



TOMMY

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

CHAPTER III.—(Cont'd.)

As soon as Tom heard this, he applied for leave, and the young lieutenant having reported that Tom had behaved very well since his punishment, and had apparently turned over a new leaf, it was granted.

He did not spend much of his time with his father and mother, but as soon as possible made his way to the Thorn and Thistle. He had saved practically all his last few weeks' regimental pay, a great part of which he spent on a present for Polly Powell. On the whole he was satisfied with Polly's reception, although he felt that she was not quite so warm towards him as she had been during the days when she was trying to win him away from Alice Lister. It was during his stay in Brunford, too, that Tom gave way to the temptation of drink.

"Nay, Tom," said Polly when he said he would only take a bottle of ginger ale, "I never heard of a soldier who was worth his salt but would not take his beer like a man." And Tom, who could not bear to be laughed at, yielded to Polly's persuasions.

"Ay, she's a grand lass," he said to himself, "and a rare beauty too; she's got eyes like black diamonds and a face like a June rose." All the same he remembered some of the ladies who had come to the Y.M.C.A. to sing to the soldiers, and he had a feeling, which he could not put into words, that Polly was a little bit loud. Her dresses were always highly colored, while her hats were bedecked with big feathers. Of course these things suited her to perfection, and although he did not raise the slightest objection to them there were doubts at the back of his mind. Neither did he altogether like the way in which she handled jokes, which were not always of the best taste, with the young fellows who came to the Thorn and Thistle. Altogether it was not an un-mixed sorrow to him when his leave was up and he returned to his regiment.

He did not see Alice Lister during his visit, and if the truth must be told he was glad of it. Polly Powell's spell was strong upon him, and he said repeatedly that Alice Lister was not his sort.

A week after this Tom's battalion was ordered south, and amidst much excitement the men boarded the train which took them to London for at least one night, but only two hours were allowed between the time they reached Euston from the time the train was due to leave Waterloo. Discipline was somewhat relaxed during the journey, and when at length Tom entered the train at Waterloo he noticed that many of the men were worse for drink.

"What blithering fools they are!" said Penrose to him, as seated in their carriage they saw many of their companions staggering along the platform. Tom was silent at the sight, nevertheless he thought a great deal.

It was now the beginning of May, and the Surrey meadows were bedecked with glory. Tom, who had never been out of Lancashire before, could not help being impressed with the beauty he saw everywhere. It was altogether different from the hard bare hills which he had been accustomed to in the manufacturing districts of Lancashire. The air was sweet and pure too. Here all nature seemed generous with her gifts; great trees abounded, flowers grew everywhere, while fields were covered with such a glory of green as he had never seen before.

where all vegetation had been worn away by the tramp of thousands of feet. The men, who had been singing all the way during their march, became silent; the scene was so utterly different from what they had left. That morning they had left a grim, grey, smoky manufacturing town; in the evening they had entered a clearing surrounded by sylvan beauty.

"I feel as though I could stay here for ever," said Tom. "But look at you," and he pointed to a long low hut at the door of which the letters "Y.M.C.A." were painted. "Why they're here too!"

"Yes," said Penrose, "there's not a camp in the country where you don't find the Y.M.C.A. huts; for that matter they are on the Continent too." "But your place must have cost a lot of money," said Tom, "you can't build shanties like that without a lot of brass." Where did they get the brass from?

"I expect the people who believe in religious lolly-pops gave it to them," replied Penrose.

It took Tom two or three days before he became accustomed to his new surroundings. He found that in this camp nearly thirty thousand men had gathered; men who had come from every corner of the country—Camerons, Durhams, Devons, Welsh, Duke of Cornwall's, they were all here. Tom had rather expected that the advent of a new battalion would have caused some excitement,

but scarcely any notice seemed to be taken; their coming was a matter of course. Three days before a battalion had left for the Front, and they had come to take their place, that was all. Instead of being billeted at various houses, as they had been in Lancashire, they had now to sleep sixty in a hut. Tom laughed, he saw the sleeping arrangements. Beds were placed close together all around the buildings, these beds were of the most primitive nature, and consisted of a sack of straw, a couple of rugs, and what might be called a pillow.

These sacks of straw were raised some three or four inches from the floor by means of boarding, and had only the suggestion of a spring. No privacy was possible, but everything was clean and well-kept. In a few days Tom got to like it. The weather was beautiful, the country was lovely, and the air was pure. Tom had a good appetite in Lancashire, now he felt ravenous. The work was hard, harder than he had had in Lancashire, but he enjoyed it; on the whole, too, he could not help noticing that many of the men seemed of a better type than those which made up his own battalion. With the exception of Penrose, nearly all his company were drafted from coal pits and cotton mills. Here were many men who were men, public-school men, and the like. Truly the Army was a great democracy.

(To be continued.)

An Indian turban of the largest size contains from ten to twenty yards of the finest and softest muslin.

Profits from feeding are greatest for the man who does not have to buy grain. That is merely another way of saying "Grow your own feed."

A transfer of pure-bred stock requires the transfer of pedigrees as well as stock. It is unfortunate that farmers occasionally neglect to transfer registry papers promptly.

At last we got out early in the morning, fifty of us, from the Royal Canadian Flying Corps barracks, back of the lines, when the sun was low and my courage lower, to bomb the Prussian trenches before the infantry should attack.

Our machines were stretched out across a flat tableland. Here and there in little groups the pilots were receiving instructions from their commander and consulting maps and photographs.

All along the line engines began to roar and sputter. Here was a 300 h.p. Rolls-Royce, with a mighty, throbbing voice; over there a \$10,000 Larone rotary engine vying with the others in making a noise. Then there were the little fellows, humming and spitting, the "vipers" or "maggots," as they are known in the service.

At last the squadron commander took his place in his machine and rose with a whirr. The rest of us rose and circled round, getting our formation. Over No Man's Land.

Crack! At the signal from the commander's pistol we darted forward, going ever higher and higher, while the cheers of the mechanics and riggers grew fainter.

Across our own trenches we sailed and out over No Man's Land, like a huge, eyeless, peck-scarred earth face staring up at us.

There was another signal from the commander. Down we swooped. The bomb racks rattled as hundreds of bombs were let loose, and a second later came the crackle of their explosions over the heads of the Boches in their trenches.

Lower and lower we flew. We skimmed the trenches and sprayed bullets from our machine guns. The crashing of the weapons drowned the roar of the engines.

A BATTLE OF 100 AEROPLANES

TURNING THE HEAVENS INTO A VERITABLE HELL.

Hairbreadth Escapes in the Aerial Service Are Matters of Everyday Occurrence.

An officer of the Royal Canadian Flying Corps tells the following story:—

There were one hundred of us—fifty on a side—but we turned the heavens into hell, up in the air there, more terrible than ten thousand devils could have made running rampant in the pit.

The sky blazed and crackled with bursting time bombs, and the machine guns spat out their steel venom, while underneath us hung what seemed like a net of fire, where shells from the Archies, vainly trying to reach us, were bursting.

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I saw ahead of me a column of flame shoot up from one of our machines, and I caught a momentary glance at the pilot's face. It was greenish-ash color. His petrol tank had been hit. I hope the fall killed him and that he did not burn to death.

Away in the distance a number of specks had risen, like vultures scenting the carrion that had already been made. It was a German squadron. The Archies had not bothered us much while we were spraying the Prussian trenches, but now we had that other squadron to take care of. Our orders were to bomb the trenches. We could not spare a bomb or a cartridge from the task of putting the fear of Britain into the hearts of the infantry below our own "Tommy's" should start over the top.

A Parting Message.

I don't know what it was, but suddenly, just after my partner had let go a rack of bombs, there was a terrific explosion just beneath us. My machine leaped upward, twisted, then dropped suddenly. Death himself was trying to wrench the control levers from my grip, but I clung to them madly and we righted. A few more inches and I couldn't have told you about this.

There was no longer any chance to worry about flying position. There were too many things occupying my attention—that line of gray down there that we were trying to erase and the Boche squadron thrumming down on us.

One drum of our ammunition was

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Emphasize Your Personality—

Your photograph does not look like the photograph of any one else in the world. Make your handwriting just as individual. The surest way is to use

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

The Pen For School and College

Illustrated folder sent on request

At Best Stores—\$2.50 to \$50. In a great variety.

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RAMSAY'S

THE RIGHT PAINT TO PAINT RIGHT

—is fully guaranteed. Outdoors and in, it will make things glisten like new.

A scientific, machine-mixed, quality paint that will never fail you.

A. RAMSAY & SON COMPANY

Makers of Fine Paints and Varnishes

MONTREAL TORONTO VANCOUVER

ESTABLISHED 1842

IF ALL THE SKIES.

If all the skies were sunshine
Our faces would be faint
To feel once more upon them
The cooling splash of rain.

If all the world were music
Our hearts would often long
For one sweet strain of silence
To break the endless song.

If life were always merry
Our souls would seek relief
And rest from weary laughter
In the quiet arm of grief.

—Henry Van Dyke.

For Acid Stomachs Use Magnesia

Quickly Stops Sour Burning Peeling and Indigestion Pains.

The almost universal use of magnesia by physicians and specialists in the treatment of stomach troubles, is due to the fact that it stops food fermentation, and neutralizes the acid—the direct cause of nearly all stomach troubles, or, in other words, the most suitable and efficient, etc., the most suitable and efficient, and the one prescribed by leading specialists.

It is a bisulphate of magnesia, a teaspoonful of which in a little warm water immediately after eating will instantly neutralize the acid, stop fermentation, and thus ensure painless normal digestion. Care should be taken to get bisulphate magnesia, as its action is infinitely more effective. It is also, by the way, usually stocked by druggists in convenient compressed tablets as well as in the ordinary powder form. Stomach sufferers avoid the use of pepper, charcoal, soda, mineral, drugs and medicines are invariably resorted to find that the stomach soon regains its normal tone, and can do its work alone without the doubtful aid of artificial digestants.

See that the climbing roses and other creepers are properly tied up. Experiments in putting alfalfa and other leguminous crops in the silo have not always been satisfactory. There seems to be no crop that is so universally satisfactory for silage as corn.

The breeding of flies in manure heaps is easily prevented. Use carbolic acid and water; one part carbolic acid and twenty parts water. Sprinkle the heap well and as fresh material is piled up sprinkle it, and the flies will be prevented from breeding.

Redpath SUGAR

is made in one grade only—the highest. So there is no danger of getting "seconds" when you buy Redpath in the original Cartons or Bags.

"Let Redpath Sweeten it."

2 and 5 lb. Cartons—10, 20, 50 and 100 lb. Bags.

Canada Sugar Refining Co., Limited, Montreal.

KING JAMES I. TRAVELLED IN SUB

FIRST SUBMARINE WAS MADE AND LAUNCHED IN 1620.

Was Propelled by Oars, But Secret of Obtaining Pure Air Died With the Inventor.

The submarine is much older than the German Empire, and the credit of being the first sovereign to make a trip in one is given to James I. of England, a monarch who has generally been represented as a man of more than ordinary timidity. Doubt whether it is true or not, that James actually made a trip in a submarine, it is interesting to recall that one of James' friends did undoubtedly construct the first practical submersible boat recorded in history.

At Siege of Tyre.

Alexander the Great is said to have employed diving bells at the siege of Tyre, 332 B.C. An Arabian historian named Bohaddin, who lived about 1150 A.D., relates that a diver entered Ptolemaids during a siege by means of a submarine apparatus. An invention for descending into the sea was heard of at Toledo in 1538, and Charles V. is said to have interested himself in it. Forty-two years later an Englishman, William Boone, was credited with inventing a "plunging apparatus" similar to a device produced nearly 200 years later by one Symons, which was galley shaped with a dome-like roof, but differing in the manner of submersion. Boone's plunger was submerged by contraction of the hull through the instrumentality of hand vines, which reduced its volume, while Symons made use of leather bottles, which he filled with water. Magnus Pegelius in 1605 made a similar device which was regarded as a marvel of its time.

Van Drebel's Device.

According to Allan H. Burgoyne, F.R.G.S., "the honor of having constructed the first submarine boat undoubtedly belongs to Cornelius van Drebel, a Dutch physician. His first submarine was made in 1620, when he built and launched a navigable submersible boat, and so successful did it prove that he had two others constructed on the same plans, in the larger of which James I., of whom van Drebel was an intimate friend, made a lengthy trip. These early craft were built of wood and rendered watertight by stretching greased leather all over the hull. The following is from a description of the largest. She carried twelve rowers, besides passengers, and made a journey of several hours at a depth of from twelve to fifteen feet. The holes for the oars were made to hold water by leather joints. Van Drebel accounted his chief secret to be the composition of a liquid that would speedily restore to the troubled air such a proportion of vital parts as would make it again for a good while fit for respiration. The composition of this liquid for enabling air to be used again was never made public. Van Drebel died in 1634 without having completed his experiments, leaving no document relative to his work on the subject.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Last March the Fate of Democracy Trembled in the Balance.

Now that it is all over we are free to tell each other in what peril every nation stood during the March days when we could get no news from Russia," says the London Independent. "The Duma has triumphed, and whether Russia meets victory or defeat in the remaining months of the war, or even whether an attempt is made to restore Czarism, matters comparatively little since the critical moment has been safely passed."

Suppose that the Imperial Court had triumphed over the Russian people. This would probably have meant a speedy peace with the Central Powers and a withdrawal of Russia from the Entente. The nations of Western Europe alone would probably be a match for the Central Powers, but they could hardly hope for decisive victory with all the troops in the Eastern theatre of war thrown into the scale against them.

When we see how nearly equal Germany and Austria to all the forces which the rest of the world has yet been able to send against them, we can imagine what a menace they would be with the aid of hundreds of millions of Russians organized by Prussian system and dominated by Prussian diplomacy. Neither the Roman Caesars nor Napoleon at the height of his power could so subject the nations to their will as the rulers whose domains would stretch from the Arctic to the Persian Gulf and from Belgium to the Pacific.

That this should not be was determined by God and Man when the red flag was raised above the palaces of Petrograd.

Butter should not come in less than a half hour. When it comes too there is loss of fat in the butter. When the weather is warm it is better to lower the churning temperature several degrees. The temper can be raised more easily than lowered when the churning has been started.

The raising of cattle in Rhodesia has now reached the stage where meat canning plants must be provided to care for the excess output.

PRACTICAL

WHY NOT GROW

In average seasons red clover has not been pastured after hay crop has been removed, and a crop of well-matured, instead of cutting the second hay, pasturing it or, as it happens, ploughing it or, allow this crop to mature, the seed from it?

By raising your own clover, you are obtaining seed from plants by their very existence, demonstrated their adaptation conditions prevailing on you and in your immediate locality, it is quite reasonable to well produce plants which are well adapted to local conditions. This reason alone grown clover is really more valuable than most seed obtainable through channels of commerce.

Quite often very poor-looking second growth red clover, produce a profitable crop of seed many cases fields where the clover is quite thin and say only eight inches high, will yield over a hundred pounds of clean, well-seed per acre. Usually, however, average second growth will anywhere from 150 to 250 per seed per acre.

The red clover seed crop cut when the heads are dark in color, and contain hard, well-seed. In harvesting all heavy handling should be avoided. Rough handling, frequent turning



The Farm Where Father Was

When father lived here on the Oh, it was long ago!— Could he have had the fun I had And known the things I know?

Why, I have seen a fox to-day Out on the pasture hill, And caught three minnows in the mill. That flows below the mill.

And I know where wild cherries And where the wood grapes And where the fern root is most Than sugar is, by far.

And then I caught a firefly on And found what makes the light And once I heard an "Who!" Beside the road at night.

I almost caught a turtle, too, Down by the lily pond; And, anyway, I saw a hawk Fly from the woods beyond.

When father lived here on the So very long ago, I wonder if he had such fun And knew the things I know?

In haying time I helped a lot! I helped to rake the hay, And high among the rafters of To tread the load away.

Then once we thought a cow was But Scotty found her track, And how he ran! but it was back Before he brought her back.

And once it frightened me a I found a cave one day. I'm sure that pirates lived in it Or redskins hid away!

Oh, every day brings something For Scotty and for me— A thousand wondrous things to see! A thousand things to do!

Still, father only smiles and says That's very long ago. He had the selfsame fun I have And knew the things I know!

The Dairy

No matter how much can be plished by kindness, it is a waste to keep a firm hand and a stout on bulls of the smaller dairy breeds—and some others. Good trees works wonders, but it never takes chances.

Profits and losses in cattle feed can not be determined merely comparison of buying and selling prices, because it is a six month period a thousand-pound steers duces three to four tons of milk. This is a source of revenue too taken into consideration.

The most important factor in production of high-grade butter proper cooling of the cream, make the best grades of butter cream should be separated from milk with a clean separator, kept rate from the cold cream and immediately to about 50 degrees.

The use of hard floors in the barn suggests the use of a cistern saving the liquid manure. A good suggestion, too. Such a cistern can be built of concrete and cement with the gutters by means of cemented at the joints.

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