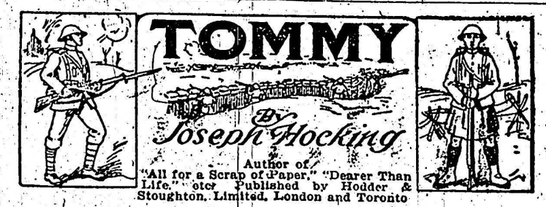

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

Tom Pollard, a weaver of Brunford, Lancashire, aged 23, has taken to drink, largely through the influence of Polly Powell, daughter of the proprietor of the Thorn and Thistle. Tom is divided in his allegiance to her and to Alice Lister, a refined, well-educated girl of twenty. On the first Sunday in June, 1914, Alice demanded that he make the choice between them, and Tom yielded to the influence of Polly. Then came the war. Harry Waterman, who had been educated in Germany told Tom that the English would never conquer the Germans. At a New Year recruiting meeting, Tom enlisted. One of his friends was Alec McPhail of the Black Watch who agreed with Tom that Religion and Teetotalism were alike foolish. Robert Penrose persuaded Tom to join the Y. M. C. A. In May the Loyal North Lancashires were sent to Surrey Camp, where Tom met Waterman wearing a Lieutenant's uniform.

CHAPTER III.—(Cont'd.)

One thing made Tom feel very sad, and that was the loss of Penrose. He had been in Surrey only a few days when he was gazetted and was removed to another camp about four miles away. Still he made new friends and was on the whole happy. He found, too, that even the men, whose conduct was anything but praiseworthy in Lancashire, were sober here. Only a dozen public-houses existed within the radius of almost as many miles; and as the rules of the canteen were very strict, there were few temptations to drink. Discipline was far easier, and on the whole the men were better looked after.

At the end of the second day in this Surrey camp, he was going with a message to the officers' quarters, when he stopped suddenly.

"Ay, can that be you?" he said aloud.

"What do you mean, my man?" And then Tom saw that the person whom he recognised wore a lieutenant's uniform.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Tom, saluting, "but—but—yes, sir, it is you."

"Oh, is that you, Pollard? I see you have enlisted, then; that's all right. You'll know me another time, won't you?"

"Yes, Mr. Waterman. That is, yes, sir. I hope you are well, sir."

"Yes, I'm all right. Good night," and the officer passed on.

"By George!" said Tom to himself, "I didn't expect to meet Waterman here, but there's nothing to wonder about, after all."

CHAPTER IV.

It is not my purpose to give a lengthy account of Tom Pollard's stay in the Surrey training camp, although much of interest took place, and his daily life there would, if truly reported, gladden the hearts of thousands of fathers and mothers who have given their boys to their country at this time. I, who have been to this particular camp, and have talked with the lads there, can testify to this by personal experience. As I have before stated, Tom found the work hard, the discipline strict, and the duties many; at the same time everything was so well arranged and the spirit of such good-fellowship prevailed that thousands of young men were under much more healthy conditions, both physically and morally, than they were at home. Indeed, many told me that they would never care for the cramped life of the office, the workshop, and the factory again, after the free open-air life of a soldier.

Tom, who had been quick to learn his duties and to master his drill, especially after he had—as he termed it to me—"been disgraced, and turned over a new leaf," found the work easy and pleasant.

"Ay," said Tom to me, "it's very funny."

"What?" I asked.

"The way these greenhorns try to learn their drill."

"How's that?" I asked.

"Why, yesterday a chap came up to me wi' tears in his eyes. I asked him what wur the matter, and he said, 'Ay, I have not got brains for it.' 'Brains for what?' I asked. 'Brains for this 'ere drill; a man needs to have a head like Shakespeare to get hold on it. That there formin' fours now: I have tried, and I have tried, and I have better tried, but I can't get a fair grip on it. Ay, I shall have to write a letter to the Colonel and tell him I shall have to give it up.'"

Tom laughed gleefully as he spoke. "Why, it's as easy as winking, sir," he said; "but some chaps are thick-headed, you know—in fact they have no heads at all, they've just got turnips stuck on top of their shoulders. I fair pity the young officers sometimes when they are trying to knock these chaps into shape. But they are doing it fine; and fellows who came a few weeks ago, slack and shuffling, are now straight and smart. It's wonderful what a bit of drilling does."

"And do you find the Y.M.C.A. helpful down here, Tom?" I asked.

"Helpful, sir! I don't know what we should do without it. You see it's different here from what it is in big towns where the men are in billets. We're away, as you may say, from any town that's sizeable, and there's no place to go to of an evening, except the public-house; and if the Y.M.C.A. hadn't been here we should have nothing to do but fool around. But the work they're doing here is just champion. They have entertainments every night, and if you don't feel like going to them, there's room where you can read the papers, and write your letters or play games; then they have all sorts of good books for us to read."

"And how are you getting on with your French?" I asked.

Tom blushed as he replied, "Would you like to see my report, sir?" and he took it from his tunic proudly.

"Why, Tom, this is splendid!" I said, after reading it.

"Ay, I have worked fair hard at it," said Tom; "but my difficulty is getting my tongue round the words. You see, they don't know how to pronounce, these French people, and you have to pronounce their way else they wouldn't understand what you wur saying, and you have to get a grip on it or you can't understand what they are saying. I can conjugate the verbs," added Tom proudly, "but when they speak to me in French, that's anything like a long sentence, I get mixed up. While I'm getting hold of the first part of what they're saying, I forget the rest; but I will master it. What a French chap can learn a Lancashire chap can.

"Do you know, sir," went on Tom, "that the Y.M.C. has got no less than six huts here; each of them will hold a thousand men, and they are jamfull every night. And all the workers are so friendly too."

"And do you go to any religious services, Tom?" I asked.

"I been to two or three," replied Tom, "but I don't hold much wi' religion. Still they're grand people, and you may ask any man in the camp, from the sergeant-major down to the newest recruit, and they will all tell you the same thing. The Y.M.C.A. is a fair God-send to us."

I found out afterwards that Alec McPhail had not followed Tom's example. Alec had discovered a wayside public-house about a mile from the camp, where he and several others of his companions spent most of thier spare time.

"I'm noan religious," said Tom rather boastfully; "but the Y.M.C.A. showed me that I was making a fool of myself, and they have made me see that a soldier ought to be a gentleman. We're not a lot of riff-raff in the Army; we have come at the call of our King and Country to do our bit. And what I say is that a chap ought to live up to his job; we have got a big, grand job, and we chaps as is to do it ought to be worthy of our job."

(To be continued.)

HEROES AT REST.

They are not dead, they only sleep,
For death can vanquish only clay,
And kindred spirits should not weep
For more than living dust were they.

They are not dead, they only rest;
So rough the road, so far the goal,
God called the halt and He knows best
When to relieve the weary soul.

So long the march, so fierce the fray
And foul the ways of murderous foe,
That when they tired at close of day,
He gave them rest Who bade them go.

Their toil was hard, their day was long,
But not on earth more envied lot
Than theirs, the brave heroic throng
Who gave to Freedom all they'd got.

Their call was not of earth, oh no,
It was the call of Freedom's God
Unto His son's to rise and show
That man is more than slavish clod.

They left their homes, their children, wives,
Their sweethearts true, their native sod;
They gave to Liberty their lives,
They gave their souls to Freedom's God.

But they're not dead; they'll come again
When tyrant lords would freemen bind
The sacrifice was not in vain
They'll come again in future kind.

Their hearts were not of common clay;
Their noble deeds in sight of God,
Accomplish'd in the light of day,
Rest not beneath the tortured sod.

The story of their fame shall ring
When wives and mothers cease to weep;
And pens shall praise and tongues shall sing
The glory of the brave who sleep.

Their missionary deeds shall preach
Freedom to slaves in earth's dark parts
Oh, may they too, a lesson teach
In nearer lands to sluggish hearts.

I deem it vain for such as we
For them with Christ to intercede,
Since they, like Him have bled to free
Their fellow-man from hellish creed.

They rest in peace at God's right hand,
They live in ev'ry noble heart;
And true men now should bravely stand
And take each resting soldier's part.

I do believe their only grief—
If grief a place in Heaven hath,
Is this—that we who need relief
Should fear to follow Freedom's path.

They are not dead, they are the guests—
The honor'd guests—of Him on High
Who planted Freedom in their breasts—
They're only dead who fear to die.

Chas. Ethelwold.

Kindness is a language that the deaf can hear and the dumb understand.

Faith of the right sort consists in always looking for the best whether we are old or young, rich or poor. We have a right to think each day the best day yet, and to try to make it so by living a little better than we ever did on any oher day.

CHOWFA VAJIRAVUDH.

Siam, No. 16 of the Allies, Has a Population Larger Than Canada.

Yes, it does sound rather like a glorified sneeze, but it is merely the name of the King of Siam—King Vajiravudh, son of the late King Chulalongkorn.

I hear that King Vajiravudh has grown very enthusiastic over the war since Siam entered the arena, says a recent writer. His sentiments are distinctly pro-British, for he spent his early days in England, and was educated at Sandhurst and Oxford. I do not know what battle-cry he has selected, but it should be one to strike terror in the heart of the kaiser if it breathes the spirit of the usual Siamese harangue. Take, as an example, the following passage from the Oath of Allegiance:

"We pray the powers of the Deities to plague with poisonous boils and with all manner of diseases the dishonorable, the disobedient, and the treacherous. When they have departed this life upon earth, may they be sent to terrible Hell, where they shall burn with unquenchable fire through limitless transmigrations."

King Vajiravudh's father, by the way, had ninety children!

The entry of Siam into the war shows that the revolt against the ruthlessness of mailfisted Germany has travelled to the outermost fringe of further India.

Siam is bigger than Japan proper—the country is. She has 195,000 square miles of territory. And the high-chested Japan proper is not quite 148,000 square miles in area. Siam is only 13,780 square miles smaller than Germany herself.

As to the number of the people in Siam, she herself was not any too clear until 1910. In November of that year fairly accurate figures were obtained—as census figures go—and published. The number given was 8,149,487. It included women. For years the serious trouble with the Siamese census figures had been a startling fact that to them women were no people at all.

To be sure Siam can not make much impression on the war finance of the entente allies. Her revenue for the fiscal year 1916-17 is estimated at $26,692,000; the entire amount does not cover just one day's war expenditure of Great Britain alone.

Foot Work

The late Jack London once fell behindhand in a story which he had promised a New York magazine. The editor, after repeated efforts to get the story, at last called at London's hotel and sent up the following note:

"Dear Jack London: If I don't receive the story within twenty-four hours I'll come up to your room and kick you downstairs, and I always keep my promises."

London replied:

"Dear Dick: If I did all my work with my feet I'd keep my promises, too."

If your shoe pinches where the big joint comes, take it to the shoemaker and have him stretch the leather a bit. If the shoe is not heavy, you can pack it full of paper, crowded in hard. Leave it so for a few days and you will be surprised to find how much easier it will feel to that sore joint.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE AT HOME

Tenth Lesson—Sugar.

Cane sugar is the crystallized product of the juice extracted from the sugar cane. The cultivation and manufacturing of sugar was introduced into Europe from the East early in the ninth century. Venetian historians state that sugar was imported by their countrymen from Cicily in the twelfth century.

The first European plantation of note was at Valencia in Spain. Since its cultivation at this time, it has been grown extensively in every semi-tropical country on the globe.

The Manufacture of Sugar

The canes are gathered, freed from all loose leaves, and then passed through heavy rollers, which crush them into a pulp, thereby extracting all the juice from the cane. This juice is of a sweetish taste and muddy brown in color. It is then collected in a reservoir, and there treated by special processes. After this it is run into large caldrons, where the process of obtaining the sugar commences.

While the temperature of the juice rises, as heat is applied, a thick scum comes to the top. This scum is removed by running out all the cane juice through a spigot. In this way the scum is left in the kettle. The juice is further processed until the sugar crystals begin to form, when it is run into prepared vessels and allowed to cool. The surplus syrup is drained off, the residue remaining is the raw sugar of commerce, which must be refined before it can be used.

From every hundred pounds of sugar cane, about sixty to seventy-five pounds of cane juice is extracted.

The Use of Sugar in the Body

Sugar is an important energy-giving or fuel food. It is soluble in cold water, and readily dissolves in hot water. The digestion of sugar commences in the mouth, and is finally completed in the intestines. The process of the digestion of sugar is comparatively simple.

When used in moderation, sugar is beneficial, and a producer of heat and energy in the body. Because of this it should be used sparingly during the warm weather. This is one of the reasons why heavy rich desserts are injurious to the health during the heated season of the year. However, it is valuable in cold weather because it quickly furnishes the required energy and heat. Explorers in cold regions carry large quantities of sugar.

Sugar may be cooked by adding a certain percentage of water until it forms a hard, clear candy; this is called barley sugar. Heated beyond this stage, it becomes carmel or burnt sugar.

Mothers should pay particular attention to the source of supply of the candies that their small children buy. Cheap and dangerous substitutes used in candies may prove fatal to the little ones. It is very easy and pleasant to make at home the few simple candies that the children crave.

Beet Sugar

In the middle of the eighteenth century it was found that sugar could be obtained from beets. About 1769 the first factory was established in Austria for the purpose of manufacturing beet sugar. The beet from which the sugar is obtained flourishes in moderate climates and is not hard to raise. Other known sugars are fruit sugar, which is found in fruit; sugar of milk, found in milk; corn sugar, obtained from corn, and maple sugar from the sap of the maple tree.

Home Canning

September is the best month of the year for the forehanded housewife. This is the real canning season. Now is the time of preparedness for winter.

Green Tomato Preserve.—One-quarter peck of green tomatoes, three lemons. Scald the tomatoes and then remove the skins. Cut into quarters and put in a preserving kettle. Cut the lemons in half, and then remove all the seeds. Chop fine and then add to the tomatoes and also the following: two cups of water, three pounds of sugar, one tablespoonful of ginger, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one cup of raisins. Cook until very thick. Seal in sterilized jars. Cover with paraffin and then store in a cool dry place. Parboil lemon until tender before adding to the tomato mixture.

Spiced Plums.—Rinse the plums in plenty of cold water and then remove the stems. Prick several times with a fork to prevent bursting. Cook for twenty minutes in a syrup made of four pounds of sugar, one quart of water, one-half ounce of white ginger root, one-half ounce of stick cinnamon, one-quarter ounce of whole cloves, one-quarter ounce of allspice, one tablespoonful of blade mace. Tie the spices in a bag and cook the syrup for ten minutes before adding the plums. Bring to a boil and cook gently for twenty minutes. Seal in sterilized jars. Test for leaks and store in a cool, dry place.

Ginger Pears.—Use your favorite variety of pears. Peel and then cut them into quarters if large and into halves is small. Put the fruit while peeling in a pan of water to keep it from discoloring, until the entire amount of pears is prepared. Cook the pears until soft in clear water. Drain and use one quart of this water, the water in which the pears were cooked, and also two pounds of sugar, thinly pared rind of two lemons, two ounces of white ginger. Cook for ten minutes and then add eight pounds of prepared pears and cook until the pears are transparent. Seal in sterilized jars and then store in a cool place. All ginger root used in pickling and preserving should be well washed and then sliced very thin.

Peach Jam.—Use soft ripe peaches of the yellow variety. Peel, slice thin and then put in a preserving kettle. Add two cupfuls of water and ten pounds of prepared peaches. Cook until very soft. Mash with a potato masher and then rub through a fine sieve. Measure and return to the kettle and add one cupful of sugar to every two cupfuls of prepared pulp. Cook very slowly, stirring constantly to prevent scorching, for one hour. Try a little of it in a saucer. If it holds, that is if it does not spread and run, then fill it into sterilized glasses and cover with paraffin. Store in the usual manner for jellies. Use an asbestos mat under the kettle to prevent burning. This jam should be a beautiful golden color. It is a delicious accompaniment to hot or cold roast fowl or game and is equally delicious with chicken salad. It is most important to use a porcelain kettle that is in good condition for all pickling and an aluminum or agate kettle for preserving jams.

THE DESTRUCTIVE TORNADO.

Only Two Natural Phenomena Are More To Be Dreaded.

If a volcanic eruption or great earthquake be excepted, such a "cyclone twister" is the most destructive of all natural phenomena. The funnel-shaped cloud revolves at a rate of at least 500 miles an hour, and the forces it develops are powerful enough to destroy any of the works of man.

The oddest thing about it is its almost humorous freakishness. It will pluck chickens clean of their feathers, without hurting them; strip women of their clothing, yet leave them uninjured; empty wells of water, and fill them with mud; drive straws clean through inch planks. But it is no more inspired with a sentiment of mercy than a Prussian. It kills persons and spreads wholesale and utter destruction. This year, 1917, has been a bad tornado year in the Middle Western States.

Gas In The Stomach Is Dangerous

Physicians Recommend the use of Magnesia.

Sufferers from indigestion, or dyspepsia should remember that the presence of gas or wind in the stomach invariably indicates that the stomach is troubled by excessive acidity.

This acid causes the food to ferment and the fermenting food in turn gives rise to noxious gases which distend the stomach, hamper the normal functions of vital internal organs, cause acute headaches, interfere with the action of the heart, and charge the blood stream with deadly poisons, which in time must ruin the health. Physicians say that to quickly dispel a dangerous accumulation of wind in the stomach and to stop the food fermentation, which creates the gas, the acid in the stomach must be neutralized and that for this purpose there is nothing quite so good as a teaspoonful of pure bisurated magnesia taken in a little water immediately after meals. This instantly neutralizes the acid, thus stopping fermentation and the formation of gas, and enables the inflamed, distended stomach to proceed with its work under natural conditions. Bisurated magnesia is obtainable in powder or tablet form from any druggist; but as there are many different forms of magnesia it is important that the bisurated which the physicians prescribe should be distinctly asked for.

"Britannie."

Hitherto, says the Paris Daily Mail, all inhabitants of the British Isles, including Irish, have generally been described in French as "Anglais." General Verraux, who writes in the Œuvre, is trying to rectify this. He tells his readers that Miraumont was taken not by "les Anglais," but by "les Britanniques." The Journal des Debats heartily endorses the use of the new word, and suggests that Frenchmen in future should say "Brittannie" instead of "Angleterre" when referring to Britain in general.

A Unique Service

One of the most remarkable burial services ever held on a European battlefield is described by the chaplain of a Western Ontario battalion. It was that of an Indian killed by a bomb. Sixty Indians, commanded by an Indian lieutenant, attended the funeral. They represented the Mohawks, Onellias, Onondagas, Cayugas, Mississaugas-Delawares, Iroquois and Blackfeet.

UNWITTINGLY A BURGLAR.

How a Japanese Poet Helped to Rob a San Francisco House.

Soon after Mr. Yone Noguchi, the Japanese author, came to America, prompted by the best of intentions he helped to burglarize a San Francisco house. He tells how it happened in his autobiography.

While at San Francisco, sometimes I stayed at a Japanese boarding house where I paid nothing, since I made a service of English letter writing for the proprietor and sometimes at a certain William Street, one of the most insignificant of little alleys, where my friends published a comic weekly. Here I happened to become an actor in a farce that set the whole town to laughing under the heading, How a Japanese Poet Helped a Burglar.

One afternoon I was reading a book in the room that was parlor, sleeping room and editorial office by turns (we occupied the lower floor; the upstairs rooms were occupied by a Spanish tailor who happened to be out that afternoon), when a young boy, Spanish, or Mexican, about the same age as myself, knocked at my door and asked for a key that might fit the rooms upstairs.

It was his intention, he declared, to move the things away by the command of the tailor, who had engaged some other house.

"I lost the key on my way here," he said.

How could my mind, of innocence doubt him? I helped him to open the upstairs rooms, and also assisted to move down a few things of some importance. I even offered him my service to help him with the looking-glass. We had walked seven or eight blocks when we were pursued by a large, fat Irishman, who took us by force to a police station, and duly locked us up there.

To clear myself from the charge next day, I made the first and last public speech of my foreign life. I believe that it was a masterpiece. I said that the incident was a case of Japanese etiquette or humanity turned to crime in America by wrong application.

We have a right to take pleasure in our own development. It should be encouraging to watch our powers develop; to know that we are able to do something to-day which we could not do yesterday, should give us happiness.

Where there is enough help or where small areas only are grown the beans may be pulled by hand. For large crops of beans it is generally profitable to use bean harvesters which consist of the ordinary two-wheeled cultivator, equipped with two flat knives placed to form a V cutting two rows at a time and placing both rows into one windrow. The beans may be bunched by hand or by means of the side delivery rake, which places from three to five rows together. After cutting, the beans should be kept clean and should be stored with as little weathering as possible

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RAILROADS SOLD FOR WAR USE

TO TRANSPORT ARMIES AND MATERIAL TO THE FRONT.

About 19000 Miles of Canadian and American Railways Have Been Laid Down in France.

The long and hungry arm of war has reached across Canada and the United States in search of steel for unused railroads and the junkyards of the two countries have been ransacked for the material required in France.

The tremendous demand for steel rails and rolling stock for the armies in France caused the trade unprepared, and there was a wait month after month while the government factories were getting into shape to be able to meet the demand. There was a world market to be searched and the demand had to be distributed among the manufacturers of France.

Hundreds of miles of railway disappeared from the tracks of the North American continent to appear in northern France. Bridges, too, were available in the shape of rails, and these were taken up and put to other uses. Sidings were made for miles and miles for years to come. Canadian and American locomotives were shipped across the Atlantic by the hundreds, and were followed by thousands of cars of all sorts and sizes. Canadian and American railway men went to France to operate the locomotives and cars, and to take charge of the transportation. Within the last year 1,000 miles of Canadian railway track, with its stock worth millions, was snapped up and shipped across the Atlantic. Even the rails from Japan have been requisitioned.

Canadian and American railway men have gone to France to take charge of the transportation system there. Miles of track have been shortened or cut out, and locomotives and cars have been taken from the Irish, German and other lines in use in France. Canadian and American railway men have taken charge of the French lines, and have put the French railway men into the trenches to fight the enemy.

Few Narrow Gauge Lines.

The French railway system is the most important of the British and French armies in the field, and with the thousands of miles of railway in use in France, there are only a few miles of narrow gauge lines. The French railway men have taken over the French lines, and have put the French railway men into the trenches to fight the enemy.

The whole story of this fairy story is not to be told in this paper, but it will be enough to say that the story of the railway men who have taken over the French lines, and with their fellows in the trenches, are as romantic as any of the fairy stories.

To remove this gigantic geode was impossible, but it was broken carefully to pieces without blasting.

Good Prices for "Junk."

Junk dealers have been busy since the beginning of the war. Thousands of miles of railway have been made for the sight.

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