

Digging Deeper

Mr. Manufacturer: You are asking the public to support you by buying Canadian made goods. What are you yourself doing to help the cause?

Few manufacturers take absolutely raw material from field or mine and turn out an absolutely finished product, ready for consumption.

A maker of biscuits, for example, uses flour, sugar, flavoring extracts, boxes, labels, etc., all of which have passed through various processes of manufacture before they come to his hands.

The wheat is ground into flour, the sugar is refined, the boxes fashioned, the labels printed by other manufacturers.

In the same way your industry is dependent on others just as others are dependent on yours.

Are you, Mr. Manufacturer, buying your "raw" material, which is really a manufactured product, from Canadian makers? Much of what you need is produced here. Your own markets depend on the continuous employment of every Canadian workman.

**Employ Your Resources to Employ
Canadian Workmen.**

10A



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out, materialises as an easy chair, under the tender, insistent direction of a mind full of love for him and a new-found knowledge of the contents of innumerable catalogues of furniture. Poor Archibald has yet to learn that if he drops the ninepenny cigar of his opulent moments and takes to a pipe and a fourpenny mixture, he can, by this simple act of self-sacrifice, create an extra Turkish carpet for the drawing-room, or an over-mantle for the apartment he wishes to call a study and she insists on christening a breakfast-room. Archibald has more to learn about the engaged girl. He has to learn that the dear lips, once a-flutter with sighs and kisses and capable of lisping out endearments of the "ownest own dewdrop of a little gentleman" order, who has been "working 'umself to death at the horrid officiums for ickle angel face" can appraise the value of a forty-

five shilling wedding present to three farthings. He will find at first, with a shock of surprise and then with intense admiration, that the gentle eyes, capable of flattering adoration can also see how a Turkish carpet will look before it is down, and appraise the cost before the floor is measured. He will discover another miracle—that the voice, so thrilling to him when raised in the manner of the ballad singer, can run on, with an even practical note, as it articulates a stream of positive practical knowledge about hot water systems, drawing-room curtains, cooking appliances, the price of coal, and the acquisition and proper treatment of household linen, blankets and silver plate. Ah well! Archibald. There are depths in this world and the lover must pass through the valley of despair. Love is an illusion the nicest girl can break when she begins to talk furniture.

When the Bugles Blew Truce

(Continued from page 8.)

to play tricks with the private's mind. He tried to banish the feeling, but it persisted. He was still staring dazedly at the lad when faint and from far away sounded a bugle call. The music of it, clear and bell-like floated across the sun-baked level distances and called forth a feeble cheer from some of the wounded. The private listened intently. Again it came, and then an answering bugle took it up, while faintly among the distant hills rambled the echoes.

The white-faced volunteer stirred and opened his eyes.

"Water!" he gasped, feebly.

The private shook his head.

"The bugle—what is it—what does it mean?" asked the boy in khaki, after a moment or two.

"It is a truce," replied the other.

"Where is the army? Did we beat the enemy back—back to the frontier?"

"It looked like that, boy, just at dark. But a bullet hit me and I fell. Didn't know anything for a time, and when I came to, the troops had rushed on."

Again the bugle call rang out. In its sweet resonance was a note of gladness, of triumph.

"A truce," murmured the boy.

"Yes, the enemy have called for a truce. We've cornered them up, boy. Victory is not far off now. This is the last great fight, and it's about over."

"Thank God!" said the boy. "You—you're an Australian, I see."

"I am. No—I am not, either," replied the other. "I wear the uniform because I enlisted in Australia. I—I am a—just a rolling stone."

There was silence between the two for a few moments. The boy's eyes closed. When they opened again the private knew that the end was not far away.

"I wish—" began the youth, and then he paused.

"What do you wish, lad? I'm afraid there's nothing I can do now—"

"I know it. But you could, if you would take this locket and send it to my mother—if you live through the war. Will you be so good?"

The youth drew a simple old-fashioned silver locket from the breast of his khaki shirt and held it out.

"Tell her I thought of her through it all. Say I helped to win the victory. It will comfort her to know it."

The private had often read of a scene such as this, and it had always moved him. He was surprised now to feel that the actual experience touched him so lightly. All around were dying men. Was he callous?

"Very well, lad," he said, as though completing an ordinary business transaction. "What is your mother's name and her address?"

"Her name is Mrs. Thomas Waring, Hill Grove Farm, Old Road, Upper Restigouche, New Brunswick."

But the man in the Australian uniform was bending over him.

"Who? What is the name?"

"Waring."

Blue eye met brown eye and held for a long moment. Then the blue

eyes closed and a shudder passed through the boy's form.

"Dead! Dead! Oh, my God it's little Danny! Little barefoot Danny! Dead!"

The private's breath came sharp and short. He passed one hand dazedly across his eyes.

"Danny, boy! Our Danny!" he muttered over and over.

Then he pressed his ear over the boy's heart. It had not yet stopped beating. Quickly he seized his empty flask and held it up to the light. There were a few drops of brandy at the bottom. He forced the spirits between the boy's pale lips.

"Danny—look up! It's Tom—Wild Tom Waring—your brother! Your own brother! See—it's Tom, Danny, boy!"

Oh, had they taught him to forget the black sheep, too? or did he remember?

PRESENTLY the ebbing tide flowed back a bit. The blue eyes opened again—opened and recognized in the dark, unshaven face bending so anxiously above him, the features that he had so often pored over in the old photo his mother had rescued from the flames at home, and which she had kept surreptitiously in the big hide trunk in the garret.

Tom! Tom his hero! Tom the traveller whom he had always admired and secretly envied. Tom, who had been the leading figure in marvellous adventures in every land upon the globe! Yes, it was Tom! He breathed the name in wondering delight.

"Yes, yes, yes, Danny! It's Tom. Oh, thank God, you have remembered!"

Strong sobs shook the voice of Wild Tom Waring.

"Tom—I am going, you know. But you—you will go back and—and be their stay in their old age? Go back, Tom, to mother and father. Promise—promise—"

"I will—I will, Danny! I'll make good!"

"Say I—I found you and sent you."

"Yes, Danny."

"I—I am happy now," breathed the dying lad.

"God bless you, little chap. God bless you!"

Clear and sweet rang the bugle call again. It echoed and re-echoed among the glens, and with the last faint note the spirit of the lad in khaki was borne away. Let the scoffer scoff and the unbeliever sneer, but with that soul's transition there sprang to life new purpose in the heart of the black sheep. For one brother was peace and joy as he passed out, for the other a benediction of fire from which he rose purged, and pure in the sight of heaven.

Along the old familiar way the wanderer passed, his stride halted here and there to note some striking change in the landscape. Snow lay deep in valley and upon hillside. It had been high summer that day long years ago when he had carelessly spurned the home-ties and had gone