



**P**RESIDENT, general manager and assistant manager of the Cordite City, somewhere in Northern Ontario. They know all that newspapers are not permitted to tell about this mysterious industry that turns out explosives for the Army.

**A**MONG other startling dietetic discoveries due to the present war, it has been found out that cordite is an edible. Some people eat it. They don't like it. And it isn't particularly nourishing. But a high explosive in one's alimentary tract has a very specific effect on physiological reactions. A restaurateur might hand you a plate of cordite when you order vermicelli. At first you might not notice the difference. It has the same stringy look—at least so say those who have seen cordite in the making.

And where? It is no secret that cordite is made in colossal quantities at a place which before the war did not exist, a few miles from a well-known lumber town in northern Ontario. The name of the place has more to do with peace than with war. It contains thousands of people, most of them busy making cordite. If you were to go looking for this city of cordite you would find no great buildings, no forests of smokestacks; merely acres and acres of detached, low buildings, similar to the section of one which appears in an accompanying photograph. These buildings are set up on the steamship bulkhead plan. If a mass of cordite in one building takes a notion to go off it does not wreck the plant. Hundreds of women work at this business of making cordite, the materials for which are shipped in by boat from across the lake. Thou-

# A CITY of CORDITE

sands of tons of it have been shipped out since the war. The plant is one of the busiest and biggest in Canada. Before the war it did not exist. No actual photographs of this plant are permitted by the censor to see the light of a printer's page. The two herewith are merely a proof that this colossal industry exists on Canadian soil, far from centres of population.

After the war—what? Shall we develop a popular appetite for cordite? On this head some useful evidence is given by the author of "Ladies from Hell," who tells the following story of how cordite becomes a fad with certain people in war hospitals.

"On my right was a pale, wide-eyed chap who

When the medical officer came up to him, he said:

"Well, young fellow, what seems to be the trouble with you?"

"I don't know, sir," replied the pale, wide-eyed individual, "but I think I have heart-failure."

Thereupon the medical officer felt his pulse, listened to his heart and passed on.

The orderlies gossiped openly about the terrific pulse of this otherwise apparently normal young fellow. Somehow I couldn't help connecting his tin tobacco-box with his pulse, although I had no reason for doing so.

Toward evening, the M. O. in charge came in and

**J**UST a few of the girl operatives who help to make cordite. Many hundreds of women are employed in this lucrative business. They wear a regular uniform for the work and after they are in the company of cordite for a while find it no more exciting than making wings for aviators.



from time to time reached under the mattress to pull out a tiny, tin tobacco-box, from which he took a pinch of something. Believing it to be his duly prescribed medicine, I thought nothing of it. But as he continued his excursions under the mattress, I noticed that he endeavored to take his little dose without being observed by the orderlies or doctor. Medicine requires no such furtiveness. Immediately my suspicions were aroused."

made directly for this same young chap. But this time, instead of asking him what ailed him or how he felt, he lifted the mattress and pulled out the little tin box which had awakened my suspicions. Then, with a muttered oath and a disgusted look on his face, he turned to the orderly and said:

"Another one of those cordite-eaters! Send him along and give him two or three weeks of rest. Then back to the front for him!"

## Our Army Coming Back

By A. H. LINDSAY

eral gathering of all available sleepers. There was an influx also of railway officials and their staffs, and preparations were thus made for the movement of returned soldiers who had either "done their bit" in France, or else had been granted a furlough long enough to enable them to reach Canada.

When such a ship comes in all is life and bustling activity at the docks. The quarantine, customs and immigration inspection is thorough and systematic. The military requirements are quickly complied with, a staff of railway ticket agents holds court, and passengers are soon grouped into transportation units and despatched as quickly as trains can be moved from the sheds. The system of co-operation between the military and railway officials is excellent. The railway places the trains, the military furnishes the passengers and their transportation. Then the matter of train movement is entirely up to the railway. A passenger representative as a rule travels on each train, holding the transportation and looking after the comfort of the passengers, keeping in close touch with the officer in command.

Troop trains generally consist of from ten to twelve cars, a baggage, commissary, table car, tourist sleepers and a standard sleeper for officers. On some trains the standard diners are carried. There is ample seating and berth accommodation for the men on the tourist sleepers. Each berth is supplied with good bedding and clean sheeting. The table car is well appointed and good meals are excellently served. The commissary car is a development of war times and consequent troop movement. The arrangements for cooking and service are most

ingenious, the main idea being to make the best possible use of the space available so as to be able to cater rapidly to from two hundred to four hundred soldiers with healthy men's sized appetites.



**F**ATHER would rather carry this kit bag even though he had to pay \$10 for the privilege than have a porter do it for nothing.



**M**ANY the tales this grizzled warrior told to wife and little ones when he got home. Taken at the home end of the journey.

**U**NHERALDED and unannounced, a big liner glided into "An Atlantic Port." Only military authorities and railroad officials had knowledge of the expected arrival and they had not given out any information beyond what was actually necessary, and only to those whose imperative business it was to know. The name of the steamer was not even mentioned, but preparations had been made for the transport to inland points of some four or five thousand passengers. Along the lines of the Government Railways for several days long trains of tourist cars had been moving Eastward, until the terminal sidings were filled. Dining cars were assembled and there was a gen-