

NO MORE LEAVES FOR HIM

Canadian Says It Takes Heart Out of One to Get Out of the Muddy Trenches.

"I won't go back to the trenches," said a Canadian on leave the other day, according to a Paris correspondent. "I've had enough. Seventeen months without leave. I've overstayed my leave three days now, and I won't go back until they catch me. I'd rather be in jail than at the front."

The other men at his table listened in silence.

"I won't go back, I tell you," he repeated. "This war is getting worse and worse. There never was such fighting as we've just gone through. Don't let anybody tell you the Boche is quitting. He's fighting harder than he ever did."

The others looked at each other silently. One of them nodded in affirmative.

"It's just murder, I tell you," the Canadian burst out again, hitting the table with his fist. "Murder! A man hasn't got a Chinaman's chance out there."

The next day the same man appeared.

"I'm going home," said he. These men refer to the trenches as "home."

"Only, if this war lasts forty years I'll never ask for another leave. I can't stand it. It takes the heart out of you to get out of that muddy hell for a time and see decent people."

He got up to go.

"After all," he said, "I'll do it again. A man's got to do it, you know."

HE WAS "LOGIE" TO THEM

General Who Makes Soldiers Out of Canadian Recruits So Introduced Himself to Villagers.

There was much excitement in the small village of Angus (Ontario, Can.) when word was started to transform the old pine plains into the greatest Canadian army camp—Camp Borden, observes a Canadian correspondent.

The sight of soldiers and high-up military men strolling down the streets caused, to say the least, a sensation.

Two villagers were talking about the new camp one day when they noticed an imposing, well-built officer walking briskly towards them.

"Is it the general?" they asked each other, meaning Gen. Sir Sam Hughes, then minister of militia for Canada.

When the officer reached them one of the villagers stepped up to him, and with the easy familiarity of a country man hailed him as follows:

"Here, there! Are you Sam?"

The officer chuckled and entered to the spirit of it and said: "Me Sir Sam! Oh, no! Why I'm only a little fellow. Sir Sam's a prize boxer compared to me!"

"Well, what's your name, then?" the villager queried.

"Oh, I'm only Logie," was the answer of the modest but well-beloved soldier, who holds a proud record in Canada for the thousands of recruits he has turned into valiant defenders of humanity, General Logie of Toronto.

The Moon and the Weather.

People who rely on the moon as a weather indicator, writes a London Chronicle correspondent, must have very short memories, for accurate comparisons prove conclusively that there is no connection whatever between the weather and the moon's changes of phase.

Professor Schuster analyzed a whole century's weather records and, as a result, was unable to trace any lunar period in them. Several authorities are agreed, however, that there is a tendency for clouds to disperse as a full moon comes to the meridian of any place; but it is a far cry from that to the definite belief that the weather changes with a change of the lunar phases.

These changes, of course, can be predicted for years in advance with perfect accuracy, and if the weather depended on them, weather forecasting would be the simplest of all the sciences, instead of the most difficult.

The Blind Soldiers.

Statistics furnished by the French-British authorities to the American-British-French Belgian Permanent Blind Relief War Fund of 590 Fifth avenue, New York, show that there are in England, France and Belgium more than 3,000 soldiers who have been totally blinded in the war and nearly 25,000 blinded in one eye, a large proportion of whom will eventually lose the sight of the other as the result of shock or of the wounds themselves. In addition there are in France alone nearly 200 who, besides losing both eyes, have also suffered, by explosions or amputation, the loss of both arms or both legs, or a hand, and in many cases have been rendered stone deaf into the bargain.

Another Poor Guess.

Charles Darwin was the subject of a very drastic parental prophecy which went very far wrong. He was very fond of country life and his father's taste did not lie in the same direction, that stern parent said to Charles: "You care for nothing but shooting, dogs, and rat-catching, and you will be a disgrace to yourself and all your family."

Decay of Metals.

The most remarkable example of atrophic disintegration of metals is perhaps that of tin. The investigation has shown that the disease can only occur in a temperature not exceeding 44.5 degrees Fahrenheit. Tin decay is, therefore, most prevalent in cold climates.

OLE BULL'S COLONY

Norwegian's Dream of Model Home Now Scene of Ruin.

Recalls Misplaced Confidence and Made All the More Tragic Because of Splendid Ideals.

Only the ruin of the villa "Valhalla" remains of the ill-fated Norwegian colony established by Ole Bull in Pennsylvania in the late '50s. The story of the colony, says the Kansas City Times, is one of misplaced confidence, made all the more tragic because of the splendid ideals that led to its establishment.

The great Norwegian violinist, always an admirer of America, wished to obtain a location for a model colony of his countrymen. He bought a thousand acres of a firm of land dealers and soon afterward brought to this country several hundred Norwegians. A clearing was made, the village of Oleana built and, in an address to the townspeople, Ole Bull set forth the hopes that had inspired his mission.

The address follows:

"Brothers of Norway! From the clime where the north wind has its home; where the maelstrom roars, and where the aurora for half the year takes the place of the genial sun, we have come to find a home. When we were among our mountains, and war was bringing want and famine upon us, we heard there was a country in a milder climate where liberty dwelt and plenty reigned. Upon looking over our records, we found that our countrymen under Thorfin, had discovered that and more than eight hundred years ago, but that they were met by cruel and savage Indians, and had left no record of themselves, except some traces of their sad history engraved in the rocks of Fall river, and one temple which they raised to God on an island at the mouth of Narragansett bay. All other record of them had passed away."

"How different is our reception from that which Thorfin and his followers received. No savage Indian startles us with his war whoop, but kind friends meet us on every side, taking us by the hand and giving us welcome to our new home."

"Brothers of Norway! We must not disappoint this confidence, but by lives of industry and honesty show to our new brothers that they have not misplaced their friendship."

"And now, to these gentlemen of New York and Pennsylvania, who have so kindly assisted by their counsel and advice in this work, I return my most sincere and heartfelt thanks, and casting ourselves upon the goodness of our heavenly Father, resting secure upon his promise, let us go on in the daily performance of every duty, and he will bless us."

There was a pathetic aftermath. Hardly had the pioneers got well under way with their homebuilding when it was discovered that the violinist had been victimized. The company that sold him the land had no valid title to it. The people of Oleana scattered, some of them penniless and with few friends in the new country. Ole Bull, with splendid loyalty to those he had brought to this pass, gave public concerts to raise money for their relief.

A Pacifist.

The newcomer had hardly seated himself in the railway compartment before he began to talk, relates London Tit-Bits. "I am a pacifist," said he in a voice as if he wanted to disarm all interruption. "If we can't beat the enemy in three years it's time we started waving the olive branch instead of the sword."

Just then a severe feminine face inserted itself at the carriage window.

"Is there a John Tamson here? Ay, there he is. Cam out o' that smokin' carriage, ye heathen, before I tak' ye by the lug. Dae ye think your wife's a haddie for the curin'?"

John Tamson left, and the astonished silence which followed was broken by one passenger remarking:

"Puir fellow, nae wonder he's a pacifist. It's his mair nor three years' o' war he's had, I'm thinkin'."

A Handy Utensil.

"The soldiers in the trenches wear gas masks, and near the front the French children go to school with them on," mused a citizen of Paris-winkle, who was of unusual width between the eyes, observes the Kansas City Star. "I believe if I could get hold of a practicable gas mask I would wear it to the town hall tonight, where the handbills announce that Hon. Braggin Blow will talk on the patriotic duties of the hour, but where in reality he will with many words permit us to learn the glad news that at the earnest solicitation of his many friends he has reluctantly consented to become a candidate for re-election to congress."

The Smallest Cartoon.

A certain small boy has drawn a caricature picture of President Wilson upon a single grain of corn. He spent about a half hour in doing the work, for which he used water colors, says Christian Science Monitor. It is said that some time ago he drew a similar picture upon a single grain of corn and, upon sending his work to the president, he received an appreciative acknowledgment from Washington. This is believed to be the smallest cartoon picture in the world, for it measures only about a quarter of an inch in the longest direction. The likeness is in profile.

HE MET THE NEW GENERAL

Canadian Officer Omitted Some of His Decorations, and Was Not Recognized by Lieutenant.

Col. R— of the Canadian forces had just been promoted general and assigned to the command of a brigade at the front. His native modesty was not impaired by his new rank. He put on his cap an almost invisible little bronze ornament and pinned on his shoulders two crossed sabers, likewise bronze and almost invisible. In the press of business, relates a correspondent, he neglected to add the red band of the staff, the blue brassard, or the scarlet and gold fancies that properly adorn the collar of a general officer of his Britannic majesty's army. A couple of weeks had passed and he hadn't yet found time to go to town and buy all the things that make one look like a person of really high rank. And all the time he was living with Spartan simplicity in his dugout.

One day into the dugout blew a very young lieutenant—a lieutenant of infantry, in spite of a cavalier style of conversation.

"Howdy," said the lieutenant. "Dirty hole, what? Rotten sort of sewer you've got to live in. Staff's taken all the decent places, I suppose. I say, tell a fellow a bit of news."

(A lot of questions about the service, Russia, difficulty of getting leave, the acceptance of the polite offer of a cigarette.)

"Well," said the lieutenant at last, "I'm told you chaps have got a new general. What sort is he?"

"Oh," replied General R—, "a pretty fair sort."

"You've got to show me," said the lieutenant, whose language showed traces of both American and insular British influence.

"In that case," said General R—, smiling, "just look him over."

The young lieutenant looked. He took stock of a tunic that didn't show a patch of red anywhere. Then he caught sight of the crossed sabers, and leaped to his feet, redder than the reddest of the proper ornaments of a British staff officer.

General R— continued to smile sweetly.

His Coded Message.

That the big Fifth avenue hotels in New York have their canouffers, or as they are generally known, "four-flushers," was shown recently to many who were in the Peacock Alley of one hostelry. A bellhop had paged a man successfully and found him seated with two ladies. Obviously the individual enjoyed being with the ladies, and he wasn't a bit indignant about being paged publicly before them. "Here, boy, what is it?" he demanded with an imperious wave.

"Telegram, sir," answered the bellhop, presenting his tray. The man took one look at the face of the message, flushed a bit uncomfortably, and then ordered the message returned to the office, where he would call for it later. "It's a code message, and I can't read it now," he explained to his fair companions. "I'll get my code book and get it later at the office." At the office the boy laid down the message with the explanation. "But it's not in code," retorted the clerk. The boy pointed to the face of the message. "It was code as far as his pocketbook was concerned," he said. "His spelling couldn't see the 85 cents." For there on the envelope it read, "C. O. D. 85."

When to Cut Trees.

Trees should be cut in winter, as timber dries more slowly at that time of year and there is little danger of damage from season checking. Logs can be handled most economically in the winter months as four times as many logs can be hauled on sleds as on wheels. If the logs or posts are cut in winter they become well seasoned before they are set, and proper seasoning is the most economical preservation of the material.

All the great industrial organizations, such as railroads, telegraph and telephone companies, that use enormous quantities of timber specify that it must be cut between October 1 and March 1. Experience has shown that best results have been obtained by cutting the trees at this time.

Jap Works "Film-Flam" Game.

The captain of the coasting steamer Talun-Maru, lying in dock at Moji, was visited by a man in police uniform, who said he was sent to examine all bank notes on board, says a Japanese correspondent. He gave as a reason that a new counterfeit of excellent execution had been put in circulation. The captain produced notes for 500 yen (\$250), which the alleged officer scrutinized and finally said he would have to call an expert. Meanwhile he apparently placed the money in a jar and sealed it. It was the ancient "film-flam" game. The bogus officer did not return, and there was no money in the jar.

A Good Suggestion.

"Darling, now that you have consented to marry me I have an important question to ask."

"Yes, dear."

"Shall I buy you a diamond ring as an engagement present, or shall we take that money and put in a supply of sugar to start our married life with?"

A Good Plan.

"Her husband lets her have her own way in everything."

"It's a good idea."

"It is. She doesn't want to do half as many things she used to when she thought he was going to object to her doing some of them."

GET READY FOR GARDEN

How to Plan Your Work and Work to a Plan.

EVERYBODY GROW EATABLES

The Essentials in Planning Garden—Best Varieties to Plant.

(Contributed by Ontario Department of Agriculture, Toronto.)

AT NO TIME in many years has the necessity and importance of the home vegetable garden been so clearly shown as for this coming summer. France, our wonderful ally, has since the French Revolution been a nation of small farmers. Her people of small means cultivating some available land to produce a portion of their own household foodstuffs and to increase the wealth of the nation. Great Britain, threatened with a shortage of foodstuffs, determined to cultivate all available land possible to offset this shortage and we, in Canada, bending every energy toward facilitating these great nations should do all in our individual power to do something in the hope of helping ourselves and assisting the commercial vegetable growers who are seriously handicapped by the shortage of labor in the production of vegetable foodstuffs. Every city, town and village dweller has an opportunity to help in this great work, in that there are hundreds of available plots now practically unproductive, which could be made grow vegetables and thus add to the wealth of the country.

Vegetables an Important Food.

Vegetables should form an important portion of the daily food of the average human being, for they possess qualities which we are told are essential in the proper digestion of the heavy foods, such as meats.

All backyards cannot be prepared in one year to grow vegetables of an excellent quality. Some portion of the yard, however, may be devoted to this purpose, or, if it is convenient, there are usually many vacant lots which are not too far from one's place of abode which possibly could be devoted to the growing of vegetables.

Some Essentials.

First of all it is essential that the vegetable garden, no matter how small, be planted according to some plan or rule. No one attempts to build a house or to set out a perennial flower border without using some drawing or chart to go by. Why should the vegetable garden be treated differently? Haphazard planting will prove a failure, and in order to overcome this it should be remembered in laying out the garden that—

(1) Tall plants will be most effective if placed behind low ones, not intermingled with them.

(2) All plants closely allied should be grown together, not in the same row, but in rows adjoining one another.

(3) The fences may be decorated with vine crops which may be supported on the fences by means of strings or lattice work.

(4) All quickly maturing vegetables should be planted in a portion of the garden by themselves so that they may be harvested and the ground used for other crops later on.

Secure Seed Now—But Plant Only When Soil Is Ready.

The backyard gardener should decide very early which crops are to be grown and should purchase his seed as soon as possible. It must be remembered, however, that much of this seed may be wasted if it is planted too early in the season. The soil must be warm to receive the seeds, and amateur gardeners must have patience until it is certain that good growing weather has come. It is possible in ordinary seasons to plant some vegetables in April, and yet many backyard vegetable enthusiasts will be well advised to wait until the middle of May before doing very much in the garden.

Suitable Varieties.

A list of varieties suitable for gardens made by city, town and village dwellers follows:

Asparagus—Palmetto, Conover's Colossal.

Beans—Davis' White Wax, Golden Wad, Refugee.

Beets—Crosby's Egyptian, Detroit Dark Red.

Brussels sprouts—Dalketh.

Carrots—Chantenay.

Cauliflower—Erfurt, Snowball.

Cabbage—Copenhagen Market, Danish Ball Head.

Celery—Paris Golden, Winter Queen.

Corn—Golden Bantam, Stowell's Evergreen.

Cucumber—White Spine, Chicago Pickling.

Citron—Colorado Preserving.

Lettuce—Grand Rapids, Nonpareil.

Melon, Musk—Paul Rose.

Melon, Water—Cole's Early.

Onions—Southport Yellow Globe.

Parsnip—Hollow Crown.

Parsley—Champion Moss Curled.

Peas—Gradus, Little Marvel.

Potatoes—Irish Cobbler, Green Mountain.

Pumpkin—Quaker Pie.

Radish—Scarlet White Tip Turnip.

No Plus Ultra, (winter) China Rose.

Spinach—Victoria, Viroflay.

Salsify—Sandwich Island.

Squash—Bush Marrow.

Tomatoes—Chalks Jewel.

Turnip—Earl Six Weeks.

Rhubarb—Victoria, Linneans.

S. C. Johnston, Ontario Vegetable Specialist, Toronto.

APRIL ROD AND GUN

The April issue of Rod and Gun is replete with interesting stories and articles for the out-of-doors man. Among the stories appearing in this month's issue are: "Following the Fur Bearers" by Bonnycastle Dale; "The Mysterious Wolf Pack" by A. W. Peck; "The Job" by Marvin Leslie Hayward; "Just Fishing" by Mark G. McElhinney; "A Soldier Fisherman" by Helen Guthrie; "A Trip Down Peace River" by Harry

W. Laughey; "The Way of the Mighty" by H. C. Haddon; "Rivers of the North" by Mabel Burkholder, etc. The regular departments are well maintained, those devoted to fishing, guns and ammunition, kennel, etc., being of special interest to sportsmen featuring these particular branches of sport and outdoor life. This representative Canadian sportsman's magazine is published by W. J. Taylor, Limited, Woodstock, Ont.

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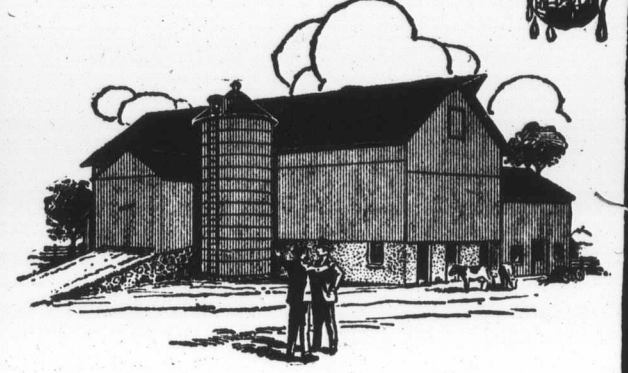
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