

set up slim figure all bespoke a man born to command. Indeed, Lieutenant Trevelyan, since he had been given command of the torpedo destroyer "Snake," had greatly distinguished himself on several occasions. The new arrival requested to see Sir Weatherby Francis and was soon closeted with the latter in his cabin. Half an hour afterwards they appeared on deck together, the admiral in quite good spirits, the younger officer grave and serious. A muster of the crew was immediately made and then Lieutenant Trevelyan called for volunteers for a very difficult and dangerous enterprise, the only condition being that the candidates must be first class swimmers. All the sailors present offered their services. Was there ever a time when Englishmen were not ready to risk life and limb in a forlorn hope? It took some time to select the best swimmers, but finally the lieutenant left with six picked men from the flagship. Sir Weatherby Francis shook hands with his junior officer just as the latter stepped to the gangway. "God bless you, Trevelyan!" he said, in a husky voice. "We shall shortly meet again in Newfoundland."

"Or in Heaven, sir," replied the lieutenant, as he turned on his heel and began to descend the steps.

The next morning broke fine and calm with a gentle breeze from the east. At eight o'clock, H. M. S. Snake steamed slowly out of harbour with half a dozen men above her usual complement on board, and six submarine mines stowed on the deck aft. Once in the open sea, her commander rang for full speed ahead, and very soon the smoke began to issue forth in clouds from her four funnels, as the little vessel gradually attained her topmost speed. She took the usual course steered by vessels from Halifax to St. John's, for absurd though it may seem, to this small torpedo destroyer had been entrusted the recapture of Newfoundland from the whole German fleet. Two hours out from Halifax Lieutenant Trevelyan, as he was pacing his little quarter