

1—THE SUPPLY SHIP

[illegible]

other. And promptly they both swam at the full of their sped away from the tank. The first swimmer, which was a man with two legs, found he was tancing the man with one, he pretended tiredness and eased his pace.

But the tanker was not long in her agony. She blew out her decks quite decorously, raised to the vertical, and sank.

"And now," said Captain Kettle, "about ship, sir, please, and we'll try and right that boat."

So back they swam, heavily and wearily (being more than middle-aged men), the best ones about five minutes after each had decided they could swim no longer, but would hang on just to encourage the other man.

They clung to the boat's lifelines, half-dragged with fatigue and chill, but with such luck and stamina pulling them gradually around.

At last, just as Carnforth was beginning to put in a suggestion that they should try and right the boat, there came a fresh surprise.

"Wash. Splash!"

"Wash. Crash!"

"My Great James!" said Kottie, "that's she!—dred," and worked himself round to the other side of the boat to see further. Then he came down again, and—"Where your head went, there he went!"

Down below he had seen another Dutch submarine turned up.

"What's she firing at?"

Those wretched Sovereigns, in the

"The brutes! Their own friends, too! The unspeakable brutes. My God, that's the way Germans make war!"

"Dead men tell no tales," said. They thought those Scrovelians knew too much. We can't thank the Lord, sir, they saw this boat was wrong. We'll wait, if you please, till they're hauled down before we try to right her."

How that port lifeboat was turned on to her keel again, bailed and navigated by the disreputable Irish cook. I do not propose to record the details of another tale connected with it which would be too long in telling. But

conversation between Captain Kettle and Mr. Carnforth whilst they were standing themselves out with bad weather and a heavy sea after their landing, hangs in my mind.

"Is there a telegraph office, here, Pat?" asked the M. P.

"There is none, yer 'anner," said the landlord. "It's the best in Ireland that's in London."

"Good, then, I'll get of a wire."

"I'll be obliged, sir," said Captain Kettle, "if you'd let me send a message first. I want to get early word to my wife to keep quiet about that use of the word 'telegraph' for roses. It is so awfully important she mustn't say a tail on the subject. I want you to understand this means a lot to me, sir."

Carforth was shaken with a gust of laughter. "Oh, go on, man, by all means," he said at last. "I was only going to tell the Admiralty about our plans for piracy and for doing what I wasn't the sense to think of. But don't you worry about me. Your message is far more important."

Wouldn't he miss him.

He—Will you love me if I give up all my bad habits?

She—But, George, how could you expect me to love a perfect stranger?

66

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"KING OF PAIN"
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Extract from a letter of a Canadian soldier in France.

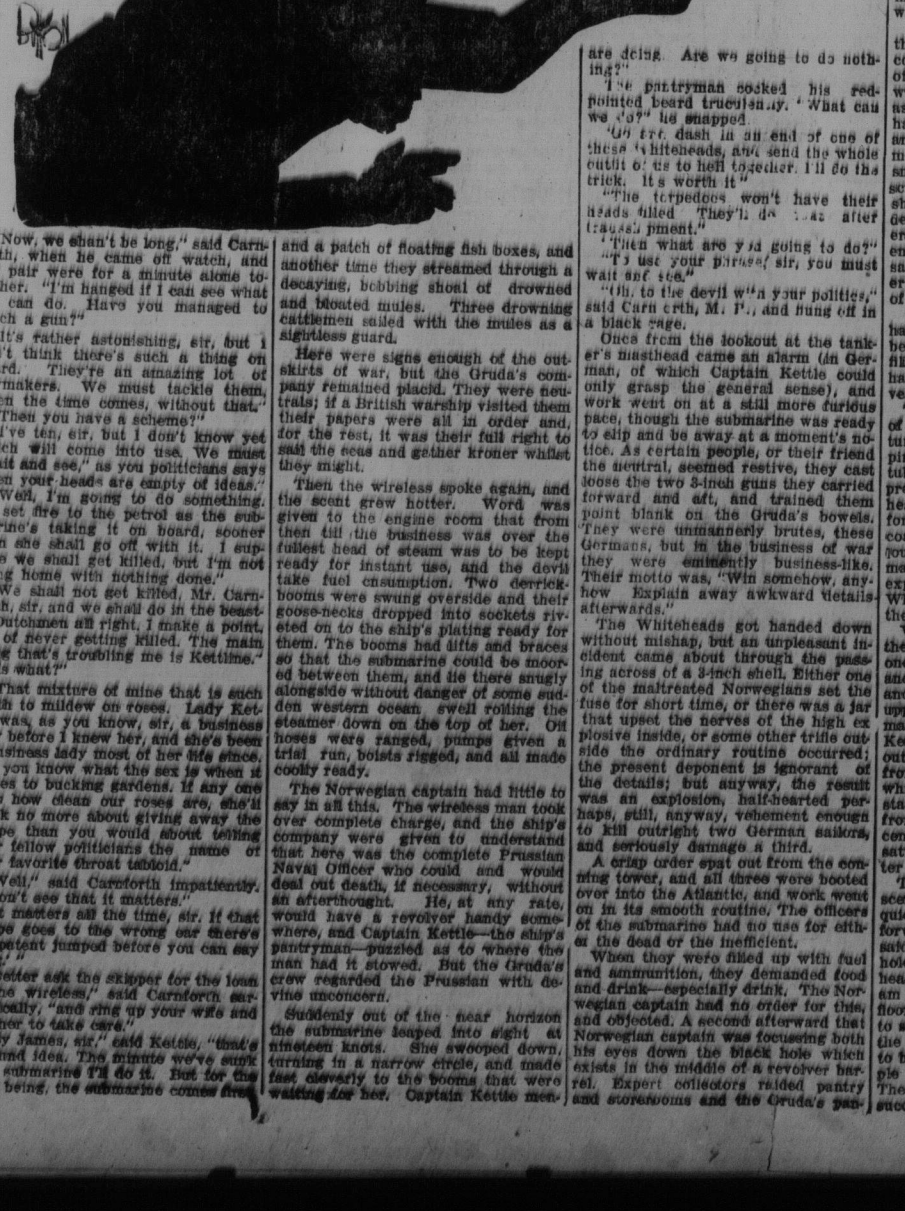
O MRS. R. D. BAMBRICK :—
The Rectory, Yarmouth, N.S.

Dear Mother :—

I am keeping well, have good food and well protected from the weather, but have some difficulty keeping uninvited guests from molesting me.

—HUGHES

Your affectionate son,
ROB.
Manufactured by the
Minard's Liniment Co. Ltd.
Yarmouth, N. S.



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Liniment.

Amherst, N. S.