to see further than many gave him credit for. He kept his own counsel, but he had become alert to the finger-tips.

Altogether that night was the most wonderful in Tom's history. In a way he could not understand, it formed an epoch in his life; it affected him in many ways. From that time he felt the reality of God. It was not an impression which came to him for a moment and then passed away, it was something which became permanent. God was a personal Power ever present with him. He was not simply some great Eternal Abstraction, but He was a great loving Father, revealed through Jesus Christ His Son. All the teaching he had received in the Sunday School, all the addresses he had heard at the Y.M.C.A. huts, came back to him. He formulated no theories, he tried to shape no creeds, but there seemed to be a Spiritual Deposit in his life to which he had hitherto been a stranger. He was a child of the Great Eternal Father, and Jesus Christ had told him what that Father was like. He said nothing about it to any one, it was not something to talk about. To Tom it was very real, and in a vital sense the knowledge made him a new man; a new life pulsed through his being. What it was he could not tell, did not even care. But it was there. Indeed he had a greater love for his life than ever, but he was no longer afraid.

It was not until two days later that Tom received news that Alec McPhail was among the wounded and had been removed to a hospital some little distance from Ypres, on the road leading to Cassel. He had seen but little of McPhail since he had come to France, as the Scotchman's battalion of the Black Watch occupied the trench some three miles from where the Lancashires were situated. They

had met occasionally near Ypres, but had had little to say to each other. When Tom heard he was wounded, however, he determined to go and see him.

"He got it bad," said a friend of McPhail's; "they told me at the dressing station that he was in no fit condition to be removed, but they had to do it."

"You don't mean to say he's going to die!" said Tom.

"Nay, I don't think it's so bad as that," replied the other, "but he's got it bad."

When Tom arrived at the little town where the hospital was situated he immediately asked for permission to see the wounded man.

The nurse shook her head. "I doubt if you can," she replied.

"Is he very bad?" asked Tom.

The nurse nodded. "Very bad indeed," she replied; "he was wounded the other morning when the attack was made. We seem to have lost a number of men."

"Yes," said Tom, "I was there and I heard that the Black Watch were called up."

For a few seconds there was a silence between them, while Tom scanned the nurse's face closely.

"Do you mean to say he's going to die?" asked Tom, and his voice trembled a little.

The nurse nodded. "I am afraid so," she said, "he's too ill to see any one, and I doubt if he would know you."

"I am sure he would like to see me," said Tom pleadingly; "you see we were pals in Lancashire, and we saw a goodish bit of each other while we were in the camp in Surrey. I would like to see him if I could, I would really."

"Well, I shall have to speak to the doctor," was the nurse's reply. "Will you wait here? I won't be long before I'm back."

A curious feeling came into Tom's heart. He did not know very much about McPhail, but he recalled the conversations that they had had in Lancashire, and he vividly remembered the night before they had started for the Front. McPhail had been very much wrought upon then. Tom had watched his face while they sat together in the Y.M.C.A. hut when the speaker was telling them about the deep needs of their lives. McPhail's face had become set and stern, although his lips quivered. Afterwards when they had gone to the canteen the Scotchman had uttered words which Tom never forgot.

He wandered now if McPhail had meant what he said, wondered too if he had realised the same experiences which he, Tom, had passed through. It seemed awful that this tall, stalwart Scotchman was going to die. Why should he be killed in this way? Why should that lonely Scotchwoman, McPhail's mother, have to suffer because of German sins?

The nurse came back to him. "He wants to see you," she said, "and the doctor says he may. He's been asking for you."

"Asking for me?" queried Tom.

"Yes, I didn't know anything about it. He's been telling another nurse that he wanted to see you. Pollard is your name, isn't it?"

A few seconds later Tom was admitted into the room where a number of men lay. McPhail was in a corner of the room partially hidden from the rest. The Scotchman gave Tom a smile of recognition as he came up to him.

"I felt sure ye'd come," he whispered. "They told me I couldn't get at ye, but I had a feeling that I should see ye before I died."

Tom hesitated a second before replying.

"It may not be as bad as that," he said, "lots of chaps who have looked worse than you have got better."

"Nay," said McPhail, "I'm pipped, I have got to go. I'm not in any pain, though," he added quickly, "the doctor saw to that, but it willna be long afore I'm gone. Tom, I would like ye to write a letter to my mither. As I told you, she's a godly woman, and I've grieved her sair."

"I will do anything you ask me, McPhail," was Tom's reply. "Ay, but don't give up; you may get well yet, and have another smack at the Germans."

"Nay," replied the other, "I have done my bit. I would like to live a bit longer, but there, it's a' for the best. I'm not afraid, Tom; do you remember that night before we came out here, when we left the canteen together?"

"Ay, I remember."

"I settled it that night," said the Scotchman. "You remember me tellin' ye that I was always a thinking sort o' laddie? Weel, when I got away by myself that night I made up

my mind, and I just accepted the way o' salvation, which my mither explained to me when I were a wee laddie. And it worked, Tom! It worked! I laughed at relection when I was wi' you in Lancashire; but man, there's nothing else that stands by a man. Ay, and it works, it does. I want ye to write to my mither and tell her this. Tell her that I gave my life to the Lord on the night before I left England, that I have not touched a drop of drink since then, and that I died with the love of God in my heart. Will you tell her, Tom?"

"Ay," said Tom, "I will."

"Write down her address, will ye?"

Tom's hand trembled and the tears coursed down his face as he wrote the address of the woman who lived away in the Highlands of Scotland.

"It will comfort her," said McPhail when this was done. "It will make her feel that her teaching and her example were not in vain."

"Ay, but you must not die, you must not die," sobbed Tom.

"Dinna talk like that, lad," said the Scotchman. "I have been thinking it all out sin' I have been here, and it's richt. It's a' richt. Without shedding of blood there is no remission of sin, and you can't purge away iniquity without paying the price: I am a part of the price, Tom. The Son of God died that others might live. That's not only a fact, it is a principal. Thousands of us are dying that others may live. Christ died that He might give life and liberty to the world, and in a way that is what we are doing. I can't rightly explain it, it's too deep for me; but I see glimpses of the truth. Tom, have you learnt the secret yourself?"

"I think I have," replied Tom. "On the night of the attack I was on sentry duty, and while I was alone I—I prayed. I could not say it in words like, they wouldn't come, but I am sure I got the grip of it, and I feel as though God spoke to me."

"That's it, lad, that's it!" said the dying man eagerly. "Tom, do ye think ye could pray now?"

By this time the room had become very silent. The men who had been talking freely were evidently listening to that which I have tried to describe, but the two lads were not conscious of the presence of others.

"I don't know as I can pray in words," said Tom, "somehow prayer seems too big to put into words. I just think of God and remember the love of Jesus Christ. But happen I can sing if you can bear it."

"Ay, lad, sing a hymn," said the Scotchman.

Tom knelt by the dying man's bed and closed his eyes. For some time nothing would come to him; his mind seemed a blank. Then he found himself singing the hymn he had often sung as a boy.

Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy Bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

"Ay, that's it, that's it," said the Scotchman, "it's a hymn I dinna ken, but it goes to the heart of things. Man, can ye recite to me the twenty-third Psalm?"

"Nay," replied Tom, "I forgot which it is."

"That's because you were born and reared in a goddess country," replied the Scotchman. "No Scottish lad ever forgets the twenty-third Psalm, especially those who canna thole the paraphrases. 'The Lord is my Shepherd,' surely ye ken that, Tom?"

"Ay," replied Tom eagerly, "I know that."

Then the two lads recited the psalm together:

"The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside still waters.

"He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His Name's sake.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

"Stop there!" said the Scotchman. "That's eno'. It's a' there, Tom; that's why I'm not afraid now. I'm in the valley of the shadow of death, but I dinna fear: the Lord is wi' me, and He's gotten hold of my hand."

"You must go now," said the nurse, coming up, "the doctor says you must not stay any longer."

"Good-bye," said the Scotchman, with a smile, "it's a' richt; you'll tell my mither, won't you?"

"Ay, I will," said Tom.

"And—and Tom," said the Scotchman almost eagerly, "although I shall be dead, I shall be near you, and mebbe—Ay, but we shall meet in a better world, Tom. It's a' richt."

As Tom passed through the room where the sick and wounded men lay, he noticed that they looked towards him longingly, wondering. The atmosphere of the place seemed charged with something sacred. At that moment Tom knew the meaning of the word Sacrament.

The next day the Scotchman died. The nurse was with him to the very last, and just before he breathed his last breath he lifted his eyes to her with a smile.

"It's a' richt, nurse," he said, "what my mither taught me was true down to the very foundations."

"Ay, it was grand, it was grand!" said Tom Pollard when he heard the news. "It doesn't seem like death at all, it was just victory, victory!"

After that Tom did his work with a new light in his eyes. It seemed as though his visit to the Scotchman had removed the last remaining cloud which had hung in the sky of his faith.

(To be continued.)

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Ingenious Invention of a New York Woman.

In these days of wartime activities and self-sacrifice; intensive retrenchments, intensive production, intensive training, it will surprise no one to learn that a New York woman has turned the parlor of her home into a factory where small but willing hands produce the trench torch—otherwise called le petit flambeau. The torch itself, one of America's latest and most ingenious contributions to the war, is the surprise.

Like many another useful invention, it is simplicity itself—strips of newspaper rolled on a small cylindrical mould of wood, the mould being removed after the roll is tied with a single turn of common cord and before it has been dipped in paraffin. The finished product, a sturdy little tube three inches long by about an inch in diameter, gives a six candle-power light for forty-five minutes at the—in this day—amazing cost of one-third of a cent.

Add to this trivial cost a singular adaptability to conditions now prevailing in the zone of trench warfare, and surgeon and soldier have good reason to rejoice. The torch is waterproof, an important item; it is easily carried in pocket or pouch by the dozen; if necessary; it is all but indestructible; it burns with a clear, bright flame and is non-explosive. All these points recommend it to the surgeon in the field or the soldier in his trench or dugout.

Apparently the trench torch has come to stay. Its practical utility is indicated in Mrs. Gushee's own statement that the torch makes it possible to light thirty soldiers forty-five minutes for ten cents, or as long as it takes to read a short story or play a game of cards. And this does not take into account the more serious phase when a surgeon bends over a stricken man and dresses his wounds by the flaming light of a little slug of paraffin soaked waste paper.

The simple idea of a woman eager to serve! Only that. Yet who knows how many weary hours may be lifted out of tedium into something approaching cosiness and comfort, how

many wounds may be stanch'd in time by those little dabs of light?

THE MIGHTY PEN

That an army of 25,000,000 people is armed with fountain pens is the amazing fact brought out in a recent issue of The Pen Prophet that gives a present day emphasis to Lytton's "The pen is mightier than the sword." And this great army is growing at a tremendous rate. 2,000,000 recruits were added last year by the Waterman Ideal alone. This growth is all the more striking when it is considered that just 34 years ago Lewis Edson Waterman, a native of Decatur, N.Y., began making fountain pens by hand in a little shop behind a cigar store in New York City. His output was 200 pens a year.

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The robin is the last bird to retire to its nest in the evening. It has large eyes, and can see well by a dim light.

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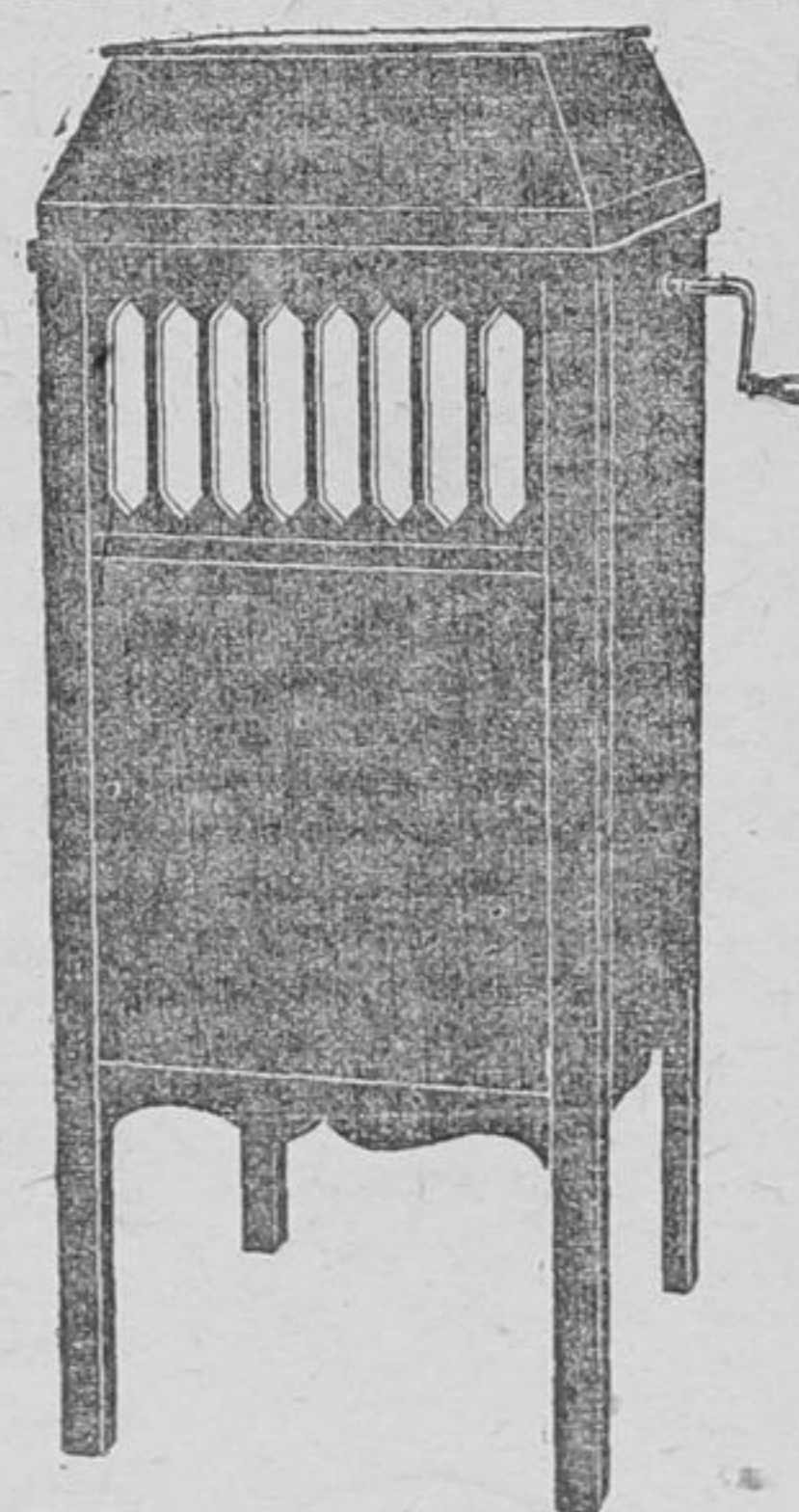
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