

THE ADVERTISER

H. G. HARRIS
Editor and Publisher.

GAWD 'ELP FRITZ!

By Captain Arthur Hunt Chute (First Canadians)
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"Them's the First Canadians, Alf, they're goin' over the top at the dawn, and may Gawd 'elp Fritz!"

This exclamation I heard from a gunner on the Somme last fall. The First Canadians, the division of blood and iron and fire and storm, was moving up for the attack at the dawn, and Tommy might well exclaim, "Gawd 'elp Fritz!"

Before long Tommy Atkins in like manner will be regarding General Pershing's First Americans, moving up towards the star-shells and the firing line, and I am sure he may exclaim with similar fervor, "Gawd 'elp Fritz!"

The magic name of the First Canadians is a presage of the glory that will yet thrill in the new name, "the First Americans." Rumor has it that the First American division will take over a portion of the line in the north near Dixmude. That place is known as "Easy Street" just now. The Belgians have there been holding the line gently, but with the arrival of General Pershing's men, Fritz may expect to see that place of peace transformed into a "Bloody angle."

Last spring the Australians took up their first sector of the line on the Western front. They were sent to "Plug Street," a comparatively quiet and easy place, then known as "the cradle of the army." There many of Britain's new divisions got in easy stages their first taste of trench warfare.

When the Australians arrived, "Plug Street" was what we called a "couchy spot." It abounded in names like "Sanctuary Lane" and "Saints' Rest." Before the Anzacs were there a month, "Sanctuary Lane" had become "Suicide Alley," and "Saints' Rest" had been transformed into "Snipers Paradise." In the first little affair Fritz scored on the Anzacs, which put the iron into their souls; from that time on the Sabbath calm of "Plug Street" was a memory.

Away up to the left in the bloody salient of Ypres, the Canadians often heard terrific upheavals on their flank. At first they looked askance, for they were supposed to have a monopoly of trouble in their own evil salient. Later they were enlightened, and between "Stand to" and "Stand down" the sentries on the rim of the firing trench, hearing the far-off din, would wink and whisper to each other, "That's the Anzacs raising their own little Hell down on 'Plug Street'." Soon the other flank of the salient will also be a storm centre, and sentries will be whispering to each other, "There's the First Americans raising their own little Hell up at Dixmude."

The Colonial troops have made a name in the fighting line. At first they were regarded with doubt. They were not amenable to the same form of discipline as Thomas Atkins. New wine could not be poured into old bottles, and New World troops could not be forced into Old World soldiers.

We murdered every tradition and blasted every convention until Old England was shocked. But this war has been a new departure and the New World troops have won their place. Into the Camaraderie of New World troops—Canadians, Australians, South Africans and New Zealanders gladly welcome their American cousins. They will come as one of us. Britain's Colonial troops, and America's citizen-soldiers, will be blood brothers in the fighting line. The same initiative and dash that mark the Canadians and

the Anzacs will characterize the man from Texas and the great Southwest in France.

There has been a deal of recrimination and self-depreciation in this country since the war began. America is late in the struggle, but the fighting blood still lives in the country. Let us remind those who would belittle the military prowess of the United States that it is only a generation back to the American Civil War when the United States gave to the world some of the finest military traditions of history.

Today in the staff colors in England all candidates for advancement must pass in Henderson's "Life of Stonewall Jackson." That famous graduate of West Point has become a mentor to the strategists of the world.

Light Horse Harry Lee, and Phil Sheridan, and General Grant, and Forrest of Forrest Cavalry, are all heroes whom I, as a Britisher, claim from America's Valhalla. In the stirring days which are ahead, in the days of the flanking movements and dashing cavalry advances, when a true Army de Chasse may take the field, a new galaxy of American names may burst upon us.

Let us hope that as the Uhlan Patrols sang "Deutschland, Deutschland, Uber Alles" thru devastated Belgium, and in the woods outside of Paris; so General Pershing's men may sing America's true songs of Liberty across the Rhine. Let us hope that the guns of my old division, the First Canadians, and the guns of the "First Americans," will roll together down the Unter den Linden. The glory of the "First Americans" in the future—but that future is secure.

Arthur Hunt Chute.

EAT VEGETABLES AND BE HEALTHY

Advice of Government Expert To Brampton Women—Canning Methods.

Toronto Globe

Brampton's women, who, incidentally, send 300 and sometimes more, pairs of socks every month, gathered over a hundred strong in the Armories there yesterday, and listened for three hours to Mrs. Woelard of the Department of Agriculture speaking on the best way to can fruits and vegetables. Mrs. Woelard is a home-made cook, who credits her mother with instilling the ideas of food economy which she now gives out so clearly in every centre to which the Women's Institutes call her.

Perfect cleanliness and sterilization are her watchwords. "Never use a dishcloth for anything, not even to wipe the table, when you are canning fruit," she says; goes on to explain all about the germs which gather under the rubber rings, which are thrown into their bottles when the latter are put away empty.

"You may not see those spores," says Mrs. Woelard, "but they'll be there, and if you don't get them they'll get you, or, rather, your fruit or vegetables, both will spoil, and you'll wonder why." So she insists that jars must be put into cold water, which is to be brought to the boil, and boiled three minutes; and she further says that the "intermittent method" is the only truly safe one for the sterilizing of vegetables and fruits after they are put in the jar.

The Intermittent Method. Beans, spinach, carrots and peas, for example, are blanched, that is, boiling water is to be poured over them, and they are to be left to stand for five minutes. This will remove the slightly acid taste that may be long to them. They are then plunged into cold water, and from that drained, and packed into sterilized jars. Beans may be cut up, but Mrs. Woelard favors placing them in the jars lengthwise, as "they look better," she says. The gems are then to be placed on a rack in a boiler of water, which with the covers only partly screwed on (or expansion may break

the glass) and boiled for twenty minutes. Take out, screw tops lightly, and set to cool for a day. Half unscrew the next day, boil twenty minutes more, take out, screw tightly and the third day repeat the unscrewing and boiling for twenty minutes longer. By this means the spores which have not been killed by the first or second boiling will be finished off, and the vegetables or fruit will be completely sterilized and will be sure to keep.

Nature's Best Medicine.
The lecturer deplored the fact that Canadians have eaten so few vegetables in the past, and declared that much of the physical unfitness found in the men examined for overseas had been due to the lack of the sulphur, salts, nitrogen, etc. of

which the various vegetables are composed.

"Do you know that we don't grow or eat nearly as many vegetables as they did 2,000 years ago" she asked, incidentally, as she demonstrated her talk by means of a oil burner, various kinds of glass jars, the "handy holder," a new wire contrivance into which the jar can be slipped, and which will hold it upright away from the bottom of the boiler and its fellow-jars. Girl Guides from Brampton's new troop, who had been pressed into the service by Mrs. E. G. Graham, the president of the institute, prepared the vegetables, skinning the beetroot which had a preliminary ten-minute boiling, and packing the jars with strawberries when it

came their turn to be "demonstrated."

How Conscription Was "Defeated" in Australia.

The Morning Herald, of Sydney, Australia, says:—"That a blunder was made in ever submitting the conscription issue to the people must now be readily accepted by all. A Nation, in seeking such powers as that sought by federal parliament should have taken counsel of its fighting men only. It should have been a question put to men of military age ONLY, and put in another form. Instead of that it was decided by the women's vote, and the vote of old men and women, frightened by the tales put up by the unscrupulous laborites, who didn't hesitate to put their great organization to work to accomplish the downfall of those above them in the political world not for the sake of a principle, but for the sake of office. The Loafer and Shirker only too readily followed their lead, and they, together with those who studied only their own short-sighted, selfish ends, gave them the victory for the time being."

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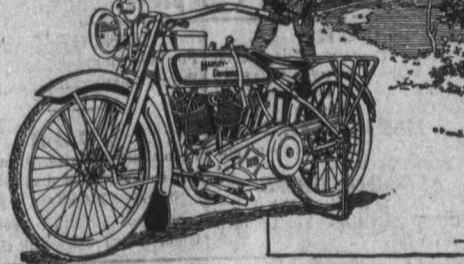
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