BOVRIL

Repels Colds, Chills, and Influenza

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 VII.—(Cont'd.)

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 experinces which he, Tom, had passed through. It seemed awful that this tall, stalwart Scotchman was going to die. Why should men 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 couldna 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 mysel' 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 releegion 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 drap 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 oot 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 richtly 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.

Jesu, 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 godless 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 are 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 mebee— 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 [illegible] The atmosphere of the place seemed charged with something [illegible] At the mention of the word Sacrament 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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DOMESTIC SCIENCE AT HOME

Eighteenth Lesson.—Various Cuts of Beef.

THE PRINCIPAL CUTS OF BEEF

The beef is split into halves; it is then divided into fore and hind quarters, and as follows:

NECK—The neck is used for stewing, soups, beef tea and corning; requiring long and continuous cooking.

CHUCK—Chuck and crosscut is also called the Boston and English cut. It is used for roasting, pot roasting and braising.

BOLAR CUT—A steak may be cut from this cut of meat. It is used for pot roasting and braising. By slow cooking this meat is made delicious and tender.

SHIN—Used for stews and soup making.

BRISKET—Used for stews, soup making and corning.

RIBS—Used for roasting.

PLATE—Used for stews and soup making.

SIRLOIN—Used for broiling.

FLANK—Used for stewing.

RUMP—Steaks from the rump are used for broiling and pan-broiling. The back cut from the rump is used for roasting. The pin bone is the face cut from the rump averaging from six to eight pounds.

ROUND—The meat is so called because of the way in which it lies on the block. The upper or top of the round is the inside of the the leg. This is the tenderest portion. It is cooked by broiling or panning. The back cuts are used for Hamburg steaks, pot roasts and corning. The lower part of the round is the outside of the leg. The first few steak from this portion are tender; the rest is used for Hamburg steaks, stews and pot roasts.

MUSIC IN THE HOME

The Metronome, A Drill Instructor.

"When I see a boy or girl practicing with a metronome on the piona it always reminds me of a policeman on duty at a birthday party," a lady was overheard to say to a friend at a house party the other evening. But that is a severe remark to make. No one would unduly restrain those in attendance at a birthday party from enjoying themselves. That is what the party is for.

The metronome is more like a drill instructor. Off duty he allows the soldier certain freedom, but on duty exactness is demanded. The click of the pendulum is the command for strict time. The metronome shows no favoritism. Whether it is keeping time for a march, a waltz, a sonata, or the faltering attempt of the young beginner's exercises it is absolutely impartial, though it never scolds nor praises. And that is the secret of its success. Having no prejudices in favor of or against anyone it always performs its helpful mission fairly and justly. But like other good disciplinarians it is not always a welcome friend. Some folks dislike working under exacting foremen. If the war has taught one thing it is the necessity for discipline and the principle holds good in music. So make the acquaintance of the metronome. Get friendly with it. Realize that it always metes out justice and your fear will be dispelled. Besides you will be the gainer. Its demand for strict time is all for your benefit.

About the only criticism one ever hears directed against the metronome is not against its character, but its physical appearance, viz., that in contrast to the graceful lines of the violin or the harp or the piano the outline of the metronome is stiff. As one musician puts it, the design is cold and unsympathetic. But at heart the metronome is kind for it serves a helpful and unselfish purpose.

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.

250 Seems a very large number of cups to get from a pound of tea. But that proves the fine quality of Red Rose Tea, which goes further and tastes better because it consists chiefly of rich, strong teas grown in the famous district of Assam in Northern India.

A pound of Red Rose gives 250 cups.

Kept Good by the Sealed Package

641

SMASHING A SUBMARINE.

Newest Contrivance is a Bomb Attached to a Float.

The newest contrivance for smashing a submarine is a bomb loaded with a huge charge of "T.N.T." and hanging from a float.

Suppose the "sub" to be located while travelling under water, by observation from an airplane or balloon. Seen from aloft it is a moving shadow resembling a gigantic fish.

Under such circumstances, of course, it is blind. It does not know that danger threatens. But meanwhile the patrol boats gather and prepare to do some fishing.

The U-boat, under water, cannot travel faster than twelve miles an hour at the utmost. Very likely it is going at a much slower rate. To drop a bomb in front of it is an easy matter.

The bomb is attached to a float by a wire of any desired length, say fifty feet, if that be the supposed depth at which the "sub" is moving. When it has sunk that far the resistance of the float yanks a plug out of it, thereby causing it to explode.

This idea was originated by Sperry, the American inventor of the gyroscope stabilizer. It is thought to have important advantages over the method hitherto used, whereby bombs equipped with delay-action fuses were dropped in front of the submarine.

Bombs of the latter kind are liable to go off too soon or too late. In either case the submarine escapes damage. But the bomb with a float is bound to explode at the required depth, and it will inevitably smash the U-boat if dropped at the proper moment. It does not need to hit the "sub"; the load of high explosive it carries is so big that if it bursts anywhere near it will do the business. At the very least it will fetch the submarine to the surface, to be promptly dispatched by gunfire.

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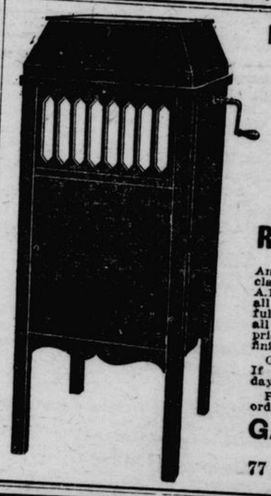

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Colonel Sir John Griffiths Tells Story of Rumania's Oil Wells in Annual Report.

Even those who do not know Colonel Sir John Griffiths, whether as Member of Parliament, in industrial affairs or in his newer capacity as soldier, will be immensely entertained by the account which he gives in the annual report of the Rumanian Consolidated Oilfields, Limited, of the way in which he destroyed the Rumanian oil wells when the Germans were approaching them, says a London correspondent. Probably no company has ever presented a more racy document to its shareholders, and through the whole story the personality of Colonel Griffiths is presented to the life—his thoroughness, his disregard of consequences, his habit of overruling those who stand in the way. He did a great piece of work in Rumania, one for which he received the K.C.B., carrying through his job with a ruthless thoroughness which no German general could hope to better.

Colonel Sir John Norton Griffiths was charged to render the oil wells useless to the Germans. He had to contend at once with the natural reluctance of the companies—most of which were not British owned—to see property worth millions destroyed, and with a Rumanian commission very much concerned for the future of the oil industry, and anxious to leave the wells in such condition that they could be opened later.

A Miraculous Escape.

The English officer had no policy but the total destruction of everything—the burning of all the stocks of oil, the breaking up of machinery of every kind, and the plugging of the wells so that no human ingenuity could open them again. He had his way, because he insisted on doing what he had decided to do, and when he and the officials to whom he had given temporary commissions drove away a little while before the Germans arrived they did not leave a thing which could advantage the German army.

There is one very characteristic touch in the story. At certain works the tanks and the shops had been fired. The Rumanian Commission said it was dangerous to stay any longer, as the power house, brim full of gas, might catch fire and explode at any moment. Colonel Griffiths, however, would not hear of the word "danger," and persisted in setting fire to the power house.

He took a lighted fuse of hay and entered the building, setting fire to the oil in the basement which had previously been pumped in. So strong was the gas in this building that one could have been asphyxiated in minutes on remaining inside. It is a miracle that Colonel Griffiths (who was slightly burned) and the rest were not killed. The only explanation is that the gas mixture in the building was too strong for quick combustion and explosion.

Some time ago, when Colonel Griffiths told something of this incident to a number of friends, they little dreamed from his manner of telling the story that miraculous intervention had been required to make it possible for him to tell the tale at all.

PLANING MILL WASTE.

Used by Toy Makers and Has a Good Commercial Value.

That a market for virtually all of the waste of a planing mill is to be had for the seeking is evidenced in the occasional bringing to light of what is being done by some planing mill managers in various sections of the country. The latest has to do with a planing mill in the Northern States. In turning out some of its products waste blocks of various sizes were numerous and served to furnish all the fuel required for the plant. This material had a fuel value of $3 a ton.

One day a visitor looked the plant over, noted the waste blocks and began to figure out the number of them in a ton. He offered the manager $17 a ton for all the waste of that character turned out. A contract was made and the visitor informed the manager he was a toy manufacturer and that the blocks purchased would cost him less than half of what it cost him to make them. The mill manager immediately placed his thinking cap in order, secured samples of all the planing mill waste, called on other toy manufacturers and before returning home found a market for all the waste about the plant except the sawdust. The final result is that the sale of the waste purchases all the coal needed for the plant and leaves a profit averaging $300 a month to the company.

A little analysis of the waste products about the saw and planing mills would soon prove that much of the material going to the slab pit has an excellent commercial value.

The great power, the divine dowry of womanhood, is that of receiving and giving inspiration. In this a girl often surpasses her brother; and it is for her to hold firmly and faithfully to her holiest instincts, so that when he lets his standard droop, she may, through her spiritual strength, be a standard bearer for him.

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