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Y 15, 1918.

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es on Large Orders. Chronicle 5. Ingersoll

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ordon 4.57 p.m. hicago ....... nal Limited ... 8.24 p.m. 9.55 p.m. GOING EAST 19 57 a.m. mited ......... Buffalo Ex. ... 12.50 p.m. 

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N. Burke, Station Agent Macaulay, Town Agent. AN PACIFIC RAILWAY

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lowing are the hours of de-f mails from Ingersoll Post . T. R. Going East.

mail closes here at 7.30 a.m. mail closes here at 2.10 p.m. mail closes here 11.25 a.m. ns daily except Sunday. Going West.
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red mail matter closes 20 earlier than ordinary matter. ral Routes close here at 10.30 ley comprise Routes Nos. 1, and 5.

English Mails.

Boat sails via New York on lay. Mail closes here at 8.30 and ay.

Mail closes here at 2.15 are aday. Sails from Halifax.

Boat sails via New York on y. Mail closes here Thursday.

Mail closes here Thursday.

By John Fleming Wilson

oial arrangement for this paper a photo-drama corresponding to installments of "The Master Eng" may now be seen at the leading moving ploture theatres. By arrangement made with the Universal Film Manufacturing Company it is not only possible to read "The Master Eng" in this paper, but also afterward to see moving pictures of our story.

Copyright, 1914, by John Fleming Wilson.

The MASTER KEY will be shown at Mason Arena twice on Thursday and Friday nights, starting at 8.20 and 9.50 o'clock, once Saturday night at 10.10 o'clock

"But"—
"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Reynolds see verely. "You even let her discharge her maid. And of all the awful things to remember what had happened and where she was. Slowly there came back to her the scenes of riot in Bhalu, the assault on the hotel and their own subsequent flight.

"Around her the nation."

fight.

"Around her the natives lay in pos-tures of sleep. Not far away, within arm's reach, John Dorr was still uncon-

"Around her the natives lay in postures of sleep. Not far away, within arm's reach, John Dorr was still unconscious of the new day.

'Apart sat Sir Donald, rifle on his knee, bowed in drowsiness after his night's vigil.

She called over to Faversham, and the roused himself, apparently much embarrassed that he had been found watching over the slumbers of his company. You shan't stir the girl out of my sight, I tell you! Go and find your plans and risk your own life. Miss Gallon stays here."

"And I'm sure there is no place I'd eather leave her." Dorr said gratefully. To the consul he confided briefly that he was still determined to find the idol and get the hidden plans.

"You may be too late," was the quiet response. "A man named Wilkerson and another man and a lady have already gone up country, and i am in-

A moment later the whole camp was an and breakfast was soon dispatched. "Now for a council of war," the barmet said presently. "So far we have made good our escape from the fanatics, and I believe now it would be wise to turn back and seek civilization again for the sake of Miss Ruth." "Oh, I am good for any amount of this kind of travel!" she exclaimed. ready gone up country, and a min-formed that they are on the same "And I am wild to go ahead and fin-the idol and the plans."

the idol and the plans."

"So far as we know, they are in Bhala," Faversham remarked, with some brusqueness. "I don't intend that you shall risk your life again in shich foolishness."

"John Dorr had steadily grown more and more suspicious of the Englishman's attitude, and he now bitterly resented his assumption of guardianship over Ruth, the more so that he realized Faversham had extricated her once from a tangle of his making and was undoubtedly right when he pro-

was undoubtedly right when he pro-posed that she be placed in safety.

His first impulse was to insist the.

Buth follow his plans, but second thought told him that he would be playing an unworthy part.
"Where shall we take her?" he de-

"Back down the river to some city
where there are Americans," was the
response. "Bombay would be best of

"But that would leave me so far away?" Ruth protested. "I know John will insist on keeping after the plans, and I don't want to be left out of

sverything."

John Dorr joined Sir Donald in arguing that there was little sense in going on a wild goose chase and that she would be far better off with good people of her own race.

"But who?" she demanded at last.

We don't know any one."
"I do," Faversham put in quickly.
"I know some awfully jolly Americans, too, missionaries. Then there's your American consul, you know."

It was settled at last, and they re-

It was settled at last, and they refurned by easy stages to Bhala and
thence down the river.

Sir Donald was as good as his word.
and Ruth found herself invited to stay
as a guest at several houses.

She chose that of the American consul, a middle aged gentleman, who,
with his wife, presided with true eastent hospitality ager a little group of

ern hospitality over a little group of business men and missionaries. ds received the girl wit open arms, listened to the story of her



adventures and thanked God devoutly that Ruth was at last under the pro-tection of fellow countrymen. To John her language was plain: "What in the world do you mean by drawing."

bead it."

For the moment John was blinded by a blaze of jealousy.

While he was risking his life for Ruth's sake Faversham would sit comfortably within the protection of his club and plot ways of winning Ruth. He curtly accepted the offer of the servant and went off to make his preparations. These made, he sought Ruth.

"You may be too late," was the qui

power to stop me."
Faversham shook his head.

dition, but politely yet firmly made leave the country."

John grinned.

tie found het in a strange state ur excitement. Evidently the consul and his wife had not spared pains to im-press upon her the dangers of the pro-posed expedition. "They're old grannies," was John's discensetful comment. "Buth, voil

"They're old grannies," was John's disrespectful comment. "Ruth, you know that without those plans we're helpless to make 'The Master Key' into what your father wanted it to be. I set out at past those plans, and I've not come this far to turn back."

"I know," she said miserably. "But everybody says at is all toolishness. Sir Donaid"—

"Oh, that quitter!" he interrupted. "I know he prefers sifting around mak-

"Oh, that quitter!" he interrupted.
"I know he prefers sitting around making love to you to doing something really worth while."

There was the glimmer of a smile on Ruth's lips as she answered meekly.
"Then you don't think that—sitting around—and making love to me—is—worth while?"

worth while?"

For a moment John stood and stared at her. The blood rushed into his face. Then the full meaning of her light evasion of his real meaning struck him like a blow between the eyes.

His heart was tilled with love for the state of the state

her, a love that had grown and increased since the hour when he had first seen her at old Tom Gallon's door. He had thought that his devoted service to her interests, his constant attention to the slightest detail that could

insure her future happiness, would have published that love to her. He was minded to tell her now, to foregonal else in order to woo her for a western girl used to looking after herself and that she had insisted on coming along. The consul's wife sniffed. 'Ruth"— be began. But some sub-

tle change in her manner froze the hot words on his lips.

"Well," he went on, controlling him-self by a tremendous effort and trying to speak lightly, "I'll be off. Thank

There was a struggle in Ruth's breast too. Yet the memory of her promise to Faversham stilled her.

In that long and terrible moment she

every attempt to retrace his road to

ealized that John Dorr was all in all of her promise to marry him, and she could not speak what was in her heart.
She tried to look John bravely in the eyes, and the tears would come in aptre of her.

She head have beed and so he left.

"All the more reason why I should spite of her. She bowed her head, and so he left hasten," Dorr answered. Every bout may be precious. I must see Sir Don-ald immediately."

To his surprise, Faversham was very her, with bitterness in his soul, but the firm resolve to carry out his self appointed task no matter what the out-

To his surprise, Faversham was very cold about the second excursion.

"So long as it was a case of getting Miss Gallon and yourself out of a bad scrape, I did my best," he told Dorr.

"But I agree with your consul—an excellent fellow—that what you propose is ridiculous. The priests have ample warning, and I am informed, that they took measures to secrete the idol. You can gain nothing by further search." and the old native agreed once more to risk the hills and guard this stranger who, he was convinced, had lost his sou want?" nind.
But his duty was plain and Sir Don-

ald's injunctions not to be trifled with.

That evening the two of them set forth. following in the track of Wilkerson and his party.

That John should have departed search."

John argued with some temper, but Sir Donald was immovable.

And, as he most evidently had sound

without further farewell burt Ruth sorely.

It seemed to mark a definite break And, as he most evidently had sound common sense on his side. Dorr could not afford to lose his temper.

"I suppose you'll help me out by letting me have that old servant of yours?" he said finally.

"Anything!" said Faversham cordially. "But I must certainly warn in their frank relations, and she felt that when he returned with the plans she would have to receive him on an

entirely new footing—the footing of a business man with his employer. And while the hurt was fresh she turned to Sir Donald gratefully. He had acted most delicately in all their experiences together. He had proved his devotion by coming with them to India and during the horrible night-mare when their hotel had been the

center of assault by fanatical natives. He had accepted her promise without undue exactions. He had seemed to be

waiting till he and she could speak more definitely. Faversham was by no means dull, and he played the part of a kind friend during the first days of John's ab-

He knew that Dorr was in love with Ruth, and he strongly suspected that her feeling for him had once bordered

privileges.

The American consul liked him from

the first and told his wife that Ruth would be a fool if she preferred a hare-brained idiot to a solid gentleman with no nonsense about him and assured po-sition in society. Mrs. Reynolds, having been rebuffed

merely stated it as her opinion that all girls were alike, a dogma the consul was too wise to argue.

But he gave Sir Donald the freedom of the consulate and saw to it that he had every chance to visit with Ruth.

Now, the baronet was not only no dullard, but he had been bred in a school that forbade him to linger too long before claiming Ruth openly as his flancee. you once more that I shall feel guilty At exactly the right moment he ofin even letting you go."
John's jaw stiffened.
"I guess it would be beyond you."

At exactly the right moment he of-fered her a gorgeous ring and pressed his suit ardently. He said nothing of the promise he had exacted, and Ruth for very shame's sake accepted the ring and the ensuing congratulations of Mr. Reynolds, his wife and their friends. "A word from me to the authorities and you would find yourself not only debarred from such a foolbardy expe-

friends.

Deep in her heart she felt herself
a traitor to John Dorr, alone on his perilous errand, gone into the hills without even a stray word of his safe-"I suppose that's right," he agreed.
But you won't be a spoil sport, will The baronet shook his head.
"No, I won't. But I can't go myself.

without even a stray word of his safe-ty coming back.

It was not long before Dorr, through his servant's ready tongue, learned of the flight of the priests with the idol, their subsequent defeat by Wilkerson and that man's escape, together with Drake. These was but one thing to de —follow Wilkerson. Fil stop here and have an eye out for Miss Gallon. Then if a rescue expedi-tion is in order I can be here to head it."

> Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

of their change of objective with un-disguised contentment.

Sir Donald's commands alone had forced him to disobey his own in-stincts. But in a matter that lay whol-ly between white men he saw nothing alarming to his own safety or personal dienity.

dignity.

However, he warned John over and over again that the sacrilege had roused certain fanatical tribes to a pitch where they would ask few ques-tions of wandering Europeans, but seek

instant vengeance.

John's prayer was that Wilkerson and Drake might escape till he himself could overtake them.

Otherwise the idol would undoubted-

ly vanish once more into limbo.
Wilkerson himself was having a difficult time of it. The men with him were almost openly rebellious, and at



the coast he found himself cut off by wandering bands of hillmen whose atwho had risked his life on the strength

let us go."
Wilkerson laughed and shook his
head. "That idol is going back to the
States with me," he returned.
"But why in heaven's name?" de proposited task no matter what the out-ome.

Faversham was as good as his word, that these people will never let us alone so long as they think we have it.

"It brought me good luck and old Tom Gallon bad luck," was the re-sponse. "Do you think I don't want to keep it? It's my mascot." Yet a couple of night alarms shook Wilkerson's resolution, and he agreed with Drake that they should surren-der the image.

der the image.

Here they were confronted with a new difficulty. None of their men had been allowed to know of the presence of the idol, and Drake asserted that to inform them now would be dan expone.

gerous.

It seemed unwise merely to drop i
by the wayside, as it night escape
notice, and no good would be done.
It must be delivered to the priest and the condition made that the white

men should be allowed safe conduct to the city.

How to do this occupied their minds until the day when they found them selves really attacked in force and had to take refuge in a native but.

Here their position was so perilons that they had no time for anything but preparations for defense.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Snake in the image.

HEY mean business this time," Drake growled as they did their best to barricade the single door and He was devoted, cheerful, always at window. "I believe those hills are full her call, but never insistent on his of them."

"And our own bullies aren't up fighting with good grace, either," Wilkerson confessed. "These half whites have no sand."

"It's an odd thing," Drake said when the afternoon had passed without an assault, "that we hear firing, but none of it is directed at us."

thoughtfully. "I wonder who it can be?" He was soon to know, for after night-

fall John Dorr and his single attendant rode furiously up to the hut and tried

for admittance. A few scattering shots told that they had been discerned in their flight.

For the moment wakerson did not recognize his old enemy, disguised as he was in native costume, but when he was sure he reluctantly opened the door and admitted him.

John flung himself inside and janumed the door to just as a second hall of bullets rattled on its surface. Then he stared at the man opposite him.

he stared at the man opposite him.
"Wilkerson!" he gasped.
"Yes, it's me," was the snarling re-"Yes, it's me," was the sharing response. "What are you doing here?"
"Some hillmen took us for enemies and chased us pretty much all day long." Dorr explained. "We saw this but, and when it was dark enough to conceal our movements we made for

"And now you can make for some other place," Wilkerson said, handling his revolver meaningly.

John laughed.
"I feel myself that the place is too small for both of us. But it's white man against native now. If they get me they'll get you. Our only hope is to stick together now."
"I'll see you dead first?" snarled the

But Drake spoke up and silenced

"While you two are fighting for the benefit of the servants those hillmen, are preparing to assault the hut."

A long look through a crack showed the billmen closing up about them, and Wilkerson gave in with a had grace. He was glad of the help, however, when the firing grew hotter and they were hard pressed in the hut.

The natives proved themselves arrant cowards, and it depended on the three white men to defend the place.

This they did with such success that their assailants slowly withdrew.

"Now is the time for a sortie," said Dorr. "We've got to drive them clean away from here or else we'll be as hadly off as ever."

Wilkerson and Drake agreed, and John promptly led them out in a will rush against the hearest hillmen.

These were so surprised at the bold.

rush against the hearest hillmen.
These were so surprised at the boldness of the maneuver that they fied,
and soon the coast was clear except
for a few too badly wounded to join
in their comrades' flight.
Now that the immediate peril was
past, Wilkerson and Dorr found themselves again antagonists.
But both were so wearied that by
one accord they silently consented to a
truce.

Yet Wilkerson could not resist taunting his rival.

ing his rival.

"It looks as if you were always a little late," he said, throwing himself back in a settle while John dropped

tpon a stool by the table.
"I heard you got the idol," John replied in a dull tone.
"Yes, and what was in the idol too!" Then, despite Drake's gestures of remonstrance, he went on: "I got the deeds and the master key and the idol and the plans Tom Gallon robbed me of. I guess I'm ahead in this

John nodded, his fatigue so great that he was unable even to reply.

"I guess that's right," said Wilkerson in an altered tone. "We'll catch a little needed sleep and get away before daylight. Time enough then to talk."

For a little while both men kept their eyes open, watchful each of the other. Wilkerson was the first to laugh and

say: "What's the use? I've got the things and the men to defend them. I'm going to sleep. You'd better do so John nodded carelessly and laid his head on his hands, folded on the table. A moment later he was asleep, and not long afterward Wilkerson's satur-nine visage was turned to the shad-

owy ceiling.

Drake sat in a corner on the pack sacks, his revolver in hand.

The names simmbered across from

him, apparently obtivious of any dan

ger.
When the but was completely quiet except for the breathing of the sleep-ers Drake allowed himself to fall into

a deep reverie.

Now that the quest was practically ended he had begun to think about his own part in it and reckon on his re-Long association with Wilkerson had shown him that he had nothing to ex-

pect from him unless by an appeal to his selfishness.

There was but one person who might reward him-the woman they

loved, Jean Darnell. loved. Jean Darnell.

His mind went back to his first days of acquaintance with her in New York.



"I'll see you dead first!"

and he seemed again to feel the soft threads of the web she wove abou She had found him a young man a

the precise point where a woman may either make or mar one for life. He had been an easy prey for hetigerish desire for a slave. He had spent his little money lavishly upon

her, without thought of other reward than to be near her, until Wilkerson had appeared out of the darkness of her past.

Even then he had still been faithful to her, obeyed her every behest, risked life and liberty in her service, even aided Wilkerson in an endeavor whose success meant that he (Drake) would

be cast aside as no longer useful. And now he sat on guard in a hut in a far country among a crowd of allens whose very tongue was gibber ish to his ears.
On guard for whom? For what?

That Wilkerson might finally suctawny eyes and luxuriant beauty.

In that moment—was it to be too late?-Drake came into his own. The mine and its wealth were as much his as Wilkerson's.

The plans were his as much as Wilkerson's.

Wilkerson's.

Yet the man asleep on the settle had taken everything to himself and would continue to do so.

And Jean? Drake laughed silently.

se knew her price. He rememi inst conversations with her, those is confidential talks when she had simuatingly warned him to keep a

watchful eye on Wilkerson.

He had been given to understand that it was the gold she wished. And he (Drake) had the key to that gold in his own keeping for the while.

He set his teeth when he realized

how Wilkerson despised him, had counted him altogether as a mere pawn

n the great game. He had not even troubled to conceal from him the hiding place of plans!

plans:
They were once more within the idol, for Wilkerson had boasted that he had put them back and would leave

He recalled his words: "Let the idol keep 'em for me, just as it did for Gallon. It's a poor idol that won't serve two masters."

serve two masters."

And the idol lay there wrapped in the bundle under his feet. The price of Jean Darnell!

The thought worked in his mind actively. He could not refrain from fol-

lowing it out to its logical conclusion.

Why should it be Wilkerson who re-turned with the pigns and claimed her? Why should be (Drake) continue to

A moment while they slept and the plans were his; then when Wilkerson unsuspectingly presented the idol and pulled out its eye there would be

nothing! It would be George Drake who held the master key to Jean Darnell's avaricious heart.
So he dreamed, open eyed, staring into a future where he played the

master and not the slave.

And in his waking dream he touched the bundle and felt beneath the rude covering the hard contours of the

image.

Again it ran through his head like a call: You have the price of happiness beneath your hand. Slowly he yielded to the temptation.

Gradually, with eyes constantly fixed on the motionless forms of Wilkerson and Dorr, he got the bundle between his knees; then he unlaced the fasten-ings tremulously.

The idol came out under his hand,

and he stared at it, fascinated by its ugliness and the thought of the secret that it held.

No wonder that at every sight of it

natives bowed in abject worship.

It held wealth, power, love, happiness: He shook it softly. Yes, the plans were still within; he could hear the rustle of the folded papers.

He peered around the hut, and, find-

He peered around the not, and, nua-ling all asleep, he set the idol on his knee and bent over it.

He pulled at the eye which he had seen Wilkerson draw out. It came with difficulty. Then he held it up and looked into the dark orifice. There

iooked into the dark orifice. There was nothing there.

He was about to throw the idol down in disgust when a glimmer of something bright within the head caught his attention.

He stooped over again and then froze into immobility. The spirit of the vife god was moving within.

The point of light grew into intense brightness. It approached the dark

brightness. It approached the dark eye socket and glowed therein with frightful fire.

Drake's whole body oozed sweat; his

hands clinched unwillingly about the form of the idol. He could not thrust

He rose softly and peered out of the forest reserve.

The area is one in which, owing to

Always bears Signature of Chart Hillitates

The Plak of Health

is every woman's right; but many are troubled with sallow complexions, headaches, backaches, low spirits—until they learn that sure relief may be found in BEECHAM'S PILLS

his ugly brows bent on the measurement object of his hatred.

An instant was sufficient for him make up his mind. He allestly, we to work and bound John firmly in

Then he tried to waken Drain. In shaking him he made sufficient noise to stir the natives, and they sat up and stared, sleepy eyed.

But when Wilkerson raised the swollen, discoured face and shrank back



John Led Them Out In a Wild Ruch Against the Nearest Hillmen.

with a muttered outh, the natives rose as one and thrust him aside from the door and pushed through, panic

stricken.
Only John's servant remafied, kept to his post by the fear of Sir Donald's wrath. But he could not repress a ges-

wrath. But he could not repress a ges-ture of terror.

"It is the god!" he whispered.
At this John wakened and, finding
himself bound, struggled violently.

"Not yet!" snarled Wilkerson.

"Here's where you stay!"
In the instant Dorr realized his helplessness. He did not even remonstrate when Wilkerson drove his servant out with curses and bade him begone and fired a shot after him for emphasis.

Nor did he speak while Wilkerson hastily chose the pack containing the idol, kicking Drake's body out of the way, and left on the run.

Speech was useless. He stared down at Drake's contorted form. Beside it lay coiled a lithe serpent, its bright

eyes fixed on him, its head weaving to and fro. Unknowingly Wilherson had left him not only to famine and thirst, but to cried in agony. He bowed his need and cried in agony. "Ruth. Ruth?"

Continued Next Week. RESERVE IS NECESSARY.

Watershed of Lake Must Be Conserv-

ed to Maintain Supply.

Lying near the western boundary of the Province of Ontario, and extending into the Province of Manitoba and the State of Minnesota, the Lake of the Woods system plays an important part in the water supply of that region. When surrounded by a timbered area, the watershed was amply protected. With the Intrase of

form of the idol. He could not thrust it away.

Then the socket was filled, and the devilish eye bulged outward, phosphor escent. gleaming with wickedness Drake felt his heart burst in his bosom. Then the snake that had lain so long hid within the hollow of the image struck forth and, having struck, slip ped away.

"God!" whispered Drake, with thick ened tongue, and jammed the moving eye back into place.

Then he huddled the idol itself into its bundle, laced the throngs with stiffening fingers.

"God!" he whispered again. Then he fell across the bundle dead, without a sound to waken the sleepers.

The Lake of the Woods watershed is the great reservoir of the Winnipeg river and the water-powers of the latter supply the city of Winnipeg and town of Kenora with light and power. At an early date, Shoal Lake, a tributary to the Lake of the Woods, will furnish the water supply for the way. At the meeting of the Commission of Conservation in January last, Mr. I. R. Challies superintendent of a sound to waken the sleepers.

It was three hours before the dawn that Harry Wilkerson awoke and looked about him. All the rest were still asleen.

He rose softly and peered out of the window. It was very dark outside, and he could see nothing.

He turned his gaze within and saw Drake huddled over the packs apparently sound asleep.

"The fool!" muttered Wilkerson.

"Tre got all out of him I want. But I suppose I've got to take him along a way yet."

He resolved to be rid of the young man so soon as he was through with

CASTORIA

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The Signature of the underlying rock, the flood run-off of the rivers is excessive. The fact that the south-western portion of the lake is in the Unifed States renders the situation more difficult, in that it is not possible to materially raise the level of the water by conservation dams.

For the perpetual benefit of the word most importance that the Lake of the Woods district be set aside as a forest reserve. This would provide for the protection and renewal of the timber, and for the maintenance of the forest cover of the watershed. In this way the waters of the lakes, on which so many depend for the supply of water, light and power, would be conserved.

The alm of forestry is to bring the forest up to its highest state of productive in the nature of the underlying rock, the flood run-off of the rivers is excessive. The fact that the south-western portion of the lake is in the Unifed States renders the situation more difficult, in that it is not possible to materially raise the level of the water by conservation dams.

For the perpetual benefit of the water by conservation dams.

For the protection and renewal of the importance that the Lake of the word water by conserved.

The alm of forestry is to bring the forest up to its highest state of productive in the nature of the underlying rock, the flood run-off of the rivers is excessive. The saturation of the lake is in the Unifed States renders the section and renewal of the water by conservation dams.

For the perpetual benefit of the water by conservation dams.

For the protection and re

The aim of forestry is to bring the orest up to its highest state of productiveness and keep it there. In the United States, where forestry is not practiced except on Government and state lands, the estimated annual production is 12 cubic feet per acre. In Canada, the average rate of growth is undoubtedly materially less than this, the climatic conditions being, on the whole, less favorable.

In Saxony, where forestry has been practiced for many years, the annual production is 93 cubic feet. According to experts, the rate of growth in Canada could undoubtedly be multiplied several times over by the adoption of proper scientific methods, of which the most essential at the present time is efficient five protection.

Lord Kitchener sent a cablegram of congratulation to General Boths.