

Commander, extending his hand about the height of his waist and raising it evenly.

"When the water was breast high, we saw that we could do no good there and went up the ladder. When we got to the top, we found that the list of the ship had closed the splinter-grating, swung over by its dead fall, and we could not lift it up. It seemed a very long time before we could attract the attention of any one on deck, but I suppose it was not more than ten minutes. At last we were released.

"Then I thought I would see what had happened in the port-engine room."

IT should be understood that the designers of the King's Ships give them a long steel wall, or bulkhead, running from stem to stern, dividing them into two parts with duplicate engines and boilers on each side. Each ship is therefore two ships rolled into one. One side may be smashed, and put out of action, as in the present instance, and yet the other side be able to do its work.

The Engineer-Commander therefore crossed the slanting deck and went down again into the bowels of the sinking ship, from which he had just escaped.

"I found every one of the fifteen men of the engine-room staff at his post. Not one had bolted. I ordered them on deck, and they went up their ladder, singing 'Tipperary.'

"When I followed them up on deck I met a petty officer and asked him what the orders were. He said, 'Abandon ship, sir, and there's a destroyer alongside, taking off the men.'

"So I suppose we shall have to swim for it, I thought, and took off my jacket. In the pockets were my pipe, my cigarette-case, and my eye-glasses in their case, and I had to decide which I would keep. I selected the eye-glasses, and slipped them into my trousers pocket. Lucky I did so. (The Engineer-Commander was newly married and the case was a present from his wife.) Our friends on shore were bombarding us with shrapnel all this time.

"Having got rid of my tobacco, I noticed the Captain of Marines on the poop, lighting a cigarette, and decided that I wanted one, too. I had only taken a step or two in his direction when I was knocked to the deck. I felt as if some one had struck me on the back of the head with a club. A shrapnel had burst behind me and I got the full benefit. The ship was heeling over more and more. I rolled helplessly into the scuppers, then, over the side, and into the water.

"But evidently it wasn't my time to die," he said, smiling broadly.

"As I went overboard, I fell across a floating log and was carried down with the current."

THE shrapnel had done its work well and had given him literally a hundred separate wounds. From every one the blood was flowing. The salt water was biting the raw flesh, his strength was ebbing fast, but he clung to his floating log with a death-grip.

"I must have been half mad," he continued.

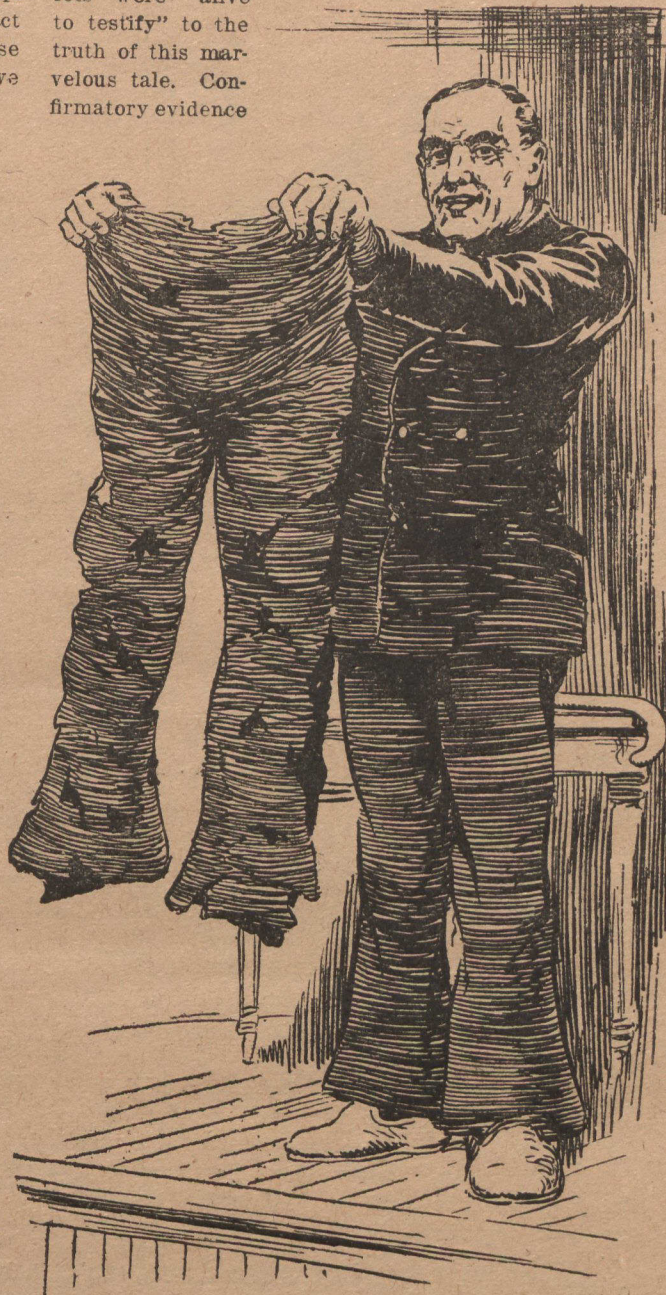
"As I floated away, it all looked like a scene in the cinema—my poor old ship heeling over, the destroyer alongside taking off the men, the shells splashing and exploding all round.

"I must have been in the water twenty minutes before I was picked up by a destroyer and laid on the deck. Our friends on shore continued to bombard us.

"In the hospital, they put me under ether five times to pick out the shrapnel. They counted up to one hundred wounds and then stopped. The doctor kept some of the bullets for souvenirs, but they gave a few to me."

Here he held out half a dozen jagged, wicked-looking slugs in the palm of his hand as an evidence of good faith. They were fragments of the "casing," that scrambles you up worse than the bullets that spread from the exploding packet of destruction. Returning these to his pocket, he displayed a remarkable piece of blue cloth about two yards wide, pierced and rent and frayed to ribbons. It represented the trousers

he had worn at the time. They had been neatly slit down the outside seams by the first aid surgeon to give ease to the wounded man, and the transformed garment looked like some queer old blue flag that had whipped to pieces in the wind. It and the shrapnel bullets were "alive to testify" to the truth of this marvelous tale. Confirmatory evidence



"LUCK OF THE GRILSE" APPRECIATED.

H.M.T.B.D. "Star," c/o G.P.O.

London, E.C., April 22, 1917.

The Editor, Canadian Courier:

Please accept sincere thanks for your kindness in forwarding two copies of the "Canadian Courier" which I received about the 16th April. The "Luck of the Grilse," by MacMechan, was certainly great and appreciated by the whole mess. We having lately been through something like it ourselves you may readily guess how such an experience of the "Grilse" would be vividly brought home to us. So U. S. A. has got started. I guess there were some scenes in the dear land of the "Maple Leaf," eh? I should like to have been in Ottawa that day. Just about three hours ago my First Lieutenant said I should soon be back. I myself do not think so. I am "doing Europe" for another twelve months at least. Those are my thoughts. Please don't confound them with my wishes. I have had a satiety of Europe and incidentally the "Ocean Blue." I wonder if the composer of "A Home on the Rolling Sea" ever was on a Torpedo Boat Destroyer. I guess he had never been to Sea, or if he had it was a trip across in a State Cabin on the "Mauretania."

You being a busy man, or busy telling others you are busy, I guess I'll quit on the ink slinging stunt, on which I never was great, but, say, if I had you here I could talk you into buying a "Torpedo Boat Destroyer" for your own use. Wishing you and the "Dear Land" (from which your paper derives its name) all prosperity,

I am, very truly yours,

F. HARVEY-LEE,

Signalman R.N.V.R.

was the stick on which the speaker leant, and the big, clumsy felt slippers he wore, instead of boots, over several pairs of socks, for what with shrapnel and surgeons, his circulatory system had been cut to pieces and patched together again so roughly that the blood refused to flow in its wonted channels. The Engineer-Commander will never go to sea again.

It was like coming back from the dead. His whole experience was miraculous, but that casual choosing the eye-glasses case and slipping it into his pocket saved his life. A fragment of shrapnel casing was stopped by the metal cover. Otherwise it would have severed the femoral artery, and he would have bled to death long before any rescue came. No wonder he treasures that little case, and proposes to make a drawing-room ornament, suitably framed, of the celebrated trousers, though their proper place is the United Service Museum in Whitehall, as evidence of what a sailor-man can suffer and yet survive.

TO Mrs. Engineer-Commander, a pretty young bride of a few months' standing, came almost at once the heavy tidings of her husband's death. It was "official." When the survivors were mustered and the roll was called, the Engineer-Commander was absent. But one had seen him down and bleeding on the deck, with "his foot shot away" (that was what it looked like), while another had seen him roll over the side. The inference was obvious. Meanwhile, weak and suffering, he was being treated with every care in hospital. As soon as the battered body allowed the troubled brain to function, he dictated a short cable message to a certain address. It consisted of just two words—"Undergoing repairs"—but Mrs. Engineer-Commander understood even before she read the name below.

The Country's Clear Call

(Concluded from page 6.)

State. We love the country. When the call comes we hear it from sea to sea and from the river unto the ends of the earth. Canada the country makes this call for a national army,

In the Fiftieth Year of Confederation.

The coincidence is good. For the sake of the larger, deeper, more spiritual unity which is to follow the half century of political union, we agree to bury our differences, our dissensions, our hypocrisies and our inertia. We say to the Government in power:

"Make good use of your opportunity. The nation is behind you and if need be will go ahead of you in this work. Give every man's available wisdom a chance to express itself in action. A few weeks of wisdom now may avoid a whole sequence of errors in the future. Do not hesitate. Act. This is a country of action. Believe in the people. Make the best use of every man. Count us, calculate us, co-ordinate us. We will obey you for the sake of the country, admitting all the claims of the State whose servants you happen to be, but not our masters."

And in this people's carte blanche to the wisdom of a Government there is room in no State corporation for the inefficient or the unwise man, more than there is room or tolerance in the country for the disloyal citizen. When the country calls the patriot answers. It has been said, "Call us and we will serve. Make it clear that it is Canada and not Europe or just England or an Empire that is calling and we will answer. Invoke the law of Canada and we will obey."

That call, that country and that law are all before us. Let us remember our own words.

The word "our" is used because we assume that all Canadians are patriots. When the leader of any section puts himself on record on behalf of the people he professes to lead, he speaks as a Canadian willing to obey the law. Such a leader has said this. We expect him to remember—and to act in conformity to—his own words. Because they are the words of a man who considers himself a Canadian.