ON THEIR TOES IN NORTHERN IRELAND.

"On their toes" well describes the state of preparedness of treops in Nerthern Ireland. To keep them at "Concert pitch" an anti-tank battery takes to the read to deal with German treops supposed to have landed further along the opast. On the order, the men dismount and within thirty seconds their guns are in action.

That little spot of bother dealt with, the hattery's next job is to cross a shallow river. In the ordinary way this would be easy, but teday they're out of luck, and they get "stook in the mood". Sp its "all hands to the rescue".

Meantime on an island in a Lough, there are signs of supposed enemy paratreeps having dropped with the intention of capturing an isolated wireless station. This brings the Northern Ireland Inhand Water Training Corps into action, and in almost less time than it takes to tell, the Lough Patrol Boats are on their way to the scene.

Covered by machine-gunz fire from the boats, the party lands and sets about the jeb of mopping up the intruders. No kid-glove methods about these, for by treating 'em rough they keep themselves tough, and that is just the purpose of these exercises.

All of which goes to preve that the guardians of Northern Ireland are "On their toes".