

at last half a dozen stout Tommies hoisted him over the parapet with the butts of their rifles. Still he tarried. With an oath a burly British corporal called two of his comrades. They leaped out of the trench, grabbed the hesitating Hun, and marched him at quick time to his own lines. There they turned him over to his officer, presented arms in salute, wheeled and marched gravely back to their own trench.

"What did the German bloke say when you chucked the chap to him?" was asked the corporal.

"Thynks," laconically replied that worthy, "an' no more, except to sye, 'We'll fix the rotter.' An' so they bloomin' well should—desertin' durin' a bally troose that wye—the dirty dog."

As the 1st Cavalry Division was "resting," visits to points of interest were the order of the day. On Monday, January 4th, General de Lisle, Captain Hardress Lloyd, and I ran, *via* quaint old Bergues and Dunkirk, to Furnes, where King Albert of the Belgians had his Headquarters.

Belgian sentries were plentiful after Dunkirk. They frequently stopped us, but generally the