

upon an empty sardine tin on the point of a bayonet was raised above the British trench parapet in proof of Tommy's statement.

"That's a sardine *tin*," yelled a Hun derisively, "but there is no sardine in it, mein friend."

A few minutes passed, then a tin of sardines, unopened and temptingly whole and sound was thrown from the English trench towards the trench of the enemy. It fell short. Over his parapet vaulted a big German, who dashed at the tin with outstretched hand. As his fingers were closing over it, it jumped from his grasp. Again he stooped and reached for it. Again it leaped away. Tommy had attached a thin but stout line to his sardine tin, willing to prove his assertion, but with no idea of losing his luncheon.

Two or three times the big Hun grabbed wildly at the elusive prize, amid the shouts and laughter of the men of both armies, who cheered in unison as Hans was at last convinced of the futility of further effort and retired in confusion to his trench.

In the early hours of the New Year a trench full of Westphalians and a party from a section