

what had occurred. A shell from a German 42-centimeter gun had fallen squarely above the opening of the sap, obliterating it and destroying all the men of his company.

He stretched out his arms and felt the wall that blocked the entrance. He called in a low voice, but there came no response. His electric torch had gone out, shattered by the force of the explosion. He was alone, twelve feet beneath the surface of the earth, between which and himself there intervened the solid timbered roof.

The air was already filled with the creeping fumes of the explosive. Edwardes crawled back toward the saphead. He crouched there, considering. He could still hear the murmurs of the voices of the hostile party. But they seemed clearer.

Edwardes felt the earth wall cautiously. His fingers touched the damp, impenetrable mass and found no crevice; yet of a sudden he was amazed to see a tiny twinkle, apparently in the heart of the ground.

He stared at it in doubt. Presently he could no longer deny the truth. Incredible as it seemed, the explosion had shaken the collapsing stratum still further, leaving a tiny gap between the two passages. And the enemy worked on, all unconscious of his presence.

The only possible way of escape from his underground hiding place lay through that gap, into the midst of the enemy.

He must do something, not only for his own life, but because there was nothing to stop the German sap from being driven home into the heart of his own trenches.

Noiselessly as a mole he began to scrape a way toward the light. But suddenly he remembered that three bombs had been left near his own saphead, in case of surprise. They could not be discharged until the firing pin was withdrawn. He crept back, fumbled in the darkness until he found them, and returned.

Then he began to separate the particles of the earthen wall. The light had disappeared, but the murmurs continued. Evidently the soldiers were moving, probably at work. He surmised that the saphead had been driven further; in that case he would come on them from the rear and surprise them. Inch by inch he made his way, the friable earth crumbling under his hands, though his nails were torn and bleeding. At last the work was accomplished. A thin partition remained between himself and the sap. He could hear the murmurs distinctly, and could breathe the fresher air. He took a bomb in his hand and with the other forced away the last of the barrier.

He sprang forward. He found himself confronting two Germans. One was a young officer holding a torch, the other—a girl!

Edwardes, with his arm poised in the act of throwing, stood petrified. He had not withdrawn the firing pin. He could not hurl the bomb now.

The German, for his part, stood as if petrified, and the girl remained with her mouth open, staring at him. Then, with a scream, she ran before her lover. But Edwardes did not throw the bomb.

"A truse, kamerad!" cried the German suddenly. "I am a Saxon. I speak English."

Edwardes lowered his arm slowly. The Saxons and the Canadians had preserved a semblance of good feeling during the conflict; he knew the man would not act treacherously.

"You will let this girl go?" asked the soldier. "Then we fight it out together."

"She can go," answered Edwardes, "but you are my prisoner."

The German smiled and raised his arm. "Listen!" he said.

The Canadian only then became aware that the continuous reverberation of the cannon, which had been in his ears for hours, had ceased. He knew what that meant. And in a moment the ground above them trem-