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DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION LIMITED

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MONTREAL ESTABLISHED 1901 LONDON, ENG.

KITCHENER'S MOB

By Jas. NORMAN HALL.

CHAPTER X.—(Cont'd.)
"Jamie," he said, "take my place at sentry for a few minutes, will you? I've lost my water-bottle. It's 'ere in the dugout somewere. I'll be only a minute."

I went out to the gun position a few yards away, and immediately afterward the Germans began a bombardment of our line. One's ear becomes exact in distinguishing the size of shells by the sound which they make in travelling through the air; and it is possible to judge the direction and the probable place of their fall. Two of us stood by the machine gun. We heard at the same time sounds which meant danger, possibly death. It was the awful whistling roar of a high explosive. We dropped to the floor of the trench at once. The explosion blackened our faces with lyddite and half-blinded us. The dugout which I had left less than a moment ago was a mass of wreckage. Seven of our comrades were inside.

One of them crawled out, pulling himself along with one arm. The other arm was terribly crushed and one leg was hanging by a tendon and a few shreds of flesh.

"My God, boys! Look what they did to me!"

He kept saying it over and over while we cut the cords from our bandoliers, tied them about his leg and arm and twisted them up to stop the flow of blood. He was a fine, healthy lad. A moment before he had been telling us what he was going to do when we were home on furlough. Now his face was the color of ashes, his voice grew weaker and weaker, and he died while we were working over him.

High explosive shells were bursting all along the line. Great masses of earth and chalk were blown in on top of men, seeking protection where there was none. The ground rocked like so much pasteboard. I heard frantic cries for "Picks and shovels!" "Stretcher-bearers!" "Stretcher-bearers this way, for God's sake!" The voices sounded as weak and futile as the squeaking of rats in a thunderstorm.

When the bombardment began, all off-duty men were ordered into the deepest of the shell-proof dugouts, where they were really quite safe. But those English lads were not cowards. Orders or no orders, they came out to the rescue of their comrades. They worked without a thought of their own danger. I felt actually happy, for I was witnessing splendid heroic things. It was an experience which gave me a new, and unshakable faith in his fellows.

The sergeant and I rushed into the ruins of our machine-gun dugout. The roof still held in one place. There we found Mac, his head split in two as though it has been done with an axe. Gardiner's head was blown completely off, and his body was so terribly mangled that we did not know until later who he was. Preston was lying on his back with a great jagged, blood-stained hole through his tunic. Bert Powell was so badly hurt that we exhausted our supply of field dressings in bandaging him. We found little Charlie Harrison lying close to the side of the wall, gazing at his crushed foot with a look of incredulity and horror pitiful to see. One of the men gave him first aid with all the deftness and tenderness of a woman.

The rest of us dug hurriedly into a heap of earth at the other end of the shelter. We quickly uncovered Walter, a lad who had kept us laughing at his drollery on many a rainy night. The earth had been heaped loosely on him and he was still conscious.

"Good old boys," he said weakly; "I was about done for."
In our haste we dislodged another heap of earth which completely buried him again, and it seemed a lifetime before we were able to remove it. I have never seen a finer display of pure grit than Walter's.

"Easy now!" he said. "Can't feel anything below me waist. I think I'm 'urt down there."
We worked as swiftly and as carefully as we could. We knew that he was badly wounded, for the earth was soaked with blood; but when we saw, we turned away sick with horror. Fortunately, he lost consciousness while we were trying to disentangle him from the fallen timbers, and he died on the way to the field dressing-station. Of the seven lads in the dugout, three were killed outright, three died within half an hour, and one escaped with a crushed foot which had to be amputated at the field hospital.

What had happened to our little group was happening to others along the entire line. Americans may have read of the bombardment which took place that autumn morning. The dispatches, I believe, described it with the usual official brevity, giving all the information really necessary from the point of view of the general public.

"Along the Loos-La Bassee sector there was a lively artillery action. We demolished some earthworks in the vicinity of Hulluch. Some of our trenches near Hill 70 were damaged."

"Damaged!" It was guarded admission. Our line was a shambles of loose earth and splintered logs. At some places it was difficult to see just where the trench had been. Had the Germans launched a counter-attack immediately after the bombardment, we should have had difficulty in holding the position. But it was only what Tommy called "a big 'ap'orth o' late." No attempt was made to follow up the advantage, and we at once set to work rebuilding. The loose earth had to be put into sandbags, the parapets mended, the holes, blasted out by shells, filled in.

The worst of it was that we could not get away from the sight of the mangled bodies of our comrades. Arms and legs stuck out of the wreckage, and on every side we saw distorted human faces in hold-tortured human faces. One thinks of the human body as inviolate, a beautiful and sacred thing. The sight of it dismembered or disemboweled, trampled in the bottom of a trench, smeared with blood and filth, is so revolting as to be hardly endurable.

And yet, we had to endure it. We could not escape it. Whichever way we looked, there were the dead. Worse even than the sight of dead men were the groans and entreaties of those lying wounded in the trenches, waiting to be taken back to the dressing-stations.

"I'm shot through the stomach, matey! Can't you get me back to the ambulance? Ain't they some way you can get me back out o' this?"

"Stick it, old lad! You won't 'ave long to wite. They'll be some of the Red Cross along 'ere in a jiffy now."

"Give me a lift, boys, can't you? Look at my leg! Do you think it'll 'ave to come off? Maybe they could save it if I could get to 'ospital in time! Won't some of you give me a lift? I can 'obble along with a little 'elp."

"Don't you fret, sonny! You're a-go'n to ride back in a stretcher presently. Keep yer courage up a little wile longer."

Some of the men, in their suffering, forgot every one but themselves, and it was not strange that they should. Others, with more iron in their natures, endured fearful agony in silence. During memorable half hours, filled with danger and death, many of my gross misjudgments of character were made clear to me. Men whom no one had credited with heroic qualities revealed them. Others fail-

ed rather pitifully to live up to one's expectations. It seemed to me that there was strength or weakness in men, quite apart from their real selves, for which they were in no way responsible; but doubtless it had always been there, waiting to be called forth at just such crucial times.

During the afternoon I heard for the first time the hysterical cry of a man whose nerve had given way. He picked up an arm and threw it far out in front of the trenches, shouting as he did so in a way that made one's blood run cold. Then he sat down and started crying and moaning. He was taken back to the rear, one of the saddest of casualties in a war of in-

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The Housewife's Corner

WHEN RESOLUTIONS TOTTER

Isn't it funny how good resolutions fade away when the sun strikes them? Just like some of the dyed stuffs we're getting now. After the children have been put to bed and the pan-cakes set and the kitchen door locked and the knitting gotten out, and you can sit down with peace reigning within, if not abroad—then's the time you resolve firmly, and let us hope prayerfully, to make a better job of it to-morrow. That's when you admit that you're a scolder and a nagger, and that it's all your fault when things go wrong, because the mother makes the home atmosphere. And you promise yourself fervently not to scold the children again, ever, no matter what they do. And not to say, "Don't." And to keep a cheery tone in your voice and not to "yelp" when father spills the gravy on the brand clean table cloth. And not once to feel sorry for yourself when you see your neighbors going by, all gaily dressed, to some afternoon party or lecture or concert, while you sit home and tend the baby.

Lamplight is surely the time for making resolutions. For there is something about "the cold, gray dawn of the morning after," that chases them all away. I "do hereby resolve" every evening of my life. But the next morning—well, that's another story. The mornings usually begin with the thought expressed by one of the boys.

"One more day of this awful life! Got to get up and clean my teeth and brush my hair!" Though I vary the phrasing by going over the breakfast and the beds, and the baby's bath, and the picking up, and hurrying the children off to school, and darning, and, oh, well, you all do the same things. So why go over them?

Last night I resolved even more strenuously than ever. But this

Food Control Corner

To satisfy the needs of Great Britain and her allies the North American continent must raise 250,000,000 bushels more wheat this year than in 1917.

No one in the Royal Household of Great Britain is allowed to exceed the rations. Meat is seldom served at the family table, the King and Queen rarely eat butter, and bread and jam often constitute the tea meal.

Mr. Arnold Bennett, the famous English novelist, writes: "We shall not in future get as much as we want or as much as we need. There is and there will be a serious shortage. Submarines are not the original cause of the shortage. . . . The shortage is a world shortage. . . . French food supply is down by 40 per cent. If we do not help France, France collapses, and we might just as well put the shutters up at the War Office and implore Hindenburg to behave chivalrously to his fallen foes."

It is imperative that all chickens be hatched early this year because under present conditions of high feed prices chickens hatched late can hardly be reared profitably. The eggs for hatching should be selected with care. They should each weigh about two ounces, have a smooth surface and be oval in shape. The fresher the eggs the better they are for incubation but they may be held for seven days, during which time they should be kept in a temperature of fifty to sixty degrees and they should be turned occasionally.

Professor Elford of the Poultry Division of the Experimental Farm in a lecture before the Ottawa Poultry Association, told how household waste could be utilized as feed for chickens. With a flock of twelve pullets in his own backyard he produced eggs at a cost of 24 cents each, feeding table waste, as compared to a cost of 3½ cents at the Experimental Farm from hens fed on regular chicken feed. Table scraps in Canada, he asserted, would produce five and a quarter million eggs worth over \$3,000,000. He urged city people to set eggs this spring and rear chickens.

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conceivable horrors. I heard of many instances of nervous breakdown, but I witnessed surprisingly few of them. Men were often badly shaken and trembled from head to foot. Usually they pulled themselves together under the taunts of their less susceptible comrades. (To be continued.)



And the baby cried,
And the furnace fire was out,
And the milk was frozen,
And the pan-cakes had refused to get light.
And I forgot the salt in the oat meal, and it was wheatless sday and I had to make corn meal muffins, because they wouldn't eat the cakes, and the coffee didn't percolate long enough and I was too cross to put it back on again, and husband was too tired to talk, and I dropped a spoon and broke my pet cup.

Well, what's the use? You all know what I did. And you know where my good resolutions went to. I even shook the poor baby because he cried, and, quite naturally, made him cry harder. But I'm not through with resolutions even yet. Some days I manage to keep them fairly well. And I'm going to keep right on making them, and breaking them, until the breakages gradually dwindle away and cases to be.

But the chief reason for my determination to keep on is the thought that we're all here to build character, and that if the things I have been given to do hadn't been the best way to bring me out, I wouldn't have been set at this particular job.

So I'm going to resolve again, and yet again, not to scold nor nag, nor rage. And if I break my resolution, I'll get up and try again, knowing that "though I fall, I shall not be utterly cast down."

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THE RECORDING EYE

The Development and Printing of Military Aerial Photographs.

Somewhere in England there is a school for photographers where men are trained in the intricate work of developing and printing and interpreting the military aerial photographs on which depend so many of the problems that determine the activities of the troops at the front. The negatives obtained by the army airmen are different from all others. Their delicate traceries are so lacking in contrast that in the developing bath the plate seems to contain nothing at all. But what there is on it—hair-like lines, microscopic dots, clear, transparent areas and faint patches like breath on a mirror—must be coax ed forth and yet not overdeveloped. Nor is printing the plates easy. Bromide enlargements have to be made very rapidly, for all of them, labelled and numbered, must be ready at the front within an hour after the plates are exposed over the enemy's lines. The general staff must know how the other side of No Man's Land looks all the time, for the comparison of to-day's photographs with yesterday's may reveal vital secrets. In any case the photographs must be perfect. The students must learn how to read views made perhaps when the camera is ten thou-

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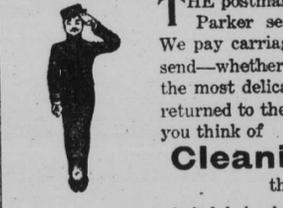
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sand feet above the ground. A road looks white; canals, rivers, lakes are black; upstanding objects—trees, telegraph poles, towers—look flat, but their shadows betray them; they cannot be camouflaged. Trodden ground—a path, for example—appears lighter than its surroundings. Every little detail means something that only the accustomed or experienced eye can determine.

Bonemeal, a handful per square yard, will improve weak lawns. Every pound of poultry produce raised in Canada this year will release a pound of beef or bacon overseas. "I noticed you got up and gave that lady your seat in the tramcar the other day." "Since childhood I have respected a woman with a strap in her hand."

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