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THE postman and expressman will bring Parker service right to your home. We pay carriage one way. Whatever you send—whether it be household draperies or the most delicate fabrics—will be speedily returned to their original freshness. When you think of

Cleaning or Dyeing

think of PARKER'S.

A most helpful booklet of suggestions will be mailed on request.

Parker's Dye Works, Limited

Cleaners and Dyers

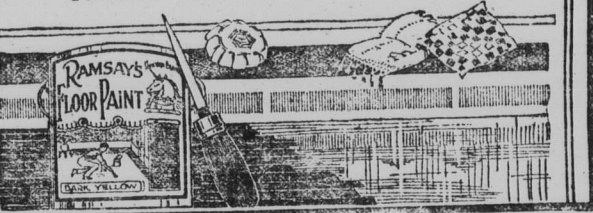
791 YONGE ST.

TORONTO

Ramsay's Fine Floor Paint

is made to be walked upon, that is the floor paint you want. It is time tried for severe usage. There's a Ramsay dealer in your town; consult him, or write us for booklet.

A. RAMSAY & SON COMPANY
Makers of Paint and Varnishes since 1842
TORONTO MONTREAL VANCOUVER



For Sale by all Dealers.

KITCHENER'S MOB

By Jas. NORMAN HALL.

CHAPTER X.—(Cont'd.)

I remember that march in the light of our later experiences, in the light of the official report of the total British casualties at Loos: sixty thousand British lads killed, wounded, and missing. Marching four abreast, column of casualties miles in length. I see them plodding light-heartedly through the mud as they did on that gray September day, their faces wet with the rain, "an' a bloke standin' by the side of the road would think they was a-go'n' to a Sunday-school picnic."

The sergeant was in a talkative mood. "Listen to them guns barkin'! We're in for it this time, straight!" Then, turning to the men behind,—"Ave got yer wills made out, you lads? You're a-go'n' to see a scrap presently, an' it ain't a-go'n' to be no flea-bite, I give you my word!" "Right you are, sergeant! I'm leavin' my razor to 'is Majesty." "Ope 'e'll tyke the 'int."

It is fine for cleaning cans—says the dairyman

Comfort Lye

NOW there is just one WALKER HOUSE in ONE TOWN where I stay. And, say, you ought to see me grin when my trip heads that way. The only other time I was so happy, Goodness knows, was when a kid Dad bought me Red topped boots with copper toes.

When other travellers hit that town, They, too, don't want to roam, For they say, "At that WALKER HOUSE It's just like staying home."

Where is the ONE TOWN where that WALKER HOUSE is? Don't you know?

Why, it's that good old burg spelled T-O-R-O-N-T-O.

The House of Plenty
The Walker House
Toronto
Geo. Wright & Co., Proprietors

"Strike me pink, sergeant! You gettin' cold feet?" "Less sing 'im, I want to go 'ome. Get 'im to cryin' like a baby." "Were's yer mouth-organ, Ginger?" "Right-o! Myke! it weepy now! Slow march!" "I want to go 'ome! I want to go 'ome! Jack Johnsons, coal-boxes, and shrapnel, oh, Lor!" "I don't want to go in the trenches no more. Send me across the sea Where the Allemand can't shoot me. Oh, my! I don't want to die! I want to go 'ome!"

It is one of the most plaintive and yearning of soldiers' songs. Jack Johnsons and coal-boxes are two greatly dreaded types of high explosive shells which Tommy would much rather sing about than meet. "Wite," the sergeant said, smiling grimly; "just wite till we reach the end of this 'ere march! You'll be a-singin' that song out of the other side o' yer faces."

We halted in the evening at a little mining village, and were billeted for the night in houses, stables, and even in the water-soaked fields, for there was not sufficient accommodation for all of us. With a dozen of my comrades I slept on the floor in the kitchen of a miner's cottage, and listened, far into the night, to the constant procession of motor ambulances, the tramp of marching feet, the thunder of guns the rattle of windows, and the sound of breaking glass.

The following day we spent in cleaning our rifles, which were caked with rust, and in washing our clothes. We had to put these, still wet, into our packs, for at dusk we fell in, in column of route, along the village street, when our officers told us what was before us. I remember how vividly and honestly one of them described the situation.

"Listen carefully, men. We are moving off in a few moments, to take over captured German trenches on the left of Loos. No one knows yet just how the land lies there. The reports we have had are confused and rather conflicting. The boys you are going to relieve have been having a hard time. The trenches are full of dead. Those who are left are worn out with the strain, and they need sleep. They won't care to stop long after you come in, so you must not expect much information from them. You will have to find out things for yourselves. But I know you well enough to feel certain that you will. From now on you'll not have it easy. You will have to sit tight under a heavy fire from the German batteries. You will have to repulse counter-attacks, for they will make every effort to retake those trenches. But remember! You're British soldiers! Whatever happens you've got to hang on!"

We marched down a road nearly a foot deep in mud. It had been churned to a thick paste by thousands of feet and all the heavy wheel traffic incident to the business of war. The rain was still coming down steadily, and it was pitch dark, except for the reflected light, on the low-hanging clouds, of the flashes from the guns of our batteries and those of the bursting shells of the enemy. We halted frequently, to make way for

long files of ambulances which moved as rapidly as the darkness and the awful condition of the roads would permit. I counted twenty of them during one halt, and then stopped, thinking of the part of the poor fellows inside, their wounds wrenched and torn by the constant pitching and jolting. We had vivid glimpses of them by the light from flashing guns, and of the Red Cross attendants at the rear of the cars, steadying the upper tiers of stretchers on either side. The heavy Garrison artillery was by this time far behind us. The big shells went over with a hollow roar like the sound of an express train heard at a distance. Field artillery was concealed in the ruins of houses on every side. The guns were firing at a tremendous rate, the shells exploding several miles away with a sound of jarring thunder claps.

In addition to the ambulances there was a constant stream of outgoing traffic of other kinds: dispatch riders on motor cycles, feeling their way cautiously along the side of the road; ammunition supply and battalion transport wagons, the horses rearing and plunging in the darkness. We approached a crossroad and halted to make way for some batteries of field pieces moving to new positions. They went by on a slippery cobbled road, the horses at a dead gallop. In the red lightnings of heavy-gun fire they looked like a series of splendid sculptured groups.

We moved on and halted, moved on again, stumbled into ditches to get out of the way of headquarters cars and motor lorries, jumped up and pushed on. Every step through the thick mud was taken with an effort. We frequently lost touch with the troops ahead of us and would have to march at the double in order to catch up. I was fast getting into that despondent, despairing frame of mind which often follows great physical weariness, when I remembered a bit of wisdom out of a book by William James which I had read several years before. He had said, in effect, that men have layers of energy, reserves of nervous force, which they are rarely called upon to use, but which are, nevertheless, assets of great value in times of strain. I had occasion to test the truth of this statement during that night march, and at intervals later, when I felt that I had reached the end of my resources of strength. And I found it to be practical wisdom which stood me in good stead on more than one occasion.

We halted to wait for our trench guides at the village of Vermelles, about three miles back of our lines. The men lay down thankfully in the mud and many were soon asleep despite the terrific noise. Our batteries, concealed in the ruins of houses, were keeping up a steady fire and the German guns were replying almost as hotly. The weird flashes lit up the shattered walls with a fascinating, bizarre effect. By their light, I saw men lying with their heads thrust back over their pack-sacks, their rifles leaning across their bodies; others standing in attitudes of suspended animation. The noise was deafening. One was thrown entirely upon his own resources for comfort and companionship, for it was impossible to converse. While we were waiting for the order to move, a homeless dog put his cold nose into my hand. I patted him and he crept up close beside me. Every muscle in his body was quivering. I wanted to console him in his own language. But I knew very little French, and I should have had to shout into his ear at the top of my voice to have made myself heard. When we marched on I lost him. And I never saw him again.

There was a further march of two and a half miles over open country, the scene of the great battle. The ground was a maze of abandoned trenches and was pitted with shell holes. The clay was so slippery and we were so heavily loaded that we fell down at every step. Some of the boys told me afterward that I cursed like blue blazes all the way up. I was not conscious of this, but I can readily understand that it may have been true. At any rate, as a result of that march, I lost what reputation I had for being temperate in the use of profanity.

We crossed what had been the first line of British trenches, which marked the starting-point of the advance, and from there the ground was covered with the bodies of our comrades, men who had "done their bit," as Tommy says, and would never go home again. Some were huddled in pathetic little groups of two or three as they might have crept together for companionship before they died. Some were lying face downward just as they had fallen. Others in attitudes revealing dreadful suffering. Many of them were hanging upon the tangles of German barbed wire which the heaviest of bombardments never completely destroys. We saw them only by the light of distant trench rockets and stumbled on them and over them when the darkness returned.

It is an unpleasant experience, marching under fire, on top of the ground, even though it is dark and the enemy is shelling haphazardly. We marching in numbers were always heavily loaded. In addition to the usual infantryman's burden, we had our machine guns to carry, and our ammunition, water supply, tools and instruments. We were very eager to get under cover, but we had to go slowly. By the time we reached our trench we were nearly exhausted.

The men who were to relieve were packed up, ready to move out, when we arrived. We threw our rifles and equipment on the parapet and stood close to the side of the trench to allow them to pass. They were cased in mud. Their faces, which I saw by the glow of matches or lighted cigarettes, were haggard and worn. A week's growth of beard gave them a wild and barbaric appearance. They talked eagerly. They were hysterically cheerful; voluble from sheer nervous reaction. They had the prospect of getting away for a little while from the sickening horror of the sight of maimed and shattered lads, the deafening noise, the unsettling odor of decaying flesh. As they moved out there were the usual conversations which take place between incoming and outgoing troops. (To be continued.)

CREAM WANTED

Sweet or Churning Cream. Highest market prices paid. We supply cans, pay express charges, and remit daily. Mutual Dairy & Creamery Co. 743-5 King St. West. Toronto

SUN LIFE OF CANADA IN STRONG POSITION

As will be seen from the essential features of its year's operations set forth elsewhere in this issue, Canada's largest life assurance company has just closed a highly satisfactory year. Total assurances in force on the books of the Sun Life of Canada have now crossed the \$311,000,000 mark, assurances issued and paid for in cash during the year totalling over \$47,800,000, the largest amount ever issued by a Canadian life company. The company's Head Office staff is now installed in the fine new Sun Life Building recently erected on Dominion Square, Montreal, where the adoption of the most up-to-date office equipment should result in still greater efficiency in the administration of its large business.

A NEW FAD.

A Collection of Daguerreotypes Would Be An Interesting Possession.

Have you a hobby? Here is a brand new one, just out of somebody's imagination box. It's to be a collection of daguerreotypes.

Haven't you known of persons who have spent years collecting candlesticks, rugs, odd dishes or beads? Why not daguerreotypes? What could yield more interesting stories than these dainty little colored relics of the past? Truly they are of the past, for the art of Daguerre is a lost one and has never been successfully revived. Did you know that?

So let us go to grandfather's, get the old picture box in the writing desk drawer and find them in their little plush and gold-rimmed cases. Perhaps you will find one of grandmother in her teens. That dainty, soft-coloring will tell you more of her charms than she is willing to confess.

You will find them most interesting and you will catch yourself looking for the different types of faces.

I have one that I hold dear—it's a double. A broad-shouldered young man looking out on a beaming world, while by his side is seated his dainty little bride, her hand on his knee. You will begin to take an interest in the cases, too, and be soon rich in a possession you are proud of, and in a fad which offers an easy field of acquirement. Try it.

The tractor gets you somewhere, which is more than can be said of the detractor.

TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES

Look at these bargains—Typewriters Rebuilt, guaranteed in perfect order, from \$25.00 to \$85.00. Have time, money and trouble and buy a typewriter for your business, profession, or for your home use. List sent free on application. CANADA TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE AND SUPPLY CO. 221, Main St. Montreal, P. Que.

Food Control Corner

Regulations to govern the sale of Pacific Ocean fish other than halibut, salmon and sablefish have been issued by the Canada Food Board. The prices payable to the fishermen are fixed at from 1 1/2c. to 3 1/2c. per pound dressed f.o.b. dock. These prices depend upon whether the fishermen are operating on "Company Boats" or Independent Boats. Exclusive of all rail charges, the price to be charged to or paid by any retail dealer in British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba for flat fish caught on the "Company Boat," iced and boxed, or frozen and boxed, must not exceed five cents per pound, over and above the actual price paid to fishermen and five and one-half cents per pound for all other fish. Similarly the price chargeable to or payable by any retail dealer for fish taken by an "Independent Boat," iced and boxed or frozen and boxed must not exceed three cents per pound exclusive of rail charges over and above the price actually paid to the fishermen. On flat fish, other than halibut and on cod fish other than sablefish, the prices to be charged by any retail

Articles Wanted for Cash

Old Jewellery; Plates; Silver; Curious Miniatures; Pictures; Woodwork; Lace; Old China; Cut Glass; Ornaments; Watches; Rings; Table Ware. Write or send by Express to B. M. & T. SWINNEY, Limited ANTIQUE GALLERIES 22 and 30 College Street, Toronto, Ont.

dealer in the four western provinces are limited to three cents per pound over and above the actual cost of such fish delivered at the place of sale. Arrangements have been made with the Department of Marine and Fisheries by which the Government will pay two-thirds of the transportation charges from landing point to selling point of such fish.

Some gullies should be filled and discouraged. Some should be straightened and protected.

Corn Chowder.—One can of corn or one pint of fresh corn grated, four cups of skim-milk, one teaspoon salt, four ounces of crackers. Fry the onion in two tablespoons of vegetable oil until it is a delicate brown. Add the corn and potatoes, cover with water and cook until soft. Add the milk, in which the crackers have been soaking, and the salt, and bring again to a boil. Serve piping hot.

Bob Long

Union-Made
Overalls
Shirts & Gloves

My Dad wears 'em

Bob Long says:
"My overalls and shirts are the best made, because they are roomy and comfortable. I designed them with the idea that you might want to stretch your arms and legs occasionally!"

Just on "Bob Long" brand. Ask your dealer for Big 11—the big grey overalls—the cloth with the test.

R. G. LONG & CO., LIMITED
TORONTO - CANADA

SUN LIFE KEEPS GROWING

THE results of operations for the year 1917 show a continuance of the notable expansion that has marked the career of the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada. In Assets, Income, Surplus, New Business, and Total Business in Force substantial increases are recorded over the corresponding figures for previous years.

RESULTS FOR 1917	
Assets at December 31st, 1917.	\$90,160,174.00
Increase	2,211,178.00
Cash Income	19,288,997.00
Increase	780,866.00
New Assurances issued and Paid for in Cash	47,811,667.00
Increase	8,030,270.00
Assurances in Force at December 31st, 1917.	311,870,945.00
Increase	30,486,245.00
Profits paid or allotted to Policyholders	1,500,880.00
Increase	448,488.00
Profits paid or allotted to Policyholders, in past five years.	5,224,063.93
Total Payments to Policyholders, 1917.	8,810,245.00
Payments to Policyholders since organization	\$39,094,816
Assets held for Policyholders	90,160,174
Premiums received since organization	\$139,204,490
Payments to Policyholders and Assets held for them exceed the premiums received by:	\$5,895,264
Undivided surplus at December 31st, 1917, over all liabilities including capital	\$8,550,761.00

THE COMPANY'S GROWTH

YEAR	INCOME	ASSETS	LIFE ASSURANCES IN FORCE
1872	\$ 48,210.73	\$ 90,461.95	\$ 1,004,330.00
1887	477,410.68	1,812,604.48	10,872,777.69
1907	2,228,834.74	1,982,271.44	41,982,708.79
1917	21,288,997.25	20,488,605.19	111,135,894.28
1917	19,288,997.68	90,160,174.24	311,870,945.71

The Company takes this opportunity of thanking its policyholders and the public generally for the continued confidence and goodwill of which the above figures give such strong evidence.

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

1871 HEAD OFFICE MONTREAL 1917
T. B. MACAULAY, President