

HODGE CALLS HIS OWN BLUFF

(Concluded from page 17.)

for the rest of the summer was master. Any one of them had beaten him in business. He would beat them at farming. He would make them farmers. They had taken this thing up half as a joke. He would teach them how serious it was. The day any of them proved himself capable Hodge would let him be boss.

Would they bush him? They had two hours yet. No accidents happened the wagon. Hodge began to wish for one. At 4.30 he knew he was about done for. The snap was all gone from his muscles. Every stab he made was a dead one. Every forkful he lifted was a lug. His muscles were not aching. It was his nerves. The yard crawled into the shade of the barn. The light crept off the fields. Hodge did not observe that the sky was cloudy. He just knew there was a cloud in his brain. He had been a fool to tackle such a job. Now on his 31st load for the day he realized that he had torn up and heaved out of that heap over 50 tons of manure. He had done a big day's work. His pride would not let him say so and ask the gang to quit for the

day; neither to slack up and have them wait for him.

No, he would plug away at the heap, if he had to drop in his tracks.

His heart went like a loud thing. He ceased to sweat and began to feel by turns hot and cold. His face felt blind.

The wagons came and went in a kind of devilish dream. It seemed to be coming dusk; but he knew the sun was not nearly down.

One more load and he would be crazy enough to make a mad bee-line for the hay-mow.

One more forkful—oh lord!

What rumbling was that? Oh—the wagon up the lane. A drop fell on his hand. Sweat—most likely. He had been—

Here came the wagon to be sure. A flash of light seemed to show it up suddenly. His eyes were bothering him. He was an idiot. The wagon hauled up. The driver seemed to say something. What was it? Hodge fumbled over to the empty and began to load it. The other fellow—there seemed to be two—or was it three?—came up and said,

"Say, boss—we're all going to get wet. It's raining—going to be a storm. Eh?"

Hodge pulled himself up with a cold sort of smile. He looked at the clouds. A swat of swift rain drove the rest of them to the stable—horses hammering to the stalls.

Thank the good Lord! The rain had come just in time. Hodge was bushed. But none of them knew it.

He strolled into the stable—whistling.

"Well, boys," he seemed to be saying to himself, "too bad—too dang bad it rained."

"Yes, too bad," they all seemed to be saying. They had blisters on their hands, cricks in their backs, kinks in their necks and gone feelings at the places where their diaphragms were supposed to be. But none of them gave a sign to Hodge, who went fiddling at the harness and the curry-combs to hide his wabbles.

Just at sundown they all went strolling across the place to supper. They said to Hodge that he was a wonder.

So he said to them candidly,

"You galoots! I was bushed and you never knew it."

Whereby they laughed and said one way or another,

"Well, Hodge—we were all bushed."

CANADA IN WAR PAINT

(Continued from page 10.)

biggest Fritz cannon that ever was, but Frank Wootton could not ride him!

TENT MUSIC

It is not often that Thomas Atkins of any nationality wears his heart upon his sleeve, and it is quite certain that the British Tommy but rarely does so, or his confrere of the Canadian Contingent. Perhaps the best shows his thoughts and relieves his feelings in song.

Salisbury Plains must have seen and heard many things, yet few stranger sounds can have been heard there than the chants which rise from dimly-lighted canvas walls, when night has shrouded the earth, and the stars gleam palely through the mist. It is the habit of the Canadian Mr. Atkins, ere he prepares himself for rest, to set his throat a-throbbing to many a tune both new and old. The result is not invariably musical—sometimes far from it, but it is a species of sound the male creature produces either to show his "gladness or his sadness," and by means of which he relieves a heavy heart, or indicates that in his humble opinion "all's well with the world." On every side, from almost every tent, there is harmony, melody, trio, quartette, chorus, or—noise!

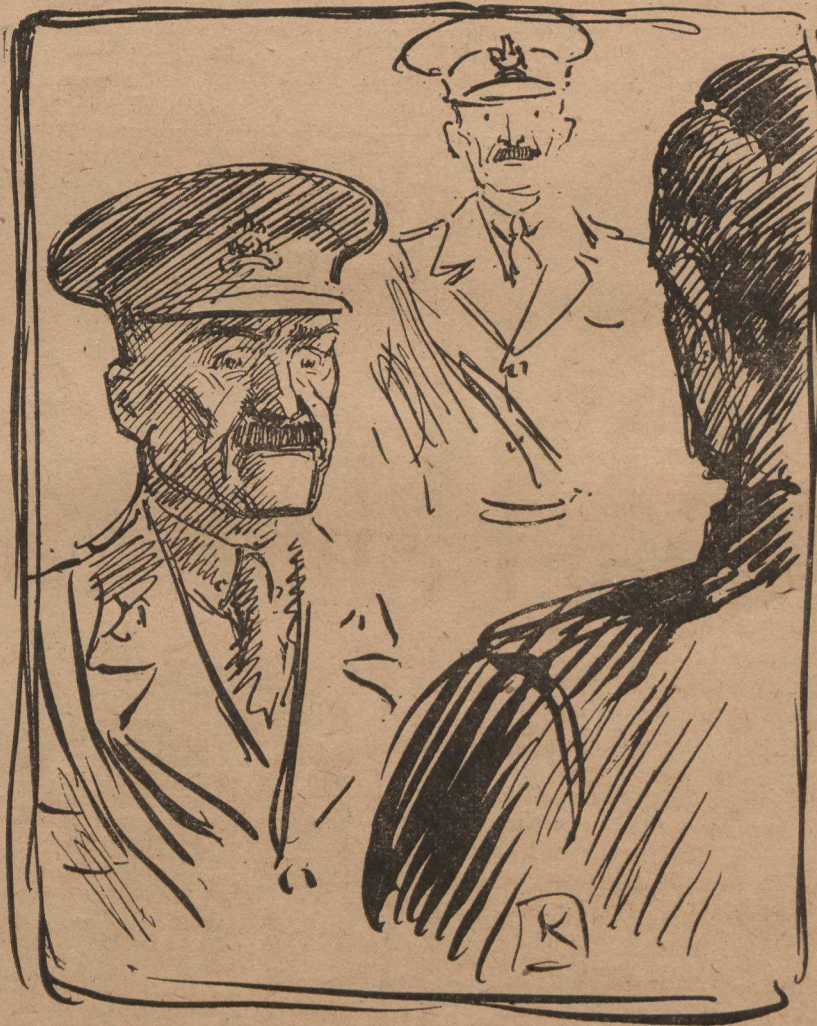
No programme-maker in his wildest moments, in the throes of the most conflicting emotions, could begin to evolve such a varied, such a startling programme as may be heard in the space of a short half-hour under canvas—in a rain-sodden, comfortless tent—anywhere on Salisbury Plains. It does not matter who begins it; some one is "feeling good," and he lifts up his voice to declaim that "You made me love you; I didn't want to do it!" The rest join in, here a tenor, there a bass or a baritone, and the impromptu concert has begun.

Never have the writers of songs, the composers of music, grave and gay, come more into their own than among the incorrigibly cheerful warriors of

the Plains. The relative merits of composers are not discussed. They are all good enough for Jack Canuck as long as there is that nameless something in the song or the music which appeals to him. It is curious that we who hope to slay, and expect to be slain—many of us—should sing with preference of Killarney's lakes and fells, "Sunnyblook Farm," "Silver Threads Among the Gold," rather than some War Chant or Patriotic Ode, something visionary of battlefields, guns, the crash of shells.

Picture to yourself a tent with grimy, sodden sides, lighted by three or four guttering candle-ends, stuck wherever space or ingenuity permits. An atmosphere tobacco laden, but not

stuffy, rifles piled round the tent-pole, haversacks, "dunnage" bags, blankets, and oil-sheets spread about, and their owners, some of them lying on the floor wrapped in blankets, some seated, one or two perhaps reading or writing in cramped positions, yet quite content. Yonder is a lusty Yorkshireman, big, blue-eyed, and fair, who for some reason best known to himself will call himself an Irishman. We know him as "the man with three voices, for he has a rich, tuneful, though uncultivated tenor, a wonderful falsetto, and a good alto. His tricks are remarkable, but his ear is fine. He loves to lie sprawled on his great back, and lift up his voice to the skies. All the words of half the



"Reprimanded! Do you hear, sir?"

(See page 29.)



Has Nothing to Hide

You are insured a clear, transparent jelly made from the best material when you use Knox Sparkling Gelatine.

I know both yourself and family will be pleased if you try the recipe for Maple Rice Pudding which is printed below.

Mrs. Charles B. Knox.
President.

Maple Rice Pudding

Boil 1/2 envelope of KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE in 1 cup of milk ten minutes and dissolve in 2 cups of hot boiled rice cooked dry. Add 1 cup of granulated sugar or brown sugar, maple sugar or maple syrup and 1/2 teaspoonful of salt, 1 cup chopped nut meats, if desired, 1 teaspoonful vanilla, and when cool fold in 1 cup cream, beaten until stiff. Turn into mold which has been dipped in cold water. When firm, remove from mold and serve.

Recipe Book Free

Our book "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People" will be sent for your grocer's name. If you wish a pint sample enclose 4 cents in stamps.

CHARLES B. KNOX GELATINE CO., Inc.
Dept. E., 198 St. Paul St. West, Montreal, Can.

ELECTRIC SERVICE

Means comfort, convenience, economy, and safety.

The home that is completely equipped with electrical devices is a happy one.

All the drudgery of house-keeping is eliminated by electricity.

You can wash, iron, sew, sweep, cook, keep cool in summer and warm in winter, by means of electrical apparatus designed especially to relieve you of unnecessary and fatiguing labor.

At our showrooms all these devices are ready for your inspection. Competent demonstrators will operate and explain them for you.

The Toronto Electric
Light Co., Limited

"AT YOUR SERVICE"

12 Adelaide Street East

Telephone Adelaide 404

EDUCATIONAL.

YOU CAN LEARN AT HOME—Complete Commercial, Stenography, Matriculation, Civil Service, Teachers' Course, Special English, Journalism, Beginner's Course, Electrical, Mechanical, Architectural Courses, Engineering, Mind and Memory Training, or any subject. Write Canadian Correspondence College, Limited, Dept. O., Toronto, Ont.