

BOVRIL

Take it as Soup
before Meals

KITCHENER'S MOB

By Jas. NORMAN HALL.

CHAPTER X.—(Cont'd.)
III. Rissoles and a Requiem
At the close of a gloomy October day, six unshaven, mud-encrusted machine gunners, the surviving members of two teams, were gathered at the C Company gun emplacement. D Company's gun had been destroyed by a shell, and so we had joined forces here in front of the wrecked dugout, and were waiting for night when we could bury our dead comrades. A fine drizzling rain was falling. We sat with our waterproof sheets thrown over our shoulders and our knees drawn up to our chins, that we might conserve the damp warmth of our bodies. No one spoke. No reference was made to our dead comrades who were lying there so close that we could almost touch them from where we sat. Nevertheless, I believe that we were all thinking of them, however unwillingly. I tried to see them as they were only a few hours before. I tried to remember the sound of their voices, how they had laughed; but I could think only of the appearance of their mutilated bodies.

On a dreary autumn evening one's thoughts often fall back on the turn, though one is indoors sitting before a pleasant fire, and hearing but faintly the sighing of the wind and the sound of the rain beating against the window. It is hardly to be wondered at that soldiers in trenches become discouraged at times, and on this occasion, when an unquenchably cheerful voice shouted over an adjoining traverse—
"Wot che'r, lads! Are we downhearted?"—a growling chorus answered with an unmistakable—
"YES!"

We were in an open ditch. The rain was beating down on our faces. We were waiting for darkness when we could go to our unpleasant work of grave-digging. To-morrow there would be more dead bodies and more graves to dig, and the day after, the same duty, and the day after that, the same. Week after week we should be living like this, killing and being killed, binding up terrible wounds, digging graves, always doing the same work with not one bright or pleasant thing to look forward to.

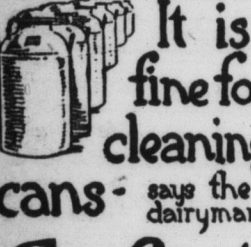
These were my thoughts as I sat on the firing-bench with my head drawn down between my knees watching the water dripping from the edges of my puttees. But I had forgotten Private Lemley, our cook, or, to give him his due, our chef. He was not the man to waste his time in gloomy reflection. With a dozen mouldy potatoes which he had procured Heaven knows where, four tins of corned beef, and a can of condensed milk, he had set to work with the enthusiasm of the born artist, the result being rissoles, brown crisp, and piping hot. It is a pleasure to think of that meal. Private Lemley was of the rare souls of earth, one of the Mark Tapleys who never lost his courage or his good spirits. I remember how our spirits rose at the sound of his voice, and how gladly and quickly we responded to his summons.

"Ere you are, me lads! Bully beef rissoles an' 'ot tea, an' it ain't 'arf bad fer the trenches if I do say it." I can only wonder now at the keenness of our appetites in the midst of the most gruesome surroundings. Dead men were lying about us, both in the trenches and outside of them. And yet our rissoles were not a whit the less enjoyable on that account.

It was quite dark when we had finished. The sergeant jumped to his feet.
"Let's get at it, boys," he said. Half an hour later we erected a wooden cross in Tommy's grave-strewn garden. It bore the following inscription written in pencil:

Pte. No. 4326 MacDonald.
Pte. No. 7864 Gardner.
Pte. No. 9861 Preston.
Pte. No. 6940 Allen.
Royal Fusiliers.
"They did their bit."

Quietly we slipped back into the



It is fine for cleaning cans—says the dairyman

Comfort Lye

The Housewife's Corner

WAR AND FOOD SERIES, ARTICLE No. 14—HONEY

"How doth the busy little bee Improve each shining hour?"—
While the country woman looks after her dairy and her chickens, the bee works away gathering flower-juice, bringing it home to the hive and transforming it into the most delicious of sweets.

There are two aspects to bee-keeping. On the one hand it is a profitable war-time industry. On the other hand, if the farmer wants his fruit to be of the best, he needs the help of the bee.

Honey production has arrived at a commercial basis undreamed of thirty years ago. The world's markets are clamoring for honey, and upon the way in which this unforeseen opportunity is used, depends the status of the industry when times again become normal. It is passing through a phase which will mean either the establishment of honey as a staple food or its relegation to the oblivion of a mere occasional luxury.

Honey has about the same food value as sugar, but it has also a far wider range of uses. It should be considered as a distinctive food and not as a substitute for anything else. It is a heat-producing food and in

they were talking in excited and gleeful undertones, as they might have passed through the gates at a football match.
"Are we downhearted? Not likely, old son!"
"Tyke a feel o' this little puffball! Smack on old Fritz's napper she goes!"

"I'm a-go'n' to ask fer a nice Blighty one! Four months in Brentford hospital an' me Christmas puddin' at home!"

"Now, don't forget, you blokes! County o' London War Hospital fer me if I gets a knock! Write it on a piece o' pypier an' pin it to me tunic w'en you sends me back to the ambulance." The barricades were blown up and the fight was on. A two-hundred-piece orchestra of blacksmiths, with sledgehammers, beating kettle-drums the size of brewery vats, might have approximated, in quality and volume, the sound of the battle. The spectacular effect was quite different from that of a counter-attack across the open. Lurid flashes of light issued from the ground as though a door to the infernal regions had been thrown jarringly open. The cloud of thick smoke was shot through with red gleams. Men ran along the parapet hurling bombs down into the trench. Now they were hidden by the smoke, now silhouetted for an instant against a glare of blinding light.

An hour passed and there was no change in the situation.
"Fritz's a tough old bird," said Tommy. "E's a-go'n' to die game, you got to give it to 'im."
(To be continued.)

HIS NERVE STILL HOLDS.

Kaiser Sends Condolence to Man Who Lost Five Sons in the War.

One of his faithful newspapers, the Vossische Zeitung of Berlin, says that Kaiser Wilhelm has sent a telegram of condolence to Count Von Roon, who has lost five sons in the war. The Von Roons are a family famous in the annals of German arms, so the telegram very aptly and kindly observes:

"May your pain be soothed by the certainty that the German people are proud of the father and sons who, to the honor of their famous names, willingly sacrificed their lives for the fatherland."

Which is quite decent of him, but the Kaiser has some five or six sons and a son-in-law—all of military age and able-bodied, all alive and whole now, and perfectly safe for the future, even if the war should last ten years more! One of the few very tolerable medals struck by the Potsdam Government during the struggle is that to commemorate Count Von Spee and his two sons—all three of them lost in the battle of the Falkland Islands, says Collier's Weekly. Lincoln's letter to Mrs. Bixby of Massachusetts on the death of her five sons in the Civil War will live forever in men's hearts because of Lincoln's devoted martyrdom to the cause for which they died. If a truthful portrait medal were struck now of the Potsdam plotter and his numerous progeny, it might show Wilhelm II. looking a bit worried. A good inscription for it would be, "Our safety is our supreme law," or something to the same effect, preferably in hog Latin. When the Kaiser has passed to his final restlessness, we'd like to furnish the epitaph: "He had the nerve." Certainly he had no humor, or humility, or justice.

The Voice of the Grass.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere.
By the dusty roadside,
On the sunny hillside,
Close by the noisy brook,
In every shady nook,
I come creeping, creeping, everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere.
You cannot see me coming,
Nor hear my low sweet humming;
For in the starry night,
And in the glad morning light,
I come quietly creeping everywhere.

—Sarah Roberts Boyle.

Most "First" of Women.

Mary Ellen Smith was elected January 24 to the seat in the British Columbia House of Parliament last held by her husband, whose death caused an election. Mrs. Smith is thus the first woman in the history of the world to be elected to her husband's legislative chair. She is also the first woman in the history of British Columbia to sit in Parliament and was elected in the first campaign in history in which women had the vote in this province. She ran on the independent ticket, defeating by an overwhelming majority two returned soldiers, representing rival bodies of returned men, and is the first woman in Canadian history to figure in an election with the military.

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PRISONER IN HIS OWN HOME

FRENCH SOLDIER HIDES FOR THREE YEARS.

Until the Coming of the Victorious British Made Descent From His Attic Possible.

For three years this French soldier hid in an attic from the boches. It was the attic of his home. Below German officers and their orderlies were billeted all the while. He had answered the call to the colors on the first day of mobilization in France. A week later he was captured as the Huns overran northern France.

By one of those strange freaks of fate he was sent back to the rear by way of his own village. In the darkness of night he slipped out of the line entirely unnoticed.

His wife was a jewel. No betraying sound escaped her lips when he appeared at the back door of his home. She simply placed a warning finger to her lips, and they formed the words, "Boches are here."

She led the way to the attic and there she made him a well-covered hiding place. The attic had been searched that morning, and the Boches did not dream that anyone would dare to enter the house.

But it was a terrible life that this unnamed man led from that time on. At any moment the attic might be searched again upon the whim of one of the officers below. He could tiptoe only a few steps now and then during the day.

Discovery Seemed Certain.

The wife fed her husband from the scraps of the meals served to the intruders of her home. They were pitiful meals that she managed to smuggle upstairs to him. So little was her own portion that she could not spare a morsel from it without suffering.

For months they kept the knowledge of his presence from their 3-year-old daughter. In an unguarded moment, however, she toddled into the attic behind her mother, and nearly betrayed her father by her childish shrieks of joy.

A new danger was now ever present, for both husband and wife feared that the little girl might unwittingly reveal the whereabouts of her father as she played with the German officers, who had grown fond of her. Time and time again the wit of the mother averted an exposure.

But the British came to drive the Boches out at last, and his worst prison sentence was ended. The Tommy, smashing through in the Cambrai battle, routed the Germans with tanks, infantry and cavalry. With wild haste before the flaming monsters of iron, backed by shooting, hacking British "demons," the Teuton officers leaped out of the house and went down the road toward home at a brisk pace. As friendly English faces appeared at the door the wife dashed to the attic and brought down her husband.

The soldier was a veritable living skeleton when he hobbled out of his hiding place. For the first time in more than three years he spoke above a whisper, ate a full meal and lived like a human being. The wife told the story to the amazed British soldiers, who brought up their fellows to see and hear, and before night the astonishing tale was running through the ranks of the conquerors.

A RIGHTEOUS NEMESIS.

Awaiting Germany, Breaker of International Law.

It is more than probable that by her illegal use, or abuse, of the submarine, Germany is starving herself eventually instead of Great Britain. She has reduced the ships of the world available for carrying the produce of all countries, and when the war is over these sunken ships will be sadly needed to set things back to their normal condition, as far as the supply of the world is concerned.

Now, who is likely to consider Germany, the creator of all the trouble? Rest assured that every nation will be served before her at the table of the world; and, even when she gets served, her portion will be meagre. Thus the U-boat, about which the Hun brags so constantly, and to which he pins his faith so surely, is laying up privation for Germany for many a year to come.

Besides, as the unrestricted use of the submarine has been condemned as illegal in the laws of the nations, every time the Germans sink a cargo-boat they are sending the bill to themselves. With characteristic casuistry they say, with their Kaiser, "There is no longer any international law." Wait and see. The burglar says that until he meets the policeman. Then he finds he does not make his own laws, but that they are made for him, and if he chooses not to obey, then he must take the consequences—when he is caught. That is why we must be sure to catch Germany.

"We stood in a circle around the adventurous dead. I have rarely attended so moving a scene—this brave comrade, so beloved by all, one of the first to go, a sacrifice to this experiment of bombardment by night."