the Island and into the water throws a heavy piece of lumber. To this is at-tached a heavy rope which the man pays out slowly as the timber floats down stream. Down stream the man on the scow is on the look out for the stick and picks it up. The rope is then at-tached to the boat's end, a signal given and the men ashore pull it slowly in. The freight meantime has been transferred via the Grand Island railroad. The President, general manager, freight agent, roadmaster, auditor and section boss, collects the amount due and the scow proceeds on its way inland. Coming back up the stream scows loaded with fur from the far interior are tracked back (pulle by a long line, the men walking on shore). Arriving at the island boat and furs are generally transported across the island. The price of moving a boat is \$10.

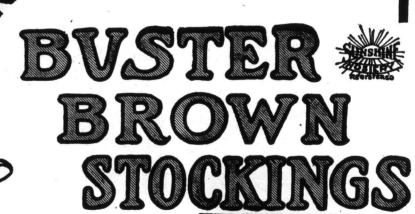
So Capt. Shott really performed a great service to the northland. His



The shortest and best paying road on earth—the Grand Island Railway

# Buster Brown Helps Mothers!

Buster Brown stockings are a real first aid to busy mothers. Buster Brown defies the boys to rub holes into these stockings, by making them of the strongest, longfibre cotton, specially twisted and tested for durability, with a three-ply heel and toe, and double leg. Buy BusterBrown Stockings for your boys and save hours and hours of darning.



Your dealer can supply you with Buster Brown Stockings for your boys. Colors—Black and Leather Shade Tan. Cost no more than the stockings that "rub right into holes."

## The Chipman-Holton Knitting Co., Limited

Cargest Hosiery Manufacturers in Canada

Hamilton Ontario MILLS AT HAMILTON AND WELLAND, ONT.

> Also makers of the celebrated "Little Darling" and "Little Daisy" Hosiery for Infants and Children

### Girls, Too-

Buster Brown's Sister's Stocking for the girls is a splended looking stocking at a moderate price. A two-thread English mercerized lisle stocking, that is shaped to fit and wears very well indeed. Colors-Black, Leather Shade Tan, Pink, Blue and White.

parents had named him Louis Fasso. neure but, from the day he ran the rapids first, his christian name and surname were forgotten. The breeds of the land duboed him Shott and the white men added the Captain. But dwellers in the silent places are saving of speech. They cut his name simply to Capt. Shott, thus saving the extra syllable and by this name was he known until the day of his death recently.

#### The Lion's Whelps

By James Mabon Author of "Shingle and Sand," "When West Winds Blow," etc., etc.

(Tune-"Hearts of Oak")

Come hearken each lass, And come hearken each lad, If you don't by to-morrow You'll wish that you had; For the song that I sing Is a song of the way The boys meet the call With the old time Hurrah!

Don't you see how they march? Don't you hear how they sing? As homeward they're faring; Faithfully daring; They'll fight to the death For the flag and the King.

The pride of our race And the hope of our land; The guards of the freedom That hallows the Strand; At our honor's behest They are up and away; The boys are the boys For the heart of the fray. Chorus-Don't you see, &c.

They fear not the Hun In the shame of his might For stronger than all Is the strength of the right. In the folds of the flag Flying over each sea They read once again How the free are the free. Chorus-Don't you see, &c.

Then here's to the boys, Glad and gay as they go, The King in each heart And each face to the foe. Let us hail them again As they march on the way With the true British cheer Of a hip! hip! Hurrah!! Chorus-Don't you see, &c.

### **Jock's Orders**

(From a Scotch Exchange.)

(As the train slowly left the station it was followed by the tear-stained eyes of a woman, who shouted to her son-"Jock! ye'll dae yer bit!")

The Spartan spirit did not die, It lives in Scotland yet, And rings out in that mother's cry-"Jock! ye'll dae yer bit!"

No gold to swell "The Fund" she had, No leisure, socks to knit; She gave the King her only lad— "Jock! ye'll dae yer bit!"

On France's fields, on Belgia's plain, Twill give him added grit To hear, in dreams, that cry again-"Jock! ye'll dae yer bit!"

The lonely mother's deadly fears Her soul with anguish smit, But spirit triumphed over tears-"Jock! ye'll dae yer bit!"

Saddle or trench-in War's wild hell, Where bullets whine and spit. 'Twill ring above the bursting shell—"Jock! ye'll dae yet bit!"

God speed the hour-his duty done-When by the fire he'll sit And tell her how "The Day" was won When Britain did her bit.

Ho, laggards! Don't you hear the call? How will you answer it? Your mother country needs you all-Roll up, and "dae yer bit"!