yawning up to the wharf, and the troubles were over. From one end of Canada to the other, the good news was flashed. Letters and telegrams of congratulation poured in. No return of men from death to life so stirred up Nova Scotia, since the boys came back from the Boer War.

Professional comment was restrained. That also is a way they have in the Navy. "They had a pretty thin time," was one sympathetic officer's opinion. Another considered the prominence given to the episode by the newspapers as "impertinence." All round the British coasts, trawlers, drifters, destroyers are doing the same sort of thing, day in and day out. There was nothing to make a fuss over. The Court of Inquiry did not sentence the officers to be hanged at the yard-arm, or shot at dawn. Hence it may be inferred that the Department approved their conduct. Such navigation would be a credit to any officers and crew in the Royal Navy. And these were Volunteers—amateurs! The little Grilse is certainly entitled to wear a feather in her cap.

CANADIANS who may have sailed in or out of the Gulf of the St. Lawrence since the war began, or from Halifax or St. John, may have a recollection of seeing the Grilse or her sister ships as part of the grim machinery by which our sea-communications with the Mother Country were ensured against possible interruption by the enemy. Few things in the making of a modern journey are more impressive than the passing of a ship out of the St. Lawrence into the North Atlantic under war conditions. There was a time when it seemed a mere trifling matter of passing so much low-lying, sullen coast-line, seeing the blue-grey and black-grey hills, salted here and there with snow drifts, lifting their cragged ledges above the rocking seas. The wind from the other side of Cape Race probably raised the moan of the rigging a tone or two in pitch. The motion of the ship became more noticeable, and night, settling down, betrayed the far, far lanterns in light-house-tops, flashing and dimming, dimming and flashing like so many lone sentries whom some spiteful officer, for punishment has set a fantastic drill—and left, forgotten, with no words of countermand, to repeat these evolutions till the crack of doom. One saw—in those days—other liners come reeling in out of the wrack, ablaze with lights, like tangled necklaces of fairy topaz moving mysteriously past, now high on distant crests, now low in the unseen tumble of sea. Ship saluted ship, curtly yet with a certain admission of their common dignity; and passengers, lamenting no greater dangers than the uneasiness of a bedevilled stomach, groaned at the antics of the stars, or clutched the rail of the berth and remembered with agony sins of which they had once been proud.

But now? Lights out. Blankets over the port-holes, and the key of the wireless locked in the captain's room on the bridge. Now? Does some unseen, passing ship send the old greetings of the sea—The Captain's compliments and what ship is that?—no answer! Ships don't pass those easy words of greeting any more. Instead, if some rash skipper tries to be amiable, the captain sends word to the wireless operator and that one of the magi makes sputters and sparks in his cabin—then listens and nods and writes with his left hand, and tells the captain that the admiralty has heard and will attend, and is even now on the look out for the too talkative (and inquisitive) stranger.

There are no salutes. There are few ladies in the lounge or on deck showing off their new clothes—such as there are wear very plain clothes and keep anxious eyes ever ready to quit the face of the smiling novel for the face of the sea. The channel is apparently no longer straight. The lights on shore are no longer simple and direct but seem to be talking with one another over our mast-head—about US. They seem in fact to be in conspiracy with a shadowy, silent hulk that awaits the ship in mid-channel and cross-questions our bridge with lights of one kind and another.

A shore-echo of the story of the Grilse's adventures was observed in a newspaper three thousand miles inland from where the Grilse lay only a little while after the sea found it couldn't have her—that time.

It was a very small modest announcement of the wedding of a certain young woman to one of the officers mentioned in the foregoing account of the Grilse's battle with the weather. And no one of the many who may have read that announcement was more thrilled than the employees of a certain provincial government department.

One of the workers in this department was a young woman whom the other young women marked for distinction with the word "engaged." They did not know to whom she was engaged and probably thought very little about the matter—for are not many women forever getting into that happy state—until the news reached this office that the Grilse was feared to be lost. At that the engaged girl inadvertently gave 'way the fact that the man whom she was to marry was on board that vessel. She remained at her post, refusing to believe that anything had happened the Grilse. The other employees, from the deputy minister down, tried, as delicately as possible, to show that they too were certain the Grilse could not have been lost. The closer friends of the young woman assured her that it could not be so—and the deputy minister, it is said, sent a special request to Ottawa for information from the Department of Marine.

Presently the reply of the Department of Marine came back. It was very sorry—it feared that the Grilse was indeed, as the newspapers said—lost! A wireless had been received at such-and-such a time saying that the boat was sinking and now—.

And then the real news arrived. The Grilse was safe and not only that but the important officer in question was safe—though he did have to breathe through a cigarette holder till his face mended.

Unofficial records say that the joy in that government department beggared all description, that a great many folks cried who were not engaged at all. Then the young lady in question asked her holidays in advance. Got 'em. Set forth for Halifax—and was married. Further unofficial records state that in the matter of a wedding present that department did itself brown.

N.B.—This is a perfectly true story.

PRIVATE MARLOW'S STRANGE EXPERIENCES

AN obscure member of His Majesty's fighting forces turns up unexpectedly on his mother's doorstep after being prisoner of war to the Turks in the Land of Kut. His mother had just about given him up for lost when the War Office announced that he was on his way home, a released prisoner.

Photograph by London News Agency.

THE complicated machinery of war, like the wheels of the gods, does some wonderfully strange things. It concerns itself with the elaborate preparations necessary for "big pushes" and yet is able to take care of such seemingly unimportant and obscure matters as the return of an English widow's son safe to his native cottage.

Private Marlow enlisted in the 5th East Surreys early in the war and without having any very clear idea as to where he was likely to see service. His first ideas were that he would be called on to walk to Berlin, Germany, there to help sit on the Kaiser's head while he was branded and dehorned. Later he thought he would be lucky if he got anywhere outside of the British training camp! Anywhere for a change. As a matter of fact, what happened ultimately was a long sea journey down mighty close to India and a terrible march—or series of marches—up from the Persian Gulf toward the city of Bagdad.

"I used to think," said Marlow to an interviewer, "that Persia was a place where you were walking all the time on soft rugs listening to fine ladies singin' to lutes, or fiddles or things of that sort. Strike me pink if I saw any Persian rugs that wouldn't have to be taken out and burned if they were in this country, and as for the Persian women-kind—none of us could ever figure they were musical. We were taken up the Gulf of Persia in various kinds of boats till we came to the mouth of the Euphrates. Then we got into some river boats and started to go still farther up—and then we got out and walked. No Persian carpets in MINE!"

Pte. Marlow was one of General Townsend's small but determined force that finally was taken after a long effort to get either nearer Bagdad or nearer home. Everyone recalls the tragedy of Kut—but perhaps no one more vividly than Pte. Marlow and his companions. How their rations dropped lower and lower, how they heard of the relief force being sent, how the aeroplanes of the relieving force tried to drop sufficient supplies among Townsend's troops to keep them going until more practical relief could be effected, these are some of the things Pte. Marlow recalls.

At all events, the day came when it was folly to hold out any longer. The wounded were suffering beyond all endurance and even those who were nominally well were really sick for want of the bare necessities of life.

"So we were taken prisoner," says Marlow, "and handed over our fighting tools to Johnny Turk, and herded away off into that God-forsaken country. Strike me, as they say in the Navy, if that is the part of the world where the garden of Eden is supposed to have been put—then I've no more sympathy for Adam for wanting to stay in it. There were snakes—but I didn't see any apple trees, nor any milk and honey, either. What we got when the Turk had finished marching us 'round was rice and water, and precious little of both. Mind you, that wasn't because Johnny Turk was mean, but because it was all he had to spare. Seemed to us he was getting a bit thin himself, last we saw. Our boots wore out and we had to go barefoot. Our clothes wore out and we had to do without most of 'em."

Marlow's mother, it appears, had almost given him up. She had resigned herself to the loss—when the War Office, moving in its own ways, was pleased to announce that Private Marlow was on his way home.