

drew forth a card bearing the magic words—"Try MURPHINE." Half a billet is better than no billet at all.

The tip of the enraged Serpent's tail described more curves than the head of the unit in a week's route marching, and it was some time before he could trust himself to speak. After a time he calmed down to something approaching the condition of Vesuvius on a busy day, and as then able to utter, "HAVEHIMBRAUGHTTOME."

At once the bat-men flung themselves away in pursuit glad of any excuse to get away from that awful presence. Presently one crept back fearfully back with the news that he had found HIM.

"My body and bones!" screamed the Serpent, "Why in the name of my sacred tail did you not bring HIM along?"

Miserably the bat-man explained that HIM and the MARQUIS had been strolling convivially together when they had the good fortune to discover a gold sovereign, and were now so occupied that no power on earth could detract their attention.

Pausing a moment to spit four distant flames, the Serpent dismantled his monumental attitude, and shuffled rapidly after the bat man. Bursting through the bushes they suddenly encountered the entranced couple who were bending over the little shining disc in passionate admiration. HIM was saying, "Oh! what a DEAR little dragon, do let me hold him for just a moment."

Reluctantly his old friend the Marquis passed over the coin, and the onlookers noticed that while when the Marquis held it the Dragon only moaned faintly, but as soon as HIS fingers closed on it, it yelped in mortal agony.

Turning HIS head HIM came suddenly face to face with the vengeful Serpent, and with a howl fled precipitately, closely followed by the Marquis.

The Serpent was coiling off in hot pursuit, when he encountered the faithful St. Bernard, trained to receive and retain messages, who handed him a telegram, on which he read:

"Sir,—The inevitable has happened. In spite of all our efforts we have reached our destination. WE HAVE ARRIVED.

(Signed), HeBirdShower."

"My hat!" gasped the Serpent, "this is too much!" He sat down. (Sitting down is a long operation with Serps.) After a while he reared up a few feet and moaned, "Well, it can't be helped, the journey is finished. We'll have to have an inspection, and throw away all our things. I'll have to get a new rig-out from Merryweathers!"

Curiosity had prompted HIM to return, and HE now came forward with some helpful suggestions.

"I'm sure that some old gas pipe would fit you a treat," he said soothingly, "and it's SO reasonable."

The Serpent muttered something about having had enough of "old gas pipes," and they all hurried away to the "ditching parade." Here they found all the victims ready like lambs for the slaughter, and barely pausing to spit five distinct jets of flame, the Serpent "got to business."

From one to another he passed "frisking" each one deftly with the tip of his extremely sensitive tail. From the breast pocket of one wretched victim he

drew forth a photograph. "What!" he roared, "carrying your Grandmother's picture! How dare you? And a gold tooth too, I see. Throw them away this instant! Take all the lead out of that pencil at once. I can't understand it at all. Here you go and have that boil bled at once! Such surplus stuff!"

One hardened ruffian had the timidity to carry a toothpick and being sentenced to fatigues was hurried away with other offenders to give a lift with the billiard table and grand piano.

From here the Serpent passed on to the Fantacnechions, and here the stress was terrible. Victim after victim was led away and flung to the lions or burnt at the stake. The climax was reached when a large box was discovered on one of the "fantacs." The Serpent recoiled in horror at the sight and shooting his head to the skies spit a complete Royal Salute of Flames.

Overcome at this awful spectacle, and abandoning all hope the "fantacnacionites" cast themselves upon the ground, and shivered as the awful voice thundered, "WHATTHEHELLISINHERE?"

One stricken victim raised his head.

"Nell's Pups," he gasped.

"Oh!" said the Oh Sea Serpent, and passed on.

M'Alice and the Belge-bat stole quietly away, and walking up the hill took on a job at the munition works. D. J. N.



Flapper: "You have a cushy job, eh?"
He (sarcastically): "Oh, yes, with the 1st Canadian Field Ambulance."