

# KITCHENER'S MOB

By Jas. NORMAN HALL.

## CHAPTER XI.—(Cont'd.)

The excitement was intense. Urgent calls for "More lemons! More cricket balls!" were sent back constantly. Boxes after boxes, each containing a dozen grenades, was passed up the line from hand to hand, and still the call for "More bombs!" We could still send them up fast enough.

The wounded were coming back in twos and threes. One lad, his eyes covered with a bloody bandage, was led by another with a shattered hand. "Poor old Tich! She went off right in 'is face! But you did yer bit, Tich! You ought to 'a seen 'im, you blokes! Wasn't 'e a-leetlin' 'em 'ave it!"

Another man hobbled past on one foot, supporting himself against the side of the trench.

"Got a Blighty one," he said gleefully. "Solong, you lads! I'll be with you again arter the 'olidays.'" Those who do not know the horrors of modern warfare cannot readily understand the joy of the soldier at receiving a wound which is not likely to prove serious. A bullet in the arm or the shoulder, even though it shatters the bone, or a piece of shrapnel or shell casing in the leg, was always a matter for congratulation. These were "Blighty" wounds. When Tommy received one of this kind, he was a candidate for hospital in "Bligh-tey," as England is affectionately called. For several months he would be far away from the awful turmoil. His body would be clean; he would be rid of the vermin and sleep comfortably in a bed at night. The strain would be relaxed, and, who knows, the war might be over before he was again fit for active service. And so the less seriously wounded made their way painfully but cheerfully along the trench, on their way to the field dressing-station, the motor ambulance, the hospital ship, and—home! while their unwounded comrades gave them words of encouragement and good cheer.

"Good luck to you, Sammy boy! If you see my missus, tell 'er I'm as right as rain!"

"Sammy, you lucky blighter! W'en yer convalescin', 'ave a pint of ale at the White Lion fer me."

"An' a good feed o' fish an' chips fer me, Sammy. Mind yer foot! There's a 'ole just betwixt 'em. 'Ere come old Sid! W'ere you caught it, mate?"

"In me bloomin' shoulder. It ain't 'arf givin' it to me!"

"Hi Sid! Tell me old lady I'm still up an' comin', will you? You know w'ere she lives, forty-six Bromley Road."

One lad, his nerve gone, pushed his way frantically down the trench. He had "fucked it." He was hysterical with fright and crying in a dry, shaking voice.

"It's too 'orrible! I can't stand it! Blow you to 'ell they do! Look at me! I'm slathered in blood! I can't stand it!" They ain't no man can stand it!

He met with scant courtesy. A trench during an attack is no place for the faint-hearted. An unsympathetic Tommy kicked him savagely.

"Go 'ide yerself, you bloody little coward!"

"More lemons! More cricket balls!" and at last, Victory! Fritzie had "chucked it," and men of the Royal Engineers, that wonderfully efficient corps, were on the spot with picks and shovels and sandbags, clearing out the wreckage, and building a new barricade at the farther end of the communication trench.

It was only a minor affair, one of many which take place nightly in the firing-line. Two score yards of trench were captured. The cost was, perhaps, one man per yard; but as Tommy said,—

"It ain't the trench wot counts. It's the more-ale. Buckle the blokes up to win, an' that's worth a 'ole bloom-in' army corps."

II. "Go It, The Norfolks!" Rumors of all degrees of absurdity reached us. The enemy was massing on our right, on our left, on our immediate front. The division was to attack at dawn under cover of a hundred bomb-dropping battle-planes. Units of the new armies to the number of five hundred thousand were concentrating behind the line from La Bassee to Arras, and another tremendous drive was to be made in conjunction with the French. (As a matter of fact we knew less of what was actually happening than did people in England and America.) Most of these reports sprang, full grown, from the fertile brains of officers' servants. Scraps of information which they gathered while in attendance at the officers' mess dugout were pieced together, and much new material of their own invention added. The striv-ing was for piquancy rather than plausibility. A wild tale was always better than a dull one; furthermore the "batmen" were our only sources



It's Pure  
Cleans sinks, closets  
Kills roaches, rats & mice  
Dissolves dirt that nothing  
else will move

## Food Control Corner

By Order-in-Council No. 597 the "wilful waste of any food or food products where such waste results from carelessness, or from the manner of storage thereof, or is due to any other avoidable cause, is prohibited."

If the Canada Food Board has reason to believe that any food-stuff is being stored and that it is likely to become unfit for human consumption, it may notify the owner to immediately sell or otherwise deal with it so that no further loss of the commodity may be involved. If this course is not followed the Food Board may seize the food and sell it, the loss to be sustained by the owner.

Again, the Board has the power from time to time to make orders prescribing the amount of any kind of food that may be purchased or held, irrespective of the purpose, and if the amount is exceeded it may be seized and sold. This law should make it possible to prevent food which has been stored too long from having to be thrown out or destroyed.

It is now the duty of each municipality in Canada to enforce this regulation within its municipal limits. Where conviction is obtained a fine not exceeding \$1,000 and not less than \$100 or a period of imprisonment not exceeding three months, or both fine and imprisonment, will be imposed. The fine will be paid to the treasurer of the municipality or to the provincial treasurer, according to whether municipal or provincial authorities instituted proceedings in the first place.

The Food Board expects that the women of Canada will be useful agents in bringing culprits to justice. Wherever they have reason to believe that waste is going on as a result of hoarding or improper storage they can notify the provincial or municipal authorities and the case will be investigated.

Waste in war-time is one of the greatest of crimes. Every pound of food-stuffs must be used to the full advantage. If we, who have so much of everything in Canada, consciously allow any waste, our iniquity is twofold. The women are especially guardians of this phase of the food problem and it is expected that they will give practical assistance in the enforcement of the new regulations.

### WHAT THE PLOUGH SHOULD DO.

"Handbook for Farmers" Advises Use of Jointer.

Aside from crumbling the soil, the chief objects of ploughing are to destroy wild plants so that cultivated ones may take their place; and to bury trash, manure, stubble and potato vines. A plough that does not accomplish these things is faulty. All refuse should be completely covered so that it will not be brought to the surface by the harrow. To bury weeds, clover or other tall green manure crops, a chain should be used, one end attached to the plough beam, the other to the double tree, thus allowing the loop to pull the tall plants down into the furrow to be covered. The jointer or skim-coulter is little used in many districts. Many farmers do not even know what it is. When manure, stubble or grass is to be turned under, it is a very useful attachment. It skims a shallow furrow slice and deposits it in the bottom of the furrow, where it is covered by the main furrow slice and will rot more readily. When stubble or grass is ploughed without a jointer, there is likely to be a line of it between the furrows, which interferes with the harrow or begins to grow and cause trouble. This is a common sight, but could, and should, be overcome by the use of the jointer. The implement dealers of the country could perform a distinct service to agriculture by encouraging the general use of jointers on ploughs. There should be one on every farm.

It is well to have various kinds of ploughs for the various kinds of land to be ploughed. This costs more, but greater efficiency results. A sod plough will not do good work in soft stubble lands, nor will a stubble plough perform well in stiff sod.

### Do Not Save On Milk.

A quart of whole milk gives as much nourishment as one pound of lean meat. Being a liquid, milk is sometimes classed with water, tea and coffee, simply as a beverage. This is a great mistake. If all the water were to be driven off from a quart of tea or coffee, almost nothing would be left, and the little that remained would have little or no value as food. If, on the other hand, the water were driven off from a quart of whole milk, there would be left about half a cupful of the very best substances, including butterfat, a kind of sugar not so sweet as granulated sugar, and known as milk sugar, and also materials which are needed to make muscles, bone, teeth and other parts of the body. All these valuable substances are ordinarily either dissolved or floating in the water of the milk. Do not begin to save on milk.

### Prince of Wales as Miner.

Garbed in brown overalls and provided with a safety lantern and coal pick, the Prince of Wales recently hewed coal in company with some Scotch miners. This was at the bottom of a 600-foot shaft of a mine which he was visiting, and after working for a short time in a very cramped position the Prince brought away a chunk of coal as a memento.



## The Housewife's Corner

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

To talk to the farm woman about eggs is like bringing coals to Newcastle, and yet there are aspects of the egg business of which she never thinks, so much so it is a matter of course to her to see the eggs being shipped to the city. It is estimated that about 95 per cent. of the eggs sold in Canada come from the farms and the remainder from small poultry-keepers in villages, towns and cities. Most of the farm eggs pass through the hands of the country storekeepers. From them they go to the wholesale house. Finally they are candled and turned over to the jobber, or the retail trader, or put into cold storage to be kept for winter use.

The most natural place for the farmer to sell his eggs is at the country store. Here he has the least trouble and gets the quickest returns either in trade or cash, whichever he prefers.

It is estimated that the greatest number of bad eggs which come on the market are in that state because of conditions on the farm. A small percentage of the blame is attached to the country store and still less is attributed to conditions under which eggs are shipped, or the loss that occurs in transit.

In taking measures to prevent losses of this kind the first step must be taken by the farmer. In spring the losses are inconsiderable, but as warmer weather comes they grow heavier and heavier. The following are some pointers for the farmer and his wife on how to get the best results with their hens:

1. Keep the poultryhouse clean.
2. Separate the roosters from the hens after the hatching season.
3. Provide plenty of clean straw on the floor and in the nests.
4. Do not allow broody hens on the nests.
5. "Break them up" by putting in boxes with slatted bottoms raised off the floor.
6. Gather the eggs twice a day.
7. Keep them in a cool, dry place.
8. Sell them twice a week if possible.
9. Use clean cases and fillers.
10. Sell only the best eggs, culling out any poor ones and also all small eggs.

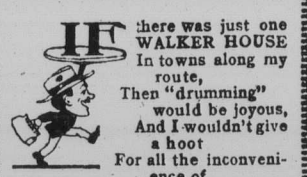
### Should Mothers Study?

Even in this day of enlightenment we meet people who ask such questions as, "Should mothers take time to study?" or, "Do mothers need to study to accomplish their daily duties in the best way?"

Need to study? To be sure. Most urgently she needs to study, to think, to read, to meet with other mothers—to do everything possible to learn the best methods of keeping her children well, happy and upright.

There is more and more good informative reading prepared, by experts, for the mother's help. And many mothers, but, unfortunately, not all, are taking advantage of such aids. It is a well known fact that it is the best educated and the most intelligent mothers who feel the need of assistance, and eagerly read everything that offers new and helpful suggestions.

Mothers' meetings are doing much to help by making possible the exchange of personal experiences. There are scores of little things, plans for caring for the children, ways of breaking them of bad habits, meth-



If there was just one WALKER HOUSE in towns along my route,  
Then "drumming" would be joyous,  
And I wouldn't give a hoot  
For all the inconvenience of  
The trains that poke so slow,  
If there was just one WALKER HOUSE  
In every town I go.  
I'd hustle like the dickens,  
And take orders by the ton.  
Say, trawling then would be  
Just one big round of solid fun.  
I wouldn't mind the rain or sleet,  
Or mud or frost or snow,  
If there was just one WALKER HOUSE  
In every town I go.

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**BOB LONG**  
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To study, and by putting the home on a working basis they find that this time can be taken without neglecting the other duties. In truth, the mother needs far more than the best training. She needs that priceless sixth sense that will enable her to apply her learning to the actual conditions of life.

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In a time needing food economy many people are not getting all the nourishment they might from their food. It is not how much you eat, but how much you assimilate, that does you good.

The addition of a small teaspoonful of Bovril to the diet as a peptogenic before meals leads to more thorough digestion and assimilation and thus saves food, for you need less.

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