

we knew he could, and it resulted in our company being the best in the regiment.

Shortly before we moved to France, a personage and his consort inspected us. He shook hands with Rattle-Snake, and spoke to him for several moments.

"How old are you?"

"Forty-five, Your Majesty."

"Military age, I suppose?" queried the Personage with a kindly smile.

"Yes, sir."

Never in his life was Rattle so happy as he was that day, and we felt rather proud of him ourselves.

Our Sergeant-Major had shaken hands with the King!

Those who had stood near enough to hear what had passed achieved a temporary fame thereby, and in tent and canteen the story was told, with variations suited to the imagination of the raconteur, for days after the event.

When we moved to France Rattle-Snake Pete came with us. I think the doctor saw it would have broken his heart not to come, although at his age he certainly should not have done so. But come he did, and never will the writer forget the day Rattle pursued him into an old loft, up a broken, almost perpendicular ladder, to inquire in a voice of thunder why a certain fatigue party was minus a man.

"Come you down out of there, lad, or you'll be for it!" And, meekly as a sucking-dove, I came!

He was wounded at the second battle of Ypres, and, according to all accounts, what he said about the Germans as he lay on that battle-field petrified the wounded around him, and was audible above the roar of bursting Jack Johnsons.

They sent him to hospital in "Blighty," an unwilling patient, and there he has been eating out his heart ever since, in the face of adamant medical boards.

One little incident. We were billeted in an old theatre, years ago it seems now, at Armentieres. We had marched many kilometres in soaking rain that afternoon, and we were deadly weary. Rattle, though he said no word, was ill, suffering agonies from rheumatism. One could see it. Being on guard, I was able to see more than the rest, who, for the most part, slept the sleep of the tired out. One fellow was quite ill, and he tossed and turned a good deal in his sleep. Rattle was awake too, sitting in front of the dying embers in the stove, his face every now and then contorted with pain. Often he would go over to the sick man and arrange his bed for him as gently as a woman. Then he himself lay down. The sick man awoke, and I heard his teeth chatter. "Cold, lad?" said a deep voice near by. "Yes, bitter cold." The old S-M. got up, took his own blanket and put it over the sick man. Thereafter he sat until the dawn broke on a rickety chair in front of the dead fire.

#### " OFFICE "

"CHARGE against No. 7762543, Private Smith, J.C.; In the field, 11.11.16, refusing to obey an order, in that he would not wash out a dixie when ordered to do so. First witness, Sergeant Bendrick."

"Sirr! On Nov. 11th I was horderly sergeant. Private Thomas, cook, comes to me, and he says as 'ow 'e 'ad warn-ed the pris— the haccused, sir, to wash out a dixie, which same the haccused refused to do. Hordered by me to wash hout the dixie, sir, the haccused refused again, and I places 'im under hopen arrest, sir."

"Cpl. Townsham, what have you to say?"

"Sirr! On Nov. 11th I was eatin' a piece of bread an' bacon when I was

## " To Fight well I must be fed well "



"You urged Me to enlist—  
what are You doing ?

"You were keen enough to talk of duty and sacrifice—what have you sacrificed ?

"It's your turn now. We are watching you—we will ask you—those of us who come home—what answer you made to the call for Greater Food Production.

"Is it 'Business as Usual' with you?—

*It's a 'Business of Blood' for me!*

*Are YOU going to let me down ?"*

### EMPLOYERS Help Production by releasing fit men for farm work

Can any of your men plough? Can they handle a team in Seeding, Harrowing, Rolling, etc.? If so, render a real service to your country by sending their names and addresses to the W. P. Club, together with an offer to release them temporarily and hold their positions for them. Make it easy for them to help the nation in this way.

We can place, to-day, hundreds of men on farms, some near Toronto. We have just bought five tractors and ploughs—we want men to man them.

### EMPLOYEES Roll up your sleeves and come along

The need is urgent and vital. If you are physically fit and willing to help the Empire by serving on a farm, respond at once by going to your employer and asking for leave of absence while the sowing season is on—then call at the W. P. Club's office and register.

Food production to-day is as serious as the munitions problem was a year ago. You can help to solve it.

## THE WAR PRODUCTION CLUB

Auspices Toronto Board of Trade

In Co-operation With the Organization of Resources Committee.

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