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Northbound.

Leave Toronto 2.00 p.m., arrive Port McNicoll 5.15 p.m. each Wednesday and Saturday, connecting with the postal C.P.R. Great Lake Steamships leaving Port McNicoll on above days at 5.45 p.m. for Sault Ste. Marie, Port Arthur and Port William.

Southbound.

Leave Port McNicoll Mondays and Fridays 8.30 a.m., arriving Toronto 11.45 a.m.

Great Lakes Service via Owen Sound is now in operation Steamship "Manitoba," leaving Owen Sound at midnight each Thursday for Sault Ste. Marie, Port Arthur and Port William. Full particulars from any C.P.R. Agent or W. B. Howard, District Passenger Agent, Toronto, Ont.

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moon private than the boy from the Grass River Valley paid to these young men commanding his company.

The hardships of soldier life began for Thaine Aydelot and his regiment with the day of enlistment. The privations at Camp Leedy were many. The volunteers had come in meagerly clothed because they expected to be fully supplied by the government they were to serve. The camp equipment was insufficient. The food was poor, and day after day the rain poured mercilessly down on the muddy camp ground, where the volunteers slept on wet straw piled on the wet earth. Sore throats, colds, and pneumonia resulted, and many a homesick boy who learned to wade the rice swamps and to face the Mauser's bullets fearlessly had his first hard lesson of endurance taught to him before he left Camp Leedy on the old Topeka Fair Ground.

Wonderful history-making filled up the May days. While the fleets and land forces were moving against Cuba, the deep sea cable brought the brief story from Commodore Dewey to the harbor of Manila. "Eleven Spanish warships destroyed and no Americans killed."

It suddenly the centre of interest shifted from the Cuban island near at hand to the Philippines on the other side of the world. The front door of America that for four centuries had opened on the Atlantic ocean opened once and forever on Pacific waters. A new frontier receding ever before the footprint of the Anglo-American flung itself about the far-off island of the Orient with its old alluring call:

"Something lost behind the Ranges! Over yonder! Go ye there!"

And the Twentieth Kansas, under Colonel Fred Funston, broke camp and hurried to San Francisco to be ready to answer that call.

Thaine Aydelot had never been outside of Kansas before. Small wonder that the mountains, the desert, the vineyards, and orchard-lands, and rose-lands of California, the half-oriental climate of San Francisco and the Pacific Ocean with its world-old mystery of untamed immensity should fill each day with a newer interest; or that the conditions of soldier life at Camp Merritt beside the Golden Gate, to which the eager-hearted, untrained young student from the Kansas prairie brought all his youthful enthusiasm and patriotism and love of adventure, should wound his spirit and test his power of self-control. Small wonder, too, that the Twentieth Kansas Regiment, poorly equipped, undrilled, and non-uniformed still, should make only a sorry showing among the splendid regiments mobilized there: or that to the big, rich city of San Francisco the ragged fellows from the prairies, who were dubbed the "Kansas Scarecrows," should become the byword and laughing stock among things military.

One neglect followed another for the Kansas Twentieth. The poorest camping spot was their portion. The chill of the nights, the heat of the days oppressed them. The filth of their unsanitary grounds bred discomfort and disease.

But no military favors were shown them, and the same old stupid jests and jibes of the ignorant citizen of the other states were repeated on the Pacific seaboard. When the thirtieth of May called forth the military forces in one grand parade the Twentieth Kansas was not invited to take part.

For Thaine Aydelot, to whom Decoration Day was a sacred Sabbath at all ways, this greatest of all indignities cut deep where a man's soul feels keenest. And when transport after transport sailed out of the San Francisco harbor, loaded with recruits for the Philippines, and still the Twentieth Kansas was left in idle waiting on the dreary sand lots of

Camp Merritt and the Presidio reservation, the silent campaign that really makes a soldier was waged daily in Thaine and his comrades.

"Don't complain, boys," Captain Clark admonished. "His company. 'We'll be ready when we are called, and that's what really counts.'"

Other commanders of the regiment gave the same encouragement. So were to serve. The daily drilling went on. The sons of the indomitable men and women who had conquered the border ruffian, the hostile Plains Indian, and the unfriendly friar and, these sons kept their faith in themselves, their pride in the old Kansas State that bore them, and their everlasting good humor and energy and ability to learn. Such men are the salt of the earth.

Todd Stewart made a brave struggle, but his slide on the muddy ground at Camp Leedy was his military undoing, and his discharge followed.

"I'm going to start back to old Grass River to-morrow," he said to Thaine Aydelot, who had called to see him with face aglow. "I've made the best fight I could, but the doctor says the infantry needs two legs, and neither one wooden. But best of all, Thaine, Jo has written that she wants me to come home. It's not so bad if there's a welcome like that waiting. She is slowly overcoming her dislike for country life. But I can't help envying you."

"Oh, you'll stand on both feet all right when you get them both on the short grass of the prairie again, and, as you say, the welcome makes up for a good many losses."

Something impenetrable came into his eyes for the moment only and then the fire of enthusiasm burned again in them, for Thaine's nerves were a tingle with the ambition and anticipation of the young soldier waiting immediate orders and he changed the subject eagerly.

"I came to tell you something, Todd. We are to sail the seas on the next transport to Manila, sure. And we'll see service yet, all right."

Thaine threw his cap in air and danced about the bed in his enthusiasm.

"Glory be! Won't Fred Funston do things when he hits the Orient? That colonel that ever had the U. S. military engines to back against."

Todd rejoined, even in his own disappointment.

"But see here, Thaine, me child, I also have a bit of news that may interest you plumb through. My surgeon isn't equal to the Philippines either, nor the Ephesians, nor Colossians, and he's going back to some fort in the mountains. Who do you s'pose will take his place? Now, who?"

"How should I know? Seeing I've got to get this regiment off, I have to leave the hospital corner to you. Who is it?" Thaine asked.

"Dr. Horace Carey, M.D.," Todd replied.

"You don't mean it!" Thaine gasped. "Yes he does, Thaine." It was Horace Carey who spoke, as he entered the hospital quarter, and, as every where else, the same commanding smile and magnetic charm of personality filled the place.

Thaine turned and gathered him in close embrace.

"Oh, Dr. Carey, are you really going?" He whistled, and shouted, and executed fligs in his joy. "Why do you go? Can you leave Kansas? You and me both? Oh, hurry home, Todd, and give Governor Leedy how to run things without us." And much more to like effect.

(To Be Continued.)

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