

# KITCHENER'S MOB

By Jas. NORMAN HALL.

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CHAPTER XI.—(Cont'd.)  
 Within a few moments several lines of reserves filed into the front trench and went over the parapet in support of the first line, advancing with heads down like men bucking into the fury of a gale. We saw them only for an instant as they jumped to their feet outside the trench and rushed forward. Many were hit before they had passed through the gaps in our barbed wire. Those who were able crept back and were helped into the trench by comrades. One man was killed as he was about to reach a place of safety. He lay on the parapet with his head and arms hanging down inside the trench. His face was that of a boy of twenty-two years of age. I carry the memory of it with me to-day as vividly as when I left the trenches in November.

Following the attacking infantry were those other soldiers whose work, though less spectacular than that of the riflemen, was just as essential and quite as dangerous. Royal Engineers, with picks and shovels and sandbags, rushed forward to reverse the parapets of the captured trenches, and to clear out the wreckage, while the riflemen waited for the launching of the first counter-attack. They were preceded by men of the Signaling Corps, who advanced swiftly and skillfully, unwinding spools of insulated telephone wire as they went. Bomb-carriers, stretcher-bearers, intent upon their widely divergent duties, followed. The work of salvage and destruction went hand in hand.

The battle continued until evening, when we received orders to move up to the firing-line. We started at five o'clock, and although we had less than three miles to go, we did not reach the end of our journey until four the next morning, owing to the fatigue parties and the long stream of wounded which blocked the communication trenches. For more than an hour we lay just outside of the trench looking down at a seemingly endless procession of casualties. Some of the men were crying like children, some groaning pitifully, some laughing despite their wounds. I heard dialects peculiar to every part of England, and fragmentary accounts of hair-breadth escapes and desperate fighting.

"They was a big Dutchman comin' at me from the other side. Lucky fer me that I 'ad a round in my breach. He'd 'a' got me if it 'ad n't 'a' been fer that cat'ridge. I let 'im 'ave it an' 'e crumpled up like a wet blanket."  
 "Seven of 'em, an' that dazed like, they wasna good for anything. It would 'a' been fair murder to kill 'em! They wasna wantin' to fight."  
 Boys scarcely out of their teens talked with the air of old veterans. Many of them had been given their first taste of real fighting, and they were experiencing a very common and natural reaction. Their courage had been put to the most severe test and had not given away. It was not difficult to understand their boastful talk of bloody deeds. One highly strung

lad was dangerously near to nervous breakdown. He had bayoneted his first German and could not forget the experience. He told of it over and over as the line moved slowly along.  
 "I couldn't get me bayonet out," he said. "Wen 'e fell 'e pulled me over on top of 'im. I 'ad to put me foot against 'im an' pull, an' then it came out with a jerk."  
 We meet small groups of prisoners under escort of proud and happy Tommies who gave us conflicting reports of the success of the attack. Some of them said that two more lines of German trenches had been taken; others declared that we had broken completely through and that the enemy were in full retreat. Upon arriving at our position, we were convinced that at least one trench had been captured; but when we mounted our guns and peered cautiously over the parapet, the lights which we saw in the distance were flashes of German rifles, not the street lamps of Berlin.

### III. Christian Practice

Meanwhile, the inhumanity of a war without truces was being revealed to us on every hand. Hundreds of bodies were lying between the opposing lines of trenches and there was no chance to bury them. Fatigue parties were sent out at night to dispose of those which were lying close to the parapets, but the work was constantly delayed and interrupted by persistent sniping and heavy shell fire. Others farther out lay where they had fallen day after day and week after week. Many an anxious mother in England was seeking news of a son whose body had become a part of that Flemish landscape.

During the week following the commencement of the offensive, the wounded were brought back in twos and threes from the contested area over which attacks and counter-attacks were taking place. One plucky Englishman was discovered about fifty yards in front of our trenches. He was waving a handkerchief tied to the handle of his trenching tool. Stretcher-bearers ran out under fire and brought him in. He had been wounded in the foot when his company were advancing up the slope fifteen hundred yards away. When it was found necessary to retire, he had been left with many dead and wounded comrades, far from the possibility of help by friends. He had bandaged his wound with his first-aid field dressing, and started crawling back, a few yards at a time. He secured food from the haversacks of dead comrades, and at length, after a week of painful creeping, reached our lines.

Another of our comrades was discovered by a listening patrol, six days after he had been wounded. He, too, had been struck down close to the enemy's second line. Two kind-hearted signallers, creeping out at night and gave him hot coffee to drink. He begged them to carry him in, but they told him they were forbidden to take any wounded prisoners. As he was unable to crawl, he must have died had it not been for the keen ears of the men of the listening patrol. A third victim whom I saw brought in at day-break by a working party. He had been shot in the jaw and lay unattended through at least five wet October days and nights. His eyes were swollen shut. Blood-poisoning had set in from a wound which would certainly not have been fatal could it have received early attention.

We knew that there must be many wounded still alive in the tall grass between our lines. We knew that many were dying who might be saved. The Red Cross Corps made nightly searches for them, but the difficulties to be overcome were great. The volume of fire increased tremendously at night. Furthermore, there was a wide area to be searched, and in the darkness men lying unconscious, or too weak from the loss of blood to groan or shout, were discovered only by accident.

Tommy Atkins isn't an advocate of "peace at any price," but the sight of awful and needless suffering invariably moved him to declare himself emphatically against the inhuman practices in war of so-called Christian nations.

"Christian nations!" he would say scornfully. "If this 'ere is a sample o' Christianity, I'll tyke me chances down below wen I gets knocked out." His comrades greeted such outbursts with hearty approval.

"I'm with you there, mate! 'E'll won't be such a dusty old place if all the Christians go upstairs."  
 "They ain't no God 'avin' anything to do with this war, 'I'm telling you! All the religious blokes in England an' France an' Germany ain't a-go'n' to pray 'im into it!"

I am not in a position to speak for Hans and Fritz, who faced us from the other side of No-Man's-Land; but as for Tommy, it seemed to me that he had a higher opinion of the Deity than many of his better educated countrymen at home.

### IV. Tommy.

By the end of the month we had seen more of suffering and death than it is good for men to see in a lifetime. There were attacks and counter-attacks, hand-to-hand fights in communication trenches with bombs and bayonets, heavy bombardments, nightly burial parties. Tommy Atkins looked like a beast. His clothing was a hardened-mud casing; his body was the color of the sticky Flanders clay in which he lived; but his soul was clean and fine. I saw him rescuing wounded comrades, tending them in the trenches, encouraging them and heartening them when he himself was discouraged and sick at heart.

"You're a go'n' 'ome, 'Arry! Blimy! think o' that! Back to old Blighty!

## BOB LONG



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WAR AND FOOD SERIES, ARTICLE No. 14—BUTTER.

Canada's butter exports have been on the downward grade for a number of years and while in 1906 her net exports amounted to 33,888,074 pounds in 1916 they had dropped to 6,993,100 pounds.  
 On the other hand, Britain's normal imports of butter amount to 452,795,264 pounds and her shortage due to the war is 209,148,784 pounds.  
 As much butter as possible should be made on the farms of Canada. Every pound that the farmer's wife can make will find a ready market and if the output were increased a hundredfold it would still be sold.  
 Butter-making now should be one of the most profitable sources of income on the farm and it is one in which the farmer's wife is particularly interested. A considerable portion of the butter made in Canada is churned right on the farms. The trouble is that in many cases there is a lack of proper equipment with the result that the butter does not come up to the standard of creamery butter and therefore does not fetch as good a price. The creamery butter-maker is supplied with a full outfit of utensils and apparatus which enable him to recover the maximum quantity of butter from the cream. On the other hand, the farmer's wife is frequently handicapped for lack of equipment.

With the great demand for butter that now prevails it would be a profitable investment on the part of the farmer and his wife to get the most up-to-date and scientific equipment for their butter-making. As time goes on the market will widen for the milk cows of Europe are becoming scarcer all the time and much dependence will be placed on the North American continent for a supply of butter. In any event, whether the butter-making equipment on the farm is up to date or old-fashioned the output should not be allowed to flag. The scarcity of fats is among the most serious food problems in Europe.

Short Cuts to Housekeeping.  
 Buy a soap cup, the kind that hangs on the side of the bucket, and place your cake of soap in this. Each time you need it you have it right at hand and don't have to look and dip your hand in scrub water. It also saves marks on the floor from soap and keeps your soap from melting away in the water.

One of the surest ways to make a small piece of meat go a good ways is to have it nicely cooked and to serve it with a very sharp knife. A good-sized roast will not go far if cut with a dull carver, whereas if each slice is trimmed off just right, each person will be satisfied with less, and what

Tommy is sick of the war—dead sick of it. He is weary of the interminable procession of comfortless nights and days. He is weary of the sight of maimed and bleeding men—of the awful suspense of waiting for death. In the words of his pathetic little song, he does "want to go 'ome." But there is that within him which says, "Hold on!" He is a compound of cheery optimism and grim tenacity which makes him an incomparable fighting man.

The intimate picture of him which lingers most willingly in my mind is that which I carried with me from the trenches on the dreary November evening shortly before I bade him good-bye. It had been raining and sleeting for a week. The trenches were knee-deep in water, in some places as a floor and there was no possibility of drainage. We were wet through and our legs were numb with the cold. Near our gun position there was a hole in the floor of the trench where the water had collected in a deep pool. A bridge of boards had been built around one side of this, but in the darkness a passer-by slipped and fell into the icy water nearly up to his arm-pits.

"Now, then, mate!" said an exasperating voice, "bathe in our private pool without a permit!"  
 And another, "Ere, son! This ain't a swimmin' bath!" That's our tea water yer a-standin' in!"  
 The Tommy in the pool must have been nearly frozen, but for a moment he made no attempt to get out.  
 "One o' you fetch me a bit o' soap, will you?" he said coaxingly. "You ain't a-go'n' to talk about tea water to a bloke wot ain't 'ad a bath in seven weeks?"  
 It is men of this stamp who have the fortunes of England in their keeping. And they are called, "The Boys of the Bulldog Breed."  
 (The end.)

### His Helpfulness.

"My wife was milking, tuther evening," related Gap Johnson, "and I was setting yur on the porch, thinking about what I'd got to do to-morrow, when I heard a yell and sauntered over to investigate. 'Pears like the cow had took a notion to kick wife over backward, and she'd lit on the baby, who was fussing around on the ground, and mighty nigh mashed the life out of the pore little feller."  
 "Aw, that's too bad," says I. "Mebbe after this you'd better have some of the other children sorter herd the baby off at a safe distance at milking times."

Cyclamen should never be allowed to want for water when in bloom.



## The Housewife's Corner

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Colors That Blend.  
 Not many of us are as clever at detecting shades as a certain famous Swiss ribbon manufacturer, who is said to be able to discern twenty-seven hundred different colors. Blending colors is even harder than finding them in the first place.  
 Black combines well with almost all shades except those utterly lacking in brightness of tone. Black and pale pink, blue, yellow, green, red, lavender, champagne, clear brown, and green are excellent combinations.  
 Brown goes well with yellow, gold, and bronze, that is if it is a bright shade of brown. Also with dark green, and black. The dull browns and chocolate browns go best with old rose and pinky shades.  
 Dark blue may be brightened by lines of rich red, old rose, or clear yellow, or peach, but cadet and electric blue are poor blenders, black being the only thing one can put on to accompany them.

The Children's Menu Card.  
 It is always important that the children be well fed. But it is one of our gravest concerns in wartime. Give the children plenty of wholesome food. Do not stint them on

whole milk, and butter. These menus are planned for the child five to seven years old:

- BREAKFAST**  
 Baked Apple  
 Well-cooked Cereal with two or three Dates, served with Top Milk  
 Milk-to-drink Toast and Butter
- MIDMORNING LUNCH**  
 Bread Butter Milk
- DINNER**  
 Soft-cooked Egg  
 Pea Puree Baked Potato  
 Bread Butter  
 Milk to drink  
 Stewed Apricots Cornmeal Cooky
- SUPPER**  
 Milk Toast  
 Baked Custard  
 Sponge Cake  
 Cornmeal Cookies.—One-half cupful vegetable oil, one-half cupful molasses, one-half cupful corn syrup, one egg, six tablespoonfuls sour milk, one-half teaspoonful soda, two cupfuls cornmeal, one cupful wheat flour, Combine the oil, molasses, syrup, beaten egg and milk. Sift the dry ingredients and combine with the liquid. Drop from a teaspoon onto a greased pan and bake in a moderate oven for fifteen minutes. This makes fifty-five to sixty cookies about two inches in diameter.

### National Kitchens in England.

England is to have national kitchens. Public baths and park buildings will be turned into kitchens and town halls into dining-halls; street cars and omnibuses will carry the finished product to thousands of small distributing stations. Varied meals will be provided for everybody at the lowest possible price and there will be special invalid kitchens.

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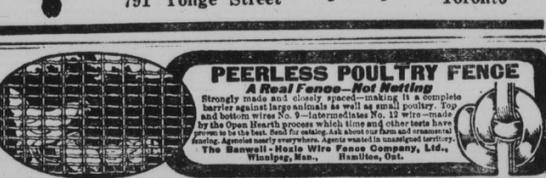
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I wish there was a WALKER HOUSE in every little town; Then I could travel merrily, And always sit me down, At night in peace and comfort, Happier than king with crown, If there was just one Walker House in every little town.

I wish there was a WALKER HOUSE in each place where I go, The comforts of my dear old home, Walk on the road I'd know, The meals—the Cheerful Service, too, Would leave no cause to frown, If there was just one Walker House in every little town.

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