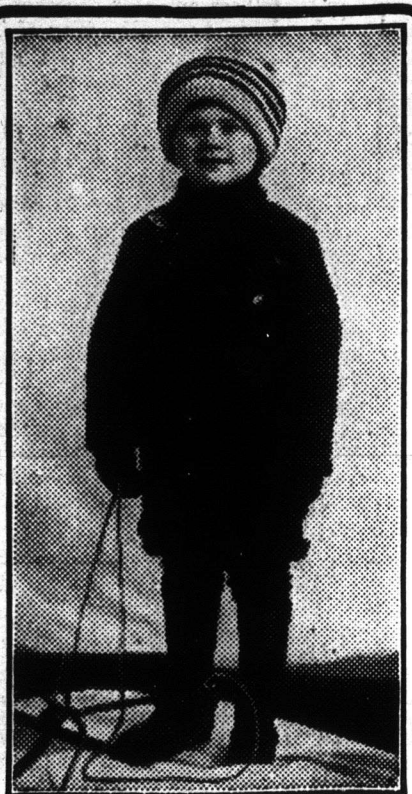




BABY WILLOUGHBY.

I consider Virol saved him.

415 8th Street East,
Prince Albert, Sask., Canada.
November 29th, 1913.

Dear Sirs,

When my little boy was four months old he had a very serious illness. There seemed to be no hope for him until on their advice we gave him Virol, and very soon we saw a great change for the better. He gained rapidly in weight, and I consider your food saved him. He is now a fine bouncing boy, full of life and energy.

He is now three years old, and since the illness above referred to he has had no sign of ache or pain, thanks to judicious use of Virol.

(Sgd.) JOHN THOS. WILLOUGHBY.

VIROL

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Breathlessly the girl paused as she reached the verandah of her grandfather's home. Leaning against the rail, she peered through the darkness toward the neighboring orchards.

So it was all over—this friendship between herself and Philip Steadman. But what did she care? It had not been love after all, and there were other men. Plenty of men with greater influence in the country than Philip Steadman had resisted the call to duty. She wondered what reason they had for not responding. Many were fettered with fewer ties than might bind Philip Steadman. Perhaps they had not had the vision that had been Philip's awakening to active manhood. How strikingly splendid he had appeared as he stood before her in the orchard avenue declaring his intentions. Heroic, unselfish, typically the Canadian soldier! Ah! she was proud, proud to have been his friend.

Suddenly she sank to a step of the verandah, the blood surging hot into her cheeks. With a piteous gesture she flung out her arms toward the orchard and cried out brokenly: "Philip, Philip boy!"

And she thought she had not cared. No, she had not cared like this. The heart of her was breaking for the man from whom she had parted. This great throbbing, wondrous love, so fraught with pain had been born to her in the moment of parting. It was not Philip Steadman—the playfellow and comrade of her girlhood but the splendid heroic man, responding to the Empire's call, that had won her love. And to her soul, shaken into depths her woman's heart

womanhood. She had felt the call of duty. But as through a fog she responded in a vague manner. There seemed so little that she could do. In obedience to her social instinct, she planned entertainments for the soldiers in drill at Aldershot. She found willing assistants among the girl friends.

Yet Betty Allison was not satisfied. This making of good times alone for the boys in khaki was not reaching the heart core of her ambition.

With a gasp of wonder she gazed about the orchards. Such quantities of luscious fruit! Such quantities that must go to waste! No company could take care of it all. There were orchards all over the country where fruit would, in all probability be left on the trees. The year's crop naturally would far exceed the market demand owing to shortage of freight transports. Then there was the fruit, excellent for cooking, that would not bear marketing, left on the trees.

And yet overseas, the boys in khaki cheerfully partook of daily rations, in which the taste of preserved fruit was luxury. Somewhere she had read the statement that the nutritive value of jam exceeded that of butter. She recalled a paragraph of a letter received that day from a boy cousin at the front: "Jam has become the staff of life. Once we gave preference to bread; but that, believe me, is a secondary consideration in the 'mud halls' of the battlefield. But be it ever so moldy, there is hope of drowning it if our friend jam is along."

What it must cost the nation for jam to fill the daily rations of the army. Oh,

shall I find helpers and sugar and jars?" she questioned aloud.

Back across the dewy path she hurried to the home of her grandfather. A group of girls, waiting under the trees hailed her gladly.

"We were waiting for you," they explained. "Company — leaves Aldershot for overseas next week. Suppose we give them a dance and a treat in Creighton's warehouse. It is not in use this fall and the floor is in perfect order."

Betty's eyes brightened as she asked: "What would it cost and how could we raise the money to meet the expense?"

"A couple of hundred dollars, would surely meet the expense. The people of all the surrounding country will gladly subscribe towards the project. Let it be a treat from the fruit growers. Many of our own boys are in the company. We shall give them the best of our pantries for refreshments."

"And out there in blood-soaked Flanders some khaki-clad boy is choking down his moldy crust of bread, thanking God for the meagre spreading of jam that makes it palatable."

Betty's low tones vibrated with an intensity that startled the girls. And they did not understand that the mist which dimmed her eyes, gathered at thought of Philip Steadman.

Although his own orchards were teeming with fruit going to waste, he might even now be craving for the jam that would render his supper more appetizing. "Girls," she continued earnestly, "why should we waste these precious hundreds of dollars in giving our soldier boys one good time? It will not make stronger, manlier men of them. Why not spend the money in providing something more substantial for them—something that will be of benefit to the nation? Listen, there is fruit—almost enough to provide a small army—wasting in our orchards. Suppose we gather it. The farmers will gladly turn over their superfluous fruit to us. The Creighton warehouse is vacant. Suppose we rent it and turn it into a preserving kitchen?"

"You think the people will readily provide material for an entertainment. Would they not as willingly respond with sugar and jars to provide a bit of nourishment for our army? Don't you think a single jar of jam from our orchards would give more joy to a khaki lad in France, than the mere memory of one night's merrymaking?"

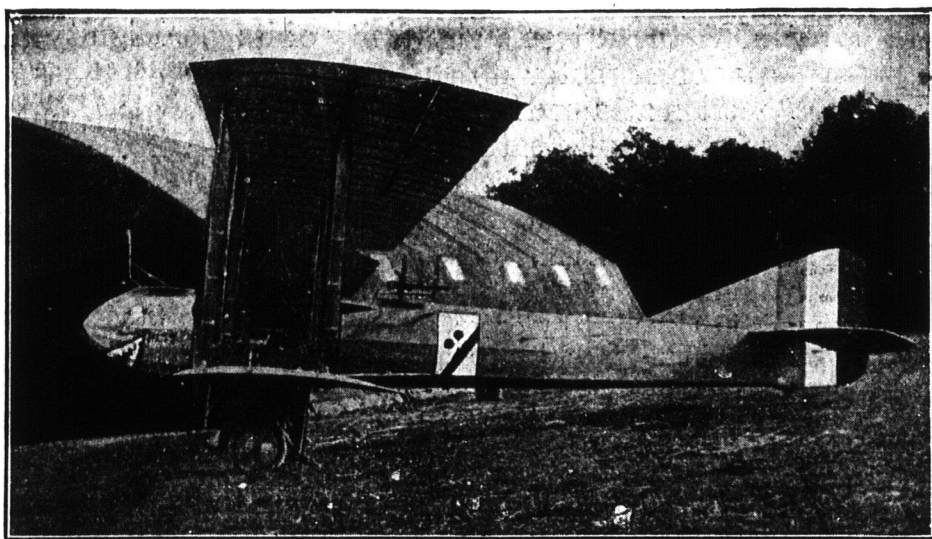
"Oh!" exclaimed a chorus of voices, "when you put it that way, we would be doing a greater work for our country following your plan."

"But that scheme involves hard work and a practical leader with time and a business as well as a domestic head," suggested one of the band.

"I should like to devote myself to this work, if you will all help," eagerly volunteered Betty.

"Gladly," came the ready response from several, who ever acknowledged Betty's leadership.

Immediately Betty Allison began



A monoplaner of the dragon fly type, used by Lieutenant Nungesser, the French aviator, who, dispatches say, has brought down more than a dozen German planes. The front of the aero has a face painted on it, and it's smiling, perhaps because it is pleasant to be at the head of the death-dealing machine. A mouth with jagged teeth is cut into the front of the plane

had never thought to know, there came the bitter realization that Philip Steadman cared naught for her.

The glory of sunset bathed the orchards with a golden glow, yet the purple of the amethyst shadowed the hills. Gold and emerald, ruby and russet, blush rose and purple, crimson and amber fruit laden branches swept the brown earth. Already the harvesters had gathered a generous crop yet a bountiful one remained unplucked.

At twilight, Betty Allison strolled through the path that led to the orchards of Amethyst Hills. She did not often come that way for she scarce could endure the pain underlying the sweetness of old memories. But tonight she could no longer resist the alluring call of autumn. She had heard her grandfather talking about the wonderful crop of apples that Philip Steadman's trees had borne that year. It seemed mockery that he was not there to harvest the splendid crop. A contract had been made with a prominent fruit company whereby the harvesting of the orchards had been placed in their hands.

Already Philip Steadman had gone overseas. Immediately upon completing his officer's training course at Kingston, he had been hurried to the front. Betty had not seen him again after the night of their parting. He had left her with perfect freedom to enjoy life's pleasures. But he had left a different Betty than he had ever known. She, too, had seen the vision that is the awakening of true

that she might gather it all in and prepare it for army use. Then Betty Allison laughed aloud and shook the branches of the Ben Davis until the apples scattered over the ground.

"Jam! jam! blessed little jam pot! you shall provide the work my soul craves to do. But where, oh where,

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