

KITCHENER'S MOB

By Jas. NORMAN HALL.

CHAPTER VI.—(Cont'd.)

He crept inside and drew his knees up to his chest so that his feet were well out of reach. At his suggestion I tried to use the active service alarm clock on him, but there was not room enough in which to wield it. My feet were tingling from the effect of his blows, and I felt that the reputation for resourcefulness of Kitchener's Mob was at stake. In a moment of inspiration I seized my rifle, gave him a dig in the shins and he fell over on his back. "Stand to, Shorty!" He came out rubbing his leg ruefully.

"You got the idea, mate," he said. "That's just what they does when you tries to double-cross 'em by pulling yer feet in. I ain't sure w're I like it best, on the shins or on the feet."

This explanation of the reason for building three-sided dugouts, while not, of course, the true one, was none the less interesting. And certainly the task of arousing sleeping men for sentry duty was greatly facilitated with rows of protruding boots so "simply arskin" to be "it," as Shorty put it.

All of the dugouts for privates and N.C.O.s were of equal size and built on the same model, the reason being that the walls and floors, which were made of wood, and the roofs, which were of corrugated iron, were put together in sections at the headquarters of the Royal Engineers, who superintended all the work of trench construction. The material was brought up at night ready to be fitted into excavations. Furthermore, with thousands of men to house within a very limited area, space was a most important consideration. There was no room for indulging individual tastes in dugout architecture. The roofs were covered with from three to four feet of earth, which made them proof against shrapnel or shell splinters. In case of a heavy bombardment with high explosives, the men took shelter in deep and narrow "slip trenches." These were blind alley-ways leading off from the traveling trench, with room for from ten to fifteen men in each. At this part of the line there were none of the very deep shell-proof shelters from fifteen to twenty feet below the surface of the ground, of which I had read. Most of the men seemed to be glad of this. They preferred taking their chances in an open trench during heavy shell fire.

Realists and Romantics lived side by side in the travelling trench. "My Little Gray Home in the West" was a modest legend over one apartment. The "Ritz Carlton" was next door to "The Ritz Carlton." "The Ritz Carlton" was the suburban residence of some members of the bombing squad. I remarked that the bombers seemed to take rather a pessimistic view of their profession, whereupon Shorty told me that if there were any men slated for the Order of the Wooden Cross, the bombers were those unfortunate ones.

In an assault they were first at the enemy's position. They had dangerous work to do even on the quietest of days. But there was a post of honor, and no one of them but was proud of his membership in the Suicide Club.

The officers' quarters were of a much more generous and elaborate scale than those of the men. This I gathered from Shorty's description of them, for I saw only the exteriors as we passed along the trench. Those for platoon and company commanders were built along the travelling trench. The colonel, major, and adjutant lived in a luxurious palace, about fifty yards down a communication trench. Near it was the officers' mess, a cafe de luxe with glass panels in the door, a cooking stove, a long wooden dining chairs, everything, in fact, but hot and cold running water.

"You know," said Shorty, "the officers think they 'as to room it, but they got it soft. I'm tellin' you! Wooden bunks to sleep in, batmen to bring 'em 'ot water fer savin' in the mornin', all the fags they wants, Blimy, I wonder wot they calls livin' 'igh!"

I agreed that in so far as living quarters are concerned, they were roughing it under very pleasant circumstances. However, they were not always so fortunate, as later experience proved. Here there had been little serious fighting for months and the trenches were at their best. Elsewhere the officers' dugouts were of ten but little better than those of the men.

The first-line trenches were connected with two lines of support or reserve trenches built in precisely the same fashion, and each heavily wired. The communication trenches which joined them were from seven to eight feet deep and wide enough to permit the convenient passage of incoming and outgoing troops, and the transport of the wounded back to the field dressing stations. From the last reserve line they wound on backward through the fields until troops might leave them well out of range of rifle fire. Under Shorty's guidance I saw the field dressing stations, the dugouts for the reserve ammunition supply and the stores of bombs and hand grenades, battalion and brigade trench headquarters. We wandered from one part of the line to another through trenches, all of which were kept amazingly dry. Therefore, said Shorty, we were stayed with fine-mesh wire to hold the earth in place. The floors were covered with board walks carefully laid over the drains, which ran along the center of the trench and emptied into deep wells, built in re-

strongly, and Shorty admitted that he practiced such self-deception with very indifferent success; for after all "bully" was "bully" in whatever form you ate it.

(To be continued.)

HOW THE CROSS WAS WON.

Young Alsatian's Brave Deed Was Fittingly Rewarded.

Very soon after the war began a young New Yorker, whose parents were born in Alsace, and who had been brought up to have the passionate devotion to France that is so common among Alsations, crossed the ocean and enlisted in the French army. A few months ago he was back in New York on a furlough, wearing the ribbon of the Legion of Honor and the Croix de Guerre with palms—the latter one of the most highly valued of service distinctions. He is very modest about his experiences, and he insists that the Croix de Guerre was given him for a deed that exposed him to no serious peril whatever. Here is the story; let us see whether our readers agree with him:

He was one of a squad holding a first-line trench "somewhere in France." A German machine gun, cleverly concealed, was sweeping its fire back and forth and enfilading a part of his trench at every sweep. The French officers were not sure where the hidden gun was, but our young Alsatian was quite sure it was behind a clump of bushes some hundred yards away. He observed also that between the trench and the bushes there was a fairly continuous line of deep shell holes, each ten or fifteen yards from its neighbor. On these holes he built his plan of campaign.

As soon as the machine gun fire swung away from the trench he swarmed out "over the top" and ran, crouching, to the nearest shell hole. Into it he plunged, and there he lay safe, while the machine gun swept back over his head. He had not asked permission to leave the trench, for, as he naively confessed, he "knew it would be refused."

A few moments later, while the machine gun fire was directed away from his place of concealment, the boy climbed out of his shell hole and dodged into the next one. There he lay for several minutes, and then, at a favorable opportunity, he was out and into the third hole. By this method he worked his way gradually up to the last shell hole, only twenty-five yards from the clump of bushes, behind which he could now see the moving figures of the gun crew. Apparently they had not caught sight of him as he ran, bent low, from hole to hole.

Within striking distance of the gun at last, the lad took one of the bombs he had brought with him. It was a five-and-a-half-second bomb, and he was afraid it might be so slow in exploding that the Germans could get out of its way. So he set off the fuse and then coolly held the bomb while he counted four.

Then he launched it, and so nicely was the explosion timed that the bomb went off just as it landed in the midst of the gun crew. About six seconds after the explosion the young Alsatian, with his automatic pistol drawn, arrived in the midst of the German gun crew. The officer in charge of the gun and another man were dead and three others were lying wounded and dazed on the ground. The young Alsatian took them prisoner, and when they were able to get up he marched them in front of him back to the French trenches. That evening he and a comrade went out and brought in the gun.

"You can easily see that there was no peril at all in this," says the young man.

CANADA'S TIMBER MARKET.

Question of Dominion's Future Share in British Empire's Trade.

One of the most interesting questions awaiting the close of the war is Canada's future share in the timber market of the British Empire, says the Canadian Forestry Journal. Already a readjustment is in process whereby it is hoped a larger part of the enormous volume of timber orders given to Russia (60 per cent. of the total requirements) will be turned towards Canada. The Executive Council of the Imperial Institute in London has constituted an Advisory Committee for Canada. This committee consists of Sir George Perley, K.C.M.G., High Commissioner for Canada, chairman; Sir Robert Kindersley, K.B.E., governor of Hudson Bay Company; J. G. Colmer, C.M.G., former secretary, High Commissioner's office in London; J. H. Plummer, Dominion Steel Corporation, and Sir Keith Price, of the Ministry of Munitions.

One of the most important matters on which action is being taken by the committee is that of the more extensive utilization of Canadian timbers in the United Kingdom. The Imperial Institute Advisory Committee on Timbers has been taking evidence on this subject. Arrangements have been made for a series of practical trials of selected British Columbia timbers to be carried out by H.M. Office of Works with a view to the inclusion of these timbers in official specifications.

Bran and Shorts for Farmers.

As a result of the Order in Council placing mill-feed stuffs under embargo for export, except under license from the Food Controller, no less than 6,640 tons of bran and shorts intended for the United States have been diverted for the use of Canadian farmers.

The Housewife's Corner

WAR AND FOOD SERIES, No. VI.—BACON.

"Keep-a-pig" is the slogan of the hours. Mr. Hanna has been consistently urging upon Canadians the need for increased hog production. Bacon is a prime necessity in Europe which Canada and the United States can alone supply.

A pig means bacon for the men at the front. Bacon has concentrated food value in the highest degree and is better adapted for shipping than any other kind of meat.

The "Wiltshire side," which is the trade name for half a split hog dressed with backbone removed and ready to ship, has only 7 per cent. bone as compared with 20 per cent. bone in dressed beef, 20 per cent. in mutton and 25 per cent. in veal. Thus it is readily apparent that, with ocean tonnage at a premium, bacon is especially desirable for shipment overseas.

More vital heat and energy are concentrated in a pound of bacon than in a pound of beef, veal or mutton. The fat constituent of bacon is valuable to men working and fighting in the outdoors and fats are by no means plentiful in Europe.

That is why the Food Controller is urging an increase in hog production and a decrease in the home consumption of bacon. It is true that it has enjoyed universal popularity, apartment, then, for the insistent demand for the conservation of beef and bacon. Canada must send 25 per cent. more beef and bacon to the Allies.

WHAT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND.

The ice-water pan was always running over and it was a back-breaking job to empty it. So I fastened a piece of rubber hose to the drainpipe, bored a hole in the floor and let the hose run through the floor to the cellar.

Here is another "discovery." If you use gas or oil for cooking get a piece of sheet iron large enough to cover the top of the range. One burner lighted, will send enough heat through it to keep several things cooking at one time. Less heat is distributed through the house and fuel is thus saved.

Why is it that kitchen sinks are always too low? Because a "mere man" plans and puts them in, of course! He does not have to break his back washing dishes over them. If he did, he would be more mindful of the height. I could not change the sink but I could and did change the work-table. I nailed blocks to the legs, making it high enough so my wife need not stoop as she works over it. Also I provided for her a kitchen chair having a back and of the right height for the table. In this chair she sits to prepare vegetables, mix cakes and so forth. She also sits to do most of her ironing.

WAR BREAD.

Valuable Civic Service Rendered by These Resourceful Children.

Two years ago the story was told about the honors accorded by President Poincare to two motherless French children of fourteen and ten, Madeleine Danian and her little brother, for their admirable civic service in continuing unaided to supply the village of Exodum with good bread from its bakery after the departure of their father, the baker, for the front. To the boy the President, addressing him as "My young friend," wrote a letter of thanks and appreciation, praising that he would grow up to be a brave soldier, like his father. To Madeleine he awarded the Cross of Lorraine.

Now, once more, and for the same peaceful service, become doubly precious in the stress and disorganization of war, he has had occasion to decorate a brave and faithful little bakeress: this time a little girl of ten, an only child, bereaved of her mother only a few weeks before, and with no helper to lighten the burden of responsibility or to share the heavy task when her father was called to the colors. Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, in the Delinquent, tells the story:

The bakery had supplied not only the village but also the neighboring inn, which had been a favorite lunching place for automobilists. Traveling for pleasure stopped abruptly, but as the inn was on one of the direct routes to the front it still had many hasty calls upon its hospitality.

Bread making in France is a science: the work of the expert, not of the casual housewife. The accomplished cook of the inn knew no more about baking bread than of washing clothes, and there was only this one bakery, hitherto sufficient for the baker and his wife had been strong and industrious. What was to be done? The inn was in despair. A Frenchman will go without meat, but life without bread is unthinkable. No one thought of the child.

It is possible that in her double grief she did not think of herself—for twenty-four hours. But on the second day after mobilization the shop window was piled high with loaves as usual and the inn was supplied.

The Food Controller is appealing to the proprietors of restaurants, grocery stores, butcher shops, etc., to discontinue the practice of using perishable foodstuffs for window or counter display in such a way as to render them unfit for consumption or to cause deterioration.

It is stated at the Office of the Food Controller that a very considerable waste of food is caused in this way and that in view of the growing shortage of food and the necessity of saving every possible ounce for export that such display should be stopped as long as the present emergency continues.

The public are asked to patronize those dealers and eating-places where this request is observed and to use their influence to reduce such waste to a minimum.

AN ARMY WITH A SMILE.

Tribute Paid to the Unconquerable Cheerfulness of British Troops.

Sir Berkeley Moynihan, the representative of Great Britain in the surgeon-general's office in Washington, said recently that the English army is an army with a smile, that it never wears off and that where it is most persistent is in the war hospitals. In his ceaseless visits to the bedsides of the wounded men at night he could not but be touched by the awful loneliness and solitude and the aching misery of the long hours of the day. But never was there a whimper of regret or surrender.

Never would he forget one boy who had a bad compound fracture of the knee joint which every effort had been made to save. In spite of the efforts of the medical staff the boy was unable to move. The boy had come on and amputation was necessary.

By blood transfusion, the use of which in surgery was due to Major George Crie, the American surgeon, the boy had been put into something like fair condition. Though still a grave surgical risk the boy had had to have his chance.

Sir Berkeley had seen him several times during the evening and again at half past 11, when he had said, "Well, how are you?" The boy turned his white, weary face to him and said as loudly as he could, "I am tip-top, sir," and at midnight was dead.

Grow Wheat in Quebec.

Professor R. Summerby, of MacDonald Agricultural College, discussing the question of wheat-growing in Quebec says: "Farmers of this province can well afford to devote three to five acres of their land to wheat. Contrary to the opinion held by many, wheat of excellent quality can be produced in all parts of Quebec."

Sweets made from honey should be as far as possible encouraged.

Articles Wanted for Cash

Old Jewellery: Plate: Silver: Curious Miniatures: Pictures: Needlework: Lace: Old China: Old Glass: Ornaments: Watches: Rings: Table Ware. Write or send by Express to B. M. & T. JENKINS, Limited, ANTIQUE GALLERIES, 29 and 30 College Street, Toronto, Ont.

Food Control Corner

The Food Controller is appealing to the proprietors of restaurants, grocery stores, butcher shops, etc., to discontinue the practice of using perishable foodstuffs for window or counter display in such a way as to render them unfit for consumption or to cause deterioration.

It is stated at the Office of the Food Controller that a very considerable waste of food is caused in this way and that in view of the growing shortage of food and the necessity of saving every possible ounce for export that such display should be stopped as long as the present emergency continues.

The public are asked to patronize those dealers and eating-places where this request is observed and to use their influence to reduce such waste to a minimum.

AN ARMY WITH A SMILE.

Tribute Paid to the Unconquerable Cheerfulness of British Troops.

Sir Berkeley Moynihan, the representative of Great Britain in the surgeon-general's office in Washington, said recently that the English army is an army with a smile, that it never wears off and that where it is most persistent is in the war hospitals. In his ceaseless visits to the bedsides of the wounded men at night he could not but be touched by the awful loneliness and solitude and the aching misery of the long hours of the day. But never was there a whimper of regret or surrender.

Never would he forget one boy who had a bad compound fracture of the knee joint which every effort had been made to save. In spite of the efforts of the medical staff the boy was unable to move. The boy had come on and amputation was necessary.

By blood transfusion, the use of which in surgery was due to Major George Crie, the American surgeon, the boy had been put into something like fair condition. Though still a grave surgical risk the boy had had to have his chance.

Sir Berkeley had seen him several times during the evening and again at half past 11, when he had said, "Well, how are you?" The boy turned his white, weary face to him and said as loudly as he could, "I am tip-top, sir," and at midnight was dead.

Grow Wheat in Quebec.

Professor R. Summerby, of MacDonald Agricultural College, discussing the question of wheat-growing in Quebec says: "Farmers of this province can well afford to devote three to five acres of their land to wheat. Contrary to the opinion held by many, wheat of excellent quality can be produced in all parts of Quebec."

Sweets made from honey should be as far as possible encouraged.

Raw Furs

And Ginseng Wanted Highest Prices Paid. 220 St. Paul St. W., Montreal, P.Q. 20 years of reliable trading. Reference—Union Bk. of Canada.

NOW there is just one WALKER HOUSE in ONE TOWN where I stay.

When you travel 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

From Erin's Green Isle

NEWS BY MAIL FROM IRELAND'S SHORES.

Happenings in the Emerald Isle of Interest to Irishmen.

Barley was sold in East Cork last week for thirty-three shillings per barrel.

The Howth Town Commission are asking power to convert the township into an urban district.

The Galway County Council have appointed P. B. MacDonagh, solicitor, as coroner of North Galway.

In some of the late hilly districts of Tyrone cats were still in the fields when the heavy snow storms came.

A very successful Poultry Day was held recently at the National Children's Hospital, Harcourt street, Dublin.

Twelve thousand tons of potatoes have been purchased in Ireland by the War Office for the troops in Flanders.

Major Dane, only son of the late Judge Dane, county of Mayo, has been decorated by the King with the D.S.O.

Rev. Edmund Hogan, a prominent Irish scholar and historian, died recently at his home in Dublin, aged eighty-six.

A distribution of certificates of honor in Londonderry the Mayor stated that 5,000 Derry men had responded to the call to the colors.

A very successful concert was given in the Naas Town Hall in aid of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers' Prisoners' of War Fund.

The potato merchants of Ulster have asked the Food Controller to issue a new and special order to meet the needs of Ireland.

Sergeant R. H. Taylor, recently killed in action, was the youngest son of the late R. H. Taylor, Finnee, County Tipperary.

There is great scarcity of butter in Belfast, and the wholesale merchants are objecting to the maximum price fixed by the Food Controller.

The Industrial Committee of the Irish National Party have under consideration the establishing of a receiving depot and pattern room in Dublin.

The death took place a few days ago at Pembroke road, Dublin, of Professor Albert Edward Mettam, principal of the Royal Veterinary College, Dublin.

Corporal Hugh Greene, Royal Irish Rifles, son of Mrs. Greene, Bridge street, Dublin, is a patient in the Dublin Castle Red Cross Hospital.

An Old Scottish Covenant.

One of the first railways laid in North Britain connected the ancient city of Perth with Aberdeen. In Chambers's Journal there is a pleasant picture of a stanch old covenantant at Whinnynkno who was subjected to a loss that called for compensation from the railway company. William Reid, there is no reason to doubt, gave careful consideration to the question of injury, and when the railway official waited upon him he had decided the exact amount of the damage that he had suffered.

The official told the farmer that the company had agreed to allow him the sum of one hundred pounds in recompense.

"A hundred pounds!" exclaimed the old covenantant. "I winna touch it. I have considered the matter and I have made up my mind as to what I should get. I winna tak' a hundred."

"I would strongly advise you to accept," replied the official. "You are not likely to get more. I think the directors have been generous."

"Too much so! too much so!" was the startling reply. "I winna tak' the hundred; I'll hae forty pounds, and not a penny more."

"Oh, is that the trouble?" was the laughing response. "Well, here is the order for one hundred pounds, which you will receive when you call at the office at Perth."

William Reid accepted the order, and a week later presented it at the company's office. A clerk asked him to sign a receipt, and this the farmer did for forty pounds.

"You are to receive one hundred pounds, not forty," said the clerk, counting out the money.

The old farmer was angry. "I told your man," he cried, "that I would tak' forty and not a penny more; and I will not hae it. I want nae man's siller that I've nae richt to!"

And William Reid, after twice counting his forty pounds, pushed the remainder back across the counter and walked out of the office.

A Long Trip.

Professor Graves was a member of a college faculty who had the not uncommon scholastic failing of absent-mindedness. One day, it appears, his married sister favored him for a long time with loud praises of her first-born. When she paused for breath at the end of her recital the professor felt that it was incumbent upon him to say something.

"Can he walk?" he asked, with affected interest.

"Walk? Why he's been walking now for five months!"

"Is that so?" murmured the professor, lapsing into reflection. "What a long way he must have gone!"

Gunns Shur-Gain Fertilizer

Baby's Own Soap

Its fragrance is pleasant but the great value of Baby's Own Soap is its creamy softening lather which cleanses and beautifies the skin.

Doctors and nurses recommend Baby's Own.

Albert Soap Limited, Mfrs., Montreal

Sold everywhere.

Best for Baby—Best for You