

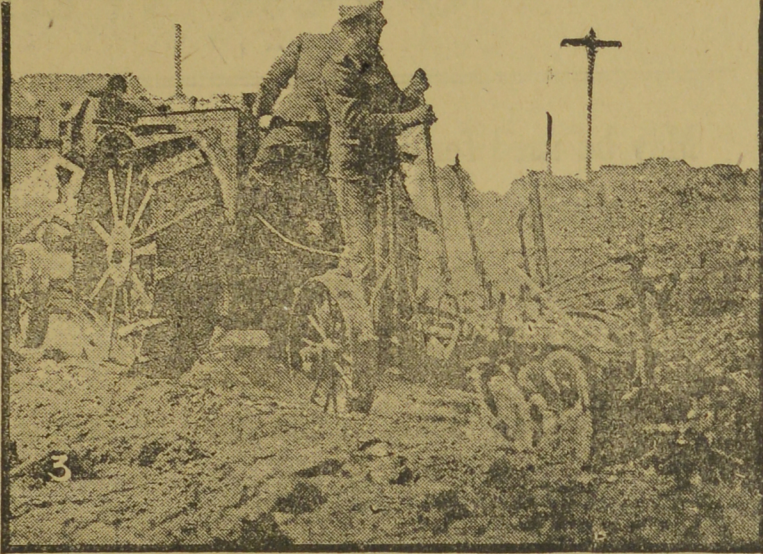
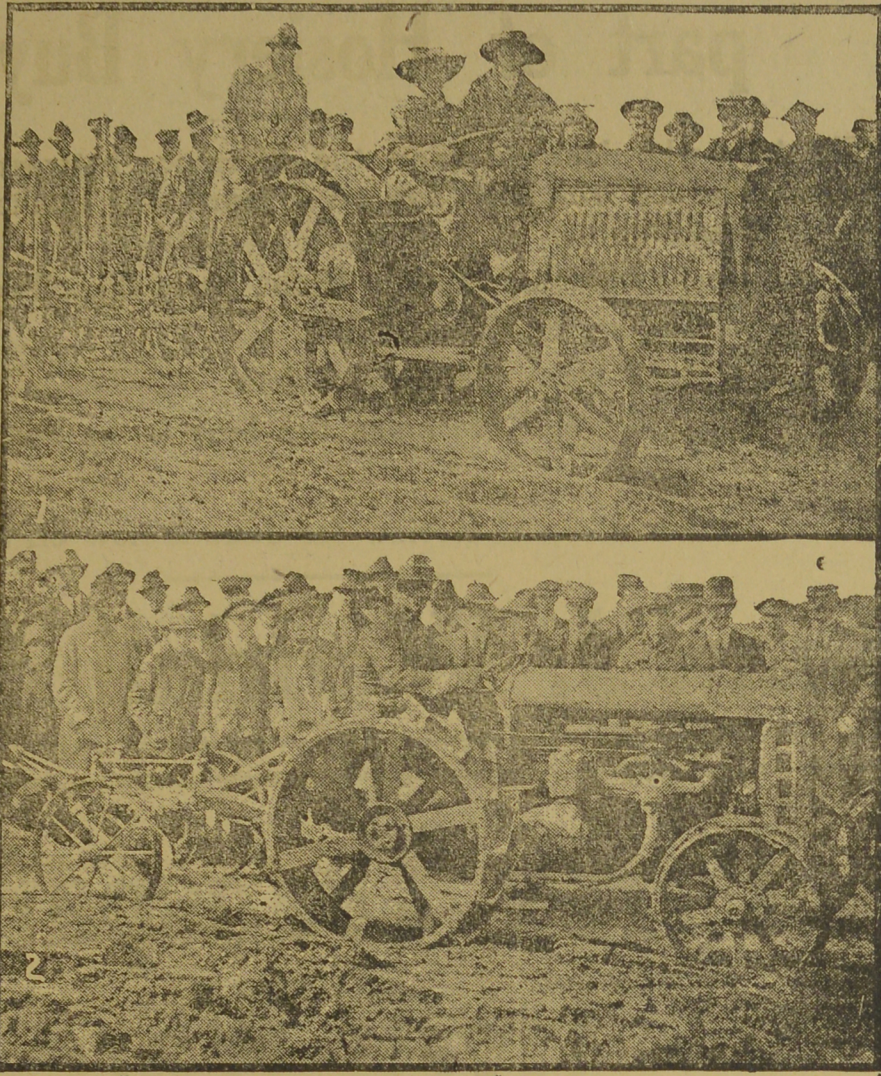
City Renders Practical Help in Greater Production

It is not often that the residents of a city have an opportunity of seeing farming operations on a large scale carried on right at their own doors. Even in Western Canada, where hundreds of thousands of acres of virgin land are being turned over and cultivated in order to raise increased crops of wheat and other food grains to supply the needs of the Allies, the spectacle witnessed by the citizens of Calgary, Alberta, recently was an unusual one. Not far from the centre of the city—about a mile from the city hall to be more exact—two hundred acres of vacant land were to be put under the plow. The use of the land had been granted to the city of Calgary through the courtesy of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, the owners.

But how was such a tract of land to be plowed when all available machinery was being used to the utmost capacity in the country; when the demand for all kinds of machinery is so great that it cannot be delivered to the farmers fast enough. That was the question asked by many of the city fathers. The implement companies came to the rescue. A day was set when the work should be begun. Telephone and telegraph wires were put into operation. And by the date set seventeen tractors and the requisite plows and other implements were got together. One large tractor rolled sixty miles over the country in order to participate in the event.

Seldom has such an array of farm machinery been concentrated on an area of two hundred acres. Never, perhaps, has such an area been broken and cultivated in shorter time. Although there was no competition, all engaged were animated by the good they were doing in the cause of greater production. Furthermore, the machinery was wanted in the country, and it must not tarry in the city. Unfortunately rain prevented the work being completed in one day, an achievement which, if it had been accomplished, would no doubt have constituted a record not easily surpassed.

A crop of oats, potatoes and flax is now grown on the land and it is hoped that this will add considerably to the production now so earnestly



desired. The illustrations show the workers on the land.

More Truth Than Poetry.

Gorgeous the salad by
Feminine hands composed,
By the hands of a female
Interior decorator,

On the plate repose.
But the mere man shies
And demands real food,
For lo! a man eats by ear,
And not by sight!

The Old Straw Hat.

My old straw hat is on the blink,
I know it's looking raw.
The ribbon has lost all its ink,
There's nothing left but straw.

My old straw hat beyond all doubt
Has reached its finish now.
I guess I'd better take it out
And feed it to a cow.

Human nature is to want to fly a little higher than your neighbor.



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Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new blood in old veins. Cures Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Languor, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory. Price \$1 per box, six for \$5. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all druggists or mail a 10c plain plug on receipt of price. New pamphlet mailed free. THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly, Blackie.)

SPY HUNTERS AT THE FRONT CONSTANTLY ON THE ALERT

Often Have Cause to be Suspicious of Men Wearing the Same Uniform as Themselves--- Strangers Are Quizzed Closely And Are Often Detained --- Some Experiences Related

(New York Sun)

Suspicion is a spy hunters greatest asset and his greatest drawback. If those on the lookout for spies at the front were not required to be suspicious even of those wearing the same uniform the work would be easy. Contrary perhaps to common conception, the business of verifying credentials of every suspicious person whether in mufti or in uniform who happens to stray into the battalion or brigade area is far from exhilarating.

According to an English interpreter relating his experiences in the Manchester Guardian, the work grows tedious, and the suspicious attitude always maintained makes the spy hunter obnoxious. Persons who do not prove to be spies, however, are sometimes fully as remarkable as though they were. This is the interpreters story:

"What in the name of all that is holy are these soldiers doing there?" growled the Colonel as he emerged from his dugout. "Tell them to stop—Interpreter, ask them their business!"

Two Belgian soldiers who had been walking calmly down the deserted road past our well camouflaged dug-out at the foot of Wytshaete Hill were now under arrest.

"What are you doing here? Don't you know that you are barely 300 yards from the German lines? Haven't you been shot at as you came round the deadly corner up there by the brewery?"

Men Quizzed Closely

Yes, they had heard the whizz of bullets. No, they did not know that they were so near the front line trenches; nobody had told them. They were going to see an uncle in Kemmel and of course had taken the shortest cut from Ypres. Their military books and passes were quite in order; cross-examination failed to reveal the slightest hitch in their story; later in the day, besides, telephone inquiries confirmed their bona fides. It was Sunday they were going on leave, and had resolved to call on uncle—naturally down the same old road they had known since childhood, between the blackthorn hedge and the tramway line.

"Can we go now?"

"I am afraid not; not until nightfall. You will have to spend the day with

us. As it is the Boche up there has already seen enough movement around here for one day. You will be taken back under escort tonight."

"To Ypres?"

"No, to our brigade headquarters. C'est la guerre! Step in there, will you?" They were shown into a dark cavern under a ruined building, where cooks and batmen were congregated. "Macfarlane, look after these two Belgian comrades, and give them a fine breakfast—they were at Liege and at Antwerp."

The village was shattered beyond recognition. Our headquarters was a warm if somewhat cramped and stifling apartment, artfully contrived under a large refuse heap in the lee of a wall. It was more than our lives were worth to stray in the daytime beyond the shadow of that wall.

Two civilians, a man and a woman, suddenly appeared on a gray winter afternoon coming down the road which led straight to the front line. They were too far from us to notice our frantic gestures. We saw them vanish inside a ruined house.

The adjutant and I at once raced to the spot, dodging behind walls, skirting the familiar hollow where the graves went and crouching along the frozen ditch whenever the fusillade grew livelier.

We joined the couple in the main room of what had once been their home. The front wall had disappeared. They were gazing at this spectacle of devastation with a desolate sort of surprise. The wife had obtained and was carrying under her arm two framed pictures, the only two articles left whole in the place—a primitive enlargement of grandfather's photograph and an atrocious oleograph of the Virgin and Child.

They stated that this was their home; they had been allowed to come down for a visit by the camp commandant at D—; here was a "chit" signed by him.

Peasants Escorted Home

"But we must go back now, monsieur. We live as refugees at a farm seven miles from here."

"I am sorry monsieur and madame. But we can't allow you to be killed. You can only go back tonight."

A corporal and a private had by this time joined us. "Corporal," said the

ECZEMA

FACE NOTHING BUT
RUNNING SORES FROM

No rest day or night for those afflicted with that terrible skin disease, eczema, or, as it is often called, salt rheum.

With its unbearable burning, itching, torturing day and night, relief is gladly welcomed.

There is no remedy like Burdock Blood Bitters for giving relief to such sufferers; no other remedy has done or can do so much for those who are almost driven to distraction with the terrible torture. Apply it externally and it takes out the stinging, itching and burning, and promotes a healthy healing.

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Miss Mary V. Chambers, Anagance Ridge, N. B., writes: "I used Burdock Blood Bitters for eczema. I had it when an infant, but it left me. Two weeks ago, I used doctor's medicine, but it did good only while I used it. At last my face was nothing but a running sore. I saw in the paper what B.B.B. did for people. I took it, and today I am free from that terrible disease."

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Waste No Pity.

Don't pity the dainty, pretty, little wife of a big, noisy black-whiskered bully as possibly a brow-beaten little thing just because her eyes and voice convey an impression of martyrdom. The chances are she is the boss at home and that he is afraid of her.

Told by a Soldier.

A returned soldier says: "I was in France and wanted a light for my cigarette." I spent several minutes in making signs to a Frenchman and after I got through with my wig-wagging he said in perfectly good English: "It's a match you want, isn't it?"

adjutant, "take this man and woman safely to the Engineers' Farm. They may talk to the farmer and his people and eat with them, but don't let them get away."

In the evening I saw the couple home under guard, and on the way I delivered to the camp commandant at D—, with the Colonel's compliments a feeble rendering of what we all thought about him.

A little shrine stood on the top of the hill, at the crossroads under the shadow of a large tree. Reinforcements were being rushed to the front in the critical hours of a great enemy offensive. While I watched these thousands of our men going by on a beautiful May morning I noticed a man standing behind the tree, with his back to the road, staring through the railings of the sanctuary at the Virgin within and the long Flemish text, painted on an ancient board behind the statue. Every now and then the man scribbled something on a piece of paper.

"What are you doing there?" I asked touching him on the shoulder. "Let me see what you are writing."

Spies and Suspects

In a clumsy, childish hand he had copied the long Gebet (prayer) which was painted inside the shrine: "Holy Mother of God, who hast graciously promised to be with us and protect us in all times of great danger and anxiety The copy was accurate and all but complete.

He explained that this prayer was of great virtue, and particularly recommended in terrible times like these; so as soon as the first enemy shells had hit this town—which was that very morning—he had decided to come on this pilgrimage, offer his devotions to the Virgin and make a copy of the prayer to take home.

"Let me see all your other papers, mynheer, please. Meanwhile, go on with your copy."

He emptied his pockets and went on with his work. When he had finished he raised no objection to my accompanying him back to town. There we called on the Burgomaster, and satisfied that he was a good and honorable citizen as he was a pious man I left him with a friendly warning against pilgrimages in places where he was not known.

Are there no real spies, then? Yes, I might tell you the story of the fake brigadier and his two fake "brass hats" who inspected our front line once; or of the motorcyclist in khaki who asked too many questions and was "choked off" by one of our subalterns; or of the pseudo-Canadian who was so liberal and inquisitive—at the local estaminet; or of the little black dog hailing from the enemy's lines, whom we were required in divisional orders forthwith to apprehend. Only you wouldn't care for these stories. Why? Because they have no proper ending. We did our best, but neither the three staff officers, nor the cyclist, nor the Canadian, nor the little spy dog was ever caught. As soon as the hue and cry was raised they disappeared and we never saw them again.



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