

IN THE SAP

By RIFLEMAN PATRICK MACGILL, the Navy Poet.

REGORAL the time's long in
"saw," said Donnelly, "it's like
a half in the mouth. I mislaid it
we'll ever get out of this bit of the
world at all."

He smiled grimly as he spoke and
looked round his bit of the world, a
small patch of earth which stretched
out towards the German lines. Sand-
bags and heaps of earth lay in all
directions and bounded the horizon of
the three men who were in occupa-
tion. They were holding on like grim-
death against the attacking waves
which were continually sweeping up
from the front, breaking down and
retreating like wind-driven combers
on a rocky beach, before the deadly
British fire.

The three men were very weak,
often staggering from the fatigue on
which their rifles rested. After firing
each round they waited for a moment
the sick and deadly weary. At times
their eyes took on the patient stoic-
ism of dumb suffering, and again their
wildly seemed to burst forth with its
wild appeal, "I want to live, I want
to exist," the dominant note of all
suffering things.

Donnelly, the Irishman, big of build
and endowed with an energy almost
superhuman, had that night longed
to write. He too wanted rest and
food and drink, and a space of time
to tend his complaining flesh, but the
honor of his regiment and the pride
of his calling forbade. He stood
stolidly at his post, firing his rifle
whenever a target presented itself,
each movement a protest and every
muscle of his body in revolt. When
he fired he pulled his head quickly
under cover, waited for a second, and
then, looking across the parapet,
sought a target and fired again.

In his position, death was quick and
easy. He could keep up his head, and
a bullet would put him out of the
fighting for good. But it was not his
desire to die. He wanted to endure—
and prevail. If the worst happened he
could make a stiff fight to the end and
die as a man.

The two men who stood by his side
were unknown to him. He had
struggled across the sap twenty-four
hours before, and found the men there
when he arrived. They were young
fellows of about twenty and, to judge
by their manner of speech, they were
boys who had been well-educated and
used to a comfortable home life. Blue-
eyed and fair skinned, they seemed
when Donnelly first saw them, soldiers
who would not be over hardy in a
battle against terrific odds. But as he
came to know them more he changed
his opinion. With every passing hour
most fragile with danger, the boys
seemed to stiffen and rather greater
strength. To know them, to live with
them and fight with them added fresh
stimulant to the manhood of Donnelly,
and Donnelly was a brave man who had
moulded himself according to his own
diatetes, and nourished his manhood
regardless of any opinion save his
own. And other men had a worthy
opinion of Donnelly, as the D. C. M.
ribbon on his left breast testified.

Twenty-four hours had passed by,
and the men were still in the same
place. They had taken up their position
on the noon of the previous day,
and now with the midday sun over-
head they were dead and hungry,
and no sign of relief was at hand.

Their mates had soon pressed back
into the village of Givenchy.

Whenever any of the men looked
over the parapet they could see forms
in field gray slinking from cover to
cover on the left and right. But none
of these seemed to come straight on.
Evidently the sap which held death for
so many of them they were presump-
tively trying to get round it and get the
defenders from the rear. But possibly
they did not even know that the sap
was occupied, for the air was ripped
with machine gunfire which might
have come from anywhere, and in the
midst of this hell it was difficult to
ascertain the locality from which any
particular bullet came. Several
times a party of Germans came
straight towards the sap, but never
reached it, for the rifles of the three
soldiers found them and the parties
crumpled up. When Donnelly looked
over the top he could see a number of
figures in German uniform lying on
the foreground and very near. These
were the enemy dead, the men who
had tried to approach the position a
few hours earlier.

One of the boys sat down and rested,

then got to his feet again, as if drawing
on the last remnant of his strength,
and looked over the rim of the sap.
He saw a German rushing across the
field in the direction of a clump of
trees, as if to seek some shelter there.
The boy trained his rifle on the flying
figure and fired.

"Managed him," he said with a grim
smile, and then sat down again as if
his last ounce of strength was ex-
hausted. But in some miraculous way
there was for each man another last
reserve of strength. When one sat
down, enervated and sleep heavy, he
felt that he would be unable to rise
again. But the did rise, for the will
could still conquer the yielding flesh.
And the men had a grand and heroic
duty to perform. Knowing what the
performance of that duty meant they
sat them up and gave unwearied ap-
plaud to the three men. They were part
of the living wall which stood between
England and its oppressors, between
the hordes of infamy and the people
whom these hordes were trying to
enslave. Here, near the village of
Givenchy, in the shushy sap, the dog-
ged spirit of Britain was making itself
manifest in the action of these three
soldiers, who were standing firm
against the attacks of the enemy.

The day worked towards death, the
second night and the men stood to
their work, half asleep most of the
time, but ready at any moment to give
battle to any prowling foe who changed
to come near. The darkness fell
slowly, and when visibility became
dense the men looked over the rim of
the sap, the scene which met their
eyes was a desolate one, devoid of
contrasts or bold contour, dreary, de-
scarted and monotonous—the fields
were dead, the fumes of explo-
sive drifting across the country, the
dull glare of distant fires.

It was then that they first caught
sight of The Thing.

The Thing which they noticed hard-
ly seemed to move, but it was gradu-
ally coming nearer and approaching the
sap. As they watched it the men
raised their rifles and waited.

"What is it?" asked one of the
young soldiers.

"Can't make it out, what it is,"
Donnelly replied. "Maybe it's up to
things, for it's aisy to get into a sort
iv mass when we've been short iv
sleep. But it's comin' from where our
men ought to be anyway."

Whatever the Thing was it was ap-
parently alive, and it came almost up
to the sap before it stopped dead.

"It's a man I'll go bail," said Don-
nelly. "One iv our own boys it might
be, but what is he comin' this way for
if he is one iv us?"

After a good ten minutes' stop the
figure crawled forward again, and it
was when it was opposite the sap that
the men became conscious of three bayonets
pointed at it.

"What the devil are ye at all?" Don-
nelly enquired.

The Thing sat up and looked at the
speaker. It was a British soldier.

"I thought that there were some of
you fellows here," he said. "I saw
your mortar today, and I've just come
out to take you in. My company is
about 200 yards behind here, so you'd
better come back with me."

"By God, and we think the same,"
said Donnelly. "We're sick iv this old
hole. But we've been killing Germans
all right."

Ten minutes later when darkness
had fallen the three men were escorted
safely back to the British lines.

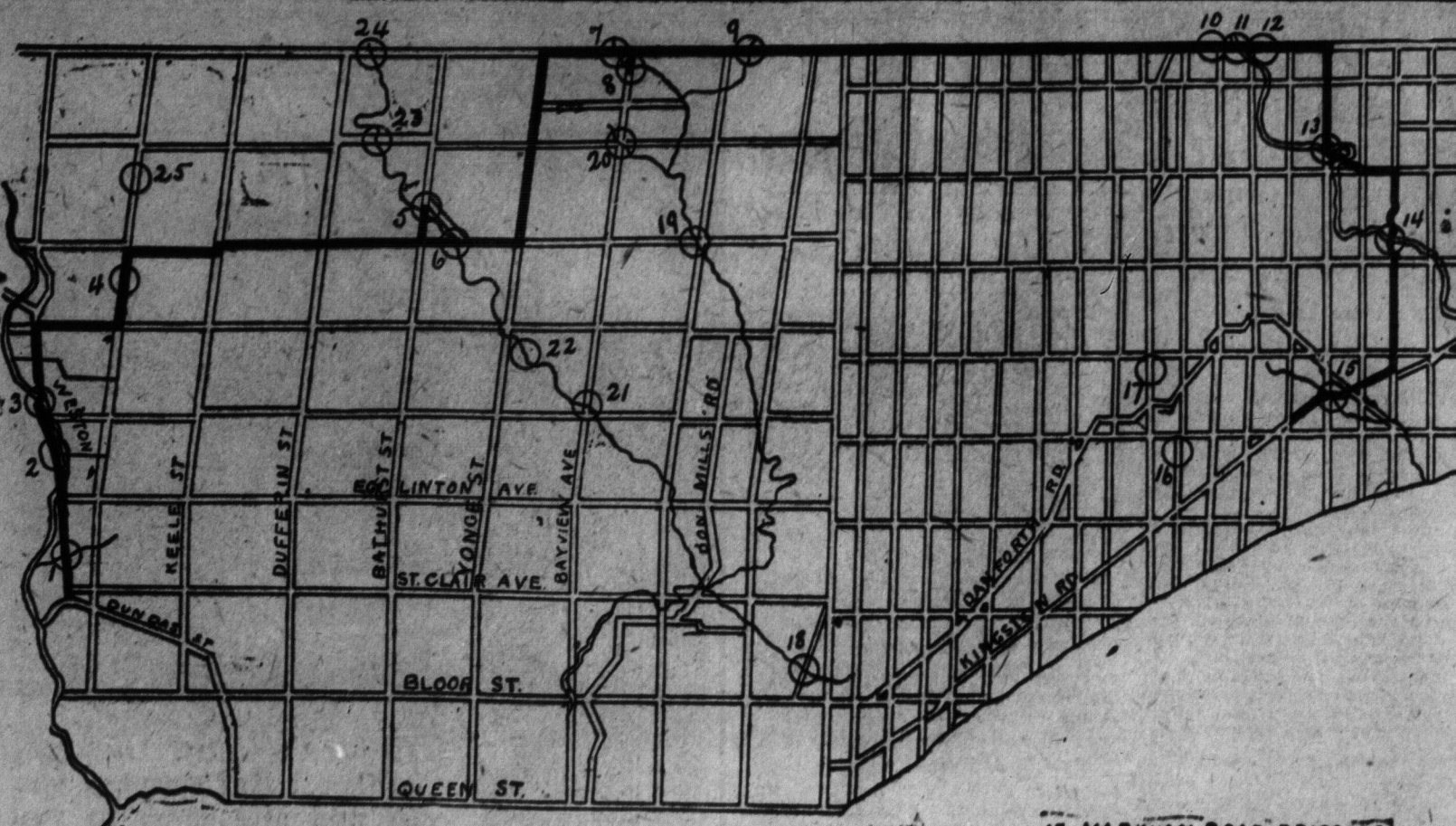
AGE LIMIT OF A SOLDIER.

English Doctor Says That a Man is as
Old as His Arteries.

The medical aphorism that "a man is
as old as his arteries" should be the
test in determining the age limit of a
soldier, recently declared Dr. Arthur
Lynch, a London member of parliament.

"After a certain age, say forty, the
man who has not been particularly
vigorous physically and who has not over-
strained his system in athletic exercises,"
the physician said, "is often more ser-
viceable than a man who has been a
brilliant athlete at twenty-five. Of
course, bronchitis, pneumonia and rheu-
matism, which would disable a soldier,
would be found much more frequently
in men of forty-five and over than in
young men. I have seen several well-
known men of seventy capable of walking thirty
miles a day. In the Serbian army they
use men up to seventy.

"This matter depends very largely on
the individual, and to some extent on
the race. The French brought up their
fighting forces to over fifty, and as a
rule the French are quicker than men
in this country or in Ireland.



The above map shows the location of the principal bridges in York County. The heavy black line marks a delightful motor trip which takes in fifteen of the new concrete structures that have been built by the county.

YORK COUNTY BRIDGES MODELS OF BEAUTY

(Continued From Page One.)

Not only was York County making
history in the matter of aesthetic de-
sign in bridge construction, but engi-
neering history was being made as well.
The stone arch was one of the oldest
types of bridge, and so the concrete
arch did not involve any radically new
principle; but the concrete truss was
something new and was originated
by a French engineer named Consid-
ere. In 1909 there was only one
bridge of this type in America.

That year it became necessary to
replace the Middle Road bridge across
Etobicoke Creek on the boundary be-
tween York and Peel counties. This
was a joint undertaking of the two
counties and the two boards of road
commissioners met to decide the type
of bridge to be adopted. George S.
Henry, M.P.E., was Reeve of York
Township at that time and warden of
the county. He had become a convert
to concrete as a result of the suc-
cessful work done in York Township;
and the Peel commissioners, after in-
specting the bridges already erected,
were of the same mind. Tenders were
invited both for steel and concrete,
but the latter won out both in price
and general favor.

An arch was not practicable in this
case, as it could not be built so as to
utilize the old abutments, which were
in good state, so it was decided to adopt
the concrete truss form of construction.
The bridge was a complete suc-
cess. It was the first in Canada of
this type, and the second in America.
It attracted wide attention in the en-
gineering journals and among
the engineering profession all
over the continent. Two other con-
crete truss bridges, built subsequent-
ly, are shown in our illustrations, the
Lambton Golf Club bridge and the
Birrell bridge at York Mills. These
represent an advance in engineering
design over the Middle Road bridge,
as the diagonal braces have been
omitted. In any less rigid material
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Road bridge, and they certainly pre-
sent a more pleasing appearance.

Another innovation.

In 1910 Mr. Barber designed and su-
pervised the erection for York County
of another bridge that marked a mile
post in Canadian engineering. This
was the Wadsworth Arch over the
Humber at Weston. Also shown in our
illustrations. This was the first open
spandrel concrete arch to be built in
Canada, and at the time of its erec-
tion it had the longest span of any
concrete bridge in Canada, its span
being 115 feet 6 inches. There are
now eight bridges of this type in the
Dominion, of which Mr. Barber has
designed four. The span of the Wad-
sworth arch is now exceeded by that
of the King George bridge at Oak-
ville, also designed by Mr. Barber.

Every bridge is an engineering
problem by itself, but three main
types appear to have been developed
in the concrete bridge building in
York County. The arch and the truss
have already been mentioned. The
third type is the deck beam bridge,
of which one example is the W. A.
Clarke bridge over the West Don at
Sheppard avenue, a picture of which
appears in the page of illustrations.

This bridge consists of three contin-
uous spans, a centre span and two
thru beam bridges.

There is one other type of bridge,
also not strictly speaking, a concrete
bridge, which should be mentioned
here, not only because it represents
another pioneer step in bridge engi-
neering, but because it will be crossed
in the motor trip outlined in the ac-
companying map. This is a suspen-
sion bridge over the Rouge River in
Scarboro Township. The suspension
type of bridge is well known, but is
usually used for long spans. In this
case it proved to be less costly than
either concrete or the usual type of
steel bridge. The novel feature, how-
ever, lies in the fact that it has a
concrete floor, being the first bridge
of this type constructed anywhere. A
similar bridge was recently built in
Europe and widely heralded as the
first of its kind and as a very won-
derful piece of engineering, but as the
Scarboro bridge was already in op-
eration before the other was started the
honor of priority belongs to it. This
is also one of Mr. Barber's bridges.

Still unfinished.

Of the other illustrations, that of
the Russell arch shows one of the
earlier bridges of this type, while that
of the Massey bridge shows one of
the latest. The Russell arch, crossing
the West Don on Bayview avenue, is
rather a sore point with the township
authorities, as there was a nasty law-
suit with the contractors before the
bridge was finished and as a conse-
quence it was left in the rough, not
presenting nearly as pleasing an ap-
pearance as its design and situation
would warrant. It is to be hoped that
they will think better of it some day
and have it rubbed down.

The Massey bridge was finished in
1914 and is a beautiful concrete arch
of handsome and chaste design. It is
so closely flanked with large willows
that it is difficult to get a good view
of it or to see it so as to appreciate
its beauty at its full worth. Our
photograph was taken from the field
on the west side of the road, but even
from there it is largely obscured by
the foliage. A better view of the
bridge, also a most pleasing prospect
as a whole, may be obtained at the
season when the leaves have fallen.

An interesting trip.

Following is an outline of an inter-
esting motor trip which can be made
in a single afternoon from Toronto,
taking in fifteen of these bridges as
well as a number of other bridges and
others of an older type. It will afford
a favorable opportunity of seeing the
progress being made in this line and
of comparing the new class of struc-
ture with the old, an excellent ob-
ject lesson in the development of public
taste in York County. The trip can
be made in either direction or broken
into two or more trips as desired, as
may be seen by the accompanying
map.

Proceed north from Dundas street
on the Scarlett road, crossing the

Lambton Golf Club bridge, the big
steel bridge over the Humber, the
concrete arch first mentioned, and the
Wadsworth arch, to the main street
of Weston.

Continue north on the east side of
the Humber to the first side road and

turn east for one concession. Turn
north, crossing the Holly bridge, a
thru beam type, and turn east again
at the next side road, Sheppard ave-
nue. Continue east to Bathurst street
and turn north a few rods to the
Pratt bridge, similar in construction

- 17 MARKHAM ROAD BRIDGE, 6
- 15 MASSEY BRIDGE, 6
- 19 ORIOLE ARCH, 7
- 20 RODDICK ARCH, 7
- 21 RUSSELL ARCH, 7
- 22 BIRRELL BRIDGE, 7
- 23 ARCH, 7
- 24 BEAM, 6
- 25 ARCH, 7
- 9 HORSESHOE ARCH, 6
- 10 PLAIN SLAB, 6
- 11 FREEMAN'S BRIDGE, 6
- 12 PLAIN SLAB, 6
- 13 SUSPENSION BRIDGE, 6
- 14 KIRKHAM ARCH, 6
- 15 HIGHLAND CREEK BRIDGES, 25 ARCH, 7
- 16 ARCH, 6

C. BUILT BY YORK COUNTY
E. - ETOBICOKE
S. - SCARBORO
Y. - YORK TP.

Trucks Salvation of Small Shippers

Charles H. Hurdleston, a mem-
ber of the railroad commission of
Texas, who is very familiar with
traffic and transportation condi-
tions in the Lone Star State, ex-
pects to see continuous lines of
trucks delivering freight in Texas
within a very short time, and in
testimony under oath recently
given during judicial proceedings
to test the validity of the State
Highway Commission Law de-
clared that the motor truck would
be the salvation of small ship-
pers in Texas in the future.

to the W. A. Clarke bridge. Turning
south again to Sheppard avenue, con-
tinue east, crossing the W. A. Clarke
bridge to Yonge street.

Turn north and continue to the sec-
ond side road, the town line between
Vaughan and Markham on the one
side and York and Scarboro on the
other. Turn east, crossing the Schmidt
bridge at the second concession. A
few rods south of this is the Hurton
bridge, a concrete truss. Continuing
east on the town line the Horseshoe
arch is crossed in the next concession.

Continue east about seven and one-
half miles to the Rouge River, which
is spanned by Freeman's bridge. On
either side of this bridge at short dis-
tances are two plain concrete slab
bridges of 15 feet span.

Turn south one mile east of Free-
man's bridge, again crossing the
Rouge on the suspension bridge pre-
viously referred to. Turn east again,
crossing an old steel bridge, and take
the second turn south, again crossing
the Rouge by the Kirkham arch, a
handsome concrete bridge with a span
of 70 feet. Continue south to the
Kingston road and turn west to To-
ronto.

The bridge at Highland Creek is
also of concrete, although the original
steel bridge still remains. This was
a light steel span, and on one oc-
casion it nearly let a heavy load thru.
Forms were hung to the steel span
and concrete run in around its man-
ner, so that it is now a concrete
bridge of the deck truss type, with
the old steel span as part of the re-
inforcement.

A shorter trip can be made to take
in the Birrell, Oriole, Russell and
Massey bridges, including some of the
others not crossed on the longer route.
Their location is made plain on the
accompanying map, so that there will
be no difficulty in planning a route.

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