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PURITY FLOUR



"MORE BREAD AND BETTER BREAD"

Teuton Retreat is Trail of Ruin

BY HENRI BAZIN

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Paris, April 15.—I have just returned from a 60-hour trip through territory voluntarily evacuated in part, and in part through the force of France and England, for the blue clad and the khaki clad followed closer upon the heels of the atrocious Boche than was calculated for in that Hindenburg plan.

That which I saw in one place, I saw in another. Everywhere, I have truly looked upon the mark of the beast, a horde of beasts respecting neither age nor youth, nor beauty nor innocence, neither the living nor the dead, the majesty of ancient monuments, the houses of God, nor God's trees.

I left the train from Paris at Montdidier in the single company of a staff officer and a chauffeur. It was an individual trip, an especial privilege under the circumstances, and doubly so in the light of the second in six days.

At Roye the devastation begins. It is as if a devilish cyclone had swathed its path through the country, leaving upon one side standing trees and standing houses, and ruin, havoc and destruction upon the other. Of the villages between Roye and Ham, some nine by the road, there existed hardly a solid house. Most were either in cinders or masses of charred and crushed wreckage. Here and there I could see a house that looked something like a house, and that's all. I counted seven trees in the perhaps ten miles that stood intact. All others, the lines of lovely poplars that embellished the roadside, the orchards of apple and plum and mirabelle, were either lying prostrate upon the ground, or standing with a deep V-shaped death wound 18 inches from the root. The charming ornamental trees that are the delight of the north French garden no longer exist, and not even upon the few standing house walls could I find a single unscathed apple, the fruit tree that throughout France is trained to grow, ivy like, against brick and stone.

I saw many farming implements showing a fresh break in the iron, plows, cultivators and the like. I saw many broken and mutilated wagons. In some cases, the wheel spokes were sawn half or three quarters way through close to the hub. Now and then the programme was varied by blowing the entire front from a house instead of burning it. It was seldom that I found among these any vestige of a shell mark—the distinctly elliptic or oval hole a shell fractures in brick or stone.

OVERLOOKED A KITCHEN KNIFE

In Ham I saw the house that had been occupied by von Fleck, commanding the Seventeenth German Army Corps, from which he moved everything upon evacuation. But the word "evacuation" does this "soldier" an injustice. For in the second story bedroom I saw a rusty kitchen knife lying on the mantelpiece. In the residence of the mayor, or, a long pier mirror, against the wall of the saloon, had been smashed by the blow of a hammer, and a finely chiseled Louis XVI. portrait frame smashed, with a long knife-slit through the canvas, which was a picture of the mayor's mother. Everything else in the house had been removed. Indeed, in no house in Ham did I see a book or a picture, a dish or a sheet or a piece of furniture that which had not been carted away

had been burned. In what had been the pretty trellised garden before this house rose a pile of debris which could easily be identified as the burned remains of household equipment. At Ham, like Nesles and Chaumes and Peronne, is a barren desert of wanton destruction.

We went north and slightly west to Chaumes. Here it was the same story, with the destruction as to houses slightly less. The church facade was blown out by an internal explosion, as proved by the debris. In the graveyard adjoining it, I saw five tombs that, as in the case in French cemeteries, were built in the form of granite mausoleums, containing a prie-dieu and a little altar, that had been despoiled, with the dead in the shallow crypt below dragged to the surface and the aged coffins opened. Why, only the god of the Boche knows, for all I could see as standing with uncovered head before the sacrilege were pieces of decaying shroud and molding bones.

Here, too, every tree was cut down or death hacked. A pedestal, that from inscription had supported a figure, stood bare, the anchoring bolts still visible. Against the wall of the church rose a great black wooden cross that had supported a gigantic figure of the Christ. The figure had been displaced, an arm and a leg were missing and the mutilated replicas of the Saviour resealed to the lower part of the cross with the head down and the single leg reaching up into the air.

From Combles we drove still in the north to Bapaume. On the fair, long journey between these points the ferocity of destruction was the same, but upon the muddy cratered ground was the debris of a retreating army, broken equipment, helmets, belts, shoes, camp kitchen utensils, unexploded grenades and small caliber shells. Once upon a time I thought I would like a German helmet as a souvenir. I could have had a dozen on this trip, but I would as soon own a murderer's knife. One helmet that I saw had an inscription inside, the single word "Kaput," or "done for." Here was one Boche at least who had forecast as to what is coming to his sacrilegious outfit of thieves, and cut throats in uniform.

I talked with many inhabitants throughout the sections visited. Most were old people, some very old, both men and women. They stood about in the mud, unmindful of the rain, and told me of the terror of it all, how the Prussians, as they call the Boche, were hard and cruel and made life a misery for them, taking for joy anything they desired, searching and researching the same houses, striking women in the face and deliberately going into homes to befall them as they did in the church in Nesle, finally taking away or destroying every portable object before they left.

Great numbers of women, from 16 to 45 and in some cases to even 60 years, I was told, had been carried off, to work for the Boche in field or factory—and for other purposes. I heard not words from old lips words of rage, anxiety, and grief; lips that trembled in the tell tale. And tears nearly always, save when the face alone spoke in a great silent cry. It would seem they had been delivered but an hour, rather than days.

One old man told me that his two daughters and two granddaughters had been taken away from him, and that the Prussian lieutenant said to him, "You may deem yourself lucky, we leave you your eyes to cry with." Another said he never before knew how good white bread was. The first he had tasted in two years had been given him a few days before from supplies sent him immediately following the Allied advance

for the material belief of these martyred people. I asked him if he had any tobacco for his pipe. He replied that he had forgotten the taste of tobacco and when I handed him a package of cigarettes his old eyes glistened and his "Merci" was a whole volume.

On the way back from Bapaume to Albert, along a road that led through the valley, where had been the forest of Aveluy, we met a train of ambulances advancing. Each car was loaded to the wheels with food and clothing, blankets and suits for the redeemed French of redeemed France. This road was very beautiful before the war. During the last six months it has been the scene of constant fighting, the heart of the battle of the Somme, shell cratered and shell torn, entrenches and deepened. It had been fought for and won more than once. And now, as I saw it close for the first time in years, it seemed in all its shattered surfaces and, despite its diving pits, a sweet and holy piece of France to me. Off to the north the rose the far off shrill of shells. In the distance was a caravan bearing food and comfort to the sore afflicted, the aged, wandering, simple hearted, homeless peasant of the Somme country, that still called the Boche "Prussian soldier," and had but recently seen the horizon line of France and the Brown of England.

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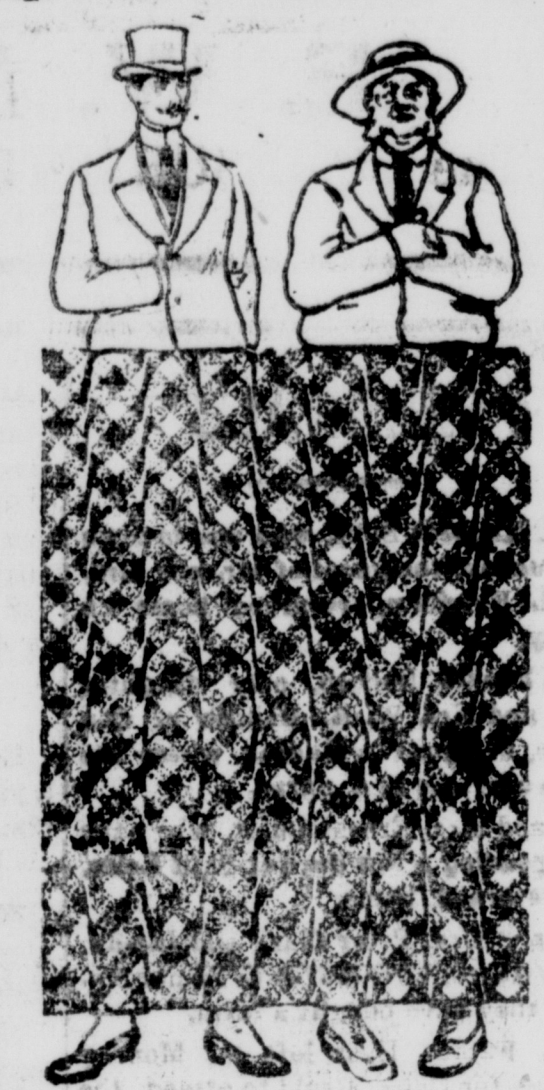
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In 1/2, 1 and 2 pound tins. Whole-ground-pulverized—also fine ground for Percolators. Never sold in bulk. CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL.

DO YOU BELIEVE ALL THAT YOU SEE

You May Not Always See What You Think You See. Did you ever think a person lied because they told something about a thing you both saw—but which you didn't see as he told it? Be careful about doing that sort of thing. You might not have seen what you thought you saw.



Which one of these figures has bow-legs and which knock-knees? Many to see that the knees of the one on the right incline toward each other, while the other gentleman carries his legs on a gentle outward curve? Easy, is it? Well, it so happens that neither of them is knock-kneed or bow-legged. In fact, the legs of both of them are perfectly straight. Take a ruler and grove it. It's just simply a case of the eyes being deceived. An optical illusion and a very common one. There are a lot of things like that. No two persons see the same thing alike when a thing is made with intent to deceive, as this was, it would take an expert to discover the deception. Actors take advantage of this fact in their makeup on the stage and dressmakers are known to use it. For instance, a short stout woman wearing a dress with horizontal stripes will look still shorter and fatter and a tall thin woman wearing a dress with perpendicular stripes will look taller and thinner.

FEEDING MILK COWS

The law of diminishing returns applies to the feeding of milk cows. The more food eaten and the greater the yield of milk is an invariable rule in dairying. But there is a point where the increase of milk will not be enough to defray the cost of the extra feed. This point depends entirely upon the relative cost of the feed as compared with the market value of the milk, cream, butter, or cheese. Thus it follows that if a farmer feeds all his herd alike, irrespective of their capacities for producing, he is bound to suffer considerable loss. The cow's capacity for producing milk is limited. It is doubtful if a maximum yield of milk is ever profitable from all the individuals of an average herd. The liberal use of concentrated foods will increase the flow of milk, but it will not convert a bad milker into a good one. But it generally pays to give a good milker a reasonable amount of cake and meal. Unless such an animal is well fed she will "milk herself away." The quantity of such feed should be determined and regulated by the yield of milk, the heavy milkers getting an extra supply. Thus in the feeding of milk cows for profit the law of diminishing returns should always be kept in mind. If an accurate record is kept of the milk of each cow, and its butter fat content known, little trouble will be experienced in gauging the feed so that a maximum of profit may be gained from the herd.

GREAT FOREST FIRES

That in Ontario's Clay Belt Ranked as Third Most Destructive. The Northern Ontario forest fire of July, 1916, takes rank as the third most serious fire catastrophe in the history of this continent. The Hinchelley fire in Minnesota, 1894, was responsible for 418 lives and the burning over of 160,000 acres. The famous Peshtigo fire in Wisconsin, 1871, killed 1,500 and devastated 1,200,000 acres of timber. In 1825 occurred the Miramichi fire of New Brunswick, and Maine, with a loss of 160 lives, six towns, 1,000 head of cattle, and damage of 800,000 acres of forest. The Clay Belt fire in Ontario, with 262 lives lost and 800,000 acres fire-swept, takes its place with the great disasters of history. The Porcupine fire in 1911 killed 84 persons. It is noteworthy that Wisconsin, Minnesota, Maine, and New Brunswick have taken comprehensive measures to prevent further disasters by organizing their forest patrol systems on modern lines, building look-out towers, telephones, etc., as well as carefully supervising settlers' clearing fires, one of the worst sources of danger.

DON'T PASTURE TOO SOON

Feed Cow Well During Two Months of Rest. The average cow that freshens in the spring begins her year's work with a serious handicap. She does it she is poor in flesh, and the cow that is dry during the winter or a stripper is apt to be, for a low production does not prompt good feeding. Good clover, hay and corn silage or clover hay and fodder corn will bring a dry cow up to her period of freshening in pretty fair condition, but wild or timothy hay and corn stover will not. It is now generally recognized among farmers who make a study of their cows that good feeding during a dairy cow's six weeks or two months of rest is as profitable or even more so than at any other time. The fresh good dairy cow lays on at this time will be converted into milk later. Her milk flow will be larger and her test will be higher when she freshens, if she is in first class condition. Shortage of feed, the rash of spring work and the temptation to turn the cows on pasture before there is feed there for them are all to the disadvantage of the cow that freshens in the spring. Whatever may be the portion of the rest of the cows and stock it will pay to feed the cow well that is soon to freshen. Not only a low milk production and a weak calf follow poor feeding at this time, but after birth retention which may lead to serious illness.