



By Jas. NORMAN HALL.

CHAPTER VIII  
Under Cover  
I. UNSEEN FORCES  
"We come across the Channel  
For to wallop Germany;  
But they've n't got no soldiers—  
Not that any one can see.  
They plug us with their rifles  
An' they let their shrapnel fly,  
But they never takes a pot at us  
Exceptin' on the sky."

Chorus  
"Fritzie w'en you comin' out?  
This wot you calls a fight?  
You wot'n't never get to Calais  
Always keepin' out o' sight."  
"We're a goin' back to Blighty—  
"Wot's the use a-witin' ere  
Like a lot o' bloomin' mud-larks  
Above the parapet."  
"We've been in France for seven months  
An' we n't seen 'im yet!"

So sang Tommy, the incorrigible  
parrot, during the summer days  
and nights of 1915, when he was  
patiently waiting for something to  
turn up. For three months and more  
we were face to face with an enemy  
whom we rarely saw. It was a weird  
experience. Rifles cracked, bullets  
zip-zipped along the top of the pa-  
rapet, great shells whistled over our  
heads or tore immense holes in the  
trenches, trench-mortar projectiles  
and hand-grenades were hurled at us,  
and yet there was not a living soul  
to be seen across the narrow strip of  
No-Man's-Land, whence all this mur-  
derous rain of steel and lead was com-  
ing. Daily we kept careful and con-  
tinuous watch, searching the long,  
curving line of German trenches and  
the ground behind them with our  
periscopes and field-glasses, and nearly  
always with the same barren re-  
sult. We saw only the thin wreaths  
of smoke rising, morning and evening,  
from trench fires; the shattered  
trees, the forlorn and silent ruins, the  
long grass waving in the wind.

Although we were often within two  
hundred yards of thousands of Ger-  
man soldiers, rarely farther than four  
hundred yards away, I did not see one  
of them until we had been in the  
trenches for more than six weeks, and  
then only for the interval of a second  
or two. My German was building  
up a piece of damaged parapet. I  
watched the sea at once thrown over  
the top of the trench, when suddenly  
a head appeared, only to be immedi-  
ately withdrawn. One of our snipers  
had evidently been watching, too. A  
rifle cracked and I saw a clout of dust  
arise where the German was. The top  
of the parapet. The German waved  
his spade defiantly in the air and con-  
tinued digging; but he remained dis-  
cretely under cover thereafter.

This marked an epoch in my experi-  
ence in a war of unseen forces. I had  
actually beheld a German, although  
Tommy insisted that it was only the  
old caretaker, "the bloke wot keeps  
the trenches tidy." This mythical per-  
sonage, a creature of Tommy's own  
fancy, assumed a very real importance  
during the summer when the attrac-  
tions at the Western Theatre of War  
were only mildly interesting. "Carl  
the caretaker" was supposed to be a  
methodical old man whom the Em-  
peror had left in charge of his trenches  
on the western front during the ab-  
sence of the German armies in Russia.  
Many were the stories told about him  
at different parts of the line. Some-  
times he was endowed with a family.  
"Missus" and his "three little  
pers" were with him, and together  
were blocking the way to Berlin of the  
entire British Army. Sometimes he  
was "Hans the Grenadier," owing to  
his fondness for nightly bombing par-  
ties. Sometimes he was "Minnie  
husband," Minnie being that redoubt-  
able lady known in polite military  
circles as a "Minnewerfer." As al-  
ready explained, she was sausage-  
like in shape, and frightfully demon-  
strative. When she went visiting at  
the behest of her husband, Tommy  
usually contrived to be "not at home,"  
whereupon Minnie wrecked the house  
and disappeared in a cloud of dense  
black smoke.

One imagines all sorts of monstrous  
things about an unseen enemy. The  
strain of constantly watching and see-  
ing nothing became almost unbearable  
at times. We were often too far  
apart to have our early morning inter-  
change of courtesies, and then the  
constant plit-plit of bullets annoyed  
and exasperated us. I for one wel-  
comed any evidence that our oppo-  
nents were fathers and husbands and  
brothers just as we were. I remem-  
ber my delight, one summer morn-  
ing, at seeing three great kites soar-  
ing above the German line. There is  
much to be said for men who enjoy  
flying kites. Once they mounted a  
dummy figure of a man on their pa-  
rapet. Tommy had great sport shoot-  
ing at it, the Germans jiggling their  
arms and legs in a most laughable  
manner whenever a hit was registered.  
In their eagerness to "get a good  
head" on the figure, the men threw  
caution to the winds, and stood on the  
firing-benches, shooting over the top  
of the parapet. Fritz and Hans were  
true sportsmen while the fun was on,  
and did not once fire at us. Then the  
dummy was taken down, and we re-  
turned to the more serious game of  
war with the old deadly earnestness.  
I recall such incidents with joy as I  
remember certain happy events in  
childhood. We needed these trivial  
occurrences to keep us sane and hu-  
man. There were not many of them,  
but such as there were, we talked of  
for days and weeks afterward.

As for the matter of keeping out of  
sight, there was a good deal to be said  
on both sides. Although Tommy was  
impatient with his prudent enemy and  
sang songs, twitting him about always  
keeping under cover, he did not un-  
-

## From Industrial Agent to Flight Commander

Interesting despatches of incidents  
in the lives of flying men in England  
are given in letters to friends written  
by Acting Flight Commander Graham  
Waters Curtis, formerly Industrial  
Agent of the Canadian Pacific Rail-  
way in Montreal, who is now a flying  
instructor in England. The school,  
which he teaches is a vast expanse of  
country close to a beautiful sea-side



Acting Flight Commander G. W. Curtis and his machine just after a "crash" at a training camp in England.

resort. He writes: "The view from  
the air is superb, and we often fly  
over the sea, and dive down near the  
British warships and wave to the sail-  
ors. When diving we only travel at  
the rate of about 175 miles an hour!  
I am kept very busy instructing and  
am turning out a lot of expert pilots.  
The school I am connected with is one  
in which flyers finish their course of  
training. A lot of chaps from Borden  
come to us to get final lessons, and  
15th, 1916.



WAR AND FOOD SERIES. ARTICLE No. 9—MAPLE SUGAR

The term "made in Canada" applies  
to maple sugar, if it does to anything,  
and there should be a splendid field  
for this industry during the next few  
years.

Sugar is one of the commodities  
that we are asked to save. The  
Allies are calling upon this continent  
for a considerable portion of their  
normal domestic sugar supply. East  
India sugar is practically unavail-  
able, the last crop having been lost  
owing to the fact that enormous car-  
goes of raw sugar were sunk by  
enemy submarines.

The sugar that we take from Cuba  
is lessening the amount that the little  
island can supply to the Allies. There-  
fore, it behooves us to import as lit-  
tle sugar as possible and to make  
use of the abundant supply of nat-  
ural sugar which is available. In  
England the allowance of sugar per  
head of population has been reduced  
to 2 pounds per month. In Italy  
it is only 1 pound per month. Cana-  
dians, however, are still con-  
suming between 7 and 8 pounds per  
capita each month.

If the maple sugar resources were  
fully organized Eastern Canada alone  
could produce enough maple sugar to  
supply the total sugar requirements  
of the Dominion.

This is too much to expect at this  
stage and yet much can be done to  
increase production this spring.  
There are great numbers of trees  
available and as the sap runs before  
the farmer's busy season commences  
he should be able to go in for tapping  
on an extensive scale. It will be  
good business. In the past the de-  
mand has far exceeded the supply  
and this year it will be even greater  
owing to the scarcity of beet and  
cane sugar.

Many farmers have gone out of  
maple sugar-making in recent years  
owing to the low scale of prices aris-  
ing from the competition of adulter-  
ated maple products. The Pure  
Maple Sugar law now protects the  
manufacturers of the genuine article,  
while the scarcity of cane and beet  
sugar makes it less profitable for  
manufacturers to mix cane and beet  
sugar with maple extracts.

With an abundant supply available  
and with a certain demand there is no  
reason why men and women, too,  
should not go into the bush this  
spring and tap the trees for their nat-  
ural riches. It is a responsibility,  
a duty. All available kettles, pans  
and buckets should be routed out and  
cleaned now. In parts of Ontario  
tapping begins early in March so that  
there is no time to be lost.

Maple sugar and maple syrup will  
be universally found in the homes  
of Canada, as the finest of substitutes  
for the sugar to which we are accus-  
tomed. Let Europe have the white  
sugar while we have our own delicious  
"made in Canada" maple sugar.

Dates as a War Food.  
One food that we frequently should  
give our families is the date. There  
are many delightful ways of serving



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Stuffed Dates.—Serve these instead  
of candy. Select plump dates. Wash  
thoroughly. Open on one side to re-  
move pit. Fill cavity with an almond  
or walnut meat or chopped nuts and  
raisins. Close. Roll in white of egg  
and then in crushed nut meats. These  
are better if made one day before  
they are needed.

A healthy hen will lay from 300 to  
500 eggs during lifetime. Her best  
laying capacity is during her second  
year.

Yiddish Date Pudding.—1 pound  
dates, juice of one orange, 1/2 pint  
cream, 1 cupful boiled rice, 1 tea-  
spoonful vanilla, 1/2 box gelatine, 2-3  
cupful water, 1 cupful sugar. Soften  
gelatine in cold water, dissolve over  
hot water. Chop dates, cover with  
orange juice. Add sugar, rice, vanil-  
la. Add dissolved gelatine. Fold  
in whipped cream. Pour into cold  
wet mold. Set in cold place to harden.  
Date Cheese Salad.—6 dates, 3 figs,  
1/2 cupful blanched chopped almonds,  
1 scant cupful cream cheese, 1 tea-  
spoonful lemon juice, pinch salt. Mix  
the ingredients to a paste and make  
into balls. Serve four to each per-  
son on a nest of lettuce leaves with a  
mayonnaise dressing to which an  
equal quantity of whipped cream has  
been added.

Date Cookies.—2 cupfuls flour, 2  
cupfuls oatmeal, 1 cupful brown sug-  
ar, 1 cupful shortening, 1/2 cupful  
milk 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder.  
Mix as oatmeal cookies, spread half  
of the sheet with date paste, fold over  
half over, press edges together and  
cut into squares or circles. Bake in  
a quick oven.

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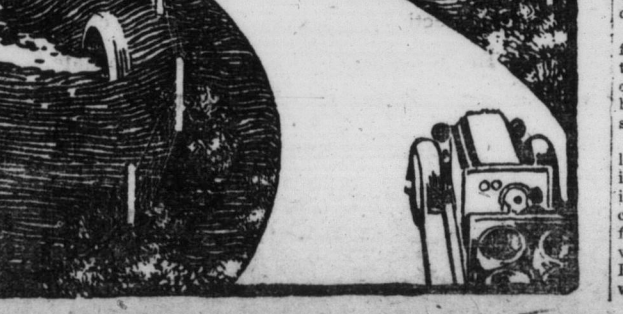
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## Food Control Corner

The campaign for increasing con-  
sumption of fish in Canada is being  
seriously hampered in many places  
by the indifference or lack of enter-  
prise on the part of dealers. The  
Food Controller says that under the  
arrangements made by his Office to  
assist in prompt distribution of At-  
lantic fish to markets in Eastern and  
Central Canada, the public should be  
able to secure an ample supply at  
reasonable prices, if the retail deal-  
ers were doing their part. He added  
that fish merchants would have no  
difficulty in obtaining moderately-  
priced Atlantic fish if they would take  
the trouble to order supplies from  
licensed wholesale dealers.

Mr. Thomson advises consumers to  
demand from their dealers cod, had-  
dock, herring, skate, hake, pollock  
and other moderately-priced fish and  
to insist upon the merchants order-  
ing supplies. With the co-operation  
of the public and the trade, he said,  
the per capita consumption of fish in  
Canada would easily be doubled thus  
increasing considerably the supply of  
Canadian meat available for shipment  
to the soldiers.

The very great difficulties in the  
way of compulsory rationing in  
Canada puts an additional responsi-  
bility for voluntary food service upon  
every Canadian, no matter what his  
rank or circumstances may be. With  
a tremendous stretch of country  
sparsely settled, except in a compar-  
atively few districts, the enforcement  
of compulsory food economy on any  
general scale presents serious obsta-  
cles. It is hoped that the Greater  
Production campaign, which is now  
being started, will make unnecessary  
any resort to compulsory rationing in  
this country. At the same time our  
people must realize that efforts must  
not be relaxed to conserve food, for  
the need is very great.

The following figures indicate how  
great is the demand from overseas  
to meet their shortage:  
In addition to Canada's total ex-  
portable surplus and the 75,000,000  
more bushels which is absolutely the  
minimum that the Allies must have  
from the United States, 15,000,000  
bushels must be found for Belgian re-  
lief and 10,000,000 bushels for Cuba  
and other neutrals upon whom the  
Allies are dependent for other foods  
in return.

Before the war the American ex-  
ports of beef averaged 1,000,000  
pounds a month; for the next three  
months British ships are being sent  
to American and Canadian ports for  
over 70,000,000 pounds a month. In  
pork products, the Allies took 50,000,  
000 a month before the war. They  
now ask for 150,000,000 pounds. This  
sharp reduction of rations among  
every one of the Allies—for Great  
Britain has had to cut down her com-  
pulsory ration already from against  
the voluntary ration which Sir Arthur  
Yapp proposed as late as November  
last—is proof of the need.

The responsibility for saving food,  
so that the national total of eating  
shall be less, lies largely with the  
housewife. In fact, the immediate  
work of helping the Allies by food  
service falls to her. The growing  
of a larger supply for the Allies next  
year is more especially the Canadian  
man's work and preparations for it  
should not be delayed until Spring.  
Sheer hard work in the home, and  
then in the field, is the only solution  
of the difficulties of those who are  
fighting uncomplainingly for us.  
"Food will win the war," Mr. Hoover  
has said. Whose food shall win—  
German or Canadian?

## WAR DEVELOPS ODD FREAKS.

Many "False Prophets" Have Risen  
in the British Isles.

Fortune tellers, crystal gazers,  
soothsayers and many others who lay  
claim to the power to look into the fu-  
ture are making large sums in Eng-  
land despite the vigilance of the police.  
Persons with relatives at the front  
are the principal victims. "Prophets"  
have risen all over the British Isles  
who foretell everything from the date  
of the ending of the war to the small-  
est details of the reconstruction pe-  
riod, both in Great Britain and on the  
Continent. Some dire predictions at-  
tracted the attention of the secret  
service and it was found that German  
gold had been prompting the sayings.

Old Moore, who can point to a long  
list of "predictions that came true,"  
says in his Almanac of 1918 that the  
peace treaty will be signed in Berlin  
this year and adds: "As regards the  
future of Germany, I anticipate a re-  
volution, an entire break up of the  
empire, the end of the Hohenzollern  
dynasty and the ignominious flight of  
the kaiser to find death in obscurity."

Never, if you can help it, hang pic-  
tures so that the wires will show, and  
do let the pictures hang against the  
wall as if they were really and truly  
decorations.

Date Marmalade.—Remove stones  
from dates, steam over hot water un-  
til tender and then press through a  
colander. This is a good spread on  
bread or makes a delicious filling for  
sandwiches.

Date Salad.—Wash dates thorow-  
ly, then with a sharp knife make an  
incision and remove the stone; put  
in its place a bit of cream cheese and  
close the opening. Dispose three or  
four dates on lettuce leaves. Garnish  
with a slice of green pepper. Pass a  
dish of mayonnaise dressing with the  
salad.