

innocence or intentionally, looks too freely on the rum when it is brown! His reputation is gone for ever. If he became intoxicated on beer, champagne, or whisky, he would only be envied by the majority of his men, but should he drink too much rum—that is an unpardonable offence!

As a rule, one of the hardest things in the world to do is to awaken men once they have gone to sleep at night. For no matter what purpose, it will take a company a good half-hour to pull itself together and stand to. But murmur softly to the orderly Sergeant that there will be a rum issue in ten minutes, and though it be 1 a.m. or the darkest hour before dawn, when the roll is called hardly a man will be absent! That little word of three letters will rouse the most soporific from their stupor!

Few men take their rum in the same



"Few men take their rum in the same fashion or with the same expression."

fashion or with the same expression. The new draft look at it coyly, carry the cup gingerly to their lips, smell it, make a desperate resolution, gulp it down, and cough for five minutes afterwards. The old hands—the men

of rubicund countenance and noses of a doubtful hue—grasp the cup, look to see if the issue is a full one, raise it swiftly, and drain it without a moment's hesitation, smacking their lips. You can see the man who was up for being drunk the last pay-day coming from afar for his rum. His eyes glister, his face shines with hopefulness, and his whole manner is one of supreme expectation and content.

It is strange how frequently the company staff, from the Sergeant-Major down to the most recently procured batman, find it necessary to enter the inner sanctum of H. Q. after the rum has come. The Sergeant-Major arrives with a large, sweet smile, acting as guard of honour. "Rum up, sir." "Thank you, Sergeant-Major." "I've detailed that working-party, sir." "Thank you, Sergeant-

Major." "Is that all, sir?" "Yes, thank you, Sergeant-Major." He vanishes, to re-appear a minute later. "Did you call me, sir?" "No" . . . long pause . . . "Oh! Still there? Er, have a drink, Sergeant-Major?" "Well, sir, I guess I could manage a little drop! Thank you, sir. Good-night, sir!"

Marching

WE have left the statue of the Virgin Mary which peeks horizontally over the Rue de Bapaume far behind us and the great bivouacs, and the shell-pitted soil of the Somme front. Only at night can we see the flickering glare to the southward, and the ceaseless drum of the guns back yonder is like the drone of a swarm of bees. Yesterday we reached the last village we shall see in Picardy, and this morning we shall march out of the Departement de la Somme, whither we know not.

It is one of those wonderful mid-October days when the sun rises red above a light, low mist, and land sparkling with hoar-frost; when the sky is azure blue, the air clean and cold, and the roads white and hard. A day when the "fall-in" sounds from rolling plain to wooded slope and back again, clear and mellow, and when the hearts of men are glad.

"Bat-talion . . . Shun!"

It does one good to hear the unison of sound as the heels come together, and a few moments later we have moved off, marching to attention down the little main street of Blondin-par-la-Gironde, with its 300 inhabitants, old, old church, and half-dozen estaminets. Madame, where we billeted last night, and her strapping daughter Marthe, are standing on the doorstep to see us go by. "Bonjour, M'sieurs, Au revoir, Bonne chance!"

"Left, left, left—ri—left," the pace is short, sharp, and decisive, more like the Rifle Brigade trot. Even the back-sliders, the men who march as a rule like old women trying to catch a bus, have briskened up this morning. Looking along the column from the rear one can see that rhythmical ripple which betokens the best marching, and instinctively the mind flashes back to that early dawn three days ago—no, four—when they came out of the trenches, muddy, dead-beat, awesomely dirty, just able to hobble along in fours.

Ninety-six hours and what a change! "March at ease."

The tail of the column has passed the last little low cottage in the village, and the twenty-one kilometre "hike" has begun. Corporal McTavish, mindful that he was once a staff bugler, unslings his instrument, and begins—after a few horrid practice notes—to play "Bonnie Dundee," strictly according to his own recollection of that ancient tune. The scouts and signallers are passing remarks of an uncomplimentary nature anent the Colonel's second horse, which, when not trying to prance on the Regimental Sergeant-Major's toes, shows an evil inclination to charge backwards through the ranks. The bombers are grouching, as usual; methodically, generally, but without bitterness. "They will not sing, they cannot play, but they can surely fight."

"A" Company band, consisting of the aforesaid Corporal McTavish,

FOOD CONTROLLER URGES RESTRICTIONS

Consumption of Wheat, Beef and Bacon Must Be Reduced.

WILL PREVENT WASTE.

Allies Are Looking to Canada, Says Mr. Hanna.

OTTAWA, July 11.—Hon. W. J. Hanna, the food controller, in a statement issued to-night, says that the consumption of wheat, beef and bacon in the Dominion must be reduced by at least one-third to meet the needs of the allies, and people urged to economy in the use of foodstuffs.

Save the Wheat—Use Corn

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