

BOVRIL

Take it as Soup
before Meals

KITCHENER'S MOB

By Jas. NORMAN HALL.

CHAPTER X.—(Cont'd.)

III. Rissoles and a Requiem

At the close of a gloomy October day, six unshaven, mud-encrusted machine gunners, the surviving members of two teams, were gathered at the C Company gun emplacement. D Company's gun had been destroyed by a shell, and so we had joined forces here in front of the wrecked dugout, and were waiting for night when we could bury our dead comrades. A fine drenching rain was falling. We sat with our waterproof sheets thrown over our shoulders and our knees drawn up to our chins, that we might conserve the damp warmth of our bodies. No one spoke. No reference was made to our dead comrades who were lying there so close that we could almost touch them from where we sat. Nevertheless, I believe that we were all thinking of them, however unwillingly. I tried to see them as they were only a few hours before. I tried to remember the sound of their voices, how they had laughed; but I could think only of the appearance of their mutilated bodies.

On a dreary autumn evening one's thoughts often take a melancholy turn, though one is indoors sitting before a pleasant fire, and hearing but faintly the sighing of the wind and the sound of the rain beating against the window. It is hardly to be wondered at that soldiers in trenches become discouraged at times, and on this occasion, when an unquenchably cheerful voice shouted over an adjoining traverse.

"Wot che'r, lads! Are we down-hearted?" a growling chorus answered with an unmistakable,—"YES!"

We were in an open ditch. The rain was beating down on our faces. We were waiting for darkness when we could go to our unpleasant work of grave-digging. To-morrow there would be more dead bodies and more graves to dig, and the day after that, the same duty, and the day after that, the same. Week after week we should be living like this, killing and being killed, binding up terrible wounds, digging graves, always doing the same work with not one bright or pleasant thing to look forward to.

These were my thoughts as I sat on the fringing-bench with my head drawn down between my knees watching the water dripping from the edges of my puttees. But I had forgotten one important item in the daily routine: supper. And I had forgotten Private Lemley, our cook, or, to give him his due, our chef. He was not the man to waste his time in gloomy reflection.

With a dozen mouldy potatoes which he had procured Heaven knows where, four tins of corned beef, and a canteen lid filled with bacon grease for raw materials, he had set to work with the enthusiasm of the born artist, the result being rissoles, brown crisp, and piping hot. It is a pleasure to think of that meal. Private Lemley was of the rare souls of earth, one of the Mark Tapleys who never lost his courage or his good spirits. I remember how our spirits rose at the sound of his voice, and how gladly and quickly we responded to his summons.

"Ere you are, me lads! Bully beef rissoles an' 'ot tea, an' it ain't 'arf bad fer the trenches if I do say it." I can only wonder now at the keenness of our appetites in the midst of the most gruesome surroundings. Dead men were lying about us, both in the trenches and outside of them. And yet our rissoles were not a whit the less enjoyable on that account. It was quite dark when we had finished. The sergeant jumped to his feet.

"Let's get at it, boys," he said. Half an hour later we erected a wooden cross in Tommy's grave-strewn garden. It bore the following inscription written in pencil:

Pte. No. 4295 MacDonald.
Pte. No. 7864 Gardner.
Pte. No. 9551 Preston.
Pte. No. 6940 Allen.
Royal Fusiliers.
"They did their bit."

Quietly we slipped back into the

It is fine for cleaning cans - says the dairyman
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WAR AND FOOD SERIES, ARTICLE No. 14—HONEY

"How doth the busy little bee Improve each shining hour?"

While the country woman looks after her dairy and her chickens, the bee works away gathering flower-juice, bringing it home to the hive and transforming it into the most delicious of sweets.

There are two aspects to bee-keeping. On the one hand it is a profitable war-time industry. On the other hand, if the farmer wants his fruit to be of the best, he needs the help of the bee.

Honey production has arrived at a commercial basis undreamed of thirty years ago. The world's markets are clamoring for honey, and upon the way in which this unforeseen opportunity is used, depends the status of the industry when times again become normal. It is passing through a phase which may mean either the establishment of honey as a staple food or its relegation to the oblivion of a mere occasional luxury.

Honey has about the same food value as sugar, but it has also a far wider range of uses. It should be considered as a distinctive food and not as a substitute for anything else. It is a heat-producing food and in

normal times the greatest demand for it is felt around Thanksgiving and Christmas. If the beekeeper can supply the market through the whole year, she will do much to remove honey from the list of seasonal delicacies and put it into the class of staple foods.

The equipment necessary for bee-keeping is inexpensive and the bees soon pay for themselves, providing the season is a good one. They require comparatively little attention and can be kept as a side-line. When a woman determines to go in for beekeeping on an extensive scale, however, she will find her time pretty well occupied for several months in the year.

When the honey crop is removed from the hive and the fall work of extracting and bottling is done, the technical end of the woman apiarist's business is accomplished and her success as a producer, provided the season is a normal one, is determined largely by the number of pounds of the colony and the quality of the honey she has secured. The second half of the enterprise is to get her product on the market at a good profit and this should be an easy matter at the present time.

The cheap cotton gloves so largely used by farmers may be waterproofed by dipping them into melted paraffin. Women find these waterproofed gloves valuable when scrubbing floors, cleaning stoves, setting out plants, etc. The coating of paraffin may be renewed as often as is found necessary.

they were talking in excited and gleeful undertones, as they might have passed through the gates at a football match.

"Are we downhearted? Not likely, old son!"

"Tyke a feel o' this little puffball! Smack on old Fritz's napper she goes!"

"I'm a-go'n' to ask fer a nice Blytheley one! Four months in Brentford 'ospital an' me Christmas puddin' at home!"

"Now, don't forget, you blokes! County o' London War 'ospital fer me if I gets a knock! Write it on a piece o' pyper an' pin it to me tunic w'en you sends me back to the ambulance." The barricades were blown up and the fight was on. A two-hundred-piece orchestra of blacksmiths, with sledgehammers, beating kettle-drums the size of brewery vats, might have approximated, in quality and volume, the sound of the battle. The spectacular effect was quite different from that of a counter-attack across the open. Lurid flashes of light issued from the ground as though a door to the infernal regions had been thrown jarringly open. The cloud of thick smoke was shot through with red gleams. Men ran along the parapet hurling bombs down into the trench. Now they were hidden against a now illuminated for an instant against a glare of blinding light.

An hour passed and there was no change in the situation. "Fritz's a tough old bird," said Tommy. "E's a-go'n' to die game, you got to give it to 'im." (To be continued.)

HIS NERVE STILL HOLDS.

Kaiser Sends Condolence to Man Who Lost Five Sons in the War.

One of his faithful newspapers, the Vossische Zeitung of Berlin, says that Kaiser Wilhelm has sent a telegram of condolence to Count Von Roon, who has lost five sons in the war. The Von Roon family is famous in the annals of German arms, so the telegram very aptly and kindly observes:

"May your pain be soothed by the certainty that the German people are proud of the father and sons who, to the honor of their famous names, willingly sacrificed their lives for the fatherland."

Which is quite decent of him, but the kaiser has some five or six sons and a son-in-law—all of military age and able-bodied, all alive and whole now, and perfectly safe for the future, even if the war should last ten years more! One of the few very tolerable medals struck by the Potsdam Government during the struggle is that to commemorate Count Von Spee and his two sons—all three of them lost in the battle of the Falkland Islands, says Collier's Weekly. Lincoln's letter to Mrs. Bixby of Massachusetts on the death of her five sons in the Civil War will live forever in men's hearts because of Lincoln's devoted martyrdom to the cause for which they died. If a truthful portrait medal were struck now of the Potsdam plotter and his numerous progeny, it might show Wilhelm II. looking a bit worried. A good inscription for it would be, "Our safety is our supreme law," or something to the same effect, preferably in hog Latin. When the kaiser has passed to his final restlessness, we'd like to furnish the epitaph: "He had the nerve." Certainly he had no humor, or humility, or justice.

The Voice of the Grass.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;

By the dusty roadside,
On the sunny hillside,
Close by the noisy brook,
In every shady nook,
I come creeping, creeping, every-where.

Here I come creeping, creeping every-where;

You cannot see me coming,
Nor hear my low sweet humming;
For in the starry night,
And in the glad morning light,
I come quietly creeping every-where.

—Sarah Roberts Boyle.

Most "First" of Women.

Mary Ellen Smith was elected January 24 to the seat in the British Columbia House of Parliament last held by her husband, whose death caused an election. Mrs. Smith is thus the first woman in the history of the world to be elected to her husband's legislative chair. She is also the first woman in the history of British Columbia to sit in Parliament and was elected in the first campaign in history in which women had the vote in this province. She ran on the independent ticket, defeating by an over-

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whelming majority two returned soldiers, representing rival bodies of returned men, and is the first woman in Canadian history to figure in an election with the military.

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