

SAVE FOOD

In a time needing food economy many people are not getting all the nourishment they might from their food. It is not how much you eat, but how much you assimilate, that does you good.

The addition of a small teaspoonful of Bovril to the diet as a peptogenic before meals leads to more thorough digestion and assimilation and thus saves food, for you need less.



By Jas. NORMAN HALL.

CHAPTER IX.—(Cont'd.)

Her children were over there, or had been at the outbreak of the war. That is all that she told me of her story, and I would have been a beast to have asked more. In some way she had become separated from them, and for nearly a year she had been watching there, not knowing whether her little family was living or dead. To many of the soldiers she was just a plain, thrifty little French woman who knew not the meaning of fear, willing to risk her life daily, that she might put by something for the long hard years which would follow the war. To me she is the Spirit of France, splendid, superb France. But more than this she is the Spirit of Mother-love which wars can never alter.

Strangely enough, I had not thought of the firing-line as a boundary, a limit, during all those weeks of trench warfare. Henceforth it had a new meaning for me. I realized how completely it cut Europe in half, separating friends and relatives all over miles of ocean, could not have done. Roads crossed from one side to the other, but they were barricaded with sandbags and barbed-wire entanglements. At night they were deluged with shrapnel and the cobble-stones were chipped and scarred with machine-gun bullets.

Tommy had a ready sympathy for the women and children who lived near the trenches. I remember many incidents which illustrate abundantly his quick understanding of the hardship and danger of their lives. Once, at Armentieres, we were marching to the baths, when the German artillery were shelling the town in the usual hit-or-miss fashion. The enemy knew, of course, that many of our troops in reserve were billeted there, and they searched for them daily. Doubtless they would have destroyed the town long ago had it not been for the fact that Lille, one of their own most important bases, is within such easy range of our batteries. As it was, they bombarded it as heavily as they dared, and on this particular morning, they were sending them over too frequently for comfort.

Some of the shells were exploding close to our line of march, but the boys tramped along with that nonchalant air which they assume in times of danger. One immense shell struck an empty house less than a block away and sent the masonry flying in every direction. The cloud of brick dust shone like gold in the sun. A moment later, a fleshy peasant woman, wearing wooden shoes, turned out of an adjoining street and ran awkwardly toward the scene of the explosion. Her movements were so clumsy and slow, in proportion to the great exertion she was making, that at any other time the sight would have been ludicrous. Now it was inevitable that such a sight should first appeal to Tommy's sense of humor, and thoughtlessly the boys started laughing and shouting at her. Within a few minutes the boys were in a "grand race!"

"Two to one on Liza!"

"The other w'y, ma! That's the wrong direction! Yer rummin' right into 'em!"

She gave no heed, and a moment later we saw her gather up a little girl from a doorstep, hugging and comforting her, and shielding her with her body, instinctively, at the sound of another exploding shell. The laughter in the ranks stopped as though every man had been suddenly struck dumb.

They were courageous, those women in the firing-line. Their thoughts were always for their husbands and sons and brothers who were fighting side by side with us. Meanwhile, they kept their little shops and estaminets open for the soldiers' trade and made a brave show of living in the old way. In Armentieres a few old men lent their aid in keeping up the pretense, but the feeble little trickle of civilian life made scarcely an impression in the broad current of military activity. A solitary postman, with a mere handful of letters, made his morning rounds of echoing streets, and a bent old man with newspapers hobbled slowly along the Rue Sadi-Carnot shouting, "Le Matin! Le Journal!" to boarded windows and bolted doors. Meanwhile, we marched back and forth between billets in the town and trenches just outside. And the last thing which we saw upon leaving the town, and the first upon returning, was the lengthening army wall in the garden of the ruined convent. It was a pathetic little burial plot, filled with the bodies of women and children who had been killed in German bombardments of the town.

And thus for more than three months, while we were waiting for Fritz to "come out," we adapted ourselves to the changing conditions of trench life and trench warfare, with a readiness which surprised and

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gratified us. Our very practical training in England had prepared us, in a measure, for simple and primitive living. But even with such preparation we had constantly to revise downward our standards. We lived without comforts which formerly we had regarded as absolutely essential. We lived a life so crude and rough that our army experiences in England seemed Utopian by comparison. A government, paternalistic in its solicitude for our welfare, had schooled our bodies to withstand hardships and to endure privations. In England we had been inoculated and vaccinated whether we would or no, and the result was that fevers were practically non-existent in the trenches. What little sickness there was was due to inclement weather rather than to unsanitary conditions.

Although there were sad gaps in our ranks, the trench and camp fevers prevalent in other wars were not responsible for them. Bullets, shells, and bombs took their toll day by day, but so gradually that we had been given time to forget that we had ever known the security of civilian life. We were soon to experience the indescribable horrors of modern warfare at its worst; to be living from morning until evening and from dusk to dawn, looking upon a new day with a feeling of wonder that we had survived so long.

About the middle of September it became clear to us that the big drive was at hand. There was increased artillery activity along the entire front. The men noted with great satisfaction that the shells from our own batteries were of larger calibre. This was a welcome indication that England was at last meeting the long-felt need for high explosives.

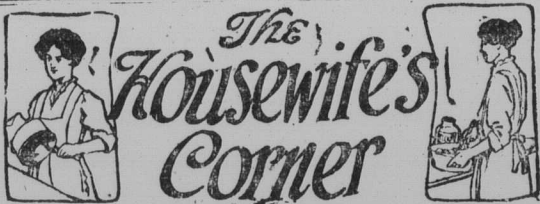
"Lloyd George ain't been asleep," some unshaven seer would say, nodding his head wisely. "E's a long w'e gettin' ready, but w'en 'e is ready, there's suthin' a-go'n' to drop!"

There was a feeling of excitement everywhere. The men looked to their rifles with greater interest. They examined more carefully their bandoliers of ammunition and their gas helmets; and their metal pocket mirrors about keeping their cigarette cases in their left-hand breast pockets, for any Tommy can tell you of miraculous escapes from death due to such a protective armor over the heart.

The thunder of guns increased with every passing day. The fire appeared to be evenly distributed over many miles of frontage. In moments of comparative quiet along our sector, we could hear them muttering and rumbling miles away to our right and left. We awaited developments with the greatest impatience, for we knew that this general bombardment was but a preliminary one for the purpose of concealing, until the last moment, the plan of attack. The portion of the front where the great artillery concentration would be made and the infantry assault pushed home. Then came sudden orders to move. Within twenty-four hours the roads were filled with the incoming troops of a new division. We made a rapid march to a rail-head, entrained, and were soon moving southward by an indirect route; southward, toward the sound of the guns, to take an inconspicuous part in the battle at Loos.

CHAPTER X. New Lodgings I. Moving In

We were wet and tired and cold and hungry, for we had left the train miles back of the firing-line and had



WAR AND FOOD SERIES.—ARTICLE No. 12.—SOUPS.

Canadian housewives do not, as a general rule, use the soup pot as freely as they might. It is invaluable in the utilization of left-over scraps, and it proves itself an ever present help in time of need.

A good cook will make excellent soup from almost any materials; a bad cook will make poor soup from the best material. Although perhaps the simplest of things to prepare, soup is quite a test of a woman's culinary skill. A common mistake is to forget that it needs long and gentle cooking. Soup should be allowed to simmer rather than to boil vigorously.

As a substitute for meat or as a "meat stretcher" soup is unexcelled. It is wholesome and nourishing. The bones of all meat and most vegetables go towards making a good stock. Bones of cooked meat and meat scraps of poultry and game should always find their way into the

been marching through the rain since early morning; but, as the sergeant said, "A bloke standin' by the side o' the road, watchin' this 'ere column pass, would think we was a-go'n' to a Sunday-school picnic." The roads were filled with endless processions of singing, shouting soldiers. Seen from a distance the long columns gave the appearance of imposing strength. One thought of them as battalions, brigades, divisions, cohesive parts of a great fighting machine. But when our lines of march crossed, when we halted to make way for each other, what an absorbing pageant of personality! Each rank was a series of intimate pictures. Everywhere there was laughing, singing, a merry minstrelsy of mouth-organs. The jollity in my own part of the line was doubtless a picture in little of what was happening elsewhere. We were anticipating the exciting times just at hand. Mac, who was blown to pieces by a shell a few hours later, was dancing in and out of the ranks singing,—

"Oh! Won't it be joyful!
Oh! Won't it be joyful!"

Preston, who was killed at the same time, threw his rifle in the air and caught it again in sheer excess of animal spirits. Three rollicking lads, all of whom we buried during the week in the same shell hole under some wooden cross, stumbled with an exaggerated show of utter weariness singing,—

"We never knew till now how muddy mud is,
We never knew how muddy mud could be."

And little Charley Harrison, who had fibbed bravely about his age to the recruiting officers, trudged contentedly along, his rifle slung jauntily over his shoulder, and munched army biscuit with all the relish of an old campaigner. Several days later he said good-bye to us, and made the journey back the same road, this time in a motor ambulance; and as I write, he is hobbling about a London hospital ward, one trouser leg pathetically empty.

UNCERTAIN FORTUNES OF WAR.

Canadian Officer Cites a Striking Experience of His Own.

Fatalities are freakish things. They are not always the heaviest where one would expect them to be, says Major Owen of the Canadian Forces in France. My own first experience under shell fire was a gruelling initiation. The Germans must have known in some fashion that fresh raw troops were coming in. At 5 o'clock in the morning, a few hours after we had taken our posts under cover of darkness they opened up.

My company of about 150 men were distributed over a front of 250 or 300 yards, and for an hour and ten minutes the bursting of enemy shells in our lines was so continuous that the sound was a sustained roar. Exploding shells blew up the trenches at short intervals, isolating the defenders into little groups. I lay beneath the parapet with one such handful, unable to make any kind of a tour of inspection.

Every minute I expected we should be blown to pieces. I had no doubt that every other man in the company was already dead or wounded. The air on all sides seemed a wavering blanket of smoke and flame and flying clouds. Then as abruptly as it started the enemy fire ceased. I crawled out of my section of demolished trench and started to look around. Out of 150 men we had lost only thirty.

It is hard to explain a situation like that. One of the wonders of a modern battlefield, pitted with shell holes until not a square yard of soil has its normal appearance, is that anyone should have survived at all. Verdun probably had a shell per square yard every day for weeks at a time, yet somehow the heroic French remained and lived and defeated the massed legions of the Crown Prince. On other occasions an enterprise that carries a reasonable assurance of success become a veritable holocaust, wiping out whole companies. Such occasions there have been when patrol encountered a "planted" machine gun, or an "over the top" sortie met an infernal barrier. On such occasions the casualties are very heavy.

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LONDON'S DISGUISED FOOD.

Mysterious Graves Used as Camouflage When Meat is Lacking.

Camouflage is being tried in the eating houses in London to assist in the conservation of food, and reports from the authors of the scheme say that it is proving successful. So well liked are some of the disguised dishes that the demand for them increase even after the real contents become known. The scarcity of certain foods has made heavy demands upon the restaurants, especially those which cater to the working class of girls who have not trained their palate to do without meat and to accept vegetarian dishes. The manager of one of these eating places—there are five in the string and they are for working girls only—said that the restaurants supplied a meal, including a choice of dishes, two vegetables (potatoes and greens) and a sweet for 14 cents. Formerly Monday was a light day because girls usually had a lunch left from the Sunday dinner, but since meat has become scarce the Monday calls are equally heavy with the other days.

Serving from 300 to 500 at noon in one restaurant has taxed the ingenuity of the cooks, and meat appears to be

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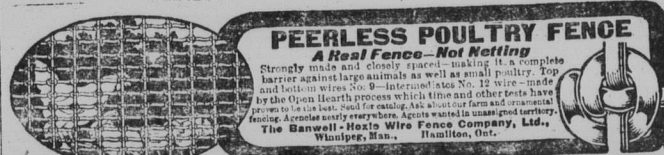
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